APPENDIX I

SINOPSIS

INTRODUCTION

These letters which breathe the modem spirit, in all of its restless intensity, were written by a girl of the Orient, reared in an ancient and outworn civilization. They unfold the story of the writer with unconscious simplicity and present a vivid picture of Javanese life and manners. But perhaps their chief interest lies in their value as a human document. In them the old truth of the oneness of humanity is once more made manifest and we see that the magnificent altruism, the spirit of inquiry, and the almost morbid desire for self-searching and analysis that characterize the opening years of the Twentieth Century were not peculiar to Europe or to America, but were universal and belonged to the world, to the East as well as to the West.

Kartini, that was her only name—Raden Adjeng is a title—wrote to her Dutch friends in the language of the Netherlands. In her home circle she spoke always Javanese, aiid she was Javanese in her intense love for her land and people, as well as in dress and manners.

She did not live to see the work that has been accomplished in her name during the last ten years. Today there are "Kartini Schools" in all parts of Java. The influence of her life and teachings is perhaps greater than that of any other woman of modem times because it reaches

all of the thirty-eight millions of Javanese and extends to some extent throughout the entire East. She did not desire to make of her people pseudo-Europeans but bet-ter Javanese. Not the material freedom for which during the three hundred years of Dutch rule the Javanese of the past had sometimes waged a bloody warfare, but the greater freedom of the mind and of the spirit.

The Dutch rule had become enlightened. In local affairs the Javanese had self-government under their own officials. But they were bowed down by superstition and under the sway of tradition. The "adat," or law which cannot be changed, was fostered by religion. They were imbued with all the fatalism of the Mohammedan, the future belonged to "Tekdir" or Fate and it was vain to rebel against its decrees.

But Kartini rebelled against "Tekdir." She refused to believe in the righteousness of the ancient law that a girl must marry, or breaking that law, bring everlasting disgrace upon her family. She realized that the freedom of woman could only come through economic independence. And personally she said that she had rather be a kitchen maid, than be forced to marry a strange and unknown man. For in well-bred Javanese circles girls were brought up according to the most rigid Mohammedan canons and closely guarded from the eyes of men.

Dr. Abendanon, the compiler of Kartini's letters, says that although he had lived for twenty-five years in Java, she and her sisters were the first young girls of noble birth that he had ever seen. Kartini wanted to go to Holland to study, to return home when she had gained a broader knowledge and experience, equipped for teaching the daughters of her own people. She wished to help them through education, to break with the stultifying traditions of the past. Although always a Mohammedan, marriage with more than one wife was abhorrent to her. True progress seemed impossible in a polygamous society for men or for women. Furthermore polygamy was not commanded or even approved of by Mohammed himself; it had been merely permitted.

After years of conflict between her affection for her family and the principles in which she believed, Kartini won the entire confidence both of her father and of her mother. Her mother was an exponent of the best ideals of Oriental womanhood, excelling in care of the home and

filled with love and sympathy for her husband and children. Kartini was an innovator who sought to break new paths for her people, but in reaching out for the new and untried she gained rather than lost in respect for the old fashioned virtues of her kind. Her interests were human, and not merely feministic - which cannot always be said of our own feminism.

Kartini's biography is brief, and her life almost uneventful so far as outward happenings go.

She was bom on the 21st of April, 1879, the daughter of Raden Mas Adipati Sosroningrat, Regent of Japara. His father, the Regent of Demak, Pangeran Ario Tjondronegoro, was an enlightened man who had given European educations to all of his sons and who is described by his grand-daughter Kartini as "the first

regent of middle Java to unlatch his door to that guest from over the seas - Western civilization." The Regent of Japara went still further as became the next generation.

He sent his daughters to the free grammar school for Europeans at Semarang so that they might learn Dutch. Kartini's best friend at school was a little Hollander, Letsy, the daughter of the head master. A question of Letsy's, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" both puzzled and interested her.

When she went home after school was over, she repeated the question anxiously, "What am I going to be when I grow up?" Her father, who loved her very dearly, did not answer but smiled and pinched her cheek. An older brother overheard her and said, "What should a girl become, why a Raden Ajoe of course." Raden Ajoe is the title of a Javanese married woman of high rank, while the unmarried daughter of a regent is Raden Adjeng.

In Kartini a spirit of rebellion was awakened which grew with the years. Even as a child she vowed that she would not become merely a Raden Ajoe, she would be strong, combat all prejudice and shape her own destiny. But she was soon to feel the weight of convention pressing upon her with inexorable force. When she reached the age of twelve and a half she was considered by her parents old enough to leave school and remain at home in seclusion according to the established usage. Some day there would have to be a wedding and a Javanese bridegroom was chosen by the girl's parents and often never seen by his bride until after the ceremony, as her presence was not required at that solemnity.

Kartini implored her father, on her knees, to be allowed to go on with her studies. But he felt bound by the hitherto unbroken conventions of his race and she went into the "box" as it was called, passing four long years without ever once going beyond the boundaries of the Kaboepatin. During those years reading was her greatest pleasure, and her father was proud of her intelligence and kept her supplied with Dutch books. She did not always understand what she read, but would often be guided through the difficult places by her father or by her favourite brother Kartono, who felt a warm sympathy for his sister. But the spirit of progress slowly awakened even in slumbering Java, and when Kartini was sixteen, she was released from her imprisonment. Her first journey into the

outside world was to accompany her parents to the festivities held in honour of the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina. This caused a great scandal in conservative Javanese society. But Kartini and her sisters did not have the freedom for which they longed, they could not go out into the world and fight its battles. They could only take well chaperoned little excursions and meet the guests, both men and women, of their father's household. They were free very much as a delicately nurtured Victorian young lady would Have been free, half a century ago.

In 1901 the Minister of Education and Industry for Netherland India was Dr. J. H. Abendanon. He took a deep interest in the well-being and progress of the native Javanese, and realized the need of schools for native girls. At that time there was none in Java. He had heard of the enlightened Regent of Japara, and of the example which he had set to his fellow countrymen in educating his own daughters. Accompanied by his wife Dr. Abendanon went to Japara to obtain the assistance of the Regent in interesting the native official world in his project.

A school for native girls had been the dream of Kartini and her sisters. With her, the idea had become almost an obsession. Her longing for education had gathered force and widened in its significance. It no longer meant the shaping of an independent career for herself, but a means to an end of work among her people. Dr. Abendanon, in describing the first meeting with Kartini, said that when she and her sisters came forward in their picturesque native costume

they made a most charming impression, but the charm was heightened when they spoke to him in fluent Dutch. Kartini said that a girls' school was the subject nearest her heart but asked that it also be a vocational school, fitting the girl for self-support should she desire it. I The influence and friendship of the Abendanons became a great comfort and support to Kartini. Mevrouw Abendanon was called Moedertje (little mother) and many letters were written to her.

