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Katya, in'self and artist Yosi. Driving to Ain-Harod  
we passed so close to Nazareth that we couldn't  
resist having lunch there.

It's a marvelous  
town; and  
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in sight, I had a  
glorious Arab meal, with khumus and  
T'hina, and a fine Arab lad shined my  
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Bought rosaries  
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Of course, first Thing I had to have a horse. I  
The gent in charge, a real kibbutz lion, took me out.

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which I soon discovered I couldn't  
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called on, & he didn't do better, and since it  
became a bore to go only in circles we called it  
a day and went swimming in a marvelous pool  
in the middle of nowhere. The best swim-sun-  
and-air I think I've ever had — or thought  
I had until I went to Elat, but more of that  
anon. Meanwhile, there is a concert  
coming up for all the kibbutzquids of the vicinity,

5000  
Strong.



Jimmie T. sang like an angel, The audience <sup>3</sup>  
was, as always, the most attentive and appreciative  
in the world, although they don't know the conventions  
of clapping, so that



Jimmie T. lost an encore or two that had been planned.  
I finally played 'Rhapsody in Blue', & we adjourned  
to a huge party where we danced & sang & drank and

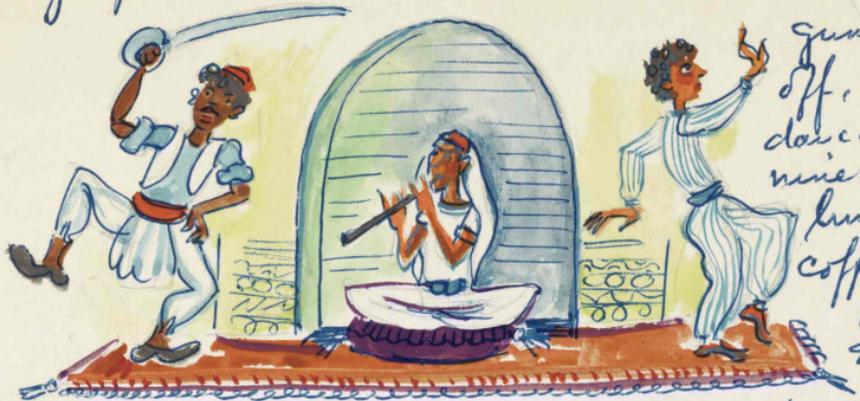


made with the Hora until you know when A.M.  
 To bed, in a real guest-house (a fantastic  
 achievement for a kibbutz) - then up betimes  
 and on to Acre (old Arab city which Napoleon  
 couldn't take) & with the military governor of  
 Galilee went off to visit an Arab village. The  
 road up to it was, as you see, a real redneck.

Since we were  
 with the  
 governor, whom  
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 fear,  
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staged for us what is known as a "Fantasia,"<sup>5</sup> with



guns going  
off, music,  
dancing, and  
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lunches,  
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sessions,  
etc.

Whole lambs are brought, torn to pieces by the host (who never sits with the guests, but waits until they are through, then with his pals dives into the leavings. When they are through the women pounce on their leavings, then the children, then the dogs. Such is the hierarchy.) Then, already sick with so much food, we proceeded to mount



The local camels, who are nasty, haughty, dirty beasts. Jennie T., who will do anything for a photograph, allowed herself to be jupitured on one. Accompanied by the elders of the village (Dresses, + splendid figures they



are) we jolted back to Haifa for a concert - one of the worst I've ever given - Arabic burps punctuated the Mabler, which was worse in Jennie's case than in mine. Next morning a great Oriental dancer named Yarden Cohen performed



for us — Then quick to hydda  
 airport for the big climax  
 — The trip to Elat. This  
 is the newly-won spot on the  
 Red Sea, Southernmost Negev,  
 across from Aqaba (Transjordan)  
 on the Gulf. A beautiful  
 flight (we were flown by the Army  
 in a Dakota with bucket seats)  
 and landed in a wonderful Arizona-like  
 wilderness, dry + windy and  
 awesome. After a





Mawelous swim in the Red Sea (which is  
The bluest Thing you ever saw) and a hard-tack  
dinner we drove up into the hills & entertained  
the soldiers stationed there. Jennie sang Carmen,  
of course — and this place at night really  
knocked me out. If you can imagine an  
intimate desert, where every rock & dune seems  
familiar, this is it. Yosi and I wandered



afterwards for hours through the hills. I  
 never wanted to leave, and did everything to  
 miss the plane the next morning. But no soap.  
 They waited for us - So sadly back to  
 T.-A., and concerts & parties & god-damned  
 professional life, which is driving me mad.  
 But I leave tomorrow for Holland; and my  
 one nostalgia, besides Jerusalem, will be Elat.  
 Love, Lemmy



Letter from Leonard Bernstein, to his mother Jennie, November 1948, with illustrations by Jossi Stern

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Love, Lenny