India has preserved from the past a vast literature of classical Sanskrit poetry. While this fact has been long known in the West, most of the few Westerners who have studied Sanskrit have set the classical literature to one side, concentrating their attention on India’s older or less literary texts. The notable accomplishments of our professional Sanskritists have been in Vedā studies, in history, in linguistics, in the comparative study of religions. And so it comes about that our translations of classical Sanskrit poetry into English for the most part have been made by English-speakers who were strangers to poetry or by Indians who were strangers to English. From them one may see that Sanskrit poets were interested in sex, mythology, and puzzles, but one will scarcely guess that they possessed a true sense of poetry. The classical literature of India has remained to the English reader like Sleeping Beauty of the fairy tale, hidden behind a hedge of thorns.

This sleeping princess can be waked only by letting her speak. If we lend her English words that are truly consistent with her intentions they should please the reader. If they displease or bore him no amount of historical or critical comment will save the day. Being aware of this, I would have the translations which follow stand on what merit they possess without further comment. It is only for the reader who may come to like them that I add here some words of introduction. Sanskrit poetry differs from English poetry in techniques and purpose and to the attitude which its authors take to beauty and to life. Some readers may wish to know why this is so. Again, Vidyākara’s collection, from which I have here translated, is a special collection which should be distinguished from Sanskrit poetry as a whole. Finally, while the reader should make his own judgment of this poetry, it can do no harm to warn him against some false judgments that have been made in the past. These three considerations have given rise to the three parts of the introduction.
General Introduction

1. Sanskrit Poetry and Sanskrit Poetics

The word Sanskrit, originally meant 'refined' or 'perfected.' The Sanskrit language, to use the term precisely, that language which was refined or regularized, the spoken language of North India of about 500 B.C., by the great grammarians, especially by Panini (fourth century B.C.), and by Patañjali (second century B.C.). Westerners sometimes give this language the name of Classical Sanskrit, a term which is really redundant, to distinguish it on the one hand from older (Vedic and Epic) and on the other hand from more popular and less regularized varieties of the same tongue. Sanskrit proper or Classical Sanskrit was firmly established by Patañjali's time, nor has its grammar been changed by any latinate since then; only in vocabulary and style did Sanskrit continue to grow with the passing of the centuries. It is in this language of rigid grammar but flexible style that are written much of the texts preserved to us from ancient and medieval India. Since Sanskrit contains to be written, although in decreasing volume, its literary tradition may be said to extend for two and a half thousand years. Within this span the great period of Sanskrit poetry falls from about A.D. 200 to 900.

In speaking here of "poetry" I shall refer to what the Oriental call kāvya. There is much verse that is not poetry in this sense. Much Sanskrit verse is didactic, dealing with ritual and philosophy and even with such subjects as astronomy and medicine. Much is narrative and only a small portion of this narrative verse is kāvya. When it is the plot of the narrative that holds our interest and furnishes our delight rather than a mood or suggestion induced by poetic means, we are not dealing with kāvya.

However one defines poetry, its bones are the words of which it is composed. The sort of poetry that a poet writes cannot fail to be influenced by the sort of language he speaks. Now Sanskrit as a language has many peculiar traits and several unique ones. The influence of each of these can be observed in Sanskrit poetry.

To begin with, Sanskrit is an inflected language, more elaborately inflected than Latin or Greek. For example, it has eight cases of noun inflection, and both substantives and verbs are inflected differently not only for singular and plural but for dual. One effect which this inflection has on poetry is that it makes possible infinite variations of word order.

The king with arm thrashing approached sakuntala.

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In English we cannot put the heroine first in the sentence, "Sakuntala with arm thrashing approached the king."—the meaning has changed. In Sanskrit any word of this sentence may stand first. The final "m" of the accusative marks the heroine's relation to the hero wherever we put her name.

Again, in English we must reserve space in our verses for many functional words that are uncounted and unessential: "the," "an," "with," "at."—words whose meanings in Sanskrit are indicated, if they are indicated at all, by a change in the inflectional vowel or syllable.

The tightness of construction which proceeds from the inflected nature of Sanskrit may be increased rather than lessened by the compounding of words. Sanskrit has this ability to a quite unnatural degree. We are aware of the trait in German and easy to some extent in English, where it usually produces a homonym or barbarous effect. But within a natural spoken language such compounding is fairly limited. In Sanskrit written according to the laws of the grammarians there is scarcely any limit set to the process. Frequently in Sanskrit compounding is employed to avoid clause construction. The sentence then becomes monolithic. Take, for example, the following sentence:

Although she was embraced by the eldest prince of the king, still out of curiosity it was slowly that she walked away from him, looking backward as she walked.

Sanskrit, if it finds useful to do so, may put this sentence into three words. The first word will be in the generic feminine: "of the same-sex king's glance-embraced one." The second word may run as follows: "curiously-born backward glance acompanied-walking away." The last word will be simply "away." The copula may be omitted.

It may be well before going further to give some examples of how such linguistic traits can be used to effect in Sanskrit poetry.

I shall give a literal translation of three verses of Kballa in order to show the construction of the originals. All three verses are from the eighth sātra of the Bhārata of the Prince, the canto which describes the pleasures of the God Siva with his bride Uma, the beautiful mother-goddess, the daughter of the Harihara mountains. In the first verse the divine husband is describing the descent to his new bride:

The sun, lie bones with bent erks, with plumes sliding on their oaks, goes Jupiter, your shining high upon their stumps, setting the day to rest in oceans. (Kambalamidhāra 8.42)
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Here the sun is imagined driving his car down into the ocean. The verse is built up by miniature brush strokes: the horses bending their necks as they plod along facing forward, and the yoke riding high from the deep descent. The miniature strokes are built like gems into a neat grammatical frame: "The sun...goes home...setting the day to rest in ocean." The neatness is increased by the formality of the metrical scheme and by the vowel harmony. This last is an optional ornamental, but it is here used so effectively that I might quote the original. Each line ends with a high dipthong until the last, where the sun sinks in the ocean with a deep "au":

So 'yam aṣṭaṅgaṁ śāhāṁ brāhmaṇaṁ karnas-catur-dravatāṁ vṛttas-vatāṁ ānūmāṇyam aṣṭam efi yuga-lakṣaṇaṁ-śrūṣṭiṁ rudhrēhyā dharmas evaṁ bhūtyāṁ.

In the second verse which I have chosen, the divine couple are looking at a lily pond surrounded by trees when the moon breaks through the clouds and Śiva says:

You could pick up the drops of moonlight shaken off by the leaves and scattered like flowers on the ground beneath the branches, and drench your hair with them. (Kumaraśambhua 8.72)

Here again is a miniature in motion. As the leaves shake, the drops of moonlight fall through them onto the ground where they shine like small flowers. The syllables of the poetry imitate the gentle fall of the moon drops: "pāta-pāta-paśūtām." Here again the whole verse is syntactically bound together. I can show this only by a second translation, so literal that it is almost unintelligible:

It is possible, if by your fingers plucked, with those soft under the branches fallen-from, these last shown moonbeam drop, to drench your hair.