Kartini was never able to go to Holland and study. Although her disappointment was intense, she became convinced that her influence among her own people would be stronger if she remained at home, free in their eyes from the possibility of contamination by foreign ideas. Acting upon the advice of Mevrouw Abendanon, she opened a school at home for little girls. With the help of her sisters she instructed them in elementary branches, in sewing and in cooking. At

last she obtained the permission of her father to continue her own studies at Batavia. But she did not go to Batavia. Nor did she leave the house of her parents in the way that she had planned.

She fell in love like any Western girl, and was married in 1903 to Raden Adipati Djojo Adiningrat, Regent of Rembang. He had been educated in Holland, and had many enlightened ideas for the advancement of his people. The dreams of Kartini were as his own, she had his full sympathy and their work in the future would be carried on together. Both of them were interested in the ancient history of Java, the sagas and stories of the past. They wished to make a collection of these, they also felt a warm interest in the revival of Javanese art, in wood carving, textile weaving, dyeing, work in gold and copper and tortoise shell.

After Kartini was married her little school was continued at Rembang, and some of the wood carvers who had been working under her supervision at Semarang were anxious to follow her to her new home. "Although I am a modem woman what a strange bridal dower I shall have," she writes to Mevrouw Abendanon in discussing the plan for moving the little children she was teaching and the wood carvers to Rembang. A charming picture of the married life of Kartini is given in her own letters. There was a year of hard work and increased responsibility, but also of great happiness. On the 17th of September 1904, four days after the hirth of her son Siengghi, she died.

In 1907, the first Raden Adjeng Kartini school was founded at Batavia. Its inception was largely due to the eiforts of Dr. Abendanon. The Governor General of Netherland-India, the Queen Mother of Holland and many other influential persons gave it their active support. A society at the Hague known as the "Kartini—fonds" had been formed and under its patronage there are now schools at Malang, Cheribon, Buitenzorg, Soerabaja, Semarang and Soerakarta, as well as at Batavia. There is also a large number of native Kartini schools under the direct management of native Javanese. The long slumber of Java has ended. The principles for which Kartini suffered and struggled are now almost universally accepted by her fellow countrymen. A Javanese girl, even though of noble birth, may now earn her living without bringing disgrace upon her family. Women

choose their own husbands, and plural marriages are much less frequent among the younger generation.

The time was ripe. It has been said that great men are the products of great movements. There must always be some one to strike the note of leadership, so firmly convinced of the righteousness of a given cause that he (or she) goes blindly forward, forgetful of personal interest and of all selfish considerations, combatting the world if need be, holding its ridicule as of no account; and what is perhaps hardest of all, bringing sorrow and disappointment to those that love them. The prophet burned at the stake amid execrations and the conqueror who receives the plaudits of the multitude, alike await the judgment of posterity. Only in after years can we weigh the thing that they have wrought and gauge its true value.

Kartini has stood the test of time. To the modem progressive Javanese, she is a national heroine, almost a patron saint. Her influence and her work live, and are a vital factor in the prosperity and happiness of her country.

Agnes Louise Symmers.

Rye, New York

April, 1920.

1 Dr. Abendanon was the head of the Department of "Onderwijs, Eeredienst and Nijverheid."

Eeredienst is religious administration and observance, as in Holland the church is a state

institution.

APPENDIX II

No	Chapter/sub-chapter	The whole letter
1	IV. Analysis	LXV August 25th, 1903. I shall find a rich field of work at Rembang, and thank God, there I shall not stand alone. He has promised to stand at my side and support me; it is also his wish and his hope to support me in my efforts to help our people. He himself has already laboured diligently for their welfare for years. He too would like to help in the work of education, and though he cannot give personal instruction himself, he can have it done by others. Many of his various relatives are being educated at his expense. He expects me to be a blessing to him and to his people; may he not be disappointed! I am very grateful for one thing: his family share his ideas and approve of his choice. They look upon me as the future rearer of their children, and I really hope to serve in that capacity; I do not think of anything else. Sometimes I forget that I have lost so many beautiful illusions; and I think that I am still following my calling, only along a different way from the one that I had mapped out for myself, and I shall think that always; it gives me peace and helps me to be cheerful. Nothing is perfect, and nothing may ever be perfect in this world. I had hoped and prayed that I might become the mother and sister of many, and God has heard my prayer, though it is a little different from what I meant. It is one of his dreams, too, to be able to raise up our people. He is truly good to his people and to the officials under him; they feed out of his hand. Day before yesterday a collector was here and spent the whole evening talking to Father about his daughter. He wishes me to undertake her education. His wife has already spoken to me and now he came to talk to Father. I am asked to take other children from here; I do not know whether I shall be able to take them all, it is hard to refuse, but I will promise nothing. We shall first see how it goes. We shall wait some days before coming to the hard duty of making a decision, and meanwhile I shall not speak of it save under stress of urgent necessity. I will be forgiven when they see that I do not refuse from pride, but from expediency and out of consideration for others; perhaps for the sake of their

		own children too. Fortunately Rembang is a quiet little place, and it is good that he cares as little as I for amusements. I am delighted that the Resident there is interested in our cause, so that I shall not go as a stranger. And there will be my great friend, the sea ! It lies not more than a hundred feet from the house. When they told him that I was much interested in the art and kindred industries of our people, he said that there were goldsmiths and woodcarvers there; they only needed a little directing. And listen to this: it is something very pleasant. Perhaps our good friend, Singowirio will go there with me; you know whom I mean, the man from Blakang- Goenoeng. He could not have followed his Bendoro to Batavia, but now that the plan is somewhat different he is anxious to go. We are planning to take him. But capital and leadership are needed first of all, before our artistic industries can be placed upon a practical basis. A large work-place ought to be built, and many apprentices and artisans taken to work under regular supervision in our immediate neighbourhood. If we only had the money, we could build a work-place, buy material, employ workmen and train apprentices. Singo could be placed at the head of the establishment. I believe in less than a year or two years at most, the capital thus invested would be doubled. I should have been glad to begin here, but both of us had our eyes upon Batavia. When we were gone our little sisters would have had to take the responsibility for everything, and that would have been too hard for them. Now it is different, we could take the responsibility, if we had the necessary money. I am convinced that our artistic industry has a great future. Not long ago, while we were on a little journey, we met the Heer Brandes, brother of Doctor Brandes. He expressed much interest in the art of our country. When I told him of a tokootje of productions of native art at Semarang, he set out immediately to look for it. You must understand that the people of Semarang are opposed to sending the products of their own neighbourhood to Batavia. "East and West" wishes to open a tokootje at Semarang. But again money is needed, and "East and West" cannot give very much as yet. When I told Heer Brandes this, he said, "Oh, do not worry about that, the money will be foimd, if you will only take care of the other side." I said, "But there must

