

We crossed the road and I think we came across some ladies' {C} tailor shops. Further down, the buildings were rather modern {C} on the left. The road wasn't too crowded. There was a rather old {SF} clock, which I commented upon. The road was {PA} littered with pieces of paper. . . The buildings, I think, on my {C} left showed a striking contrast of being built at different times. Probably some had been razed, some had not. There was one -- I think on my right there was just one wastepaper {SF} barrel. There was a very fashionable building {B} on my left. It was some travel {B} agency, I presume. . . We reached about the end of the road; I think there was a subway {SF} station there, a {B} church.

There was a patch of {NF} greenery before, I think it was a {B} curiosity shop. Further down . . . oh yes, further down in front of the road, across the road, we came to the ---- the road went perpendicular to that we were talking on and in front of that there was rather a tall, {B} modern building, with plenty of glass windows I think.

We turned right here. We walked down around the exclusive section of ladies' {C} tailoring shops. Very exclusive, I'd say. And I think that the pavement was {PA} much larger than what we had crossed before. We continued down that way. I don't exactly recall what happened then. You shopped me around the area very well, but soon after that we walked {space} down an alley. . . After the exclusive district and the broad {PA} pavements it was rather a comeback . . . I noticed that you commented that all the buildings had to have a fire escape. Somehow this happened to be there but very well hidden from everyone else's eye .

We went down the alley. There were a few cars {T} parked. I think then we went into the {space} park. I noticed the {NP} pigeons were rather mute, shivering in the cold, no life in the pigeons. A few {SF} statues there. I think we came across a few statues before during our walk. There was a statue of a man on a horse. . . Oh, yes, and we saw the skating rink {space (NP)} there.

We crossed the road. We never crossed it by inbetween some {SF} pedestrian lights, I remember. Crossed it with an onflow of {T} coming care, and we managed to get over. . . I think there was another {B} church we came across. Oh, yes, we came across another church. Rather in medieval stone it was, striking contrast with the brick buildings on the left and {Ritz B} right. . . If I recall right, the pavements were quite large.

There was a French {B} restaurant, if I recall, on the right of the road; we were walking on the left. That's all I remember.

(The last bit, church and restaurant, on Newbury St., across from all these exclusive shops? Is that what you mean?) Yes, I think that was the street. That's one area I don't know well at all.

(What event made the greatest impression?) It may have been the ladies' {C} tailoring shops or it may have been the striking contrast of that sort of a church {C} and the buildings around it. I mean, it led to a sort of romanticism to the area. There is a some romantic aspect about it that seemed to appeal, and I would say the ladies' tailor shops also.

(Why?) I think I explained why there was some appeal in that last church. Perhaps, also, it reminded me of the Chateau Chiant in \_\_\_\_\_. Let's see - why did the ladies' tailor shops appeal to me? I wonder. I suppose I wasn't aware that it was such exclusive trade, and seeing it on such a grand scale.

(Any particular buildings?) Yes, I recall that tall {B} building which I thought was unfair that half the people to have the sun and half, the bottom half, couldn't. (Do you remember the name of it?) No, I'm afraid I do not. (Ritz-Carlton?) That's a hotel. The other buildings -- I think I commented once before that one place there was a striking contrast between the age in which, or the style of architecture which {C} certain buildings resembled; on the same road there happened to be three different things, or at least they seemed 3 different to me. Further on in buildings -- the modern {B} travel agency building seemed

rather cute. One wonders if the churches will ever be built on this sort of scale also. It's rather interesting. I wonder if they have a modern church anywhere else. Further on in buildings -- I guess that's about all.

(Any features, architectural or otherwise, about these buildings?) I think I have been commenting on this all the time, the little I did notice. I don't have anything really to say on that other I did. (Features relating to the hotel or large buildings?) It didn't strike me as anything new. Just big, large buildings. There are so many of them around, that it's not surprising to see another one. Although one does feel that it is there.

(People, or types of people?) People on the road?| yes). What was it a Sunday morning? (Saturday morning.) Oh, it was a Sat. morning. There were some {P} sailors hanging around, if I'm not mistaken. There was one {P} gentleman, rather curious, and when he saw that white microphone on my lapel -- I think he was the one who didn't notice it so I remember him for that. (Types of people?) We definitely did not. Elite of Boston not definitely roaming around that area. Although I recall there was a rather fashionable car half double parked to one of these tailoring shops. But I'd say rather {P} average, middle class citizen of America. I do recall there one gentleman {P} with his wife and kids. I think I recall his overcoat or something; I mean, they were very much a middle class family, and his wife also. Brooks {B} Bros. -- that area, the people there might have been a little better dressed. I guess that is about all.