The impersonal verb with which the verse begins heralds completion, by the infinitive and object which come only at the end. The form is like a well-cast diamond. Not a single word can be omitted from the verse without rendering the whole unintelligible. (see more example: Śiva and Umā are playing by a pool:

A gentle fruit lover they were and shut her eyes as the water he splashed; Umā dived into the waves, displacing the minnows with her golden girdle.

(Kumaraśambhua 8.26)

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Here a harmony of visual imagery accompanies the harmony of metrical form. The verse begins with gold, the golden flower, and ends with gold, the golden girdle. Between these lines of water is splashed at the riding high from the deep descent. The miniature strokes are built like gems into a neat grammatical frame: "The sun...goes home...setting the day to rest in ocean." The neatness is increased by the formality of the metrical scheme and by the vowel harmony. This last is an optional ornamental, but it is here used so effectively that I might quote the original. Each line ends with a high dipthong until the last, where the sun sinks in the ocean with a deep "au":

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physicians, or the astrologers would be learn Sanskrit. The women of his family, although they might understand some sanskrit, could seldom speak of read it, at least in North India. Sanskrit forms a partial exception to this statement and the use of Sanskrit in post-classical times by ladies of the nobility, had an interesting effect on the literature of that period. But I must hold to the main points and overlook exceptions. As a general rule, Sanskrit was not a language of the family. It furnished no subconcealed symbols for the emotions which we receive in childhood nor for the emotions which form our character in early adolescence. Sanskrit was therefore divorced from the poetry of where I would call the natural language derives much of its strength.

One effect of this artificiality on Sanskrit literature is clear and relatively simple to describe. Sanskrit not only has an enormous vocabulary; it has also a larger choice of synonyms than any other language I know. In a natural language there are probably no synonyms. Of course, one can go to a thesaurus and find what are called synonyms. For the English word house one may find dwell, residence, tenement, abode, and so on. But these are not true synonyms, as one can see the moment one tries to interchange them. One cannot say of the Vanderbilts that they lived in a large tenement in Newport, Rhode Island. Each word in English has connotations that it cannot shed and that permit it to be used only in an appropriate social and emotional setting. There is even a genre of English humor, perhaps best exemplified by S. J. Perelman, which gains its effect by eavesdropping words into a setting which cries out, so to speak, against their connotations. This form of humor was never developed beyond a rudimentary stage in Sanskrit, for while Sanskrit distinguishes, it is true.

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between poetical words and matter-of-fact words; it achieves within, each of these categories an extraordinary degree of synonymity. The poetical words for house in Sanskrit—Sanskrit has far more words for this object than English—differ chordly in sound and synonymity. They are not bound to a particular social or emotional situations. Thus, nivasan is literally the place where one enters, salman the place where one sits down, sukhavati the place where one dwells, sukhavati the place where one delights or comes to rest. These words are far more interchangeable than the English ones. Xilaga will do for the dwelling of a king or a farmer or a crow. The coreness of the language has divorced its words from the emotional response of everyday life.

As a result, Sanskrit is lacking in what is perhaps the chief force of English poetry: its kinestheic effect. What I mean can be shown by an old ballad:

Xartungsund, who, will thou blow and shake the green leaves off the tree...

One can feel the leaves shaking, and one shivers in the next stanza to the "frost that freezes fell" and "blowing snows of indelicacy.

One can find verses that produce this muscular effect in Bengali, and although I cannot speak at first hand of other modern Indian literatures, I imagine that one can find the effect in them as well. It is only rarely that one finds it in Sanskrit.

The powers of Sanskrit are of a different order.

There exist handbooks of a fairly late date (dating Sanskrit synonyms)

that Sanskrit is so vast a literature that one can make statements concerning it that are without exception. It should be clear from what I record that I do not mean any remark to apply to the epic, which is older than Sanskrit proper. But even within Sanskrit proper there is a school of what I have called the poetry of village and field (see note 6) which is comparable in several respects to the poetry of the natural languages. And there are verses by the southern poetess Vidyā and Śubhābhadra, like the latter's famous Vīpāh khejukāli (615), which form exceptions to the general rule.
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in metrical patterns. Presumably there were older books of this sort which are now lost. Thus for the word 'king' we find:

| Two short syllables | Sthpa |
| Three short syllables | Nupati |
| Tre chhree | Blabbhrt |
| Spocalo | Sakti |
| Durythl | Parthiva |

and so on. For common words like 'king' or 'rain-cloud' or 'mistress' two or three hundred synonyms will be listed, and these are all interchangeable. That I may not oversimplify, for the synonym can be increased by permutation. For example, 'earth-ruled' and 'word-protector' may be used for the word 'king.' There may be seven or eight basic words for 'earth' and ten or fifteen for 'protector,' 'ruled,' 'master,' and so on. This already gives seventy or one hundred twenty synonyms. But one can go on—'fire-queller,' 'white-posed-passer,' and so on, beyond one's ability to count.

Just as is the case with a number of synonyms for almost any word the poet may wish to use, so also there exist synonymous constructions. On examinations for elementary Sanskrit I used to ask students to express in Sanskrit the sentence "You must fetch the horse" in ten different ways. Actually, one can do it in fifteen ways or so by using active or passive constructions, imperative or optative, an auxiliary verb, or any of the twenty gerundive forms, each of which, by the way, gives a different metrical pattern. What I would emphasize is that while these constructions differ formally, emotionally they are identical and completely interchangeable. In a natural language that would be quite impossible.

Accordingly, Sanskrit verse from the earliest times was able to accept a set of very rigid and complicated forms. Each stanza must be only four times long and must fall into one or another of about fifty recognized metrical patterns. These patterns are of great complexity, in most of them each syllable is regulated in length and sound patterns require as many as twenty-three syllables in a line. Many verses also employ elaborate schemes of alliteration and syllable repetition. Such patterns are practicable only by means of the enormous vocabulary of synonyms and choice of constructions which Sanskrit affords. In view of these aids I have never been daunted by Sanskrit metrical ingenuity although I admit that I find it delightful. I am happy to find that the best Indian critics are of the same view. Skill in meter and alliteration they regard as a virtue (geist) in poetry, as the skillful use of figures of speech is considered an ornament (alamkara). But neither of these is the soul of poetry.

In the analysis of poetic figures of speech (alamkaras) the Sanskrit critics surpass the Greeks and Romans. They surpass them not only in subtlety but also, as it seems to me, in understanding, for the Sanskrit analysis is based directly on poetry whereas the Greco-Roman analysis was based in the first instance on rhetoric. Our Western rhetoric centers its attention on the structure of presentation: on word order, connection of parts, emphasis, and emotional effect. The science of alamkaras is concerned rather with image-building, with shades of similarity, and with the techniques of overtone or suggestion. Rather than attempt a catalogue of the hundred or so types of Sanskrit 4 I shall better serve any purpose if I furnish two or three examples to show the manner in which the Sanskrit critic goes about his work.