		be some one of discrimination who will stay at Semarang." "That will be found too, and your only care will be to see that beautiful things are produced." I have received a short letter from him. He has spoken to various friends about the plan, and they were all much interested, and have promised their financial support. I spoke to him of our other idea in regard to the art of wood-carving. At once he asked how much money we would need for that. I did not mention any certain amount, I must first ask those who know, how much the work-place would cost, how much the wood, and how what wages would have to be paid out to the work-men every month. The work-place could be very simple at first. The great difficulty is that there must be a force of fifty men kept steadily working, and there would have to be money with which to pay them, because they could not afford to wait for their wages until their work was sold. Rembang would be an excellent country for wood-carving. It is the land of dati and there is also much sono there. Singo himself thinks the idea excellent, if we only had the money! If everything goes well, what a retinue I shall take with me, even though I am a modem woman. I shall certainly have a strange bridal dower. The Regent of Rembang is marrying a whole kotta. What business has he to put himself between the people and their bride? Oh, heavens! I shall strike an unfortunate time, for I shall arrive in the dry season of the year. (Poeasa-Leberan Nieuwjaar). I have said all along that I would not allow my foot to be kissed. I could never allow any one to do that. I want a place in their hearts, not outward forms. I cannot think of the future without my Roekmini. How shall I get along without her and she without me! When I think of her my eyes stay wide open the whole night long. 1 To Mevrouw Dr. Abendanon. 2. Little shop
2	4.1.1. R.A.Kartini is A Critical Woman, 4.1.2 R.A.Kartini is	INTRODUCTION These letters which breathe the modem spirit, in all of its restless intensity, were written by a girl of the Orient, reared in an ancient and outworn civilization. They unfold the story of the writer with unconscious simplicity and present a vivid picture of Javanese life and manners. But perhaps their chief interest lies in their value as a human document. In them the old truth of the oneness of humanity is once more made manifest

	A Clever Woman, 4.1.3 R.A.Kartini is a lively woman, 4.1.4 R.A.Kartini is A Confidence Woman, 4.2 The Postcolonial Identity Depicted in *Letters of A Javanese Princess* memoir	and we see that the magnificent altruism, the spirit of inquiry, and the almost morbid desire for self-searching and analysis that characterize the opening years of the Twentieth Century were not peculiar to Europe or to America, but were universal and belonged to the world, to the East as well as to the West. Kartini, that was her only name—Raden Adjeng is a title—wrote to her Dutch friends in the language of the Netherlands. In her home circle she spoke always Javanese, aiid she was Javanese in her intense love for her land and people, as well as in dress and manners. She did not live to see the work that has been accomplished in her name during the last ten years. Today there are "Kartini Schools" in all parts of Java. The influence of her life and teachings is perhaps greater than that of any other woman of modem times because it reaches all of the thirty-eight millions of Javanese and extends to some extent throughout the entire East. She did not desire to make of her people pseudo-Europeans but bet- ter Javanese. Not the material freedom for which during the three hundred years of Dutch rule the Javanese of the past had sometimes waged a bloody warfare, but the greater freedom of the mind and of the spirit. The Dutch rule had become enlightened. In local affairs the Javanese had self-government under their own officials. But they were bowed down by superstition and under the sway of tradition. The "adat," or law which cannot be changed, was fostered by religion. They were imbued with all the fatalism of the Mohammedan, the future belonged to "Tekdir" or Fate and it was vain to rebel against its decrees. But Kartini rebelled against "Tekdir." She refused to believe in the righteousness of the ancient law that a girl must marry, or breaking that law, bring everlasting disgrace upon her family. She realized that the freedom of woman could only come through economic independence. And personally she said that she had rather be a kitchen maid, than be forced to marry a strange and unknown man. For in well-bred Javanese circles girls were brought up according to the most rigid Mohammedan canons and closely guarded from the eyes of men. Dr. Abendanon, the compiler of Kartini's letters, says that although he had lived for twenty-five years in Java, she and her sisters were the first young girls of noble birth that he had ever seen. Kartini wanted to go to

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		weigh the thing that they have wrought and gauge its true value. Kartini has stood the test of time. To the modem progressive Javanese she is a national heroine, almost a patron saint. Her influence and her work live, and are a vital factor in the prosperity and happiness of her country. Agnes Louise Symmers. Rye, New York April, 1920. 1 Dr. Abendanon was the head of the Department of "Onderwijs, Eeredienst and Nijverheid." Eeredienst is religious administration and observance, as in Holland the church is a state institution.
	4.1.1. R.A.Kartini is A Critical Woman, 4.1.3 R.A.Kartini is a lively woman, 4.1.4 R.A.Kartini is A Confidence Woman, 4.2.1 R.A.Kartini's Mimicry, 4.2.3 R.A.Kartini's Ambivalence	I Japara, 25 May, 1899. Ihave longed to make the acquaintance of a "modem girl," that proud, independent girl who has all my sympathy! She who, happy and self-reliant, lightly and alertly steps on her way through life, full of enthusiasm and warm feeling; working not only for her own well-being and happiness, but for the greater good of humanity as a whole. I glow with enthusiasm toward the new time which has come, and can truly say that in my thoughts and sympathies I do not belong to the Indian world, but to that of my pale sisters who are struggling forward in the distant West. If the laws of my land permitted it, there is nothing that I had rather do than give myself w'holly to the working and striving of the new woman in Europe; but age-long traditions that cannot be broken hold us fast cloistered in their unyielding arms. Some day those arms will loosen and let us go, but that time lies as yet far from us, infinitely far. It will come, that I know; it may be three, four generations after us. Oh, you do not know what it is to love this young, this new age with heart and soul, and yet to be bound hand and foot, chained by all the laws, customs, and conventions of one's land. All our institutions are directly opposed to the progress for which I so long for the sake of our people. Day and night I wonder by what means our ancient traditions could be overcome. For myself, I could find a way to shake them off, to break them, were it not that another

		bond, stronger than any age-old tradition could ever be, binds me to my world; and that is the love which I bear for those to whom I owe my life, and whom I must thank for everything. Have I the right to break the hearts of those who have given me nothing but love and kindness my whole life long, and who have surrounded me with the tenderest care? But it was not the voices alone which reached me from that distant, that bright, that new-bom Europe, which made me long for a change in existing conditions. Even in my childhood, the word "emancipation" enchanted my ears; it had a significance that nothing else had, a meaning that was far beyond my comprehension, and awakened in me an evergrowing longing for freedom and independence—a longing to stand alone. Conditions both in my own surroundings and in those of others around me broke my heart, and made me long with a nameless sorrow for the awakening of my country. Then the voices which penetrated from distant lands grew clearer and clearer, till they reached me, and to the satisfaction of some who loved me, but to the deep grief of others, brought seed which entered my heart, took root, and grew strong and vigorous. And now I must tell you something of myself so that you can make my acquaintance. I am the eldest of the three unmarried daughters of the Regent of Japara, and have six brothers and sisters. What a world, eh? My grandfather, Pangeran Ario Tjondronegoro of Demak, was a great leader in the progressive movement of his day, and the first regent of middle Java to unlatch his door to that guest from over the sea—Western civilization. All of his children had European educations; all of them have, or had (several of them are now dead), a love of progress inherited from their father; and these gave to their children the same upbringing which they themselves had received. Many of my cousins and all my older brothers have gone through the Hooge Burge School—the highest institution of learning that we have here in India; and the youngest of my three older brothers has been studying for three years in the Netherlands, and two others are in the service of that country. We girls, so far as education goes, fettered by our ancient traditions and conventions, have profited but little by these advantages. It was a great crime against the customs of our land that we should be taught at all, and especially that we should

