

People and Moments
of World Heritage Sites

prologue

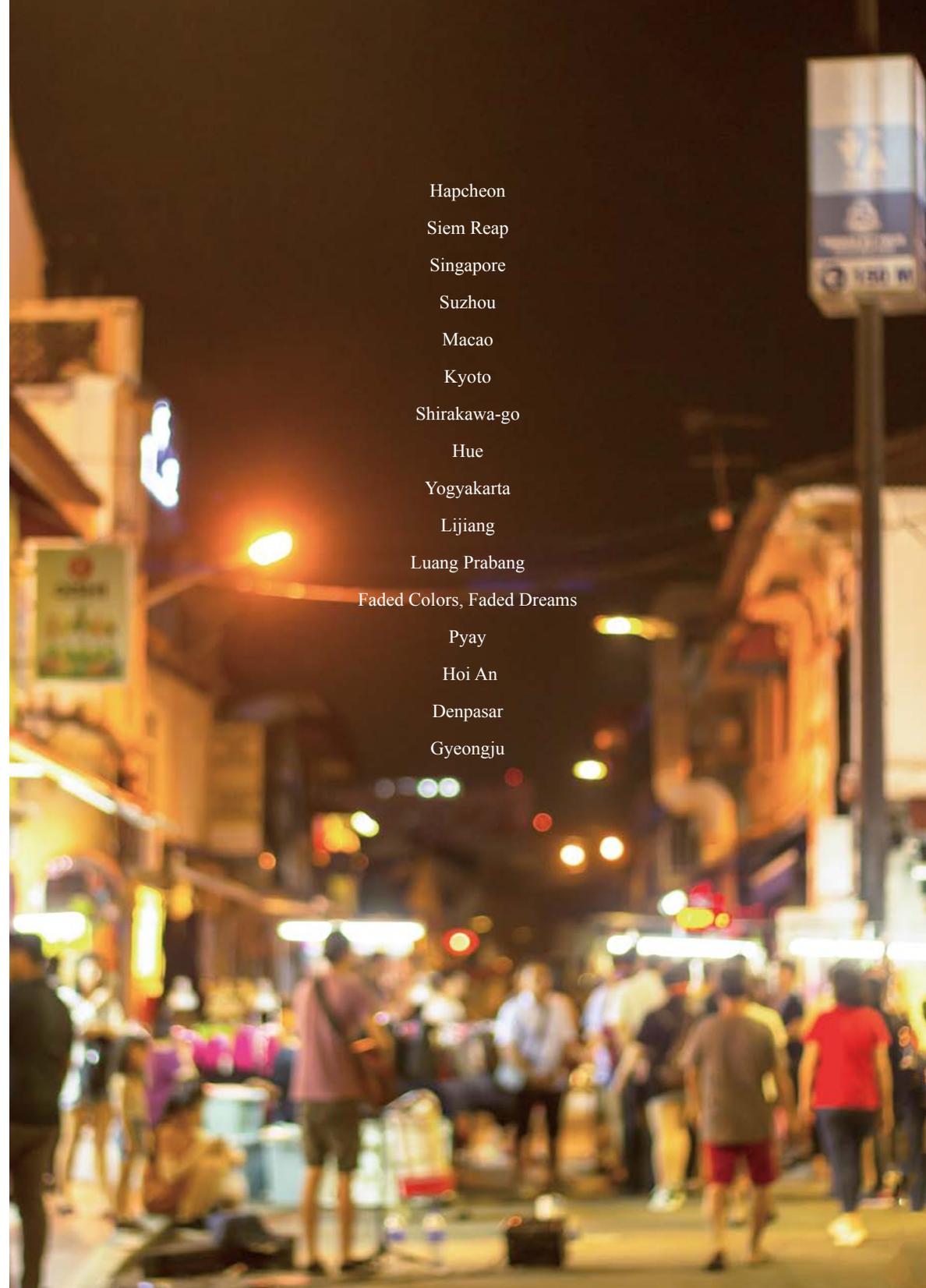
People and Moments
of World Heritage Cities

This book is made with the donation of journals
by World Heritage Cities of the Asia-Pacific Region and
prize-winning photography of the OWHC-AP
International Photograph Competition.

We would like to share the values and
uniqueness of World Heritage Cities through
its various colors; an unforgettable hometown for one,
or a strange destination for another.

This book is all for those who live,
travel and love in World Heritage Cities

Hapcheon
Siem Reap
Singapore
Suzhou
Macao
Kyoto
Shirakawa-go
Hue
Yogyakarta
Lijiang
Luang Prabang
Faded Colors, Faded Dreams
Pyay
Hoi An
Denpasar
Gyeongju



A night festival scene with numerous glowing lanterns of various colors (red, yellow, green, blue) floating in the dark sky. In the foreground, a large crowd of people is gathered on a grassy field, many holding up their own glowing lanterns. In the background, a tall, illuminated tower structure is visible, along with other festival lights and trees. The overall atmosphere is festive and celebratory.

A Song on the Road
The Road is Long and Flowing

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Dedicated to all
who live in,
travel to, and love in
the World Heritage Cities



**Shall We
Take a Walk?**

Ascending Haeinsa Temple, the Temple of Dharma

Shin EunJe



OWHC ASIA-PACIFIC

REGIONAL SECRETARIAT

People and Moments of World Heritage Sites

From the babbling of brooks to the chirping of birds, the aptly-named Sorigil¹⁾ is rich with sounds which you can't find in the city. As you tread on this path, which leads up through Hongryudong Valley, you might occasionally be taken out of your meditative trance by the sound of cars. But once you venture past Mureunggyo Bridge, you will see yourself already in paradise. Leaving Busan onto Haeinsa Temple in June marked a journey's beginning of three middle-aged men, greeted by cool winds that seemed at odds with the early summer season. Hailing in different careers, each of us were united by the desire to reflect upon our lives and take the opportunity to recharge, and it was this wish that led us to seek out Haeinsa Temple. Though we might have lacked the proper attire and footwear for hiking, our group nonetheless made its way through the shallow slopes and roads, accompanied by short bursts of conversation at times and the sounds of sharp breathing at others, to our ultimate destination of Haeinsa Temple, the site of Buddha's teachings.

1) Sori means sound in the Korean language. Gil refers to road, path in Korean.

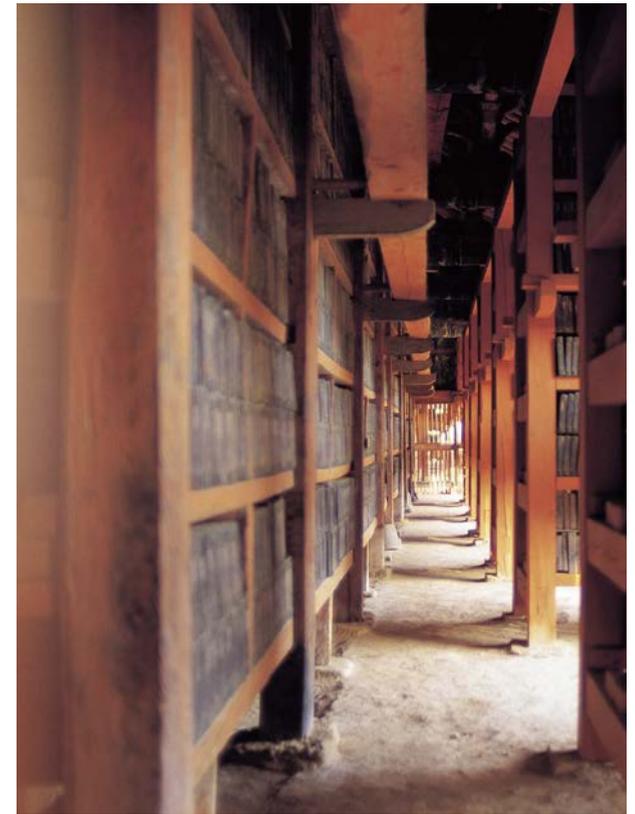
Nongsanjeong Pavilion and Nakhwadam Pond

It seemed like eons had gone by since we'd passed Hongryudong Valley before we finally spied a small pavilion emerging in the distance. The signpost denoted it as Nongsanjeong Pavilion, the site where Goun²⁾ Choi Chi Won³⁾ had spent his last years after retirement. A revered Confucian scholar during the Silla Dynasty, Choi Chi Won made a name for himself in the Tang Dynasty, but failed to rectify the political turmoil back at home in Silla, ultimately retiring to Haeinsa Temple. In the poems he left behind in Nongsanjeong Pavilion, we can find traces of his desire to renounce the world. Fed up with the whispers and chatter of the world, Choi Chi Won sought to drown out the noise with the loud and vibrant sounds with the valley's flowing waters, hoping that all who made the mountain their home would be rendered deaf to the vibrant world outside. His efforts to avoid the outside universe shows his ardent desire to turn his back to it. A small pavilion roughly the size of 2 rooms, Nongsanjeong Pavilion was reconstructed in 1936 and extensively repaired in 1990. Yet, it is not clear when the pavilion was first constructed. We took a rest on the pavilion, breathing in the sights. We roundly agreed that Choi Chi Won had chosen the perfect spot to spend his days in retirement, marveling at his insight. Then we closed our ears to the sounds of the waterflow Hongryudong Valley and then quickened our pace.

Once we passed Nongsanjeong Pavilion, the only sounds greeting our ears in Sori-gil were those of the water and birds. As we tuned

2) Choi Chi Won's nom de plume. It was common for Korean noblemen to be called by their nom de plume.

3) Choe Chi Won (857–10th century) is a noted Korean Confucian official, philosopher, and poet of the late Unified Silla period (668-935).



into these sounds, we leisurely strolled through the valley, playing out like a scholar in Gyeomjae's⁴⁾ paintwork of Haeinsa Temple. After some 20 minutes, the path lead us to Nakhwadam⁵⁾ Pond. Owing to the early summer, we were unable to see any flowers falling or scattered blossoms on earth, but

the spectacular scenery of Gayasan Mountain was enough to take away our breaths all the same. One of us had actually been

4) Nom de plume of Jeong Seon(1676–1759), a renown Korean landscape painter

5) Nakhwa means falling blossoms in Korean.



to Geumgangsan Mountain⁶ before, and he spared no praises as he extolled Gayasan Mountain, proclaiming that it did not suffer by comparison to a valley in Geumgangsan Mountain. Still, no matter how picturesque the landscape, our true destination was Haeinsa Temple, so we resumed our trek to the temple.

Treasures from the Entrance of Haeinsa Temple

Moving beyond Hongryudong Valley, we found a whole new host of treasures near the mouth the Haeinsa Temple before we entered its grounds. The first to greet us was Haeinsa Seongbo Museum and the various treasures of Haeinsa Temple that it had on display. In Korea, temples tend to be filled with valuables, necessitating the need for pavilions to store them and Haeinsa Temple was no exception. Haehaengdang Hall was built in 1488 to enshrine the portraits of former high priests, making it the starting point for Haeinsa Seongbo Museum. Despite the construction of Haehaengdang Hall, the sacred relics of Haeinsa Temple were not enshrined in a single site, but were instead moved and displayed in several different sites. Then, in 1993, Monk Jigwan was appointed as head monk of Haeinsa Temple, and it was during this time that plans for the museum were officially made. Starting construction in 1997, the museum was finally completed in 2000 during the tenure of Monk Semin. Now, Haeinsa Seongbo Museum hosts approximately 400 relics, including 9 treasures such as its famed Dry-lacquered Seated Statue of Huirang, the Buddhist Monk. Befitting its status as the Temple of Dharma, the museum is home to a wide variety of treasures, and the depiction of the typesetting process of the Tripitaka Koreana through the use of

6) One of the best-known mountains in the Korean Peninsula. It is located on the east coast of the country, and highly celebrated for its seasonal scenery.

miniature models allow visitors to understand the complete Buddhist collection more easily. What truly impressed our group was the lego replica of Haeinsa Temple found at the museum entrance. When embarking on expeditions to sites, you will often find ‘grand’ miniature re-creations of your destinations, a hint of what’s to come. Yet, the lego replica we found was less imposing than the usual, and instead instilled us with a welcoming sense of intimacy.

Once you leave the museum and walk a short while, you will come across a monument dedicated to General Kim Young Hwan, a distinguished pilot who fought in the Korean War. Engaging as captain, Kim Young Hwan made many accomplishments during the war, including the operation to suppress North Korean partisans hiding in Jirisan Mountain from August 1951. During the national tragedy of the Korean War, the entire Korean Peninsula was ablaze in the fires of war, and many temples and shrines fell victim to these flames. Damage to the temples in Jirisan Mountain and its vicinity was especially severe, as can be seen in the case of Songgwangsa Temple: an ancient temple under Jogyesan Mountain designated the Tri-Gem Temple. During the Korean War, Songgwangsa Temple was burnt to ashes under the pretext of wiping out the armed communist guerrilla forces. Fortunately, Haeinsa Temple was able to avoid such a fate thanks to Captain Kim Young Hwan’s actions. Despite being ordered to bomb the area to wipe out North Korean partisans around Gayasan Mountain, the captain chose not to bombard Haeinsa Temple, which was one of his targets. If not for his convictions, Haeinsa Temple and the Tripitaka Koreana in Haeinsa Temple, Hapcheon would not exist today.

Standing some distance away from the monument are Buddha stupas of all high priests who served in Haeinsa Temple. With these stupas,

numerous others form a forest, with each of the countless Buddha stupas and memorial stones telling you the valor and devotion of those who served the long history of Haeinsa Temple. Between these Buddha Stupas stands a lonely small pagoda, the famous Gilsangtap Pagoda. This three-story stone pagoda possesses a two-story stylobate, and shows the typical stone pagoda style of the late 9th century. Though the pagoda once held 176 miniature pagodas containing the Mantra, various scriptures such as the Mugujeonggwang Daedarani-gyeong, and copper plates, only a portion of these remain today. In particular, the pagoda used to contain 4 pagoda records written in 895. The pagoda was robbed around 1965, but the records were later retrieved when the thieves were arrested. According to the Haeinsamyo Gilsangtap Pagoda Records written by Choi Chi Won, a great number of people starved to death or died in battle as a result of long wars and famines of 7 years before and after 895. During this time, Monk Daedeok of Haeinsa Temple erected a pagoda to reform the masses and pray so the deceased could find blissful rebirth in the Pure Land of the West. Thus, Haeinsa Temple was able to persevere through the turbulent era by asking for Buddha’s charity.

Entering the Grounds of Haeinsa Temple

Navigating past the forest of stupas, we finally entered the grounds of our ultimate destination, Haeinsa Temple. Once you pass through Iljumun Gate into the grounds of the temple, you will find yourself treading a bit more carefully, yet with a clearer head. Now, we have finally arrived at Haeinsa Temple. The temple itself was built in 802 (3rd year of King Aejang’s reign) by Monk Suneung and Monk Ijong. According to historical records, the Empress of King Aejang suffered from a boil but was finally relieved of her pains by the two



monks. As a sign of gratitude, King Aejang bestowed 2,500 gyeol⁷⁾ of land and had a large temple built on the site, making it one of the 10 main temples of Hwaecom. Later records show that the Vairochana Buddha, which is now enshrined as twin statues in Birojeon Hall, was made in 883 (9th year of King Heongang's reign), and the farmlands were purchased by Haeinsa Temple from 880 to 894. This implies that Haeinsa Temple held a considerable amount of power as the Royal Temple after its establishment. Additionally, during the Late Silla and Early Goryeo periods, Taejo⁸⁾ Wanggeon turned to Huirang, the temple's priest to handle his conversion to Buddhism, and the emperor bestowed 500 gyeol of land onto the temple. As such, it naturally follows that Haeinsa Temple was well-known in its region as the Royal Temple after the 9th century. The extensive reconstructions of the temple took place after Joseon Dynasty, namely from the reign of King Sejo to the reign of King Seongjong. During this period, the Hall of Great Peace and Light, or the Supreme Buddha Hall was built, and the Haeinsa Temple Janggyeong Panjeon, the Depositories for the Tripitaka Korean Woodblocks was reconstructed. While Haeinsa Temple has incurred some losses and damages due to numerous fires since then, it has managed to survive all the way to the present thanks to the efforts of the temple's monks.

As we pass Ijumun Gate, massive trees bearing scars of victory over time greets us. Make your way through these giants and you will find Cheonwangmun⁹⁾ Gate. While most temples feature statues of the

7) A Korean traditional method for calculating farmland to gather taxes.

8) A Korean term for the founder of a Dynasty.

9) Cheonwang means Heavenly King in Korean.



Heavenly Kings¹⁰⁾ at their respective Cheongwangmun Gates to proclaim the presence of Buddha, the gate of Haeinsa Temple enshrines Buddhist paintings of the Four Heavenly Kings. This instead, makes it an unfamiliar site that is interesting all the same. Beyond Cheongwangmun Gate is Guksadan (Hall of Mountain Spirit), where people hold rites for the God of Gayasan Mountain – Jeonggyeonmoju. Legends say that Jeonggyeonmoju bore two sons with Sky God Ibiga, who later became the Kings of Daegaya and Geumgwang Gaya. Haeinsa Temple enshrined Jeonggyeonmoju as their temple guardian. As such, Guksadan was placed at the entrance of Haeinsa Temple, marking a difference from the norm. Whereas other temples tend to have their shrines dedicated to Mountain Gods behind their temples, Guksadan is relatively

10) The 19th King (1674 – 1720) of the Joseon Dynasty

well-maintained at the entrance of Haeinsa Temple alongside the divine trees where the spirits are said to reside in.

