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# ON THE SAND-DUNE

K. S. VENKATARAMANI

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ON THE SAND-DUNE

**BY THE SAME AUTHOR**

**Paper Boats**

# ON THE SAND-DUNE

BY

K. S. VENKATARAMANI

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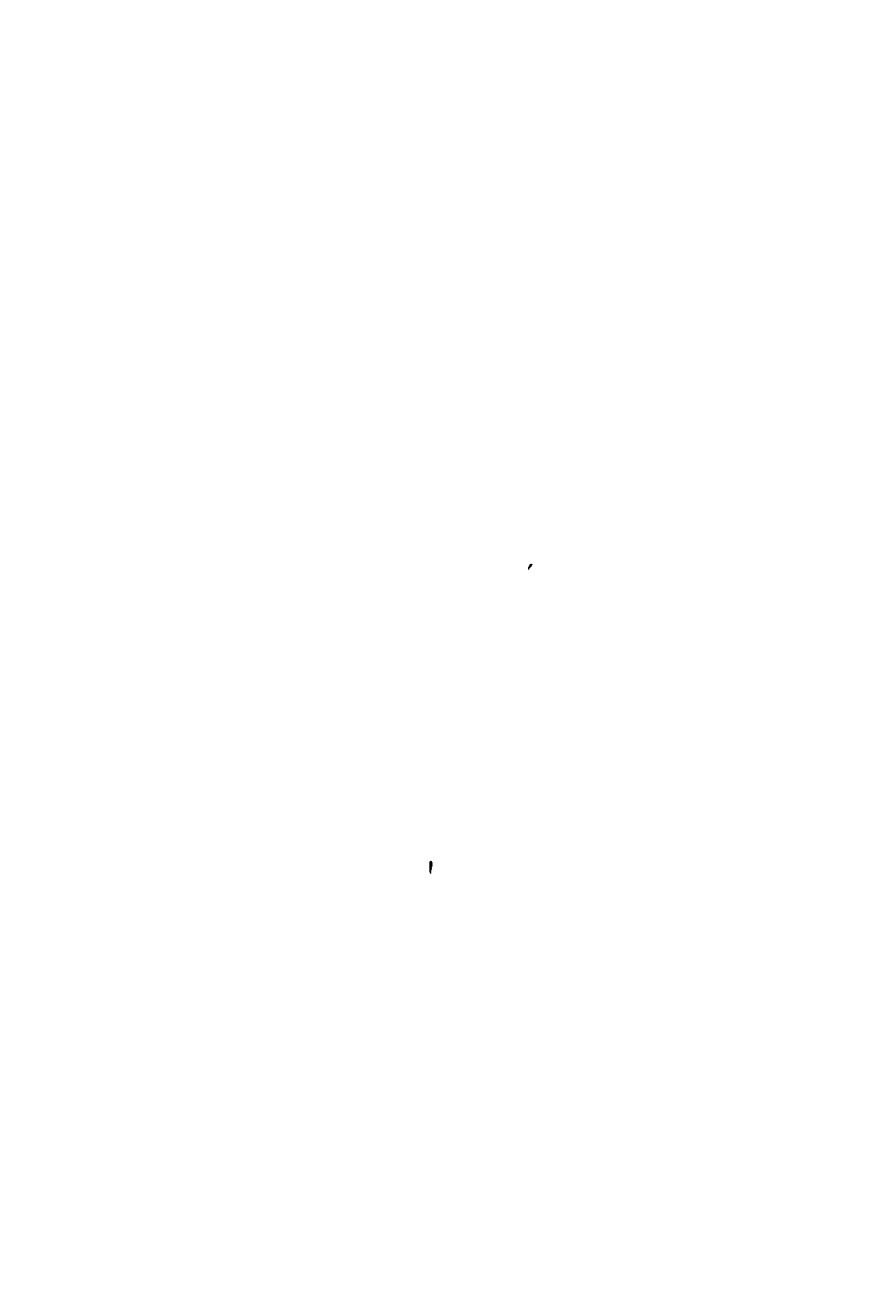
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**TO**  
**S. PATTABHIRAMAN**





## PREFACE

BACK again to the banks of the Kaveri to drink for ever the gold-dust in the rolling river. Such is the Renaissance cry in the Tamil land. Arid Madras will give place to a garden city on the river bank, where life is simple, scattered and free and men sing like birds on the tree.

