

Mr M. V. Akhaurley
Napier.

Paris, 2nd Aug. 1956.

Sir
My dear & Respected ~~Mrs. Sahab~~,

I feel terribly guilty not having written ^{to you} so far. There have been several reasons & now that things seem to improve here for me I want to write - ~~even if~~ ^{even if} briefly - & give you some news about me. You must have read in some Indian papers about the award of "Prix de la Critique" & I ~~am~~ am sure it ~~would~~ have made you happy. I know also that you must be ~~angry~~ that I have not written to you all this time. I am indeed sorry & hope earnestly, that the news ~~of this letter~~ & the spirit of this letter will ~~be~~ enable you to excuse me.

As you know, ~~that~~ I left India ⁱⁿ October 1950 with a scholarship of the French Government. It was for a period of two years. Already the impact of Indian & Oriental art was great on me & I was terribly dissatisfied by my own work ~~in~~ done ~~in India~~ ^{so rapidly}. Here in Europe ~~I was confronted & happily so with the world history of art was before me.~~ I gave myself to work & study - and to life itself. The school of Art here did not bring me very much, though I must say that ~~Paris~~ ^{Paris} has ~~such a lot to offer.~~ There is every source ^{of work} to work from - reproductions, exhibitions, ^{musical drama} theatre, cinema, ~~literature~~ music & all that one wants. And then there are people from all parts of the world. ~~One can work or one can lose one self.~~ It's an immense organism, difficult really to describe even if one has lived here several years. However one thing is clear. That there is too much. If one cannot understand & assimilate, one is lost.

After two years of work, Padmanee, Souza & myself presented