Past Guksadan is Gugwangru Pavilion. Pavilions in front of each temple's Daeungjeon Hall tend to be used by monks under Buddhist services, and Gugwangru Pavilion is no exception, having been used by the monks of Haeinsa Temple to hold Buddhist ceremonies. In the past, monks would most likely have used the stairs under the pavilion to access the main shrine: the Hall of Great Peace and Light. The 1st floor has now been remodeled, and one must now use a separate stairway on the side to ascend the main shrine. It is regrettable that one can no longer walk up the stairs under the pavilion, admiring the main hall with each step. It is all the more lamentable knowing that we can no longer take in a view of the entire temple.

Climb up the side stairs of Gugwangru Pavilion to reach the Hall of Great Peace and Light, which serves as the main hall of Haeinsa Temple. A three-story stone pagoda with a peculiarly shaped two-story stylobate stands in front of the hall that, judging from its style, appears to have been built in 802. Though it originally had a standard two-story stylobate, the stylobate was raised during repairs in 1926, resulting in its current form. It is regrettable, for had it retained its original shape, then the pagoda might have had a better sense of balance. Still, that tinge of regret becomes a thing of the past once you step into the Hall of Great Peace and Light.

The Hall of Great Peace and Light serves as the main hall for Haeinsa Temple, and was built in 1488 by Monk Hakjo under the orders of Queen Insu and Queen Dowager Inhye during his reconstruction of the Tripitaka Koreana Depository. However, the original hall was lost during the reign of King Sukjong, and the current hall was built some time afterwards. Matching up to its name as a main temple following the Hwaom Order, Haeinsa Temple enshrines Vairochana Buddha as its principal Sakyamuni, and enshrined within Birojeon Hall is the famous twin Vairochana Buddha.

The Vairochana Buddha in the Hall of Great Peace and Light was originally enshrined in Geumdangsa Temple in Seongju, Gyeongsangbuk-do. As the temple closed down, it was temporarily moved to Yonggisa Temple of Gayasan Mountain by Monk Beomun in 1897, before being brought over to its current home in the Hall of Great Peace and Light. The two statues of the Vairochana Buddha in Birojeon Hall were originally enshrined in Beopbojeon Hall and the Hall of Great Peace and Light. The discovery of an ink written document inside Vairochana Buddha in Beopbojeon Hall 2005, revealed that it was a twin Buddha with the one enshrined in the Hall of Great Peace and Light. As such, Birojeon Hall was newly constructed to enshrine both statues.

When the discovery was first made in 2005, I was among those who joined the investigation and even had the chance to see and take photos of the Vairochana Buddha's inner contents. During a reception held after the investigation, the head monk spoke of constructing Birojeon Hall to enshrine the statues. Seeing the two statues enshrined together side-by-side in the newly built Birojeon Hall, my heart turned with joy. After experiencing the Hall of Great Peace and Light and Birojeon Hall, we decided to look around the living quarters of the monks, situated on the side of the temple instead of heading straight up to the Tripitaka Koreana Depositories. Figuring that we might as well explore every corner of Haeinsa Temple, our feet led us to an area around Myeongbujeon Hall and Seonyeoldang. Here, we spied a wild boar and her young feeding around the temple's dining area. Surprisingly enough they did not run right away even when people moved closer to them. Presumably, they might have often come down to eat around here. Given the harm that boars have caused to farmlands around the nation, we became worried but at the same time, we could not help but stare for a while at this rare sight.

Then, a scene from the Jataka¹¹⁾ flashed by in my mind. In his previous life as a crown prince, Sakyamuni threw himself to save a tigress and her cubs from starvation. This tale of Sakyamuni Buddha's former life is famous enough to have been portrayed in the Main Buddha Hall' front altar of the Tamamushi Shrine in Horyuji Temple. It can also be found depicted in a Korean style on the outer walls of Haeinsa Temple's Hall of Great Peace and Light. Seeing the wild boar and her young save off starvation in the temple grounds, it felt like as if I was witnessing a re-creation of that very story in flesh.

Ascending Haeinsa Temple's Janggyeong Panjeon Hall, the Depositories for the Tripitaka Koreana

We left the boar family behind to proceed to this day's main destination - Haeinsa Temple Janggyeong Panjeon, the Depositories for the Tripitaka Koreana Woodblocks. The Tripitaka are Buddhist scriptures composed of the Three Baskets: the Sutra-pitaka, the Vinaya-pitaka, and the Abhidhamma-pitaka. The Sutra-pitaka explains the truth of the universe, the Vinaya-pitaka explains everyday ethics or religious precepts that one must observe, and the Abhidhamma-pitaka is an interpretation of the difficult parts of the scriptures. Currently, two types of Tripitaka Koreana are stored in Haeinsa Temple Janggyeong Panjeon Hall. The first is the Saganpan, which refers to woodblocks engraved in the temple, and the other is the Gukganpan, which refers to those engraved under the supervision of

Daejangdogam during the reign of King Gojong of the Goryeo¹²⁾ Dynasty. Among these, most woodblocks in the depositories correspond to the latter, making up 81,352 woodblocks. Of course, the number of Saganpan wood-

11) A collection of 550 mythological stories of the former lives of Sakyamuni Buddha.

12) Goryeo also spelled as Koryŏ, is a Korean kingdom (918-1392) established by Taejo Wang Geun, unifying the Three Kingdoms.



blocks is nothing to scoff at, numbering 5,987 in total. Together, there are approximately 87,000 woodblocks.

The Gukganpan woodblocks are enshrined in the two depository buildings built during the reign of King Seongjong. The depository in the front is Sudarajang, while the one in the back is the Beopbojeon Hall. The two small pavilions to the east and west are Dongsaganjeon and Seosaganjeon¹³⁾, where the Saganpan woodblocks are enshrined. The Gukganpan Daejanggyeong was originally in Ganghwa, but the fear of losing them to Japanese invaders led to them being moved to Haeinsa

Temple near the end of the 14th century. The depository was built during the early Joseon Dynasty to store the woodblocks, and was expanded to about 40 rooms in 1457 under the orders of King Sejo, further expanded by about 30 rooms during the reign of King Seongjong, leading to its cur-

13) Dong means east and Seo means west in Korean.

rent state. The Tripitaka Koreana and Janggyeongpanjeon Depositories were nearly lost during the Japanese Invasion of Korea in 1592 and the Korean War, but thankfully have managed to maintain their original state to this day.

To reach the Janggyeongpanjeon Depositories, one must first go up a steep flight of stairs. As you go up, the Sudarajang will soon come into sight. Past the Sudarajang is Beopbojeon Hall, and to the sides are Dongsaganpanjeon Hall and Seosaganpanjeon Hall where the Saganpan woodblocks are stored. In order to preserve the Daejanggyeong woodblocks, only the exterior of the depositories may be viewed, and it is difficult to obtain permission to see inside them. Wistful, I tried my best to get a glimpse between the window bars, only to be stopped by a security guard who came running right over. When I expressed my discomfort, one of my fellow travelers defended the guard's actions, pointing out that they were duty-bound in managing the Daejanggyeong and praising their actions. He reminded me that such measures are necessary to ensure that the Tripitaka Koreana could be handed down to future generations. He was not wrong about that, so I was forced to comply. It is regrettable that I cannot see the Tripitaka Koreana even when they are a few feet ahead of me, but I must give up on my desire to ensure their preservation.

The 81,352 Gukganpan woodblocks are engraved with 1,514 types of scriptures, with each woodblock having 23 lines of 14 characters. Most of the woodblocks bear engravings on both sides, meaning that there are approximately 52 million characters engraved in all. According to one member of the group, who was fairly well acquainted in carpentry, trees tend to distort and crack as they age. As such, he was amazed at how the blocks remained so free of such blemishes even today. He mar-

veled at how wood could spend 800 years without becoming distorted or cracked, even if the tree had been treated in sea water or planted in salt water. For my part, I was more impressed by the clear and bold writing style on the woodblocks, which were said to have astounded Chusa Kim Jeong-hui himself. When I visited Hwaecomsa Temple in the past, its Stone Avatamsaka Sutra (The Flower Garland Sutra) made me wonder how people could have engraved such letters onto stone. Seeing how each and every character had been dutifully engraved on the Daejanggyeong made them seem even more amazing, especially given my notoriously poor handwriting skills. As someone once said, it may have only been possible due to the engraver's devotion towards Buddha. After spending a great deal of time at Janggyeong Panjeon Hall, we turned our steps to Haksadae Pavilion, where it is told that Goun Choi Chi Won once stayed. While no traces remain today, the fir tree, slightly bending over the pavilion tells us that it bears a great deal of history. Mounting the car from the parking lot, we descended Sori-gil, which had been quite a struggle for us to ascend, with great ease. As the car sped down the road, the mood of Hongryudong Valley passed by us in a flash and the characteristic sounds of Sori-gil were muffled by the noises of the engine. All we did was hopping on a car, yet we found ourselves returning to the outside world all the same. Soon enough, we passed Mureunggyo Bridge, and we were truly back to our own universe. Our journey to paradise and our quest to escape fatigue and tedium of everyday had brought us back to our reality. Still, if we consider the teachings written in particular 14th century letter of vow, stating that the greatest virtue was to stay close to Buddha, then perhaps this trip in of itself was also an act of charity.

Two Dry Seasons and One Rainy Season

A Month in Siem Reap That Transcends Time

Suh SoonJung

I have visited Siem Reap 3 times after November of 2009 and I stayed for at least 10 days each time, so I have basically lived there for about a month. The movie 'In the Mood for Love (Kar Wai Wong, 2000)' shows in its last scene Angkor Wat of 1966, which motivated me to visit Siem Reap. The main character Chow buries his memory in the walls of Angkor Wat Temples. This 'sealed' memory/love has become eternal after it ended. Just as the last scene in the movie features Angkor Wat, I wanted to visit the temple, looking at the walls of the temple slowly. It took 9 years for me to realize such wish. Angkor Wat has been considered so-called 'the mountain created by the God'. The Khmer unified the Indochina Peninsula and named their country. As the name 'Kambujadesa' transformed into 'Cambodia', the Khmer dynasty declined, disappearing into the jungle until rediscovered once again. I will now record my memories of spending a month at the large temple of the Khmer dynasty which were almost sealed forever like Chow's memory.



On the Border

These are my memories on the border en route to Siem Reap, as my first entrance to the city by land. For a month and a half, I travelled across Thailand, Cambodia, and Vietnam, acting as if I was a backpacker. I left the Khaosan Road of Bangkok and took a bus heading for the border, with a large orange backpack that was taller than me. I arrived at and obtained my visa in a place, so-called the 'border town'. Hanging around, waiting, and spending so much time...It took so much time, which seemed to go on forever, for me to cross the border. The border town on Thailand's side was Aranyaprathet, so-called Aran. You should cross this place in order to get to Poipet, a border town on Cambodia's side. To do so, you should pass a door, functioning as the border between the two towns, that reminds you of Angkor Wat. From there, you should take a bus heading for Siem Reap. I spent over seven hours moving on the route, including five hours from Bangkok to Aran town and two hours from Poipet to Siem Reap.

This was possible because I had so much time to waste for such travel. But it was worthy of spending the long time for me because I received much more precious things: energetic people from various nations and age groups as my companions throughout the journey, the red soil in the landscape which I passed by, and the herds of cows that took over the road instead of the cars and the people...Siem Reap Airport always reminds me of the border, even though I have never visited the city through the same route again after the travel.

Fascinated by Pile of Rocks

Everyone is surprised when I tell them that I plan on staying for ten days at Siem Reap. They ask what I can possibly do for 10 days. The day I decided to see Angkor Wat Temple, I ordered thick books that tell Khmer civilization. I expected that the books would be an encyclopedia but the books were more like pictorials. I have even gotten books in English but all of them were just filled with high quality photos. Looking at the pictures of piles of rocks that looked all the same, I thought, 'Mm... I guess I must be buried under piles of rocks for ten days, for completing my visit to Siem Reap'. I couldn't even guess until then what it would be like. It was so big and so quiet. I was so fascinated by its overwhelming atmosphere. I entered Siem Reap and purchased a 7 day ticket which only humanities scholars purchase, for a span of a month. Then I arranged my ten days in order to examine the city. Having had enough time, I wanted to look through the city in detail, rather than take an efficient route: for example, visiting spots in a chronological order or visiting more than one location per day. With this personal principle for the trip, I selected the ruins of Lolei as the first place to visit. It is a bit far from the central area where all the ruins are located. The ruins of Lolei surprised me, with its pile of rocks where small structures of



Lolei, Preah Ko, and Bakong are located in. The attack of the ruins' beauty was powerful because I did not expect such great scene. I thought that it was a good decision to visit the Lolei ruins as the first place for my trip, because its magnificent size and quietness made my heart beat rapidly. I was just so fascinated by the gigantic, silent pile of rocks.

Comrades Waiting for the Sunset and Sunrise

The ruins of Siem Reap are so magnificent that it is difficult to list all sites of the ruins. Its size and detail overwhelm its visitors. But it is clear that the highlight of Siem Reap is Angkor Wat Temple, no matter what anyone says. After passing through the entrance where you should show your ticket, you can see Angkor Wat, with the five

stone towers, that stands behind a moat. Even though a person pass through Siem Reap in a short amount of time, he cannot help visiting Angkor Wat Temple at least twice if he wants to see the sunrise. Angkor Wat Temple greets the sun with people from all over the world as it defeats the darkness of early morning. The five towers become ten after being reflected in the pond and the swirl of colors caused by the sun become twice. And it becomes as grand as the stories of the murals on the corridors of Angkor Wat. We can reach on the top, by the time the sun of Siem Reap goes and its night comes. We climb on the top of Phnom Bakheng or Prae Rup to view the sun as it sets. There are no particular rules here. Both the sunset of Angkor Wat and that of the vast West Mbon and Srah Srang are all gorgeous. Sometimes you wait for the sunset with the people with whom you waited for the sunrise. You can build friendship with the comrades, enjoying the holy ruins and mother nature together. You and the comrades share personal stories that are as diverse as the expressions of Apsara dance, when waiting for the sunset and the sunrise at the ruins. We are the comrades of Angkor.

Smile of Angkor

Cambodia has scars of civil war which has continued even until the late 20th Century, including the Killing Fields. The traces of civil war can be shown by people, whose bodies are injured, playing their instruments or drawing at entrance of the ruins, and the children hanging from the trees like a fruit in order to beg for a dollar in various languages. The large lake of Tonle Sap, where the brown water from the Mekong River flows, contributed to promoting wealth and power of the ancient Khmer kingdom. It is still a precious place of life for many people. I saw the breathtaking sunrise as well as the poverty of a kingdom that has fallen. For my second visit,







I brought a bunch of candies, chocolate, pencils, and notebooks for the children. On my third visit, I looked into an institution to donate used clothes and books in advance. I hope that luxuries that I enjoyed with guilt could be a meaningful expense for the country: my expenditure to have a back seat of 'Tuk tuk' and visit a restaurant that is becoming fancier. Eating at a restaurant itself can be a donation if it relates to partnership with an NGO. I can find the infinite potential of Cambo-



dia, from skinny children with big eyes, children forced to earn money on streets, and children carrying their younger siblings on their backs, even though they can barely walk by themselves. Their smile gives me greater impressions than the smile of Bayonne. The children's beautiful smile makes me look forward to the 4th visit to Siem Reap. I am just grateful that I can do something to make the children's smile.



Suddenly Good and Often Strange

Park SeongHa

It was long after nightfall when I arrived at Changi Airport. Whenever I set foot on a foreign country, it was mostly the night sky that welcomed me even at unintended circumstances. As the gate opens, before the exotic scenery comes into sight, it is the long line of taxis standing in the deep dark that greet us. What other sight will we see as we step further ahead? The slight layered languidness of the flight turns into a pleasant tiredness and flows into me. Then, intaking a deep breath, I inhale the strange scent and humid evening. With a small ‘Wow’ – I finally realize I stand here, a city of strong intensity due to its blurriness. My journey began from Singapore’s day end, from its darkness.

Travel shares the same sentiment with romance and romance usually comes at night. Like enjoying a can of beer after work and first kiss under a streetlight’romantic moments’ seem to glow brighter in the dark. Inside the dim taxi, I leave the airport and move to the hotel. Here, I gathered the sight of Singapore, illuminating as a dream. The first sensation of a trip was layering itself one after another. This was the start of my romantic moment.

