

Villa La Souco.

Roquebrun-Cap Martin.  
A. M.

March 25/26

Dear Lock,

I was delighted to get your letter, and all the family news in it. When Mrs H. deForest is over this side in the summer, I'll be sure and sign the volume that you want.

But you don't say anything about your Dad, and I haven't heard from him in ever so long. I do hope that he and your Mother are all right.

As to your friend, you see where your letter finds me! I have been here for the past five or six weeks, and I do not know when I am going back to England. But, if he is in the country when I am, I shall, of course, be happy to see him at Bateman's.

It is a just and proper thing--though not common-- to be fond of one's school-master. I liked mine, so I know your feelings. Tell him to write me to Bateman's as soon as he knows his dates. This is a beautiful place, with lights and effects of sea that ought to satisfy even your Dad. It has not rained for over five weeks, and our wrath yesterday when it shut down wet, was comic. Our home climate is the usual mixture of thunder and blizzards which marks the coming of "gentle Spring." You seem to have been given over to every shape of weather trouble. Politics are wa

world-wide disease.

*Ever affectionately  
Rudyard Kipling*

*Please  
send  
own  
to Kipling*



Apr 25<sup>th</sup> 1926

My dear Rud

Lode has given me your letter to read in which you ask about what I have been doing and that you had not heard for ever so long. I have started to write you hundreds of times since that night I spent with you and Carrie in 1914 just before the war when I brought my friend Stewart Culin and so did not really see anything of you. As every time I started I realized it would take acres of paper to even partly put down what I wanted to tell you I gave up. I have always believed that some way could be found of transferring ones mind pictures, and printing them on another mind in every detail instantly without a word that is one of the things I have been doing another is to put all ideas into bullet form preferably damn dam bullets which explode inside that is another. As the picture is the only way in which anything can be carried to others with accuracy and it can be understood by every human being in the world no matter what their state of development I have been at work to find a way of getting back the picture language in my painting and sketching. I have been trying to find the way to transmit all I have learned from the subconscious and conscious in my life to my children so they can take up and carry on where I leave off. I know that my own development is the result of hundreds of years of heredity or more likely millions just as it has been in the development of the industrial arts in India from generation to generation. As I will be 76 years old in June you see I can not live to perfect any of these ideas I am looking forward to the future life where I will be free all the bodily handicaps of this world and planning for it. It is 45 years this month since Meta and I met and stand with your father and mother in Lahore and made our preparations for our trip to Cashmere. Then came your two days visit to Methwani. Next the morning you turned up at 7 E 10 and I carried you off to Methwani with me and left no tracks of where you had gone. Then the picture of our entertaining the newspaper reporters on the verandah. You love it all and must have been intensely amused at the picture of the Prince of W.



at Srosset which was our station when you were with us and nothing but a few old farm-houses and run down farms of no value. It was much better then than now with the well houses costing millions. Another future memory is our walk to Gaspe. Next Mista and I and Judith with you at Pelung Dem and the walks we took with Josephine and Judith where our spirits touched so closely. The finest story you ever wrote was there where the other world of spirits is linked with this as it really is. The world is so changed now by this cursed thing we falsely call progress and civilization I shall be glad to get out of it. I enclose you a letter Rob wrote me in answer to mine on this subject. My beautiful home in 10<sup>th</sup> St is no more all New York is a horror and even here it is getting spoiled but I have built myself another home and surrounded myself with the things I love and a wild garden where I can not see any of the objectionable improvements. Judith and her husband have separated and she is now home with us I think there is a chance of her getting better. It is very sad when the loves of those we love are so wrecked. She had given her whole self to her husband, and he never was worth it. Very few men are worth the devotion wives give them. Alfred and Zette and their children are happy and Lock and Elizabeth are a joy to see. I have no fear for their future. I have succeeded in transmitting to Alfred and Lock all I have learned I think so they will progress further than I have. I have perfected an invention which shows the principals in which all eyes work and a scale on which all eyes visualize. I am trying to get a patent on it because without a patent no manufacturing company will be likely to make and distribute it. Courjone has tried it agrees that it will revolutionize nearly every thing we have been taught about our eyes and mind and hands. It would be an unbleivable dream if I had not the results to look at.





Lockwood de Forest Esq.

1815 Laguna Street

Santa Barbara

California

U.S. America

RK

1926

‡ BURWASH  
1001 ETCHINGHAM

BATEMAN'S  
BURWASH  
SUSSEX.

