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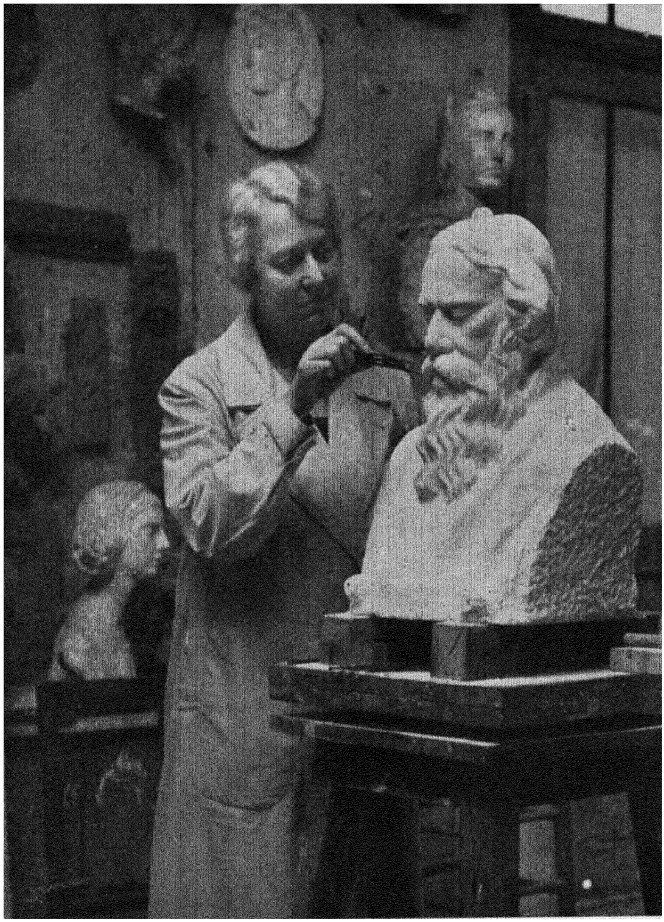


THE AUTHOR CUTTING A MARBLE OF THE POET TAGORE

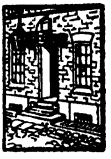
ARTIST
IN UNKNOWN INDIA

By

MARGUERITE MILWARD

FOREWORD BY

Professor H. J. FLEURE, M.A., D.SC., F.R.S.



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Dedication

HONOR

To whose inspiration and help I owe so much

FOREWORD

By PROFESSOR H. J. FLEURE, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.

Books and lectures about India tell us mainly about Hindus, Sikhs and Muhammadans, the three elements which are so difficult to mix together. Sometimes we hear of the fifty millions of Untouchables, but only rarely, as in the invaluable census report (1930) by Professor Hutton, do we get a view of the romantic complexity of the heritage of India. The late Lord Meston used to say that a very large proportion of the Indian people carry a considerable physical heritage from the inhabitants of India in days long before the conquests of Aryan speaking peoples or even the founding of the ancient cities on the Indus. It is this ancient India that Mrs. Milward has looked for, and, in a considerable measure, found, in the faces of the people whom she has visited in several of the remote jungles. These have long given a precarious refuge to groups who found difficulty in adjusting themselves to modes of life with higher organization.

While we cannot tell, as yet, in what region or zone Near-Man became human, we do know that practically all mankind likes a temperature of 60-70 degrees F. with cooler spells to brace us now and then. This suggests a region such as North Africa and the Western Sahara, of the Pleistocene Ice Ages when Europe and Central Asia were bitterly cold, and the Western Sahara was not yet quite arid. What the condition of India was at that time we may not argue here. It involves too many half-known items. But it is very widely thought, now, that Professor Menghin made a mistake in thinking India the original home of the coup-de-poing or flint-core implement, which, in the general view, is to be associated with man in the full sense near the beginning of his story.

What is interesting from the Indian point of view is that here we have a large sub-continent south of the high wall of Himalaya and Hindu Kush, a sub-continent with warmth, moisture, forest and park-land on an immense scale, and probably the same conditions for many thousand years, since the end of the Ice Ages and the great flood that must have been a feature of a major icemelt in the mountains of the north.

It has been a region into which men drifted from the west and found hot sun but seasonal contrast, especially in moisture ; it is a region south of the great mountain zones on which icesheets and glaciers no doubt long persisted. India thus tended to receive drifts of people in early times from the warmer rather than the cooler edges of the zone on which they had acquired human status, but this is only partly true if, as seems likely, the drifts started from North Africa and Southwest Asia. We should expect to find some traits like those which are widespread in intertropical Africa, but also others less African. This is what our sculptress has modelled in her remarkable series of heads and busts ; and she has now supplemented these models by descriptions giving details of colour and so on in this book. She tells us that frequently in South India one sees people who have African affinities along with others who are decidedly not African in the ordinary sense. Those who have resemblances to Africans, such as a proportion of the Kadars (Chapter Six), may show the broad flat nose with wide nostrils, marked width of the cheekbones, prominent mouths and thick lips, close curly hair (not quite the crisp or woolly hair of Africa or Papua), and very dark skins. The dark skins are a good deal like those of many Africans and it is well-known that the dark pigment prevents excessive ultra-violet radiation from penetrating and irritating the deeper layers of the skin. The thick lips and broad nostrils promote cooling by evaporation. The hair owes its character to its growth in rather loose follicles, which, again, by their looseness promote cooling. Those who have less resemblance to Africans often are rather analogous with Australian aborigines. They are often brown skinned

but not always of the darkest, their noses are wide, their mouths prominent, sometimes with full lips, their hair wavy, but sometimes almost lank, though by no means so straight as that of many Chinese. In these respects they may be said to be, on the whole, rather less highly specialised for hot conditions than are the rather more African-like individuals. But Mrs. Milward's sculptures take us much further, thanks to the patient combination of careful measurement with artistic enthusiasm. She shows us that both the more African-like and the more Australian-like peoples have some features that belong to the early chapters of man's story, and her demonstration is all the more valuable because it is the work of an artist and not of a specialist on race characters.

Our near-human relations had heavy jaws supported, kept in place and worked by strong muscles which by their position and their attachments to the skull necessitated a strong brow, with its accompaniment of a deep-set nose root, wide cheekbones and marked hollows (temporal hollows) at the sides of the forehead. The existence of this strong musculation at the sides of the skull to some extent blanketed growth in width, and the skulls of the large majority of men of the Old Stone Age, as well as almost all Australian aborigines and most Africans are narrow and long, often with the sides of the skull roof as it were, pulled down by the strong muscles, leaving a more or less gabled median line. Mrs. Milward's sculptures not only help us to appreciate these points, but also draw attention to facial features which will probably be brought more and more into discussions of types of man. Her sculptures and descriptions tell us with what reserve averages of a number of individuals, even of the same apparently very ancient and isolated group, must be used. Genes and their linkages in individuals must be in our minds all the time.

Mrs. Milward has shown clearly that India has many isolated groups, some of them lingerers from perhaps the Old Stone Age, others perhaps groups which have failed to conquer difficulties or even to have sunk back,

perhaps after expulsion from better environments or other misfortunes. We see that some may have adopted a Dravidian or even a Hindu language, some may worship gods akin to those of their Hindu neighbours, in fact there is every possible stage of mixture both in the physique of the people and in their customs and ideas. It is of value especially to have the sculptures of individuals from isolated groups, because some of these groups are losing their identity as communications develop, or are becoming fewer because of high infantile death rate, sometimes accompanying a not very high birth rate, which feature may be linked with a certain amount of inbreeding.

Mrs. Milward's work has been enhanced by her strong sympathy with the lowly peoples and her courage in facing the problems of reaching remote spots and working with people who could not be expected to understand her aims. She shows that her sympathy and understanding extend beyond the primitives into Indian life and art and thought. We are grateful for her appreciation of the wonderful Kailasa at Elura (Ellora), one of the most awe-inspiring temples in the world, all carved out of a thick layer of trap rock, and yet looking as though it and its peripheral cloister had been built in the ordinary way. Her appreciation of the Buddhist figures and of the significance of their diversities her understanding of Ajanta and of the danger of renovations, her account of the fortresses of Golconda and Daulatabad, and many other details recall memories for those who have seen something of the Deccan. The book has many delicate hints concerning contacts between eastern and western minds, and perhaps its best feature is the avoidance of the superiority complex.

H. J. FLEURE.

CHAPTER I

BOMBAY PRESIDENCY

AN EXPERIMENTAL HEAD - ELEPHANTA CAVES - KHATODIS AT KHANDALA - KARLI CAVE TEMPLE

My first visit to India was in 1926 when I spent four months there, gaining experience which stood me in good stead on the second visit which I made three years later.

In one way this venture was an outcome of the first, for when I had stayed as a guest of the poet Tagore at Santineketan it had been suggested that I should return one day and teach their students sculpture. This plan took shape in 1929 and I went back to Bengal with clay and plaster, and made portraits of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, Mr. Kedernath Chatterji and others. I made friends, too, with many Indian artists, including Dr. Guha of the India Museum, Calcutta. Again without knowing it, I was preparing for a much more ambitious programme in 1935.

It was during that year in London that I began to long for new inspiration and a fresh aim. The idea that had been born years before of sculpting types of different races returned with insistence. It had been conceived in the days of my girlhood when, during a visit to an Exhibition in Paris, I had been utterly fascinated by a collection of African native heads in bronze. Even then I had felt that this was the kind of work which I would like to do. Why should I not go back again to India and make a collection of the Primitive Tribes to be found there? I discussed the project with various friends who suggested to me that if I were to make studies of a dying out tribe called the Todas it would be of real value to anthropology. But when I was shown photographs of

these magnificent hill men, with wild hair, flowing beards and cloaks, my heart sank. What a weight of clay would be needed to make heads such as these.

Half-heartedly, I approached the British Museum for more information. They referred me to their Mr. Codrington, who was especially interested in anthropology in India. Our meeting sealed my fate. His enthusiasm was so great that my indecisions were swept away. "Go first to the Deccan," he said, "I will make your itinerary. You will find the most important tribes there. Afterwards do your Todas if you wish." I booked a passage to Bombay the same afternoon, and sailed in November, 1935, spending eight months on my first collection in sculpture of Primitive and Aboriginal Tribes of India.

In 1936 I returned to London and held an exhibition of my work at India House. It created so much interest and was so warmly received that I did not hesitate to return, and spend a further twelve months continuing the work in other districts. For the purposes of the story which follows, however, I have disregarded the break in time between my Indian journeys.

* * * * *

Bombay, Queen of the East and fairest of the fair, comes right down to the sea to greet arrivals. There is no dismal dock road here. As in former days I was thrilled with the brilliance, the bustle of arrival and the scent of jasmine flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Keip, Dutch friends whom I had met in 1929, waved to me from the quay, and then took me to a lordly breakfast at the Taj Mahal Hotel where we discussed plans for the future.

It was a relief to have their expert help through the customs. When I saw my coffin-like cases of plaster of Paris hauled with difficulty by six sweating coolies, I made a mental note that next time they must be packed in half the quantities; my barrels of French clay were, however, easier to handle. The customs duty was staggering, but no surprise to me.

I had thought that one of my problems was how to find the valuable old bearer recommended to me by the Codringtons, but I need not have been anxious. With the uncanny instinct which makes the Indian servant so invaluable, he walked right up to me with a broad grin holding out an envelope with my name on it.

Mr. Keip showed me his office and store, and suggested that he should keep all my plaster and clay in Bombay, and dispatch the amount required to various centres as I needed it. I arranged to send him all my sculptures, packed as well as circumstances permitted, for him to repack and crate for London. There was little risk of breakage as during my last visit to India I had evolved a plan of making the moulds only, and sending them to London to be cast. In this way I saved quantities of precious plaster as well as hours of labour at which I was not skilled. Mrs. Keip then guided me to the bazaar, gay with luscious fruits and shining brass, and we shopped for my journey, adding a mattress, a mosquito curtain, a tin basin and a hurricane lamp to my already immense quantities of luggage.

I spent Christmas with the Keips on a lonely little Island outside Bombay, and took advantage of the opportunity to examine the handsome Kolis, an ancient fisher tribe inhabiting it. Though they were not on my list of tribes to visit, I decided to make the head of one as a trial trip, for there were perfect conditions for work and sympathetic friends to help. We went down to the beach to watch the fishing boats come in, and I chose a beautiful brawny fisherman for my first model.

Knowing that all over India my studio would perforce be in the open air, I experimented here with working out of doors. The light was so clear that I felt that for the first time I was seeing all the planes, no distorting shadows, but the real facts. This made me realise that I must beware of hard lines and soften my style.

To make the mould of the head alone was a "tour de force" for me. Feeling very nervous and out of practice, I began it while all the household were asleep. The mould has to be made in two pieces to get the clay out.

Having found out through trial and error the easiest method of doing this, I made a halo of thin brass sheeting —cut in small pieces to fit—all round the head and over the highest points by the ears. Then, with many misgivings, I mixed a basin of plaster with a pinch of Reckitt's blue to give a slightly coloured first coat, applying this with a floppy pastry brush and the greatest care. Next I threw on three or four coats of white plaster up to the edge of the brass halo, strengthening the whole with bits of bent iron. I discovered later how much the quality and temperature of the water determined the ease or difficulty of making moulds. Sometimes the plaster set so fast that I had to throw it all away and begin again.

To break open a mould is tricky for a beginner, but this time it was achieved without accident, and the clay was dug out of the two halves to use again. My servant proved quite good at this operation, and it was an exciting moment looking inside the mould to see if there were bubbles in the eyes or nose. We tied the mould up tightly, after giving it a good dry clean, and carried it down in triumph to Bombay to be packed—my first trophy.

II

Before leaving Bombay for the Deccan, I made, as a fitting prelude to my sculpture ventures, a pilgrimage to the Caves of Elephanta, one of the many Islands dotted round Bombay. Motor boats ply from Apollo Bunda Harbour, and the journey takes an hour or more according to wind and tide.

The history of this Island, which took its name from a colossal carved elephant long since vanished, is shrouded in the mists of antiquity. Third century Buddhist caves were excavated here, but no traces remain today. The Hindu cave temples I had come to visit date from the fifth to the sixth century A.D., a wonderful period of Indian sculpture.

A paved pathway of thirty-six steps, mercifully shaded by trees, led from the little landing jetty to the caves.

Hidden away on this lonely rocky Island they are eerie and awe-inspiring, and one can hardly blame the superstitious for thinking them haunted. The Portuguese, at the time of their occupation, fired at the caves with guns, believing them to be inhabited by demons and evil spirits.

There are seven excavations in all but the Great Cave is the only one of importance. All the caves face North and are dedicated to the god Siva. The mystery of the Hindu Trinity is the theme of Elephanta, the Godhead expressed in Brahma the Creator, Siva the Destroyer and Vishnu the Preserver. The complexity of the Hindu gods is as puzzling as the fact that they are all symbols of the same god.

After the blinding glare of the Indian sun the amount of light inside appeared very dim. My first impression was that the roof was falling upon me and a deep feeling of oppression weighed me down. When I got used to the gloom I saw that the solid rock appears to be held up by twenty-six massive pillars with cushioned capitals, many of which are ruined. The main opening of the Great Cave leads directly to the unique Brahminical shrine in the centre, open on all sides. Without doubt the superb free statue of Brahma as "King of the Four Quarters," once filled this chapel. Now Siva's Lingam, symbolising creation and fertility, is the object of worship. This cubical shrine has four plain doors, almost Egyptian in simplicity, with eight immense guardian figures, two at each entrance. The only one still intact reminds me of a massive Egyptian statue with the same broad shoulders and solidly constructed limbs.

The great picture sculptures on the sides of this cave temple are amazing and all of them relate to Siva. In one he is depicted as a King holding a trident and decked with serpents. Many arms typify his power and he has three eyes and a crescent moon on his brow. Kailasa in the Himalayas is his seat; Parvati, the mountain maiden, his bride. These immense pictures are carved in high relief and the characters portrayed are of varying sizes according to their importance. The gods are colossal; smaller figures form the background and fill in the

spaces between. Demons below and angels in the sky above make the balance and the contrast complete.

Here is one of Siva's marriage; Parvati, decked with jewels, is clinging to him affectionately, Next to this is an oft-repeated subject—Siva with his consort seated on Kailasa, threatened by the Demon King, Ravenna. Greatest of all is the carving of Siva, eight-armed and inspired, dancing the mystic dance, the Tandava. In juxtaposition stands the contrast of Siva depicted as the great Yogi with crossed limbs seated on a lotus, which is Buddhist imagery. The lotus flower, emblem of purity, grows out of the deepest mire up to the pure air and sky, and is always the seat of the gods.

In a deep window-like recess is the most glorious piece of sculpture in all India. It is known as the Trimurti and expresses the three aspects of the godhead of the Hindu religion. The immense three-headed bust is eighteen feet high, and each wondrous face is about five feet in length. The great expanse of breast is covered with necklaces and decoration. The ear-rings in split ears and the rich ornaments make lovely contrasts to the calm and peaceful expression of the faces; the celebrated jewel workers of South India must have had a hand in this sculpture. The modelling of the heads is strong but delicate, very stylised and almost in low relief. How Bourdelle, greatest of French sculptors and one time my Professor, would have admired this. He would have ejaculated "What these ancient sculptors knew. It is formidable."

No one can visit Elephanta without a feeling of wonder and awe, for no other sculpture to be found in India in the least resembles the great Trimurti. What is this teaching and what are the hidden truths contained in it? Do the great faces depict the three Gunas or Powers—the struggle in the soul of man—so often described in Hindu philosophy?

I sat on the sandy floor for hours at the feet of the mystical Trimurti, trying to understand the perfect technique which thrilled me from the sculptor's point of view, and to puzzle out the symbolism of it all.

III

The first place in the itinerary that had been given me was Khandala in Bombay Presidency, no great distance away. When my Dutch friends saw me off at Bombay station I felt lost and lonely indeed. Their help and interest had been most stimulating, but now I had to start on the great adventure alone. At the moment my ambitious plans seemed impossible to fulfil. I was anxious and ill at ease, but the view from the train windows soothed me. Looking back as we climbed, I saw the rice fields bathed in sunset, a distant line of blue mountains beyond Bombay and Cathedral Rock in the centre. High above the plains were the lovely Western Ghats, where the Khatodi Tribe which I was going to seek are to be found. Neither they nor any other primitive tribesmen are to be met in the cities of India. They have to be hunted like animals in the dense jungle or in the fastnesses of the hills.

Within a few hours I reached Khandala. The luxurious corridor carriage in which I was travelling was far away from the servants' part of the train. Somehow I managed to descend at the station in the dim light with dozens of packages and no one to help me. My clay and plaster, which I had been obliged to take with me, to avoid delay, weighed tons and its transport cost as much as my own first class ticket. It was suddenly pitch dark. A reckless chauffeur with a broken down car had been sent to meet me. The subsequent drive through a wild and hilly district was enough to make the stoutest heart quail.

The hotel where I arrived at last was both charming and amusing, consisting, as it did, of a number of separate small bungalows with a large central dining room. In one of these little dwellings my bearer settled me as comfortably as possible, thinking of himself not at all. I was quite touched by his devotion. An aged man with a lantern escorted the guests to dinner, for the paths through the trees were dangerous and difficult in the darkness.

I retired early to my isolated little bungalow, and felt suddenly still more lonely, though not exactly afraid. To make matters worse, in the middle of the night weird sounds like the shuffling of many feet on my verandah woke me up suddenly. I summoned up all my courage, and opening the door wide, flashed a torch into the darkness, only to meet the frightened eyes of a herd of young bullocks.

With the dawn I rose, refreshed and full of hope again, and I wandered round the estate to take my bearings. The bungalows were all decorated for Christmas with sprays of flaming orange flower, devoid of leaves, but finished off with black calix and buds. High rocks towered above me to the left, while before me the ground dropped away suddenly. The hotel was perched high on the top of the ghat and below me line upon line of misty blue plain shimmered down to the sea. Although it was eighty miles away the beam from a lighthouse on the Bay was clearly visible, flashing every nine seconds after sunset.

The first thing I had to do was to find the elusive Khatodi, and I realised with dismay that while I knew little of the tribes of India in general, I was completely ignorant of the Khatodis in particular. The advice I had been given was: "Read books on anthropology, even though it is late in the day, and you will at least know what to look for." I had read the books indicated but doubted if I were any wiser.

I had treasured the notes that had been given me about Khandala. Nothing, however, happened according to plan. The men's mission that I depended upon was shut; the nuns whom I called upon next were not very helpful. The shutter of my camera stuck at this juncture, and everything went wrong. Inside the Mission school I was appalled to find the girls doing European fancy work; I expected them to be making jewellery or weaving in lovely colours. In the garden where the patient nun took me, some Khatodi girls were digging, and a picturesque group were beating rhythmically a tiny seed called *natchi* to make bread. This is their only food

besides a little rice, wild roots from the jungle and certain small reptiles.

Feeling I had drawn a blank, I went back to the manager of the hotel, and told him of all my difficulties. He was very interested in my sculpture ideas and in due course produced various groups of Khatodis. I then sent out an appeal to the officials of the District, and letters offering help began to arrive by every post. The police turned out to be men of abundant goodwill, but of little good taste. They brought me the blind, the halt and the maimed as potential models.

The Khatodis are terribly poor. It is impossible to imagine greater poverty. Their only means of livelihood is to gather wood in the forest and sell it in the bazaar. In this way they may earn five or at most eight annas a day. They wandered in the jungle round the hotel, picturesque in appearance with a fine carriage and bundles of wood deftly piled on their heads. They were as shy as animals and had just the same grace and movements, darting away at the approach of a stranger.

Through the kindness of the hotel manager, three families were living in an outhouse in the compound. They were a little more civilised and made me quite welcome when I went to visit them. The men showed me their bows and arrows, sign of the real primitive people, and shot them into the air for my amusement. They wore short *dhotis*, and usually kept their shoulders bare. The women wore the skimpiest of *saris* looped up tightly, with little red bodices and lots of pretty chains and bead and seed jewellery. They sold me their ornaments quite willingly, all hot off their brown necks. There seemed to be lots of babies dressed principally in beads.

Finally the manager persuaded one of the women to come and sit for me. She came the next day at the time appointed, with her baby in her arms, bringing her husband and all her family and friends to protect her. Her name was Suni; she was only thirty, but looked much older, having been married at the age of ten, and now the mother of five children. She wore a large nose ring

and bangles on wrists and ankles. Her upper arms were tattooed, and her ears threaded with bits of tin ornament which hung in festoons and made quite a pretty decoration. Suni was a good type for sculpture in every way, with her high cheek bones and a wide curly mouth.

I worked in public on the verandah of my bungalow, and the whole world came to watch; the manager, the servants, the visitors and all the tribe from the compound, including the bullocks. I started to put up the head, but had to go very slowly as measurements with compasses terrified my model. The babies screamed and fretted; the crowd buzzed and chatted round me. They watched every movement I made, and every bit of clay I put on. I thought in vain of Bourdelle's advice when once in his studio I had grumbled at some noisy friends. "Madame Milward," he had said, putting his arm round me affectionately, "You must learn to work in spite of chatter, for you will never make the world stop talking."

The model was even more unnerved by the audience than I was. Her great eyes followed me about, obviously scared at what might happen next. Nevertheless, she stood bravely beside me, with her baby in her arms. As the light became more difficult I began to be aware that the inevitable *karna* time was drawing near. My model stand had been bent out of shape during the journey, and threatened to collapse. Everything conspired against me. Reluctantly I ended the sitting and covered up the clay with wet rags and a mackintosh sheet. The damp heat did not matter, but my work needed protection against the drying wind.

In between the sittings with Suni, I hunted round for a man who was true to type. But the one I found proved to be shifty and unreliable. His hair made a wild halo round his head; his eyes protruded badly (a defect in the tribe); he never looked me in the face. Every time I turned away to get more clay he squatted down and smoked, or, worse still, he chewed a plug of tobacco, which made me add a large lump to his cheek. He was afraid of losing his job of collecting wood in the jungle,

an occupation which he regarded as more permanent than posing as a model. At last he ran away altogether and never came back. The sketch I made of him was by no means good work, but I had neither the time nor the courage to start another.

One day the Keips came up to visit me and see how I was faring. Their encouragement was wonderful, and, to relieve me of the trouble of packing the casts, they took them back in their car to Bombay. Their departure marked the end of my first attempt, but my experience with the Khatodis had taught me a great deal. I had failed to get a perfect male type, and I now realised that it was necessary to plan beforehand much more carefully.

The next day I travelled by car to a Khatodi village some distance away, in such a supremely beautiful spot among the hills that I wondered if after all the tribe were so much to be pitied. Here was unimaginable peace and sunshine, far away from the world. Their villages are called *katwadis*, and this one consisted of nine conical huts well constructed and thatched. I stooped and went inside one of them. It was pitch dark and there was no furniture whatever, only a few cooking pots and a brass pan or two. Outside, the children congregated together for me to take their pictures; the grown ups ran away and hid. They were all dirty and squalid, dressed in skimpy rags and with skinny legs. I tried in vain to get good photographs of the huts, but it was the wrong time of day, the sun being right over my head. As I turned to leave, a man ran after my bearer and said: "Very big lady come to see our village, she must give big *backsheesh*."

I discovered that there are two groups of Khatodi called locally the Katkari. A policeman who helped me as interpreter wrote down a piece of information for me in quaint English:

"Marriages—Maratha-Katkari. At any age their marriages take place. They never marry to another race called Dhor-Katkari. Religion of these Katkari is Hindu, and they do settle about their marriage among Maratha-Katkari—one race. At the time of this marriage they hold a wooden "mandav" before their houses, and

the marriage ceremony is performed at the hand of a Brahmin. Before marriage they go into the temple."

"They are too poor to buy liquor for the marriage feast," he added, "so they drink methylated spirit mixed with palm sugar to make it taste better."

The tribespeople have evidently got mixed up with the local villagers and have in part embraced the Hindu religion. Khatodis, I feel sure, would not be allowed into a Hindu temple.

It is difficult for me to believe that there are thirty million or more aboriginal and primitive tribal folk in India. During my first tour of the great sub-continent I had never seen one of them. Are the Dravidian people really the original inhabitants of India who were found by the Aryan invaders about 1500 B.C.? Is it they who were responsible for the grand civilisation of the Indus? Were they the builders of Mohenjodaro and Harappa? Surely when they realise their great ancestry, the ancient tribes will rise up to take a different position in India.

