

(141)

310 Pineside Drive

My dear friend, dear "Luh-tas"  
"Lady of the Rescues of Heaven,"  
Always I think of  
you. And because thoughts  
travel so fast, and letters  
so slowly, I have been mainly  
thinking -

But first of all, thank  
you more than I can say  
for your beautiful and







cherished message. I do love  
 and treasure it. And I hope  
 that I shall have a message  
 from you soon again.

It must be a glorious  
 valley where you are. —  
 full of great blossoming  
 trees and birds and  
 all things beautiful! You  
 surely do belong dear Rob-  
 to "Morning Star" <sup>as is</sup> (our name)  
 in the midst of it. It  
 must be a sacred, cose-



The sand-prong walls has  
been so restful and such a  
joy some place to live in,  
within the shadow of the Museum,  
under the same roof. I enclose  
my last poem that was  
in the Lilies - you won't mind  
the typed page? (My <sup>few poems</sup> copies  
are in my mess with papers, it  
seems.) And I have been  
translating the poems of Mr.  
Richard Long of the Dagabond,  
written in the Himalayas. Very



are full of the spirit of reverence and worship - beautiful chants to the Lord. Some hours some days I have shared with Mrs. Bell his library - studio, and, besides translating has been reading some of the books on India, and the lost Atlantis - and of the Ptolemaics, and <sup>even</sup> of the Ancient - world. Just now I am reading the Book of Job. I love it much.



7:30  
some withy <sup>the</sup> flame  
when I thought <sup>the</sup> <sup>exterior</sup> wall was on  
fire, and the great flames  
over side. -

and now again a number  
of times lately I have seen  
the fire. I love it so much,  
though it is filled with awesomeness.  
I have seen it <sup>very</sup> near my face,  
and on the walls, "and" <sup>the</sup> <sup>flashing</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>air</sup>  
the ceiling of this room. now are  
great long <sup>spreads</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>white</sup> <sup>flames</sup>  
that stand out clearly when  
the sun shines, and that



Please thank Mrs. Ford  
for me for the lovely  
card, so much appreciated.

"Flame in Adieu" - Whispers  
I say it or read those beau-  
tiful poems, I always think  
of you, and how wonderful you  
help I could not have trans-  
lated them, how I enjoyed  
and hold in memory those who  
with you! I shall always re-  
member the glorios,



Have come gradually day  
after day. Such wondrous  
clusters of lilies! and a  
dusky archway - and a party  
open Chalice. You would see  
them clearly, if you were here!  
And at a little corner, June,  
came an illumination of the  
walls, until they were like  
crystal, and the great white  
Ray, as from a giant telescope  
which I plainly saw, moved  
in majesty and penetrates all!  
And thus too. Lilies were



-9-

left you the walk. —  
 into the Fall, I hope  
 to write more fully and  
 without-pause. This morning  
 I went to the Reading Room  
 of the Arabian Science, hoping  
 to get a fuller sense of  
 health and strength. I  
 went, and, of course, in  
 the Museum, among the  
 paintings, I found <sup>to</sup> say I feel  
 has her sense of healing.



=111=

This fall, a friend wants  
me to give some lectures -  
and I hope to be well  
and strong <sup>enough</sup> to get out and  
give them - I shall speak  
of Professor Russell's paintings  
and of his life and work -  
and read some poetry.

Always I think of you  
and I am so glad you are  
so happy with the young, and  
I wish it is so beautiful!



= 10. =

6

There are many more things to write, but why burden you with so long a message? The rest I shall leave for another time. - I have prepared some writing for syndication - but will ~~not~~ wait for this for developments.



Tell you my best  
greetings - in which I refer you to  
Mr. Ford, and to Professor and Madame  
Bresch?

To your hearts' desire  
and devotion as "Loh-tao"

Chrys,  
Mary-

I will enclose poems sep-  
arately.



