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Breach Candy House,  
Warden Road  
Bombay 26.  
March 11th 1953

My dearest Devika,

You did say you wouldn't mind if I typed my letters!!!

First of all Devika darling to thank you for the adorable and gay hankie that arrived to-day enclosed in a very charming card. I am so thrilled, isn't it fun getting unexpected presents, especially on a day when everything that could conceivably go wrong has done so!! It has just been one of those days, I broke a pottery vase I had just bought from the lovely Pottery Exhibition that is on here now, after breakfast; then followed it up with washing a "permanently pleated" nylon scarf and all the pleats came out and it looks like a dish-rag now; then I thought I was getting toothache, and then the doorbell rang and a registered letter from Devika arrived! Now I feel I can go right back to the exhibition and buy another vase; and am convinced I never really liked that scarf anyway; and am certain I'm not going to have a toothache after all! So you see what miracles you achieve, all the way away in Kalimpong.

I am so glad that Svetoslav is painting, that I know makes both of you happy. I went the other day to an exhibition of Jehangir Sabavala's paintings, and they were so good. I came back to the flat and took down a picture of an Indian street by Paul Raj, a South Indian painter, and told Charles that I had at least progressed beyond the Paul Raj stage now, and so we are taking it home to give



some unsuspecting relative! How I wish I could see an Exhibition by Svetoslav himself.....that of course would make me dissatisfied with everything else, though. Oh Devika, that reminds me of something.... We went, Charles and I, to stay at quite the loveliest of places in this part of India, Lake Arthur, the Inspection Bungalow at Bandadara Dam, with Shaun, Hawks, Jehangir and Shirin Sabavala and a couple called Pat and Jean Trocme...Jean is French, Pat is American, and they are great friends of Shaun's. Well Devika, how we suffered....the place was lovely past belief, the lake calm and blue surrounded by the brown hills, the garden was charming and Shaun, Hawk, Shirin and Jehangir were all delightful companions. BUT.....the Trocmes looked upon us as a couple of hopeless Philistines, two jumps ahead of village idiots I think, and Pat spent her time warbling staves of music and asking darling Charles (who only likes the latest rumba) whether it was from Betthoven's Fifth or Brahms Umpteenth; then she would quote a long stretch of blank verse from one of the lesser-known poets and ask him to finish the quotation, or the name of the ~~xxxx~~ author. She just terrified Charles. In the evening they organized Intellectual Games at which everybody was awfully good, except us. And at meals, Pat would say "Now we will have general discussion on such-and-such", at which my dear every idea would forsake both Charles and me, and we could only sit in petrified silence. But the end came really when we asked dear Shaun whether Jean Trocme was always so silent, and Shaun says "Oh, he never speaks to people who bore him." And Devika, we then realised that he had never even answered us when we said Good morning, so we must have bored him pretty badly. It was then I said to Charles,



when we had sneaked off by ourselves for a swim in the lake and a little chat together, that if Svetoslav Roerich, a brilliant artist and, so Lady Hydari told me, a man of the most brilliant intellectual powers, could be so kind, delightful and charming to us and apparently like us in spite of our mental deficiencies, then why the hell should Jean Trocme whom nobody has ever heard of, be so snooty? Good heavens, if only you and Svetoslav had been on that frightful week-end too, you could have helped our morale so terrifically. My ego is now permanently deflated for, on the last day, after I had cooked lunch and the men (who were hungry after a climb) had said a few nice things about my cooking, Pat Trocme said with a pleasant smile "Well, we all knew she must be able to do something."

We were so busy trying to keep Shaun from guessing how miserable we felt, for it was Shaun's party and I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, and I hope he never guessed how we hated it! Anyway, Devika, I did not suffer entirely in vain, for it gave me the idea for a little article.

I am so terribly sorry we shall miss you when you come to Bombay in the first week of May...we sail on the Stratheden on April 16th, and don't return until September 30th, when we come back on the Himalaya. My address in England, the one that will always find me, is

c/o Mrs Hardwick

4 Connaught Road

HAVANT

Hampshire.

This is my very good friend in England who always forwards my mail as



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she always knows where I am. Our plans are roughly to stay a few days with my father in Sussex when we arrive (after a few days in London) and then a few days with this friend, after which we shall go up to our little cottage in Cheshire (its address is The Croft, Moor Lane, Woodford, Cheshire) until July 1st when we come to London for ten days and then go to Majorca for a month. Then back to England and a trip to Sweden and Denmark, and then on the 15th of September we sail back to India!

I think of you so very, very often...your picture is on top of the bookcase in our bedroom, and I am very, very proud of it. You look so remote, as you dream away.

With many, many thanks for the  
dear little hanky and lots and lots  
of love to both of you -

Your loving  
Barbara



Thursday

Breach Candy House,  
Warden Road,  
Bombay.  
Tel: 41785.

My dearest Devika -

First to thank you for  
a very happy morning!

Then I thought I would  
venture to send you this little  
article, that came out the other  
day.

I told Svetoslav I hadn't  
written any verse - there was  
just this one, I wrote on  
the way to Jaipur when  
we went by car.

All my love -  
Barbara.