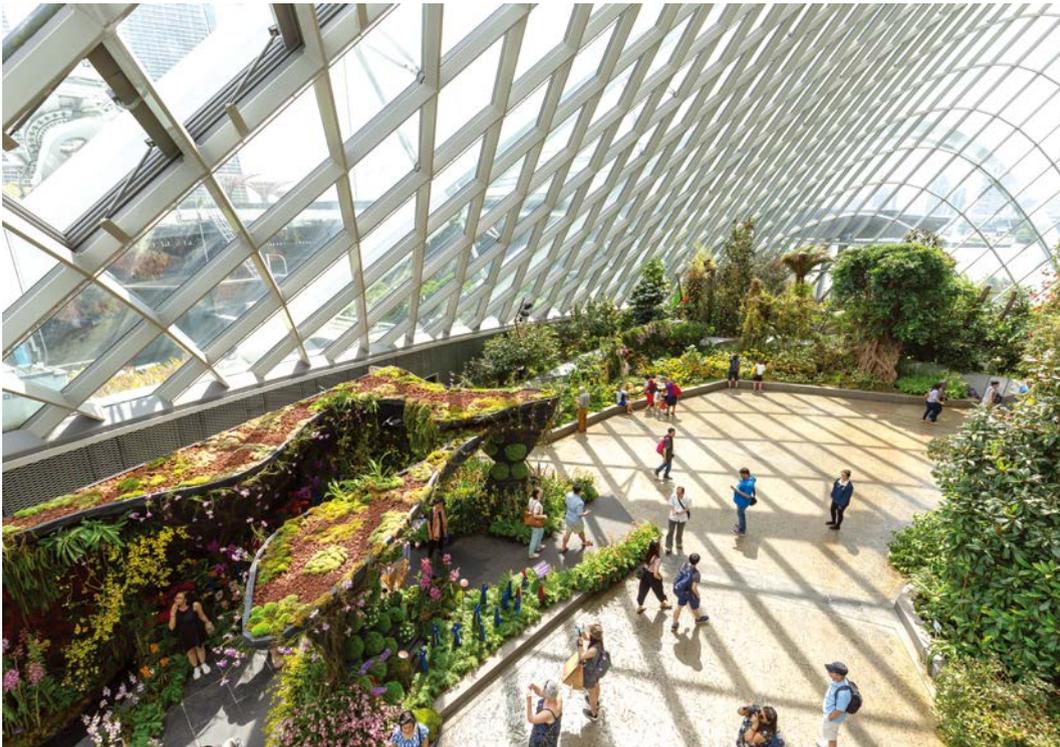
697km². This small city, no, a country as big as Seoul is the wealthiest of all Southeast Asia. The glamorous aura coming from their powerful

economy shined the entire city. From the durian inspired Esplanade Theaters, lotus shaped Art Science Museum to the Marina Bay Sands Hotel resting a grand sailboat as their roof, unique buildings consist the city with a future world vibe. After sunset, all these special elements come together and color the city blue. The Singaporean night was like a well-set SF movie. I sweetly dwelled on the stranger’s loneliness while strolling through the endless city glitter.

I once heard that in Singapore, you could be arrested by the police just by chewing a gum on the street. This story that I simply thought as an interesting analogy was in fact, ‘true’. Singapore does not import nor easily sells gum for its cleanliness. It was a city accomplished by considering every aspect under the utmost sophistication. Wherever I went, a sight of untidiness could not be witnessed, on the streets and to the people.

Perhaps Singapore looked fine because it did not look weary, as everything seems in order. Many personal experienced Southeast Asia travel destinations exposed their traces and captivated me with their traditional charm. I wondered how a time-old space in this refined city would be. With that curiosity I visited the Botanic Garden, holding a history of 150 years. Even this old garden bore the profound Singaporean palette, constructed with decent sincerity. This garden contains the original landscape design when it was first established, and its outstanding practice as a British-style tropical botanic garden was recognized, enabling it to be inscribed as UNESCO World Heritage in 2015. Like many other World Heritage cities, ‘people’ naturally blended into the garden space. People leisurely jogging around walking trails, yoga classes upon fresh grass and children enjoying the sunlight... The heritage proudly shows what old gardens can do in the heart of the city.





Again, I come back to the street. This time I walked with a stable and accustomed tempo. Well-trimmed trees and buildings structured with state-of-art technology catches my eye. Above the sparkling architecture, lush leaves embrace the entire building. It was a sight of artifice and nature. I could take a peek into the city's aspiration, their wish to remain splendidly free inside their forest woods.

'Gardens by the Bay' is a botanical garden that brings the blockbuster film, <Avatar> to life and is marks the top tier of artificial naturalness. Inside the 8,000 m² dome is a 38-meter artificial waterfall and vertical garden. The high-stretching concrete structure is dominated by myriad of plants. At night the artificial trees play the main role in the music show as they 'dance' to the exciting music.

I enjoyed the spectacle while lying down, having my back on the floor. For a moment, the cool breeze and the sound of leaves shaking by the wind brought me inside a forest. But the bizarre laser beams soon made an awkward sight. A glowing tree at night? The refreshing scent of the Botanic Garden suddenly came across my mind.

"This reminds me of mom." That's what came to my mind as I aimlessly gazed while lying down like a starfish. For a while, the face of my two friends who were lying beside me were filled with complex emotions: sadness, yearning, gratitude, sorriness-, an emotion most would experience when thinking of one's parents. Having to think like this after seeing good things, we laughed saying that we're all grown up. Like so, Singapore was a journey that presented unexpected, sudden thoughts. All fine for its flawlessness, but it brings back the sentiment and yearning for rusticity. The city's good posture rather brought emptiness, but it cannot be denied that Singapore dressed in proud blue was a magnificent sight.

Visiting the Humble Administrator's Garden

Huang Yong

A subtle whiff of scent wafts to the Yuanxiang Hall
 Zigzagging the corridors, I wonder where it is at all
 The sky high, the water low, green jade gleams down there
 The pond clear, the ripples gentle, the flying gold chills the air
 Trees are still emerald, luring the leaves of ginkgo to blaze
 The reds fade and at the camphor trees they enviously gaze
 Why bother to tell what blooms carry the aromatic nuance
 The gorgeous scenery has immersed me into a floral trance

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游拙政园

远香阁前传暗香，
 蹙眉四顾绕曲廊。
 天清水落凝青碧，
 潭净波沉冷金黄。
 绿翠不减惹银杏，
 紫红渐落羨香樟。
 但闻不辨何花馥，
 且赏拙政好风光。

People and Moments of World Heritage Sites

This poem is written by Huang Yong both in English and Chinese. She used the traditional Chinese lambus to create the poem. The poem is dedicated to the "Humble Administrator's Garden", which is on the list of UNESCO's World Cultural Heritage and a representative of Suzhou Classical Gardens.



Old but New

The Time is Continuing in Macao

Macao Cultural Affairs Bureau

Macao is a city on the cusp of time, a city on the move that is taking charge of its longstanding cultural growth, with a strong sense of community and gathered wisdom, facing the future with confidence and heading towards a much aspired knowledge-based spiritual destiny.

There is a profound affinity here with the unique millenary Chinese history, as well as a deep appreciation for the city's rich multi-centennial past, since the Portuguese arrived here in the mid 16th century, and the city rapidly developed based on the World's first maritime trade routes and the entrepreneurial spirit of many pioneering souls, including the Chinese, the Portuguese and all of the diverse communities that lived here in harmony throughout the ages, sacrificing and contributing so much to build what we see today in Macao.

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Indeed, that is the backbone of the undeniably rich and diverse genealogical root that can be recognized in every classified building of The Historic Center of Macao (inscribed as World Heritage, in 2005), in the story-telling capacity of every streetscape of the city, and in all of the intangible lifestyle traditions that occupy the cultural program and still take center stage in all aspects of the local community.

Among these, the already listed 15 Macao intangible cultural items are an important representation of the concept of “Living Heritage”, including some of the city's most important religious rituals, of both Chinese and Catholic background, the local creole dialect “Patua” and the Macanese Gastronomy, which offers unique interpretations of diverse specialty dishes, such as the African Chicken, the local version of Coconut Curry or the famous Portuguese Custard tarts, altogether reflecting shades of history that revert back to the time of the maritime enterprise that early in Macao, connected Europe, Africa and India to the last geographical frontier of the Orient and, ultimately, China.

The many sounds, rituals and vibrant colours of the city are also lively features of Macao's enduring philosophy of life and unique multi-cultural identity, with different communities expressing their culture in some of the city's most iconic heritage sites, to the delight of millions of visitors that Macao welcomes every year, while also inspiring the next generation of local artists and scholars in the field of Macao's new creative industries.

Heritage conservation in Macao has continually learned from the past, and taken on new responsibilities, also as a result of the new



Heritage Protection Law that was put into effect since March 2014, and the up-coming Protection and Management Plan for the Historic Center of Macao that included wide public consultation and took on-board very constructive opinions from all sectors of society, greatly expanding Macao's heritage focus to include built-heritage, but also the immovable and the intangible heritage, altogether considered intertwined in their values.

The city is also entering into a new digital age, and interpretation support about Macao's heritage is benefiting from on-going technological upgrades that will provide a modern basis for continuing to share Macao's heritage legacy far into the future.

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STORY
01

Singapore_Rainbow Building

*Singapore***Jean WEE**

This building, which used to be the Old Hill Street Police Station in Singapore, attracts immediate attention with its Neoclassical facade. It is also called the “Rainbow Building” and is currently used by the Ministry of Culture, Community and Youth (hereinafter “Ministry of Culture”) and the Ministry of Communications and Information (MCI). It is a six-story building which was one of the high-rise buildings at the time and was a static-looking government building only in simple grey color for long time to show the authority and the power of the Police Force. When it was finally time to remodel the building, the Ministry of Culture not only embodied the Buddha’s spirit through the idea to express more than 900 windows in various colors but also was rewarded for the effort to enrich the artistic element in the area.

Today, the Rainbow Building is protected as the Singapore’s national treasure and is recognized as the representative of the Singapore’s historic and architectural heritage. The rainbow colors on the windows of the Rainbow Building represent the Singapore’s multi-cultural diversity itself.



STORY
02

The Spring of Kyoto

Kyoto

Natsume Soseki | 夏目漱石

To see the flowers Dear,
To a place of no return you went
きみ、かえらず いずこのはなを みにいたか



STORY
03

The Village of Shirakawa-go

Shirakawa-go

Matsuo Basho | 松尾芭蕉

Figgling out in the ashes of the furnace,
They are the tune of heart-aching tears
うずみびも きゆやなみだの にゆるおと

STORY
04

May the Peace
of Early Morning be with You

Hue



The morning in Hue comes especially early
The Perfume River clears the night's shivery air with silvery dawn
Fishermen touch the heart of Perfume River with warm hands,

STORY
05

Hue

Pray





STORY

06

Hue

The Morning of Vietnam

The big happiness of a family in a small cart
A big filling bowl of breakfast for the others
Before the sound of sunlight gets loud,
Be hurry, be happy



Complex of Hue Monuments

The traces of old dynasty are still there around
the Perfume River in Hue.
Even though the time rifled its dignity
and the war stole its glory,
Honoring the Nguyen Dynasty,
the beauty remains forever.

STORY
08

Jogyakarta

From Here, To You.

The time it takes for the sun to rotate around the Earth, 24 hours

The time it takes for me to reach to you

The time it takes for the Earth to rotate around the sun, 8,760 hours

The time it takes for you to come to me

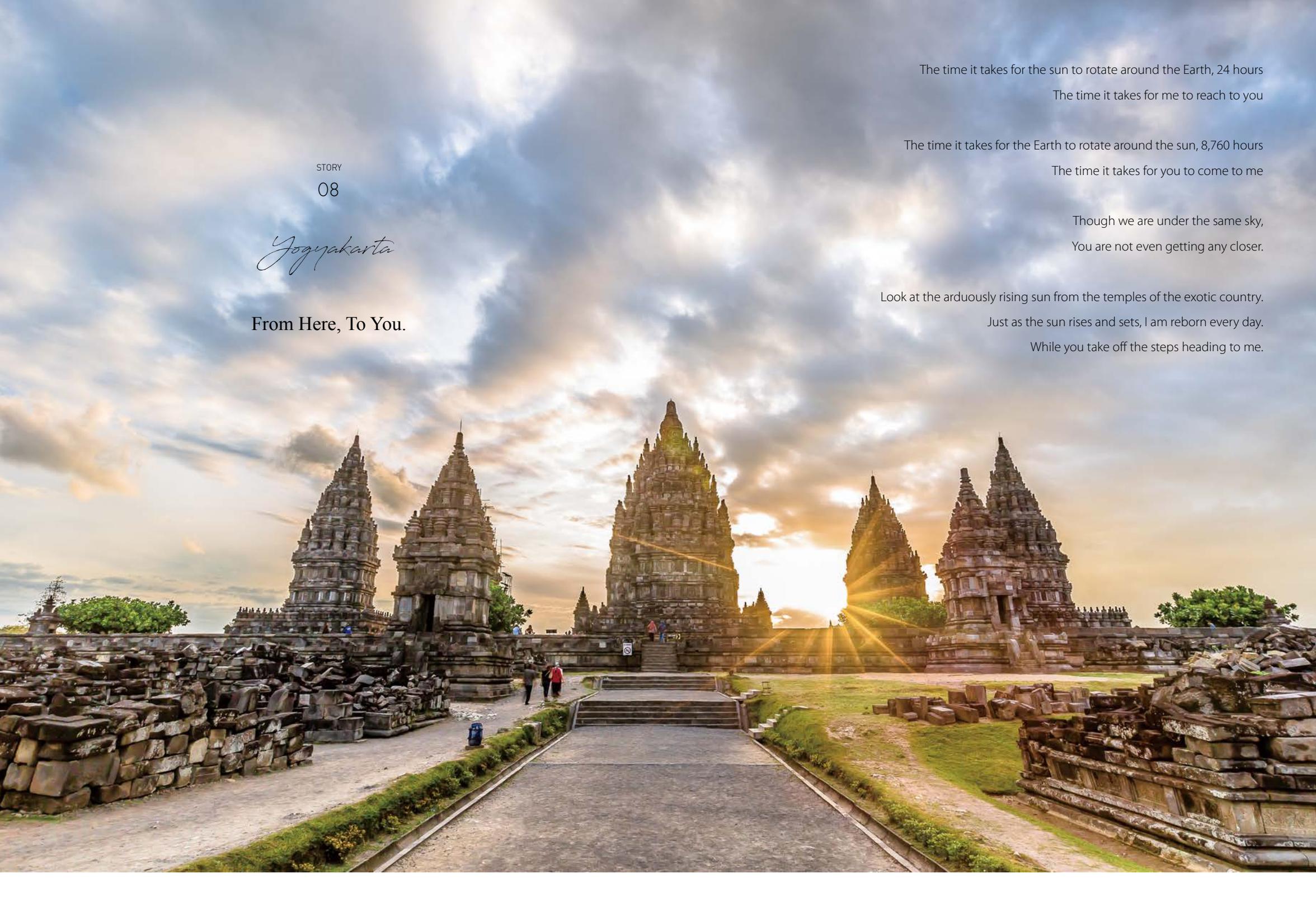
Though we are under the same sky,

You are not even getting any closer.

Look at the arduously rising sun from the temples of the exotic country.

Just as the sun rises and sets, I am reborn every day.

While you take off the steps heading to me.





STORY

09

Gyeongju

Spring Always Stays There

Gyeongju, the trace of my youth,
My hometown, full of spring scent.
Light green, my favorite color

Spring in Gyeongju Oreung Royal Tombs always
Tells me this is where I came from and head to,
Light green, light green, the color of my faded dream.

I have always wanted to be a tall pine tree
So that I can be a warm shadow to little creatures

Lijiang Is a Slow-paced City

World Cultural Heritage Old Town
of Lijiang Protection and Management Bureau

Excerpted from 「Slow Life of Lijiang」

The city of Lijiang has enjoyed a long history of appreciating the way of leisure, thus the people of Lijiang has been taking a slow pace, savoring different taste of life with full patience and ease. Then what is slowness? It is to taste leisurely and to feel tranquility.