Dear Mr. N. Panchanatham, will you join us in building a New Temple of Life for the East and the West, in the Golden Isle between the river and the sea? For I know none else who shapes the clay so well and fine. But you hide your virtue within as the cassia does its scent.

ON THE  
SAND-DUNE } K. S. VENKATARAMANI  
*August 24, 1922*

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## FOREWORD

THE author reclining on the sand-dunes of his native place, where the Kaveri joins the sea, muses on modern life, its miseries and its oblivion of the glorious heritage of Man. The musings cover all shades of feeling from uproarious joy to poignant sorrow; and flitting across the song-reveries are the murmurings of a constructive Idea for the uplift of man, for the mingling of the West and the East into one surpassing superman race. In his own words,

“Let the winds, like the bees, carry to the haunts of men my humming words.

ON THE SAND-DUNE

“I am content to float down the river of life a lonely twig, dancing lightly and merrily like the foam on the Kaveri on the eighteenth of *Adi*.”

SUNDARA VASAM

MYLAPORE

*December 15, 1922*

V. NARAYANAN

# ON THE SAND-DUNE

I

(1)

THE sun has set behind a floating cloud. The sea breathes out the purest breeze. The twilight is full of joy. The long-running Kaveri flows sluggishly along, eddy-eyed, love-lorn and laid in trance—unaware of the ever-sighing sea within a mile.

And I am alone on the sandy dune pining for things which will never be mine.

(2)

The stars are coming out on the milky way with the calm of cosmic

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

vigils. Frail man! Thou knowest not the music of the distant orbs nor the rapture of the spangled sky.

While I gather pebbles on the sandy banks of the Kaveri, hearkening to the voice of the boundless sea, I feel a shadowy melancholy, a vague, vast ecstasy. The soul of the universe seems to pass into me while I am alone on the sandy dune.

(3)

It is a lovely, lonely place, far away from the throng of men and the dust of roads. Across a stretch of heavy sand, a winding footpath runs. This struggling line links my village with this favourite spot of lonely hours and lonelier musings.

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

(4)

The evening sea-breeze fills the air with the fresh scent of morn. In the exciting even-light, I wend my way across the heavy sand to the river bank to dream there an hour, alone on the sandy dune, and chew the cud of life, free from the yoke like yonder browsing bull.



## · II

(1)

THE sadness of the long-suffering race of men is in me. I am weary of the never-changing night and day. I am weary of the ever-shining sun. I am weary of the ever-changing moon. I am tired by the age of life. I am cloyed by its barren fertility.

(2)

Everything grows in plenty around me. The trees on the river bank bend with fruits. The birds are merry on the branch. Life is happy on the meadow. The fields are

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

ripe with corn. To-morrow's harvest-song is in the air. The Kaveri eddies along in little, love-dimples. The village temple bells tell me that this matin hour is sacred to man and God. But I am a stranger in this teeming land of life. Only the stars that shimmer in the void of space greet me with a kindred gleam.

### III

#### (1)

ALONE and pensive am I. The sense of tears in things is everywhere around me—in the floating straw and the running stream, the flowering bud and the just-born child. The pathos of created life haunts me like the wrecks of a dream in the small hours of the morn. Sorrow, everywhere and around, seems as inseparable as the saltness from the moaning sea! Melancholy sits in my heart, like the cloud in the moon.

#### (2)

I am alone on the sand-dune pining for things which will never be mine.

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

Nothing pleases me, neither pain  
nor pleasure. Nothing teases me,  
neither home nor dune. Nothing  
cheers me, neither sunlight nor rain.  
Neither work would I, nor be indolent.  
Thrive neither in the midst of  
men nor in repose. Resigned neither  
to fame nor to obscurity.

Man the tyrant and God the Saviour,  
to neither would I bend my knees or  
mutter prayers. But patiently I live  
on without faith in God and without  
hope in man. The Promethean spark  
never leaps into tongues of flame for  
me but always smokes. The fire of  
life burns low in my heart.

## IV

### (1)

MY ideas are deep-born and rhythmical as the ocean-wave. But they turn to nothing even as the sea-born billow is churned to wind-scattered foam at the mere approach of the land.