(Sounds?) I don't know. I noticed the absence of sounds in those {sound} poor mute pigeons. . . . Sounds . . . The gentle hustle {sounds} of a Boston street of the traffic; one becomes quite aware of it and one does not really count it as a sound. There definitely wasn't any uproar, a fight or something that might have created a nice amount of sound. I didn't notice anything.

(Smells?) When you say smells, I immediately think of the alley we walked down. I didn't think it was particularly smelly, although it seemed quite mucky. In fact, there is a striking thing there, that in spite of it being so mucky I don't think it was so smelly. I wonder how they did that.

(Traffic?) It wasn't {T} usually heavy that morning, being Sat, morning. It was fairly light on all the sides we walked around. The pedestrians had an empty place to walk on the pavements.

(Signs?) Strangely, I don't. I guess on the corners we turned there must have been a few intersections. I recall one, when we turned to Brooks {sign} Bros. and onto Boylston. I don't seem to recall any signs that might have been between - when we crossed over into the park. I definitely recall we did cross back without a sign. (Shop signs?) I think I mentioned once before that the tailoring shops and all were not bathed in {sign} neon lights. Perhaps they didn't have to be, that was why. Rather quiet and {C} humble. Walking on Boylston, the {sign} signs and the names outside somehow were more prominent, shall we say, then on the other streets we walked. Those big square box letters we came across once -- those 3-dimensional, resembling sort of a box, TWA {sign} or something. Just once we came across that. I recall the signs on the Curiosity {sign} Shop; there was some sign of California {sign} or something. The {sign} Ritz-Carlton did not have a big sign up, not that I think of it; it was even rather insignificant. (MTA signs?) There was a sign on the wastepaper {sign} bin to put your paper in there, or should we say a notice? . . . I think there was a sign up on one of the street lights, I'm not sure; just where the Boylston and the park starts; I think it was one of the usual ones -- Pedestrians walk on the yellow-red - I'm just guessing.

(How many definite areas, or all one?) No, I did not. One was the busy town, the part of Boylston. That was when we were walking down the road on the left. There seemed to be more people on the road, and sailors tended to give it a more townish atmosphere. There was the park straight ahead which gave another sort of secluded area

of its own. To a small scale, the sanctuary of the church with its greenery around it. That's sort of a third area; I might put it 2b. I wouldn't consider this another area, but it was sort of different, the broad pavement which I commented upon, and the shops on the left with very little display of lights and signs. I do not know whether to consider the alley we walked through a significant - well, it is significant - but I guess we could call it a different sort of an area.

(4 different areas?) Let's see. One, Boylston St. Two, the park which is definitely. The church, a part of -- well, it would not be big enough to gain the classification of an area -- but not small enough to be neglected. The alley, somehow I do not want to classify it under an area either. The word area does not quite seem to fit in. Some sort of symbolism in my mind about something merging with something; I don't get what it exactly is. So, I would say two areas. (Boylston St. and the Park?) Yes. I felt there were two areas that gained the full classification of areas -- one, the church, a part of an area, and the alley I cannot interpret. (What about Newbury St. where the exclusive shops were?) Oh, yes, I thought I labeled that also. It might not quite come under the classification of an area. . . I'm not restricting myself to the word "area", I'm using it in the broad sense. (Distinct parts) In distinctness I mean in separating them, as if you were giving a certain number of points to each and the maximum was ten, or something. In grading them out liberally, perhaps we could give to Boylston 10, to the park 10, the church 6, the broad pavement which I commented upon 5; somehow I haven't been able to interpret this alley, but you could give it about 8 ½.

(anything which gave these sections a character of their own?) Why did I classify these as I did? I think I've mentioned it partly before. Boylston St. resembled the town, the people, the sailors, the shops, the rustle of street noise. Coming to think of it, it was greater on Boylston than on other streets. The park -- the cold, windy, the children on the ice rink, the birds without any noise, the statue of the man on a horse standing all alone as compared to a spring morning when you could imagine a whole lot of kids playing around it; the broad street where the dress shops were, the broad pavement, the absence of any elegant woman on the road in that area which gave them the prominence of being absent. I don't quite know whether that makes sense. The alley -- the darkness, secluded, the unknowing, knowing that some people did live and work in and know about this elegant part of the streets, the fire escapes hidden from our view, the cars parked, probably owned by some people working in the back of the buildings at the less elegant jobs; I comment on the fire escapes again; somehow we don't see them outside after seeing them here and knowing about them.