IV

Discouraged with my efforts at sculpture and depressed as usual from having failed to make a masterpiece, I went for a refreshing drive to visit the Karli Cave temple, one of the most important and lovely shrines in India. It was an easy drive from Khandala with views of distant mountains on one side and arid brown rocky hills on the other. Karli, perched 500 feet up on the brown rock, is visible a long way off. To reach it I was carried shoulder high by eight men in a dandy up the cliff side.

This unique and beautiful cave temple dates from at least 80 B.C. It may even have been begun in the time of the great Mauryan Emperor Asoka (273-233 B.C.), who at one time held the greater part of India under his sway. Asoka's edicts are famous. They are inscribed in Prakrit at places of pilgrimage or on high roads, that all who could read might appreciate Asoka's system of government, and of public and private conduct based on

the teaching of the Buddha.[1] The Emperor was converted to Buddhism at an early date, and his great wealth enabled him to carry the new doctrine to Ceylon, Burma, China and Japan. He became a monk at the end of his reign and is often called the Great Missionary.

Karli possesses a most interesting Asoka pillar, a traditional Vishnu standard surmounted by four lions at the left entrance. (The right hand one has disappeared.) The finish and polish of the carved capital are most beautiful. It used to be suggested that there was Persian or Assyrian influence in some of the best works of art in India, but with the discovery of the Indus cities founded before 2500 B.C. it is surely no longer suitable to assume that all ideas expressed in Indian Art are importations.

From a little modern structure on the right of the entrance came a constant din and much bell ringing, which rather spoilt the complete peace. I entered the porch on the inside walls of the temple, on the panels of which are interesting pairs of carved figures almost life-size. There are three entrances, of which those at the side are no doubt used for circumnambulation, and the centre one for worship. The sun window is shaped like a pipal leaf—the leaf of the sacred bo-tree of Buddhism. The great nave is separated from the aisles by fifteen pillars on each side, which make a striking vista. At the base of these are jars of plenty and on the capitals are superb sculptures of caryatides. The subjects are elephants kneeling back to back, legs and trunks all mixed, and riding on them are pairs of Devas (divine beings) depicted as smiling women with huge full breasts and decorative hair. Each pair is similar but with subtle differences that keep the charm of repetition without risking monotony. The plain *stupa* with an umbrella over the top stands impressively, with seven straight pillars behind it. The domed roof has imitation wood-beams, a type of construction that was followed with great

[1] Some of the edicts are on rock and three are dedicatory cave inscriptions: all dating from 257 to 250 B.C., while a number are on monolithic sandstone pillars and are dateable to 247-232 B.C. Two in North West India are written in Kharoshthi script (related to Aramaic and introduced by Persian rulers in the 5th and 4th centuries B.C.).

effect by the ancient stonemasons. The long narrow proportions of the shrine are very striking and the wooden roof and aisles remind me somewhat of an early Christian church. I spent some time studying the smiling radiant beings riding on the elephants, for to me they are very great works of art.

CHAPTER II

HUBLI INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT

THE HARAN SHIKARIS - BHATS - KORCHAS AND KORWAS - BIJAPUR, CITY OF RUIN - LAMANIS AT TADAS

I arrived at Hubli station with a sigh of relief. I had travelled from Khandala to Poona on a mail train, and the change on to a metre gauge railway at Poona, following a restless night, had taxed my powers of endurance. By a stroke of good fortune I had met in London, Miss Bunny Edwards, sister of the head of the Hubli Mission. We had travelled out on the same boat and my visit had all been planned and a welcome assured. My friend met me at Hubli in a luxurious motor car, and I was soon settled in delightful quarters—half of the bungalow belonging to the Padre, whose wife was away in England. Fragrant roses and lilies filled the garden and there was a warm feeling of home.

I had never heard before of the Criminal Tribes Settlements, or the "Industrial Settlement" as the Padre wished it to be called. The story of how they came into being is full of interest. It was hardly the fault of the tribes that they took to crime, since civilisation had deprived them of their occupations and driven them back into the jungle, where they were forced to take to thieving. No doubt there were other reasons as well, for when the ancient gang of Thugs was dispersed quantities of criminals remained at large looking for jobs. Thieving was their profession and talking to some of the tribes I found that they had been brought up in many cases with no other aim than to be a better thief than father.

House breaking, highway robberies, thefts on the railway and worse went on ceaselessly and the Govern-

ment was at a loss to know how to cope with it. At last, in 1911, a Criminal Tribes Act was passed to deal with these people as a special "Backward Class." Local Governments were empowered to arrest any suspicious groups and transfer them, men, women and children, to special enclosed areas. Within ten years ten thousand criminals were gathered into Settlements, and in 1935 there were forty-five thousand in Bombay Presidency alone.

At first they were set to agricultural pursuits, but the work was found quite unsuitable as primitive tribes do not understand tillage. Then employment in industrial centres was suggested and this proved a success. Hubli was one of the districts chosen because of its immense cotton mills.

The home life and sympathy of the Mission were a great comfort to me after my struggles at Khandala. Here there were at least five tribes to study in perfect conditions, for they could not run away. The back verandah of the Padre's bungalow was my headquarters. Here I worked from early morning till late afternoon, when the darkness fell with surprising suddenness. There was much to do besides actual sculpture; clay had to be prepared, armatures made, people interviewed.

After dark I found an interpreter and tried to fill in the genealogies of my models.[1] The first phrase terrified me. "Tribe—Exogamous or Endogamous." Why, oh why, had I not studied anthropology from the days of my youth? The questionnaire continued with a comprehensive list—"Father's name and village? Mother's and wives' names and villages? Age, relatives' names, number of children alive or dead, occupation, land, etc." Certainly many interesting facts were revealed in this way, but the effort needed on my part was stupendous. No model ever knew his or her age, or names of relations, or indeed half the details I wanted to know. To find a phonetic method of spelling was difficult with my lack of knowledge of native languages. The tribespeople of Hubli only spoke a little Kanaree besides their own dia-

[1] See appendix. Specimen Genealogies.

lect, so my servant was as useless as my few words of Hindustani.

At the first opportunity I walked through the Settlement with the Padre to choose my models. It seemed miles in circumference; three thousand five hundred criminals were living there, yet all was order and peace. The children, smiling and friendly, came and held on to my dress and hands. The tribes were arranged in different groups and streets, with their own type of huts, costumes and customs; they were neither crushed nor forced in any direction. Only a few of them had embraced Christianity and all were free to worship in their own way. I found among the huts many curious little temples in full working order.

The aim of the Settlement was to teach its people to earn a living, to build better houses and to live decently. Suitable work was found for them, if it was at all possible. A carpenter's shop and an embroidery school and various handicraft centres were organised. A dispensary was kept which dealt swiftly with epidemics. Only one thing was compulsory—the children had to be sent to school.

From the artistic point of view I revelled in the street scenes; groups of colour and varied shapes with a flaming sunset in the background. What a wonderful type of prison camp, I thought; for in a sense it was a prison, though with lots of freedom, family life and sympathy. The men were allowed to go a distance of five miles in search of work and a roll call was taken every evening. There was a barbed wire fence round the Settlement; a guard watched at the gate and lights burnt all night. The women were really grateful for the safety of the camp, for in the jungle they lived in hourly fear of the police and forest officers. At any moment their breadwinner might have been arrested and taken from them.

I began my studies with the Haran Shikari tribe, the great deer hunters. (This is the name by which the Pardi is known in Central Deccan.) Originally they came from Gujerat, and in the days of vast herds of black buck

they were welcomed in the villages as snarers. The padre introduced me to the oldest inhabitant of the village, a great character, who showed me how they laid snares yards long in the jungle for both small and big game. The snares were in two sizes, skilfully made of wire and packed in a furry deerskin bag.

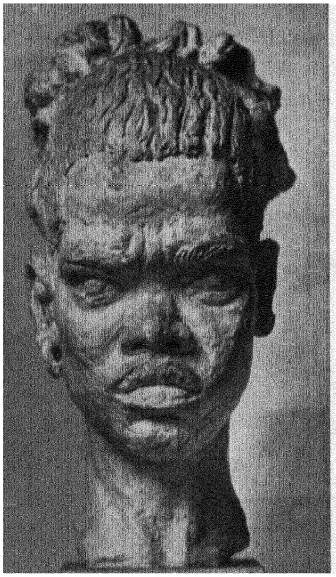
Their myths and legends were amazing. Miss Edwards told me that the old man recited their genealogies back to twenty-five generations. The longest one had four hundred and twenty-eight names in it and none has ever been written down. Their language is a mixture of Haran Shikari and Maratha and like no other known language. The tall conical huts of the Haran Shikaris made their streets by far the most picturesque in the Settlement. They were constructed of cotton sticks full of oil so that water ran off them. The frame inside was of bamboo, and an overturned pot was placed on the top of the centre pole.

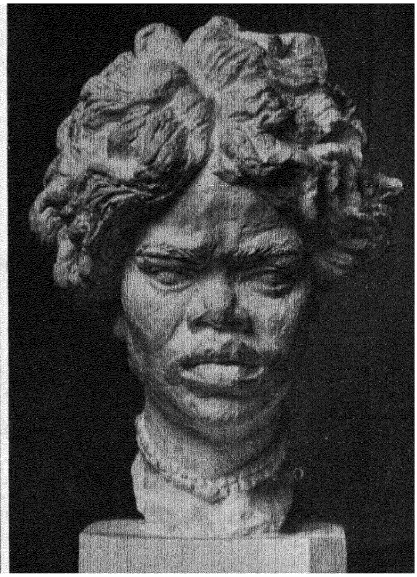
I found a man with good and interesting features very easily, but searched long for the perfect woman. At last I discovered her one evening, standing tall and slim in the sunset, her lovely little head silhouetted against the sky. The Padre was not pleased and said I had chosen the worst tempered woman in the Settlement. It appeared that in some dispute she had thrown her sari over his head, the worst insult you can offer to a man. Looking at the lovely madonna-like face of Jumni, her low brow and refinement, it was difficult to believe either in her bad temper or that she could ever have been subjected to the inhuman laws of the tribe.

When a baby is about to be born (and Jumri was the proud mother of two), no one is allowed to go near the woman to help her. She has to go and hide in the field or jungle alone. For two months after the birth she may not brush her hair or bathe. The poor mother is forced to cook her own rice, boil her own water, keep on the same *sari* and wash only her face. Dirtiness is the great characteristic of the Haran Shikari. For all that, I noticed that they were the most beloved by the Mission, for they were quick, intelligent and full of character.

MAMIE, MY BHAT MODEL,
in embroidered dress with basket and baby. (Hubli Settlement, Bombay Presidency.) *P.* 21

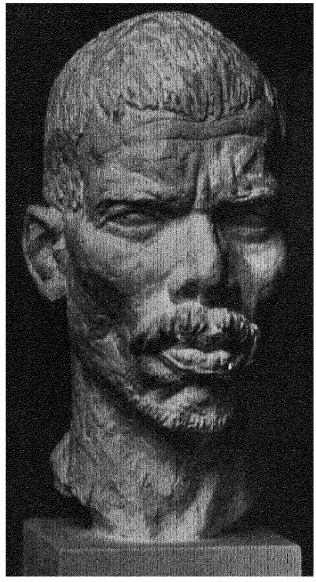
SUNI, KATHODI WOMAN AND HER BABY
(Khandala, Bombay Presidency.) *Pp.* 9 *and* 10





LINGA AND LINGI, CHENCHU TRIBE. *Pp.* 49 *and* 52

KHATODI WOMAN. *Pp.* 9 *and* 10



KATHONI BHIL. *P.* 81

It was difficult to persuade Jumni to put on the correct dress only worn by this tribe—old customs are unfortunately disappearing. It consists of two garments, a pointed *kupasa* or bodice, the point usually containing money, and a slightly full skirt called a *gagari*. Pretty but cheap beads are worn round the neck, but no expensive jewellery.

The men have nothing distinctive about them except their hair, which is arranged in the same unique way as the women's, plaited in three tight plaits at sides and middle, and twisted into a handle shape at the back. This is dressed once a fortnight with the help of a friend. When I persuaded my male model to take off his *puggree* he displayed the most gorgeous coiffure imaginable, which gave him quite an Assyrian look. Jumni's hair was the source of endless trouble to me. When I had got the shape exactly as I wanted it, the whole lump of clay fell on the ground through over-damping the head. I never saw Jumni's celebrated temper until I had to ask her to have her hair replaited, for she came with it loose the day after the accident. Her scowl was quite terrible to see and changed her face altogether, but she obeyed me nevertheless.

The Haran Shikaris are full of queer superstitions. They fear evil spirits, sneezing brings bad luck and so do certain birds flying over their huts. They burn their dead like the Hindus and howl all night, the terrible wailing being part of the ritual. Their religion is the usual mixture of animism and Hinduism, since only the very sheltered tribes have remained pure. When I got to know Jumni better I asked to be allowed to see the family gods. They were tied up in a dirty bundle which was brought out from the back of the hut with much reverence. It contained the *Pujari* dress, a bottle for spirits and a knife to slay the goat with, as well as three little silver plaques with images of their gods Durgava and Gungava in low relief. When they give a *puja* the priest puts on the ceremonial dress, then goes into a trance and dances about wildly stabbing at the sacrificial goat until it is dead. The longer it lingers the luckier

the year will be. The flesh is eaten afterwards as a sacrificial meal.

Girls marry late among the Haran Shikaris; eighteen is the usual age and they are very moral. Their tribal laws are so strict that I suspect they keep straight through fear. If a young girl is accused of immorality, a cauldron of boiling oil is prepared with a quarter anna piece at the bottom. If she can get it out without being scalded her innocence is proved. The Haran Shikari is miserly and never spends if he can help it, and never drinks except at a *puja*. They exchange marriages between families to save the expense of a feast.

Another picturesque tribe to my hand were the Bhats, who pass themselves off as Rajputs and say they come from Gujerat, and that they are descended from the bards and minstrels of olden days. I was told that in reality they are a wandering tribe from the Lower Indus and South Persia, who make a precarious living as cheapjacks and small traders, and by singing and dancing in bazaars and at feasts. Most attractive to look at, they compose impromptu songs about current events, and will even celebrate in this way their own captures by the police. The men go in for petty theft, operating mostly in small villages, where they can terrorise the people. While the women are dancing and attracting attention, the men pick pockets.

The Bhat huts in the Settlement were noticeably well built in a waggon shape. A low wall is first constructed and then the roof part is lifted on, leaving a healthy gap in between for air. I went into one and found it quite large with a sleeping platform at one end. In one corner a woman was busy making *chapattis*, the Indian bread, putting water into the frying pan to keep them moist.

Unlike their Hindu sisters, Bhat women are very skilled with the needle, and embroider their garments with dainty stitches, all of which have some symbolic meaning. Their dress is pretty and attractive and they take a pride in it, washing clothes and bathing once or twice a week, a contrast to the Haran Shikaris. The long full skirt, many yards round, is of cheap Indian material, bought

in the bazaar and sewn together, with little points of many colours appliquéd round the edge. This is a Greek method of trimming, and there must be some history connected with it. Their skirts have the same crimped look found in Greek draperies, made by tying them tightly round and round with string. A long blouse worn with this is covered with embroidery, and edged with the same multi-coloured points and bordered with silver drops. They all wear beautiful jewellery, handsome silver chains made with coins and talismans, and heavy plain neck grips. Their silver bell earrings and large nose rings are charming, but they have flat impassive faces.

The men, on the other hand, are very handsome, although their dress is more ordinary. They sometimes wear an embroidered waistcoat and a band covered with stitches on the *puggree* Unfortunately these are going out of fashion, and it is to be feared that the pretty Bhat dress will soon be modified or changed. Years ago they wore full Turkish trousers, but now they think it shameful to be seen in them.

In a census Hinduism would claim the Bhats, yet they cannot be Brahmins for they are great meat eaters. They keep Hindu festivals by dancing in the towns, but they are not allowed in the temples. Their gods are Hindu and little silver images of them are kept by the headman of the tribe. They burn their dead like the Hindus, laying them on their faces, head on arms, with a knife placed at each end.

Among all low castes the girls are sold; they are an asset and the father-in-law pays heavily for his son's bride. This is customary with the Korwas, Waddars and Bastars as well as Bhats. The bride-price is from fifty rupees to a hundred rupees, and the girls marry at the age of ten to thirteen years. Widows are allowed to re-marry.

The Mission told me that the Bhats were fickle and unreliable, but Mamie, my Bhat model, posed very steadily for me. She was covered with silver jewels, and I had to remove her immense nose ring because it hid completely the construction of the lower part of her face, as

well as her pretty mouth. She had been married at the age of eleven, and had borne three sons of whom one had died. The other two always came to the sittings. I longed to have time to do a composition of Mamie with her youngest son in her arms. He was most decoratively dressed in a fascinating little shaped cap, all embroidered and trimmed with pompoms, but his presence made work difficult, for he was continually falling off the verandah.

The Korwas, many of whom were at Hubli Settlement, are a branch of the Korcha, Kaikadi and Yericala confederacy, of considerable ill-fame as professional criminals. These tribes all intermarry. When we had a long chat with an old Korcha man in the Settlement, he told us that the Korchas came originally from Kanegeri and Hyderabad. They used to be a wandering tribe, staying in one place from eight to ten days and then moving on. They put together very quickly rough types of huts to suit their mode of living. The men broke into houses and the women begged for a living. The old Korcha invited us into his hut in which there was a small altar. Two or three times a week the gods are put out and then the people have a *puja;* when the gods are not on show the Korchas do not pray.

Like the Chinese, Korchas especially venerate their ancestors, and keep anniversaries of the deaths of all the old people. A father will say to his son: "Make a sacrifice for me now so that you will know how to do it when I die." They marry cousins or near relations; the old man told us that he gave his daughter to his sister's son. They marry young and the price of a wife is about ninety rupees. The principal occupation of both Kaikadis and Korchas is plaiting palm leaves to make mats, and their streets in the Settlement were most picturesque with piles of feathery leaves leaning against the huts. Many times I watched them at their work, fascinated to see both feet and hands busily engaged.

A sweet-faced old Korwa lady took my fancy. It was impossible to realise that she, too, was descended from a band of thieves. She was too old to be the perfect model, but I was struck with her daintiness and beautifully cut

features. She was thrilled to sit for me and would kiss the hem of my garment during the pose, which I found very embarrassing. I had much trouble in finding a Korwa man, for they were all at work in the factories. At last, I got one to come who was interesting because of his exaggerated facial contours, like a skull slightly filled in.

Mosquitos tortured me at Hubli. I never went anywhere without a green Japanese coil smoking round me those first weeks. We sat on the verandah in the cool of the evening and one of the Missionaries interpreted for me and we tried to find out details of the tribes. Obviously I could not learn the two hundred odd languages of India, so my only method of communication was signs and smiles. Each tribe has a language of its own which has never been written down. The natives squatted in front of us while my friend questioned them in various dialects, translating for me to take notes.

The necessity of making photograph records made work still more arduous. The sun was only at the right angle two or three hours after sunrise. Covered with sticky clay and my whole soul bent on sculpture, I had to stop and wash, get the camera and make studies of my unwilling sitters, a process which usually upset them completely.

II

Before settling down to hard work my Mission friends insisted on taking me to Bijapur, city of dust and ruin. I was persuaded rather against my better judgment to venture, as I was not yet acclimatised to India. A third class train, which was the only one available, together with the oppresive heat, laid me low, and I shall always feel that I saw Bijapur through jaundiced eyes. My first night there was not reassuring, for bugs, mosquitoes and the noise of bullocks made sleep impossible. But after that experience I was slightly better housed.

The city of Bijapur impressed me at once by the immense size of its buildings. The architecture is considered to be a most important Deccan style evolved about 1557.

After the victory over Ram Raj and the subjugation of Vijayanagar, his capital, by the Muslim forces of the Deccan, Bijapur rose to fame. The first Sultan made it his headquarters, and added to it lavishly instead of seeking a better site. It is built on a plain that offers no possibility of defence, a fact that strikes one as extraordinary when one considers that in those days all capitals were fortresses. For two hundred years the Dynasty lasted, and then Aurangzeb arrived in 1686 with a few guns and took Bijapur without a struggle.

From that day of victory Bijapur was no more and it is written in the guide book: "Time passed her by. Fame, that capricious goddess, forgot her. Oblivion seized the ruins for her own." A barren waste of flat country encircles the city. It is the saddest spot I have ever visited, and my most vivid impressions were grey mud huts and dust—nothing but thick white dust. Out of this flat, arid desert rises the Gol-Gumbaz, the most famous of all the famous tombs in this forsaken city. We saw it from miles away as our little train crawled across the plain.

When Muhammad Ali Shah, who reigned from 1636 to 1660, wanted, like all other rulers, to build himself a tomb, perfection had already been reached by Ibraham II, his predecessor. All that he could do therefore was to go one better in size, and so he built himself this most startling monument. One feels that he said in his pride: "I, Muhammad Ali, will build me the largest dome in the world, so that everyone shall speak of my fame." The dome covers the largest space ever roofed by a single arch—eighteen thousand square feet—and it is flanked by four towers each seven stories high with seven windows round each, rather like dovecotes.

The dome is beautifully constructed on Indian principles with an amazing system of pendentives, which make for great solidity. The height inside is a hundred and seventy-eight feet, and the wide whispering gallery round the top, to which I staggered, was amazing. The echoes mocked us and a handclap was repeated ten times.

The whole effect of the Gol Gumbaz is heavy and uninspiring, and in spite of its height it appears squat

owing to its bad proportions. The only relief are stucco ornaments and a handsome cornice which throws a deep shadow. Somehow I felt that pride and arrogance had built this tomb, and that love and beauty did not enter into its conception.

Very different is the Torahim Rauza, the next most famous monument in Bijapur. It was built in 1626 for Ibrahim II's queen, but he died before her and was buried in it instead. The tomb is four square and has delicate proportions. There are four beautiful minarets, and little cupolas in between. In spite of over decoration and a rather thin effeminate look it is very lovely. The dome is said to be a pattern for the Taj Mahal; it is believed to have been designed by the same architect and is identical in size. The impression it gives, however, is entirely different, which shows that everything depends on the thought that lies behind it. This is just an attractive building with no deep meaning.

The dome has a graceful handmade look. One side appears to bulge slightly and the centre does not look true. I was reminded of Bourdelle's words that circles in art should not be too perfect as if done by machinery. The famous Bijapur arch is seen at its best here; only part of it is struck with the compass, the rest is hand drawn. Under the archways which surround the tomb are details of great beauty; there is a flat roof which seems miraculously sustained for no one really knows how this construction was done. There is a hint of eggshell blue in the mouldings and the little doors and windows all round the interior are studded with dark wood. The decoration of Persian script, which lends itself to carving, is vivid and lovely.

The tomb has, unfortunately, no approach, and loses much from its proximity to its Mosque, which looks like a bad copy of the tomb and is entirely without soul. Only one feature was arresting—the hanging chains or pendants carved out of solid stone, miracles of Indian craftsmanship. A square bathing pool lies between the two buildings, giving a sense of peace to the walled enclosure. Outside, fields of swaying bananas and a

patch of rich green cultivation made an oasis in a desert.

From the top of the Ibrahim Rauza the outer wall of the city could be easily traced with its wonderful double gateways, and the famous Gateway of Victory, called "Fateh Darwaja" by Aurangzeb. There are nearly seven miles of walls with ninety-six bastions and many guns of ancient pattern still in place, and round the small citadel in the centre there is a deep moat. Everywhere in the desert domes of tombs rise to the sky, and ruined battlements stand up like headstones in a graveyard.

The great Jumna Musjid covers the largest area of all the buildings, with its glittering *mihrab* always hidden. and its vast corridors, each with seven arches. On the opposite side of the square are old cloisters of exquisite beauty, where the arches, not unlike gothic, meet and form small domes. The tomb of Ali Shah, if it had ever been completed, would have been the greatest of them all. But in the midst of their power and glory this Dynasty of Kings was destroyed and ruined in a day, in much the same way as they had helped to lay waste and wreck Vijayanagar two hundred years before.

It was difficult to get an idea of what the whole of Bijapur looked like at its zenith. Many historic buildings have been converted into Government offices; many crumbling ruins have been pulled down and carted away. Only portions now remain of the Sat Manji Palace, a building of seven stories with traces of baths or cisterns on every floor. It may have been used as a watch tower by the King, for vigilance was needed. In front is a picturesque little water pavilion. The Gugan Mahal, hall of audience, with its great central arch of bad proportions is mostly a ruin. The Mehtar Mahal is one of the most attractive of the smaller buildings with graceful carved oriel windows looking too fragile for stone work. To the top of the minarets it is sixty-six feet high. The story runs that it was built by a sweeper who was enriched by the King in fulfilment of a vow, an unlikely tale.

I drove in and out of massive gateways and under the great low arch over the moat. Ruin after ruin passed in front of me, all desolation and dust. Few capitals ever

lasted longer than two hundred years in those days. Like locusts, hordes of warriors passed up and down India carrying disaster and destruction in their wake. Famine completed their work.

III

The next models on my list came from the gipsy tribe, the Lamanis, also called Lambadi or Banjara, nomads who are to be found all over the great sub-continent. They were the only professional pack carriers before the railways were built and they dealt chiefly in grain and salt. A Hindi speaking people their women wear the full skirt and bodice of upper India, the region of Gwalior and Mutra. In the Deccan they have settled on such land as is available, and specialise in stock raising. In most parts of India they appear to be always on the move except during the rains. Of mixed parentage, they probably belong to different Northern people and one branch call themselves Iranies. While no one could do without the pack carrier in the olden days, it seems pathetic now that, as no one wants them, they have to scrape a living as best they can. Is it with a feeling of vengeance that this tribe steals chiefly from the railways which have put them out of work?

While staying at Hubli, I found a Lamani village at Tadas, Dharwar Taluk, the very place for my purpose, with a little Public Works Department bungalow where I could stay. I drove over from the Mission complete with bedding, necessities and material for sculpture. We called first at the Police Post and heard that the bungalow was at my disposal for eight annas a day. Like all these little shelters it was clean and bare, with a table, chair and the framework of a bed. This was my first experience of being on my own in India.

I picked up a smiling police boy and drove to the Lamani village, which was set quite apart from the other inhabitants of Tadas, in an enclosure away from the road. It consisted of several well-made bamboo huts thatched with jungle grass. There the tribe received me with

great courtesy. A chair, most unusual, was placed for me in the headman's hut, and everything looked and smelt very clean. His hut was bigger than the others, with a sort of altar stone and large drum at the back, while a big white flag flying over the top indicated that a *puja* was in progress. They have adopted the Hindu religion and worship Sivabya, sometimes going to *puja* in other villages.