Like our classical critics the Indians distinguish simile from metaphor. "Her face was like the moon" is simile, or "She turned toward me her bright moon face" is metaphor. But how about this:

As I came, she presented me to the lady with a smile. In the gambling match we then played, the stake was a close embrace.

This, we are told, is neither simile nor metaphor. It is parirddna, one might translate "evolution." In metaphor the poetic comparison (the moon in the phrase "her bright moon face") is static; it undergoes no development or evolution. In parirddna the case is different. In the verse above, the girl's smile is identified with a welcoming presence; it then evolves by being actually presented. The embrace of the lovers is then identified with the stake of a gambling match; it evolves by their gambling for it and by the lover's winning it.

4 In the introductions to the separate sections of the anthology I have given explanations of a few of the common tropes. The reader who wishes to study the subject systematically may consult the works of J. Neuner and V. V. Kanit listed in the References.

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Or consider another distinction which is made. On the one hand we may have a figure of speech which gives rise to a suggestion, as in the following verse from Mágha:

Vál, his presence must, glowed like a lion at Véndádá who set upon him like an elephant.¹

The figure of speech is the double simile: Vál courageously as a lion and Véndádá mad as an elephant. The suggestion is something else, something which derives from these similes. The suggestion is that Vál will shortly kill Véndádá, for when lions fight elephants, it is the elephants who get killed.

On the other hand, a suggestion may give rise to a trope, as in the following from Kálídásá:

In the southland the glory even of the sun gaves dim. In that very land the Páôlyád could not bear the glory of Raina.²

When the sun travels south in the winter, its brightness and heat seem to decrease. But the military power of King Ráha in his southern campaign against the Páôlyád remained bright. No figure of speech is actually used, but the contiguity of the two ideas produces a suggestion which gives rise to the trope of hyperbole in one’s mind.

It would be possible to give many beautiful examples of the subtle use of figural speech in Sanskrit poetry. But I wish instead to give a rather frigid one. I do this partly because the example affords a convenient comparison with a bit of English verse, but more because I wish to finish with what might be called the limitations of Sanskrit poetry before proceeding to an account of its capabilities. The verse is number 277 of our anthology. It is by Yogásvámin, an excellent poet who is capable of better things. In it he uses a strikingly delicate metaphor:

Not the great cloud on the sky, deranging his lightning tongue, licks the meekly moonlight from the wash of the sky.

The effect here is gained by intellectual, entirely rational means. The metaphor is complete in every detail: eat, tongue, cream, sunshine, cloud, moonlight, lightning, and sky. It is almost like an example.

¹ Páêmáhánma 19.2. This verse, together with the Ratayásamai verse which follows, is quoted in illustration of the aforementioned distinction by Visvántaka, Ratayásamai pán 4.9.

² Ratayásamai 4.8.

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rise from a manual of logic under the chapter “Anthology.” Compare the verse with a well-known passage of T. S. Eliot, which uses several similar clues, but uses them very differently:

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-pane. The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-pane, Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening. Lingered upon the pools that stand in the shadow of the evenings.⁴

This from one who is often called an intellectual poet. And yet Eliot, gets his effect in every line from the irrational, the strong but imprecise memory we have of fog and cats, the childhood associations of certain words, and dreams. Consider the line: “Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening.” It brings to sudden flower certain homely and completely natural phrases: “licks his tongue around the bowl,” or “licks his tongue into the corner of the dish.” The idiom is suddenly transfigured by bringing it into juxtaposition with the last three words, “of the evening.” This transfiguration of language becomes impossible without a natural-language basis.

I think one will find the verse of Yogásvaras cold and stiff when placed beside Eliot’s. And if so, I have completed what an Indian critic would call my puraprapaksa, the preliminary argument against my own view. It now remains for me to show that Sanskrit verse despite this limitation, or perhaps because of it, contains great beauty of its own.

Let me begin with what is relatively easy, with what I might call the mood pieces, using this word “mood” to translate the Sanskrit rashis. The Indian critics are divided as to whether mood or suggestion is the soul of poetry. I shall come to suggestion later, for it is more difficult to explain. Mood, while the Indians analyze it more elaborately than we do—they speak of nine basic moods, which in turn have infinite ramifications—is still nothing foreign to our own poetry. I shall give first two verses ascribed to Bhrápahrshi, who I have put into rhyme. They are simple enough to need no comment. The first is in the erotic mood, and although I like it I will not claim much more than elegance for it:

Now come the hours of g pollut things. "The girl close by, now, lazy from the sport. The wrangling of the kill birds. And all about the newly blossomed court.

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At night the moon gives cool resort
To conversation with a few good wits.
While some choose garlands now that Spring permits
A choice from scent and flower of every sort.\textsuperscript{11}
The second is in the mood of peace, and the original, at least, is truly
great:
My father wind and you my mother earth,
Fine, pleasant water, my next relation.
And you my brother sky; in this last breath
Of normal life I send you salutation.
From living eyes with you comes this birth
Of uncontaminated wisdom with increase
Of goodness that all darkness and all folly cease.
As now I live in heaps in my death.

Bharthari tends to be frivolous in his love poetry, but this is not
true of all Sanskrit writers on that favorite subject. I shall quote two
more verses in the erotic mood, which require some explaining. The
first belongs to the variety of the mood known as love-in-separation,
and the similitude of the moon (adhipana-ekhāndha), to translate
another technical term, are the phenomena of the monsoon storms.
As the monsoon gathered it was usual for civil and military officials
to return to their residences at court. Travel and warfare were impossible
during the rains and these three months were given over to family
reunions and public festivals. The sight of gathering clouds immedi-
ately suggests to the Sanskrit poet these days of sexual satisfaction
and domestic happiness. And if a wanderer is left in a foreign land or
a captain delayed on the frontier at this season, his case strikes the
poet as doubly sad. There are thousands of verses playing on these
associations. Yogdvirā in verse 220 of our anthology writes as
follows:
After the rain a gentle breeze springs up
while the sky is overlaid with clouds;
one sees the heavens suddenly in a flash of lightning;
moon and stars and planets are asleep.

\textsuperscript{11} This and the translation which follows were first printed in my review of
D. D. Kosambi, The Epigrams Attributed to Bharthari, in Harvard Journal of
Asian Studies, 10 (1950), 257-258. The originals are numbered 188 and 201
respectively in Kosambi's text, a numeration which shows that the aspiration
of the first verse is certain, of the second verse doubtful.