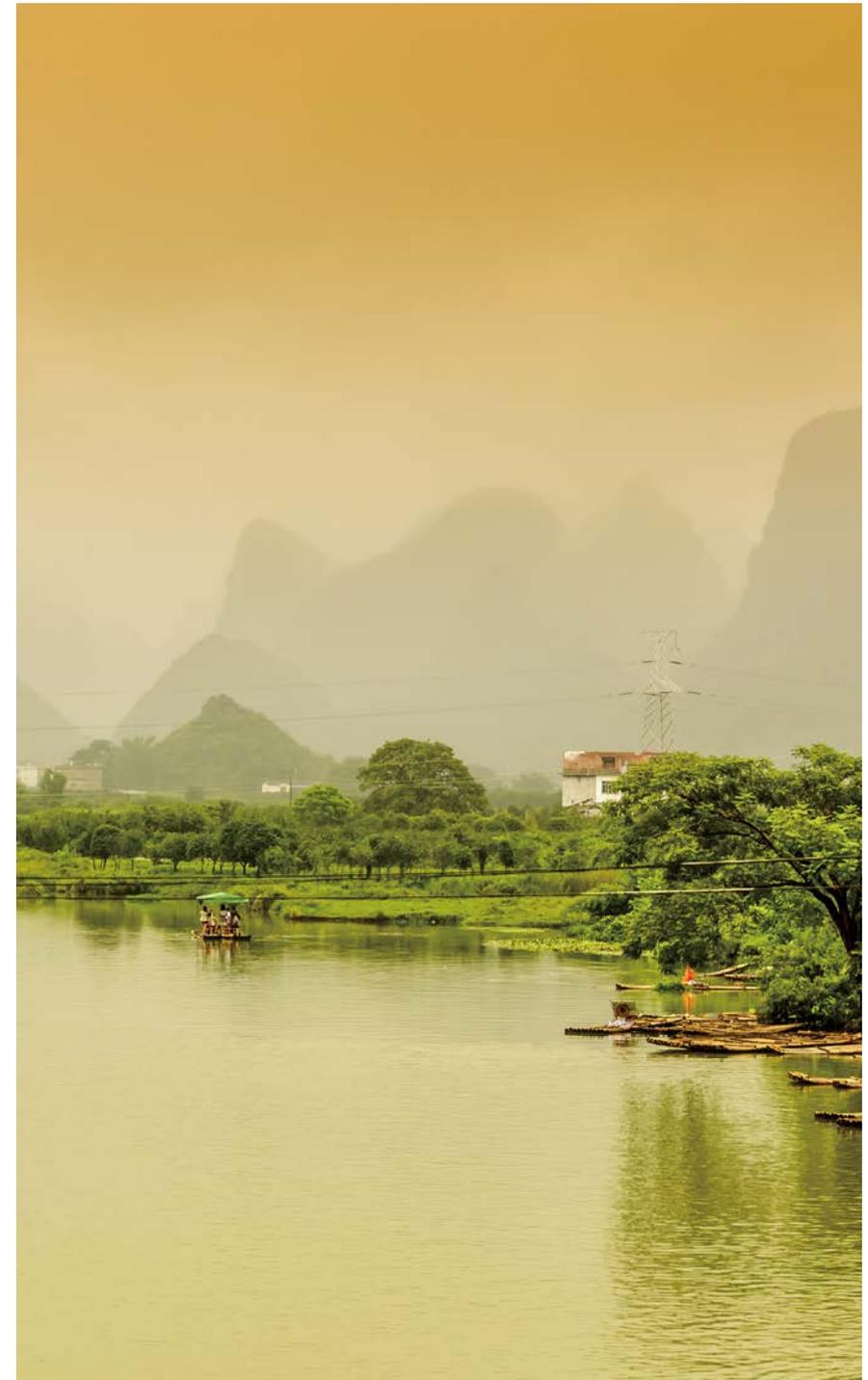
Without certain types of slowness, we cannot imagine how Lijiang could become home for poets and artists. Since the regime of Chief-tain Mu, or even earlier, poets and artists were pouring into Lijiang all the time.

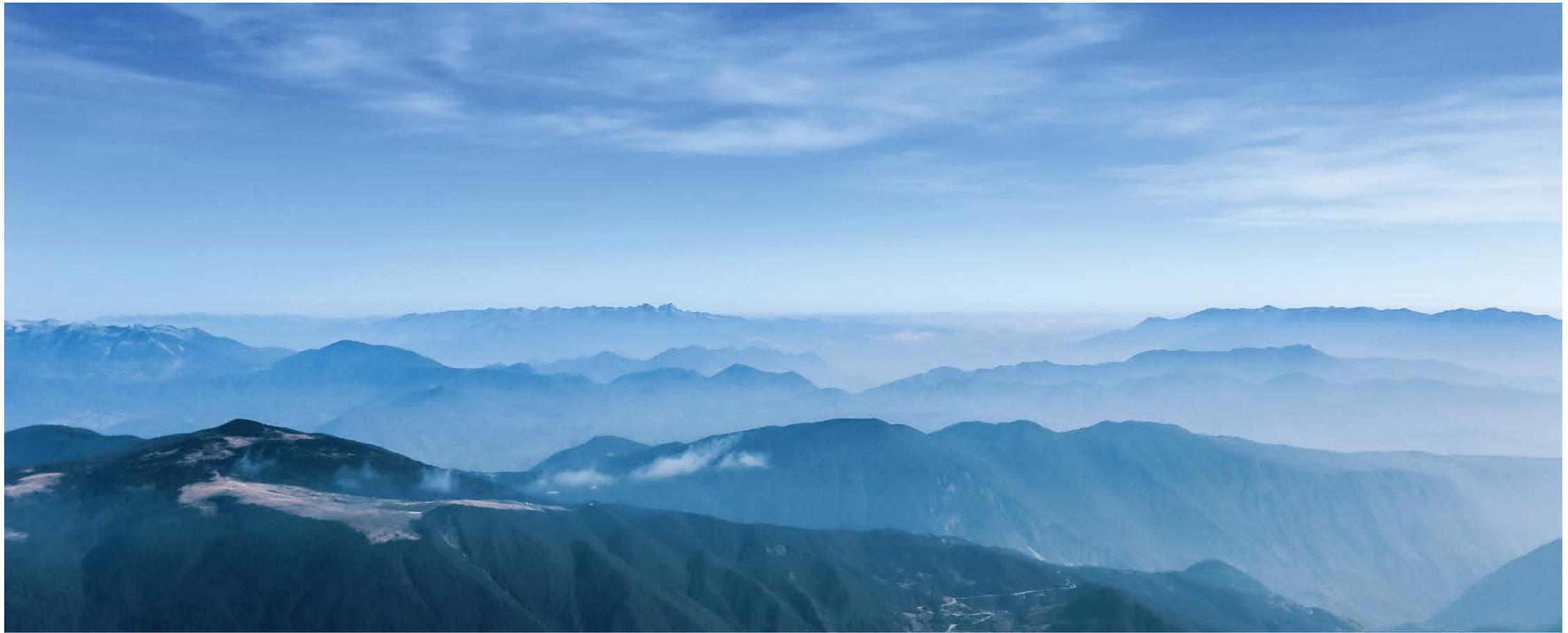
In the eyes of Lijiang people, slowness is not dullness and laziness, but calmness and elegance, or moreover a kind of wisdom. Sometimes, we are living in a fast-paced way so that we even have no time to grasp each specific scene of life and this kind of life later will make you feel like it never appeared to you. Therefore, when we talk about slowness, it indicates that we strongly hope we can feel the favor from life and increase the concentration and viscosity of life as well.

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Is there really an antithesis between slowness and fastness? Absolutely no. Lijiang people say they have a perfect understanding of the essence of fastness and the maintaining of slowness. Namely, to make the accurate choice between fastness and slowness at a right time. It is obvious that the understanding of slowness by Lijiang people, in a more simple way is: work hard and rest fully.

It is a way of Lijiang people and also a way for all the Chinese of wisdom for understanding the fastness and maintaining the slowness. Under the influence of Taoism, this type of wisdom has become an essential part of life for Lijiang people. Naxi culture claims worshipping the nature, pursuing the harmony, upholding the sincerity and frankness, and embracing the inclusiveness. In Lijiang people's view of life, life naturally evolved



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into as ‘happiness’ and ‘self-satisfaction’. As slow life style is amplified, you’ll see how Lijiang people cherish life and take good care of life. It seems that Lijiang people have a better understanding for the Chinese philosophy of harmony and balance.

As a matter of fact, sometimes slowness is another version of fastness. Superficially, fastness wins time, while the fastness without being selected and digested is a real waste of time. We speak of fastness and that means we pursue a life of calmness and leisure, and also a life of trace by time.

In fact, this type of slow life can help us pick up the lost time and make our life better.

It cannot be denied that a way of in-depth experience and perception is being provided by the slow life in Lijiang. It refuses the snack-like consumption, because it will make a skin-deep Lijiang without any depth that was deposited by time. In Lijiang, a leisurely and slow way of traveling is highly advocated.

Therefore, Lijiang with a long history and abundant resources is a city worthy of reading. We have to make our life slow down, from paces to soul, and get into the heart of the city.

Slowness marks Lijiang and it is the essential character of life in Lijiang. In a long-term practice of slowness, Lijiang wins the energy of rebirth.



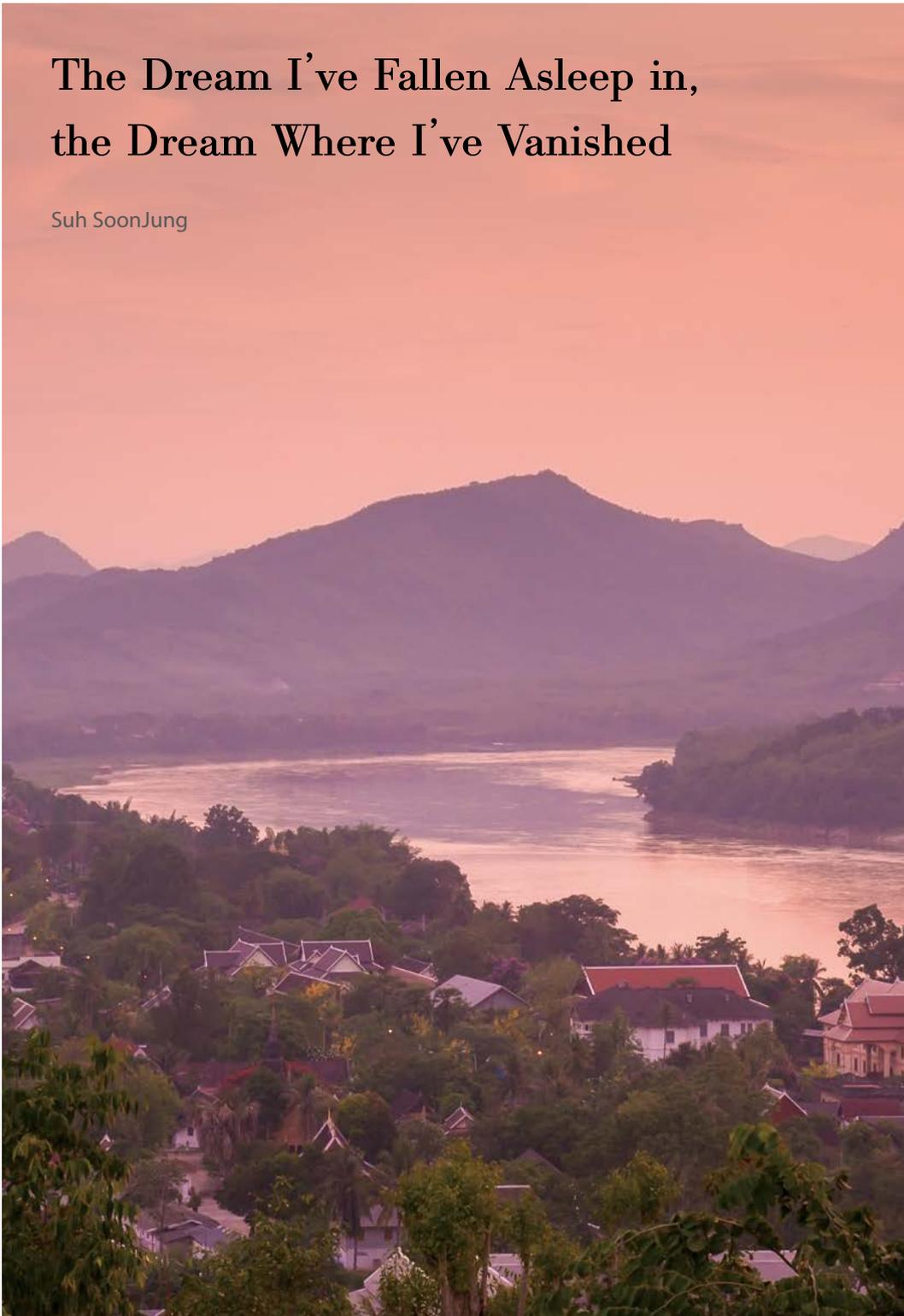
People and Moments of World Heritage Sites



Healing City

The Dream I've Fallen Asleep in, the Dream Where I've Vanished

Suh SoonJung



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People and Moments of World Heritage Sites

Withdrawing and Drifting Away

Everything began with that dream. I was unable to break free from the dream, entrapped in slumber. I found myself in a complicated alley that felt familiar, yet I could not place exactly where I was. Before I knew it, murky water had risen under the ground that I stood on. The water was full of something; I slowly realized the mass death of elephants and the sunken water. Far away, on the entrance at other side of the alley, in an open space reminiscent of a narrow window, I saw a pale body bereft of clothes preparing to dive into the water. This calm and naked body jumping into the body of water, filled with the corpses of elephants, must have been me as well. This other me vanished between the alleys that I could not find, into waters of unfathomable depths. It sank. Such a chillingly vivid dream. In the morning after, the only thing that came to me was headaches and sleeplessness.

I am certain that something lives inside my head. It could be a coiled snake, a many-legged bug crawling around really fast, or a breathtakingly beautiful flower. Whatever it may be, it is alive and has taken complete control of my mind, and its very existence brings me unbearable headaches and insomnia. I constantly fought against the urge to smash the right side of my skull in with a hammer, and came to desperately crave sleep far more than I could have ever imagined. A single sentence escaped out of my mind, kicked out by the creature that had set root in it. It was the first thing you ever said to me, and as I grabbed onto the very edge of it my thoughts began to drift. I have to go somewhere, anywhere. It's not because I want to meet you. I just wander in pursuit of some primal longing that I can't put into words.

Lies, it's all lies. I've finally arrived here after deluding myself. Luang Prabang. It's the place that you were so fond of. You told me that you wanted to live here, and wished you had been born here.

I open the door to the terrace and am beset by a wave of stuffy heat. It had poured last night. I enjoyed listening to the outpour of raindrops that rended the skies for quite some time. Then, I fell asleep once more. Beads of water formed on the large window facing the low mountain ridge. The dewdrops felt cold to the touch, and the thrilling sensation that arose when they came into contact with my bare skin felt good. On the first dawn, I wrote my name with my fingers, and on the second day, with my palms and cheeks, and on the next day with the tip of my nose... I could not tell how long I'd spent here, but every day, after waking up, I'd stand in front of the window and press my body against the dew drops on the glass before opening them. It became a ritual of sorts for me. My drifting thoughts gathered in Luang Prabang, and my headaches and insomnia began to recede. Yet, the whereabouts of the body from my dreams that had submerged into the water was still unknown to me.

I think about a week has passed. For the first time since my arrival, I intend to traverse down into the village. Ever since that first day, when I arrived at the airport in the middle of the night and took the taxi straight up the hillside where this hotel is located, I have not ventured down a single time. Of course, that doesn't mean I've been pent up in my room all day. I stroll along the hotel's trail in the early morning and at sunset, and travel between the swimming pool and my room 3 times a day. Interspersed between these fixed regular actions are erratic meals. Surrounded by trees and with a view of far-off mountains, the swimming pool was to my liking, and



it was for this reason that I had chosen this hotel. Such was my obsession with swimming. I wanted to guess what the me in my dream had felt as I dove naked into a body of water filled with drowned elephants, but such emotions were unfathomable.

Kit. The Child Resembling Me and You

The first thing I had to do after descending to the village was seeking out a small office to apply for the elephant trekking. My efforts to find an organization that didn't force bizarre structures with seats on the backs of elephants for tourists to ride and take pictures of had taken me through many websites, and this office was where my research had ultimately taken me. With seven elephants under their protection, this organization prior-



itizes communion over all, and thinks about the next generation of elephants and humans alike. Their tour programs are equally appealing. Tourists can encounter elephants in the early morning to wash them, feed them, and walk alongside them. There was another program available in the afternoon that I could apply for and join in on instantly, but I wanted to savor that sense of anticipation overnight, so I made a reservation for a trekking with a baby elephant named Kit, not even a year old, as well as Kit's mother and grandmother. What a beautiful name. I repeat that name to myself in my mind.



Since I've come all this way down into the village, I entertained thoughts of treating myself to a French lunch course, complete with champagne, enjoying a cup of coffee while reading a book, and climbing up Mount Phousi to welcome the evening sun. With that in mind, I ate a hearty lunch. Yet, compelled by the need to swim, I returned to the hotel. The swimsuit that I left on the veranda was still wet. Presumably, the heavy clouds I'd spied from the village had left behind rain in its wake. Left with no other choice, I put on the swimsuit that I'd used to swim at night, which I'd left hanging in the bathroom. It felt unpleasant for some reason. My unreasonable obsessive compulsion just grew. After a brisk lap, I was just about to turn when the raindrops showed their fangs. It felt like the stream of rain falling upon me would tear through my skin and flesh, and even the organs, ripping apart every trace of you left on me, so I ran out of

the water. We used to love swimming in the pool, making our way through the countless ripples formed by the raindrops falling on the surface of the water.