May. 22. 26

Dear Lock.

Here's a piece of a letter  
between letter and answer: but you see  
we left our Villa near Mentone in the  
middle of last month and wandered  
about between floods and storms, in the car,  
all through Central France and had to lie  
up for ten days at Tours, owing to C. having  
a cold; and see that while our letters  
trailed after us: so that, practically, I only  
got yours of ~~April~~ 18th when I reached  
home on the heels of the strike. Everything  
has been pretty badly destroyed but I think  
it has been worth the bother; in that the  
Revolutionary has discovered that we don't  
much care for Restrictions as a nation.  
What is equally valuable is that the myth  
of "special skills" in various trades &c  
has been exploded and the sacred prestige  
of our Unions has been damaged.  
Moreover, I fancy, we've staled Europe  
which needed staiding, by our actions.  
Your letter is tremendously interesting  
time who am on the other side of the argument at  
in so much that I find it difficult to  
hope that human beings can communicate  
and pass on their personal experiences,  
we don't even yet seem to understand, as  
a body, that what will wet us and fire  
will burn and only on the mechanical  
side of things do we seem to make  
what is called "progress": Internally  
& spiritually. We are about where our



neolithic ancestors were. For example -  
in your own case - how on earth or out of it  
do you hope to pass on the comprehension &  
knowledge (I leave out the technique altogether,  
because, you'll concede, that can't be passed on)  
which enables you to see the depth and significance  
of a mere skyline at a certain hour of the day  
over a certain landscape? You can, by picture,  
make people see and think of certain things and  
along certain planes but (as I see it) you can't  
pass on the subconscious personal experiences of  
life that made you personally capable of  
seeing. If we, ones only have an hour or  
two together, I'd explain my side of the  
argument.

And now I'm back and I've got to catch  
up arrears, and discharge myself a work  
not too keen hanging in the wind for ever so long,  
and answer about a haystack of letters that  
have piled up in my absence.

Rob's letter in your describing the devastation  
of Long Island made me sick at heart.  
and my vivid memory of sunset is of when  
I first came there on a hot afternoon and  
met a met me in a buggy - all white dusty  
roads, dusty wild grape vines and the smell  
of grass under strict ban here. Some one  
gave me an account of what sunset looks  
like now. But Oxford is all blackened  
with little bangalows and there are no lanes  
free from tar and motor-traffic. I expect  
this is bound to go on till the whole island  
is one parish. Then, perhaps they'll be  
happy!

Now I've got to get to work - which seems  
to be the only effective drug in the pharmacopeia.  
Over dear love to both you dear folks (the  
years only make a difference to the young)  
and Tom, as ever

affectionately yours

Rud

Etats Unis



Mrs Lockwood de Forest

1815 Laguna Street  
Santa Barbara  
California  
U. S. A.





PONT-ROYAL-HOTEL

37, Rue du Bac  
7, Rue Montalembert  
**PARIS**

**VICHY** la reine des villes d'eaux

**HOTEL ASTORIA**

sur le parc

Direction R. BOALHAT





PONT-ROYAL-HOTEL

37, Rue du Bac  
7, Rue Montalembert

PARIS

à Vichy  
HOTEL ASTORIA

R. SOALHAT

May. 13. /52.

Dear Meta:

Your letter has just  
come in to us here (we've been  
down in the South of France for  
a couple of months & are now  
moving homewards)

Surely, your blessed Lockwood's  
death was a thing to be earned;  
coming as you say, without  
pain after a long & beautiful  
life, in which he kept his own  
integrity as an artist — the  
most enviable thing of all!

I never forget his & yours



Kenderson took us to Long Island in the  
days when all the world was young  
and took a small boy. As we  
get older, one thinks more & more  
of those things. I'm glad you & he  
saw the Henries and Mrs Rob.  
Our daughter Claire, whose husband  
is in the Embassy here, has a  
house in Paris & is very busy &  
happy in the career, mixed &  
exciting Embassy life - made none  
the less exciting by the recent  
brutal murder of the President  
and the necessity for guarding all  
the Royalties who came yesterday  
to his funeral.

Carrie has profited a little



but not so much as we could  
wish. by her comparative rest  
in the South. She suffers a good  
deal from gout which damp  
weather doesn't help. I haven't  
been very fit but in all right  
now.

Our dear love to you

Ever  
Ruddy

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