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a heavy scent is borne from kalpavana wet with rain
and the sound of frogs spreads out in utter darkness.
How can the lonely lover spend these nights?
My next selection, number 466 of our anthology, is an example of a
turnabout verse, that is, a verse where the conclusion comes as a sur-
prise. One may remark of poetry in all languages that the turnabout
can be achieved only in verses of strictly conventional form, for it is
only such verses that so fix our expectation that it may be shocked by
a departure from the expected. The best examples that I recall in
Western poetry are from Byron and Heine, both very strict poets in
to regard to the formality of verse. Sanskrit, with its rigidity of form and
convention is peculiarly adapted to the turnabout. It seeks, for
reasons which I hope to make clear, for pure effects by this means;
the effect should be either tragic or comic, but not both.\textsuperscript{15}
The verse which I choose is by a woman, Bhikvaladevi, and has
won its way into most Sanskrit anthologies. It begins in accordance
with the convention which calls for the erotic mood to be revealed by
successive aspects of love-in-enjoyment (naṃbhoja-āgrāgra) and love-
in-separation (niraśada-āgrāgra). A perfect love, once united, is con-
tinued by two lovers though apart. But the poetess follows this by
what is unexpected and because it is unexpected the bitterness of the
sudden turn is impressive. The lovers marry:
At first our bodies knew a perfect oneness;
but then grew two:
The lover, you,
and I, unhappy I, the loved.
Now you are husband, I the wife.
What else should come of this my life,
a tree too hard to break,
if not such bitter fruit?
The critics spent much effort in analyzing what I have called mood.
The theory was applied originally to the theater and came only later
\textsuperscript{15} For Sanskrit turnabouts with tragic or bitter effect, beside the example given
in the text above, see verses 1405, 1441, 1615 of the anthology. Of the comic
turnabout one type became conventionalized as the trope schambhi; see infra. to
Section 27. The occurrence of the two types, which Sanskrit convention prohibits,
is characteristic of the Western poet Heine; of his "Ein guther" and the
"Himmel." in Byron's turnabouts the immediate effect: this is no place to discuss
his final aim—is regularly comic; cf. the delightful verses of Don Juan 1, 128-129.
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to be applied to all forms of literature. It begins by classifying the human emotions (bhutas) into eight, or according to some critics nine, basic or stable (sthānāya) types: sexual excitement, laughter, grief, anger, energy, fear, longing, and wonder, to which some add, as ninth, peace. These emotions are stable only in relation to some thirty-three transitory experiences, such as embarrassment, reminiscences, worry, and so forth. The effort of the dramatist or poet is to transmit a sort of deccotion of these stable emotions to his audience. He does so by employing certain means: the characters of his play or poem, the stimuli, such as rain clouds or sandalwood or bees when the mood is erotic, victories and triumphs when the mood is heroic, and so on. The deccotion which the audience receives is what I have called mood. A more literal translation of the Sanskrit rasa would be flavor or taste. The mood bears the same correspondence, with some small but interesting differences, to the names of the basic emotions from which they are derived. They are the erotic, the comic, the compassionate, the cruel, the heroic, the terrifying, the heroic (or lust- some), the marvelous, and the peaceful. The mood is not the original emotion itself or we should not enjoy hearing sad poetry like the Hanusuma. Emotion (bhuta) and mood (rasa) differ in several respects. An emotion is seldom pure or sustained and the emotions which con- tainuate it, since they depend on circumstances beyond our control, are seldom aesthetically harmonious. Our bursts of energy are mixed with anger and fear; our sexual excitement is interrupted, frustrated, forgotten, and then resumed. A mood, on the other hand, since it is created by an artist, may be purified and sustained and can be combined with other moods in an artistic fashion. Again, the emotion is personal whereas the mood is universal. When Rama loses Sita in real life his emotions is one of personal loss, but when this happens in Vālmiki’s poem or Bhavabhūti’s play, the mood embraces all men and nature as well.

The doctrine of the moods is elaborated by conventions regarding their permissible combinations, by the analysis of each mood in itself, and by teachings concerning the appropriateus to each mood of the various types of dramatis personae, stimulants, and subsidiary emotions.

The erotic mood combines most perfectly with the comic, for there are passages where one may not be able to say which mood predominates. In the combination of the erotic with the compassionate, on the other hand, one mood is always basic and the other secondary. It is expressly forbidden to combine the erotic with the heroic, but this rule has been broken. Bhavabhūti’s Prakāśikāvāhana combines sex and horror in a fashion that was later never imitated, it is true, but neither was it forgotten. A curious convention is that while the erotic may combine on equal terms with the comic and unequal terms with the compassionate, the comic and the compassionate may combine on no terms with each other. Thus, the clown does not appear in the fourth act of the Śākuntala, for grief is a subsidiary emotion under- lying the act. Only rarely, as by Yogīśvarī, is this convention set aside. It explains the seeking for pure effects in the turnabout versus which I discussed above. One may point out incidentally that the combination which Sanskrit so studiously avoids characterizes much of what is best in modern Western literature.

The erotic and the compassionate moods taken by themselves may need some further explanation. The erotic mood has two major aspects: love-in-enjoyment (sambhāra-sīrgha), which portrays love unmixed, and love-is-separation (cīyulanda-sīrgha), which portrays love tinged with grief. The separation of lovers is further analyzed according to the place it occupies in an ideal romance and according to the cause of separation: love after first sight but before full enjoyment, love hindered by parents or frustrated by exile, love narrowed by wounded pride or jealousy. Each of these subtypes has developed its own conventions of portrayal.

A convention that sets Sanskrit at odds with European literature is that within the mood of love jealousy may be expressed by a woman but not by a man. The convention is not a falsification of life but a regulation of sensibility. A man may express jealousy, but by doing so he carves the mood to the comic. Doubtless the reason for this convention is that in a polygamous society the code of love cannot demand a strict fidelity from the lover. His infidelity may cause his mistress or wife to be jealous but does not necessarily lower the
noblity (adharma) of his sentiment. His act of infidelity may have been required by social duty or by common civility. On the other hand, if the mistress were to be faithful to her lover, she would cease to be a noble mistress. The lover in turn would be deserving if he expressed emotional concern over the loss of what has thus already lost its value.

Accordingly, a heroine when wronged has recourse in Sanskrit literature only when, silent and uncomplaining, she seeks to be redeemed by or to be redeemed in kind. Women who distribute their favors are wanted (anandipati), and, though looked on kindly by the poets (see Section 54), are subjects of laughter as much as are jealous husbands. A play or a great kavya in the erotic mood must reveal both major aspects of love. There exist so-called fragmentary kavyas (khandha kavyas) where an intense lyricism concentrates on one aspect and even one subtype of love alone. But such a concentration is essentially impossible in the theater, for the whole moving force of a Sanskrit play is the development of the mood; the action, the plot, serve solely as a vehicle for that development. Clearly a mood cannot be fully developed if a part of it is lacking.

The mood derived from grief may never so dominate a poet or play that the audience is left under its spell at the conclusion. A Sanskrit literary work must always have a happy ending. The explanation which is offered for this limitation runs somewhat as follows. Grief is an emotion which all men seek to avoid. Its derivative will therefore be employed only if some benefit can be derived from so unpromising a source. The Sanskrit poet could see that the derivative of grief was useful for describing the world as it is and also for teaching kindliness.

