

4-9-29

My dear Miss Lichtmann,

It seems strange that you left but a short time ago — and I feel as though ages have passed since I saw you. Tell me about everything you see so I won't seem so far away and will feel as though I am seeing them too.

Isn't it astonishing that whenever something is brought particularly to your attention, immediately a lot of references to it pop up? Since you have gone I am always on the alert for anything about India. I read a book called "An Indian Journey" written by Bonsels. It is one of the most delightfully written travel books I have ever read. Perhaps it shouldn't be called a travel

But instead it is taken up
with some of the inner life
and mysticism of the land -
a girl killed by a sting of the
cobra - seeing a tiger - Trips
thru the teeming jungles. I was
so impressed that you must
read it - so I am mailing
it to you.

Ekate's happening in New York?
I heard Elly Ney give an all
Schubert program - Moment Musica
Two Impromptus - Sonata in D maj.
and Fantasy in C major. She
was simply delightful. I love
to watch the fleeting expressions
on her face as she plays. She
seems to talk to herself -
quite oblivious of the audience.
She played the waltzes so
deliciously that I almost jumped
out of my skin. The next
morning I was up early

21

book at all - since although it does give charming descriptions of travel experiences, it is more deeply taken up with the personal philosophy and reflections. The curious thing about it is that I recognize the fact that Bonsett often descends to a lot of romanticism - but his style is so charming that it doesn't jar one in the least. It is an impressionistic portrayal of India - its brooding, sun-bathed plains and swarming jungles. The incidents are entirely removed from the usual book written by a foreigner about India. For instance it is a million miles away from the cheap half truths of Katherine Mayo's "Mother India". Nor does it deal exclusively with the problem of British rule in India like the "Passage to India"

trying to play some of them (?)

Only a few weeks more
and my sister will be home.
Will I survive the excitement
of that?

Dear, dear Miss Luchtmann
I fasten this epistle round
my trusty falcon's throat
and straightway shall he
fly to thee -

All my love to you -

Sincerely
Johanna

Johanna Jacobs
274 E. 171 St.
New York City
U. S. C.

3



Miss Esther Lichtmann
% Prof. M. Roerich
Naggar, Kulu
Punjab, India

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NEW YORK

(N16)

9-23-29

4

Miss Lichtmann dear,

I was in the country when I received your letter (in August) and I thought it was too late to answer it - as I expected to see you back in September. So please forgive me for not answering your letter. It has a sense of well-being must pervade you after so many months of living amidst Nature's (tranquil) setting!

I am studying the Gavotte in F major by Beethoven which is the most delightful thing I ever heard. I heard it played by Harold Bauer on my friend's victrola and had the audacity to think that I could play it. I really practise it and practise it but simply can't do it. I can whistle it quite nicely - but I can't make my fingers move so rapidly. Instead

from rules and defined form does not necessarily bring beauty with it. In fact as yet I haven't found my footing or understanding of the modernists who would dispense with technique - and achieve a monstrous cackling to my ears at any rate - I suppose I'm still caught up in the old and not attuned to the new - which may (or may not!) be appreciated 50 years hence. One would think I was writing a treatise - but I simply can't understand how beautiful music which to me is so much a matter of emotion - can be reduced to rules and keys.

Dear Miss Luktman you are such a pathetic distance away but albeit I am happy in the thought that you will vibrate the good your vacation will have done for

of a smooth delicate tone I get a jerky hard one. I hope to be able to play it by the time you come back - or you are liable to speak me!

I intend to take 'theory of music' this term - and so I am reading a book by Gehrken which is a good introductory to it. It seems incredible that exquisite melodies should be reduced to rules - but I feel the same when I tried to understand poetry in its technical sense. It would seem that the necessity for fitting the inspiration into a fixed harness should nip it in the bud - but it doesn't. I know now that even a novel - formless as it seems to all intents and purposes has a definite technique also. One need only compare some of the modern verse with the classic poetry to ^{know} that freedom

you - and I am most impatient
to see and hug you.

