

Sunday



On Sunday morning I finally got to do some work. It was a very windy day, so the clouds were blown away and the sky was clear and blue. We were picked up and taken to the Fu Jen Catholic University where the Taiwan Society of Sleep Medicine was meeting. I was the first of two keynote speakers at the opening of the meeting. I spoke for about an hour and then took questions. The auditorium was quite large and with beautiful flowers lining the front of the stage. Each seat had its own microphone for questions, although no one seemed to use them.



After the end of the talk, Jenny, the graduate student, along with one of the other students, drove us to Yingee, a town outside of Taipei. We drove north along the river and there was a park with a bike trial all the way, sort of like Riverside Drive in New York. Once we got to Yingee, we met up with Colin Espie and some other students who had come by train.

We started by having lunch at a local sushi restaurant that was packed with young people. I am putting in the picture with the name in case anyone can read it. There were women and men in the back making sushi which was quickly gobbled up by the clientele. We went up to the second floor, grabbed a table and feasted. It was really a fast food place, with the sushi in plastic containers. The traditional Chinese soup spoons were made of disposable plastic. It was casual, it was fast, and it was delicious. The streets of Yingee were crowded, full of outdoor fruit and vegetable stalls, and full of signs. It reminded me of the old streets of Hong Kong.

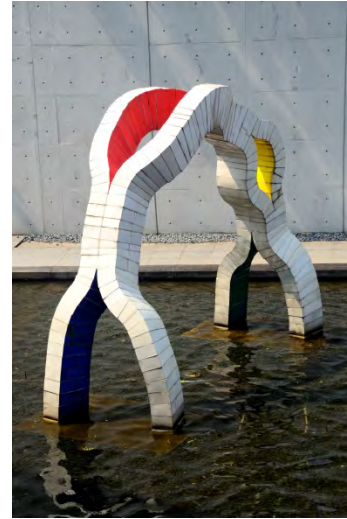
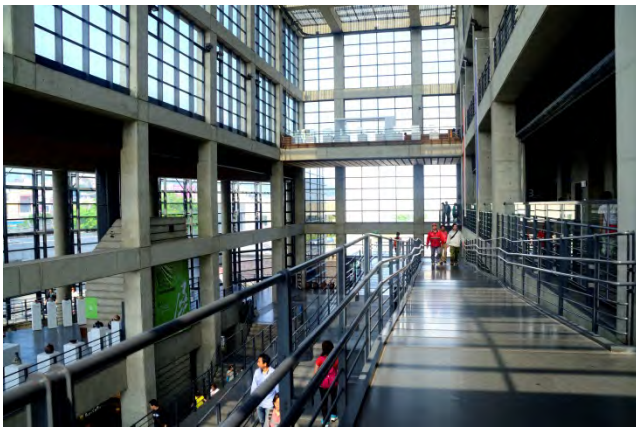


But Yingee is known as the City of Pottery so after lunch we headed to Old Pottery Street, a pedestrian mall filled with shops. One of the students began leading us, crossing in the middle of the street between the cars and motorcycles. She stepped out and a woman on a motorcycle had to veer to keep from hitting her, falling over and off her bike. The students waited with her for an ambulance, and it turned out she was not seriously hurt. While they waited, two of the students took us to Old Pottery Street, an old historical street with cobblestones. There 105 shops (no, I did not count them), some with beautiful pottery and others with tourist junk. There were also areas where people could throw clay on a pottery wheel and make their own ceramics.



Once we had finished, we walked about 15 minutes to the Yingee Ceramics Museum. This is a beautiful building which combines large glass windows (like curtains) with exposed concrete and steel. The front entrance is a free-standing wall with a large opening which connects to the main building by a bridge over a pool filled with water and ceramic art. The museum itself is three connecting buildings which house the galleries. The middle building is the main museum with a three story high atrium lobby. The entire place has an open feeling with glass walls allowing natural light to pour in. One part of the building has a gently curving wall of glass.





My favorite pieces inside the museum were “two handbags” which looked quite real and of course the ceramic pillows. For my architect readers, I am putting in pictures of the building. For my art lovers, I am putting in some of the art. For my sleep readers, I am putting in some ceramic pillows.



My favorite part of the museum however, was the Ceramics Park, a large, large area filled with flowers and outdoor art. There was also a playground made of ceramics and bricks (like in a kiln) and filled with sand for the kids. The kids all took off their shoes to play in the sand. There was a large pool filled with different color large spheres, that in the warm weather, is filled with water for kids to play in. In the park, my favorite piece was a baby lamb, with a pacifier in its mouth. It reminded me of my Ari.