The Lamani tribe are under a hereditary leader called a "Naik," to whom they give implicit obedience. The men are allowed to marry two wives, one to work in the forest and the other to cook the rice. A bridegroom buys his wife for one hundred to two hundred rupees, and weddings are celebrated in true Hindu fashion and last fifteen days, as I found out later to my cost. This village was just like one big family, all related by marriage, and with no new blood at all. They had married cousins and nieces for generations and I saw few babies.

When my wishes were explained to the headman, he collected all the best looking girls for me to examine. It was hard to make a choice. At last I spied a pretty bright eyed thing with a lovely surprised look and a perfect Persian profile. She was married to an old uncle when she was twelve years old and I expect her mother sold her for two hundred rupees at least.

There were few men about. They were all working in the forest or tilling the fields. I found in the end an amusing looking type of Lamani with his hair tied in a bow, and the front part of his head shaved, He wore a bright coloured brocaded silk shirt and always carried an umbrella with great pomp.

I persuaded the women to sing and dance for me but found it a very monotonous performance. They danced in a closed circle so smothered by their headcloths that they hid each other. They walked round and round in little steps, made a bending sweep as if picking up something, then waved ivory-covered arms into the air.

My interpreter collected my two models and their train, and brought them to the bungalow at once. With my usual enthusiasm I started drawing and measuring,

while the monkeys chattered in the trees excitedly and the group of men and women made even more noise. The whole village turned out to see the fun. The man developed a bad leg and could not stand well, but his hair was grand and he had a fine type of face with good bones and slanting eyes. Of course the spectators all got tired of it long before I did and wanted their *karna*. Rice cooking and siestas were interminable proceedings and a great trial. Both models and servants slept for hours and I seemed to get little time for sculpture. Primitive people never know what o'clock it is and there is no way of getting models to time except by sending for them. Disappointment, hours of waiting and irritation, wore me out far more than the actual work.

On this occasion I gave them strict instructions to come back at 3 p.m. I put up the two clay heads and marked all the measurements with points, a tedious business. I rested and had tea, but still no Lamanis. At last I dispatched a coolie on a bicycle and he produced a whole troupe of them at 5 p.m., but by then it was almost dark. I did what I could and asked questions for my genealogies when I could see no longer. A tiresome old woman who appeared to manage the girls of the tribe came and demanded *backsheesh* all the time.

The next morning the whole village arrived in mass formation, eaten up with curiosity but too shy to go out alone. The monkeys became still more cheeky when they heard the chatter. They were hot and thirsty like ourselves, and one old and fat, perhaps the head of his tribe, sat on the edge of my bucket of water and drank. Three others climbed on to the verandah and I feared for the safety of the heads. Then a group of monkeys acted plays in the compound, and kept my girl model amused and happy. The man was depressed and sullen, possibly because his leg pained him.

I persuaded the girl with difficulty to take off her head cloth. It is not the custom for Lamani women to be seen without covering, but it smothered her so that it was impossible to see the form of her head. The cloth was her wedding garment and she was very proud of it.

It was beautifully embroidered with bits of glass let in and coins hanging round the edge. Every woman makes her own dress when she is married, covers it with decoration and wears it until it drops to bits.

A Lamani's woman hair is most remarkable. It is parted in the centre and divided into three. The two side pieces are tightly braided with a long wavy plait at the back, draped Madonna wise over the face and looped into the back plait. Heavy bell ornaments are tied to the hair on each side, giving an appearance of curtains looped up with silver tassels. Necklaces, strings of beads, and pendants of cowries are worn in profusion. Ivory and horn bangles, wide, plain and yellow with age, decorate their arms. They have on nose rings and toe rings, and the married women, who wear a shapely anklet in points, are also distinguished by a silver disc in the hair. Like the Haran Shikaris, their hair is dressed only every ten days. They sleep just as they are, lying on hard lumps of ornaments and weighed down with jewellery.

The skirt, called a *lainga*, is coarse and very full, in shades of red, edged with trimming in zigzags. The bodice or *choli* is stiff, with a point in front and little sleeves all enbroidered; the back fades away completely like an evening dress, and is tied in a bow. Little children wear no bodice at all. In the village heavy homespun cloths are worn over the head, but when they go on the road, they all put on their wedding dresses.

The third day my bearer came to me and said: "Memsahib finish man today?" To be told that I must finish the man in three sittings was strange and I wondered what this portended. I might have guessed. There was to be a wedding in the family and it would last fifteen days; my two carefully chosen models were near relations. I tried bribery and corruption, but it was useless. Beauty disappeared for ever, for the temptation to wear her own wedding garments was too great. Jairum of the slanting eyes came once again, but he posed badly and I felt very discouraged.

I was sorry to leave the simple unspoilt village of Tadas. Once, as I walked along the road, I met a man

who took his shoes off gravely, said "Salaam" with folded hands and deep respect, then put his shoes on again and walked on. At night it was so still that one could almost hear the silence ticking. Flying foxes came every evening after berries and figs; rare birds flocked to the compound. Above all other animals the monkeys were my joy. They played when it was cool and went to sleep at midday just like their betters. Deep jungle encircled us. Bullock drivers at night had to bang on the wheels of their carts and make a continual noise to keep off wild beasts.

CHAPTER III

HYDERABAD STATE

HYDERABAD CITY - A MUHAMMADAN WEDDING - OLD HYDERABAD - GOLCONDA - BIDAR - WADDARS - CHENCHUS - HYDERABAD CEREMONY - GONDS - MATHURAS - TEMPLES AT WARANGAL - THE MAHARAJA SIR KISHEN PERSHAD.

How well my old Professor Bourdelle had known me and how full of wisdom were his precepts. "Madame Milward," he once said to me earnestly, "if you would only think half the morning and work the other half you would do much better sculpture." At Hubli I hurried my work unduly and never really stopped this bad habit. I had achieved nine heads complete with genealogies. The next thing was to pack all the moulds in whisky cases stuffed with masses of waste paper and straw, all that the Mission could muster, and dispatch them to my agent in Bombay.

Mr. and Mrs. Blair, friends of my London mentor, had sent me a most kind and welcome invitation to stay with them in Secunderabad until I was established as a State Guest at Hyderabad. This was my first visit to a Prince's State and I was thrilled with excitement and anticipation. Everything looked different as we entered the Dominion of His Exalted Highness the Nizam. The stations were gay with flowers; the railway official's uniform was magnificent.

Mrs. Blair took me in hand, and initiated me into all the mysteries of a Native State, introducing me to the delightful mixture of Indian Princes and European officials which composed Hyderabad society. Social affairs and clubs were also mixed, of course, and the first thing I noticed was a game of tennis played by two English girls and two young Muhammadans. It was a relief after British India.

My friends lived in a beautiful rambling bungalow with a wide garden. They were quite accustomed to mad artists and sympathised with my enthusiasms. I was allowed to scatter heads and clay all over their spotless verandahs and even to cast in plaster of Paris at their bathroom door.

An amusing incident occurred the first day. Among the notes that I had been given on this district were a number of photographs, among them one of a good looking Pardi. We gave the picture to the little *chaukedar*, saying: "Go, search bazaar, find this man." To our amazement the boy returned in a very short time with the right Pardi and I promptly began a head of him. He was very proud to come and sit and was one of my best portraits when finished.

The Bastars, fisherman of the shallow lakes of the Central Deccan, came too. They appeared one morning complete with tackle and baskets in their correct costume, to show me how they fished with triangular nets of very fine mesh. Three of them stood in a row, then stepped forward and threw the nets in rhythmic measure, making a charming picture.

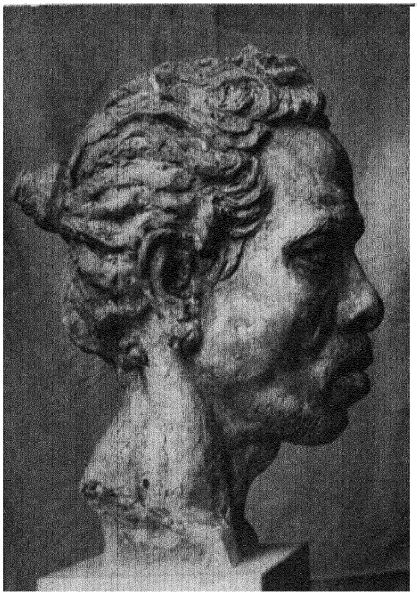
One of them was strikingly handsome, but as I did not like to litter the verandah with too many pieces of sculpture at once, I put off doing him till a more convenient season. Alas, for my lack of wisdom. When I was ready for him he had gone on a long journey, and I still think regretfully of his handsome head and dog-like eyes.

The distances were enormous in Hyderabad, since the city and suburbs measured more than thirty square miles. A dinner party might be twenty miles away and paying calls was an arduous task. The newcomer has to make all the efforts and I was whirled about for a week under the patient guidance of my hostess, to sign books and leave cards on H.E.H. the Nizam, H.H. the Maharaja, and all the Nawabs and Begums, to say nothing of the English officials. I called, too, on Mr. Yasdani, the archaeological expert, whose friendship and help were invaluable.

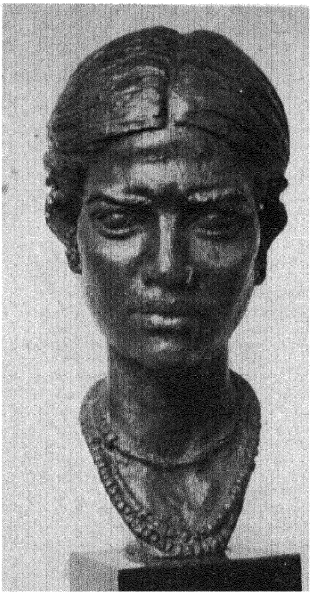
Leaving cards at the Palace of the Nizam would have impressed me immensely had I known where I was. We drove rapidly in the gathering darkness one evening through the centre of the city, past the old Char Minar, the tall minarets of which I craned my neck to see. Then we turned down narrow streets lined with bazaars through a square with a little mosque in it, until we came to a beautiful gateway and wall with an open space in front. "Hurry," said my monitor, "the book is taken in at 6 p.m." In the dim light I could not distinguish the imposing buildings, but I thought the visitor's book was the most handsome I had ever written in, made of soft rich leather, gilt edged in a case. I thought, too, that my signature looked well, coming as it did, after the Duke of Northumberland's. "Where have I been?" I asked breathlessly on re-entering the car. "Why you have just called on the Nizam," was the reply. "That was Chaumahalla Palace, his city residence."

The full title of the Nizam is His Exalted Highness Sir Oosman Ali Khan, Faithful Ally of the British Government. This title was given, I believe, because of the loyalty of the State during the Indian Mutiny. The first Nizam was Asaf Jah, a famous General of the eighteenth century, who was sent to administer this part of the Deccan, and afterwards became Ruler with an unique title. The present Nizam ascended the throne in 1911. His Dominion is one and a half times as great as England and Wales, with a population of fourteen million. The strange part of it is that 90 per cent. of his subjects are Hindu and they appear to adore their Muhammadan Ruler.

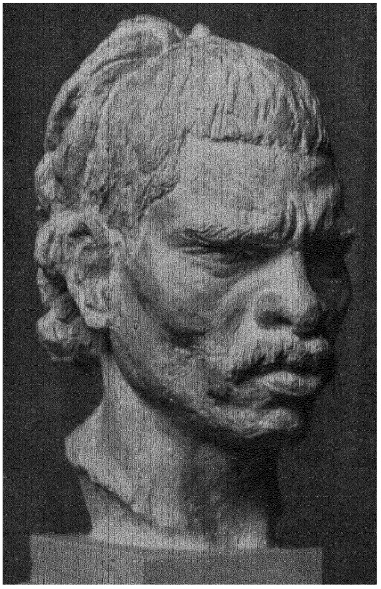
The late Sir Akbar Hydari, then Prime Minister, was very interested in art, and in my studies of the aboriginal tribes. He telephoned me personally a warm message of welcome, then unfortunately went away on a mission. I had moments of suspense during the exchange of letters and telegrams, but when all my credentials were found in order, I was invited to remain in Hyderabad as a State Guest. This was a necessary act of providence, as without special help and permission, I could never have travelled all over the State to find the important tribes.



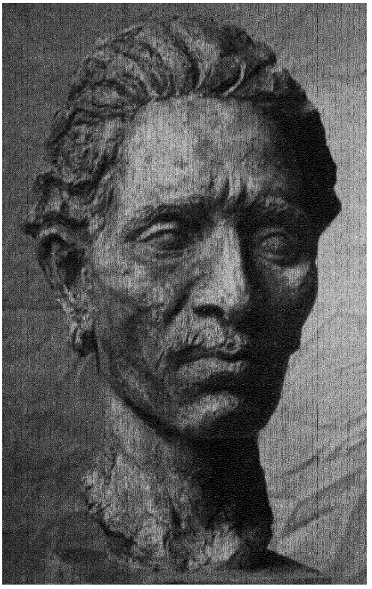
KANIKAR MAN. *P.* 135



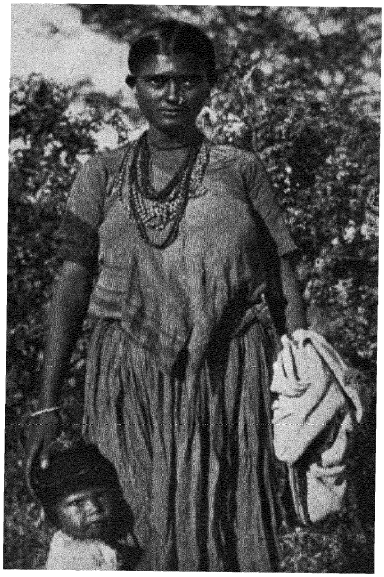
HARAN SHIKARI GIRL. *P.* 18



BHIMADU, GOND TRIBE. *P.* 61

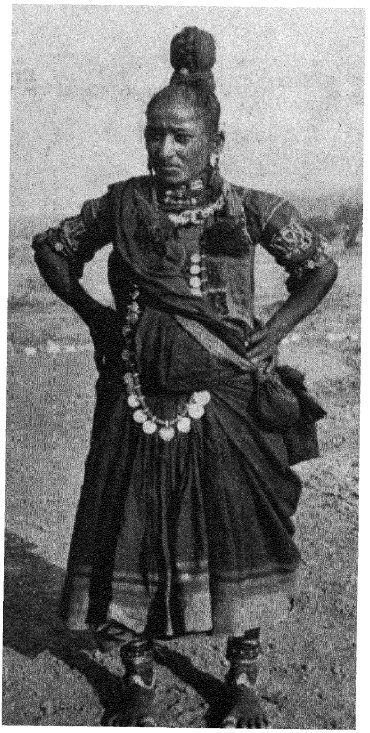


MUTHUVAN, HEAD OF VILLAGE. *P.* 131



JUMNI, MY HARAN SHIKARI MODEL AND HER BABY,

wearing old tribal costume with pointed *kupasa* and full skirt. (Hubli.) *P.* 18



MATHURA WOMAN

with typical high-piled head-dress and profusion of silver jewels. (Adilabad.) *P.* 57

I left the Blairs with regret which I am sure they could not share and was transported to Rocklands Guesthouse in Hyderabad City, under a huge red rock which burnt me by night and by day. A luxurious motor car and chauffeur were placed at my disposal, and I lived in absolute comfort. My suite of rooms had just been redecorated in pale blue with white walls hung with tatties. My study overlooking the garden was amply furnished with writing desk, electric fans and everything I could possibly need. My bathroom was the height of luxury; it was tiled and there was no danger of snakes coming up the drain here. I had a private back-yard where I could cast in comfort. The garden was charming; water trickled over a fountain opposite my window and at least sounded cool.

Hyderabad has always spelt romance to me and I found it exactly like a dream of "mille et une nuits." I felt quite dazed with the illuminations and receptions, the dazzling white buildings, the glitter and sparkle of glowing dresses and *saris*, most of them a wonderful ruby red, which I found peculiar to Hyderabad. My vivid impressions culminated in a Muhammadan wedding which I visited with my hostess, who was always looking out for unusual spectacles for me to see.

The wedding had been going on for days and fortunately we hit upon the last one. The bride was the youngest daughter of an old Muhammadan family. The mother of the bride, a widow in wide white trousers, the old Deccany dress, welcomed me most graciously. All the servants and retainers of the family were being regaled in the courtyard. Crowds of people were lying round replete from the feast, remains of which were strewn about on a huge sheet spread on the ground. Tons of curry and rice must have been consumed.

We were received in the Zenana quarters, while H.E.H. the Nizam and his daughters, who drove up at the same moment as we did, were entertained in the main building. Inside the central room was a gorgeously draped red and gold bed, with the bride weeping all alone in the middle of it. She looked such a pathetic crumpled up

little bundle, robed in red and gold to match and many draperies to hide under. We went up to greet her, but it was difficult to find head or hand as the poor girl was so bowed down and stricken with grief. She had never once seen the man she was about to marry at six o'clock that evening. It seemed incongruous to see all this feasting and congratulations with the " happy " bride weeping in the midst. Was she really inconsolable, I wondered? All her sisters had been married in the same way and lived happily after, and she had longed for this day all her life without doubt. But tradition says the bride must appear an unwilling victim, and so she needs must weep.

I feasted my eyes on everything. We were in the inner rooms of the house, with beautiful Begums reclining in all the corners in a glory of scarlet and gold. In the middle of a long room was the massive bridal bed covered with red cushions, and placed on four large silver bells instead of feet. At six o'clock this was moved on to the verandah above the courtyard and a gold chair was placed on the top of the steps facing it, for the bridegroom. Behind the bed a long red curtain was fastened up with a band of net in the middle through which spectators could peep. It was all arranged at the last minute most insecurely and casually and I helped to fasten it up. The bride was being bathed; they brought her out from an inner toilet room and lifted up her face to show us as if she were a doll. Her nose was long, her eyes tightly shut and her face set like a mask. She was again popped in the middle of the four-post bed and left alone, which seemed cruel.

We awaited the departure of the Nizam before the first ceremony of " Waving in the bridegroom," always done by the bride's mother, could be performed. She stood on the edge of the steps and waved a long scarf. The pretty *purdah* ladies in their matchless *saris* of gold and sequins, or the full trousered Deccany dress, began to disappear behind the doors. Only a few Europeans, servants and Nubian slaves, braved the ordeal of the arrival of the men. The brother and uncle of the girl and the father and uncle of the bridegroom came up the

steps. The brother went to embrace the bride, and at this she burst into still louder sobbing and lamentation, and everyone wept in unison. I felt very embarrassed at intruding upon this strange family scene and wished the ground might swallow me up.

When the wailing had subsided a little, the old uncle placed three garlands with difficulty round the neck of the bride, and now she was more lost to sight than ever, only the very large nose-ring—sign of marriage—was visible. The old man picked her up like a baby and, carrying her over his shoulder, placed her on one side of the divan bed on the verandah. Children ran about and squatted on the bed and played around, making the ceremony a little more human. A curtain hung between the bride and the groom. A few men together with ourselves and the servants witnessed the next proceedings, the *purdah* beauties peeping through the net curtain at the back. A young man, cousin of the bride, was standing behind me. I turned and moved to give him a better view. "I don't want to see," he said indifferently. "We copied these customs from the Hindus five centuries ago. They are not ours and must be changed."

Darkness had fallen with Eastern suddenness. A singing woman from the other side of the bed conducted the ritual with chanting and music. All sorts of strange rites were performed. Rice was scattered to symbolise plenty and, as we threw it to and fro, we tried to hit the bride and bridegroom. This seemed familiar, and I suddenly recalled our own English wedding custom whose ancient origin and meaning I had never before realised. And then the bride looked at her husband for the first time, through a mirror. He was a handsome young man and gentle-looking. The father in tight Muhammadan dress placed wreath after wreath round the neck of the bridegroom, who began to appear hot and bothered in his flowery girlish get-up, a much decorated coat and a gold turban. Like every other bridegroom fumbling with a ring, he tried to act his part in the proceedings correctly.

Eventually the bride was turned round on the divan and her husband was lifted on to it opposite her. It was

an endless and tedious business, the heat was stifling and we stood up all the time. At last the ceremony was over. A resplendent motor car drove up, and the bridegroom lifted up his bride and carried her over his shoulders down the steps. Uncle assisted him and they literally shoved her into the car. I was afraid her bones would be broken, but she did not appear to have any. She made another scene in the car and the bridegroom did not attempt to enter it with her. This seemed a tame ending to such a long wedding ceremony, but according to tradition the bridegroom has to ride on horseback in front of the bride in order to protect her.

The presents and toys in silver and gold were priceless. We were shown a wardrobe of *saris*, more than one woman could possibly wear. The Queen of Sheba must have been apparelled like this. Some were very old heirlooms embroidered in gold and silver thread; some more modern looking and of the richest colourings. There was a sewing machine and a practical workbox among the gifts.

After the breathless rush of the first days in Hyderabad, I was determined to find time to see the old buildings at my leisure, so one afternoon I took servant and car and started out on a tour of inspection. Opposite the guest house were some public gardens, a lovely cool spot to wander in, with a pink lotus pond and big fairy leaves and some tigers swimming in a lake. A fine Town Hall adjoined it where I heard a most interesting speech at a prizegiving from the Principal of the Oosmania University. Later I called upon him and was shown a raised plan of the new University of Hyderabad. There were twenty-four acres of ground, and the scheme included a Stadium, Museum, women's quarters—a great vision of the future. The language of the present University is Urdu, one of the first experiments in the vernacular begun, I believe, in 1918.

The old City of Hyderabad lay across the river, now only a trickle of water but a raging torrent after the rains. When important visitors were expected a sluice gate was opened and the river made beautiful; it became a great wide stretch running between parapet walls that

were crenellated like battlements. Well laid-out public gardens ran between it and the imposing Oosmania Hospital, called after the Nizam and the apple of his eye. The new Library was on the same side of the river, and on the opposite side were the High Courts, which was to me the most beautiful building in all Hyderabad. They made a picture in the changing colourful evening light with reflections on the water. I was just admiring the cupolas and turrets when suddenly a police whistle blew again and again, and there was a great commotion. A fire, I wondered, or an accident? No, the Nizam with three lovely daughters in bright silken and gold *saris* was passing on his daily visit to his mother. All the traffic was stopped and turned into side roads while the smart little car passed at top speed.

We emerged from the side road and crossing the great river went under one of the gateways of the old city. Whenever I got out to take photographs, the police came to my aid to keep off the crowd and the cyclists and generally protect me. Everybody stared, for it was evidently unusual to see a woman on foot. There was a picturesque curved road beyond the arch, and a continual stream of people selling wares. Beggars cried incessantly, camels swung by laden, little *zatakas* (decorated carts) were always in the picture, and everybody appeared to ride a bicycle in Hyderabad.

The old and new cities were very much mixed. Walls enclosed the ancient town, which was about six miles by three in size, with thirteen entrance gates which are not very noticeable as modern buildings have spread out far beyond them. The population is roughly half a million and it is the fourth largest town in India. I passed a splendid market, part of the town improvement schemes, and then came to one of the gates called the Char Kaman (fish), built in 1593, over one of the four roads which cut the city into four equal parts. In the very centre where the roads converge is the beautiful Char Minar, a massive square building composed of four minarets nearly two hundred feet high. It is a masterpiece of Kutb Shahi architecture and was built to commemorate the deliverance

of the city from some plague or pestilence. The picture of it is on all Hyderabad coinage, for there are two kinds of money in use there, British Government and Hyderabady. The latter is worth a little less and is called bazaar money. It is a complicated but necessary business always to carry some of each.

This part of the city was over three hundred years old and will soon, alas, be all demolished and rebuilt. The streets were straight and narrow and lined with little bazaars. Here were the flower stalls where jasmine and roses divorced from stem and leaf were used as beads, and strung into magnificent scented garlands with festoons and pendants twisted with tinsel. The next street at right angles was the old bracelet street, a fascinating Hyderabad industry. The poorest here can wear rubies and diamonds. Skilled workmen sit in rows in tiny open shops with a charcoal brazier in front of each, putting hot sealing wax, bits of coloured glass and dabs of gold on to many sized hoops.

Hyderabad State is one of the most advanced in improvement schemes, slum clearance and the building of modern dwelling houses. I went to visit some of these. Neat little model houses were being constructed round playing fields with a pavilion and swings in the centre. The scheme was to build three thousand of them and rent them from one to ten rupees a month. They were most cleverly arranged with rooms round a verandah and closed-in yards, all modern and airy yet respecting the *purdah* customs. The heir to the throne was chairman of a special committee and took a great interest in all modern changes. The Princess, his wife, is of the Turkish Royal family and does not keep *purdah*. She was to be seen everywhere, giving away prizes and attending important functions.

There are many rules and regulations in this city; photographing the palaces of the Nizam is not allowed. I walked round the courtyard to look at the handsome buildings, but my visit was regarded with great suspicion. One day I had a longing to go to the top of the Char Minar to see if it was possible to get a better view of this

crowded city. I drove to the entrance of the minarets, but was stopped by polite officials "Memsahib desires to climb up to the top? Impossible without a permit." I protested and explained that I was a State Guest but all to no avail. I was ordered to go to the police station and get a special permit. I chafed at the delay. It was a long drive and time was precious, but I had to go. Fortunately the new *Kotwal*, head of the police, received me at once because I was English; he was much amused at my request. When I got back to the Char Minar, hot and cross, I was most pleasantly welcomed with smiles and an escort.

We started to climb. The stairs were steep and narrow between old *chunam* walls with a glow which no modern plaster possesses. Half way up there was a little mosque, and I paused to take breath. When I emerged at the very top I was appalled to find that only a narrow band of ornamental leaves, eight inches high, stood between me and destruction. Not to be beaten, I got down on my hands and knees, as I dared not stand, and crawled round with the dust and the birds to get my coveted view.

The Mecca Musjid close to me looked wonderful from above. It is 225 feet long and holds ten thousand worshippers. The tombs of all the Nizams are in a jutting out wing at the side. Hyderabad seemed full of mosques, a veritable city of minarets. The Jumna Musjid, one of the old buildings, is so hidden now that it was hard to find; the biggest mosque of all is the Mushirabad outside the city.