Love

Johanna

P.S. My new address is

1457 College Ave - Bronx.

REGISTERED

694993



6

Miss Esther Lichtmann
To Prof. Roerich
Naggah, Kulu
Punjab, India

Johanna Jacobs
1487 College Ave
New York City

U. S. A.



(117)

May 15⁷

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

I was beginning to rejoice at the prospect of being with you again, when I heard that you would be detained - Such keen disappointment - I really wept - The most encouraging thought is that you are well and safe.

You wonder - and rightly - why I didn't write sooner. I was somewhat sad. I have had a very trying season. One of my very dear friends, a young boy of 25 died of heart trouble. I was very depressed and simply wasn't in the mood to write. Now I am again at peace and can write to you.

Here it is the 15th of May and we have been having marvelous summer weather - warm and sunny.

(3)
glasses for his eyes. The next morning
he walked in with huge glasses -
his fathers! And this week as it
was very hot, all the boys opened
their shirts. As I expected a
vector I went around fixing their
blouses and straightening their ties.
Suddenly I noticed that they were
all sitting up unusually stiff and
straight. When I turned around
there was the principal - standing
and watching me - and of course
laughing. He said next time
when he goes to a party he will
know where to come - to be dressed
up.

If I were to tell you how
many times I look at your picture -
you would laugh - How soon

(2)
There has been so little rain for the ³ spring that I'm afraid the farmer will be having a hard time. - but meanwhile everyone is drinking in all the sunshine. But why talk of sunshine to you who are in sunny India!

My sister is going to have a little baby next fall - I simply can't believe it! At the present moment it's very difficult for so vivacious a person as she - to sit still and do nothing. A few weeks ago a friend of ours had a little baby girl. The day she was going to the hospital, her brother called up and said - "Don't be afraid or nervous - I heard it isn't so bad!"

I don't remember whether I told you about the adorable children I have this term - a very funny thing happened this week. I told a little boy that he must wear

shall we be reunited, and
happy? I long passionately to
talk with you.

All my love to you - Do write
and tell me all about yourself.

Johanna

1487 Collesse Ave.
N. Y. C.

(118)

Feb. 2, 1937

Dearest Miss Lehtmann,

I am so sorry to hear that Mrs. Roerich is still ill. I thought that by now you would be in the full throes of parking - and on your way home - but the pleasure of our meeting again - shall repay us for our long separation!

I can talk of nothing but my sister's lovely baby. I told you how pretty he was when he was born - but now he is simply delicious. Yesterday he was 3 months old and I held him for the first time. I was terribly scared as I didn't know just

be Kreisler. Only Beethoven
 could have written anything so
 majestic and devotional. The
 last movement is a grotesque
 rondo - something like a country
 dance. It's the most beautiful
 thing I ever heard. I wonder
 why I never heard it at a
 concert. I suppose no one would
 dare tackle it after Kreisler.

What am I playing?

Imagine my delight and (terror
 at the same time) when Mrs.
 Lichtmann told me to get the
 Schumann - Papillons - This has
 always been a favorite of mine.

what to do with him. I sit by the hour and just watch him wave his little arms. I steal a kiss when my sister isn't looking.

My sister is beginning to feel that you are a fictitious person - as I constantly say that you are coming home soon - Do hurry and show my sister that you are real!!

I heard a set of records that are simply marvelous. (Beethoven concerti in D major) with Kreisler as soloist. The recording is exquisite and I doubt that even hearing it at a concert could be more marvelous & since it would not

I love to hear it - but am
afraid to play it. Why am I
so frightened of things that
I particularly like (even people)

I also have the lovely Mozart
variations sonata - which I never
tire of playing. But I have
a beauty exercise book -

(School of Double Notes - Moszkowski)

The more I play an exercise
the more mistakes I make!

I am practicing diligently and
hope to surprise you.

All my love to you - and
best wishes for Mrs. Paerels' speedy
recovery -

Please write and tell ^{Johnna Jacob} me all about
yourself.

Johanna Jacobs
1487 College Ave
New York City
U. S. A.

