

Jaiapur
May 7, 1929
Temperature - 110

Dear Madame Kovrich,

And now we are down to the plains again, and hot it is. The trip down was much easier than the trip up, first, because your charming horse brought us with such speed to Kulu that we wondered how we could have been so tired the first time on such a short walk, and second, because we got a bus straight through to Palampur the next day, and from there the train, and here we are. It is hot, sticky, dusty, but very beautiful, and we are enjoying our first glimpse of an semi-English Indian city. The other cities that we have seen, like Agra, and Delhi, seem to have lost the old spirit that made them powerful, and rich in beauty; they are finished, and have turned into sights for tourists. This place still has character, and one feels that at any time a Taj Mahal, or a Tuteb Minar might be built, though it probably won't be.

Kulu has already attained a legendary fascination for us. It is a place to which we may go again some time, if we have been very, very good. It is so strong

as a locality, that it has a promised-Landish quality, a place of heroes and giants, where great works are accomplished, great battles fought, great songs sung. I have the feeling that the peculiarly strong vibrant sensations that one gets there, are due, in a large part, to the presence of consciously working human beings.

Note for Miss Lichtman on the subject of Indian Castes and Customs: Do you remember that our braver told your babe that he didn't get enough to eat at the rest house? Well, it seems that the chowkidar of the Castle is a Mohammedan, and our braver, though Roman Catholic, is still Hindu, and so, of course, could not eat food cooked by said chowkidar, in consequence, he ate practically nothing all the time he was there, and so, was very unhappy.

Thank you for your physical, and mental, and soul hospitality to us. The green soup and the red soup, in this land of mutton and cold tongue, seemed like food for gods. Here, all the orange taste of mothballs, and the sada-pani of rubber, and Kulu butter and Kulu honey are like dreams of a former and better incarnation.

But thank you mostly for Agni Yoga, and its truth, and the confirmation of it that I find in yourself, in your character, and your ideals. I am reading with joy the books you gave me, and I long for more. It seems like the crystallization of what I have always wanted to believe but have had no confirmation for. Now I want to go on, and to do something about it. It is glorious to find that the wildest and most spiritual trappings of one's soul's imagination are true.

Soon we will be in Paris. Please, please let me know if there is anything that I may do for you there, or send to you from there, or anything you may want to know about that I can find, or anything, and I shall be delighted to do it. Thank you again for your many many kindnesses.

Sincerely
 Francis Child