7



Miss Esther J. Lichtmann  
 Nag Park  
 Lytle Valley  
 Payab. Laska



M. S. Sigrist  
310 Riverside Drive  
New York City





(N42)

8

3/2 West 112  
Friday -

Dearest "E. J. S." - My dear friend.  
If you had ~~all~~ the  
radio messages I have  
sent you, ~~and~~ the ~~side~~  
spaces of the ~~memoranda~~  
would contain them! Thank  
you more than I can  
say for your previous  
beautiful messages, and  
for all your good thought  
that I get across the  
space. I love the picture



because you are always interested in the efforts and activities of all - and even though I do not accomplish in proportion to what I would do, still that comparative little would interest you

But I would rather write of factual things in my next message. - This is chiefly to thank you, and to tell you how that my thoughts permeate the space to you, and try to bring you of my best - and how that your beautiful thought comes to me often and often. <sup>And what you is</sup> ~~inspiration~~ <sup>it is!</sup> wonderful to know and feel your unflinching love - and your belief in my power to



2

of the "Lahouli Skyscraper".  
It is adorable ~~there~~ along  
the mountains! It must  
be wonderful to be able to  
rest there along that lonely  
beach. And I treasure the picture  
of you - with Professor French -  
reproduced in the Bulletin.  
You look <sup>well and</sup> so happy and  
wind-blown! Sometime could  
you perhaps spare me  
a snapshot or a photo of  
yourself?

There are many things I  
should like to write you about -  
things that would interest you,



4

attain and accomplish. I want  
you to know how much  
I appreciate it.

By some visions I have  
had there been such joy. One  
was of an Ashram, with rain-  
bow lights playing over it -

on the upper end of three  
large white rays. - Where  
these focussed, at the other  
end, went out - or stood

up - a series of golden lights like  
bon fires. - So beautiful!

- Another was an enormous  
rainbow of golden light  
that stretched clear across  
the dome of a great



one<sup>5</sup> morning.  
 Building, - above it shone  
 two large white globes <sup>like suns</sup>  
 in one orbit, - a third  
 white one a little distance  
 away. It was so glorious  
 a vision. I was thrilled  
 by it. - Of another vision

I shall write you later.

But <sup>no</sup> you may know <sup>words</sup> without  
 I am sure you will know.  
 The silence <sup>is</sup> greater than  
 words.

You have always under-  
 stood so well about my  
 nerves that I will not go



would send them to you.

I am, of course, writing the poems constantly - but I do not send them out enough, I fear, to enough places. I must try to think of these practical things, as you always say one should. So many thoughts - so many possibilities - you are right. Critics come to me. Yes, I must try them.

Please remember me to Madame and Professor Rverich. Give them my best & greeting. Love,



into resulting <sup>= b = material</sup> problems here  
 but in the midst of <sup>the</sup> great  
 movement and flux of life,  
 - and <sup>many</sup> things for which ~~of~~ I've  
 thanks, - my spirit has been  
 in such travail that I  
 have found it difficult to  
 write the letters that I would,  
 or as I would. - I often think  
 is my silence. But I think  
 our friends will <sup>surely</sup> understand.  
 And if they are like  
 you, they will.

No doubt you have  
 copies of the Bulletin and  
 of the magazine Illumina-  
 tion, with my poems, or I



8.  
Miss Poerich is fast getting  
strong and well again. I shall  
write to Professor Poerich -  
Some things I do not  
understand - but I  
will write and perhaps  
then I shall understand  
more fully. best  
love

Who may be, and  
grateful appreciates -

Wray &

Mary. -

I have just finished a  
review of a book on the  
Philosophy of Blake - the  
Minor Prophecies. It was an  
assignment for a "publication" and I hope to  
send 3 or 4 copies -



12



Miss Estlin J. Lichtmann  
Nagar  
Ludhiana  
Punjab, India



Mr. Siegel



310 West 102nd St.  
New York City