From my point of vantage I could see Hussain Saga, the Lake which divides Hyderabad from Secunderabad. I drove along the great dam almost daily, and the sunset light across the Lake is one of my most vivid memories. There are many separate districts here, Khairatabad on the other side being a residential quarter where the Prince lives. Secunderabad is the largest military station in India with model houses and wide verandahs, each with a beautiful garden. North-East of the city stands the Residency which I first saw at night at an Investiture, all outlined with little electric lights and looking magical.

On the Banjara Road quite out of the city,. a desolate hilly country, typical of the strange Deccan landscape, has just been opened up. Very modern residences are being built on the promontories of the rocks themselves, so that groups of boulders decorate the gardens. There are superb views of Hyderabad, its lakes of water and distant blue hills. These lakes or Tanks, as they are called, are a great beauty in the landscape, and give an abundant water supply. Mir Alam, with a dam of eight miles long, was the first drinking reservoir, but now a new dam has been constructed at Gundypet whch must have cost millions. It is a vast sheet of water with a beautiful garden, where it is the fashion to give dinner parties in the moonlight. I was asked to one of these, a lovely and novel kind of picnic luxuriously arranged. • Gundypet is an oasis in a desert, for all around is strange wild country, arid and bare, not a blade of cultivation, and except for a group of experimental dairy farms, not a human habitation, nothing but rocks.

Of course, I had to visit Golconda, which lies between Hyderabad and Gundypet. This fortress has a great history in the terrible fighting which took place in the Deccan. One only has to look at Golconda, Bidar and Daulatabad to realise that every man's hand was against his brother in olden days. Golconda was constructed originally by the Raja of Warangal and afterwards ceded to the Bahmani Kings. In 1512 it became the capital of the vast kingdom of the Kutb Shahis. In the year 1687, Aurangzeb, victorious as usual, took the fortress after a siege of eight months in spite of its strength. There are three miles of wall round the base, and inside up the slope are seven lines of strong crenellated stone wall, one within the other. My first view of it filled me with awe. It is beyond imagination. Although the steps are roughly paved and hard to climb, I struggled up to the top at sunset, up the thousand steps to the seventh heaven through the gateways of the seven walls. I reached the summit at last by various stairways and picturesque ruins. On the very top are remains of the citadel, cleaned up and whitewashed and quite out of keeping with the rest,

where lunch parties are given to visitors of note. There is a huge boulder right on the top of Golconda, from which great views of the city, hills and rocks, the scenery peculiar to the Deccan, can be seen. In the distance many of these queer shapes look like a continuation of the defences, outlying forts or guns. These weird rocks struck terror into my soul, for unbalanced masses are poised in the air as if about to fall. I could imagine them to be prehistoric statues of man and beast.

At the foot of Golconda are the tombs of the Kutb Shahi Kings who fought here so desperately, now lying peacefully in a garden of shade and fruit trees. The buildings are almost all alike, built of black basalt, the most striking of all being the tomb of Kuli Kutb Shahi, founder of Hyderabad. It is one hundred and sixty-eight feet high, and there is an unusual gallery between the square and the dome.

My visit to Bidar, another famous fortress, was original in every way. The picturesque State bungalow on the walls of the fort was occupied by other guests at that moment and there was no room for us. So Mr. and Mrs. Blair, who were my hosts, and myself slept in the comfortable saloon train we had travelled up by. We spent our days in the Citadel and had moonlight picnics on the ramparts.

Bidar fortress is a poem in itself, yet that hardly seems the way to describe such solidly constructed masses of granite walls. It appears that the stone used was soft and easy to work when it was first cut, and hardened in process of time to a substance like iron. Bidar was planned in 1426 by a Bahmani King Ahmad Shah, who sacked Warangal and used the plunder to construct the fort. Eight times it was besieged and never taken because of its defences, until a great coup from Aurangzeb put it under the Moguls until the coming of the Nizams, when it surrendered with the rest of the Deccan forts.

There is a solid drop of three hundred feet on two sides of the fortifications, which look even higher than they are because of their commanding positions. Bastions add to the effect of height with the old guns still in place,

guns of a forgotten age, inlaid and highly polished. There are line upon line of defences, in most places a triple moat with four crenellated walls. Walking along the battlements, I required little imagination to picture them as they used to be. There were holes for pouring boiling oil on the enemy, old stone receptacles for gunpowder, there were moats, drawbridges and amazing secret passages connecting the whole.

The palaces and *zenanas* are more ruined than the fortifications, perhaps because they were built too quickly by succeeding Kings. Pretty bits of blue tile still remain, heavenly colours, the blue being made of powdered lapis lazuli. The contrast of the hard stone bastions shining a deep red in the sun and these dainty bits of soft blue was striking. One of the loveliest of the *zenana* places is all inlaid with mother-of-pearl on a ground of polished black basalt. The designs are mixed with elegant Persian script, describing the lady love as a "pearl in the heart," or "beautiful as a flower."

Unforgettably romantic is the music gallery. It is an old Hindu custom to play music at the gate of a palace at sunrise, midday and midnight. Two drummers and a flute player keep up this ancient custom. I got up one morning in pitch darkness to hear the sunrise music. The first sign of dawn is heralded by four loud beats of the drum, then all is silent as the musicians wait for the sun to rise before they play the air. The midnight tune is full of meaning and hands on the tradition of the dying day to the new born. From the ramparts there is a great view of an immense blue deserted plain, and there is always a wind moaning and sighing, for Bidar is two thousand eight hundred feet above sea level.

Bidar is not only a famous fortress. In 1472 one of the earliest colleges in India was built there. According to the builders it was divinely approved, and is so fine in its ruin that I regretted that it had never been restored. One minaret has fallen, the other one, a hundred feet high, is a gem. It is all in blue inlay made in a herring-bone pattern. The ruined rooms are still occupied by groups of students clinging to the old atmosphere of learning.

Quantities of monkeys, also famous in the history of Bidar, always haunt the gateway of the fort. Once during a period of very bad government, the people clamoured at the gate of the Palace for redress of their wrongs. The ministers not daring to tell the truth about the noise, answered the King's repeated questions by saying that the monkeys were hungry and clamouring to be fed. The King was angry and said: "Put aside a fund to feed the monkeys so that they do not annoy me any more." The ministers were obliged to obey and the monkeys are fed regularly by the same Government grant to this day, for nothing ever changes at Bidar.

II

I made many friends among the Nawabs' families at Hyderabad. The most charming of all were the seven daughters of the Political Member, lovely graceful girls with long black plaits of hair. One of them was a talented artist and I tried to give her some lessons in sculpture. The Nawab Sahib took us out for a drive one day instead of the sculpture lesson, to see the beautiful modern residence he was having built among the boulders. I noticed at once many interesting types of the Waddar tribe plying their customary trade of stone cutting; a wild group of them were living in a temporary shelter among the huge rocks they were working on. Through the Nawab I got in touch with the contractor of the Banjara Road, who owned the coolies bodies and souls.

The Waddars are said to be of Telugu origin. Like the Lamanis they are to be found in every District, and they follow their profession of stone cutting and sand shifting up and down India, using distinctive solid wheel carts. Their women follow the ancient South Indian custom of wearing no upper garment. I chose two models to be sent to my bungalow and decided to work on them before going further afield in Hyderabad State.

My joy at finding perfect specimens was cooled somewhat when I came to settle the exorbitant bill presented to me by the contractor, printed all over with thumb

marks made by the models and their relations. Unfortunately for me, I had chosen a woman of one household and a man of another. As they are never separated I had to keep two entire families during the sittings. The amount they estimated as possible—but highly improbable—earnings for three days, plus food and bus fares, was fabulous. Not contented with the enormous sum extracted from me, they sat on my doorstep for hours after I had dismissed them, hoping to get an extra present out of me.

My next excursion was a vivid contrast to the gaieties of Hyderabad. I had heard all about the Chenchu tribe at Mananaur, and asked permission from my obliging hosts to go and stay there for a few days. Complete arrangements were made at once for my journey by the office in charge of the guests.

Mananaur in the Amrabad Hills, lying in the very heart of the jungle, is a great centre for tiger hunting. The village consists of police headquarters, a tiny travellers' bungalow, a bazaar and a political prison, surrounded by picturesque aloe trees. Thirty years ago these hills were unexplored and untrodden by civilised man.

I drove there from Hyderabad city, some one hundred and twenty-five miles, complete with all materials to make heads of the aboriginal tribe of Chenchus only found on this range of hills. The road was excellent but seldom used and there was nothing to see but desolation, masses of rock and bare brown trees. The combined heat and loneliness were depressing. We had difficulty in finding a tree to shelter under to snatch a moment's respite from the blazing sun.

At intervals all along the road police were stationed; they saluted me and waved us on in the right direction, for a State Guest is well protected in Hyderabad. The ascent up to the Amrabad Hills began very suddenly, when the long distant line of mountains that I had been watching changed to near jungle. We started up a steep hill with a hairpin corner and got our first puncture; I was horrified to find that we had brought no spare wheel. While my chauffeur struggled with the tyre, I wandered

away to examine a strange archway built of huge blocks of stone.

We were almost at our destination, for the traveller's bungalow was just at the top of the hill. For a moment I could not imagine why there was such a crowd. I was tired with the journey and the heat, and longed for a quiet moment. Instead I had to receive the deputation who were awaiting me, with my face wreathed in smiles. Some sixty Chenchus had been collected for my pleasure, in charge of a tall handsome head of Police, a Forest Officer, and many smaller fry in uniform. The Circle Inspector talked very good English but was painfully shy. Though I felt too hot and dazed to think, I realised that I was expected to choose my models then and there.

I felt sadly ignorant and longed for a second opinion and expert help. There seemed to be no uniformity among the Chenchus; there were wide noses, long noses and completely bridgeless noses. There was straight hair, curly hair and hair done in a bun, as well as shaven heads. Their colour seemed to me to be like chocolate that had not kept well; their clothes were almost nil and ragged and dirty into the bargain. Their stature was much below medium. My policemen understood nothing of my difficulties; when I asked for good models they thought I meant "good" morally. I chose two at last, one with a short wide nose and a wild mass of wavy hair, and the other with a straight nose and straight hair which seemed to go together. The razor had done much damage from my point of view; most of them had partly shaved heads with just a lock or wavy halo at the back, by which they believed that they could be hauled up to heaven.

An enormous English meal was the next trial and I had to go through course after course for fear of hurting the cook's feelings. The State Guest Department had no idea of practical picnic. A lorry had been sent in advance with the servants loaded with masses of unnecessary food stuffs, to say nothing of the Guest silver tea service of huge proportions.

Refreshed by this time, I longed to begin work and

while the servants slept heavily I started on "Short Nose," although I had some difficulty in making my wild looking ruffian understand what I wanted him to do, or how to lift the clay. The little verandah proved to have quite a good light for sculpture, but the heat was alarming. Groups of Chenchus came and squatted near to watch my struggles. There is a vast difference between sculpting primitive people and famous men. When selected, my models stood patiently for hours without fidgetting. They looked perfectly vacant and never altered their expression. There was no fear of their saying: "Isn't there something wrong about the mouth?" as all my celebrated subjects invariably asked. I wondered what they thought about their portraits; having no mirrors they have never studied their own features. It was the greatest relief, too, not to have to entertain the model. Peace, however, did not last long. When my servants and all the others they had attached to the bungalow woke up, they chattered just like monkeys. My model became restless and wanted his rice so I had to give up for that day.

I had been led to think that coming up to Mananaur was something of an adventure. It certainly had the makings of one. There were relays of police guards at the gate keeping up huge fires all night to ward off tigers. There was a high wall all round the compound and only one entrance. We were surrounded with menacing jungle; the village close to us was raided nightly all the time I was there and bullocks and goats carried off. My bed was placed in the middle of the one large room, between two wide open doors to get air, in full view of all my retainers. The fire light, bright moonlight and incessant chatter made sleep difficult, almost impossible.

Everyone conspired to amuse me in between work. No one realised my utter weariness from having been on my feet all day in front of a model. The light was indifferent, the heat appalling, and a sense of failure overwhelmed me again and again so that I was in no mood for conversation. At intervals I had to lie flat on the bed and shut my eyes in order to carry on at all.

On the third day after an early sitting with the wild haired model, I decided to visit a Chenchu *penta* called Mallapuram. From descriptions given me, I thought it was quite easy of access and that we should be back in two or three hours. We started out on a forest track which turned unexpectedly up hill. I remembered too late that we had a doubtful wheel, no spare tyre, and that I had forgotten to order a picnic basket. I decided not to think of possible calamities and indeed some fearsome holes in the road kept me fully occupied in holding on. We went very slowly through a most unhealthy jungle, in which the climate changed to a heavy damp heat, even though we were at an altitude of 3,000 feet. On the very last lap the tyre went flat. We got out and walked to the top of the mountain and I chatted as unconcernedly as I could to my two escorts, the Police and Forest Officers. I was glad to see they both had loaded guns, for I was certain we should have to spend the night in the jungle.

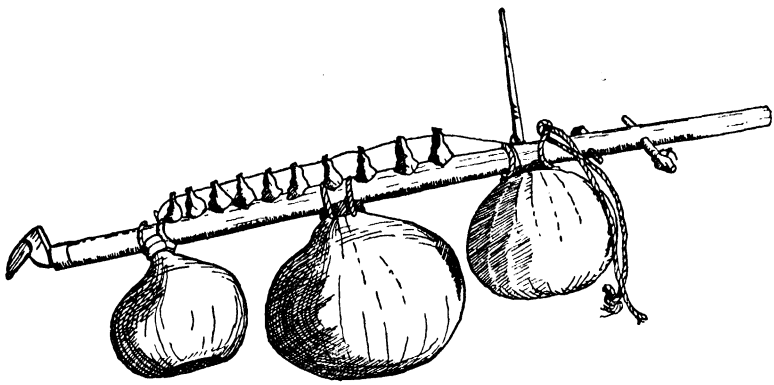
Another array of Chenchus awaited me at a little Police bungalow, which at least afforded shade though it was quite devoid of comfort. I had taken with me an article on the Chenchus with photographs of some types that looked very interesting. To my surprise these primitive jungle people recognised the pictures and told us that the girl I wanted to find had died, and showed us the old head of the tribe, still hearty, and the boy, Lingi, unrecognisable with his hair cut off. After this we were all very friendly. I drew, measured and wrote all the notes I could about the tribe and became so absorbed that I forgot hunger and thirst.

The Chenchus are rapidly dying out in this district. The water is very unhealthy, and taken together with very poor nourishment is undermining their constitution. They usually marry cousins or nieces and polygamy is prevalent. It is rare to see a good healthy baby; of the three families I questioned there was one child alive and one dead in each. If a man dies leaving a widow his youngest brother has to marry her and take care of her.

A wedding ceremony, which is modelled on the Hindu customs, does not seem long nor costly. At Mananaur

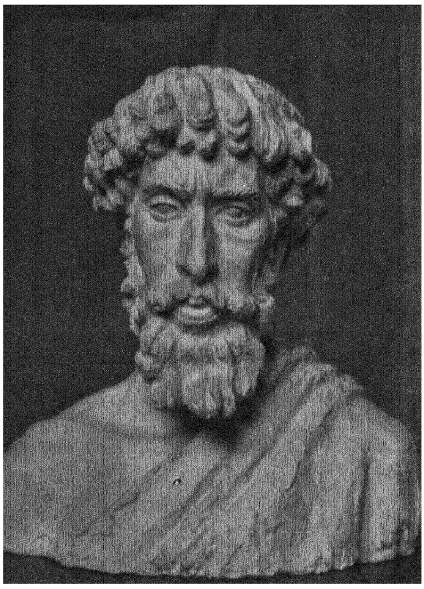
I saw a bridegroom with a picturesque escort of men playing drums going off to fetch his bride. They all returned the second night with lighted torches, dancing and singing.

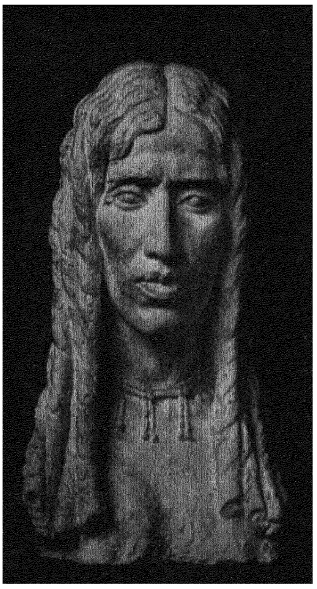
Both men and women dance among the Chenchus, forming a circle and waving a cloth. They make up songs on current happenings and at a wedding ceremony they sing, in praise of the bridegroom, the *Namli Pata*, or peacock song. My policeman was able to procure for me a primitive musical instrument called the *kinera*, with three gourds as sounding boards and two strings : peacock feathers are stuck into the open bamboo ends.



Chenchu Musical Instrument (*Kinera*)

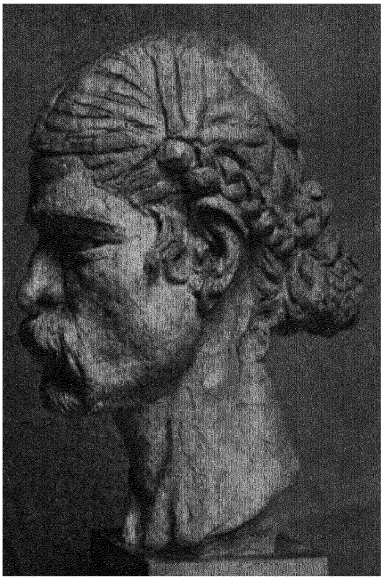
The Chenchu men are excellent *shikari* and pathfinders and always in demand for tiger hunting, but it is the women who do the hard work. It is they who go into the jungle to pick the edible roots, fruits and leaves which are their staple food, while the menfolk sit at home. The only crime of the Chenchus is to distil *mohwa* flowers to make a deadly liquor, which is against the law. As food, these flowers are considered a great delicacy and are eaten fried. The Chenchus always carry a bow and arrow in self-defence and to shoot small birds and game for food, as their religion or custom prevents them from eating cow or buffalo. They are too poor to buy rice, too lazy to work. They know no trade and seem incapable



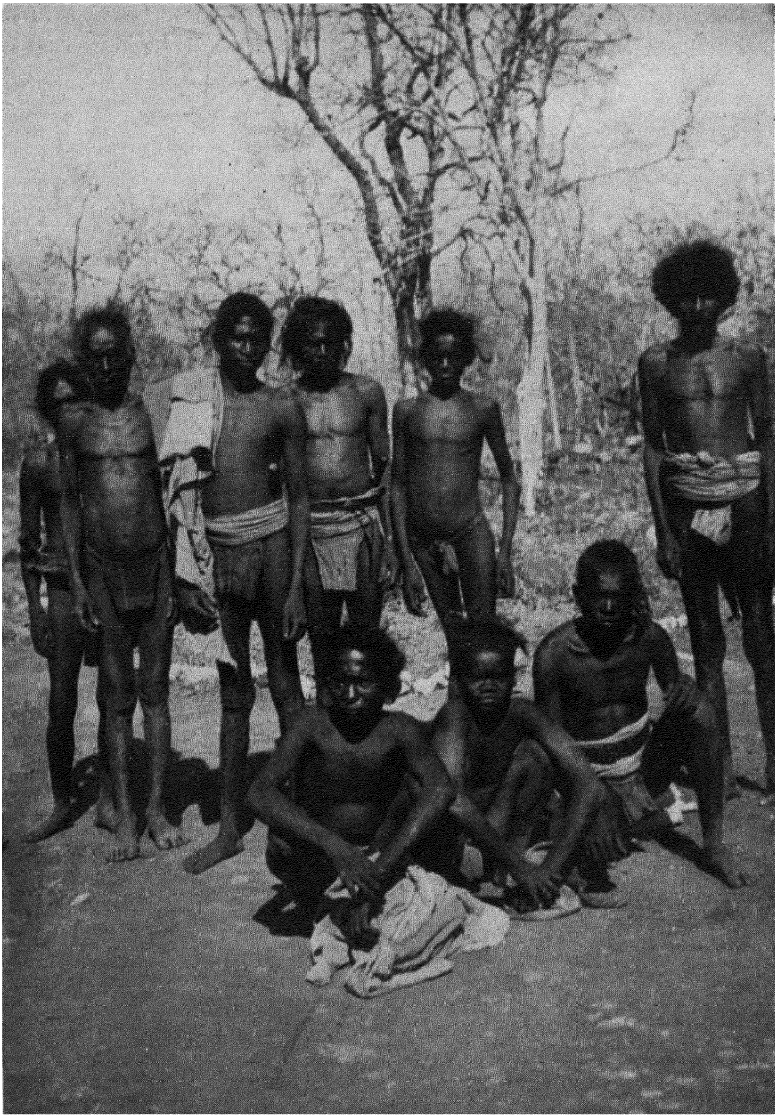


TODA MAN AND WOMAN. *Pp.* 102 *and* 106

MATHURA WOMAN. *P.* 60



HARAN SHIKARI MAN. *P.* 19



GROUP OF CHENCHUS AT MALLAPURAM, AMRABAD HILLS. *P.* 49

of learning. In the village I saw them gathering bamboo leaves; but they were taking them to the Hindu people to make mats out of them. The men wore practically no clothes, only the smallest possible loin cloth about four inches wide, and an old cloth which forms a cloak in cold weather and at other times a cushion. Civilisation has produced a wide leather belt of which they are inordinately proud. They stick a heavy weapon, something between a knife and an axe, in the side. At the back of it they wear a little pouch containing flint and a bit of wood: this was struck and lit for my benefit. The women wear a little bust bodice, pointed in front, a short waist cloth and the same extra wrap as the men. Both men and women wear a bangle or two, brass rings and bead and seed necklaces. The girls are given a new bead string when they grow up, another when they marry and so on. An absence of beads and rings means widowhood. All these details were explained to me at Mallapuram.

The police and I walked down to see the *penta*, rows of Chenchus following closely behind. It seemed miles down the rocky bed of a stream and was completely hidden away. I was surprised to find about two acres of land partly fenced in and very neat and clean. Where whole families live in the same village their huts are grouped together, but there seems no desire to be clannish. The round well-shaped huts are built of bamboo, with a centre pole about twenty feet high, and they are full of light and air. They ate absolutely bare inside and arranged so that one corner is for cooking with a few brass pots and the other side for sleeping.

The religion of the Chenchus is animism, mixed with a debased form of Hinduism. I was shown a simple place of worship a little way from the *penta*, where they sacrifice goats on feast days. They have a horrible custom of tying the leg of the goat to the branch of a tree under which they have *puja*, and there the bones were hanging in rows. On each side of the sacred bit of ground are two posts of wood, pointed and shaped, with three blocks of stone in between. The name of their special god is Lingamaya, and they worship Siva's Lingam to appease

the wrath of Siva. All the Chenchus are named after their god, and the boy and girl that I found most beautiful were called Linga and Lingi. Their dead are buried laid on the stomach, head towards the West, and are never burnt like the Hindus. Chenchus have their own festivals, four in number, probably of very ancient origin. *Oogadi* at the beginning of the year; *Petroammavas*, the worship of the dead; *Dasara*, worship of weapons, and *Sankrati*, the meaning of which I could not find out.

I struggled back up the bed of the stream, only to hear the bad news that the inner tube could not be mended, so that the outer one had to be stuffed with toddy palm leaves instead, for our return journey. We walked to the car and I helped to stuff, while dozens of lazy Chenchus squatted and watched us. We made one false start and had to stop and stuff the tyre much harder. At last we really began to move forward at three miles per hour. That journey home on a flat tyre was one of the slowest I have ever experienced. We rolled and lurched along and a monotonous swing took possession of the car. Darkness fell at sunset and the jungle was teeming with life so that it was easy to imagine: "Tiger, tiger, burning bright in the forest of the night." My guides pointed the muzzles of their guns on either side of the road and told me to look out. I gazed into the mysterious jungle, hoping and expecting to see two burning fiery orbs, but had no such luck. Slowly and drunkenly we arrived at the village without adventure, not a triumphal entry this time; I was thankful when the aloes appeared in sight.

Linga[1] and Lingi came the next day with their families to sit for me. They did the journey on foot through the jungle much more easily than we had by road. They were very timid away from their *penta*. The girl was only eighteen and pregnant. I had no idea of this when I chose her and felt full of remorse. She was scared to death when I modelled her, especially when I used compasses. She never moved a muscle but tears rolled down her cheeks. I tried to get her wretched old husband to pose. He was the head of the village, a wild-haired, bearded

[1] See Appendix 259.

man with a long nose, and was quite a different type. He was useless, however, and kept collapsing suddenly on to the ground. Exasperated, I changed over to Lingi, the intelligent little *shikari*, who was only fifteen and had a beautiful solid face. He posed with intentness of purpose and pride. Some of these primitives have extraordinary nobility of character.

Just before I left I gave the Chenchus a tamarind feast, as they are extremely fond of this kind of bean. I imagined it would be arranged at night time in their own village, but it was all planned badly and inartistically by the Police Officer. The Chenchus were brought into the compound just like prisoners at 10 a.m., at the very time that I wanted to work. They arranged themselves in two groups with a basket of beans in the centre and spread a lot of white wood ash on a dirty *dhoti*. They then devoured the beans, dipping their fingers into the wood ash as a sauce. Their dark faces and fingers all smudged with white looked very funny. I was told that the wood ash counteracted the strong medical quality of the bean. It was a strange sort of feast with no joy in it and indeed we were all bored. The appearance of a group of women keeping *Holi* festival with their garments smeared with red paint, made me flee from the courtyard and go back to my sculpture with relief.

Having made three heads of the Chenchus instead of two, I had not enough plaster to cast Lingi and so had to carry her "head" down in clay to Hyderabad which meant that the neck and hair suffered rather badly from the jolting. On arrival at the Guest House, I found insistent messages from the *Kotwal* summoning me to a grand dinner party that evening, the last of the festivities of an important Hindu wedding. I wrote an acceptance and tried to get into the right mood, but the oppression of the jungle still weighed heavily upon me.

Again the brilliant lights and fairy tale setting of gay Hyderabad came in sharp contrast to what I had just been enduring. As I drove up, a splendid band in the courtyard was playing English tunes in our honour. The *Kotwal* received me with much warmth, and after a chat

I drifted to where a few of my own kind were sitting until dinner was announced. There were rows and rows of men and scarcely any women; *purdah* does not permit an appearance at such a public affair as this. My partner was the Political Member, a most cultured and refined Muhammadan, who discussed Epstein and the Elura Caves with me. As he had been picking my brains, I in my turn asked him what he thought of the Act of Federation, which I had read up with great care on the boat coming out. He replied: "We gain nothing and lose a great deal, but if Federation comes we shall have to join in." On the other side of me was Nawab Salar Jung, a great collector of art, and landlord of much territory in the State. I went later to see his Museums, wonderful buildings, and was amused at the black and white swans floating about in the courtyard. Our dinner party was in an immense tent, with three tables so long that one could not see to the end of them. They were loaded with flowers, crackers, silver and glass, and the menu was a complete mixture of English and Indian foods with a water ice served in the middle.