My slumber didn't even last 30 minutes. It was my first instance of insomnia in Luang Prabang. It was slightly worrisome, as I was supposed to walk with Kit along a trail later, but I felt no pain or distress. The insides of my mouth felt rough, but I forced myself to diligently eat breakfast all the same. The weather forecast predicted rain to fall all day, and the expected rainfall was nothing to sniff at. I'd never even imagined that I might be walking alongside elephants in the rain. So engrossed was I in staring at the rapidly moving heavy clouds, bearing so much rain, that I did not even hear my name being called. Until Bour tapped my elbow to get my attention, I was lost in another world. The hotelier who oversaw my check-in process when I arrived at Luang Prabang late at night, Bour is the prettiest among the hotel's receptionists. Though not tall by any means, her arms and legs are long, and she cuts a striking figure in her uniform. It's not really clear how old she might be. Sometimes she smiles like someone barely in her twenties, and at other times she inexplicably seems to be my peer. It's like that feeling you share with someone around your age.

I follow Bour's lead to a man who's even smaller than Bour herself. He introduced himself as Kamchack in a dignified tone. His short stature aside, the man was all business, without a speck of childishness in him. His English was honest and frank, spoken clearly with proper pronunciation. As our car sped towards the outskirts, the talk turned to the elephants of Laos. Our car was as old as it was large, and rocked throughout the whole ride, making the trip feel like I was watching a film shot using shaky cam techniques. In such spac-

es, where I feel like I am vanishing and becoming an observer, the term that keeps me from crossing that border of nonexistence is ‘Next Generation’, which seems to pop up quite frequently. By the time I feel a sense of duty to aid the protection and conservation of Laos’s elephants, the scenery shown through the windows begins to change. Houses with red-tiled roofs make way for vast green fields and red soil, and the far-off mountains grow closer and closer. The soil is quite the shade of red. The rain has grown stronger.

We arrive at what I am told is in the vicinity of the village Xieng Lom. Though the rain has receded somewhat, there’s always the chance that it might pour again. I’m told to put on rubber boots that go all the way up to my thighs as well a raincoat. Walking on the wet ground, with the sound of my feet squelching on the dirt, isn’t bad, but the effort is bringing me to the brink of sweating. I want to meet Kit so much, but Kamchack continues his lecture. We’re at a terrace overlooking the jungle-like forests across the Nam Khan River. It’s still hard for me to come to terms with the presence of elephants I spy on the other side of the river, but regardless, they are there. Today, I will be trekking alongside three of them. The urge to just cross the river and dirty my boots on the deep and squishy dirt trail is strong, but now that Kamchack has begun to talk again I find myself immersed in his stories, especially the one about the mirror experiment. Apparently, most animals don’t realize that they’re staring at their reflections when you place a mirror in front of them. Even dogs and monkeys have a hard time coming to that realization, yet elephants can recognize themselves. Kamchack referred to it as the ability to commune.

The small wooden boat rocked during the trip, but we were at the other side so quickly that I had no time to become anxious, and the elephants also came down to the riverbank at the same time. Before they begin walking, the elephants can take cool baths in the waters of Nam Khan. I watch the elephants fool around and play with each other, giving them time to naturally process and accept my presence. Once they appear to have become somewhat accustomed to me, Kamchack hands me a yellow pail. It means that I can begin to scoop up the river water and pour it on their backs and legs. It’s not easy to get water on the backs of the mother and grandmother elephant no matter how hard I try to fling the water. This is the excuse I give myself as I focus my attention on Kit. Pupils mixed with long and short eyelashes, and slightly raised lips form a constant smile. Whenever our eyes meet, my heart skips a bit. As I stare at Kit, we both feel a thrill. Suddenly, tears fill my eyes and begin to flow. Looking at Kit reminds me of the child that resembled the two of us. My child. How long had I forgotten? My child, whose eyes I never had the chance to meet.

A Long Dreamless Sleep

I wake up at 3 in the morning, and the memories of the early morning trek come flooding back to me. The trekking course was more arduous than I’d expected. Instead of the flat forest trail I’d assumed, it was a bonafide jungle, and the pouring rain made the path all the more harder to traverse. Our feet, clad in loose-fitting boots, stepped deep into the mud, forcing us to exert effort to bring them back up, and I can’t even count the number of times I fell on my behind in the attempt. I stopped counting after the 8th fall, but I must have done so at least twenty times. As I wiped the accumulated sweat, rain, river water, and mud, all mixed together to the point of

being indistinguishable, I found my body covered in bruises. It was a ghastly sight, making me appear to be suffering from a severe sickness. Immediately after, I returned to the hotel, and slept for 12 hours straight. Not once did I wake up, and it's possible that I might not have even tossed or turned during my slumber. It's been so long since I slept that long without dreaming. I often dream when I sleep. I was afraid that the child whose eyes I'd never seen, the child who resembled the two of us, the child who Kit's eyes reminded me of, might appear in my dreams. So tight did that fear have a grip on me that I couldn't even respond to Kamchack's chatter properly on the car ride back to the hotel. I had showered in water that was hotter than usual, halfheartedly dried my hair, and dove right under the covers. And then I fell right asleep, I think. Sleep always comes to me slowly, and rarely do I get the feeling that I've rested without being bothered by dreams. So this is what people mean when they say they're well-rested. I'd been worried about muscle pangs but it was nothing compared to my fears. In Luang Prabang, summer is the season of rain, and the pitter-patter of raindrops is as loud as always this night. I return to my slumber as I count the sound of rain falling. Sleep washes over me like a thirst that can't be quenched. Four days have passed since I met Kit. I sleep and I sleep and I sleep, breaking my rule of regularly scheduled swimming, but I still force myself to go to the pool twice a day. Once, I even fell asleep on a pool chair. The drowsiness that stole over me no matter how much I slept finally ran away, taking my dreams with me. I don't remember what I dreamed.



Listening to Tranquility Underwater on a Dry Day

It barely rained the past two days. What rain that fell every night was naught more than a drizzle, and I was beset by one dry day after another. Even the far-off sky seemed purely blue, with no clouds in the way. Today, I will go to Kuang Si Falls. The reason I wish to visit these falls is to go diving. In that dream that started it all, I saw the other me, the naked me, stand straight before bending my waist to suddenly jump into the water. I prefer doing my starts in the water, as swimming starts, but the me in my dreams seemed intimately familiar with dive starts, and was skilled at swimming underwater as well. After arriving here, I tried multiple times to jump into the water from a standing position, but hesitation kept me from doing anything. Some part of me hoped that I would be able to dive in Kuang Si Falls, and experience something similar to that feeling of diving as if I was jumping into the water.

During the rainy season, Kuang Si Falls loses its characteristic subtle jade tone, and there are days when it just looks to be full of muddy waters. However, today was a dry day. It seemed like many shared my sentiment, and many people were already gathered at the entrance. Hoping that there would be many people diving here, I ascended toward the falls. It seems like I'm the only person who came here alone. As the thought that I should have made friends to come along with me occurs, a familiar group of faces approaches me, full of smiles. It's the Portuguese youths I met at the bowling pit that I went with Bour at dawn the day before yesterday, the large French family that I rode on the same boat with on my way to eat *sindat* (Lao hotpot), the Korean girls I met at the currency exchange, and even the Japanese couple staying at the same hotel as me. As this small town doesn't really have many places to visit, I end up running



into familiar faces quite often. Despite my lack of visits to the town, I see people who are staying and leaving, as well as those who will be staying here for a while. The small size and tranquility of Luang Prabang means that it inevitably entwines itself in the flow of people visiting it. Anyways, the point is that Kuang Si Falls is crowded today. At the entrance, I see crowds of people marking their places and frolicking in the water, but I decide to go up further in search of a place where I can dive. The familiar faces are also headed further up.

While I enjoy swimming, I'm not particularly good at it. I just enjoy the sensation of being in the water, of floating and cutting through the water. For some reason, I've never been able to swim underwater. No matter how skillfully I learned the techniques, it never stopped feeling difficult to pull off. It's not like I'm afraid of sinking, either. I just preferred floating to submerging, and simply had trouble with swimming underwater. Yet, strangely, the naked me in my

dreams was good at it. In summation, what I wanted to know was how it felt to dive into the water and to move forward while sinking deeply into the water. How would these two sensations, which take place one after the other, change as they mixed together? Emotions seem honest and frank, yet excel at guile and craftiness, and the mind is constantly changing. This makes it hard to guess, but at the same time, I still want to reach the brink and find a sliver of a clue. To do that, I have to first succeed in jumping into the water without the help of any gear or equipment. I could hear shouts coming from the shade under the trees, so densely packed that they blotted out the blue sky above. It seems as if I have arrived at the diving point. I wonder if I can dive into the water like these people.

Is it a place to dive, or a place to show off your body? I really can't tell. The shouts that reverberated throughout the space were the yells of encouragement and approval towards their youthful and robust figures. In these blistering land of tanned skin, my small and frail body stands out for its pale demeanor. It's actually quite embarrassing how much I stand out. Furthermore, I am old, and it shows on my body. While my mind might still cling to youth, my body is undeniably aging. It was depressing enough to look at myself in the mirror, and baring myself to you was all the worse, yet not once did you flinch at the sight of my aged body. Even though I'd never done it in front of anyone at any time, I always trembled in fear first. This withering body of mine was not something I wanted to show off to you so explicitly. Yet, this place is devoid of both mirrors and you. Out of desire for the me in my dreams, I abandon hesitation. I stand atop the smooth branch and dive without even giving myself time to catch my breath. For a brief moment, I flew, then I instantly plummeted into the water. I'd arrived in a place of eternal peace and absolute silence. I couldn't even hear the calm breathing

that you hear when diving with an oxygen tank. As I heeded this complete silence, I grew accustomed to the irregular sensation of deafness and opened my eyes and was beset by the brilliant sunlight penetrating the murky blue-green waters. The sunlight also flowed steeply up and down the water current. The jade hue begot a new shade of jade, and the blinding brilliance transformed into a new form of brilliance, and I stayed there alone as I watched the flow. I wanted to stretch out in some direction unknown to me, but the water was too confined for me to do so. It seemed like my surroundings were flowing and running endlessly, yet at the same time, everything seemed perfectly still. I don't know how long I sank into the water, but nobody seemed to think that I was drowning, so I gathered that my time spent underwater was not actually as long as it had felt. Time flows slowly underwater.

Drinking the Night Away

My diving adventures ended with that single attempt. The crowds standing outside the waters equated my dive to 'falling' or 'dropping', which didn't sound too bad in my ears. However, it felt quite different from the experience I'd seen in my dream. I will forget about the other me for the moment. Instead, I talk and meet with other people, more than I've done at any other time since I arrived at Luang Prabang. While I had technically talked with Kamchack longer, I'd spent most of that conversation listening instead of talking about myself. The group waiting outside the water suggested that we join up later for 'unbelievably delicious wood-fired pizza' at dinner. The destination was quite close to the hotel, within walking distance. I agreed to arrive at the promised time with a lack of hesitation that surprised myself. After the series of dry days, rain fell earlier than usual today in the evening. Though I wanted to walk, the rain kept growing stronger, so I hopped on the shuttle to the village and disembarked at the entrance of the alley to the pizza place.

It was located in the opposite direction from the path to the town, in a dark alley that lacked a single lamppost. The driver who let me off at this stop was the most abrupt grandfather of all the shuttle drivers, who told me to beware of big dogs in rather poor English. I replied that I like big dogs and waved at him while smiling after I got off the shuttle. However, the abrupt old man just left pretending not to see me. The dark alley with big dogs barking frighteningly seem rather spooky. I could not believe that there would be a pizza place at the end of the alley selling 'unbelievably delicious wood-fired pizza.'

The owner of the pizza place was an Italian. Laos, alongside Vietnam and Cambodia, used to be referred to as Indochina when it was a French colony, and owing to this, many Frenchmen have settled here in Laos. Among the fourteen people here with me today that I met at Kuang Si Falls, ten of them are Europeans. The other four were Australian couple of Indonesian decent, myself, and a Korean boy sharing the same room with one of the Europeans, who had tagged along. The diner offered a vast selection of pizzas, and we chose 6 types, polishing off seventeen pies and ordering two more dessert-style pizzas to finish it off. I can't even begin to fathom how many bottle of beer came and left our table. I found myself so full that I would gladly have walked to the village to work it off had it not been for the outpour of rain. Still, the silver lining was that our conversation had no direction, composed of trivial bits and pieces that flew around without us settling on a specific topic. It left us with an emptiness, and not the kind that could be filled with pizza and beer.

We eventually chose to go to Utopia. To go back down to the village, we had to call for two large tuk-tuks connected to trucks. In Luang Prabang, there aren't many places where one can eat and drink till late



in the night, and Utopia is the one that sees the most traffic. Within 5 minutes of our arrival, I could tell that only three members of the group that had come together were suffering from emotional draught. Everyone else had wandered away, leaving behind myself, the Korean boy, and a Swiss woman who spoke German. Presumably, the others were fraternizing and drinking with others. Painting the town red, so to speak. That's what Utopia is like at night. It's completely different from how the place is during the day, where people recline and enjoy the view of the small and quiet Nam Khan River below. Surrounded by people of varying skin colors and difficult languages that merged and melded with one another as they shook with the light, we talked about the elephants of Laos. Our conversation also turned to the coffee of Laos, the Mekong River, and of the Indochina Peninsula, Catherine Deneuve, and Linh Dan Pham. Around the time we entered into discussion on the topic of the man's belt worn by the girl on top of the boat crossing the Mekong River in Marguerite Duras's *The Lover*, the Swiss woman

fell asleep. I think her name was Jasmine. While I'm not certain, I do know that there was a flower that shared the same name as her. Now left to our own devices, the Korean boy and I spoke in our native language – Korean. I don't know how long it's been since I've used Korean. I did bring a Korean book with me to read, but I couldn't really get much reading done. With every word I read, my thoughts went to you. With every sentence I read, my thoughts went to me. So I didn't read it. The book I'm currently reading is a paperback novel I picked out from the hotel's bookshelf. It's something I've already read before. The Korean boy asked for my name. I told him that I was born in April, so he should call me April. In return, he said that he was born in October, but with an awkward laugh jested that he didn't eat octopus. Not only was it the first time I'd seen him laugh since the pizza place, but it was the kind of laugh that made him seem like he hadn't laughed in ages, like someone who had forgotten how. It's about time that even Utopia is about to close. Standing in the alley, amidst motorcycles and tuk-tuks, half of us decide to go to the bowling alley, the one place in Luang Prabang where you can drink the night away. We drank and bowled under a light that was brilliantly bright, perhaps a bit too bright. When I came here with Bour last time at dawn, we didn't drink, but today, I drown the night away with alcohol. What did we even talk about? I honestly don't remember.

The Deceptiveness of the Dawn I No Longer Remember

Dawn returns once more, bringing with it a sense of familiarity and my regularly scheduled insomnia. Remembering nothing of dawn, I assume that I returned to the hotel in silence in the morning. It is only after lunch has far passed me by, in the late afternoon, that I manage to shake off the alcohol and sleep. I walked down to the pool on an empty stomach, and did 3 consecutive laps without rest. Though my heart felt fit to burst from the effort, it was a strangely pleasant feeling. Then, drowsiness set upon me once more, forcing me to sleep around 30 minutes at the pool. After a sim-

ple dinner, I took a brief walk around the hotel gardens. With steps as light and merry as the breeze, I was driven by drowsiness once more to fall asleep at this unexpected time. I'd slept as much as I could. I'd recovered enough of my strength to become sensitive to the spirit of dawn. After the dawn I no longer remember, a mysterious you grows. You, who loved wick-cutting scissors and paper-cutting knives, told me that my words were just as snappy as those beloved tools. You enjoyed describing my words as material inspirations. You were far more amazing and interesting than anyone I'd ever known. While I do not remember the dawn, I can vaguely tell that I kept talking, spitting out words that I no longer remember. Saying too many things that I can no longer recall makes me remember too many things. My fear is not for my body, which will one day rot and vanish into nothingness, but for my mind, which may one day evaporate, and its presence that I had since I was six years old is the reason for my regular insomnia. I had been intimately familiar with the dawn, but at some point, unbeknownst to me, the dawn had become something alien and unknown. I want to meet Kit.