The latter purpose appears clearly from the name of the derivative, which is often the mood of compassion. But to emphasize the sorrows of noble characters above their joys, so Sanskrit authors supposed, could serve no purpose other than to drive men from the world, an effort appropriate to some forms of religion but not to kavya. Thus they used the compassionate mood, which in some instances we may call tragic, but they wrote no tragedy in a Greek or Elizabethan sense. This is a limitation of Sanskrit literature for which the serious student will seek a deeper cause than is furnished by the answer just given.

One may begin by remarking that Greek and Elizabethan tragedy demand the portrayal of a chain of action, action, and result. The absence of such tragedy, as opposed to the occasional use of the mood of compassion, is characteristic of Sanskrit, not of all literatures of India. The hero Karpa of the Mahabharata is tragic quite in the Western sense, and many of the Rajput ballads are tragedies in the same vein. Thus the hero not only is humbled that India knew no tragedy until the coming of the British. It also follows that the peculiarity of Sanskrit in this respect cannot be wholly ascribed to the doctrine of karma; for that doctrine characterizes the whole of Indian thought. The doctrine of karma holds that men get precisely what they deserve and that if they suffer injustice in this life it is because they acted wrongly in past lives. It may well be that the doctrine has made tragedy a less appealing form of art in India than in Europe, for it stretches out the chain of choice, action, and result over a space of time so vast that the tragic process becomes less manageable. Less manageable, but it has been managed. The anonymous author of the Rajput Jib-droh doubts believed in the governance of karma, but when he sung the death of the warriors of Mahoba he gave his audience tragedy on the grand scale as we have known it in the West. So, the absence of such tragedy in Sanskrit must be ascribed mainly to factors that are peculiar to the Sanskrit tradition and not peculiar to India. One cannot have a tragedy in the Greek or Shakespearean sense without individuals, who are called up-to-date to make choices. Now there are no individuals in Sanskrit literature, there are only types. Types do not create themselves by a process of choice; they are already made; they are eternal.

Why Sanskrit literature should be a literature of types is a question that I shall postpone. For the present I would pursue the nature of tragedy a step further. In the Rāmdgana, which sets the pattern for much in Sanskrit literature, we witness the making of decisions, but there is never any doubt what the decisions will be. Rāma could not disobey his father without coming to be the Rāma he has been from the moment we first see him in childhood. Nor can one imagine a Shāh who would not join Rāma in his banishment. How different are Rāma and Shāh from the characters that set the patterns of European literature? An Antigone only comes to be Antigone by the tragic choice that we see her make. And yet, the predestination of action in the Indian poem does not produce a mechanical effect. The characters have a certain freedom of settlement as opposed to a freedom of action. What they will do is not in doubt, but they may do it with compassion or stoicism, with laughter or eagerness or fear, sentiments which seem to arise from within as much as to be occasioned from without.
As the characters of a Sanskrit poem have a liberty of sentiment in place of a liberty of action, we might speak of Sanskrit literature as having a tragedy of sentiment in place of a tragedy of action. One will find in Visakha a type of verse where on a miniature scale the mood of composition is so intense that we may well call it tragic, specifying that the mood by which the poem, the action, the body of the work is so affected by an intensity, achieved by universalizing a mood rather than by exhibiting an event.

It is not tragedy in the Greek or Elizabethan sense, but tragedy such as Samuel Beckett might achieve. Such are the verses of the present anthology on poverty (see example, 1906, 1907, 1920), on deserted villages (1175), on the hopelessness of life (1281, 1285), or on the catastrophes of love (658, 697). The scenes of these miniatures are natural; the language, especially of the tragic love-verses, is simple and occasionally stripped of ornament. The reader is not here jangled by the tragic nor enmeshed through observing a hero's fate, for such verses have no heroes. It is not the fate of an individual but the condition of man that requires the reader's attention and for a brief moment overpowers him.

It is a basic canon of Sanskrit poetry that no matter how long the poem, each stanza must in itself evoke the requisite mood. Now, it is difficult to evoke mood by four lines of not even twenty-three syllables each. No simple enumeration of erotic or heroic subjects will accomplish the task. Sanskrit poets were aware of this difficulty and discovered the magical means of evocation centuries before Sanskrit critics and philosophers analyzed the means that were used. The word by which the critics refer to this technique in Sanskrit, which I shall call 'suggestion,' although the word 'overtones' as a technical term of music would perhaps be closer to the Sanskrit in meaning. To explain suggestion I shall resort to some very ancient and pedantic examples.14

Most literary critics of Sanskrit supposed that every word has three sorts of power. First, the word has the power of direct designation. Thus, the word Ganges designates directly a great and holy river of India. Every word has also a secondary power, a power of indication, which is indirect. That is, a word may refer indirectly to a great number of things that are peripheral to its main object. It is only context that tells us when this secondary power is being employed. "A village on the Ganges"—here we cannot take 'Ganges' in its primary sense. If the village were actually on the river its inhabitants would drown. What is meant is a village on the bank of the Ganges. The secondary power of 'Ganges,' its power to indicate indirectly a peripheral object, has come into play.

Now let us come to the tertiary power of a word, its power of suggestion. What is the difference between saying "a village on the Ganges" and "a village on the bank of the Ganges"? The Sanskrit poet tells us that the first sentence, although it is shorter, conveys a larger meaning. By associating the village thus directly with the river we suggest its coolness and holiness. Or, to take another example, "The spear entered the city." This turn of phrase suggests the great number of entering warriors and their compact formation in a way that would not appear if we said "The spear entered the city." The appearance of those suggestions is likened to the resonance of a bell after it is struck. First comes the stroke by which the primary or secondary power of the word enters the mind. Then the mind is suddenly aware of something related to but distinct from these—an overtone, a suggestion. Sanskrit critics and commentators are wittily acute at catching and rendering precise these subtleties.15

The power of suggestion is not only a tertiary power of words. It is a power which sometimes resides in a figure of speech, or it may reside in a whole sentence. By a skillful use of suggestion one may put into a verse as much meaning as might be contained in a whole book of prose.

14 One of the mysteries of Sanskrit literature is where such verses come from. At present they are found only in anthologies and we know nothing of the works in which they actually first appeared. Until we learn more, we must suppose that those lost works also followed the overtones of the invention of using the tragic only as an occasional, yet a prevailing, mood.