		leave the house every day to go to school. For the custom of our country forbade girls in the strongest manner ever to go outside of the house. We were never allowed to go anywhere, however, save to the school, and the only place of instruction of which our city could boast, which was open to us, was a free grammar school for Europeans. When I reached the age of twelve, I was kept at home—I must go into the "box." I was locked up, and cut off from all communication with the outside world, toward which I might never turn again save at the side of a bridegroom, a stranger, an unknown man whom my parents would choose for me, and to whom I should be betrothed without my own knowledge. European friends—this I heard later—had tried in every possible way to dissuade my parents from this cruel course toward me, a young and life-loving child; but they were able to do nothing. My parents were inexorable; I went into my prison. Four long years I spent between thick walls, without once seeing the outside world. How I passed through that time, I do not know. I only know that it was terrible. But there was one great happiness left me: the reading of Dutch books and correspondence with Dutch friends was not forbidden. This—the only gleam of light in that empty, sombre time, was my all, without which, I should have fallen, perhaps, into a still more pitiable state. My life, my soul even, would have been starved. But then came my friend and my deliverer—the Spirit of the Age; his footsteps echoed everywhere. Proud, solid ancient structures tottered to their foundation at his approach. Strongly barricaded doors sprang open, some as of themselves, others only painfully half way, but nevertheless they opened, and let in the unwelcome guest. At last in my sixteenth year, I saw the outside world again. Thank God! Thank God! I could leave my prison as a free human being and not chained to an unwelcome bridegroom. Then events followed quickly that gave back to us girls more and more of our lost freedom. In the following year, at the time of the investiture of our young Princess, our parents presented us "officially" with our freedom. For the first time in our lives we were allowed to leave our native town, and to go to the city where the festivities were held in honour of the occasion. What a great and priceless victory it was! That young girls of our position should show

		themselves in public was here an unheard-of occurrence. The "world" stood aghast; tongues were set wagging at the unprecedented crime. Our European friends rejoiced, and as for ourselves, no queen was so rich as we. But I am far from satisfied. I would go still further, always further. I do not desire to go out to feasts, and little frivolous amusements. That has never been the cause of my longing for freedom. I long to be free, to be able to stand alone, to study, not to be subject to any one, and, above all, never, never to be obliged to marry. But we must marry, must, must. Not to marry is the greatest sin which the Mohammedan woman can commit; it is the greatest disgrace which a native girl can bring to her family. And marriage among us—Miserable is too feeble an expression for it. How can it be otherwise, when the laws have made everything for the man and nothing for the woman? When law and convention both are for the man; when everything is allowed to him? Love! what do we know here of love? How can we love a man whom we have never known? And how could he love us? That in itself would not be possible. Young girls and men must be kept rigidly apart, and are never allowed to meet. I am anxious to know of your occupations. It is all very interesting to me. I wish to know about your studies, I would know something of your Toynbee evenings, and of the society for total abstinence of which you are so zealous a member. Among our Indian people, we have not the drink demon to fight, thank God!—but I fear, I fear that when once—forgive me—your Western civilization shall have obtained a foothold among us, we shall have that evil to contend with too. Civilization is a blessing, but it has its dark side as well. The tendency to imitate is inborn, I believe. The masses imitate the upper classes, who in turn imitate those of higher rank, and these again follow the Europeans. Among us there is no marriage feast without drinking. And at the festivals of the natives, where they are not of strong religious convictions, (and usually they are Mohammedans only because their fathers, grandfathers and remote ancestors were Mohammedans—in reality, they are little better than heathen), large square bottles are always kept standing, and they are not sparing in the use of these. But an evil greater than alcohol is here and that is

		opium. Oh! The misery, the inexpressible horror it has brought to my country! Opium is the pest of Java. Yes, opium is far worse than the pest. The pest does not remain for ever; sooner or later, it goes away, but the evil of opium, once established, grows. It spreads more and more, and will never leave us, never grow less—for to speak plainly—it is protected by the Government! The more general the use of opium in Java, the fuller the treasury. The opium tax is one of the richest sources of income of the Government—what matter if it go well or ill with the people?—the Government prospers. This curse of the people fills the treasury of the Dutch Indian Government with thousands—nay, with millions. Many say that the use of opium is no evil, but those who say that have never known India, or else they are blind. What are our daily murders, incendiary fires, robberies, but the direct result of the use of opium? True, the desire for opium is not so great an evil as long as one can get it—when one has money to buy the poison; but when one cannot obtain it—when one has no money with which to buy it, and is a confirmed user of it? Then one is dangerous, then one is lost. Hunger will make a man a thief, but the hunger for opium will make him a murderer. There is a saying here—"At first you eat opium, but in the end it will devour you." It is terrible to see so much evil and to be powerless to fight against it. That splendid book by Mevrouw Goekoop I know. I have read it three times. I could never grow tired of it. What would I not give to be able to live in Hilda's environment. Oh, that we in India had gone so far, that a book could cause such violent controversy among us, as "Hilda van Suylenburg" has in your country. I shall never rest till H. V. S. appears in my own language to do good as well as harm to our Indian world. It is a matter of indifference whether good or harm, if it but makes an impression, for that shows that one is no longer sleeping, and Java is still in deep slumber. And how will her people ever be awakened, when those who should serve as examples, themselves love sleep so much. The greater number of European women in India care little or nothing for the work of their sisters in the Fatherland. Will you not tell me something of the labours, the struggles, the sentiments, of the woman of today in the Netherlands? We take deep interest in all that concerns the Woman's Movement.

