

August 10, 1988

Dear Raza-Sahib, and dear Janine -

Finally, back in the Indian subcontinent, and it is such a luxurious feeling to be home again! It is hot and very sticky, a welcoming deluge of rain in the evening, and I am having a very quiet time with a drink, alone, having the indulgence of Chota here who is quite thrilled to be cooking again! Even the milk tastes different, and the quality of light (in the monsoon) makes the evenings very dramatic - But of course, I am very tired, having awoken at 4 am this morning, and am perhaps seeing things which don't exist....

You must excuse me for being so emphatic about this bit of euphoria - But if any part of this long adventure of Ten weeks makes any sense now - if I learnt anything at all, and experienced moments that were near-profound - it was during that visit to Gorbio. The light and the air so magical that one could float, feel at peace with the world, focus on one tiny moment of Being.... The rest of the trip was an absurd travelogue of rushing from one appointment to another, one lifestyle to another, one museum to another. There was no time to breathe, much less think.

I thank you again, as I did when speaking with Janine on the telephone, for taking me in and being so hospitable, and so generous with your time. Paris was of course, enchanting. At first loneliness in Kenji's apartment, alone - then I got used to this and had a held dog with the Muscous - the Guimet and the Musee D'Orsay and La Japonnisme (or wherever) at the Grand Palais. A bit of food -

poisoning one night, which was frightening, but I survived -
and spoke to Murad, who has arrived and is
comfortably ensconced in Liverpool in his uncle's home.
It turns out that he "lost" the \$250 which I had given
him at the point of a gun. In other words, he
was "mugged" going home late one night. So, it is
perhaps as well that I cannot afford to send him to
college in N.Y. at the moment.

Tomorrow I shall tackle Laht Kola - telephone, and then go to
see them about your birth.... I spoke with Daniel
from Paris (you will be happy to know?), and he
sounded much the same, very warm about praising
your work - and I'm sure I would not have done
this had it not been for the little conversation
in your studio - in that paradise-garden.

Janine, I can now never forget your Birthday -
or that wonderful evening. They say that Leos
don't care for each other; but I have found with
Leos that we are unquestionably attracted, and
bound with one sense of destiny. I do wish we
had had more time, speaking of your recent work.
When I started unpacking today, the pictures surfaced
which I had meant to bring you. Here they
are (I liked to endorse them with these letters) -
and I must stop now, being very tired.
With much love to you both,
Gret.

Encl: copy of letter to Sarah's childhood
Laht Kola -

The two pictures will be delivered to Charlotte
on Saturday.