As the Nawabs of Hyderabad entered, we all stood up. Then came the dear old Hindu Maharaja, Sir Kishen Pershad, and all the Princes rose in their turn to do him honour. It was all very stately, like being at court. There were rivers of champagne and other drinks, and we pulled the prettiest crackers I had ever seen, while the band continued to play cheery English tunes. Beyond me, bedecked in a gold coat buttoned up to the neck, was the bridegroom, who haltingly read out a speech of thanks in English. We had cheers for the King followed by cheers for H.E.H. the Nizam. After that we took seats in the long narrow reception hall, and the Maharaja beckoned to me to come and sit beside him. He was smoking a *hookah* as usual, and together we watched a remarkable performance of very attractive parrots and a conjuring display, in which we both had to take part. After this came the usual Indian Nautch dancing, which did not interest me at all. So I therefore made my excuses and farewells and went to pay my respects to the bride,

her sister and her mother, who were having a completely dull time standing in a row receiving women friends in an inner room. The most charming of Indian customs came as the finale, when an immense garland of jasmine flowers was thrown round my neck as I left. A posy of roses was given me as well as a parting gift. It was a most hospitable display which left an indelible impression on me.

It was impossible for me to believe that I had spent the last week in lonely and dangerous jungle, but when I arrived back at the Guest House, excited and weary, there was the proof. The clay head of little Lingi, with her wistful frightened look and her bridgeless nose, stood on my bathroom table waiting to be cast in plaster.

III

All the officials in Hyderabad were most interested and helpful in my search for fresh tribes. One morning I was having breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. (now Sir Theodore and Lady) Tasker, Head of the Revenue, when a *Talukdar* of the Adilabad District came to visit them and to decorate Mr. Tasker with a jasmine wreath, as he had just returned from leave. When I was introduced to the *Talukdar* and my search for Gonds explained to him, he promised at once personally to conduct my tour to the North. This was a wonderful piece of luck, as the State guest department would never have allowed me to go without an escort.

The road ran through Nirmal, an old walled city in Adilabad, little known and seldom visited. It was one of the ancient Thug highways that lead to Northern India, a desolate looking country with few villages. All around and beyond was deep jungle, another good centre for tiger hunting, and here in these remote villages lived a group of Gonds. Everyone tried to dissuade me from visiting this District—the most unhealthy part of the Nizam's Dominions—but I was too eager for models to count the cost.

We were due to arrive at the Soan bridge on the road to Nirmal at midday, where the Taskers' friend, the *Talukdar*, had promised to meet me and guide me into Gond country. At 6 a.m. I went out into the yard to see if all was ready for the start. There stood my car surrounded by packages of every description from sacks of ice to drums of petrol, from food stuffs in tins to clay and plaster for sculpture. The servants were grouped round talking and doing nothing. I tried to help to pack the car and make suggestions. As no one seemed to know the whereabouts of the little jungle village of Neeradkonda, my destination, I had arranged to take both cook and provisions with me but I had not anticipated a load like this. In the end we were obliged to leave the back seat behind, and put the servants on the top of the luggage.

We made a bad start an hour late. It grew hotter and hotter as the day wore on, and the Soan Bridge, instead of getting nearer, seemed to retreat. It was nearly 1 p.m. when we came in sight of that magnificent piece of engineering. The whole approach to it was decorated with bunting and triumphal arches, in honour of His Exalted Highness who was going to open the bridge the following Sunday.

We stopped at the little P.W.D. bungalow, shut to the public but open to me as a State guest. It was being decorated with plants for the royal visit, and I was much afraid of contaminating it. After lunch and a rest which the servants sorely needed, the *Talukdar* escorted us to Nirmal, city of forts. We drove round narrow streets, saw quaint old carved houses, and examined the exquisite lacquer work peculiar to Nirmal. I acquired a dainty painted box of tiny round cards in the form of discs, in vivid colours and metallic paints. It was not advisable to explore further as I had been warned that smallpox was raging, The tea and fruit that followed at my new friend's house were most acceptable. He said he was very grateful to me for coming: "It is deemed lucky in Muhammadan belief to have a guest," he explained.

In the cool of the evening we proceeded to Neeradkonda, some miles further away in the jungle. On the way we passed near a group of huts on the hillside. "These are Mathura people," said my host, "a wandering gipsy tribe, branch of the Lamani family. They will interest you." There were cattle everywhere, big stores of grain and mealies and an air of prosperity. The huts were large and square, built rather clumsily, and the cattle slept with the family. The women were most strange and attractive looking. Their hair was pulled upwards, tightly plaited and arranged over a high cushion on the top of the head, making a most decorative headdress perfect for sculpture. They wore very full dancing skirts tied with a cord, a tiny bodice deep in front which faded away at the back. They were covered with jewels, high dog collars, heavy silver necklaces, dozens of rupees on long chains and ankle bands in profusion. The men were Northern looking and fair skinned, like the Lamanis, but had no distinctive features.

I walked round the huts. A woman cooking *chapattis* for her family was very much afraid of my leather shoes, a proof that they have adopted the Hindu religion. After much consideration I selected one of the women to come to my bungalow. The *Talukdar* made arrangements with the head man of the tribe for her to be brought to me the next day.

The tiny bungalow at Neeradkonda was an oasis in a desert, with mango trees, a well and a small garden. I retired early, completely worn out, with a hundred and sixty-five miles of motoring. My bed was put on the verandah under the stars, and I felt soothed by the sight of the Great Bear upside down on the top of the trees. A monsoonish gale rudely awoke me, and took my only covering—a mosquito net—and blew it off. I was forced to move. The heat inside was unbearable, but the gale continued with such fury that I feared the rain would drown me even if my bed withstood the hurricane. Two sleepy boys took my bed to pieces, re-arranged it in the sitting room and we started the night again. Suddenly I woke with a violent start to the sound of fearful, un-

earthly shrieks. The bungalow watchman and my servants all ran and shouted as if they were chasing someone and I was left alone. It seemed as if they shouted "Cheetah, cheetah," an ominous cry. Later a terrible wailing began, incessant, high-pitched, heart-rending. My servant answered my repeated questions at last by saying: "Someone dead and they mourning." Shouts and wailings went on in the distance and then slowly died away. After a long suspense I learnt that a panther had been to the jungle village nearby, and taken a little boy from his mother while asleep and carried him off.

We rose with difficulty at 6 a.m. to go in search of Gonds after we had been hunting panther all night. While I was waiting for the *Talukdar*, who had overslept, dozens of Gonds came into the compound to be looked at. I was almost dazed by their number and even by sorting them out into lines of possible and hopeless, I could not get very far without my guide. When he came, he settled the difficulty by saying that they were nearly all bad types of Gond. "Illegal intermixture with the conquering Northern races has changed Gond noses," said the *Talukdar* succinctly. We chose two men of the type he approved, rather Mongolian in character, with high cheek bones, thick lips, and wide noses with distended nostrils. Their skin was very dark, and their hair long and wavy where the razor had not spoilt it.

There are two aristocratic sub-divisions of Gonds, the Raj Gonds and the Khatolas. They are very proud of their kingly origin, and the men, especially the older ones, had a magnificent upright carriage. They were all bare shouldered with a cloth round the waist. Their principal occupation now is agriculture, but they still carry a bow and arrow which they use to kill small game and in self defence. The arrows with barbed metal heads looked deadly.

All the women that I saw were old and haggard. They were very scantily clothed; their *saris* were draped over the left shoulder, and worn very short. Four aluminium bangles seemed a distinctive feature, and they were strikingly tattooed all over their chests. In this district,

as a bust bodice is a sign of royalty, the commoners would seem to wear the tattoo instead.

The Gond tribe all intermarry and a Gond priest performs the ceremony. They marry relations, either cousins or nieces, but the children of brothers never marry each other. The babies are poor and sickly and the birth rate in this unhealthy jungle is diminishing. On other parts the Gonds are on the increase, and form 10 per cent. of the population of Hyderabad State; the last census of India gave them five million. They have a language of their own, with no script, said to have a Dravidian root. The tribe eat meat whenever they can get it, and rice is a luxury. They subsist on grains that are much cheaper and jungle vegetables that look like artichokes. The police who talked with me gave them good characters and said they were timid, honest and peace-loving and that there was no immorality in the villages.

After the selection was over, we started to Ichora, another P.W.D. bungalow ten miles distant, to look for other possible models. Here we had a disappointment. The police told us that they had collected two hundred Gonds for me to see, but they were shy and suspicious and afraid it meant vaccination, so they all ran away in the night. A command performance of dancing was given for our benefit. I found that it is usual to have song and drum at the time of marriage or a feast day. Both the men and the women dance, but never together. On this occasion a group of women interlaced their arms and advanced to the centre and back. The movement was very monotonous and had no meaning divorced from its setting.

We all sat on the verandah of the tiny bungalow at Ichora while my interpreter asked questions of the old men. I tried to get them to tell me about their religion. They worship one big God "Jaldev," they told me, the great creator. He is a water god, who inhabits the sacred river Ganges. In a central temple there is a rude wooden image of him painted and smeared. "Bhimdev," too, they worship, but he is a smaller deity. They keep no images in the huts. They are a very superstitious people,

and believe in omens and evil spirits. Neither husband nor wife will ever mention each other's name as it is considered unlucky and might cause death. A Gond swears an oath on a tiger skin. Many Gonds believe that their ancestors came from the North, and they bury their dead with their feet to the North. Worship of ancestors is very strong with them.

We drove back to Neeradkonda and I started work on one of the Gonds chosen. My Indian friends said: "Go on with your work, we won't disturb you," and then proceeded to stand close behind me and watch everything I did. I tried to forget about them, and do good work under such trying conditions, which were enhanced by heat and a hot wind. When I was half way through my task, a deputation arrived from the village the panther had ravaged; the women were wailing and imploring for help and embracing the *Talukdar's* feet. The poor mother never spoke; she had gone out of her mind with grief. This is life in the jungle.

My beautiful Mathura woman came about midday, resplendent and weighed down with jewels. When these people leave their village they take everything they possess with them, for they do not apparently trust each other. Rangubai came complete with mother, tiny baby, a small son, the old head of the village and I forget how many more. I had to pay all their bus fares, for even in this jungle village there was a main road and a bus service.

I worked with the Gond man and the Mathura woman at the same time. The clay dried under my hand and it was impossible to work long at one head. Every half hour I had to sprinkle it with water, cover with rag and mackintosh and take the other model. This had an added advantage of giving me a fresh eye. The clay was heavy to lift, the heat was oppressive but I had no time to rest. Bands of tiresome coolies came and watched; the baby cried all the time and had to be given to the mother. Grandmother was definitely evil, I felt. I did not know what she could do to me, but I was afraid of her.

I was delighted with the head of Rangubai, which was by far the most decorative study that I had yet found but one that needed time and thought to work out. The second day my servant, who always seemed pleased to be the bearer of evil tidings, came and said: "Bus going, woman not staying." I went on working, not really hearing or understanding what that signified. Presently he came and said: "Bus gone." At this the Mathura girl burst into loud lamentations, weeping and gnashing her teeth, and I was quite at a loss to know how to appease her. When the paroxysm subsided, I suggested through my interpreter that if she posed quietly for an hour I would send her and her family home in my car and they would pass the bus. In the brief period of calm that followed, I had to compose two tassels and earrings that were poked through her stretched earlobes, more in the style of an African beauty than an Indian. If I had only had a few more hours to get the big planes established better, this head would have been my greatest triumph.

My second Gond study, Bhimadu the elder, was a horror as a model. Wherever I placed him, he gently wheeled round to look at the bust and see what I was doing. He said at first that he would not stay and stand for me even if they killed him; but the Inspector of police soon talked him over and I think in the end he quite enjoyed being measured and looked at. If he was not watching every stroke of my fingers, he was staring hard at my face. I found this most disconcerting. He was dark and comely, fat and half naked.

The conditions for work at Neeradkonda were unspeakable all the time. I began on the back verandah out of doors; chased by the sun I retired up the steps where the light was not too good. As the sun moved I moved, first to the side, then to the front of the bungalow. Last of all I worked in the compound in the open after the sun was set. The wind and hot air dried the clay as I put it on, ears and bits of curly hair became as hard as a rock and fell off. I could not sew the planes together nor model at all and needed to invent a new technique.

Work was very slow. The ice gave out at half time and I had to drink hot beer to keep up my spirits. We none of us had the strength to stay any longer so we finished the casts somehow and started back for Hyderabad.

IV

About eighty-six miles from the city lies Warangal, an ancient and remote part of the State, the Kingdom of the Andhras in 280 B.C. The Chalukyan Kings settled here in 550 A.D. and left a rich legacy of art. The old fort of Warangal was the last place to capitulate to the Muhammadans who were really masters of the Deccan from 1318 although Warangal was only finally captured in 1422.

Four miles North West of the old fort is the thousand pillar temple of Hanumkonda, once the capital. According to inscriptions it was erected in 1162 by Pratapa Rudra, who, although he was not really a pure Chalukyan, built in their style. Like many of these temples it was so elaborate that it could not be finished in the reign of one king. Then war and plunder, which lasted a hundred and twenty years, put an end to all art.

The temple of Hanumkonda measures about 102 feet by 83 feet, and stands like all Chalukyan temples upon a high base about ten feet wide, richly moulded. It is the beginning of the star shape which came to perfection in the Mysore temples. There must have been three towers, probably curvilinear in shape, with the lines of the mouldings carried up. The outside is completely devoid of carving but rich mouldings give great effect of light and shade.

We entered the temple by a large Mandapan partly ruined and built with a surprising quantity of pillars, of which a hundred and thirty-two are free, standing round the walls and not in long vistas as one would expect. The whole temple is built of great granite blocks put together without mortar, and the report that it was shaken by an earthquake is undoubtedly true. Feeling most unsafe, I hurried out and down the steps to the main building. The Nandi Pavilion has fallen but the great bull still re-

mains, a fine example magnificently carved in granite, looking like a Lord Mayor with chain and ornaments.

The temple is a triple one, having three shrines arranged round a central hall, each equally magnificent and dedicated to Siva, Vishnu and Surya, the Sun God. There is an entrance door, decorated with pierced work in which the Chalukyan builder excelled, and an inner door with wonderful carved figures on each shrine. All the decoration is in hard dark basalt, which takes a polish like marble. The very best work has been put into the shrines in which there are six groups of amazing figures, women *hanchees* and courtiers with high headdresses, while fine pieces of conventional design are growing up each side of the door behind them.

The most striking part of a Chalukyan temple is the arrangement of carved pillars round the circular centre. The effect of flat squares, rich mould deeply turned and dainty conventional patterns with bands of polished marble in between, is very tasteful. The groups of figures are all dancing, for there is much joy in Chalukyan art.

Outside Warangal Fort are four Kirti Stambas, and great excavations of a temple built by Ganipatideva about the thirteenth century, were in progress. There were only a few pillars standing, but the platform and mouldings of a great temple are being traced. I was met by the archæological expert in charge, who was a real artist, and I was allowed to explore to my heart's content. This was a curious temple. Why these four Buddhist-like archways of wood construction type? Artistically they had no particular merit and were strange entrance gates to a temple dedicated to Vishnu. Between the grey granite arches there was a space of 480 by 433 feet, and the temple must have been of unusual size and splendour. The excavation was fraught with excitement and interest. Each day brought to light masterpieces of carving, in some cases immense panels quite intact. They were all encrusted with earth and had to be brushed and blown and literally unpicked. Groups of women coolies in lovely red *saris* were digging softly and cautiously round the deep sculptures with their long black fingers.

Cornices, pillars, Nandis and elephants all lay at the angle at which they were found, for it is believed that this temple was blown up by some zealous Muhammadans when they sacked Warangal. One frieze I noticed especially depicted some dragons prancing on the tops of elephants; another of women light as air in ballet skirts with peacock and swans; an outstanding Durga eight-armed, with four dancing attendants on each side; a horse and a rider; a tree of life, all kinds of unusual bits of carving.

From Warangal I was escorted to Palampet, where, scattered about in the jungle, is another group of temples, the most imposing of which is called Ramappa. We drove forty miles odd and the sun began to pour down upon us with fury. My guide confessed that he had never before visited temples with anyone who took longer than ten minutes to see everything. He was very surprised on arrival when I led him firmly into the shade, surrounded him with newspapers, and told him that he must be patient as I had a lot of work to do.

There were two entrances to the enclosure at Ramappa but the East is blocked with the ruins of a Nandi Pavilion, which gave me a good vantage point from which to see the temple as a whole. It is in the middle of a courtyard with low wall round, flanked by two small temples on either side. It measures abour fifty feet square and the amazing roof, Chinese in style, throws deep shadows on the bracket figures which make this temple distinctive. A high platform, ten feet wide, repeats all the squares and points of the architecture in deep cut mouldings. The temple is built of red sandstone and the decoration is of hard black basalt, which makes a fine contrast.

Three entrances with flights of steps lead to the Mandappa, and over each entrance are caryatides of four female figures in pairs, twelve in all. There has been so much controversy about the female figures and fabulous tigers that appear to support the roof. They are set at an angle against the pillars and give an over-decorated and loose effect. Some of them are most beautiful and very interesting and make one realise what a decoration can be

made of the human body. The figures twist and curve in dancing attitudes, arm up-raised with a snake-like scarf. They vary a great deal in quality of sculpture. Seen from the platform far below, as the artist intended, the proportions are much better than the photographs that have obviously been taken from a scaffolding too near to them. I wondered if the temple was constructed at different times and never conceived as a whole. As architecture, it did not satisfy me in any way, and I descended from my ruin and walked round to examine the detail. Three sides of the base have horizontal borders of carvings and the rows of elephants were magnificent, each following the other's tail, while at each corner a female figure amusingly held on to two of them. At the west end was the tower over the shrine and here the lines were curvilinear.

By far the best part was the entrance hall. Here was the central circle so typical of the Chalukyan design, with carved and turned black basalt pillars, the best I had yet seen. A Nandi in the centre did not impress me as much as the one at Warangal. I longed to get a nearer view of the elaborately carved ceiling over my head. At the door of the shrine which contained the Lingam were female figures, obviously by the same hand as the caryatides, *hanchees* with beautiful curves. The little dancing figures on the pillars were delightful and again there was much revelry and joy. Ramappa gave me much food for thought; it was very interesting in detail but bad art as a whole.

V

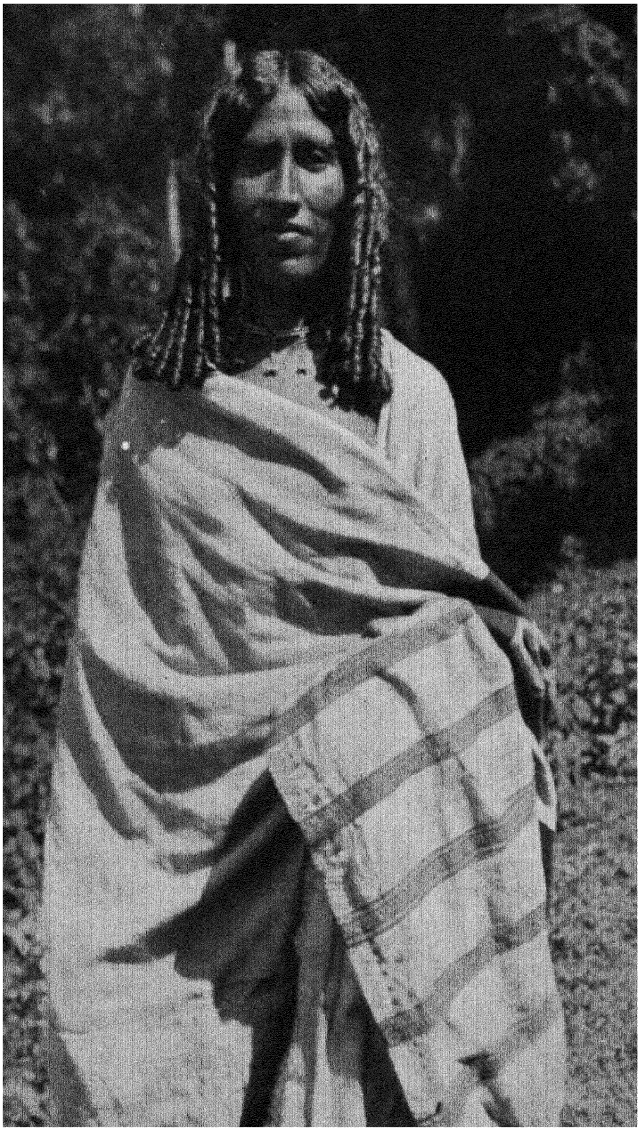
The Maharaja, Sir Kishen Pershad, very graciously honoured me with a few sittings for a portrait. It was a much more difficult proposition to model the great of the land than to portray the simple people. When I arrived at his far distant country palace at the time appointed, I was received with ceremony and given an elaborate tea in the garden. It seemed a dreadful waste of time but I tried to memorise his aristocratic face while chatting.

I began, as soon as I dared without seeming rude, to take sketches of his front face and side face, and to take measurements of his nose. Then I excused myself and went to put up the clay, hoping that he would soon follow. In the meantime a complete Hindu family came to pay their respects. They advanced one by one, and, down to the youngest member, put gifts of money into his hand. Then they all sat solemnly round in a circle. I worked on a terrace within earshot and was amused at the complete silence. What could I do next, I wondered, and how rescue my model? After a time in desperation I ventured all and, bowing and smiling to the Maharaja, requested him to come and pose. He responded instantly, and the astonished visitors watched a little from a respectful distance and then moved away. Of course, by this time there was hardly any light left and an old gentleman smoking a *hookah* cannot be disturbed too much.

The bust, however, made steady progress in this peaceful retreat. Then the worst happened. The Nizam took the Maharaja away with him on a far journey. He was the highest noble of the land, a Hindu and the President of the Council. His presence was a delight, no doubt, to the ninety per cent. Hindu population. But my model was lost to me, so I, too, went on a journey.

When I came back I called at the Palace for news. I found the bust locked up in a room with the door carefully sealed. After much argument I persuaded someone to break the seals, so that I could reassure myself that the clay was in good condition and damp the clothes around it. Days—or was it weeks—after, during which I lost my inspiration for the head, I returned from the jungle of the Gonds and telephoned to the Secretary of the Maharaja. The system is so complicated in Hyderabad that I found the only way was to tell the telephone operator whom I wanted by name. At last I was able to make a plan with the Secretary and arranged to finish the head of His Highness at the Arabian Night's Palace in the centre of Hyderabad, to which he had moved.

It was a colourful but highly agitating experience.



LACHENTHAR, MY TODA MODEL FROM ERUGU MAND.
(Nilgiri Hills.) *P.* 106

My servant, Tizzen, at Schoolmand, Ootacamund. *P.* 109

Toda Funeral. Chasing the buffalo to the sacrifice. *P.* 113

Toda Funeral. Dead baby and buffalo salute each other. *P.* 113

H.H. the Maharaja sat for me in an ante-room or passage way with big windows on to the courtyard, devoid of both privacy and peace. Masses of simple people came with gifts, while Hindus from all parts of the Kingdom sang and danced in the courtyard. Dogs, servants, children, the small and attractive grand-daughter of the Maharaja, to say nothing of his A.D.C. and a German traveller in wallpapers, all came to see us. I fell over the dogs and the children; I could not walk backwards a step to see what effect I was getting or change the light except with great difficulty. The dear old Maharaja smoked his *hookah* contentedly and dozed. The time passed and I became unnerved and agitated to the last degree. This was the last sitting. I was invited to stay for lunch and this gave me a respite. After feeding, a great peace fell on the household, and I was able to analyse the folded white turban, rather like a Bishop's mitre, and finish it; for the Maharaja, though a Hindu, wears the ceremonial broad gold waist band and the high Muhammadan headdress of Hyderabad.

CHAPTER IV

A TOUR OF INDIAN TEMPLES

ELURA - AJANTA - BHILS AT AJANTA - BADAMI - VIJAJANAGAR - MADRAS - MAHABALIPURAM

I felt that my visit to the Elura (commonly spelt Ellora) Cave temples was going to be the high spot of my sojourn in Hyderabad. The journey was made from the old fortified city of Aurangabad on the State Railway of H.E.H. the Nizam. Arriving at the station I was met by an army of *Talukdars* and *Tasildars* with much pomp and politeness. My manners were not nearly ceremonious enough, I fear, as I was anxious about some cases of clay and plaster which had been sent from Bombay, the loss of which would have been disastrous.

When greetings were over, one official attached himself to me as guide and we proceeded to examine Aurangabad. I remember seeing a quaint mill and some old gateways and walls, but the principal sight is a tomb. Auranzeb built it for his daughter, and, though pretty enough, it is such a bad copy of the Taj Mahal with lighthouses and sentimental garden, that it quite shocked me. At the top of the hill were twelve ancient Buddhist caves no doubt worthy of a visit, but the heat prevented me from attempting to scramble up.

The road to Elura is winding and hilly. At the ninth mile we reached Daulatabad, the ancient capital of the Yadavas, once the most impregnable fortress of the Deccan. Formed of a mass of natural precipitous rock it rose up to a height of seven hundred feet. Inside the fort a path is cut in the solid granite and at one point there is an iron trap door on which a fire could be lighted, and the whole contraption let down on to the path below. At the base of the fortress there is a beautiful tower two

hundred and ten feet high called the Chand Minar, once glazed with Persian tiles.

After Daulatabad the country was barren and bare, and the road so rough that we took an hour to cover fourteen miles. When we arrived at last at the palatial white Guest House the scene changed completely. From a wide terrace the view stretched out for miles and miles, a foreground of flat landscape and blue lines of hills in the far distance. The State bungalow was on the very edge of a high cliff and the Elura caves were completely hidden in the rock below.

An artist was deputed by the government to conduct me to the caves but I sent back polite excuses saying: "Come tomorrow, not today." I was determined to walk there alone at sunset and get my first impressions, unguided and in peace. Of course, all the servants, police and even the Superintendent of the bungalow tried to come with me but I was adamant and managed to escape.