What do I care if my workmanship is not deft, if my words are not as light as feather or fresh and pure as the jasmine flower? The soul that sings this reverie-song is pure. The heart that pulses the voice is pure. The joy of self-expression is the joy for me.

### (2)

One half of my life is a waste like winter-floods.

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

I float down the river of life like  
the truant twig. I roll along making  
merry with every little eddy on the  
way. But do I forget for a moment  
that I shall reach one day the peace  
and the beatitude of the everlasting  
seas?

(3)

A tiny rill streams its way for a  
distance and then perishes in the ruth-  
less sands. But the mother ocean wins  
back somehow her dear daughter drop,  
and feeds her in her bosom for a  
while and, undaunted, sends her back  
again when the monsoon winds blow  
the call. Even so is the cycle of  
Life.

V

(1)

ALAS! what is Life?

Is it the bubble on a rainy day?

Is it the foam on the falling water?

Is it the rainbow in the fleeting sky?

Is it the cloud in the moon or the  
vapour in the sun?

Is it the wave that ebbs and flows  
for simple joy?

Or is it the flower that fades in a  
day?

Or is it the childhood that is mine  
no more?

(2)

What do I care for Life and Death,  
for the tiny rill or the monsoon winds?

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

I am alone on the sandy dune pining  
for things which will never be mine.

Extreme is the thought-agony. Exqui-  
site is the bliss. Radiant and serene  
the star-lit hours of Peace.



## VI

(1)

O! MODERN man! Tell me something of your civilisation which has made everything on this earth a complex and ugly knot—even the fairest flower a nest of bacilli.

(2)

This world of greed and lust has broken to pieces my soul once perfect as a pearl. I crave to be understood in isolation, cut off from the context of men. In solitude, alone, I give vent to my inmost moods.

The loitering breeze ruffles my heart.  
The gently flowing river sets free the

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

simplest longings. And in communion with Nature, I am happy to be alone on the sandy dune and to pine for things which will never be mine.

(3)

But O! for the caprice of Fate which keeps me ten months in the year in the midst of the raging dirt of roads and the callous crowd of men. Everywhere the springs of life are choked.

Not even the common flower grows on the way-side to spite the desolation.

(4)

I watch with silent rapture the beggar cry on the tram-road, 'Absolute hunger, Maharaja,' little aware that the speeding car itself carries a

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

human load of agony—heavier because covered and concealed.

(5)

Well has man forged with exquisite workmanship the links of his own fetters. The silken rope of pleasure has often proved the tightest.

Sad is indeed the fate of the modern man, his infinite abasements, his soul ever in pawn for a mess of pottage.

(6)

Intense misery has often wrought in me a change far beyond the powers of either God my creator, or man my destroyer. It has shed for me a ray of light on the darkest corners. It has whispered to me the secret of the scheme of things in this world.

## VII

### (1)

MODERN society! O, for the third eye of Rudra and the joy of annihilation!

Without, man is growing greater and greater and inward less and less. The life current is choked with sand and the dredgers are all turned to aeroplanes, merry making, sailing against wind above water. Meanwhile the sides are sliding down and the channel is silting up with sand.

### (2)

The rich become richer, the poor poorer in worldly goods. Both become

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

the poorest in the light divine. There is a terrible stoop in the personality of the modern man, a crack in the pile, a rent in the garment of life. The cosmos of the individual is lost in the chaos of society.

(3)

O! modern man! you are futile for all your machine-clad roar. You may look planed and polished—the work of sand-paper and not the gift of God. The surface gloss mirrors to me nothing but the loss of soul within.

(4)

Your best men are but the creatures of a triple alliance, the Fuller, the Barber and the Tailor. They are mere

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toy boats floating in a sunless pond—  
alas! they never once knew the noble  
pressure of real cargo or of the ocean  
beyond.

(5)

O! for the wilderness and the waste!  
Man was planted in the garden of life  
as the true rose. Society has changed  
the sprout, in the very hour of birth.  
Man has now blossomed into the  
cultured rose—painted are the petals,  
without perfume, without health, with-  
out joy.