		I do not know the modern languages. Alas! We girls are not allowed by our law to learn languages; it was a great innovation for us to learn Dutch. I long to know languages, not so much to be able to speak them, as for the far greater joy of being able to read the many beautiful works of foreign authors in their own tongue. Is it not true that never mind how good a translation may be, it is never so fine as the original? That is always stronger—more charming. We have much time for reading, and reading is our greatest pleasure—we, that is, the younger sisters and I. We three have had the same bringing up, and are much with one another. We differ in age, each from the other, but one year. Among us three there is the greatest harmony. Naturally we sometimes have little differences of opinion, but that does not weaken the tie that binds us together. Our little quarrels are splendid, I find them so : I love the reconciliations which follow. It is the greatest of all lies—do you not think so too?—that any two human beings can think alike in everything. That cannot be; people who say that must be hypocrites. I have not yet told you how old I am. I was just twenty last month. Strange, that when I was sixteen I felt so frightfully old, and had so many melancholy moods! Now that I can put two crosses behind me, I feel young and full of the joy of life, and the struggle of life, too. Call me simply Kartini; that is my name. We Javanese have no family names. Kartini is my given name and my family name, both at the same time. As far as "Raden Adjeng" is concerned, those two words are the title. I told Mevrouw van Wermeskerken, when I gave her my address, not to put Kartini alone—that would hardly reach me from Holland, and as for writing mejuffruow, or something of that kind, I have no right to it; I am only a Javanese. Now, for the present, you know enough about me—is it not so? Another time I shall tell you of our Indian life. If there is any light that you would like to upon any of our Indian affairs, please ask me. I am ready to tell you all that I know about my country and my people. 1. Mejuffrouw Zeehandelaar 2. Queen Wilhelmina.
3	4.1.2 R.A.Kartini is	XIII October, 1900.

	A Clever Woman	I wish to prepare myself to teach the two grades, lower and higher; and also to take courses in hygiene, bandaging and the care of the sick. Later I should like to take a language course. First to learn thoroughly my own mother tongue. I want to go on with my studies in Holland, because Holland seems to me in all respects a more suitable place of preparation for the great task which I would undertake. How shall we greet each other when we meet at last? I know exactly what you will say to me at first: "But child how stout you have grown!" And I shall whisper between two hugs, "I have grown old, both outwardly and inwardly, but that little spot in my heart where love is written in golden letters remains the same, for ever young." 1 To Mevrouw Ovink-Soer.
4	4.1.4 R.A.Kartini is A Confidence Woman	VI 1900 We want to ask the Indian Government to send us to Europe at the country's expense. Roekmini wishes to study art, and later to work for the revival of our native art. Kleintje wants to go to the school of Domestic Science, so that she may learn to teach frugality, good house-keeping and the care of money to our future motliers and housewives. For in these virtues, the careless, idle, luxurious and splendour loving Javanese people have much need of schooling. And I, as a teacher, am to instruct the future mothers in practical knowledge—to teach them to understand love and justice and right conduct, as we have learned them from the Europeans. The Government wishes to bring prosperity to Java and to teach the people frugality; it is beginning with the officials. But what good will it do, if the men are compelled to lay aside money, when the women in whose hands the house-keeping rests do not understand the worth of that money? The Government wishes to educate and civilize the Javanese people and must needs begin by teaching the smallest and highest class, which is the aristocracy, the Dutch language. But is an intellectual education everything? To be truly civilized, intellectual and moral education must go hand in hand. And who can do most for the elevation of the moral standard of mankind? The woman, the mother; it is at the breast of woman, that man receives his earliest nourishment. The child learns there first, to feel, to

		think, and to speak. And the earliest education of all foreshadows the whole after life. The most serious fault of our people is idleness. It is a great drawback to the prosperity of Java. So many latent powers lie undeveloped through indolence. The high born Javanese would rather suffer bitter want and misery than have plenty if he must work ; nothing less than a gold coloured pajoeng thinks the high born head. The noble makes light of everything except that most desirable article—a golden parasol! Our people are not rich in ideals, but an example which speaks, would impress them. They would be impelled to follow it. My sisters and I wish to go before and lighten the way, for that reason we want more than anything else to go to Holland to study. It will be well with us if we can go. Little Mother, Help us! When we come back to Java, we shall open a school for girls of the nobility; if we cannot get the means through our Government, then we will work for it in some other way, ask our friends to subscribe, start a lottery or something. The means will be found when we are ready to do the work—but I am running ahead, because we have the hardest struggle here at home; with Father's consent we should be richer than queens. If we could only have that. It is frightful to be a Javanese girl and to have a sensitive heart; poor, poor parents, what a fate was yours to have such daughters! We hope and pray fervently that they may be blessed with a long life, and that later they will be proud of us even though we do not walk abroad under glittering golden sunshades. I will work hard over the Dutch language so that I can have it completely under my thumb and do with it as I will—and then I shall seek, through means of my pen, to arouse the sympathy of those who are able to help us in our work to improve the lot of the Javanese woman. "Poor fool," I hear you say, "if you push will all your might against the gigantic structure of ignorance, will you be able to over-turn it?" But we will push, little Mother, with all our strength, and if only one stone of it falls out, we shall not have worked in vain. But first we are going to seek the co-operation of the best and most enlightened men in Java (even one of them could help us) . We wish to form an alliance with our enlightened progressive men, to seek their friendship, and after that their co-operation with us. We are not giving battle to

		men, but to old moss-grown edicts and conventions that are not worthy of the Javanese of the future. That future, of which we, (and a few others), are the forerunners. Throughout all ages the pioneers in the struggle against tradition, have suffered, we know that. Call us mad, foolish, what you will, we can not help it, it is in our blood. Grandfather was a pioneer half a century ago; he gave his sons and daughters a European education. We have no right to be passive, to do nothing. "Adeldom verplicht" ^ Excelsior! We wish that we could make common cause now with the men of the younger generation, but if we did we should be distrusted at once; friendship between unmarried women and men whether married or not, would not be understood. Later when we shall have gained our independence, it will he different. My brother knows many progressive young men personally and through correspondence. We know that there are men who appreciate a thinking, educated woman. I heard a man say once (he was a highly placed native official) that the companionship of a woman who was educated and enlightened was a great comfort and support to a man. 1.Mevrouw M. C. E. Ovink-Soer.
5	4.2.1 R.A.Kartini's Mimicry	LXI July 4th, 1903. Whatever the future may have in store for us, I pray that we may always remain confident and gay and full of faith. I have said so often to others, "do not despair, do not curse your cross, weary one. Through suffering comes power." Now it is my fate to apply what I have been preaching. But I will not think any more of strife or suffering, of care and of anxiety. It makes my head so tired, and my heart so sick. I will smell the perfume of flowers and bathe in the sunshine ; they are always here to comfort us. Moeske, we have begun our work. We thank your husband for his advice to begin at once, just as we were. We had not dared to hope that it would begin so easily. We started with one pupil, quickly the number jumped to five, and tomorrow morning eight will come to the kaboepaten, and soon there will be ten. We are so pleased when we look at our little children. They are such a fresh unspoiled little band; they always come exquisitely neat, and they get along so amiably together. They learned to trust us quickly; while they pay all due respect to form, they are still as free and