The Loss of Oblivion

This is my seventh morning with Kit. After that dawn where I suddenly wanted to meet Kit, 3 weeks had passed, and I'd gone to meet Kit twice each week, with Kamchak guiding me each time. Throughout these trips, Kamchak told me many stories, and not just about elephants. Kamchak was from the Lao Loum people, who spoke Lao. The Lao Loum people make up 70% of the minority groups of Laos, which number anywhere between 48 and 160 depending on classification. Kamchak told me about his childhood studying after entering Buddhism, and about the US, who he hated the most among the many powers that had invaded Laos in the past. As both of us shared a taste for coffee, the topic of conversation often turned to coffee trees, and perhaps the most memorable of our talks on this matter was the revelation that while coffee trees grow on regions with high tem-

perature and humidity, drought stress was necessary to ensure a good crop of coffee beans. This week, he talks at length about Maisong, a Hmong woman he had recently come to know. Of course, the cautious and serious Kamchack would never have taken the initiative in matters of this nature. This was how our talk turned to that of women. On the fifth morning, when I felt that the elephants were able to recognize me, the time had come for the elephants to bathe in the Nam Khan River. Kit raised his foreleg a bit higher than usual, and a pair of nipples came clearly into view. Mammals that breastfeed their young have nipples, varying between 1 pair to 10 depending on the animal. From what I know, horses, like humans, have a single pair, and give birth to one baby at a time on average. While Kit is male, the sight of his nipples brought to mind the breeding of elephants, who give birth to one baby at a time, and this talk naturally lead to the average number of children per family in Laos, then to the somewhat special Hmong people of Laos, and finally to Maison. Like the other minority groups of Laos, the Hmong speak their own language. Living their lives hidden away in the mountains, their children barely receive any education. They value their sons, but are far less generous with their daughters, who will be sent away to live with other families as wives. In general, Hmong girls are wed off at a young age before they reach their twenties, and are expected to give their husbands two sons. The concept of birth control is almost foreign to them, leading them to believe that abortion equals birth control. Yet, as abortion is forbidden in the country by law, they are forced to rely on Chinese-run private hospitals for procedures or drugs necessary for the deed. It is quite the tragic tale. Kamchack vehemently criticized the mistaken prejudices that the Lao people have towards the Hmong. Maisong was chased out of her first marriage after giving birth to one son and two daughters, and then broke out of her second marriage after giving birth to another daughter. Now, she is picking up Lao and

simple English skills, working as a security in a small building in the city. She studies harder than anyone else with the wish, nay, desire, to raise her children right. And Kamchack is there to help her with her studies. While he did not sugarcoat his words to express his feelings for Maisong, the look on his face and the light in his eyes were more than enough to tell me how he felt. It was a new side of Kamchack, who normally offered me sage advice while looking down Nam Khan River.

Whenever I meet Kit, my mind always goes to the child that resembled – would have resembled – the two of us. Now, thoughts on the lives and countless children of Hmong women, as well as the countless children they let pass them by, overlap with my existing thoughts. Yet, the time that I spend with Kit feels increasingly tranquil as time goes by. Even the jungle is much easier to navigate through. Oblivion. I felt like I had forgotten. It was far too soon, and I had forgotten too easily, I felt, so I cried. I – we – had lost the child that had grown from my brain and my body. And you – or we – had forgotten that sorrow. The feeling of oblivion brought a terrible chill. Is the once sharp chill growing dull? I never asked for this.

Airing, Drying in the Sun

I participate in the mendicancy ritual for the first time. While I have seen mendicancy processions before, this is my first time actually preparing food to offer up. It is still dawn, and the moonlight is clear. The once-waning moon is beginning to wax. The dawn air brought with it a chill, but felt tender nonetheless. Last night, the words that you once said to me stayed in my mind, and they came back to me once more. Words that brought me burdens that sent my heart aflutter, words that brought me sorrow and peace of mind, words that set a fire in me, and even words that hid themselves away. All of these words came vividly to



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mind. This terrifying pleasure and appalling comfort ended with your absence. Your absence. I can think of no better way to express this. Your absence lacked all context, and it took me time to process through it. Yet, I've never found it cold and unfeeling, but rather considered it a mystery with no answer in sight.

I spread the mat and pack the food I've prepared. Those participating in the ritual and those seeking to capture the ritual on camera stand across from each other, each hugging one side of the road, and await the procession. In Luang Prabang, hundreds of monks undergoing spiritual training in the many large and small temples in the region do a round of the village in a single-file line, receiving food prepared by tourists and local residents so that they can in turn provide the food to those in need. This practice is an offering as well as an act of charity. The view of the procession was quite different from what I'd seen while sitting on the other side. Back then, the procession had seemed tranquil and slow, but this time around it seemed to pass by much faster, and while I feel a sense of urgency and haste, I become accustomed to the pace. The solemn and noble atmosphere of the procession does not force its depth upon me, but overwhelms me nonetheless. It arouses a sense of tranquil emotions. Light slowly dawns upon the day, yet the procession is still making its way. There are no clouds in the sky today. Perhaps this signifies that the end of October is near. I should wait for the right moment, when the sun is just right, so that I can leave my swimsuit under the shade for the wind to dry, and swim in the pool, which is free of shade. Regardless of what fades under the sun, and whatever the wind takes with it, I leap into the waters again.

Faded Colors, Faded Dreams

HyeonJi Oh



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First Day - August 29, 2018

1. I arrived at Laoag International Airport after a transfer. I felt strange relief while gasping into the intense humidity and gazing at the endless runway. In the Philippines, August is at its end. It's the time of seasonal change as light green tints into dark green. I passed by a mother and child who were enjoying the breeze, resting on a drape clung between two trees of unfathomable age. They sat as if the heat was the least to care. The endless, darkish green felt no longer distant.

2. It seems to me that Vigan gives everyone a sense of belonging. Here, all cultures: Spanish, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese and Philippines- co-exist together. Unless I believe I, myself is an outsider, everyone in Vigan greets me with a natural hello, accompanied with a grin and a wink. Vigan, it is a place where perhaps nobody is permanent yet nobody is a stranger.

Second Day - August 30, 2018

3. The sound of tricycles woke me from outside the window. I felt that it was a pleasant morning. How did all those people finish their yesterday and plan to start a new day? Will they begin today as they calmly press down yesterday's sorrow, happiness, joy or despair? I embark mine with a silent prayer under the erratic, or not so erratic tricycles, floating away my thoughts from yesterday.

4. The sights of Vigan buildings made me think they were once the actual lives of somebody. The buildings remain as they are, as one can see with their peeled walls, not changing or putting efforts to seem aesthetically better. Such realization gave me an answer: that there is no need for me in trying to 'fit' into the world, either the endeavour to change myself.



5. I met those who exerts in protecting someone's trace and history, prioritizing a common value than personal ones. One who gave up a personal dream to inherit the family heritage. Another who builds a wooden door surrounded by smoky dust to preserve Vigan's unique architecture. Through these individuals, today made me contemplate whether what I do for 'our value', not simply my own.

Third Day - August 31, 2018

6. Today I leave Vigan and head home. To us who never saw a drop of rain during the stay, hard rain poured, as if to tell us it is indeed the wet season. Raindrops did not last long, ending its fall with a small rainbow. The sight immersed me with thoughts: in the end the answer to live out the world is inside myself.



As the rain come and goes, the answer will eventually come to me in the end.
In between life's crude moments there will always a rainbow somewhere.

So, be kind to myself and love myself. Just as Vigan loved me and just like all
other moments came to me as answers.

The Flowing Village

Kate Shon

Morning.

6 am. It is a time when the body heavily soaks into bed like wet cotton. It is such a cruel thing for my eyes to wake up despite my far-away travel and being alone, with nothing to worry about. Probably from a tofu seller, the lonely, but familiar sound of ringing bells from the street come to me as an alarm. From the open space of the window which I left open from last night's hot air comes the dainty scent of boiling soymilk. It truly stimulates my sense of smell.

Creak, squeak

Passing by a long corridor clearly showing its past years as a traditional Chinese inn and moving down the stairs, a café with an easy breakfast is there. A child who seems to be on a family trip sends me a smile while shyly looking at me in the eyes. The blushing red cheeks resembled an apple. My heavily soaked body slowly starts to vitalize. I send gratitude to the warmth of the unknown child.

Zhouzhuang Water Town, Suzhou

Arriving late at night, I picked up my room key and crumbled my body into the bed. My mind and body were still swimming in my small room, deep and dark.



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The water scent covered the village from entrance. Lights coming from houses beamed a lovely glow, perhaps under a sentimental beauty, but I credited its picturesque to my eye full of tears.

Let's walk.

Let's spend a day at this perfectly strange place as a perfect stranger. This old village, filled with houses and streets where the time of Ming and Qing would have hesitated to leave.

Rattling sounds fill the air. An elder dressed in lovely, indigo blue traditional attire sits on the shop floor, weaving the strange-looking spinning wheel. I guess that the clothing is probably made from the hand-woven cotton.

The houses all resemble the deep scent of coffee. It is a strange day, which is like a deep night that is more tiring even if you wake up in the morning. When commuting through subway, I am pushed around in a random crowd whose condition is no better than mine, both my body and soul is empty. So the first thing I do when arrive at office,



it fill myself with a strong cup of coffee. Its bitterness and darkness fuel me to the evening, giving endurance to strive.

I need coffee. Could I get a warm cup of coffee in this antique village?

Surprisingly, my keen sense of smell found Starbucks amongst the fresh air. If it had not been for the plain sign hanging on the corner of the old traditional building which I almost passed by, if the sales clerk was not wearing a green apron, I would have never recognized it.

With freshly brewed coffee on one hand, I continued on walking alongside the flowing stream, spread out all over Zhouzhuang, the life line for the village.

Spring is always pleasant. Willow trees reflect themselves upon the winding waterway, showing their soft, fragile greens. The ends of their branches are filled with moist, making subtle rapids, on the tip of submergence.

Suzhou is said to be a water path rather than the earth path. Boatmen appear one after another, furnishing their small boats. Though we did not share the same language, a well-fit boatwoman sends a welcoming hand gesture from her boat, telling me to come aboard as she sees my hesitating eyes. A small boat, which seemed suitable to fit four to five adults, had a roof to escape rain and sunrays. The boat shacked momentarily but soon started its path in a slow manner. Creak and squeaks. The lady paddled the thick, heavy wooden oar with great ease, moving the boat upfront. The sound of rowing is chilling. I slowly closed my eyes. The cool air that slides by outside, the sweet willow scent and beautiful curves of the old stone bridge mingled with the early spring sunshine, filling my hollow heart as water would flow in.

Why did I escape into this strange village?

It is because of those who blame me, endless workflows and my waning days of youth.

To enjoy a small extravagance, to cut off the web of entangled agonies for a split moment, and to rest upon the water path.

I could give more than hundreds of reasons, but I decided to halt my excuse.

It is my desire to just enjoy the paddling sound of oar with my eyes closed, and the journey back in time this small boat offers me. This is enough.



Singing

The boatwoman began singing with incomprehensible words. Though it was a melody that I have never heard in my lifetime, my stony heart began to tremble lightly. A song sung with a thin, high note and slow rhythm. I do not know the language, but the song is enough to paint an ink-and-wash artwork inside my head. A small boat floats on a slowly flowing river. A grey-haired elder is slowly drawing a picture with the river as his canvas with a branch filled with freshly bursting flower buds. His passed by years are flowing far away into the lake. Spring visits once more. Flowers bloom and fall.

Tears fall down.

Hot swell of tears that I have tried to resist helplessly flow down my cheeks. Everything will flow down like them. As if Zhouzhuang's scenery remains from its old time, those residing are not. As if willow buds bloom and return back sinking.

I weep, and the boatwoman stops singing with a startle. She hesitates and quickly changes the rhythm into a joyful melody. With a tear shed face, I give her a bright smile and say

"I'm fine! It's not because of your song! I'm really okay. I became fine."

Color of Time

For the Times of the Land of Glory

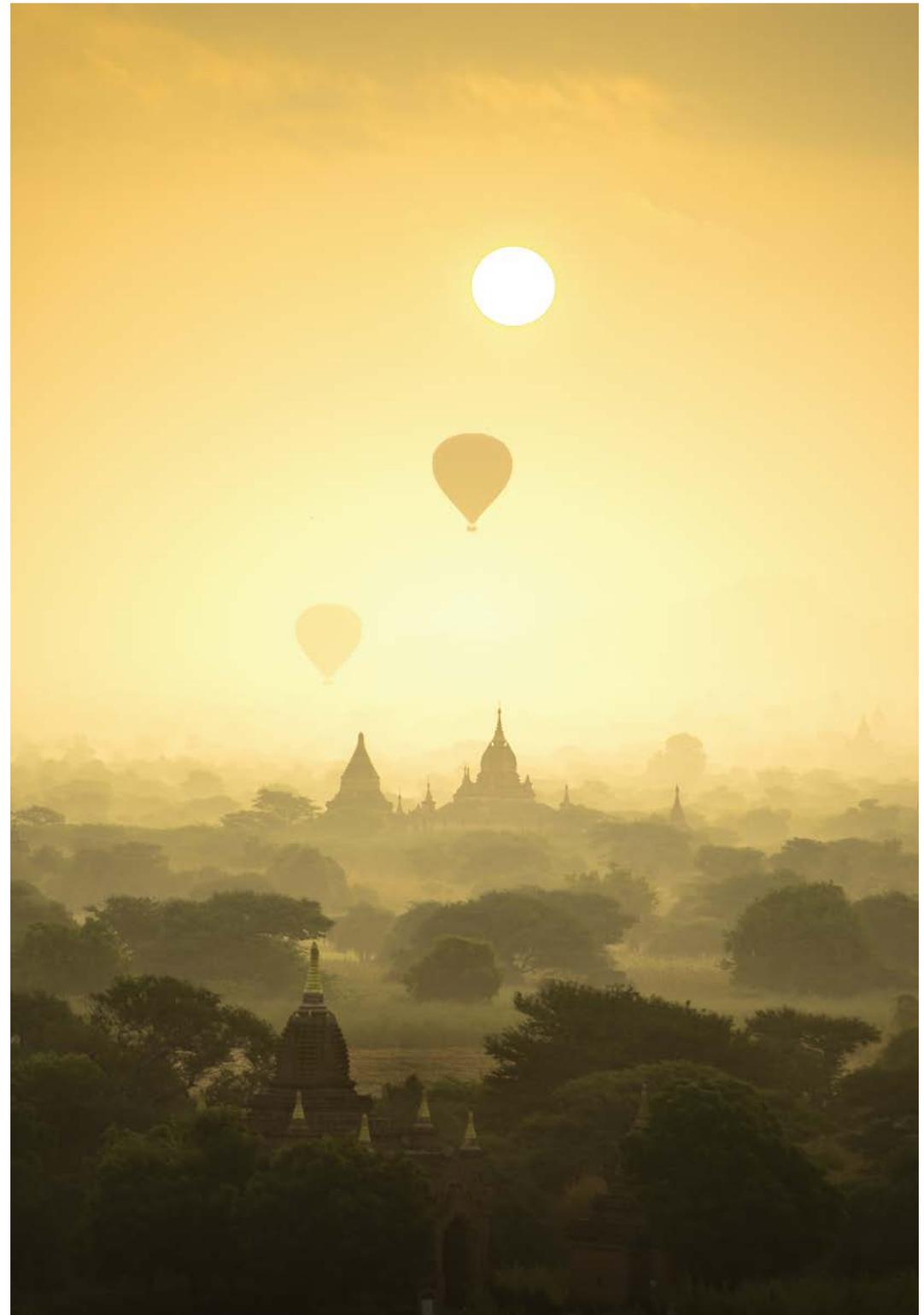
The Historic City of Sri Ksetra-Pyay: A Sketch of Its Past, Present and Future

Win Kyaing

A place called “Land of Glory” or “Auspicious Land” in Burmese

Sri Ksetra is the largest one among the ancient cities in the Pyu Period (2nd century BC_ 9th century AD) and the other Southeast Asian cities culturally based with the first millennium Hindu-Buddhism. It is located on the east bank of Ayeyarwaddy River in the Central Myanmar.

In the Bagan Period, the Prince Sihathu(1242~1284AD) built fortified Pyay with high brick wall, chest wall, moat and naval power to counter the invasion of China and the other hostile countries. Today, we can meet the historical cultural landscape of the ancient times such as the Pyu Period, The Bagan Period, and thereafter, formed with the ancient brick structure and mounds of dirt.



A city reflecting the outlook of Hinduism and Buddhism, Sri Ksetra built in the harmony with nature.

It still owns numerous heritages ranging from graves under excavation, various kinds of relics, ancient irrigation facilities, canals and lakes, traditional lifestyles that have been continued by the aboriginal people, etc. Using the natural landscape, the sarrira pagoda and temples were built at the top of the mountain, cemetery was built in the mountain slope, and an ancient tower was located on the low lying plain of the mountain peak. The city was designed to make the rainwater to come down from the hills, fill the moat and flow into the lake and the canal naturally. The walls of the city are connected in a rounded elliptical shape, and at the end of every season, matching flowers and trees surrounds the landscape of the city.

Sri Sksetra and other Pyu Ancient Cities of Halin and Beikthano in the Central and located along the Ayeyarwaddy River Valley of Myanmar were inscribed in the list of UNESCO World Heritage Sites in 2014.

Sri Ksetra has the walled area of 1,438 ha., 14. 8 sq. km, and if associated ancient urban areas added, it would be 3,378 ha. There is related buffer area to legally protect ancient buildings in the other areas (1,713 ha.) that all together comes to total area of 5,091 ha.