## VIII

(1)

OFTEN the surroundings check a noble growth. The weeds choke the rarest gift of God. Life has lost its course in the swamp of civilisation. Man moves, seems to move from endless error to endless wrong.

(2)

Impounded is the running river in the death trap of brick and mortar. O man! when will you run away from the tottering piles of town life?

Give up your crude architecture and house-building. Exile your masons and

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

experts and lecture no more to me on the economics of withered life—Saracenic and Gothic styles.

(3)

Man, once beautiful, as the yellow daisy on the wayside hedge, is now ugly and barren. He interests me no more. The siren 'I' fills my mind with the charms of megalomania. And I am with the gods when I am alone on the sandy dune pining for things which will never be mine.



## IX

### (1)

WHAT do I care for the modern man or his mail-clad thunders? In common with him, what have I, frail, pulsing, weak and dreamy? Even the air he breathes I avoid. I neither buy nor sell in his market place.

I am happy where I am, on the sandy dune. I am happy alone on the banks of the Kaveri, pining for things which will never be mine.

### (2)

Blessed be the Kaveri and the gold-dust in its rolling waters. I drink and

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

dance with the fecund joys of everlasting youth—forgetful of the careworn, corrupt world around, moth-eaten at the heart and leprosied at the feet.

### (3)

I love the field-fed dew and the salt-laden breeze blowing the message of unpolluted space—all one stretch of blue water to the East.

Far away from the dust of modern towns and their soiled ways, on the sandy dune, Zephyr plays on the lute of my life. Pain and pleasure mingle together in one cosmic note, begin and end in one simple song—the music and the rhythm of life.

### (4)

Silence is to me the message of the stars and of the universe. The epic

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

and the lyric, the tragic and the comic, the sweets and the bitters all flow together in silence. It is the soul of creation even as the mid-ocean, deep and peaceful, is the real sea and not the noisy breakers on the shore.

## X

### (1)

MAN is the noblest work of God. He is the cream of cosmic life. He is the only well-shaped, well-baked earthenware of the Potter's wheel. He alone has triumphed in the struggle and sweat of this world. His is the grandest career on earth. Will he lose it all—for a piece of scrap iron or a disc of gold.

### (2)

Therefore, wake up, man! Cross no more to spin the cob-web of your complex modern industrial life. Strangle not your soul by the thread of

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your own mouth. Surrender not your primacy hoisted with your own gifts.

(3)

Life is nothing but for its difficulties. The triumph of the sea-girt land-dwellers is the triumph of navigation. Often on the frailest bark, with neither chart nor compass, but the faith and courage of a high purpose, man has reached the farthest shores. Will he not once again?

## XI

### (1)

GENTLY blows the ocean breeze. The stars above shine with silent glowing eyes. Peace sits even on the crest of the riding waves. The Kaveri steals alone, eddy-eyed, thrilling with the joy of the approaching sea. Creation seems thoughtful for a change, and pauses for a moment in tranquil ease.

For, ere long the monsoon clouds will break over hill and dale, over earth and water and everywhere, in one soul-rending, soul-renewing shower.

### (2)

East and West are in the pangs of another birth. Now the gentle south wind blows with the scent of

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forest perfumes awakening in me thoughts of a newer life of uncorrupted pleasures. The dry west wind tells me of the roaring life of sweat and nothingness beyond on the vast Atlantic shores. The cold North wind brings me from Himalayan heights a simple pastoral tale of lofty peaks and river valleys, of snow clefts and rushing streams. The fresh East wind whispers to me the exiled message of the spirit eternal and the ever-ascending spiral soul of man.

(3)

Is this not a tale of Renaissance?  
Is this not the time for a new religion, a world religion for all men?  
Does not something new wait for mankind or mankind wait for something new?

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

The murmur of awakened life is everywhere. A world change is coming over the race of men. The warp of the East and the woof of the West shall make the fabric of future life. Let the wise listen and lead.



## XII

BUT what do I care for the freshening Renaissance wind or the wave? I am a grown-up child and am happy alone on the sandy dune. I watch for ever the rolling river. I delight to throw pebbles into its gurgling eddies day by day, sometimes keeping count and sometimes not. The sands will never sink in the hour glass of my youth. For have I thrown into the river all the pebbles on my hand or into the sea all the pebbles on the sand?