The path down the cliff was wide and built of concrete, especially constructed by the Nizam for some honoured guest. The gradient was easy enough but the air became hot and stifling as I descended. To my surprise there was not a sign of a cave temple anywhere. It was quite a shock at last when suddenly out of the smiling landscape a flat roof appeared on the left and on the opposite side the high crown of the Kailasa temple became visible, pinnacled and decorated with queer watching animals. Weathered with age, coloured and blackened with centuries of time, these temples seemed to be part of another world. I had a most uncanny feeling of awe as if entering into the past. Could I—dare I—penetrate its secrets?

Almost as in a dream I walked to the bottom of the slope and entered the Kailasa. Excitement and fear gripped me at the same time. Many people have tried to describe this temple to me but I never imagined or pictured anything like this, nor can I find any words to express what I felt. It was soul stirring and terrible but most beautiful. It may well be called the eighth wonder of the world, this vision in stone.

In shape, the temple is fashioned after Mount Kailasa in the Himalayas, the mountain which is the Paradise of Siva, with seven waterfalls thundering down from its peaks. The temple roof was once covered with shining white *chunam*, which glittered like the snow of mountain tops. It is said to have been built by Krishna I, one of the Rushtrakuta Kings, who reigned from 757 A.D. to 783 A.D., but no King, however powerful, could be credited with performing a miracle like this.

In an enormous space of rock measuring two hundred and seventy-six feet by one hundred and fifty-four feet (large enough to contain the Taj Mahal), ancient builders have hewn and bored down vertically a rectangular passage, twenty-five feet wide and one hundred and sixty feet in depth. Out of the centre square block left free, they have scooped out and carved a magnificent two storied temple, all decorated within and without with rich friezes, immense bas-reliefs, elephants and figures. In the outer rock walls they have cut out long galleries, and carved colossal statues in every corner. Halls two hundred feet long and fifty feet wide are also cut out of the virgin rock.

Moved to the very depths of my being, I sat still on a flight of steps. No living soul was near the temple; only the spirits of the past haunted its precincts. How was this wonder achieved and by whom? It must have taken at least a hundred years to complete. No detailed or exact account has ever been found of when or how it was conceived or who did the superb carvings. We know nothing of the tools that were used. As boring was unknown in those days, it must have been laboriously cut out with hammer and chisel, a few inches at a time. Bold relief and at the same very delicate carving like this, would only be possible in a certain kind of stone which is rarely found. The theory is that the rock must be molten lava that has cooled, and is therefore heavier below and lighter above.

The rock sides of the Kailasa were terrifying, so high did they tower above me. Everywhere I turned were giant statues more alive than flesh and blood, which seemed

to depict all the emotions and passions of the human race. The veil was drawn away, this was reality terrible to see. There was deep meaning in every curve of the body, every turn of the head. Nobility was here, too, and the will to conquer. I felt that this sculpture represented the eternal struggle of the gods against the powers of darkness.

The scarp of the cliff in which the caves are excavated measures about one and a quarter miles. The Hindus call this round face of the rock the brow of Siva. These are Siva temples, Siva the Creator and the Destroyer. All face the West, for to him belongs the setting sun. At this hour the sunset lights up the mazes of the building and the darkest corners become visible.

I walked back to the entrance to try to understand better the shape of the temple. There is a wide stone curtain in front of it for greater privacy and protection. Through the narrow entrance and right in front of me is a glorious panel of Lackshmi, the Dawn Maiden, rising from the cosmic ocean. Her four attendant elephants, heavy and grey like monsoon clouds, represent monsoon rain and are showering water over her as she sits on a huge lotus flower in a pool. The tall guardians carved on each side of the panel welcome me into the temple with enigmatic smiles, as if saying: "Come and see."

The inner courtyard is down a few steps, on either side of which are two colossal elephants and an imposing pillar of Victory. A coolie was dusting the sculpture with a long brush and in fact everything was well swept and garnished; the shrines have wire doors and bats are given no shelter. I examined the massive elephants round the base of the centre shrine, making a solid plinth twenty-seven feet high. There are a few other animals on the plinth as well, but the elephant is decidedly the conqueror. Nothing repeats exactly, yet this row of heads forms a perfectly symmetrical border. At one end and on each side rich short rows of frieze illustrate stories out of the Mahabarata and the Ramayana, like pages out of a book.

Two flights of steps lead up to the Hall, which is over fifty feet square. The floor is shiny and black with the bare feet of many saints and the feeling of solemnity it gave me was indescribable. On three sides of the Hall are doors with porches but they give very little light and the effect is dim and awe-inspiring. In the shrine is the usual Siva Lingam and Yoni symbolising sex. The door keepers have four arms; they carry symbols and are standing with their legs crossed in graceful attitudes. The row of pillars, sixteen in all and measuring three feet square, is amazingly true and beautiful in shape. It was hard to realise that the pillars were all cut out and planned in the living rock. They are carved delightfully with small medallions and festoons of pearl, that dainty decoration in which the Indian artist excels. This sculpture seemed all the more delicate in contrast to the figures, almost double life size, with which the temple abounds.

It was a relief to walk round the platform outside in the bright sunlight. There is nothing awe-inspiring here. Five little shrines with pointed roofs are each dedicated to a different deity. All is beauty and peace and hope. Above my head many Devas—those shining ones—flying through the air, have been caught and pinned against the walls of the shrine, a cloud of witnesses.

As I descended the steps into the court on the opposite side, I came upon the most dramatic picture of Siva and Parvati sitting on the top of their lovely home in Mount Kailasa, with Ravana, the demon god, below, trying to shake down Siva's paradise. Parvati in terror clutches at Siva, trying to rouse him from his meditations. Siva, according to the story, presses his foot down nonchalantly and imprisons Ravenna for a thousand years in the cave of his own making.

There was no light to see the amazing sculptures on the North side, up a curling staircase to a chapel called the Lankesvara. A guide accompanied me with a torch. Here is hidden one of the greatest carvings of the Kailasa, the mystical dance of Siva called the Tandava, showing the back and turn of the body. It is highly finished and shines just like bronze. Unfortunately the legs are broken

but nothing can destroy its beauty. The force of movement and the élan is so great and the body expresses so much feeling and vitality that each or any part of it is a masterpiece.

One evening, longing to be alone with the dancing Siva, I went up without light or guide and fright seized me suddenly in this dark and awesome cave, with its terrifying figures leering at me out of the deep recesses. The atmosphere was extraordinary and I ran stumbling down the dangerous broken steps as if I were being followed by demons.

The long pillared corridors at the bottom are full of silent watchers. These statues, greater than life size, are carved with four, six and even eight arms without the slightest embarrassment. Many European sculptors cannot even place two successfully.

Loveliest of all and in great contrast to the many rushing and struggling figures, are the three river goddesses, in a three panelled shrine on the level of the courtyard. They stand in quietude and calm, framed in slender pillars with festooned arches above their heads. Ganga is in the centre, a still straight figure clothed from waist to feet. On the left stands Sarasvati, goddess of wisdom, but the one I loved best of all was Jumna (Yamuna). This statue is beyond all telling beautiful; her draperies are so light that she appears almost nude; she is sculptured, I felt, according to the great laws, and with a tenderness and feeling seldom seen equalled in a human body. Jumna, my dream of a woman, stood slightly "*hanchee*," the lines rippling down, the subtle curves exquisite in design. The figure stands in shadow and only at rare moments does the light steal upon her seclusion. I sat and gazed at her from the steps opposite. Lotus flowers and river weeds are twined about her feet and her face smiled on me.

After the Kailasa temple everything else looked ordinary. The excitement that had taken possession of me had passed. I studied the other Brahmanical temples with a feeling of fatigue, even boredom, with such an orgy of sculpture. They lacked the tremendous emotional quality of Kailasa and I felt that these caves were of another order.

A road had been made round by the cliffs to the foot of the caves, and though they are all excavated at irregular heights I could drive quite near to each. For many days I drank deep of temple lore, and though my legs ached from so much unyielding stone, my heart remained young. There are thirty-six caves in all, beginning with the early Buddhist, numbered one to twelve. Scholars think these were carved out from 500 to 650 A.D., but many people suggest that they are of much earlier date. The Brahmanical group Nos. 13 to 29, including the Kailasa in the middle, were built, it is supposed, from 650 to 800 A.D. Last of all come the Jain caves at the farthest end of the hill, 800 to 1100 A.D. In those days, with the exception of some persecution of the Buddhists in the 7th century A.D. the different sects were quite harmonious and worked side by side; the result being that at Elura there are the best known specimens of Buddhist, Brahmanistic and Jain art in one group.[1] It was the centre of great activity until the 13th century; after which date Muhammadan invasions forced all religious bodies further South and Elura was lost sight of for years. The caves were only rediscovered by a French traveller in 1667.

The first Buddhist cave is just a simple Vihara, with monk's bed and pillow scooped out of the rock. Cave No. 2 is arresting. There is a great Buddha carved in the shrine. He is in a sitting posture with legs hanging down, his eyes are wide open and he holds his left little finger in his right hand. He is teaching the Way, the eightfold path, the Law. In cave after cave the Buddhas sit in the shrines, teaching. Patiently they repeat the doctrine and bear witness. If one missed the message in the first, one would surely listen to the next. All these statues of Buddha are monumental and yet of the greatest simplicity of design. Their proportions and balance seemed to me to embody in themselves all great teaching, "the breadth, and length, and depth, and height."

[1] In India, Nepal, China and Japan religious rituals are not mutually exclusive. Buddha himself showed that. The Jains deliberately kept a good deal of Hindu mythology and symbolism. Exclusiveness is associated with Judaism, Christianity and Islam.

It is curious and interesting that on one side of the second cave a block of unfinished stone has been left. In the next recess the figure is roughly shaped out, in the next the face appears and lastly the complete Buddha emerges. It is supposed that this represents the making of a saint and is fraught with deep meaning.

Cave No. 5 is in quite another style. It has cells at the side and long stone tables in the centre and is called the Mahawada, or Refectory Hall. It is easy to imagine this cave full of disciples. The spirit of the teaching clings to the walls and there is a great figure of Buddha at the dim end of the room.

The Visvakarma Cave No. 10 is a gem of early Buddhist *Chaityas*, dedicated to the patron saint of the master builder, the architect of the gods. Indian people always go first to this cave to perform their vows when visiting Elura. The construction of the roof imitates the old wood tradition, in the way that I had noticed in Karli Cave. Angels with flying hair and folded hands support the beams. Instead of an altar there is a *stupa* with a very stylised figure of Buddha sitting under the sacred Bo-tree. All photographs distort this image and, to see it in its right proportions, one must sit on the floor at Buddha's feet, which is, of course, what his disciples did. There is an ambulatory round the back of the shrine. My guide sang some old chants, which sounded strangely like Gregorian music, for me to hear the curious echoes.

Next came the Siva group, the earliest of which show signs of Buddhist influence, and are all the purer for the Mission preacher. Here there were no rooms cut in the rock, for it was forbidden to dwell in the house of the Lord. The unlovely Lingam in the shrine takes the place of the great mute teachers.

No. 21 is one of my favourite caves as all the sculpture here is worth study. The pillars have bracket figures carved on them, slim, elegant bodies with rounded limbs. Next in beauty is the Duma Lena or Sita's bath. This is the only cave where the ancient builders let in light from the sides. Cut in the rock North and South are square spaces with steps down and pools in the centre.

On the right is a most lovely view of the gorge and the sacred waterfall of Elura; it must have always been cool and refreshing for the disciples to work here. A most striking figure of the goddess Ganga is standing in a charming attitude by the pool on the left. I find that Indian artists make fewer mistakes than others because they rarely make complete figures in the round. A portion of the statue is always attached to the wall or rock, which in this way forms part of the composition and gives great solidity.

In this temple are many pictures of Siva and Parvati, depicting marriage as a very holy and lovely thing. There is a great panel of the marriage ceremony, when Parvati has to go through the ordeal of fire to prove the purity of her love. There are happy evenings playing chess or sitting together on the marriage daïs; they look very much in love and one could almost fancy that Parvati is blushing.

The Jain temples are six in number but close together. In one of these are faint remains of fresco paintings, but it was difficult to study them. What must Elura have looked like when most of the walls and small sculptures were painted in lovely colours? There are traces of paint left on some of the figures; they are lighter in colour, having been protected by the pigment and thus make a pleasing contrast with the darker mellow stone.

There are charming figures in many positions in the Jain temples of Indra and Indrani, but this is later and more florid art. The most inspired group is the great figure of the boy saint Gomatesvara, who started to meditate at the age of five. Around him are carved deer, serpents and dogs, all gracefully composed. The Jain religion sprang up in A.D. 600 in a wave of reaction and was at one time one of the prevailing faiths of India. In all great Indian art, especially the Jain, one feels that the artist is aiming to express the underlying unity of all life.

II

In vain I tried to get good models of the Bhil tribe at Elura. None was forthcoming and regretfully I was

forced to leave for Ajanta where a better choice was certain. It was the last day of Muharram and Aurangabad had obviously been up all night. On the twelfth day of the festival the Muhammadans dress up a large five finger hand on a stick with blue and white drapery, an umbrella, a crescent and some tinsel decoration. A man supposed to be possessed, supported by two others, waves the *Amar* or emblem about, while a group of men dance backwards singing *Doulah, doulah.* The *Amar* represents the five important prophets, especially the two grandsons of Muhammad who died for their faith, and the Muharram is in truth a festival of mourning. The poorer classes, however, envy the Hindu their many jolly feasts, so they now buy toys and clothes, drink coloured syrups and make music. Only once or twice did we see groups reading the Koran and the prophets on their own verandah with quiet and decorum.

We drove through the streets with caution and at last came on to the road to Ajanta, a four hours' drive away. The road was very bad and during the rainy season quite impassable as it descended many times into river beds. The hot wind scorched my face and buffeted me unmercifully as it swept across the plains on my left. When we teached Ajanta at last, it seemed so lonely and desolate that I felt as if I had been dropped off the earth. The mail comes by a runner with a bell tied round his neck. I had not allowed for this isolation and when we arrived at the Bungalow we found that no message had announced our coming. There was no ice, no lunch and no preparations made in advance for my comfort. A meal of eggs and tinned fish was hastily prepared and afterwards, at an expense of energy, I drove up to the caves in the still burning heat of the day.

As a site Ajanta is more lovely than Elura. The old monks knew well how to choose. In an almost perpendicular scarp of rock 250 feet high, twenty-six caves have been excavated at different periods. The sides curve round like a horse shoe and they overlook a great ravine with a waterfall at one end. Like Elura the caves are completely isolated and hidden from the world; they date

from the first or second century B.C. to the latest group excavated in the seventh century A.D. The early ones are very simple in design and without decoration of any sort, for the disciples were not allowed to depict their Lord either in sculpture or picture. The Sanchi Tope, where an empty space is left instead of a figure in all the stories of Buddha's life, is the most interesting example of this. I have often wondered how and why the Mahayana Sect at a later date came to disobey Gautama's express injunctions. We can only be too grateful that they did so when we see the inspired Buddhas and Boddisatvas that decorate Ajanta, both in painting and sculpture.

The frescoes are now recognised to be the greatest cave paintings in the world. Outside among the rocks fragments are still to be found of the green, brown and red pigment used by the old painters, for nothing was imported except lapis lazuli. The colouring, perspective, composition and accuracy of detail are beyond imagination. Bourdelle, who only saw copies of them in the India Museum, London, never ceased to talk about them. The greatest of all the paintings is to be found in the first cave—the Boddisatva called "Padmapani the Lotus-handed." I drew the beautiful hands, the surest way to help memory as well as to appreciate the greatness of the art. At the back of the cave in the shrine there is a colossal Buddha carved in stone and on the walls all round are some of the most inspired frescoes.

A powerful bulb of electric light has superseded the blue flame lamp on the top of a coolie's head, which was the sole illumination of my last visit in 1926. A guide unlocked the doors for me and held the light wherever I wished. By good fortune, at one moment he was called away and I was left alone to meditate and dream. Never being alone is one of the great drawbacks to Ajanta, for when one is accompanied by guides it is difficult to take in a work of art or get a clear impression of it. I need solitude and quiet so that I can hear what it has to say to me.

My favourite piece of sculpture is in Cave 26, a sleeping Buddha twenty feet long, lying by the left wall He is

in Nirvana; a drum is being played in heaven with dancing and great rejoicing. On the earth below just under his reclining figure are his water pot, drinking cup and staff—he needs them no more. On either side are disciples in attitudes of prayer and grief. This cave is a *Chaitya* full of religious sculpture. It is the one that moves me the most.

Cave 19, too, with its lovely façade, its big sun windows with both the front and sides of the cave carved with simple grand figures, remains fresh in my memory. The well known mother and child with the Lord Buddha is in Cave 17, as are also a grand procession of elephants and a toilet scene. Here as I passed along, Sahed Ahmed, the painter of the Archæological Department, was making an immense copy of a fresco on one side of the wall. This he could only do at a certain hour by reflecting the sun with mirrors on to a sheet of white paper, making the cave as light as day.

All of life is depicted on the walls of Ajanta; court scenes, processions, hunting and pageantry, royalty and humbler folk. I felt as I gazed that the pictures were shouting out: "Oh all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ever." Yet Buddha renounced it all.

On this visit I looked far more at the sculpture than at the painting. Elura was fresh and vivid in my memory and I kept comparing the two. In spite of my interest I felt that painting, limited to two dimensions, can never equal sculpture with its three. Though these paintings are the most remarkable I have ever seen, they never touch the heights of Elura. They have not the power to strike me dumb and breathless as did the Kailasa temple.

I was staying at Fardapur, a tiny village on the border line of the Nizam's Dominions. Sahed Ahmed, the painter and curator of Ajanta, was also my host at the Guest House. The bungalow was full of art books and reproductions of the cave paintings. There were criticisms by Rothenstein, Binyon and Lady Herringham, who made such beautiful copies, and I read them all and tried to steep myself in Ajanta. Sahed Ahmed showed me all

the copies and tracings that were being made by him at the moment, in all five hundred tracings partly in free-hand. Copies have recently been made of the oldest frescoes, dated 200 B.C. under glass in Cave 10. They were impossible to distinguish before. All these records are without doubt of immense value, for where a piece of plaster has fallen, the painter from his knowledge and long study of the style, has replaced the lost bit of figure, limb or drapery. In this way pictures that one could never have understood have been revealed. Nevertheless, I was struck by the fact that it is impossible to copy the emotion and the flame of genius of the Ajanta frescoes; and none of these pictures, however faithful, touched or moved me in any way.

Sahed Ahmed says that only Europeans think that the paintings were done by monks, and that no Indian believes this. His arguments—not very convincing—are that the subjects are not all religious, that there are some pairs of lovers which no monk would choose to depict; that the paintings show too much knowledge of the world and travel, and display many Northern and Southern headdresses. His theory is that monks excavated the caves, and then sent for a body of professionals to decorate them. From the qualities of the architecture, sculpture and painting, it seems to me much more likely that all was done by a religious body with one aim and purpose. Elura and Ajanta were both great centres of learning and people came from the North and from the South to study the teaching of the Buddha. Might they not have brought different arts and knowledge with them?

It was exceedingly hard to mix temple study with my own work and yet it was particularly fitting to study the Bhil tribe at the same time as the Ajanta Caves. For the Bhils formerly inhabited the caves and were only expelled with difficulty by Major Gill, who was the first to interest himself in the marvelous frescoes. Many of the paintings have been blackened by the Bhil fires. A sixth century fresco in Cave 1 contains a realistic painting of a Bhil man and woman. The man has a chocolate brown skin, small eyes, moustache, high cheek bones,

thick lips and a receding chin. His wife with large tender eyes is standing by his shoulder. He wears a small loin cloth and carries a bow and arrow. This is an exact picture of the Bhil as he is today.

There are so many varieties of Bhils that choice of a model was difficult. The Kathoni Bhils of the Ajanta Hills inhabit forest settlements and use bows and arrows. The Tarvi Bhils are converted Muhammadans and a certain number of them hold land officially. No women were available; they were all too shy and wild. My first choice, Daulat by name, posed beautifully, except that his mouth was always wide open and he kept his little beady eyes fixed on my face. All the time that I was working on him I was constantly distracted by the arrival of other groups of Bhils escorted by polite Indian policemen. From them I chose two more Bhils and a Mang drummer and I made drawings and took photographs between sittings.

As it was out of season, the enormous bungalow for the guests of H.E.H. the Nizam was quite empty and I wandered round with my clay from one verandah to another following the light. In a day and a half I had finished Daulat and so I went to see his wigwam for a change of scene and occupation. To my surprise he led me into a field; there I found him camped under a spreading mango tree. I really envied him his lot; his roof the open sky, a deep cool shade under the tree and, in case of rain, a rough shelter of logs and old blankets. His two wives were picking *dahl* and cooking rice and three small boys were playing about. His pride and satisfaction were evident. Mangoes were hanging in picturesque profusion; when they were ripe he would sell them in the bazaar and probably make next to nothing. The rupees I gave him for sitting will keep him for weeks. I could imagine with what care he chose the tree and watched the fruit forming and then staked his claim, driving all other two-footed and four-footed thieves away.

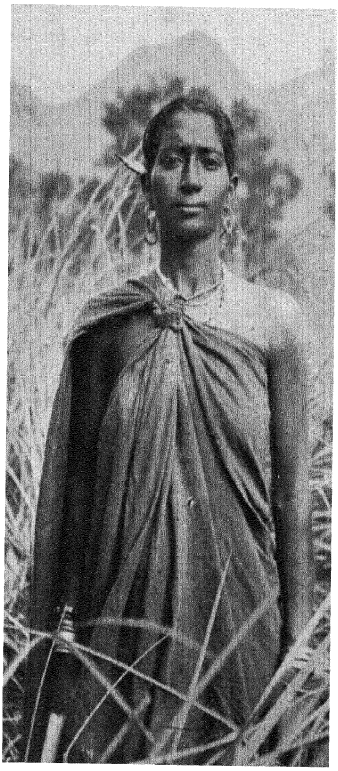
I asked him why he had married two wives. He replied: "One to work in the fields, the other to cook rice." But

I found out afterwards that his first four children had died, so he married a young wife to bring up another family. The Bhil will always marry again if he has no children.

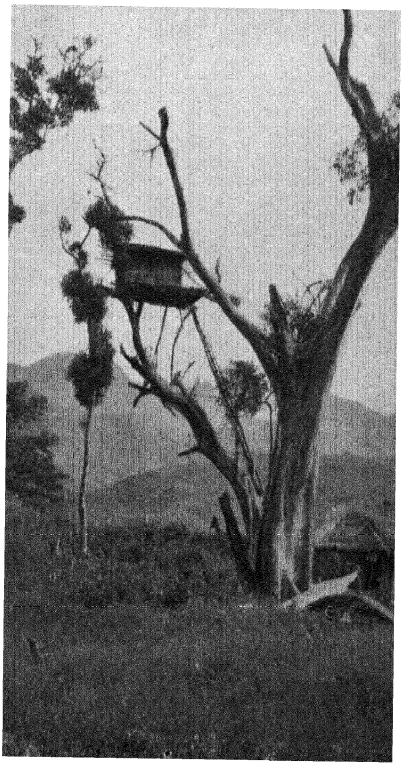
The hill Bhil still uses the bow and arrow which gave the name to the tribe, for *Bhil* in ancient Tamil means bow. Driven by invaders into the fastnesses of the mountains, they found this weapon their only means of subsistence. The Bhils of the plains live in Hindu villages, although they build their huts quite separately from the rest and live apart. I went along a fearsome cross-country road over streams and ditches to see a village containing several Bhil huts.

Monkeys were playing about in the jungle all around and at the entrance to the village; indeed they were gambolling with the bullocks and children. This village, like so many Hindu villages, was all mixed up with rubbish heaps and ruins of bygone days. A headman came out to meet us, a very superior person for such a messy district. The group of Bhil huts to which he led us were at the farthest end and were quite well built with mud walls and thatched roofs. They were rectangular in shape, many of them being double huts with a partition in between. The women were gentle and sweet and stood where I told them, posing for photographs with their babies in their arms. Like the women of the Ajanta paintings, they had tender eyes. They wore their *saris* long with little bodices under them and a few bead ornaments. On the whole the Bhils are better dressed than most jungle people.

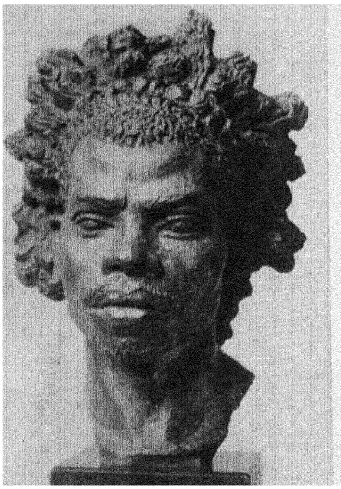
This village was inhabited by Kathoni Bhils, who speak a language of their own called Tyadi and a little Maratha. Their religion, originally animism, is now mixed with a debased form of Hinduism and they marry according to Hindu customs. This group of Bhils had totemistic sub-divisions which do not intermarry; the totems of the ones I interrogated were a tree, a peacock and a gold finger ring. They keep silver plaques of their gods in their houses and the big god in the village is Hanuman.



MY MUTHUVAN MODEL
This proud aboriginal had never before seen anyone but her own kinsfolk. *P.* 129

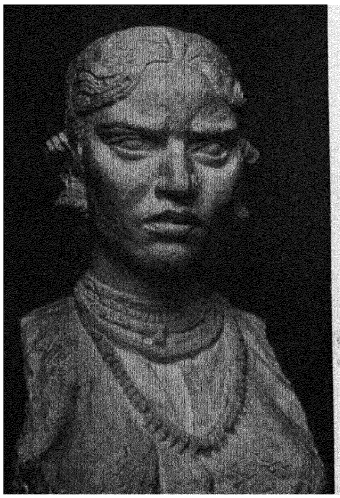


MUTHUVAN TREE AND HUT BUILT FOR SAFETY FROM ELEPHANT
(Bison Valley, High Range, Travancore.) *P.* 128



KADAR MAN. *P.* 143

KADAR GIRL. *P.* 125



BHAT WOMAN, *P.* 21

GONDIN *P.* 155

With great difficulty I managed to find a representative Bhil with curls and a bun of hair at the back, the natural way of arranging the hair. Civilisation had introduced razors to many of the tribe. (See Appendix 258).