15 Taken from Sethapada, p. 130.118
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This desire to increase the meaning of a verse explains much in Sanskrit poetry that would otherwise be mysterious. It explains the love of puns. Puns are very common in Sanskrit verse, and those Western critics who have objected to them simply show their lack of taste for Sanskrit. The pun is one of the techniques by which Sanskrit poets seek to achieve suggestion, to force a larger content into their miniature model. For example, verse 3:617 describes a young girl as she is just growing conscious of her beauty. The verse does not state explicitly that she is conscious of this any more than the girl herself would make an explicit statement to that effect. Rather, the verse is strewn with suggestive puns. The noun bhūtaḥ (departure) in the phrase 'departure of childhood' happens to be also a technical term for the setting out of an army of conquest. The compound bhūta- 
hūkham (the weight or growth of her body) can also mean 'preparation for war', and so on. To analyze the verse technically one would say that its primary designation is a girl coming into womanhood, its indication is of preparations for conquest, its suggestion is of a later, shy, but irresistible power. Or take our verse 1089, where the social orders under the poet's patron king are described in words that pun on the technicalities of grammar. The flattering suggestion is that society is as precisely and wisely regulated by the king as is the Sanskrit language by Pāṇini. Occasionally Sanskrit poets use puns playfully (verse 1418 contains a very pretty example) or obscurely as we commonly use them in English, but the true province of the Sanskrit pun is suggestion. The only modern English author who approaches the Sanskrit poets in this effort is James Joyce. But Joyce had to work with no tradition behind him. He had no well-cut and tempered tools but had to forge his own, and his audience was not trained as a Sanskrit audience was to receive such a poet's messages.

The nature of the Sanskrit language is peculiarly well adapted to punning. Its words, as in every language with a long literary tradition, have each accumulated numerous meanings of which is normally determined with reasonable ease by context. But words like gopi: 'man of virtue', 'gem': kara: 'hand', 'ray', 'tax'; karu: 'lion', 'ape', Indra, 'Siva,' offer constant temptations to crowd double and triple meanings into a verse. The complete freedom of word order which Sanskrit enjoys and its freedom to form compounds are aids not only to punning but to suggestions of all types. One can arrange words always in the most suggestive relation of contiguity or separation. The varieties and uses of suggestion in Sanskrit are so numerous that large volumes have been composed to inscribe and analyze them. As in treating other elements of poetry I shall give only a few examples.

The most obvious examples can be found in plays, and it is in the theater that Indo-Aryan critics first became aware of dvarā and attempted to analyze its functions. Suggestions may arise by means of a hint used to convey meaning to one character while leaving another in the dark. Thus Śakuntala's friend calls out 'Little calamity, bid your melody farewell, for night is coming.' Cakravāla's birds, it is true, separate at night and by their pining furnish a stock metaphor for parted lovers. But the night that is approaching, as Śakuntala is quick to understand, is the mother superior of the hermitage and the suggestion is that Śakuntala will be wise to leave her lover before that kindly but straitlaced old lady finds her. This variety of suggestion, used for mimetic rather than theatrical purposes, becomes the allegorical epigram (agniṣṭhā) of which Viṭṭhakara furnishes many examples. Thus, his verse 1089 runs:

here you have come, O goldsmith, to sell jewelry worthy of an ear.
Have you not heard that in this village the chief's cows have not been penned?

where 'goldsmith' and 'chief' to one acquainted with the conventions indicate respectively a poet and his patron. The poet chooses thus to suggest his situation rather than describe it outright. A bald description, would be personal and to would be in bad taste. Hints are commonly used in the theater to set the stage for matter to come. All entrances of characters are theatrically prepared in this way. Similarly, a play's opening stanza of benediction often hints at the nature of the work to follow. When skillfully drawn, the hints of the benediction may suggest notions of great depth and beauty (see Intr. to section 4, last paragraph). Or suggestion may be used to reveal the essential meaning of what would otherwise be an insequel lent description. For example, in the Tāpasaṇaśri (verse 168 of our anthology) the coming of night is described as follows:

Matsya begins his final flight.
into the slender flame;
bees, made blind by perfume.
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wait in the closing bud.
The dancing-girls are putting on their paint as we gaze from here by the twining of their bracelets so they bend their graceful arms.

The burning of the moth and the imprisoning of the bee suggest the purpose of the dancing-girls' actions. By this revelation of underlying purpose or essential meaning the mood is established. Indeed, one could define mood as the revelation of the essential meanings of things, specifying only that these meanings must fit with pre-established conventions.

As with all conventions, those of Sanskrit can be overworked. An insensitive poet will find it only too easy to sort his material into the approved modal patterns by rote, if suggestions that have been used a hundred times before. He will say of night, when she is said to be erotic, that it is black as a cowslip's throat; when heroic, that it is dark as a king's worldline; when lurid, that it is an impenetrable as smoke from a funeral pyre. When a tradition is worked on for two thousand years it accumulates a dangerous stock of easy beauty. But no poetry would live if we were to judge its conventions by the use to which tired hands may put them. In the hands of a true poet Sanskrit suggestion can achieve effects of tremendous power. I shall comment on a single example.

The women of the Triple City wept from lotus eyes as Sambha's arrow slumbered them; but still, though shaken off, the fire sought their hands, though struck, did not break their garments' hem, denied, it seemed their heart, and unscared
like lover who has lately loved another, lay below their feet.
May this same fire burn away your sins.

The verse, which is probably by Bhâja (verse 49 of our anthology) but which is commonly ascribed to Amaru, in whose famous collection it occurs as the second beneficent verse, contains a series of images followed by an explicit simile and prayer. The images paint the scene of Sambha (Siva), that is to say, God, shooting his flames at the chief citizen of the demons. The women of the cityshed tears from their beautiful eyes and tremble as the flames engulf them. This is a designated image. It and each image that follows produce a double, an image that is not designated but suggested. The first is of a woman Sanskrit Poetry and Sanskrit Poetics

whose pride has been hurt by her believing her lover to be faithless. She trembles as she embraces her, and weeps, not daring to look at him. In the next designated image the flames cling to the hand of the woman although they try to shake them off, suggesting the lover who urges profuse apologies upon his mistress. And so in what follows, where we have the hair excised and the limb of the garment pinched, either by the flames of God in the designated mythological incident or by the consulting lover in the suggested image. That the images are to be combined in this way is indicated by the briefly stated simile: "like lover who has lately loved another." Finally comes the prayer: "May this same fire burn away your sins."

The imagery of all but the last line of the verse conveys to the erotic mood. In erotic verse the woman who trembles and refuses a glance to the lover at her feet is never truly sincere in her attention; but jealous at being shared. Modal convention lends one to attribute to her not so much pain as passion, in which both pain and joy are mixed. Notice how the suggestion of pain in the verse is succeeded by jealousy at her being shared. Thus, the suggestion of the initial images of the poem is that Siva's act of destruction is an act of love, of his love of the demon woman or, by suggestion, since God brings us all to death, of all mankind, and of their passionate response to his love. But the greatness of the verse lies in its conclusion. The beneficence shifts the mood to peace. To ask that God "burn away your sins" by that same fire is to ask what? If the fire is the fire of man's joy and grief, the prayer would seem to ask that our joys and griefs so turn out our karma that we may return purified and in peace to the source from which the flame arose. In four lines of verse the poet moves by means of suggestion from the specific to the universal and from a mood of excitement to a mood of rest. The reader may feel that he has diverged from a high springboard into a calm, cool pool.