		unrestrained before us as though there were no such thing as rank or difference of degree. The day before yesterday the djaksa of Karimoan Djawa brought a daughter to me. Picture it Moeske, they send their daughters away from home, and let them eat with us here in a strange place. Yesterday, a young mother came to me in great distress; she said that she lived too far away, if it were not so, she would be so glad to come and study with us herself. As that cannot be, she wants to provide for her little daughter, the education which she has not had the opportunity to gain. Her child is not yet a year old; as soon as she is six years old, her mother will send her to us, wherever we may be. The children come here four days in the week, from eight to half past twelve. They study, writing, reading, handiwork and cooking. We teachers do not give lessons in art unless the pupils show a special aptitude for it. Our school must not have the air of a school, or we that of schoolmistresses. It must be like a great household of which we are the mothers. We will try and teach them love as we understand it, by word and deed. In our own youth, we were guided by that simple precept which is universally understood: "Do not unto others what you do not wish done unto yourself.'" Mevrouw Van Kol has told us much of your Jesus, and of the apostles Peter and Paul. Of whatever belief or race a man may be, a great soul is a great soul—a noble character, a noble character. I have read "Quo Vadis," and I have been thrilled with admiration for the martyrs to their faith, who amid the bitterest suffering, still looked faithfully and trustingly to- ward the Highest and proclaimed His praise in beautiful song. I have suffered with them and I have rejoiced with them. Do you know "We Two," by Edna Lyall? That is a very fine book. It treats of atheism and Christianity, of true Christianity and of its frightful perversion, of which, alas, there is so much in the world. The atheist, Luke Raebum, is a great figure, and Erica Raebum too is a noble character, who from a zealous atheist becomes a sincere and believing Christian. They were a father and daughter who loved each other devotedly, and depended each upon the other. We read too the "Soul of a People." That is about Buddhism and is also a beautiful book. We are anxious now to read something about Judaism (do you not say that?). Perhaps Zangwill's book "Dreams of the Ghetto"

		will be what we seek. 1 To Mevrouw Abendanon.
6	4.2.3 R.A.Kartini's Hybridity	II 18 of August, 1899. Sincere thanks for your long letter, your cordial words warmed my heart. Shall I not disappoint you upon a closer acquaintance? I have already told you that I am very ignorant, that I know nothing. Compared to you I feel myself sink into nothingness. You are well informed about the Javanese titles. Before you mentioned it, I had never given the matter a thought, that I am, as you say, "highly bom." Am I a princess? No more than you yourself are one. The last prince of our house, from whom I am directly descended in the male line, was, I believe, twenty-five generations back; but Mamma is closely related to the princely house of Medeira; her greatgrandfather was a reigning prince, and her grandmother a princess. But we do not give a two-pence for all that. To my mind there are only two kinds of aristocracy, the aristocracy of the mind, and the aristocracy of the soul—of those who are noble in spirit. I think there is nothing more commonplace than those people who allow themselves to depend upon their so called "high birth." What worth is there in simply being a count or baron? I cannot see it with my little understanding. Adel and Edel, twin words with almost the same sound and which should have the same meaning. Poor twins! How cruel life has been to you—it has ruthlessly torn you asunder and holds you now so far apart. Once noble, meant what the word signifies. Yes, then indeed it would have been an honour to be "highly bom." But now?— I remember how embarrassed we were last year, when the ladies of the Exposition for Woman's Work called us the "Princesses of Java." In Holland they seem to think that everything which comes out of India which is not a "baboe" or a "spada" must be a prince or a princess. Europeans here in India seldom call us "Raden Adjeng," they address us usually as "Freule." I despair of its ever being different. I do not know how many times I have said that we were not "Freules" and still less princesses, but they have grown accustomed to the glamour and still obstinately call us "Freule." Not long ago a European who had heard much of us, came here and asked our parents to be allowed

		the privilege of making the acquaintance of the "princesses"; we were brought out and shown to him as though we had been dolls; how stupid we felt! "Regent," said he to our father, but quite distinctly before us — there was much disappointment in his voice—"at the word—princess, I thought of glittering garments, fantastic Oriental splendour, and your daughters look so simple." We could hardly suppress a smile when we heard him. Good Heavens! In his innocence he had paid us the greatest possible compliment; you do not know what a pleasure it was to us to find that our clothes were simple ; we had so often taken pains to put on nothing that would look conspicuous or bizarre. Dear Stella, I am heartily glad that I seem to you like your Dutch friends, and that you find me congenial. I have always been an enemy of formality. I am happy only when I can throw the burden of Javanese etiquette from my shoulders. The ceremonies, the little rules, that are instilled into our people are an abomination to me. You could hardly imagine how heavily the burden of etiquette presses upon a Javanese aristocratic household. But in our household, we do not take all the formalities so literally. We often dispense with ceremony and speak our own sentiments freely. Javanese etiquette is both silly and terrible. Europeans who live years in India, and who come in close contact with our native dignitaries, cannot at all understand it unless they have made a special study of it. In order to give you a faint idea of the oppressiveness of our etiquette, I shall mention a few examples. A younger brother or sister of mine may not pass me without bowing down to the ground and creeping upon hands and knees. If a little sister is sitting on a chair, she must instantly slip to the ground and remain with head bowed until I have passed from her sight. If a younger brother or sister wishes to speak to me, it must only be in high Javanese;' and after each sentence that comes from their lips, they must make a sembah; that is, to put both hands together, and bring the thumbs under the nose. If my brothers and sisters speak to other people about me, they must always use high Javanese in every sentence concerning me, my clothes, my seat at the table, my hands and my feet, and everything that is

		mine. They are forbidden to touch my honourable head without my high permission, and they may not do it even then without first making a sembah. If food stands on the table, they must not touch the tiniest morsel till it has pleased me to partake of that which I would (as much as I de-sire). Should you speak against your superiors, do it softly, so that only those who are near may hear. Oh, yes; one even trembles by rule in a noble Javanese household. When a young lady laughs, she must not open her mouth. (For Heaven's sake! I hear you exclaim). Yes, dear Stella, you shall hear stranger things than these, if you wish to know everything about us Javanese. If a girl runs, she must do it decorously, with little mincing steps and oh, so slowly, like a snail. To run just a little fast is to be a hoyden. Toward my older brothers and sisters I show every respect, and observe all forms scrupulously. I do not wish to deny the good right of any one, but the younger ones, beginning with me, are doing away with all ceremony. Freedom, equality, and fraternity! For my little brothers and sisters, toward me, and toward each other, are like free, equal comrades. Between us, there is no stiffness—there is only friendship and hearty affection. The sisters say "thee" and "thou" to me, and we speak the same language. At first people smiled in amazement at the free, untrammeled relationship between us brothers and sisters of unequal ages. We were called children without any bringing up, and I was a "koeda koree" because I seldom walked sedately but went skipping along. And they were further horrified because I often laughed aloud! and allowed my teeth to show. But now that they see how affectionate and sweet the relationship is between us, and that only the burdensome etiquette has taken flight before our freedom, they admire the harmonious union which binds us so closely together. Thank you, dear Stella, for your charming compliment: I am as pleased as a child. There is no danger of spoiling me by praise, or I should long ago have been spoiled to death, both at home and by my friends and acquaintances. I thank you so much for the friendly thoughts which you have for us Javanese. From you I did not expect anything else, but knew that you would have the same feeling for all people, white or brown. From those who are truly civilized and enlightened we have never experienced anything but kindness. If a