The conversion of some groups of Bhils to Islam is easy to understand. The Muhammadan conquerors of the 17th century, having to contend with the hill tribes, made use of the Bhils as warriors and gave them protection in exchange. No doubt there were intermarriages and the children embraced the faith of their conquerors. The Muhammadan or Tarvi Bhils are taller and fairer by many shades that the Karthoni and they are usually less impecunious. The one I chose to model owned a field for which he paid twenty rupees, grew rice and *dahl* crops and possessed some livestock. The Nizam gave them land and made them *chaukedars* and policemen so that they should have no reason to thieve. They are considered low caste and no one trusts them very much.

Sahed Ahmed described them, however, as a kind and hospitable people. Once when he was caught in the heavy monsoon rains between the caves and his home, the Tarvi Bhils gave him shelter, dry blankets, chicken curry and tea, and did everything for his comfort until he could cross the river in safety. Since then he has been their firm friend.

My resourceful companion packed the moulds of the heads I had done in round native baskets with lids, procured in the Bazaar. We stuffed them tightly with jungle grass and secured them with wooden batons. They were dispatched in a car to Jalgaon station, sixty miles away, and I hoped for the best. By some oversight they were never repacked by my agent in Bombay, yet they travelled from the jungle to London safely without a crack.

III

My next journey was cross-country and no one but a mad artist would have tried to accomplish it in the month of April. My quest was the red rocks of Badami and its

cave temples which I had been told were not to be missed on any account. On arrival at the small modern town of Badami I found luckily that the dak bungalow was uninhabited. After settling in I drove without loss of time to the caves.

Archæologists associate Badami with Vitapupura. It was once strongly fortified and on the high hills at the back are the remains of two ancient forts. This was believed to be the great stronghold of the Pallavas, and possibly the scene of fierce fighting while the town was held by the Chalukyan Kings who made it their capital in 610 A.D. The ancient dam in the bend of the hill still gives an excellent water supply. There are ruined steps on all four sides of it and an interesting group of Siva temples stand reflected in the water.

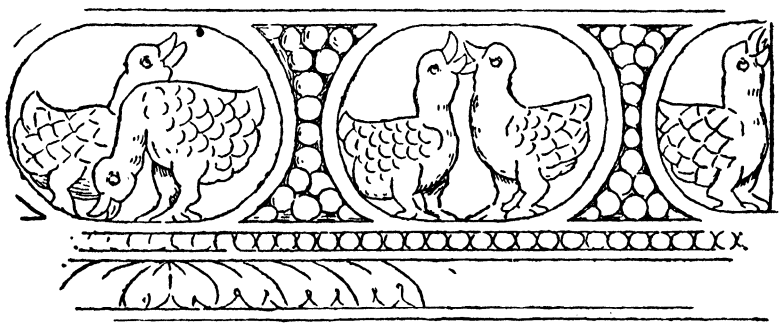
The Badami cave temples, four in number, are in tiers one above the other like a staircase excavated in the side of the great rock that overhangs the Tank. Cave 1, the oldest dating from the 4th century, is only fifty feet above the level of the village. The street that leads to it is winding and cobblestoned and my *tonga* driver attacked it at a breakneck pace.

As I approached the cave and saw a sculptured figure standing out against the sky-line, I was immediately transported into another world. Two flights of steps lead to the varandah and under the platform is a frieze of Ganas—Ganesa's offspring—playing musical instruments and dancing. On the right in the open, on a broken piece of wall framed by distant trees, is a thrilling piece of sculpture of the god Siva dancing the Tandava. His many arms make circles round his head; he dances with fury for he is about to destroy the world. Nandi supports him at the back; Ganesa looks on while a figure beats time on two drums.

I counted eighteen arms on the dancing Siva, and the effect is that of a spiral movement which gave me new questions to ponder. Did these ancient sculptors seek to express rapid motion in the same way that Walt Disney has done centuries later? Was the deep meaning of the number of arms of Siva quite different from the

one usually given—that they typify power? Were they expressing the eternal movement of the Cosmos?

Opposite the dancing Siva there is a Dvarapala holding a trident and above is a particularly pleasing piece of sculpture of Siva and Parvati on Nandi riding off to the Kailasa. Four square pillars lead on to the porch with fine panels at each end. One is of Hari-Hara, the composite image of Siva and Vishnu, with Parvati and Lackshmi at either side of their half consorts. Opposite is a beautiful Ardhanarisvara, the union of Siva and Parvati, half male and half female, with a little figure of Parvati guarding her side of the statue and an upstanding Nandi on the other.



A Buddhist Symbol—Ducks. Badami, Cave 1.

The pillars are fluted and cushioned, sixteen in all, some being unfinished. Lovely ornament decorates the square flats of the pillars, flowing strings of pearls and jewellery designs. Lotus flowers and buds and small medallions abound, but above all the favourite motive of this temple is the duck. The Hamsa is a vehicle of Vishnu, but this is an unmistakable duck and not a swan. It greets me in every form and attitude, charming and ridiculous. In fact ducks enliven all the designs. They look up and they look down, they make a beautifully balanced frieze, all grubbing at something.

A huge sunflower or lotus is carved unexpectedly in the centre of the floor. On the roof of the porch a very interesting Naga hangs down from the ceiling, and most

harmoniously and naturally flying pairs of Devas or angels fill the air.

My guide arranged everything badly. We had spent the cool hours of the morning in the shadiest cave and now the sun was scorching. The next cave dedicated to Vishnu is sixty-four steps higher up the hill. The view of the Tank far below is entrancing, and Badami village from here appears to be working like a hive of bees.

Medallion. Badami, Cave 2.

The entrance to Cave 2 is like a grotto framed in trees and rocks. Besides the glory of the sculpture there is great natural beauty here. This temple is famous for its exquisite medallions carved in the centre of each pillar. They are masterpieces of composition, dainty figures filling a space of fifteen inches in diameter in perfect grouping. The subject in most cases is two figures with attendants. Some have fat comical faces; some with amazing head-dresses are quite Chinese looking. I adored

them all and was especially fascinated with the beautiful hands, feet and nails. These are the most perfect examples of Indian art of their kind anywhere in India. I tried in vain to take photographs, but the pillars were too near each other, so I drew the best ones instead.

Cave 3 is one of the most interesting Brahmanistic caves that I have yet found, excepting, of course, the Kailasa. To reach it I climbed dozens more steps, higher and further East. There is a high wall round two sides of this cave, and here monkeys abound, a peaceful retreat far out of the world though within sight and sound. I rested against the raised platform carved with droll little Ganas and wrote my notes. The cliff drops sheer down to the Tank here and in the distance blue water gleams.

This temple is a real gem. The big front pillars have brackets on all four sides, very handsome and elaborate. The high reliefs remind me of Elura for magnificent figures, mostly in pairs under a leafy foliage, are decoratively carved on rough blocks of uneven shapes. The subjects are not very clear but include some single slim figures of great beauty and grace, tree spirits perhaps. One, accompanied by a dwarf, holds her arm above her head; another stands *hanchee* with lovely feet, perfect hip lines and curious hair and turban. The decoration over her head is like passion flowers. Here, too, are many superb medallions in the style of Cave 2.

At either end of the long verandah are immense reliefs well cut and beautifully finished in the close grained stone. On the left is a Siva, eight-armed, and a most unusual Vishnu seated on three coils of the eternal serpent Ananta with a snake head-dress and a profound expression. Vishnu is not usually depicted sitting, but lying sleeping on eternity. The third great relief here is the Boar Avatar holding in his hand a lovely little figure of Earth, whom he has just rescued from the depths of the ocean. Next to this is a pillar with a long inscription on it which fixes the date of the caves beyond any doubt. It was written by the King Magalisa, a Chalukyan, who excavated this temple in 579 A.D., and also founded a village to maintain the worship in his beautiful house of stone.

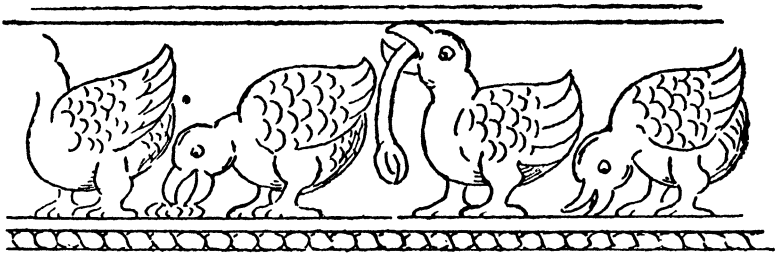
On the opposite side is a great Hari-Hara with colossal feet. Narasimba, the man lion, has the same balance and the curves of his four arms are beautiful. But the best and grandest statue of all is the Vamana Avatar of Vishnu.

Medallion. Badami, Cave 3.

He stands with one huge leg raised about to encompass the world in three strides. In his hand he holds a grinning mask and under his leg are three lovely little figures. He, too, has immense feet, which must have been carved by the same hand. The artist has succeeded in telling the story remarkably. One can almost see Vishnu taking on his god form and becoming a giant and imagine his glit-

tering head-dress and his embroidered armour. The rays of the setting sun are behind his head, and in a cloud near him shines the crescent moon.

After this feast of unusual beauty it was difficult to be interested in the Jain temple still higher up. This is quite small and was excavated about 650 A.D. Rows and rows of tiny Tirtankers, Jain saints, are carved all round the pillars. In the shrine a good but rather dull figure of the last Tirtanker, Mahavira, stands with three umbrellas over his head.



Ducks. Badami, Cave 1.

A rock-hewn and breakneck path led from this cave to the Southern hill and the guide insisted upon my climbing it. There was no room for my feet and the steps were high and narrow, set almost perpendicularly one above the other. These old Kings took no chances. Protected spiritually by prayer at the bottom of the cliff, they lived in a rock-bound fortress at the top. The passage was cut through the solid rock and an enemy scaling it would be at their mercy. When I had struggled up, there were only the ruins of an ancient fortress and two bastions to see, not, as I had hoped, another temple.

In the afternoon I explored the other hill on which stand two temples constructed of big blocks of red sandstone finely jointed without mortar. Each has an entrance hall or *Mandapan*, and a tower above the shrine. One is perched on the very edge of the cliff, over which I nearly fell in my wild endeavour to get a picture. Small in size, it is of perfect proportions and workmanship, with

simple lines and no sculpture, and is one of the earliest structural temples I have seen. The other, known as the Malagitti Sivalaya is larger, a fine 7th century Saiva temple. It contains carvings of dwarfs and some very amusing figure friezes, depicting stories of some kind. Imitation sun windows with faces looking out of them are full of character. Good spirited elephants divide the friezes of Ganas.

IV

Badami or Vitapupura, the capital of the old Chalukyan Kings, formed a great religious centre in the 7th century and within a radius of fifteen miles are remains of many wonderful temples which they built. Patadakal is the most important group, though now only an insignificant little village with rugged sandstone hills all around. Here pure examples of Dravidian and Indo-Aryan architecture are found side by side, though no one seems to know the reason why.

One fact of great interest is that Elura is within the territory of the Chalukyan Kings and the rock cut temple of the Kailasa repeats on a far larger scale one of the structural temples of Patadakal. As the capital of King Krishna was at Badami, it is quite possible that the same craftsmen built it.

I ordered a *tonga* at 5 a.m. one morning and set off to see some of the temples thirteen miles away along an indifferent road. I anticipated having to crawl there, but to my relief seven miles of the road was good going and we sped along, though the back seat of a *tonga* is by no means comfortable for one of my size. Towards the end of the journey I got out and walked. The road was like the bed of a stream, all sand and rocks, and only a small light cart could possibly have navigated it. We reached the temples in three hours, which was unexpectedly quick.

The magnificence of this beautiful 7th and 8th century architecture amazed me. This was Chalukyan art perfectly developed. How was this perfection attained? What came between this and the little temples I had just seen at Badami? The only possible explanation is

that the architects built a series of shrines, one to replace the other on the same holy site, and so many examples have been lost to us.

The great temple of Verupacksha (or Lokesvara) is the celebrated structural temple supposed to be the model for the Kailasa at Elura. It was built by King Vikramaditya II, who died in 746 A.D., for his favourite Queen. Many details certainly resemble the Kailasa—the *Stamba*, now ruined, with inscription in the courtyard, the plinth with its sculptured lions and elephants. There is also the same arrangement of Nandi pavilion and the main tower is almost identical.

One hundred and twenty feet in length, the temple faces East and has a large *Mandapa* with three porches, three flights of steps and a shrine under the tower, which is built of reddish stone blocks. On the pillars of the three doorways are very striking figures which may represent Siva and Parvati welcoming the visitor inside. The temple is lavishly decorated within and without, yet nothing is overdone. The images on the outer wall reminded me a little of the upper platform of the Kailasa, with its framed single figure panels. Around the roof little Apsaras fly. The window tracery of curved designs with Ss and circles and in one place a swan with foliage, is especially remarkable. Few people realise that pure Hindu architecture had perforated windows at such an early date.

Inside the temple are massive pillars in four rows which divide the hall into aisles. In the centre an enormous piece of the flat ceiling has fallen, the aperture giving me light enough to take photos of the amazing carving on the pillars—stories of the Ramayana and the Mahabarata graphically recorded, many in the picture form of early Buddhist art. The pillars are two feet five inches square, and are richly decorated on all the four sides. It would take a lifetime to examine them in detail.

The huge Siva Lingam in the shrine seems inappropriate to this dainty sculpture decoration. On each side of the shrine are six figures with whimsical expressions executed by quite a different hand. The circumnambula-

tory passage round the shrine is lit by unique perforated windows; opposite the main entrance is a big Nandi in stone in a separate pavilion, the architecture of which I felt to be a masterpiece. In spite of the ruined condition of the main building the temple was still being used for worship; the bull was draped in a decorated white sheet and a bell was being tolled monotonously.

A Vishnu temple called the Mallakerjuna, to the right of this structure, is built on exactly the same plan. The lovely sculptured pillars with bands of bas-reliefs are just as elaborate. This temple was built by the same King for a younger Queen, who was jealous and insisted on having as beautiful a temple as her rival had. The statues in the doorway, naive and charming, may very possibly be portraits of the King and Queen. The elaborate hair-dressing and rich jewellery have something personal about them; I feel sure they do not represent deities. There are many fighting scenes on the pillars, vigorous and finely carved—chariots and horsemen with bows and arrows, Ravenna with his monkey warriors carrying off Sita while Apsaras look down from the sky.

The different styles of architecture afford great contrast and are most instructive. The pyramidal tower with its little shrines and distinct stories is in close proximity to a curvilinear tower with its graceful lines. The difference is even more noticeable in the *sikharas* outside than in the temples themselves.

I did not visit half the shrines, for some of them were a long distance away. Weariness seized me and I found it impossible to take in any more. As I was leaving, a strange fragment of figures seated in a row in the court-yard attracted my attention; it did not seem to relate to anything else here, and reminded me of the rhythm of Angkhor in Indo-China, which, of course, was an Indian civilisation.

The Badami and Patadakal groups of temples and caves were most satisfying and instructive to me. They linked up in a straight line all the greatest achievements of Indian art—the caves of Elephanta, Elura and Ajanta, with Mamabalipuram and its wonderful rock cut copies

of structural temples on the sea shore of Southern India, which I was shortly to revisit.

V

On my way to Madras I broke my journey again, this time at Vijayanagar, the ruined capital of a forgotten Empire. No one remembers the great city nowadays, which is always called after the little village of Humpi near by. This was familiar landscape to me, dotted all over with Deccan boulders.

The guesthouse where I stayed was a converted temple of ancient days and, though interesting from an artistic point of view, in the bright sunlight when I first arrived there, as night crept on it wore a most gloomy aspect and became both weird and uncanny. The stone ceilings, mouldy pillars and bits of sculpture were all very well for archæological study, but not good to live with and sleep with. On the verandah where my bed was put out for more air there were rows and rows of blackened age-worn stones carved with Sivas, Ganeshas and Nagas, which looked both menacing and horrible—an orgy of Hindu gods leering at me from their niches.

Vijayanagar lies between the Nizam's Dominions and British India. Wide rushing rivers and rock covered hills made a lovely landscape. The site impressed me much more than the ruins, which are of too late a period for my taste, with the exception of the bas-reliefs, which struck me as being unique.

The Vijayanagar Kings made great history. Warangal and neighbourhood, with its beautiful temples to the North, withstood Muhammadan invasion for a long period. Later, in 1310, when all that part of the Deccan was conquered and pillaged, the Muhammadan armies penetrated further to the South. Consternation and fear created great leaders. Hindu Kings rose up at Vijayanagar and founded a huge Empire, which in 1336 stretched from end to end of the Indian Peninsular and barred the passage to the South, saying : " Thus far and no further." All Southern India, including Mysore, was at one time part of that Empire.

Rama Raja was one of the most famous Kings and the last of his line, but success and power made him so arrogant that he roused the jealousy of the Muhammadans. The separate Mogul Kingdoms of Bijapur, Abmanagar, Golconda and Bidar all combined to overthrow him. The end came quickly; the attack was over in a day. The gilded and magnificent city of Vijayanagar, one of the greatest capitals of Asia—at least nine miles across—was suddenly taken, pillaged and destroyed. Rama Raja was killed and his head stuck on a spear as a warning. Hordes of gypsies, beautiful Lamanis and the like, sacked and plundered the town. It lies today just as it was left, a vast and complete ruin. It is impossible to reconstruct the city even in imagination from the wilderness of arches, pillars and debris. The Muhammadan armies went back whence they came and Bijapur then became the centre of building activities. Later the Kings of that city became just as arrogant and presumptuous as Rama Raja.

Originally there does not seem to have been hostility to the Muhammadans and there are many traces of Muslim influence. It is supposed that the curious building called "Elephant's stables," was a mosque for the Muhammadan bodyguard of the Raja. A lovely little Indo-Sarasenic building called Lotus Mahal with a Hindu roof has typical Muhammadan arches.

The Vitthala temple built in 1513 is considered the best example of architecture in Vijayanagar. The composite pillars may be outstanding for their technical skill but they leave me unimpressed. I liked the richly carved basement, however, with its procession of King's horses and exquisite mouldings. The Hazara temple is also considered a perfect specimen of the period and one part interested me deeply—the row of bas-reliefs round the great wall in the courtyard. There are five bands of these carvings; dancing girls in ballet skirts are dancing the oldest of Indian dances; female musicians follow; then comes a proccesion of soldiers, the King's horses led by grooms and the State elephants in gorgeous trappings. Still more interesting is the great throne, impressive in its simplicity and its great size—a massive slab of

granite decorated all round with bas-reliefs. The dancing figures and their gestures are superb. I tried to draw many of the perfect compositions but it was difficult to get their *elan*. From the very top there is a grand view of the forgotten city, its rocks and surrounding hills.

VI

The Karnata Dynasty descending from Rama Raja in 1689 gave the English the site of Madras. This city has always charmed me, perhaps because it was the first bit of British India, and my ancestors struggled and died there. The South of India is colourful in the extreme. Banyan trees, with their many trunks of branches, decorate the sides of the sandy red roads and under them and at all the street corners were groups of dark skinned people in richly dyed *saris* of purples, reds and browns. The women seldom cover their heads but follow the charming fashion of sticking a wreath of flowers in their low, shiny knot of hair.

The early occupation of Madras is a fascinating study. I cannot go into the ancient church of Saint Mary's in Fort St. George without feeling deeply moved. What courage the pioneers had and what a spirit of adventure brought them such a long and dangerous voyage in sailing ships. There were then no electric fans, no ice, no amenities of life. Lovely women wore poke bonnets and crinoline skirts and the men in top hats going to church on Sundays were ill-protected from the sun. Graves in the little churchyard tell of their early death.

Fort St. George is little changed. There is the same street with tall English houses on each side belonging to the pioneer merchants and the same wall. Nearby is a very quaint building known as the ice house. There is a fantastic story that blocks of ice were brought in sailing ships from Newfoundland and placed in the centre of the building of which the inside walls were three feet thick. In the rounded corridors outside it was the fashion to come and drink iced wine. Blocks of ice were also sold at an exorbitant price for use in cases of fever and sickness.

The Armenian church is another piece of ancient history, for the Armenians were the earliest traders of all. The old belfry has the same six bells that they hung there. Several carved stone tablets are masterpieces of artistic composition; skull and cross bones, figures, angels, floral designs and script.

My love and appreciation of Indian art acted as a password. All doors were open to me wherever I went in Madras and the kindness of the people was overwhelming. The heads of Museums, artists and archæologists all became my greatest friends. They treated me as one of themselves and helped me in every way with my studies.

Borrowing a car from a friend, I drove to revisit the Seven Pagodas at Mahabalipuram with two young Indian artists from the Museum. The name in Tamil means "City of the great Bali." Here, they say, was once a magnificent city with seven shining gilded pagodas long since buried under the sea. On the seashore thirty-five miles South of Madras are the famous *Rathas* and Temples of Pallava art, excavated by their Kings and dating from the 7th and 8th centuries. As we approached the site there was nothing to see but a flat sandy waste with groups of palms. A river separated us from our goal and we hailed a boatman to take us across. It is possible to go all the way by boat and it must make a lovely approach. From the river, the first group of *Rathas* is visible. They are gems of architecture with carved animals as big as the temples themselves sitting by their side.

The five *Rathas* are monolithic shrines all excavated out of masses of virgin rock lying on the seashore, some from thirty-five to forty feet high. A curious fact is that they are almost all unfinished. It is not known whether this was intentional or whether some calamity suddenly interrupted the work.

The Draupadi Rath, which we examined first, measures eleven feet square and has a roof like a beehive, a strange imitation of an ancient Hindu village shrine. The back wall is carved with figures of graceful women, in very subdued relief softened by time. Arjuna's Rath next to it is rather smaller. Standing near is one of the three great

animals, a grandly chiselled Nandi. Bhima's Rath has many carved figures on the outside panels but it is only partly excavated. The appearance of a large crack evidently warned the builders not to proceed. Perhaps an earthquake caused the fissure, or perhaps the pillars were too fragile to support the weight. Another little Rath resembles the elephant that stands by it; dumpy and rounded, it is called Ganesa's Rath and dates from 680 A.D.

The most satisfying of all is Dharmataja's Rath, which was excavated a little earlier and was probably a monastery. It forms a perfect square with three upper stories and has a beautiful example of Dravidian roof with the tiers divided by horizontal bands crowned with a dome. Imitation cells with little domed tops and miniature sun windows are most effective. Originally the procession paths must have been entered by steps from the inside; now the only way is to scramble from the front with the help of a ladder. The passage is so narrow in width that one cannot get far enough away from the sculpture to appreciate it properly, but some interesting carved panels of Hindu gods, divided by narrow pilasters, can be seen. This temple is a fine piece of architecture, all planned and executed in a solid boulder of rock, measuring about twenty-six feet nine inches, by over twenty-eight feet, and thirty-five feet high.

A number of caves have been excavated in the great mass of rock formation at Mamabalipuram. Most critics agree that the sculptured reliefs here are the best existing examples of Indian art. In the centre of one of these caves is a long panel, the whole interest of which is focused on a cow, a very human motherly cow, being milked, licking its calf at the same time. Near by there is another cave which possesses two famous panels. One shows Vishnu in his passive aspect as Narayana lying in a cosmic slumber, the sun at midnight, his couch formed by the coils of Ananta, symbol of eternity. A demon is attempting to steal his mace, while Lachshmi, his faithful consort, prays for help and guidance, and two Devas watch from above.

On the opposite wall is the greatest masterpiece of all; the victory of good over evil. The goddess Durga, here a graceful and beautiful woman (unlike other representations of her), naked and many-armed, rides upon a lion and fights a battle against the buffalo-headed demon, Mahisasura. It is an amazing composition of many figures. The buffalo's head is a marvel of the sculptor's skill.

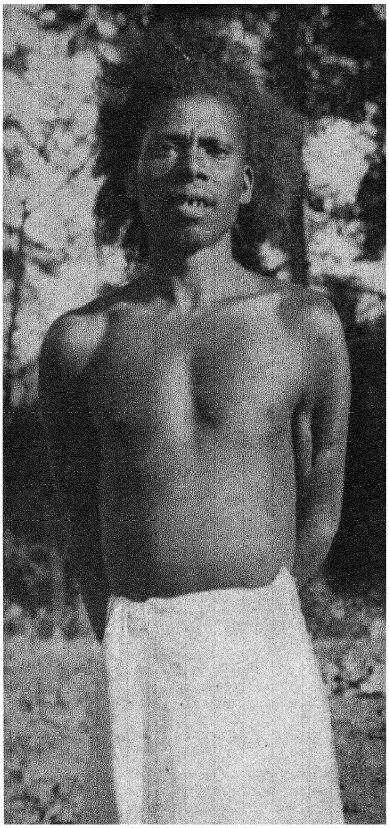
In the next cave, Vishnu is standing holding up the heavens in his active aspect, an eight armed warrior king with discus, mace, sword and shield, war trident and conch. At his feet are the guardians of the four quarters. A superb Lachshmi nearby reminds me of the sculpture at Elura. This time she is seated on a lotus as the rising sun, and four graceful goddesses assisted by elephants are bringing her water.

Many travellers are familiar with the great bas-relief with its immense elephants, which measures ninety-six by forty-three feet, but no photograph can do it justice. It is carved out of the side of a high rock, standing in the open, and to get a close-up view, one has to descend steps into an enclosure in front of it. A cleft in the rock divides it into two sections and inside the recess thus formed are a beautiful Naga and Nagina, one above the other. The gigantic figure of the god Krishna which must have dominated the whole picture is now missing. This sculpture is commonly but mistakenly known as "Arjuna's Penance." I always wondered why the figure of Arjuna should be so small and unimportant if the sculpture was dedicated to him, until I found out that the real name should be "The Descent of the Ganges." All beings, both earthly and heavenly, and all animals upon the earth are gathered together here to worship and do penance. In spite of the difference in size, the elephants and mice are equally great works of art. This is a kind of Noah's Ark picture of animals in pairs. I noticed a large cat standing on his hind legs doing penance, too, and paying no attention to the rats at his feet.