## XIII

### (1)

O! FOR the happy days of my childhood. Thirty years ago I was born in a little village, all my own. I grew rampant day by day, like the sleek dew-fed grass. I gathered round me and led a group of boys and girls, rich and poor, high and low, handsome and ugly, brave and timid. I gave them orders to march, and waged a living war against the insect world.

### (2)

I ran along the running river. I conquered its flowing water with mud

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and twigs. Then I set free the liquid prisoner who escaped with gurgling joy.

I captured the butterflies and broke for ever the wings which eluded me so far. I forgot the thorns. I ran in haste. I cared not for food but strolled up and down like a little angel gone astray on earth.

(3)

All these vexed my mother. And my mother's anger I appeased with the open, childlike laugh. My father's love made me a naughty lad. For I was the only boy in a nest of girls. My grandmother's indulgence made me a tyrant at home over pretty little girls whom I pinched for sheer joy. And when they cried, I stroked their

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eyelids and kissed their eyes with a tender pang.

(4)

I played with the calves, and built castles on the sand. I ran with the running cart till I tripped and fell and cried. I fed the village puppies with food pilfered from the kitchen with secret, silent steps and crushed their ears till they pealed out their grateful cries to me. O! God! as a pet child I forgot myself.

## XIV

### (1)

AND what a childhood frosted in the bud! and with it the manhood that would grow as lovely as the flower from the bud! The prison walls did indeed close upon me for ever when I was put to school.

The parrot that lived in the green of cocoanut leaves and roamed in the sky blithe and free as the wind was one day made a captive to adorn a cage and tell a tale.

### (2)

Fifteen years I withered and waned in school and college cells, bearing

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the smell of lime and mortar and of fleshy boys. The pedantry of professors killed my soul and the pile of prescribed books crushed my manhood.

I longed in vain for the open air, the rippling tanks and the village games, the shrub flowers and fruits and singing birds. But I could not break away from the tether of stone cells and wooden benches.

Then I changed the cage of the school for the less spacious cage of the world.

(3)

When I think of all these things and life's sorry tale on earth, I think—its fecundity a sin and a waste.

I scatter in haste and anger the sands around and throw but more

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vehemently the pebbles into the sacred Kaveri which, eddy-faced, seems to smile at me. Then I too wish to join once for all the rolling sea.

So I dream and pass into a mood of *Thapas* on the sandy dune and think still more of man's eternal problems. I dig the sands around with my little fingers for the roots of unhappiness even into the bowels of the earth.

## XV

### (1)

O! WEST in whom has vested the leadership of a thousand years! What have you done for us? Taught us how to send factory smoke to eagle heights to cloud the fair face of the sun and the sky! Laid for us a thousand miles of railways and thousands more of Marconi's sky-sweeping, God-annoying poles to flash the message of our woe to our Father in Heaven.

### (2)

Materialism has blasted the soul of the white race. Industrialism has choked the breath of Europe and America.



## ON THE SAND-DUNE

The shadow of the factory smoke, has lengthened over the fair face of the whole world, over East and West, North and South, over river valleys and virgin forests, over ancient villages and paddy fields. The tallest and the fairest everywhere look in vain for the sunlight from the sun.

(3)

Vehicular motion annoys me and the petrol-fed rush of life everywhere. It has crippled the speed and the career of man on this little planet. O! for the glory of motion in simple strides!

God made the meandering foot-line across the meadow leading down to the river. And man made the metalled roads which always lead nowhere, shaded though they be with big avenue trees.

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

(4)

O! Industrialism! what a lifeless throb is yours. The pulse that is meant to feed the heart, lets out the blood. You have set man on the treadmill and he goes round and round, footsore and palsied. What a waste of God-given energy!

That man, the giant of evolution, should become the slave of the very slave he himself has forged! The spectre whom you raised to work for you has become your master. Why? The Nemesis of your own strength!

## XVI

### (1)

WHAT is wrong with the world? The din and the roar, the rattling throng and the sweating crowd, the few rich and the many poor, and the bank account which makes barren metal breed—for the unearned increment of pleasure, sloth and waste of the few.

