

11, Windsor Place,
New Delhi.

(November - December)

My dear Raja,

Not only hours and days, but weeks and months are rolling away and oft, lost in the whirling onslaught of Time, have I struggled to disentangle myself from its overwhelming rush and speed, to pick myself up from the state of helplessness engendered by sheer giddiness and exhaustion, to gather myself and stand up and speak - speak to you! And all along I have been waiting for the moment in which words, lying curled up in the womb of thought, curled up but fully formed and bursting with impatience to see the light of sound, at long last, but suddenly, gush forth and assume shape and voice, the moment in which a long and uneasy soliloquy changes over, even without the knowledge of it, into the loud, spoken word and all is

And, in a way, I have been missing the days when the very absence of Genevieve, with all its entailing pangs and suffering, used to be a sort of incentive to write. Now she is as close to me as my own shadow and, after all is said and done, the spoken word never has the pondered weight of that which is put black on white. Correspondence with parents and well-wishers has always been for me a sort of acquittal of my duty towards them, never the performance of that I owe myself. And had I not looked upon you as one to whom I can speak as even I speak to myself, and had I been a little less egotistically bent than what I really am, you would certainly have received many more letters from me upto now. Which does not take away from the fact that I owe you, as I owe myself, a real, big apology, for not having been able to muster up enough will-power to sit down & write.

That way you are more fortunate. The very method you have chosen obliges you to think, analyse, process and give expression to the Idea through form, colour and space. And the more you paint, the stronger your grasp of the Idea, the better your understanding of life and of the purpose behind life. And the nearer you get to the Idea, the more powerful the urge in you to create, to give vent to your experience of the Real and the True. I would only wish you realized the power your pen possesses, which is no less important than that of the brush, even as the force of the Verbe is no less inferior, if not superior, to that of the paint. You have a powerful way of writing — a fact which really very few know — and if you exercise it and use it as a vehicle of thought, I am sure you'll realize its vast potentialities in the domain of creation, and this will also help you arrange + formulate your ideas which, in its turn, will definitely contribute to your painting. Your extreme

sensitivity as well as your intellectual curiosity will stand to gain by a faithful recording of your reactions to various experiences of mind and senses.

Even in elementary mathematics, when you have to find out an unknown number, you don't start by throwing guesses as to what it may possibly be. Instead, you create one of your own and name it 'x'. The very creation and existence of this 'x' sets in motion a whole series of calculations at the end of which one equation leading to another and another leading up to a third, comes so logically and so inevitably the required number! I have always marvelled at the power of these 'x's and 'y's, and I feel that one must, for all clear thinking, and right thinking, create one's own 'x's and 'y's, and each such word embodying a whole sentiment,

short this sermonizing, or else the letter
 will never be posted. Experience of past
 months has made me wiser for, somehow
 or other, ever since my arrival in India,
 I have never been able to get to myself
 more than a few minutes at a stretch.
 Events are taking place rapidly. I am
 moving from place to place like a rolling
 stone which never gets time to let some
 moss gather on it and be the wiser for
 it. Being in India has also meant the
 automatic assumption of manifold familial
 responsibilities. The coming 'individual', in
 its turn, has been commanding lots of
 attention and exacting all kind of
 services long before its actual arrival.
 It is in full process of formation and
 never misses an opportunity to manifest
 its existence. By all accounts, it seems
 to be very anxious and impatient to see
 the light of the day, and this is

supposed to take place on or around —
of all dates — the 22nd of February!

Both of us are working since
October as staff artists in the French
Unit of the All India Radio. Our programme
is broadcast between 12.15 and 1 o'clock
in the night, which means between 7.45
and 8.30 p.m. in Paris. It is a special
programme and supposed to be heard
in all French-speaking countries of Europe
and West Asia (Middle East) on 30.60
and 42.46 metre wavelengths. If you
ever happen to be in the vicinity of a
radio receiver during the above-mentioned
time-limits, you may as well tune in
and most probably you will hear one
of us either announcing, or giving the
news, or reading out a feature pro-
gramme!

The work is interesting, or
rather has plenty of scope for interesting

work which can be put in. For the time being, we are getting used to it. During the day, the programme is chalked out or selected and translated into French (from English or Hindi); the actual broadcast takes place in the night. As to the news, they are received on teleprinters from 10 to 12 p.m., translated on the spot and dictated to the typist, then read out at 12.20 a.m. (7.50 p.m. in Paris). The programme includes Indian music, too. Whereas the work in the Belgian consulate required mainly economic and commercial knowledge, the work here lays equal stress on the cultural aspect. The 8 months I put in at the Consulate were nonetheless very useful — the documentation and research work brought me into contact with the progress India had accomplished in different domains in the course of the last five years.

This should actually bring me to the description of what I saw in India on my return, how I found the country and its people, what changes, if any, I

noticed; in short, an account of my reactions and impressions. The subject is no doubt extremely interesting, only that would mean yet another couple of hours which I just don't have, and since I am fully determined to finish the letter today without any further putting off, I should rather talk to you about more personal things.

I should start by telling you how happy I am to know that you have finally got a right place, a right atmosphere and a right mood to work, and that you are working in right earnest. Your letter sparkles with happy optimism. You are discovering and taking delight in - to quote yourself - "much that is agreeable in life". It is such a joyous news, and I do hope with all my heart that this happy spell continues and you come out in the end with real, solid work. For one thing, you have fully deserved it, after ~~p~~ having put up a brave

fight against all ~~other~~ odds and solved your numerous problems one by one in a systematic way. I'm happy Janine has, during all these months of strife and stress, stood firm by your side and proved to be a real partner. You must tell me where exactly the divorce project stands now, and what your plans are for the immediate as well as for the distant future. If you again need clarification on any point, or for any further information, legal or otherwise, do not forget to write to me. I will do all I possibly can from this end. Tell me also all about your work — progress in mapettes, sérigraphie, figure work, exhibitions, any news from Doris Neltzer, and about all other recent developments. I am so eager to see your latest work. I haven't as yet been able to contact Rankumar — are the paintings you have sent through him meant for the next National Art Exhibition? Delhi is

growing into a centre of manifold activities — diplomatic, naturally, but also, and more and more, in the fields of art, music, dance and culture in general. I'm equally impatient to see your magazine work, but obviously, I can do nothing else but "stand and wait."

Yes, Bombay has been a nice place to live in, and has left with us many a pleasant souvenir. The credit for it goes mainly to Nicky and Shah Bibi, whose acquaintance, then friendship, has been something very valuable. Nicky's has been a most interesting discovery. But more about this at another time.

Christmas is fast approaching. Have you been doing Xmas cards this year, too?

Genevieve is writing to you also. Try to start writing as soon as you get this letter — that may be a solution to the painful problem of never being able to reply in time to those

who are so keen on hearing from you. I am myself a victim of this chronic disease, and know at my own cost the urgency of arriving at a solution of this most important question. I do hope our correspondence will be more regular in future and suffer less from long and painful silences.

By the way, the journalist who gave your photo in the 'Illustrated Weekly', irrespective of the opinion you seem to have formed of his tribe, for once did not lack imagination. Considering the way the erstwhile toudging artist has lately been seen round Paris speeding past on his 'zinc', the day does not seem far-off when we shall find him wielding a whole truck by way of early morning constitutional!

Please give our affectionate regards to Janine, and remember us to Solange, Akbar, and all other friends whom you may happen to meet.

But above all, WRITE.

With love,
Rajesh

P.S. Did you receive
noted I sent for
you thro'
Akbar?