I shall now leave the techniques of Sanskrit poetry to consider a matter which has arisen intermittently throughout the preceding description. I refer to the impersonality of Sanskrit verse, to its lack of reference to specific individuals. It is strange that the standard accounts of Sanskrit literature have so little to say of the narrator, for it is here even more than in techniques that Sanskrit poetry proves alien to the prevailing spirit of Western and especially of English verse.
Western poetry, ancient and modern, has associated intense emotion with specificity of the individual. The association springs to notice in our use of names. The anguish of David would never strike us so forcibly but for the terrible repetition of Abasalom's name and of the relation which bound him so exclusively to David.

O my son Abasalom, my son, my son Abasalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Abasalom my son, my son.

It is not any father grieving for any son that we hear. It is one specific father of uncertain time and place grieving for his very own son, whose name. If David and Abasalom were typified we should feel that the grief was diffused and so less intense. So when Catullus writes out,

Gari: Lébna assuna, Lébna ilti, ilti Lébna quam Lébna uanu
plus quam se super auxum amavi,
non in præterita et infraportis
globi magnanimis scripi nepotis,
the name is not that a noblewoman should play the whore in the alleysways of Rome but that that woman should be "my Lebna, that Lebna, that very Lebna whom I loved more than myself and all that is mine."

These names, which make such a show in passages of emotional intensity, are only a symptom of a trend that runs through most Western poetry and that is particularly strong in Hebrew and English. In those languages even the elegy, where emotion has been cooled by reflection, finds it difficult to break away from the specifics. Lydidas may be considerably conventionalized from Edward King but Adonais is clearly John Keats. We are at impersonality in the sciences and in poetry for the most part we unconsciously avoid it.

There are of course exceptions. The poetry of types has occurred in the West, especially in the sixteenth-century court verse, are no more individuals that nágas as and nágás of Sanskrit. But England has never taken wholeheartedly nor for very long to such figures and America outside the schoolroom has scarcely made their acquaintance.

To the English, tradition Sanskrit presents a sharp contrast. In the five hundred or so verses that deal with love in Vidyākāśa's anthology

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one will not find the name of a single lover. In Vidyākāśa's section on villains one finds no villain's name; in the section on good men not one individual good man is so identified that we could know him from other good men. The very idioms—the rise of the Sanskrit language is utilized by the poets in the service of this anonymity. Time and again by the use of a passive or impersonal construction or by using the plural pronoun in place of the singular the poet makes it impossible for his readers to say with certainty whether he is speaking of himself or of a third person, whether of himself or of men in general.18 We know nothing of the personal lives of Sanskrit poets, just as they tell us nothing of the personal lives of their patrons. The persons here have melted into the types of poet and king.

The contrast between the impersonality of Sanskrit and the prevalently personal poetry of the West, and especially of English, sets the mind to inquire along two paths. How did the divergence come about? And how can one achieve great poetry in the absence of one factor that is common to nearly all the great poetry of our own tongue? I am more diffident of my answer to the first question than to the second, for the first involves questions that lie beyond literature.

One may remark that impersonality appears in its extreme form in India only in Sanskrit. The Pāli versions of the Buddhas, what may be called the Pravritti Bhādhakā, the vernacular lives of saints and warriors, all show a concern for the individual person and for specific places and incidents, such as we find to prevail in the literatures of Europe, impersonality was therefore an ideal peculiar to those who spoke or read Sanskrit, that is, to the upper and professional classes, especially to those who passed down the intellectual traditions of India from generation to generation. In these classes one may find a number of parallel phenomena.

Until recent times it has been characteristic of Indian society that the exercise of personal initiative and judgment was low as social status was high and high as social status was low. The joint family with its lack of individual freedom and its imposition of myriad social duties and responsibilities has always been characteristic of the upper

18 Examples of the former type of ambiguity are 1440, 1478; of the latter type, 1470. In translating such verses I have generally been forced to make a choice, since not to do so would be to write barbarous English. While it is usually clear from context or analogy whether the personal or impersonal is predominant, the definiteness of English narrows the full scope of the original.
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classes. Granted that the Indian nobility produced its share of tyrants, as a class it was characterized by cooperative thought and action. It maintained its ideals not only by means of a fluid feudal viking and aristocratic ethic, but by sending forth military chieftains. Similarly, the Brahmans and their articulate knowledge of the past through learned families rather than merely through learned individuals. Furthermore, it was only the upper classes who lived by the book, so to speak, that is, who regarded the Vedas and Dharma-Sutras as criteria of right and wrong to which personal judgment should defer. Again, one may remark that the same environment which produced classical Sanskrit poetry also produced classical Vedanta philosophy, first in its Mahabhadra form, but by the ninth century in its form of absolute monism where even the personality of God was denied as being an illusion. Finally, the Indian nobility and priesthood, like those of other lands, were conservative. Where a literature is largely limited to such classes it will naturally be slow to break with an ideal that has once been formed. The ideal of impersonality found in Indian literature some time between the composition of the Mahabhadra and the Ramayana. In Sanskrit it was never to leave.

By all this I do not mean to say that Indian noblemen and men of learning differed in nature from modern writers of the West. Human nature is remarkably constant. But their environment inhibited certain traits of character that with us are allowed free speech and at the same time made other traits coherent that with us are silent. Literature reflects rather the ideals of men than men themselves. At its best it does not distort, but even at its best it selects.

As to how poetry could exist in the absence of individualism the answer is easier. It existed, just as Indian religion existed under the same circumstances, by making a virtue of its lack. To the Vedanta the advantage of stripping off the personality was that only thus could be arrive at what be considered to be real, at something permanent, undvasive and permanent. But the Vedanta was the real advantage of

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abandoning personal idiosyncrasy and adventure was that the result was a character by being typical came closer to being universal. To write of one's passion, say, as a Westerner, one of the many reasons of India is to make him out a small thing, a human, no more than he might be without the aid of Sanskrit verse, be so close together among his qualities and among the vicissitudes of his life as to suggest his identity with Krishna or Arjuna or Dama son of Dasiartha is to magnify him and give him permanence. In similar fashion, the poet's mistress or wife was thought to be glorified by joining her to the appropriate traditional type of heroine. In that guise she became eternal. Everything about her became lovely, not just this trait or that.

From the standpoint of our very different ideals it is easy to make fun of this process of magnification. Maedezzi laughed at the Sanskrit excesses of lover's Daniel and Kanaksi's heaps scorn on the hyperboles of Sanskrit pages. But one may ask what the Sanskrit critics would have said of Allartona or of Nelly Bloom. It is well that we can laugh at each other in this vale of tears, but it would be sad indeed should we stop at no more than that.

There are places where Sanskrit impersonality is potently effective even to a Western taste.

They lay upon the bed each turned aside and muttering in silence; those lips that still dwell within their hearts each feared a loss of pride. But then from out the corner of their eyes the sidelong glance met and the quarrel broke into laughter as they turned and clasped each other's neck. (Verse 667)

Half the charm of the verse lies in the anonymity of the lovers. So left, they express an eternal moment of young love. To specify that they are Jack and Josie or that they are Lenin and Blaschkon would be to destroy the universality by the intrusion of social particulars.