### (2)

Cursed Man! Even when you forged the sword you did not fetter your soul. I did not rate you low. For there is a nobleness in fight which even a lonely and peaceful mind like

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mine enjoys. You really fell from Eden only when you learnt to mint your soul into silver and sold your brains for coins that you may transmit them to your sons.

(3)

One man's labour is meant for all.  
One man's brain is the asset of all.  
One man's genius is the treasure of all, like the sunlight from the sun or the descending rains from the Heavens.

(4)

Then wherefore, Man, seek you to turn to selfish use nature's seasonal produce, meant for all. Hundreds knock at the door, skeletons by day and ghosts by night, for daily bread which you have taken away from their mouths.

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

In the name of civilisation, man has denied to man his god-allotted right to share commonly in the riches of Mother Nature.

(5)

Creation wisely made everything perishable. The corn that grows in the field, the fruits that ripen in the orchard, the bananas which my garden brings forth in bunches, do last but the season by God's behest, so that no man may ever 'corner' the food products of the world. Nature never meant its perishable produce to be preserved in the cold storage of coins and passed on to sons and grandsons.

## XVII

(1)

O, THAT man had never learned to market his goods for copper or gold!

O, that man had never learned the soul-blasting science of Economics.

O, that man had never learned to rip open the bowels of the earth for the precious ore.

(2)

In the name of Society, its heroes, prophets and priests have wrought this change from free man to slave nothing. Man has learnt to govern man as beasts never do or can. Why? That he may rob the bread of his

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living brother and preserve it for his children that may never be born?

(3)

O State and Society! when will you cease to govern, that you may at least begin to think of the teeming and hungry millions of the world, who are eager to work for their daily bread as God has ordained for man alone in this cursed planet, but know not how or why?

(4)

O Providence! why is this curse of labour for food on man alone of God-created beings?

Do giant trees and long-winding creepers labour for food? Or the most fragrant flower sweat for its perfume?

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Do the beasts in the forests who roam  
at pleasure toil for their prey? Do not  
birds get their food even while they  
sing?

Then why should man alone on earth  
toil for food?

I shall never. Rather starve and die  
on my sandy dune alone than ever  
take in a morsel of sweated food.

(5)

Alas for Democracy and Civilisation!  
what a fine name to cover a  
crowd of sins which neither poets nor  
saints can wash off with their tears!

Only when man ceases to govern  
man, will he set free the flowing rill  
of life, pure and clear.

O! State and Society! Had I the  
magic wand to dissolve you like the  
cloud before the west wind!



## XVIII

(1)

BUT what do I care for State and Society? I love my lonely place on the sandy dune, and am content to pine for things which will never be mine.

What do I care for the present or the future of man? Do I buy or sell in his market place?

Let him lapse by sin and neglect into the monkey from which he rose—well has he chosen his line of ancestors out of the many noble lines of beasts—he will only chatter the better.

Or evolve into the Superman of Nietzsche and make the name of the present man, a thing of shame. Nothing will gladden my heart more.

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

(2)

By temperament, I have no interest in politics or the ways of government. Politics which makes the rich richer, the poor poorer, digs the very roots of life which it pretends to water. The council chamber and the statute book are but the clever fetters of the few to chain the many.

## XIX

(1)

STILL, even my reveries on the sandy dune cannot help the politics and the sadness of my race.

Is there no future for man—a future worth the long labour and the long struggle of evolution?

Is he to be enmeshed in his own complexity?

Or is he getting complex only to be more complete?

Has the West for the East no message or the East for the West none?

(2)

The West throbs with the pulse of machine lore and the sleepless work

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of a thousand years. It has fought for and acquired the freedom of man only to become the slave in turn of the machine and the machine-owner.

(3)

But is all Europe's work a waste? Has not even the machine a message to give? It has. O! East! Listen to it.

When you went to sleep, the West has spun with infinite pains, a newer thread, a costly thread of lace for the cosmic web of life—the thread of Science, the thread of busy life, and accurate knowledge. Even this is necessary for the Superman of Simple Life.

Bind the new thread on to the true and ancient cord. O! West, you have learnt the secret of strenuous

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work. Use it not to belch out smoke or sulphur to lofty heights and pollute pure space. But use it to dethrone your slave-master, the machine, and assert once again the freedom of the soul from the iron-trap.