		Javanese is ever so stupid, unlettered, uncivilized, the power which governs him should see in him a fellow man, whom God has created too ; one who has a heart in his body, and a soul full of sensitive feeling, although his countenance may remain immovable, and not a glance betray his inward emotion. At home, we speak Javanese with one another; Dutch only with Hollanders, although now and then we use a little Dutch expression which has a shade of meaning that cannot be translated, often it is to express some little humorous point. 1 To Mejuffrouw Zeehandelaar.
7	4.2.3 R.A.Kartini's Hybridity	LIV January 14th, 1903. My brother; my little brother, will positively not become priaja, and enter the service of the Indian Government. If Mevrouw has told you something of my letters, you will know that I am not sorry, but am rejoicing with brother in his decision. We think it splendid that brother has not for an ideal that which thousands of his fellow countrymen have always looked upon as most desirable, as the very height of good fortune—to be a little Prince, glittering with buttons, under a gold striped parasol. It is a great joy to us that pomp and ceremony have no charm for him, and that he has realized so young that he wishes to go another way from the one that has always been followed, and trodden flat, by the feet of thousands. I should have liked for him to dedicate himself to the service of suffering humanity, and to have studied medicine. That is perhaps part selfishness in me, I should have been glad to see him become a doctor because it is such a beautiful calling, and it would have inevitably taught him to understand our ideals. He could have done so much to further the mutual respect between the European and native elements. He could have taught his people to trust the European methods of healing, and he could have called the attention of the European world to the simple native methods whose value has been many times proven. I spoke to little brother about the Doktor-Djawa School, but he had no inclination in that direction, and we do not wish to press him. 1.Dr. Abendanon.
8	4.2.3 R.A.Kartini's	L October 27, 1902.

	Ambivalence	In spite of all that we have suflFered, we know that we are fortunate, for there are many poor creatures in even more miserable circumstances than ourselves, who without friends, without a single confidante—must struggle on alone through life never hearing a cordial sympathetic word; never meeting an understanding look, or receiving a warm pressure of the hand. We feel that we are richly blessed in the possession of love and friendship such as yours. If you will always love and trust us, little Mother, you will make us happy. We thank you again and again, for your love and sympathy. You see we are answering your letter at once, and we shall put it away and keep it as a sacred relic! We pray and entreat you, think no more about our happiness. We have told you so often that it is not our own happiness we sfeek, but that of others. When we go to Europe, we do not expect to gather roses for ourselves. I protest we expect nothing of Europe—nothing of the "happiness" of which European girls dream, nor do we expect that we will find much friendship and sympathy there, or that we will feel at home in a strange environment. We hope only for one thing, to find there knowledge and enlightment. It will not matter if we do not find it gay in Europe, if we but receive there what we seek. We do not expect the European world to make us happier. The time has long gone by when we seriously believed that the European is the only true civilization, supreme and unsurpassed. Forgive us, if we say it, but do you yourself think the civilization of Europe perfect? We should be the last not to see and appreciate the great good that is in your world, but will you not acknowledge that there is also much that brings the very name of civilization into ridicule? We complain about pettiness and smallness of soul in our own surroundings; do not imagine for a moment that we think that in Holland we shall not find pettiness too. You know better than we, that among the thousands that are called civilized by the world, only a very few are that in reality. That a broad mind is not possessed by every European from whom it might be expected. And even in the most elegant, exclusive and brilliant salons; prejudice, intolerance and short sightedness are no infrequent visitors. We do not think of Holland as an ideal country, not in the least. Judging from what we

		have seen of the Hollanders here, we can certainly reckon upon much in that small, cold country that will wound our sensibilities and bitterly grieve us. We Javanese are reproached as bom liars, wholly untrustworthy, and we are called ingratitude personified. We have not only read this many times, but we have heard it spoken aloud, and that was a fair test of the speaker's delicacy of feeling. We only smile when we read or hear such pleasantries, we think to ourselves of European society life which often gives glaring proof of the truth and sincerity of those who sit in high places and look down with scorn upon the lying, untrustworthy Javanese. We came in contact with Europeans very little until a few years ago; the first occasion on which we found ourselves in a European crowd, was at the time of the coronation of her Majesty. How admirable was the comedy play of the European world behind the scenes! At that festival, my reverence for Europeans received its death blow. We saw two ladies in earnest speech, intimately holding one another by the arm, their heads confidentially close; we heard affectionate words here and there; good friends, thought we. A gentleman came and broke up the tete-a-tete. As he walked away with one of the ladies, we heard her say: "Such a cat." While the remaining lady said to another nearby, "That unfortunate creature, she rigs herself up so ridiculously." Just a little while before she had declared that the dear one was charmingly dressed. We received blow after blow that evening, through this, and other heart-rending little scenes. We saw red, fiery men's faces—"gentlemen" who spread the horrible breath of alcohol around them, when they spoke. And, oh, the noise and racket everywhere! We grew cold to our very hearts, and longed eagerly to get away from these "civilized" surroundings. If we had been base, and had told what these friends had said of one another, a formal civil war would have broken out! Soon after that a girl wrote us of a visit which she had paid to an alleged friend. She had been so charmingly, so cordially received. A little after, we met this "friend" and thanked her for her kind reception of our little friend. She said, "I think her a sullen girl; she always looks so sour and waspish." Innumerable times we have witnessed fantastic kisses between persons whom we knew hated one another. And it was not the despised "nonas" who did this, but

		white people of unmixed blood; educated, and brought up with every advantage. We saw too how harmless, sim- pie "nonas" were held up to ridicule by clever, educated Hollanders. "The Javanese is a bom liar—wholly untrustworthy." We leave the accusation there. We only ask that when a child sins through ignorance, and a full grown, thinking person commits the same sin deliberately and with calculation, which of the two is the most guilty? We think sometimes with reason, what is civilization? Does it consist in a commanding tone, or in hypocrisy? Oh, what do we do? what have we said? Forgive us little Mother. You know that it is not our intention to grieve you by being honest. Is it not true that honesty is the basis of our friendship—of our love? Often it is not polite to be honest. We do not enjoy being impolite; we are Javanese, to whom "politeness" belongs as a natural heritage. We think that you ought to know our opinion of some things in your civilization. Because you seem to think that we look upon the European world as our ideal. It is not always there that we have found true education, and we know that you must think the same thing. True education is not the exclusive property of those who have had the advantage of books; it is to be found as well among the people upon whom a majority of the white race, convinced as it is of its own excellence, looks mdown with disdain. Our people have faults, certainly, but they also have virtues which could very well serve as examples to the civilized nations. We have degenerated, gone backward you see, or we would not have lost what a superficial glance can recognize as one of the peculiar qualities of the Javanese people—modesty. Father said to me once, "Ni, do not imagine that there are many Europeans that really love you." Father did not have to tell me that, I knew it very well myself. We could count upon our fingers, and we would not have to use two hands either, those who are really our sincere friends. Most of them pretend sympathy for effect, or through calculation, with some end in view. It is amusing; if one looks at the humorous side of such things, then one is not distressed. People often do such foolish things. Do not imagine that I do not see that many of those who now talk about native art, only do it to make themselves agreeable to me, and not because they have any real appreciation of it. Before me every one is enthusiastic. Is it from conviction? But that does