Pyay city's fortified area which was originally built in Bagan Period remains only 22ha. And unfortunately, its western part is eroded and washed away by the river flood

Pyay city is in a natural boundary with Ayeyarwaddy River in the west, Mingyi Hill in the south, Nawin River in the north and a narrow flat plain in the east. The east side of Pyay faces to the ancient city of Sri Ksetra and it is the only area that can be expanded for new urban development. According to this geographical setting, the buffer area between old and new city had been used for expansion of facilities whenever



necessaries were come about. Most of the western part of the Sri Ksetra, where was supposed to see the landscape of ancient city, were used to put new urban infrastructure, Buddhist religious buildings, and garbage piles from the modern city of Pyay. Moreover, the areas are gradually utilized to gravel mine area, revealing agricultural lands and related infrastructures like rice mill, air field, railway station and other Government sectors of office compound, police force, schools etc. Beyond these distinguishable occupations, there are also illegal constructions just in and outside of the city wall.

Pyay is a district city and the largest one in the western part of Bago Division. Hence the centre of business and junction of transportation made Pyay to be populated and developed with new urban area. It was known to had at least 8 times of

new legal urban extensions from the census of urban growth in Pyay city 1961_ 2003. There were 4,281 plots for housing, and other urban facilities of infrastructures additionally, all these are distributed in buffer areas of Sri Ksetra and Pyay. Continuously the urban encroachment takes place even inside of ancient walled area of Sri Ksetra. Then the new residences sprouted up in the north western portion of ancient city, relied on this new community, the new religious establishments were followed. Some of old stupas, pagodas and temples were renovated by local public without estimation of original type, design and materials. And some more new religious buildings were constructed. Therefore, that north western area of old city is disturbed with new urban structures from identify its authenticity and integrity in archaeological aspects.

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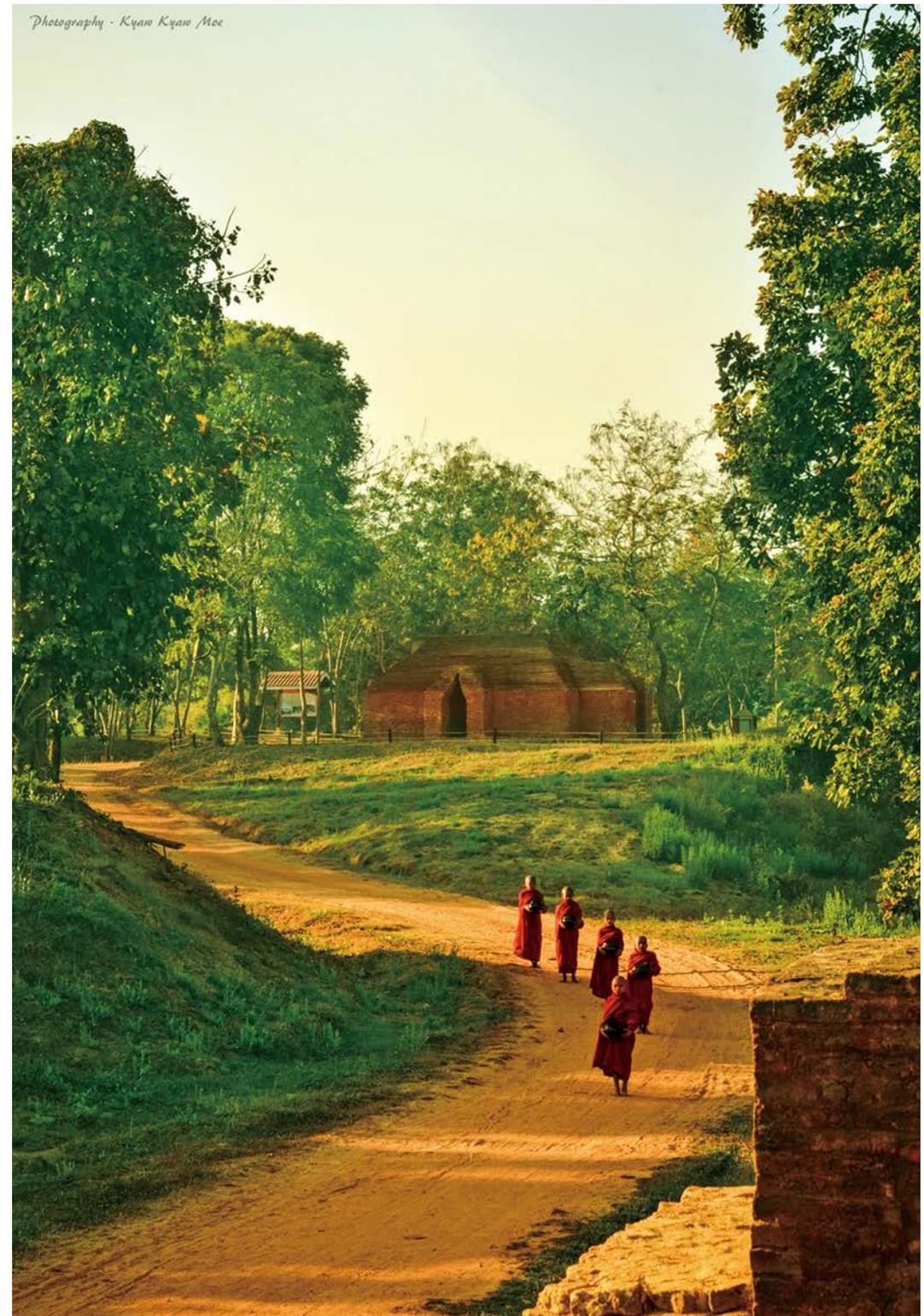
Agriculture in Sri Ksetra maintained its successive traditional ways to cultivate paddy in flat plain mostly, and gardening vegetables in higher lands. A large slopping area of Myinbhahu Hill belongs to the southwestern part of the city and it is important for its landscape, water drains, natural resource, forestation, ancient sacred summits and some of archaeological remains. But due to lack of land use control, the area was destroyed in such indiscriminate use; great amount of gravel excavation, revealing of cashew nut tree farm, garbage piles, etc.

So far, the story has been mentioned the problems that Pyay is facing with as an ancient city in an archaeological point of view. Therefore, it would not correspond to the category and characteristic of cultural heritage in positive way of urbanization and modern value. At any rate, the reality is that Pyay has lost its value as an ancient city with an increase of modern urban areas unfortunately. That is what we practically learn from urban extension to heritage impact.

In briefly, the ancient city of Sri Ksetra and its heritage aspects are visibly put across on the landscape and they live with people. The important thing is that it is our duty and role to protect this historical heritage.

We hope the righteous institutional and organizational action on crisis of old and new spatial existence; whether to watch for illegal encroachment to continue, or to stop it completely.

For a place called “Land of Glory” or “Auspicious Land”, a city as Sri Ksetra and as Pyay.





Hoi An, about Its Specialty

KHIẾU THỊ HOÀI

I am not Hoianese in the sense of being ‘born and raised’, but I have rested myself in this land for almost 15 years. 15 years is nothing compared to the time needed for history to form a city. However when we assume that the average life expectancy of a person is 60 years, 15 years is equivalent to one-quarter of a lifetime. For 15 years I have lived as an ‘authentic’ Hoianese and gave birth to two children who speak the Quang Nam dialect. As such, sufficient time as passed that I could no longer be regarded as a ‘stranger’ but it is definitely not enough time for me to fully understand the souls of the people and land. The sensation that I know the place but lacking affection at the same time prompted me to explore, to find an answer for Hoi An’s unfamiliar charm. This feeling made me continuously think about Hoi An, even when I was far out away.

Hoi An is only 2km² big, very small compared to those of old cities like~. Hoi An’s history date back to 500 years, which is very short to cities of – those that hold a thousand years of civilization. Moreover, Hoi An is no home to historic heritages as –.

But then, why do people come and wish to come back? Why would people, in fact quite a lot, turn themselves from tourists into





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permanent residents of this small city? According to numerous books, Hoi An's charm comes from its architectural heritage, which characterized the city with its Vietnamese traits to this day.

The old city of Hoi An is like a living evidence, telling the history how Vietnam cities formed and grew from the past. For this characteristic, Hoi An is considered as a collective group of ancient buildings of various styles and residents of different strata, which all maintain its original form from past eras. The completeness of Hoi An's urban architecture is preserved in three dimensions: urban form, the old town which is also referred as the architectural space and the individual buildings. The particularly fascinating and attractive part is that most of the historic buildings have their re-

spective owners and are still in use today. The old, elongated houses have been constructed with techniques that are centuries old and the late generations were living lives that were connected to their ancestral generations, forming an 'old but living city'.

How many times have I been to the 'old but living city' for the past 15 years? Sometimes I rushed past it quickly because of work, sometimes I leisurely walked down the streets with friends from afar to visit Hoi An, and I would also walk alone trapped with thoughts or sit in a familiar alley café. Life here was like staying inside my own mind; whenever I'm occupied, free or when wondering the streets, my mind recalls stories related to the way of life Hoi An people and their warm interaction. Whenever I tell these stories to my friends, I always emphasize, "You can only find these kinds of stories in Hoi An" or either "This is Hoi An exclusive".

It has been countless times that I have passed by the alley. When crossing the alley, I sometimes meet the eyes of a café owner, now old and frail in this sparkling age or encounter two neighbors greeting each other with a bow at a street stall selling Chinese Che in the morning or afternoon. There is a story of 1996, which I recall. It was about a funeral where an ocean of people gathered, unlike ever before. It was probably because all members of every household of the old city attended the burial. The deceased was neither high in class nor rich, but a woman who lived on by carrying water. Her name was Nguyen Thi Lai.

For her whole life, she diligently carried water from Bale Well, an old well known to have the best water in Hoi An. Because of its crystal clear and sweet taste, Cao Lau shops and all houses in old

People and Moments of World Heritage Cities

town liked Bale Well's water. People would have taken water from Ms.Lai's shoulder from at least three to four times. Although I could not see the funeral with my own eyes and only heard the story from the people. The image where thousands of people- starting from the general public to senior officials- following a coffin with a lady who had been carrying water on the small shoulders for all of her life. This scene would not easily leave me for a long time with a question whether there would be such a heartwarming story elsewhere.

The residents of Hội An and the local government have acted very much like Hoianese to maintain 'Everyday Scenes' and to be untouched by social harms. In this regard, I cannot help but to tell you the story about the Hội An municipal government prohibiting from men and women getting haircuts at one beauty salon many years ago. No matter where you go to in Hội An, you cannot find a sign saying 'Haircuts, Shampoo for Men - Women'. Instead, there are shops with a sign saying adamantly, "Haircuts, Shampoo for Men," or " Haircuts, Shampoo for Women." Some say it is too harsh and extreme, and ask, "Does it have to be that mechanical?", But I like it that way, like how one loves the moderation of a young lady, from a reputational family.

I recall the story from the time when Hội An began to attract more tourists and beggars began to appear with the start of festivals. More than 10 years ago on Tết Nguyên Tiêu (the first full moon of the year - the 15th day of the first month of the lunar calendar), the city officials discovered that the Beggars' descendants rented a local bus from Da Nang to Hội An. The officials gathered them in one place, showed them videos of Hội An, treated them with Mi Quảng and cao lầu, and then divided them all into cars and took them to various places hundreds of kilometers away from Hội An. It was a task of 'challenging



work' in need of firm will. This work of sending back the beggars had to be repeated several times. Perhaps it was this very Hoianese method of handling that not a single shadow of beggar could be seen in Hội An even during the festivals over the past few years. This is hard to find in other cities where tourism has developed.

Let's talk one more story about the difficulties during festivals. In recent years, many people from all over Vietnam go to temples during festivals and end up fighting against each other to get blessings - people receive blessings by cutting branches. In Hội An however, on Tết Nguyên Tiêu, the biggest festival of the year- there are about 10,000 spectators, but there is no fighting amongst visitors. From the beginning of Tết Nguyên Tiêu, Hội An people line up in front of Chùa Ông in two rows, go up to the temple in order, and pray for the New

Year. Visitors who come from outside the area and tourists who visit Hội An for Tết Nguyên Tiêu, witness the scene and are happy to stand in rows following the Hội An people's standing culture, waiting for their turn to enter the temple and seek blessings.

On January 29, 2008, the Prime Minister approved the Hội An City Establishment Plan, marking a new era of its land development. Although Hội An has no local government office, it has become the second to be promoted as a city following Sơn Tây. Sơn Tây is called 'Tourist City'. Hội An is constantly renovating, constructing and organizing the city in order to preserve the culture, landscape and architectures of the old city in accordance with the policy direction of culture - ecology - tourist city. In this regard, I think that calling Hội An 'the City of Cultural Heritage' relates with the hearts of all who love this city. I also think that cultural heritage does not refer only to the beauty of old buildings on streets. The 'Everyday Scenes' of Hội An people and how they respond to each other are also an attractive and noble cultural heritage, retaining the power to preserve the values of material culture.

I'd like to ask, "How could Hội An keep its 'Everyday Scenes' for such a long time?" No, how has Hội An been able to create an urban civilized life that is hard to find elsewhere nowadays? Normally in a big city, people know that it is bad to throw away trash, but they still do it.

Why? Because in a big city, an individual is nothing but an unnamed number, not to be blamed by anyone or to be praised by

anyone. The characteristic of urban life is anonymity. Someone who wants to do something can just do it. One is not afraid of what other people are say. Sociologists call what is lacking in this case 'social control' factors. The larger the group is, the greater the anonymity becomes. People peek through the gap before looking properly, and only behave under realization there is an acquainted someone around. Scholars emphasize that individuals change behaviors only when they face each other and influence each other. When an intimate relationship is formed, the influence of the one's surrounding people grows.

Hội An is a small land and has a 'Town Village' element, in which everyone knows another. Such a positive aspect has played a significant role in developing the style of cultural life. In that living space, each individual shares a common life with the region, community, village, family and region. They are recognized by one's house, family, local communities, religious associations and other groups, confining oneself in the communal living so as to conform one's position.

Since Hội An became a city, especially in recent years, the number of tourists at home and abroad alongside with the population of the old city grew day by day. Thus, Hội An's tourism services are changing rapidly from immigrant issues and other urgent arising problem. In fact, many houses in the old town have alterations in ownership. Many houses were sold to people from other regions or sold to young Hoianese businesspeople to be used for commercial purposes. This will have a major impact on the look of Hội An's 'Everyday Scenes' as commercial purposes change the internal spaces of cultural heritages such



利昌泉

DẦU TÂY ĐỎ
RED STRAWBERRY

COLD WATER

SLEEPING BAG
100% Natural Silk

as altars and kitchens. Then, 'Everyday Scenes' are also forced to be 'changed' in the negative direction that alters the soul of old town.

To escape from this pressure, one planning set by Hoi An local government is to request special subsidies to the central government. With that money, the Hoi An municipal aims to buy old houses and rent them back to the local people to live and preserve them. Over the past few years, there has been a rush of applications from landlords, who have been under pressure to estate ownership and have been pushed to sell their homes and forced to share their 'ancestral heritages' with co-owners living away from Hoi An, both domestically and internationally. However, in many cases, the problems cannot be resolved with the current system structure. How long do they have to wait? Hoi



An people are still waiting for appropriate measures to preserve their own 'unique' cultural values.

UNESCO has a wonderful slogan: "World Heritage in Young Hands, in the Hearts of Future Generations." Hoi An is now interested in encouraging young people to develop their love for cultural heritage. The Hoi An Center for Cultural Heritage Management and Preservation, the education community and local organizations jointly run the 'Cultural Heritage Education Project' and 'Let's Know Our Museums Together' program in Hoi An Schools, also held for the active participation of students. Both programs stimulate children's curiosity with active and abundant content, allowing them to go directly to various cultural heritage sites and museums to experience the values of both tangible and intangible cultural heritages. Activities aimed at cultivating the love of cultural heritage are attracting more and more interests these days and becoming widely known within the Hoi An community. As the elders have often said, "Hoi An is crowded in narrow land, but the people are gentle and colorful flowers bloom," it is a good sign to believe that Hoi An's young generations are able to continue to maintain the full-fledged 'Everyday Scenes' handed down by their ancestors in Hoi An, which is not big but rich in products and full of human warmth.



