

Feb. 27. 1925

Dear Vijaya

There are some animals which feign death in order to save themselves from the danger of death. I am advised by doctors ^{to} follow their example and must never move, never talk, never meet people - in fact, behave in every way as if I am dead. Therefore I shall completely have to surrender myself to your easy chair which has followed me from shore to shore. Thus I shall be saving my energy with a miserly care till I leave India once again for Italy next May the first. My cabin has been secured on the same boat "Iracovia" which has brought me to India. I hope that by that time I shall have strength enough to carry out my plan and sail for the shore where the people are expecting me with all their wealth of welcome.

The other day I met with a remarkable French woman who has been travelling in Thibet for some years and who has been able to love the people. She asked my opinion about La Nacion.