		not matter, the result will be good, and through such people the real friends of Java and the Javanese may be reached. We know why the Echo is glad to publish our articles. It is because we are a novelty, and make a fine advertisement for that paper. The Dutch Lelie placed its columns at my disposal, and time and again the directress has asked for letters from me. Why? For the advertisement. Letters from a true daughter of the Orient, from a real "Javanese girl," thoughts from such a half-wild creature, written by herself in a European language, how interesting! If in despair we cry aloud our miseries in the Dutch language, again it is so very "interesting." And if—which may God forbid—some day we should die of our broken hearts—then it would all be so terribly "interesting." Oh, there are people who think that only the interesting is desirable. There is much that is beautiful in the Javanese religious law. It is only a pity that it is not taken more as a symbol. People take the things that the wise men preach, literally. They abstain from food and sleep; as now interpreted it means, that one must eat and sleep as little as possible and all will be well in this life and in the life hereafter. The great idea that is back of it, they pass by. That is "It is not eating and sleeping that is the aim of life." I am a child of Buddha, and it is taught that we should eat no animal food. When I was a child, I was very ill. The doctors could not help me, they could suggest nothing. Then a Chinese convict, who had been friendly with us children, begged to be allowed to help me. My parents consented, and I was healed. What the medicines of learned men could not accomplish was done by "quackery." He healed me simply by giving me ashes to drink of the burnt-offerings dedicated to a Chinese idol. Through drinking that potion, I became the child of that Chinese divinity, Santik-Kong of Welahan. A year or so ago we made a visit to the holy one. There is a little golden image before which incense is burned day and night. In times of epidemic it is carried around in state to exorcise the evil spirits. The birthday of the holy one is celebrated with great brilliancy and Chinese come from far and near. Old Chinese residents have told us the legend of the golden image, which for them really lives. Our land is full of mysticism, of fairy tales, and of legends. You

		have certainly heard many times of the enviable calmness with which the Javanese meets the most frightful blows of destiny. It is Tekdir— foreordained, they say, and are submissive. The fate of every man is determined, even before he sees the light of life. Happiness and misery are meted out to him before his birth. No man may turn away that which God has decreed. But it is the duty of every one to guard against misfortune as far as possible; only when it comes despite their efforts, is it Tekdir. And against Tekdir nothing in the world can prevail. That tells us to be steadfast and to push forward and to let happen, what happen will, to submit calmly to the inevitable, and then to say it is Tekdir. That is why our people would not set themselves for ever against that which had actually happened. Brought face to face with a fact, they are face to face with Tekdir and are submissive. God give us strength. We are in deep sorrow. We are preparing to go away from our loved ones. To break loose the bonds which until now have been our happiness. But better a sound little hut than a castle in ruins, better a strong little skiff than to go in a splendid steam-boat and be driven upon a reef. For a long time now I have had to go to bed without Father's goodnight greeting. Until a few months ago, Father never went to bed without stopping first outside our chamber door, and putting his head inside to see his little daughter once more and to call her name before he went to rest. If the door was locked, he knocked, softly; his little daughter must hear and know that she was not forgotten. Gone now is that dear, dear time. I have had much love—too much—all to myself. For when one has had too much, then there must be another, who goes lacking. Now it is my turn to do without. I have bathed long enough in the over-flow. It is hard for me, but for him, my Father, I hope and pray fervently that he may be so fortunate as to banish me from his heart utterly. My poor, dear loved one will then be spared much misery. I shall always love him dearly in spite of everything; he is more to me than ever, and I am thankful for all the happy years that have gone by. But for my poor Father, it would be better had I never become a child of Buddha, he would then possess me wholly. Even though it were only in memory. What Nellie said is true: "Life brings more cruel partings than death." Those whom death takes away from us in the

		bloom of love and friendship remain more surely ours in spirit than those whom life leaves to us. My dearest Father, that he should find this out in his old age and from his favourite child! May God forgive me, but it is not he alone who has suffered and who will suffer; we too have striven and suffered. We pray God fervently that in the course of time he may see the truth and will learn to be proud of his little daughters. That we may atone to him in some measure for the deep disappointment we are causing him now. 1 To MevTouw Abendanon.
9	4.2.3 R.A.Kartini's Ambivalence	XXI 1st of August, 1901. We Javanese cannot live without flowers and sweet odours. The native flowers in their splendour awaken in me a world of thought and feeling whenever I breathe in their perfume. Days afterwards it lives in my memory, and I feel the strong Javanese blood coursing through my veins. Oh soul of my people, that used to be too beautiful, that was full of kindness, poetry, gentleness and modesty—what has become of you? What have time and slothfulness not made of you? It is so often said that we are more European than Javanese in our hearts. Sad thought! We know that we are impregnated with European ideas and feelings—but the blood, the Javanese blood that flows live and warm through our veins, can never die. We feel it in the smell of incense and in the perfume of flowers, in the tones of the gamelan, in the sighing of the wind through the tops of the cocoa-nut trees, the cooing of the turtle doves, the whistling of the fields of ripened rice, in the pounding of the haddi-blokken at the time of the rice harvest. Not for nothing have we passed our whole lives amid surroundings where everything depends upon form; we have learned the emptiness of those forms, their lack of meaning and of substance; there is much good in the Javanese people. We are so anxious for you to admire our peopie. When I see something fine, some trait of character, that is peculiarly Javanese, then I think "How glad I should be if Mevrouw A. were with us. She would be pleased at this thing, would appreciate it, she who has wide open eyes for everything that is noble." Our little Javanese wood-carver-artist as you call him, has made something very beautiful with the whole wajanghistory carved upon it. Wajang figures on the cover, on the outside and inside both, and on all four

		walls. There is a case designed to protect it, which is also ornamented with wajang figures. The box is lined with orange satin, which is gathered and pleated, and it is set off by a silver rim, also of native workmanship. Indeed it ought to be very beautiful, for it is designed to hold the portraits of the Regents of Java and Madeira, which the queen has ordered sent to her. This mark of homage is a pretty idea. The Regent of Garoat ordered the box and I was given free play. I might spend as much as I liked for both objects. 1 To Mevrouw Abendanon.