11



Miss Esther Lichtmann
% Prof. Roerich
Naggar, Kulu (Punjab)
British India

REGISTERED
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Dearest, dearest lady,

you tell me not to be exasperated, shall I say it is too mild a term? Of course I understand that you wouldn't leave Mrs. Roerick alone - but why can't you both come over together - isn't there a healthier atmosphere here at the present time?

By now I'm in the full throes of school work again. After having 54 children on registers for two weeks - the class had finally been divided. I now have the slowest group on the grade consisting of 38 little girls. It's really pathetic to see these little children who are already

its wide expanse of sky all around
I enjoy going. He always is too
sentimental and mawkish for me.
I had all I could do to hold on to
my seat when he played Wagner.
He just drove me wild with disgust.

The other night I heard a marvellous
concert - the English singers. All
day I go around the house moaning
something like - "John kiss me now"
that came from the English singers.
Gosh I loved them. They are
supposed to reproduce the singing
that took place in the inns in the
15th + 16th century - hence the
lack of accompanying instrument -
but of course it can hardly be
possible that casual strolling

stamped as "high class morous"
 To me they seem so dreadfully slow -
 because last term I had an unusually
 bright class of boys. They were so
 alive I couldn't go fast enough
 for them. On the other hand I have
 a hard time keeping these children
 awake.

Thank goodness the concert
 season has started again. During
 the summer, when I was in the city
 for awhile I went to the stadium
 a few times. I wish someone
 would drown Van Hoogstraten.
 He is simply terrible. I never liked
 him much - but since it is
 the only symphony music available
 in the summer and as I love
 to sit in the stadium with

players and troubadours would
have sung as beautifully and in
such perfect pitch as these people
do. Have you ever heard them?

~~You~~ probably feel like singing
the Pilgrims Chorus - "Once
more dear home I with rapture
behold thee" - and alternate
it with the Dvorak's - New
World Symphony - "Going home,
going home, I am going home" -
Please do hurry home as
quickly as possible. I really
can't stand the suspense any
longer -

Give my love to you - dearest
Miss Schumann

Sincerely - J. Schumann

14

Miss Esther Lichtmann
to Mrs. Roerich
Naggar Kulu - Punjab
British India



Anna Jacobs
Colley S. A.

NEW YORK
FEB 4
1931

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REGISTERED

(19)

June 18, 1931

15

Dearest Miss Lichtmann,

I was so delighted to get your letter. At last you definitely say you will be home in the fall! I was terribly hurt that you didn't acknowledge my letter. I have a conscience and it's been bothering me quite a bit. It isn't like you to lay off communication so completely, you seem to have taken my letter as a personal assault, which of course I did not mean it to be. I just wanted you to come home & really didn't mean to be "fresh". It was just a bit of childishness on my part. Now I simply can't wait to kiss you!

How do you like our baby? He is a real Tom boy. He already tries to stand on his head. He takes real delight in my singing, so you see

Do you remember my friend Irene
(the red haired girl) She bought a car a
few months ago and we are planning to
take a trip to Prosser town, Vermont,
Maine & Quebec. Doesn't it sound
exciting? I want to learn how to drive
the car, but my mother insists that
if I saw a chicken in the road, I
~~would probably drive the car up a tree!~~
(I don't think she is far from wrong)
but I don't say so -

Next term I am going to have
a bright boys class. I am so happy
because I like little boys better than girls.
They have more pep! Its so funny -
because when children grow older -
~~it~~ is just the reverse - the girls

(2)

16

what a generous nature he has!
I don't know who gets more pleasure
out of it - the baby or his aunt. I
am also enclosing some pictures of
my little school children, Doesn't it
look like a veritable army?

I read the life of George Eliot.
I am almost sorry I read it. - instead
of giving you the feeling of her
marvellous work & the growth of her
art - it just serves as a motif for
a story of her loves one after the
other. I can't help thinking that she
was not unaware of the sensation she
was causing & makes me feel as though
she was insincere. Alas I was
disappointed!

or more interesting & alive!

Dearest Miss Luttman, though
I wait with great impatience for your
return - I am a little afraid of your
disappointment in me. Do write and
tell the boat you plan to take - I would
love to meet you - if I may

Sincerely

Johanna