Soul of Denpasar

Living in Daily Life

Putu Rumawan Salain

Blooming Dance as Jempiring

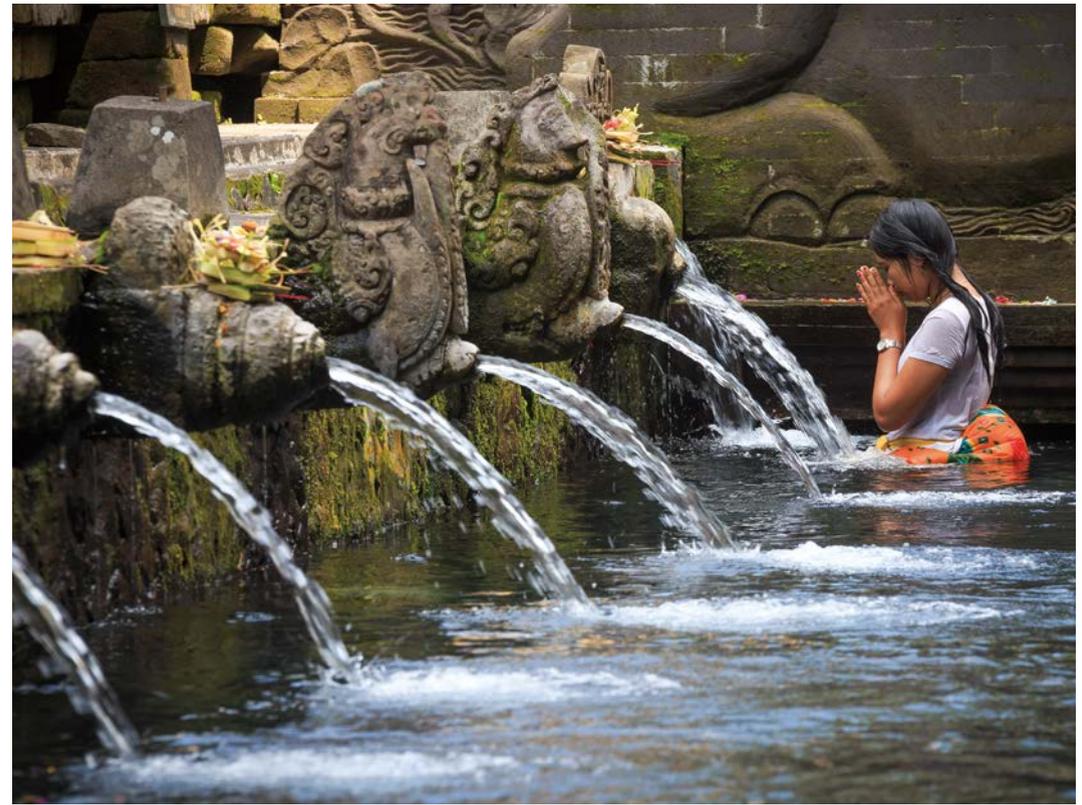
The art of dancing is part of the daily lives of those residing in the city of Denpasar, Bali. In this place, not a day goes by without people dancing. Dancing is intended not only for entertainment and rituals but also for boosting tourism and enlivening various official government and private events. Aware that the art can provide a way for the communities to express themselves, the government built formal education facilities for such art through vocational schools and the Indonesian Art Institute in Denpasar. The Denpasar City government also informally encourages “sekeha” dance groups to use bale banjar so that they can explore and develop their creativity for dancing. The government and communities of Denpasar City continuously develop and increase their intangible cultural heritage through formal and informal institutions. There are nine Balinese dances recognized as heritage by the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), namely: Rejang, Sanghyang Dedari, Baris Upacara, Topeng Sidhakarya, Dramatari Gambuh, Dramatari Wayang Wong, Legong Kraton, Joged Bumbung, and Barong Ket. The purpose of this recognition is to improve harmony between conservation and creation, which ultimately lead to the welfare of communities.





Pedanda Is Always in Your Life

Humans are cultural actors. They are the ones who determine and choose their futures. However, it is the government that plans and drives people toward its desired goals. To achieve harmony between communities and government, specifically related to the World Cultural Heritage in Denpasar, various ceremonies related to humans as cultural sources—from their life in the womb to their death and afterlife—are held by a Hindu dharma called “Pedanda”. Pedanda is essential and needed at every stage of people’s lives in Hindu communities of Bali. Religion is their culture’s source of ideological structure. Therefore, the Pedanda



is considered as a Saint in Denpasar and holds an important role within. For this reason, the government provides health and welfare allowances to the Pedanda so that he could serve the communities according to the philosophical framework of Tri Hita Karana (the harmonious relationship between humans and nature, fellow humans, and gods). This framework acts as the foundation of the preservation and development of cultures, referring to children and their families as well as cultural strength in the local, national, and global level.

Wind, Light, and Love

Choe ByeongSeop

A kite is soaring up into the sky. Riding the wind, it shoots high up into the blue sky above Banwalseong Fortress. Many kites are dancing to the kids' running around while tied up to the strings. In the midst of it all, a young father is flying a drone. A gray-haired grandfather is holding the hand of his granddaughter. They all go back to their old days, when they were just innocent children. The park enlivens with ancient tombs around Cheomseongdae observatory.

As I was walking while reminiscing thoughts about flying kites when I was young, the parade of the queen led by Silla Chwitadae was marching toward Cheomseongdae Observatory from Banwalseong Fortress. People gathered. You could also spot a blonde haired girl following the carriage from behind, a kid dancing to the music, female students in school uniforms taking photos, and a boy lost in admiration of the beautiful queen.

OWHC ASIA-PACIFIC

REGIONAL SECRETARIAT



People and Moments of World Heritage Sites



OWHC ASIA-PACIFIC

REGIONAL SECRETARIAT

All of a sudden, Princess Seonhwa of Silla dynasty comes to my mind. It is a love story about a bachelor from a rural village, who came to sell Chinese yams. He had a crush on the Princess Seonhwa on the day-out of her with her father in the King's parade. He made up a false rumor into a song and had children sing along with it. It was all to have the princess as his wife, and later he became King Mu of Baekjae dynasty. Seodong, who overcame the social rank complex, with his courage and wit, deserves to be a role-model for contemporary young people to win love.

Walking around the mountains, rivers, fields, and villages of Gyeongju, you will meet characters from the history and mysterious myths, and find the lives of humble commoners and traces of beautiful artists. Of those, special love stories about the people of Silla dynasty like the one above are more attractive.



People and Moments of World Heritage Sites

In the village at the northern foot of Dodangsan Mountain, a sad and maddening love story is being told. General Kim Yu-sin fell asleep while returning home on his horse. While he was asleep, his beloved horse arrived in front of the house of his former lover Cheongwan, where he frequented. Upon being awakened, he cut off his horse's head. It is a love story which contains the heartlessness of the general who cold-heartedly ended his relationship with a woman to accomplish his great purpose and the grief of the woman.

At Seochulji Pond, located at the foot of the Dongnamsan Mountain, a love story is being told of an improper relation between a Buddhist monk and the queen in the palace behind the king's back. Behind their love affair is the mixture of futile desires and political conspiracy. By the way, that incident was known to all the citizens outside of the palace and the aides close to the king, but the king himself was the only one



unaware of it. This story has remained as a lesson that figures of political power and their aides should bear deep inside their minds.

The love between Monk Wonhyo and Princess Yoseok is an ironic story. It first begins as a breathtaking, tense, and beautiful love that causes the two to experience intense inner conflict due to the differences in their social status. However, the correspondences and dialogues that the two exchanged later was too lascivious, deserving of religious and social censure, but eventually the love between them bears fruit by giving birth to the great scholar Seolchong of Silla dynasty.

Even today, numerous believers and Buddhist monks gather at Bunhwangsa Temple to hold a great religious ceremony for Wonhyo in a grand style. As I look at it, I think that the strength of love and truths are much higher virtues to humans than any other laws and precepts.

A burning sunlight sets to the west, and the sunset glows, which dyes the whole sky red, goes over Seondosan Mountain. Then gradually the darkness falls on the old home of Silla dynasty. Gyeongju is indeed fancy at night. Particularly, the moonlight and starlights of Gyeongju surely have a mysterious power that fascinates people.

A foreign man with the name Cheoyong strolled about under the moonlight of Seorabeol until late at night. When he returned home and opened the door to enter his house, he saw his wife entangled with another man. Cheoyong quietly closed the door, left a poem, and disappeared into the moonlight.

If I say that Cheoyong strolling out until late at night while his wife is alone at home, his wife making love with another man, and the capacity

and tolerance in which he was able to remain aloof even after witnessing his wife having an affair, all those are due to the moonlight, has my ode to the moonlight gone too far? In this modern society it might be a boisterous scandal toward Cheoyong's wife, but it having been passed down as a beautiful story through the mouths of numerous people for a thousand years, I should say that it is quite mysterious.

As I become engrossed in the love stories of Silla people, people start to gather around Cheomseongdae Observatory. Artists and tourists all over the world join together in singing and dancing splendidly in the old site of Seorabeol, enjoying the gorgeous reign of peace from the past.

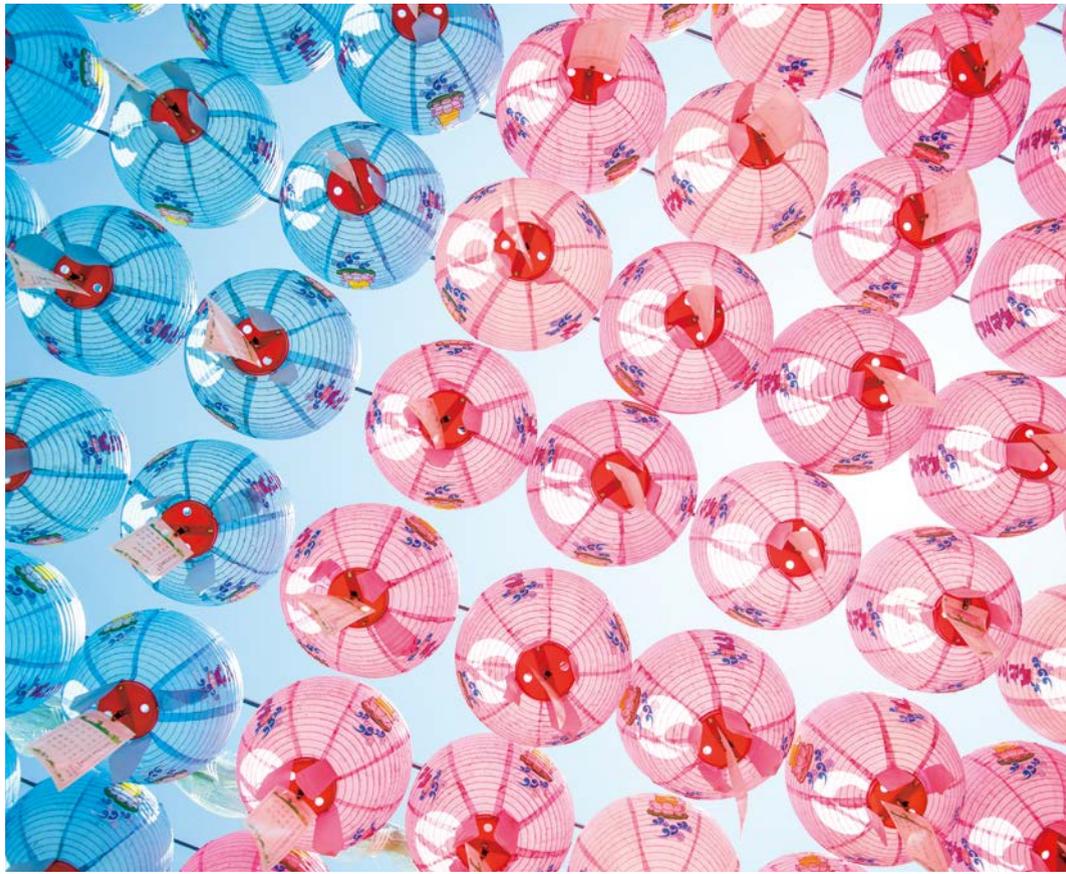
And after the moon and the stars shine like gems in the skies of Seorabeol above the Cheomseongdae Observatory in the late night, whom are they praying to? What are they praying for? Everybody prays sincerely, lighting the green and lotus wish lanterns, giving off a sacred aura.

In my mind, I remind of my childhood days. I see my mother lighting a candle on the wood-burning stove, making steamed five-grain rice on the cast-iron pot, sticking the spoons of our family members into the cooked rice, and praying for the health of our family, for the disappearance of misfortune, and for the fulfillment of our wishes, while burning and offering wish paper to Yeongdung (wind god).

During the night of Buddha's birthday, which was the last moment that my mother was alive, she was standing on the stone stairs at the corner just outside the door of Daeungjeon Hall of Bulguksa Temple and putting her hands together with palms touching each other. In that very crowded and uncomfortable space where so many people were

moving up and down, she was absorbed into prayer gracefully. I wished to be sitting beside her, but had no courage to squeeze in between the crowds, so I stood leaning against the Cheongungyo Bridge pavilion and enjoyed the night scenery inside the Bulguksa Temple filled with lotus lanterns.





How much time has passed? I was worried about my aged mother, and hurried to move to the front of Daeungjeon Hall. Somehow, numerous people were surrounding my mother in layers. My mother looked very beautiful being shone with lotus lanterns. People at front were sitting, and at the back were standing. A few went up to the portable ladder, and some others bent their body toward her to take pictures and then moved back. However, my mother was not aware of what's happening around her and was absorbed into prayer.

Yes. My mother's prayers had something special. She prayed in front of freshly drawn water at the dawn of the beginning of January, prayed to

the moon during a full moon, prayed to a big rock when she came across one while walking on the road, asked for a favor to a tree god when she saw a big tree, and when she came across a deep body of water, she would ask for favors to the dragon king. I grew up being showered with love by sharing spiritual communion with the devoted prayers of my mother.

Knowing my mother's love only, I suddenly stumbled upon adolescence. The chaos that I could not know about and describe, and the strange disease that can neither be seen nor grasped in my hands caused me to become absorbed into sensibility and answerless thoughts for a long time. The feelings that I had at that time were probably a desire for a new 'love' that could not find a target for its affections.

Beginning with the love that I received from my mother when I was little, I think that I had an interest in and affection for the love stories that had a long trace of history, of mysterious and interesting legends. And now I can praise love that is dangerous, love that one wishes to hide, and love that is somehow wrong. Further, I can direct my warm eyes toward all the people in this global village as well as the neighbors in need, who are craving affection.

The light is flying up into the air, one by one, riding the wind.

Various colors of love are flying up into the night skies of Seora-beol, riding the wish lanterns.

Like the wish paper that my mother burnt, all the misfortunes in the global village disappear without a trace.

Contributor

Photograph of the Cities

Winner Photos of OWHC-AP International Photo Contest

| | | |
|-----|-----------------|--------------------------------|
| 004 | Gyeongju | Choe SoonBeom |
| 008 | Vigan | Bernard Pasatiempo Recirido II |
| 010 | Luang Prabang | Jang YeongHoon |
| 022 | Hapcheon | Pack JaeJun |
| 036 | Siem Reap | Jung EunJin |
| 038 | Siem Reap | Jo DongCheol |
| 046 | Singapore | Lee JoonSeok |
| 058 | Macao | Choe JiWoo |
| 064 | Singapore | Le Minh Tan |
| 066 | Kyoto | Gang MyeongHwa |
| 068 | Shirakawa-go | Yu GyeongRyeol |
| 073 | Hue | Ngo Thanh Minh |
| 074 | Hue | Nguyen Xuan Huu Tam |
| 076 | Hue | Vinh Huong |
| 080 | Yogyakarta | Kim JeongSoo |
| 082 | Gyeongju | Kim TaekSoo |
| 110 | Luang Prabang | Jeong WooWon |
| 116 | Lijiang, Yunnan | Jeon HyeWon |
| 138 | Pyay | U Aung Zaw Myint |
| 141 | Pyay | Kyaw Kyaw Moe |
| 146 | Hoi An | Anh Vu Do |
| 149 | Hoi An | Huynh Nam Dong |
| 154 | Hoi An | Nguyen Van Dung |
| 156 | Hoi An | Le Trung Hung |
| 161 | Denpasar | Jo JeongIk |
| 166 | Gyeongju | Yu GyeongRyeol |

Story of the Cities

Hapcheon

- Ascending Haeinsa Temple, the Temple of Dharma

Shin EunJe, Essayist

Siem Reap

- Two Droughts and One Monsoon

Luang Prabang

- The Dream I've Fallen Asleep in, the Dream Where I've Vanished

Suh SoonJung, Travel Writer

Singapore

- Suddenly Good and Often Strange

Park SeongHa, Freelance Writer

- Rainbow Building

Jean WEE, National Heritage Board

Suzhou

- Visiting the Humble Administrator's Garden

Huang Yong, Executive of Heritage Mangement Office of Suzhou

- The Flowing Village

Kate Shon, Freelance Writer

Macao

- The Time is Continuing in Macao

Macao Cultural Affairs Bureau

Lijiang

- Lijiang Is A Slow-paced City

World Cultural Heritage Old Town of Lijiang Protection and Management Bureau

Vigan

- Faded Colors, Faded Dreams

HyeonJi Oh, Program Officer, OWHC-AP

Pyay

- For the Field of Glory

U Win Kyaing, Principal of the Field School of Archaeology in Pyay

Hoi An

- Hoi An, about its Specialty

KHIDU THĐ HOÀI, Cultural Heritage Management Center of Hoian

Denpasar

- Soul of Denpasar Living in Daily life

Putu Rumawan Salain, Lecturer of Architecture, Faculty of Engineering, Udayana University

Gyeongju

- Wind, Light, and Love

Choe ByeongSeop, Essayist



Epilogue

Organization of World Heritage Cities And, the Asia-Pacific Regional Secretariat

The Organization of World Heritage Cities
was founded in 1993 and the General
Secretariat is located in Quebec, Canada.
As of 2018, 313 cities are participating as
members and eight Regional Secretariats are working worldwide.

We are striving together for sustainable development
of World Heritage Cities. The Asia-Pacific
Regional Secretariat was established
in Gyeongju, Republic of Korea in 2013.

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