(A sense of order?) Boylston certainly did not have any order. Streets shouldn't have any order; the characteristic of the street is no order. The park did not have any order. Perhaps the small piece of ground around the hotel might have had order, and my reason for saying it is probably the door-man standing outside. The dress shops might have a quiet, peaceful type of order -- you wouldn't call that exactly order -- tranquility and order do not go quite well together. I really did not notice too much order in this place. I might have noticed order if we had come on it at a busier time. Even on Boylston, you know the cars zooming across, the officer in the center of the road directing cars and the onflow of traffic this way and that way, and stopping this way. The time we went, that was absent.

(Continuity?) No. Somehow it seems to be rather broken up. This is directly relating to the question of areas. . There was a lack of harmony. Come to think of it, there was a definite lack of harmony. This is accentuated by the areas, of course. In a residential place like Beacon St. where all the buildings are the same, you can see the fraternities and right down the street all the way -- you could say there was order there -- a resemblance of all the buildings together. Each side road, or each part before turning around, the road where there was this rather medieval-looking church (near the Ritz-Carelton, I'm not quite sure) there was a definite lack of symmetry. Along Boylston and this other street which I seem to recall so often (Newbury, the one with shops?), the one with the

broad pavement, there seemed to be some order of symmetry.

(describe sidewalk pavement?) Boylston was the one littered {Pa} with papers, \_\_\_\_\_partially along cemented {Pa} walkway. I think around the church there was just plain red brick. {Pa} Yes, this brick helped to give the church area sort of a classification of an area. I think we came onto cement again {Pa} there, and all the way was quite well cemented with stone . I think there was some tar on the alley {Pa} we went through, something like what might have been built in the 1930's - tar in the middle of the road and two side parts along it having some {Pa} cement. The street -- there was nothing else which ? comes to my recollection that did not fit into the characteristic of a street or park (part) pavement.

(Street pavement?) That was {Pa} tarred I think. Yes, that was tarred.

( How does this fit in with your conception of Boston?) Come to think of it, it is rather one of the areas which is more in this modern style, although there were a few shops that did bear an old resemblance, like Brooks Bros. (I don't know if that showed any great signs of old architecture around it, but it did bring back the old). There seemed to be more churches in this place than in any other area in Boston. A good network of roads. These roads had more life than some other areas. In some other shopping areas, like Park St., you usually see a long street; I guess we turned around more blocks. This area did have more larger roads, bigger roads than any other area of its equivalence. (Does it or doesn't it?) I really don't know. I was thinking that if I put myself just in this area would I be able to know if it's part of Boston. I do not think so. So I don't think it fits in with my conception of Boston.

(Been there often?) No, this was probably the first time I went around that block.

(Used the area at all) No.

(Could you find your destination now without any trouble?) I guess I could. I could come down Boylston; I know Boylston St. pretty well; I know the park pretty well. I could get where I wanted to.

(Feel at ease in that area?) I don't know if I would be very easy if I wanted to go down to Brooks Bros. or something. No, I would not feel at ease, an ease which I might feel when walking down to Harvard to shop in Harvard Sq. or something. (Why?) One of the reasons is that I haven't frequented it. Less homely atmosphere as compared to Harvard Sq.

(Describe feelings you experienced as we walked?) A difficult question. I first had to lose the awareness of having a mike on my lapel. Had a certain sense of gaiety which I do not call wild. . I would say that the travel agency rather seemed to have a homely sign. Homely for me because I visit those things quite frequently. . Somehow in the park, there was something missing there - it was spring probably, the birds, sun, laughter.

A sense of awareness when we crossed the broad street with the dress shops, the feeling, slight feeling of content. I wouldn't exactly interpret this content -- the word is on the tip of my tongue, another feeling -- something of the old, something of the past which is brought into the future. It's a word you'd use in politics, I think -- brought into the present where it shouldn't be. Along the same street, further along, there was also a feeling of interest, wanting. All this feeling was rather of looking up to this thing, was lessened by the pedestrians on the road, their lack of - I mean they did not fit into the standard set with the buildings -- it was very cold.

(What did you like or dislike?) . . . I was going to make a comment that might have been a little nasty . . . I really don't know. . . I probably won't be able to say anything because I've been wanting to say that liking and dislike do not fit into my concepts of life. This is on the outside, but I have trained myself into thinking according to Hindu philosophy that there is not place for happiness or sorrow. A flower blooms and a flower dies. Why should we praise the former and condemn the latter. One should not have any likes or dislikes in the world for utter harmony, for perfect harmony and piece of mind. So I haven't been able to think of any likes or dislikes. I'm from Bombay. Been in Boston area about 1 ½ years.