O! East and West! Surpass yourselves. Combine the simplicity of the one with the strenuousness of the other. The realism of Europe with the idealism of Asia. O! West, do away with your soul-killing Industrialism and town life and retreat into your village nest so that you may chant for ever the *Gayatri*.

## XX

### (1)

THE problem of the world is the problem of the poor and the hungry. Every one, be he the veriest Pariah, by the sovereign right of birth, shall ask for his place in the sun and get it from 'vested interests and oil kings,' from 'chamber of commerce and steel trusts,' from 'crowned heads and parliaments,' from 'maharajahs and merchants,' from 'democracy and civilisation' and all such cankers of modern state and society.

### (2)

The new religion shall be the one which teaches man to break away from the

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

silken bonds of pleasure and roll back  
and onward to a life of utter simpli-  
city and *Thapas* where all are free  
and none is governed and where each  
gets his wants, his hunger appeased  
with the honey from the honey comb  
and his thirst slaked at a common  
rill. Let man turn his eye for ever  
from statute books and factory smoke.

## XXI

(1)

O MAN! This shall be thy new religion. Command the simplicity of Christ, the compassion of Buddha, the strenuousness of Mahomed and the comprehensive intellect of Sankara—and speed on thy career to the Superman in the race of evolution.

(2)

Nourish thy soul upon the broadest gifts of nature, the open air and the blue sky, the green meadow and the smiling fields, the silent stars and the silver moon, mountain glades and water-falls, and everything in nature



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that pleases the eye and charms the heart. This shall be thy round of pilgrimage.

(3)

O Man! toil not; sweat not for sons and grandsons. Till your one acre of land with pleasure, tend your cow, and spin and weave your cloth and toil no more. Under the noble and peaceful shade of a *Vata Vriksha* with father, mother and wife lead a life of utter simplicity and contemplation.

Build no more in brick and mortar. Dig no more into the bowels of the earth for silver or gold. Hoard no more surplus food. Nor mint your soul into copper that you may pass it on to sons unborn.

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(4)

O Man! Indeed you are a thing of shame. Surpass yourself. Mould the Superman from the rags of modern life. Graft the real rose upon the thorns' and leaves of the wild.

## XXII

(1)

O MAN! Go back to the vernal wood, to your village retreat, to forest depths and mountain clefts. See how you thrive there in Peace and Thought. In solitude, in communion with Nature, under the Bo-tree, learn the compassion of Buddha for the toiling man.

(2)

Let the true rose spring wild. In the vastness of space, by the side of rushing streams, and in river valleys; under the canopy of Heaven and in the shade of stars; let your children grow, pure and fair like the lotus flower.

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On the fresh face of its palmy  
petal, let the Superman born of East  
and West, dance and glow in the  
morning sun like a drop of pearl.  
May Peace descend on earth like the  
soft dew overnight.

## XXIII

(1)

I AM tired by this reverie song.  
My vision-love is far, far, indeed,  
very far away from me.

Let me spend out this night, alone  
on the sandy dune pining for things  
which will never be mine. This  
sandy dune is paradise enough for  
me. The lonely pleasures of the star-  
lit night fill my mind with the rarest  
thoughts and the grandest. They are  
dreamy hours of soulful joy.

The rolling Kaveri, eddy-throated,  
seems to heave an accent of pity for  
me—the lonely me. Roll on gladly, thou  
celestial water, for thou art joining

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

the sea—and my vision-love is far,  
far, very far away from me.

(2)

Let me, like the lonely stars, never  
share my life with any.

Let me, like the summer rains on  
the sunny wild, gleam for ever with  
joy, fruitless and alone.

Let me murmur to myself, like the  
chanting waves, alone, my secret mes-  
sage of Peace.

Let the winds, like the bees, carry to  
the haunts of men, my humming words.

I am content to float down the river  
of life a lonely twig, dancing lightly  
and merrily, like the foam on the Kaveri  
on the eighteenth of *Adi*.

(3)

I am tired of this reverie-song and  
this world. I am happy to be alone

## ON THE SAND-DUNE

on the sandy dune pining for things  
which will never be mine—whistling  
a note to the winds that play with  
me, singing a song to the birds that  
sing with me, chanting a mystic tune  
to the stars that seem to pray silently  
for a cradle-song from me.

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