

GOD'S CALL TO KNS (12 OCT 1943)

My Beloved Sokkan,

Sleep only for 5 ½ hours every day – it will suffice for you. Have you not much to write? Who will do it for you? 800 love poems! – wherefore, try to write at least two daily, good weather or bad, cool or hot, rain or shine. After writing one poem when passing to the next, have you not often said to yourself – “when shall I read it again and enjoy its beauty?” Yes, Sokkan, you have to re-peruse them all – revise them and then type them too – is that not colossal work to be done under your nose somehow?

There are the 100 modern plays already written, but waiting for the finishing touches. Two hundred others grown in the amorphous shape of mere notes. Have you forgotten now the Saints Plays – the daily dream that was yours a decade ago? And the grand Sangam panorama – oh, no Sokkan – you cannot afford to waste a single minute – even if I could promise you a life long like Tagore's to rush to 1000 months. Believe with all your heart that overwork will harm you never. Have you not felt your health thrill at its peak of balance in the days and nights when you laboured from early morning right up to the 8 O' clock wink? In the stretching forward to your great ideal, your mind and body will remain better. Go to bed at midnight – thou shalt wake up fresh at dawn. During the day use even a five-minute leisure to begin or continue or conclude a poem.

But heed thou this warning. Quality is better than quantity. No trash from you, Sokkan. Of course, you can revise, re-shape and polish and embellish later; but let the beginning and the building be sound and beautiful.

Another warning! The M a n is greater than the W r i t e r. Dont get intoxicated with this passion of continuous wielding of the pen. Be sober, Look normal, Dress well. The duties at College; the claims of friends, the joys of the family wherein you have your roots, the pang and progress of the world as heard in the newspapers – these you ignore at the peril of your life becoming dull, and therefore your handiwork becoming duller and dud. Enjoy this life – for about it you sing in your art. Depart from your routine with full freedom and discretion. Only – let your frisk and dance be always under the shadow of the Central Gopuram Tower where you worship the main literary mission of your life on earth. Bless you, Sokkan. Cheer up, Sokkan.

(Based upon the thoughts in my mind in the night of 12 October 1943).