And more than this. The finest effects of suggestion are possible only when applied to types, not to individuals. By a long process of typifying, each variety of love, each scene of nature, each function of

18 For a more detailed characterization of the Sanskrit paugyana one may turn to the Introductions to Sections 42 and 43.
the gods received a conventional manner of presentation. By a single brushstroke, a single word taken from one of these conventional portraits or descriptions, the whole scene is evoked. It thus becomes far easier than it is under the modern Western ideal of individualism to move back and forth among the fields of nature, humanity, and the gods, and by suggestion to reveal a given mood or emotion about the universe. Thus, in Kâlîgâ's play, Sukasthâ by becoming the very type of hermit-in-seclusion comes naturally into comparison with the mahârâjî's hermitage. As the vîra is dried by the moonlight wind so is she burned by love. And the king, breaking in on her loneliness, comes as the refreshing rain.

Since the Romantic period, we have grown used to criticizing conventions for its making poetry sale. But the Sanskrit conventions give constantly new and fresh effects. An anonymous poet writes,

The splendor of the moonlight has lost its charm... its dazzling moonstone, overlaid by frost, no longer heats with yearning. (Verse 310)

The description is of winter, when moonlight loses its annual brilliance. The poet play on two conventions: that the moonstone emits water when struck by the rays of the moon, and that the first symptom of a lover's emotion, and one which the Indian poet finds charming because it is involuntary, is the sweat which breaks forth on meeting with the beloved. By suggestion working on conventions and type, the mood of love in two or three words may thus gather planctus and minuta into its embrace. What stands between man and nature is removed if we take from him his personality. To the Sakti poet the removal of the person was felt not as a limitation of art but as a chance for freedom, an opportunity for suggestion to bring the reader to a sudden view of the universe within the minima compass of a verse.

It may be well here to furnish a single example of how the salient characteristics of Sanskrit poetry, as I have described them, may combine mood, suggestion, impersonality, and the sudden revelation of universal truth. The example which I take is from the fifth cantos of Kâshîgâ's Thr of the Prince. While I despairs of translating the effect of the original I may perhaps be able to explain it.

A word of preface—the fifth canto of The Birth of the Prince tells how Unài, the daughter of Himâyû, prides ponance in order to

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win the love of Sûva. She has previously tried the aid of Kâma, that is to say, love or lust, but Sûva reduced Kâma to ashes simply by a glance of his迷izing eye. Nothing is left to Unài but self-restraint, patience, discipline. Unài sets about her task in the typical manner of Indian ascetics. She, the fair princess, puts off her jewelry, assumes a hermit garb, and sits cross-legged in meditation within her hermitage. The seasons come and go but she sits unmoving. As other Indian ascetics have done, she adds to the moralization of her task by having fires built on each side of her rigid back. Even in the scorching summer she refrain from raising her head from the sun.

Still sat Unài though scorched by various flame
Of solar fire and fire of kindled hate,
Until at summer's end the waters came.
Steam rose from her body as it rise from earth.

With momentary pause the first drops rest
Upon her lash then strike her nether lip,
Fracture upon the highland of her breast.
Across the ladder of her waist then slip
And slowly at her navel come to rest.

The beauty of the verses in the original derives from the association through suggestion of numerous harmonious ideas. In the first place we have a princess beautiful by the strict conventions of Indian art, meditating in the rain. Her eyelashes must be long and curling up at the tips in order to hold the drops of rain for a moment before they fall. Her nether lip must be pouting like a bimba fruit to catch the drops from her lashes. Her breasts must be large, so large as to touch one another, otherwise the rain from her lips will fall between them. And they are high and hard, for the raindrops fracture upon them. In order for the drops to trip across the ladder of her waist it must have the three small holes that are so admired by the erotic poets. And her navel must be deep.

Next, the verses inform us that this is no ordinary princess. She is the perfect jñani. The Bhagavata Purana informs us that the yga must be beyond the duality of pleasure and pain (2.9.5, 2.9.6, 5.20), of heat and

1 Kumárasvatás 5.20-21. In interpreting the suggestions I have taken several ideas from the opening passage of Aspara Pithâ's Cintâmaîin, Kâvya-lokâ in Sân (Benâlis, 1906), pp. 1-5. Aspara was the second of the verses here translated as a troubadour for his devotion of dîona.
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Gobh (6.7). Our princes remains motionless throughout the passage. She is unaffected by the heat of summer or the delicious coolness of the rain. The Gīṭā also tells us that when in meditation the yogi must hold his head, neck, and torso in a perfect arc (6.13). The geography of the falling raindrops informs us that she must here be the case.

A princess who is the perfect yogin. But she is more. The “high-born of her breast” hints at the fact that she is a power of nature. She is the daughter of Māhādeva not only in name. Or is she more than this? In the popular religion, Uma is the mother-goddess. The very word Uma, despite the fanciful etymology that Kālidāsa gives it, is simply an ancient word for mother. She is the goddess of earth and fertility. And so her appearance is described as a sort of double, an anthropomorph, of the earth. The stream rises from her silent body just as it rises from the parched earth when the monsoon breaks. The rain comes down her just as it courses over the face of the earth we walk on, softening it and making it able to bear our crops.

The poet offers us these suggestions, facilitating our comprehension by words and phrases that one might call symbols. The association or sorting of the suggestions he leaves to our fancy, but we can gain indications of his intention from the context.

Only six verses farther on in the poem Uma is suddenly visited by what appears to be a bramhin ascetic. It is actually the god Śiva who has appeared in disguise to make a final trial of the woman of his choice before revealing himself. Surely the hints of earthly fertility in these verses refer toward to the coming marriage of the earth-goddess to the father-god and to the birth of the prince which gives the title to the whole work. Beauty is naturally to be associated with fertility. And in the mind of Kālidāsa self-restraint is associated also—discipline even to the point of mortification. Uma is purified for her marriage by the practice of yogas just as another heroine of Kālidāsa, the nymph’s daughter Sakunāla, is purified by sorrow. The pillars of suggestion on which these verses are built are these: beauty, self-restraint, and fertility. What is new in the verses is the association of the three suggestions so as to form the pillars of a single house.

One may argue today, as the Sanskrit critics argued in the past, the relative importance of the various factors of Sanskrit verse which I have discussed: Vocabulary, grammar, meter; these are all necessary. Figures of speech, both verbal and intellectual, furnish delight. Mood is what is sought, though the grand successes of Sanskrit I would say go beyond mood to a sort of universal revelation, to what James Joyce, drawing on the vocabulary of religion, called in epiphany. To achieve this success impersonality is a prerequisite and suggestion is the chief instrument. If I were to single out for admiration one factor above the others in this complex it would be suggestion, not because it is unknown in other languages but because the Sanskrit poets use it with such brilliance and because it seems to me the most intimately connected of all the factors with the excitement, the sudden rushing of the mind into a delightful, calm expansion, that one occasionally derives from Sanskrit poetry and that brings one who has once known it constantly back for further draughts.

Sources of Vīśṇukara’s Anatomy

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