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C/o The Indian Bank Ltd :,  
Infantry Road,  
Cantonment,  
Bangalore.-1.,  
Mysore State. S. India. 30th. Dec.'64.

Our very dear Dr. and Mrs. Goetz,

I could not write to you as I had Flu, but my husband wrote immediately to you on the 18th. December in answer to your letter, and the two very fine messages which you sent to me, on the 12th December. Coming from you these messages have special meaning for us both, and I am sure to all who will read them. People remember you, and your work here, and though you are not here, we feel so happy when we hear your name mentioned with regard and great respect. I must say that it was a pleasure to read all you say about both Prof. Roerich, and my husband, you have so richly felt their Art, and it seems that you have just seen the paintings- that you have just met them, and that you have again talked to them about their work, and all you say, is so full of understanding, and so life-like if I may use the term. I like your idea of writing an "open letter" to my husband on his 60th. birthday, it is warm, and full, and has great depth. I with my husband will read these messages again and again, and on the 1st. of January, so that we shall in spirit be with you. Life just passes, and it goes on without waiting there is always a rush even here, even in our jungle home, so we read when it is possible each evening, books we love, letters we love, and your messages we shall also read in this way, so that it will seem as we are with you both. It is true that somehow I feel as if I have been honoured, when my husband is, I feel so very thrilled, and like a child, I enjoy it so much, much more than if I myself were honoured. The reason perhaps is that I feel strongly that he deserves so much more, he is such a great artist, and is such a truly fine and great man, and he himself wishes for nothing but to solve all the problems he has in his Art, constant problems he has to do his work better, to find new solutions, to find the way he has in his mind, this is his life, and he is not interested in such things as awards etc. to him they mean little, and he even does not like me to talk of them. Still, I feel that it is not only for him, it is needed for the people to know that Art, true Art and beauty is valued, that it is recognised, and when such things happen, for sometime at least, it makes the ordinary man and woman think of Art, think of the type of man who gets an award, the reasons, and again their mind is drawn to better values. In this rather jaded world when people are tired trying all the time to find ways to live better as they have so little, and to struggle seems to be an ordinary way of life, their attention is less on such things as Art, they just pass it by, and they little know that it is only through such values that they will be free, free within, as beauty can but give them hope. My husband has quoted Picasso's statement to you, and it must be that at the end of his life as he is a really great man, he feels that he must now draw the attention of people to what he really feels. It is a wonderful statement, and I hope that they will not make him change it as well they may, especially people in the USA, who have bought so many of his paintings. I do not think he will, I have always had a feeling for him, and have somehow felt that within his own self, he is a fine and evolved person. It is really fine of him to have had the courage to make such a statement, I will be getting the original publication which publishes this statement, and when it comes, I will send you a copy.

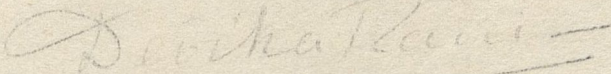
You have given me great comfort by agreeing that it was best to immerse the ashes of my Mother in the Beas, they were with so many Roses wild, so many mountain flowers, and the day was just wonderful with all the mountains showing and with the Beas sparkling, and gently it all moved away, with a huge garland of flowers! She will be happy, as she always loved the Punjab, more than any other place in India, and especially the Himalayas, she lived near Simla for years. There is much to do at Kulu, we have improved the Roerich Gallery, and it looks like some sort of dream, can there be any other setting better than that for the paintings of Prof. Roerich? His paintings shine there, and glow, and seem to tell one so many things which he meant, the book of opinions is wonderful, I will have them published, as they are from people all over the world, people who are so different, most interesting! How wonderful to know from you that your life is so interesting, with all the rich inner values which are indeed the best values to have. I in my small way also feel the same, it is to me such a great thing to feel sort of free within, I am glad of this feeling, and I feel the richer for it. Though one lives and sees, sees the vast changes here, and sees that so many more will come, and all the trends, it is all in a way a sort of Maya, though I must do all that has to be done as this is my Karma, still, it all is so far away, far from my own self, I am not able to explain it at all, but I feel peace within. There are a few things I wish to see done, the Roerich Memorial in Kulu, this Museum must be the finest that can be, and it must live, then the Art of Svetoslav, he must receive all the recognition it so richly deserves, it is fine art, and has a great message, it must live, and inspire, and then all writings of his published, he has so many, and then books on his Art must be written, we get now so many requests for a Monograph on his Art, and because of bad reproductions we have not had one published, let us see if this new firm will be able to do this work, it is in Nagpur, and they say it is the best in India, and will do very good work. I pray for this, they will send us the proofs soon. It is strange but it means more to me than it does to him, it is I who feel ill when such things do not happen as desired, and it is always such a shock. God must do all this for me, then alone will I feel I have done some work, helped this fine man in some small measure, but it all depends. You see dear Dr. Goetz, I have had all that I wish in my life, it has had all that could be given to an Artist, and life has been very kind, as I have seen all shades of its Maya, I have enjoyed all of it, the bad and the good, the highest and so on, not only in India, but in many lands, it all has been a wonderful thing, and so I want little, have few wishes and few dreams, they all have been sifted and when this happens, one finds how things are, their values, and one sees, but the experience and the search goes on, is there any time when one stops learning? I am so very grateful to God, so grateful to think that at the end of my life as it were I have the rare opportunity to serve in some measure this man my husband, he has taught me much, and to him I owe so much, the best that he has done is perhaps help me to become better. This refining within me is a process which is growing, it has no end, but at least it has begun, and it will not stop. People one sees these days, all of them, seem sort of strange, it is not that one likes them less, or that one is disinterested in life, but it is just that somehow one sees them, and I wonder where we all are going to. My home, all my duties, all work, everything is done with joy, and with all interest, and I love it all, but as if from a distance, what this is, I do not know, nor will I try to know, in this way maybe, I will know later.

Generally my letters are full of news, but on the eve of the New Year I wish to share with you both some of my thoughts, to be with you, and to talk to you, and to let you know how Devika thinks, and what she wishes, and what is in her mind. Please forgive me if all this has made you tired, I feel as if I am talking to my own dear ones, as if my own people hear me, as if I would talk to Mother, and to Father, and to anyone dear. I do not talk this way to people, it is not my way, for I do not at all feel one should, they would not understand, but you will, you know me. Perhaps this may not be a letter very cheerful, but it is true and real and from my heart, I wished to be with you both, we have known each other you have known me, so as the old year ends, I am writing like this to you. When you write again, and when you have time, do please write, it is a great joy to receive your letters for both of us.

Your messages will be with us and will inspire us, they will be such a source of strength to me, and it will be ever a joy to read them. I wish to bring them out in a publication devoted to these days, and will do so when all things are ready. My heart is too full to just use the word "thank you", but you know how happy you have made me by accepting my request, it will ever be with us, these messages of yours.

With my love to you both, may God Bless you and give you all you so richly deserve, in 1965, and all the years to come,

Yours affectionately,



( DEVIKA RANI ROERICH. )

The Pope's visit was wonderful, millions greeted him, and all he said and did made a great impression on the whole land, millions of Hindus and all people came to greet him, and they all loved him. He gave us all the feeling of hope and joy! These stamps of St. Thomas were printed in his honour and they are greatly valued here, and also abroad, millions were sent abroad by the P&T, department, and India made lots of money this way.