On the left section of the enormous bas-relief tiers of heavenly beings float in the air, a cloud of witnesses. The dramatic force expressed by the artist makes one

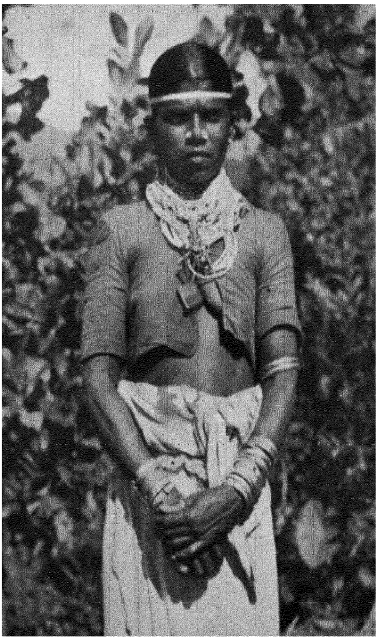
PANIYAN MAN
(Gudalur, Lower Nilgiris.)
P. 123

PANIYAN MOTHER AND BABY
showing immense disks in stretched ear-lobes, pointing to possible African origin.
(Gudalur.) *P.* 124



KADAR MODEL FROM COCHIN FOREST

with filed teeth—relic of cannibalism. *P.* 143



OORALIE GIRL

with Greek head-band, nose-rings and ornaments. (Periyar District, Travancore.) *P.* 141

marvel. It is tremendous and gave me a feeling of multitudes of listening, watching people. Every detail seems so imbued with life that it is impossible to describe the atmosphere created by the "Descent of the Ganges."

Strangely enough, there is another of these panels, much smaller but quite evidently inspired by the same idea. The Museum artists were of opinion that it was begun first and then abandoned because the rock was found unsuitable for delicate carving.

On the sandy shore, on a piece of land that juts out into the sea, are twin Siva temples, very dainty in design, and quite different from all the others. Two shrines face the West, one still containing a colossal statue of Vishnu which now lies on the ground. The roof is typically Dravidian, with separate stories diminishing in size and surmounted by a dome. The temples are enclosed by a wall of Nandis, comically designed, against which the waves beat when the sea is rough. There we sat in the setting sun talking art and sucking mangoes, until we had to depart.

CHAPTER V

THE NILGIRI HILLS

THE TODAS - A TODA FUNERAL - KOTAS - IRULAS - KARUMBAS - PANIYANS

As work of any kind was impossible in the heat of the plains, I decided to go to the hills and sculp the Todas—my original quarry in India. I had been warned that an expedition to the Nilgiri Hills would require much planning. In spite of this I set out hopefully, without procuring a single introduction and without reserving any accommodation.

The King's Jubilee celebrations made the streets of Madras quite impassable. The natives, though not having an idea what it was all about, had gone mad. A farewell dinner party delayed my start and I had to be forcibly dragged through the crowd to reach the station in time.

During the whole of this visit to India I made a practice of travelling second class, partly because it costs exactly half, and partly because it is much more interesting. My heart sank for the first time when I saw that the carriage I had to share to Ootacamund was full of luggage and babies.

However, I became great friends with the second class babies and the journey involved only one night in the carriage. But when I arrived at Ootacamund I found that my baggage had been thrown into three different parts of the train and that my useless bearer had got lost at the junction where we changed. I was left to cope with his overweight luggage as well as my own.

Tired and worn out after a bad night and many reverses, I drove up the hill to seek a lodging. A hotel near the Downs had been recommended to me but to my dismay it was packed to overflowing for the Easter

golf handicap. The proprietress was a sympathetic and understanding soul and, when she heard what I wanted to do, she suggested that I might like the peace and privacy of a little untenanted cottage in the grounds. Small and badly built though it was, it served my purpose. Here I installed myself in perfect surroundings with lots of space for my models and my work.

It seemed a miracle to be lifted suddenly far above the scorching heat of the plains to a plateau of rolling downs and distant hills, seven thousand feet above sea level. My dwelling stood upon a wild bit of common land, with a magnificent view of the Blue Mountains of the Nilgiris, framed in eucalyptus trees. The air was fine and bright like wine. Until comparatively recently this wonderland was unexplored and here a tribe called the Todas have dwelt unmolested for no one knows how long. It is now generally accepted that the Todas are akin to the people of the Mediterranean area and more facts are coming to light about their ancient origin. Unfortunately they are dying out rapidly—the last census giving them less than six hundred souls.

Without loss of time, I called upon the Collector of the District and asked for his help in my search for typical Todas. He was very interested in my aims and immediately thought out the best possible way of getting me the models I wanted. He introduced me to one Daniel Kodan, a failed B.A., and a converted Christian, who was working in his office, and put me in his charge.

Kodan turned out to be the perfect guide. He was a clever young student full of tact and wisdom, who knew all the Toda villages intimately. Many evenings after sunset Kodan would come and sit with me and answer questions and tell in his monotonous Toda voice the legends and customs of "those people," as he called his cast-off families. I cannot vouch for the stories as I could never talk to the Todas themselves and get corroboration; but I noted them all down.

Every spot on the Nilgiri Hills belongs to the legend of the Todas. The Paikara River is sacred to them and there are many stories telling how it came there. Mukerti

Peak, in the Kunda Range, is also a specially sacred spot. It can be seen from almost every point, a curiously shaped mountain, always cloud draped and with a straight drop on one side. In days gone by the Todas used to perform human sacrifice by throwing a child, preferably a female, over its edge. (Infanticide was practised as late as 1928). No woman was allowed to assist at the sacrifice, nor to ascend the summit of the sacred mountain.

The legend has it that on one occasion, when propitiation to the gods was deemed necessary, a child was selected, and the men set out to make the sacrifice. Unnoticed by them, the mother followed and tried to rescue her child. In anger with the woman and in fear of the gods, they seized her and cut off her nose, which dropped to the ground, then threw her over the precipice as well as the child. The nose began to grow and continued to grow until it became Mukerti Peak, a warning to all women to obey the laws of the tribe.

The Todas themselves believe that they have always lived on the Blue Mountains, as the Nilgiri Hills are called. They say a god dropped a pearl on a hill on the downs (now one of their most beautiful *Mands*), and that out of the pearl came the god Thakkirsi, who beat the earth with a cane. Out of the dust the first Toda was created and the first buffalo with a bell tied round its neck. As a proof of the legend, the bell, made of gold and silver, has been handed down, and is preserved today in one of their cathedrals at Bikkapathy.

Daniel Kodan became my fast friend and together we made excursions to Toda Land, visiting many *Mands* in search of models for sculpture. He annexed a servant for me named Tizzen, a rare person like a devoted dog, who was glad to find work outside the *Mand*, as his wife was sick in hospital.

The difficulty of choosing the best type of Toda was very great. The faces of the men were most striking; they had long well-shaped noses, moustaches and long beards, thin faces covered with hair; while their silky curls in a ring showed the shape of their heads and gave a classic effect to their features.

The skin of the Toda is much lighter than that of the average tribe and the women are fairer than the men. Their height is about 5 feet 7 inches, but they appear to be much taller on account of their fine carriage and proud bearing. I met them daily swinging along the roads of the Downs; heads bare, hair windblown, each one draped in a heavy mantle and carrying a shepherd's crook. I used to stop in wonder to gaze at such an unusual and distinguished-looking people.

The Toda garment is called a *putkuli* and is worn by men and women alike. It is made of dirty cream homespun with wide bands of red woven in it. As the Todas seem to be too lazy to weave they buy this cloth in the Bazaar and then embroider it richly with an effective darning stitch, in simple patterns of reds and blues. It is square and of doubled material and is worn thrown over the left shoulder like a Roman toga, hanging in graceful folds. As far as I could see, these garments are never washed. I bought a fine specimen; but the smell was so strong of *ghee* and everything else that I could not bear it in the cottage.

In contrast to the striking looks of the men the women are quite plain, except for their beautiful long hair which is worn parted in the middle and separated into seven or eight curls on each side. Each piece is twisted up tightly round and round and at night tucked into the front hair in a tight knot. They have low brows and prominent teeth. The lower jaw protrudes—a defect which in the men is hidden by their beards.

The Todas seemed to have staked a claim on all the best sites on the Nilgiris. Their *Mands* are always found in the most beautiful and sheltered corners of the Downs. They are usually a mile or two off the beaten track, protected from the winds by a *shola* or forest, and with a running stream nearby. A *Mand* consists of five or six huts within a low wall enclosure and a dairy temple a little way from the group of huts, built in exactly the same fashion. There are two kinds of hut; one the type constructed temporarily when money is lacking, and the other which is the real and famous Toda hut, a most

original construction shaped like the top of a wagon or half barrel. It is made of bamboo canes laced firmly together as in basketwork and thatched in layers from the apex to the ground. The ends of the hut are filled in with wood panels set back quite five feet. This makes a porch over the miniature doorway which measures about two feet six inches high, while on each side of the doorway is a raised mud platform to sit upon. There is no window or ventilation of any sort or escape for the smoke of a fire when food is being cooked.

The dairy temple is built on precisely the same lines, but is still more carefully and beautifully finished, as if infinite pains had been taken in its erection. The ends are generally filled in with stone and one that I saw was roughly carved. There is a low wall all round with a very small opening through which a man can just pass but a buffalo cannot. Above the dairy is the " Tu," a circular enclosure for the buffaloes and a small pen for the calves.

The first *Mand* I visited was the Pearl or Muthenad *Mand*, the place of the legend. It is the only *Mand* where sacrifices take place quite near the huts. A bull calf is slain and eaten at certain feasts as a sacrificial meal. A group of stones marked the spot and near to it was a huge stone that would take a giant to lift. I noticed many stone balls at other *Mands* and I was told that men play games with them and use them for trials of strength. Up the hill beyond the huts there is a stone wall which marks the boundary which the women may not pass. Their movements are very restricted and they have nothing to do with dairy temples and sacred buffaloes.[1]

On the left is a curious erection called a " Poh," the Toda cathedral. (There are three or four in existence, but this was the only one that I saw.) It is very high and conical in shape inside a small walled enclosure, two tall stones making a narrow entrance. There is a stone perched on the very top of the cone, and another rolled up against the tiny doorway.

[1]There is a similar restriction in many parts of Africa. One explanation is that this would interfere with the women's own milk yield. Another explanation is that harder conquerors coming into a country without females took to themselves women of the conquered folk.

Much further along the Paikara Road over the river we came to a new red cutting, almost impassable for the car, which led to Kodumal *Mand* consisting of only two huts and a dairy temple. There we were most cordially invited to take food. The hospitality of the Todas is charming, for they give a meal to every visitor and will entertain a guest for days. Their manners are natural, simple and polite; their voices gentle and soft. I enjoyed being with them and could not believe why they are considered highly immoral by many people, for they have no vicious looks. Their practices, to which many take exception, are ancient customs and cannot be judged according to our standards.

The next day I visited another *Mand* some distance off a cart track, and situated more beautifully than ever. Three big huts stood in a row, with two smaller ones behind equally well constructed. An old woman was sitting at the entrance of the first hut darning a pattern on a cloak. I peeped into the hut, but it was pitch dark and I could see little. There was a high raised part on the left for sleeping; on the right the fire was made and there was a hole in the ground for pounding grain. Saucepans, black pottery, and bright brass were on the shelf at the back. If I had gone into the hut they would have had to take out all their cooking utensils and vessels. If anyone, not of their people, even touches an earthenware pot, it must be broken and not used again.

There were many charming girls at School *Mand* which I visited often. When I went for the first time they all came out to greet me, smiling and curling their hair and looking so pretty, all twisting at the same time. I noticed that girls under fifteen did not bother to arrange their hair and that only the older ones had theirs curled up tightly. I drew some of them while an immense umbrella, without which no Toda is ever seen, was held over my head. The women in front of the hut watched every stroke of my pencil, the men grouped themselves on the wall opposite; one brought out a queer bamboo instrument and began to play a lively but very monotonous strain. I asked them to sing for me. Two men stood

together supporting each other. One began to hum making a noise like a tuning fork, and then the other joined in. At Marli *Mand* two women sang for me in the same way. They stooped down close together on the ground and one led and the other followed.

I almost despaired of finding a woman model. The girls' faces were too round, the old women wrinkled and plain. In the end, however, I found a beautiful woman about thirty, Kodan's cousin Lachanthar from Erugumand. My models were collected from all these distant *Mands* and housed at School *Mand* which was quite near to me. They were produced at the appointed time by Tizzen, who led them in smiling and proud as if they had been buffalo. (See Appendix 255).

The women here are always tattooed at a certain age. The pattern is quite simple, dots in rows like bangles on the arms and a wreath round the neck and shoulders. Heads are never covered, but they smother their bodies in their heavy square cloak. All the women wear bracelets on their arm when they come of age and also very pretty necklaces of silver workmanship.

Children are rare in the *Mands* and it is no wonder, for the custom is to hide a baby for three months in the hut; after which there is an elaborate ceremony of uncovering its face to the sun. Little boys have their heads shaved in a curious crescent shape on the top, while girls are shaved with a round circle in the centre of the head.

When a boy is three years old a wife is chosen for him; he must give her a present every year of a shirt or a *dhoti*. He must especially worship his father-in-law's feet when he meets him, first the right foot and then the left. The children marry about the age of fourteen or fifteen and live with the bridegroom's parents. The bridegroom makes a special feast when he brings his bride to his home, but they do not live together until they are older.

Polyandry has always been practised by the Todas and occasionally polygamy. A woman appears to become the property of the *Mand* when she marries and she usually lives with both the brothers and cousins of her husband, who is probably the eldest of the family. There

is an important ceremony when the woman is pregnant, at the fifth or seventh month according to the new moon. The husband has to recognise the child as his and he will be considered the father of any child even if he is dead, if no one else performs the ceremony of recognition. He calls people to witness, then cuts a wild plant called *puthur* and makes a bow and arrow to give to his wife. He cuts a hole in a Naga tree and puts a mud lamp in the hole. The wife then says to him three times: "Whose bow is this?" and he must answer the name of the *Mand's* bow which was given it by the god Thakkirsi. Each *Mand* has its bow and arrow and its buffalo, some of the names of which I learnt. At Kodumal the bow and arrow was "Peravogum" and the buffalo, "Mochadvin."

When the child is about to be born the mother is sent to a small hut, badly built and cold, and there she must stay until the new moon day which will take away all pollution. None may visit her; rice and milk are given her from a distance. On the eighth day another ceremony is performed. The woman must hold a branch of a special thorny plant like an umbrella that grows near. Milk is then poured through a hollow bamboo while a buffalo, always part of the Toda ritual, stands by.

After this comes the naming ceremony, This is performed by the maternal uncle called a *Guru.* He takes an old knife kept for the purpose, cuts off a piece of hair from the head of the child and buries it under a rock, while he pronounces the name chosen. No two Todas have the same name and they must never mention the name of a dead person. A new sound has to be invented, made up from a rock or a river, and yet they all know each other's names.

A Toda salutation is very curious. A woman greeting a man must first put her forehead to his right foot and then to his left. The men greet each other by saying different sounds. There is no movement made, the sound seems to begin always with a T, and to be in different registers. To a brother it is *Thyo* in the throat; to a father it is *Ti,* a nasal sound. *Thu* in the chest is for the *Guru. Tinbya,* a very forward sound, is for grandfather.

For younger men the name is murmured as a greeting with *ersh* added. Older women are saluted by sounds.

There are two endogamous divisions among the Todas, called commonly Therthal and Thorthal. (In River's classic work on the Todas they are called Teivaliol and Tartharol.) According to Kodan, the origin of the division was as follows: "Once very long ago, a feast was given and rice and milk were distributed, everyone being given their share. One woman who came asked for two shares, saying: 'Give me for myself and for my child,' and she lifted up her knee and held her cloth as if a child were there. They answered her: 'We will give into the hands of your child,' and so her ruse was discovered. The people were angry and said she should be called 'Therthal' from henceforward, which means, in Toda language, disgraced. Ever since then all the descendants of this woman form a sect or division which is called 'Therthal' and the other division 'Thorthal.'" It would seem to be too small an occurence to have produced such a far-reaching effect. The Thorthals take precedence in everything and Therthals may not even visit their *Mands*.

There are at least three different breeds of buffaloes of varying degrees of sanctity and there are three kinds of dairy temples, for two of which a priest is selected from the people of the same *Mand*. The third and most sacred is called a "Ti" dairy and only the sacred buffaloes are milked there. A priest for this temple must be chosen from a Thorthal.

A purification ceremony is very arduous. The man chosen has to remain with a bare body in a *shola* all night before ordination. Many sacrifices are demanded of him; he must leave his wife if married; he may not attend funeral ceremonies and he may not mix with others during his term of office. The period is only six months for a dairy temple, but a year or longer for a priest of the "Ti." The priest, however, may sell the *ghee* (clarified butter) and milk for himself after putting aside a certain amount for the upkeep of the temple, so the service is one of some profit.

One bright cold morning, at 7 a.m., I sallied forth with my servant to School *Mand* hoping to see a Milking Ceremony. The *Mand* was completely deserted when I arrived and only after the sun had risen and warmed the air did the lazy Toda men begin to wriggle one by one out of the tiny hut doors. I announced loudly, after greeting them, that I had come to see the buffaloes milked. But they sat on the wall, huddled up in their cloaks, looking completely blank. I waited patiently but nothing happened. Then remembering that the town of Ootacamund had grown up round this Toda village, and probably contaminated it by *backsheesh* customs, I gave some coins to the headman and repeated my request. It acted like a stage signal. The ancient priest divested himself of nearly all his clothes and prepared for the ceremony. The sacred buffaloes were let out from some hidden enclosure, the calves ran straight to their respective mothers and the milking began.

We proceeded to the sacred spot well above the living huts. There were many piles of stones and mounds to mark the place for ceremonies near the dairy and a curious high pointed stone over which milk is poured in special rituals. The " Ti " dairy hut has two divisions ; only the priest may enter the holy place where the milk is kept. The assistant may go into the outer division, which is also used by the priests for sleeping, to help with the churning. The churn is a curious device of untold age and the milking vessel is like a drain pipe, made of bamboo and very long and narrow.

The sacred buffaloes were a fine breed, short-legged, long haired and of a light grey colour with very curious curved horns. They were so scared at seeing a strange figure that they had to be coaxed and milked where they stood. Wild and fierce, they kept making plunges in my direction, but I got behind my large Toda servant. Photography was almost impossible. Just when I hoped for an ideal picture the sacred animal kicked over the milk vessel and fled. The old priest let me take his photo, then disappeared into the dairy temple with what remained of the sacred milk.

School *Mand* owns over a hundred buffaloes, sent to graze as is customary on the other side of the Downs. Besides the handsome sacred buffaloes the ordinary breed look very common. Their coats are smooth and shiny, their shape bad and their legs too long. These are milked for the use of the *Mand.* The headman kept one animal quiet for me to photograph by smearing her nose with creamy milk.

Among the Todas a funeral ceremony is much more important than a wedding. From Kodan I learnt all about their funeral customs. The first ceremony is called the "Green" funeral and takes place quite soon after death. After cutting off a piece of hair and preserving it for the second funeral, the body is burned with many rites and ceremonies. The preserved piece of hair is kept between two strips of bark from a special tree and is watched over and never left. The "Dry" funeral may not take place for weeks or even months after as it is an expensive affair. For a man's funeral a beautiful bamboo hut is built, like the inhabited huts only smaller. Into this is put everything that the dead person might want in the next world—clothing, umbrella, looking glass, dried millet, rice and *ghee.* Two or more buffaloes are sacrificed according to the wealth of the deceased so that they may go and serve the dead in the next world. All the near relations cut off a piece of their hair. (I had wondered why the prettiest girl in Marli *Mand* had such short hair, until I was told that her mother had lately died, and her filial affection demanded all her beautiful curls.) This collection of hair is then burnt with much ceremony, together with the lock from the head of the dead person. Many quaint things are burnt as well at funerals; for a man, ornaments made of bright coloured silk covered with shiny beads tied on at intervals with many coloured wools. For a woman, a small cane basket covered with material decorated with cowries or buttons and strands of wool.

Departed souls are supposed to go along the Avalanche road. There are three or four *Mands* in that corner of the Downs and the Todas who live there say that they hear

the voices of the dead when there has been a funeral and the sound of bells tied on to the necks of the buffaloes sacrificed. Freed souls are said to come from the other side to meet them and to rejoice and dance with them.

The departed soul has to go through all sorts of torments in consequence of his sins. He has to cross a deep lake on a rope like a thread. He is drowned in the waters and eaten by worms, finally only his bones are left in the Lake. God gives life to the dried bones and the departed soul goes to the other world freed. Two small conical stones like the entrance to a temple mark the last step. When they have passed these they disappear from the world.

While I was staying at Ootacamund the funeral of a little child took place. Kodan and I went together to Muthanad *Mand* to witness the ceremony. A few Todas were sitting about, not at all as if a funeral were in progress. They came forward to greet us, not seeming in any way displeased at our presence. The dairy temple had a wall in front of it, on which many of the men were grouped, the priest standing a little apart from the others as is the custom. The living huts were below us and a faint sound of wailing came up from there. A group of Kotas, another tribe on the Nilgiris, were sitting on the hill ready to make music; for as the Todas do not play music at festivals, this is the duty of the Kotas who are much mixed up with them in ancient lore. The Kotas also have to provide a cloak or the equivalent in money (six rupees) and in exchange they receive grain and the carcases of the buffaloes which are slain.

A beautifully made carrying cradle was now placed in readiness. No women appeared at all out of the huts. After another interval the body of the little babe was brought out wrapped in a new Toda cloth and taken to the door of the dairy temple where the ceremony began. It was like a dramatic play with every part rehearsed and well acted. The first rite was to lay the body on the raised part of the left side of the entrance to the dairy and pour some sacred milk into the mouth from a leaf cup. The father stood by and sang a kind of chant and

made great lamentation. When his part of the performance was over he stopped wailing, spat and walked out of the temple so suddenly that I felt shocked. The little body was then laid in the bamboo cradle. Other articles were placed in it for the baby's use: a new English parasol, a mirror, food and various vessels. The bamboo frame was decorated with coloured strips and shiny buttons.

At this moment the poor sick mother was carried out of a hut bitterly weeping. She was placed in a most uncomfortable way in a sack, with all her legs and arms mixed up, and from pain and grief together she was in a sorry state. All was now in readiness and the light burden was lifted high by four noble looking Todas, who swung over the hill and far away to the funeral site, followed by a cortège of mourners. The Kota musicians struck a thoroughly suitable minor dirge and followed too. We had to go miles round in our car, but the mourners made such slow progress that we got there first.

The situation was very lovely and completely isolated on the summit of a hill with tall trees and a distant view of the plains of Mysore. A group of women were sitting there in readiness to mourn, dressed in noticeably dirty garments. No near relation may wear clean things at a funeral, for the dirtier the clothes, the greater is the grief expressed.

At last the funeral procession straggled into sight and hearing as well, for the strange sounds of the Kota band were blown straight to us, though they were still on the top of a far hill. The little cortège came up and passed us. The group of women on the hill met the chief mourners and salutations were exchanged. The older women lifted their feet to the foreheads of the younger ones. The father of the dead child put first his right and then his left big toe to the forehead of some of the women.

The little bundle was then placed in the circle of women who began their forced lamentation. They mourned in pairs, forehead against forehead. Their downcast eyes, wailing mouths and oval faces framed in coal black curls made a striking picture. The father sat apart, very sad, with his hand over his eyes. The buffalo to be slain was

still very far away, but we could see it being enticed up the hill. A man passed us with a big bag of grain to be distributed to the Kotas. A money making Hindu spread out some sweatmeats and bananas for which we were very glad, although it seemed very heartless to buy and eat food at this solemn time. Three stalwart Todas came up with a load of special sacred wood to make the funeral pyre. It was cut from a Naga tree and, being new, was very hard to chop.

The next rite was especially interesting. A cane, which symbolised the cane that God beat the earth with when a Toda was first created, was used for stirring up the earth a little way apart. The body was then laid down beside it and each man of the family came in turn. The chief mourner first taking the cane in his hand asked the head of the tribe three times : " Shall I throw earth ? " and on his replying " Throw it," knelt down and touched the baby's head with his forehead and wailed, then knelt again and touched the earth. Then he threw the earth three times in the direction where it was stirred, and three times on the body. It seemed just like saying : " Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

By this time the young bull buffalo had been chased and enticed up the hill and four men seemed to be baiting it. They were enjoying this part of the performance as if it were a bull fight and began to laugh and shout. I looked away in horror while they held the poor animal, two or three hanging on to the horns, while another held the tail. They killed it in the end with a blow of an axe on its head ; my companion assured me that it was killed instantly, but I did not believe him.

They brought the little body to where the buffalo was lying stricken and the two dead things were made to salute each other, the feet of the babe to the forehead of the buffalo. Then a handkerchief scarf was produced and each mourner of the family touched his forehead with it and then laid it on the body.

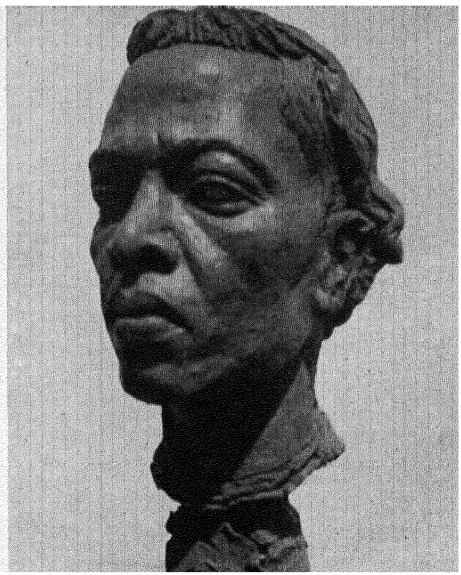
The little corpse was next carried into a glade, a lovely spot nearby flecked with sunlight and shadow. We all followed and sat on tree trunks to watch the proceed-

ings. The women were almost hidden from me by the trees, but they appeared to be playing with the trousseau of the baby. The men were working really hard chopping wood with Toda axes with which they are very expert and then laying the fire with great skill into a neat pile. Then came the ceremony of making fire by friction. A stick was applied by rapid turns of the hand to a hole in a log prepared with paper and charcoal. After four rapid turns smoke came, to my great amazement. The Toda made a kind of paper bag and blew gently till a flame came, and then the fire was set to the pile.

The last rites consisting of arranging all the things the child might need in the cradle, a water pot, cup and cooking pot as well as food. The parasol was tied carefully over him and looked most incongruous. The cane which had been decorated with bands of bright ornaments was laid beside him. As God created a Toda with that cane, it had to accompany the little Toda soul on its last journey. A bow and arrow, the special symbol of the *Mand*, was placed in the cradle, too. Rupees and money were borrowed and put into a sack beside the dead, but the big coins were taken out later and given back. A lock of hair was cut off and wrapped separately, but not kept as there is no "Dry" funeral for a little child.

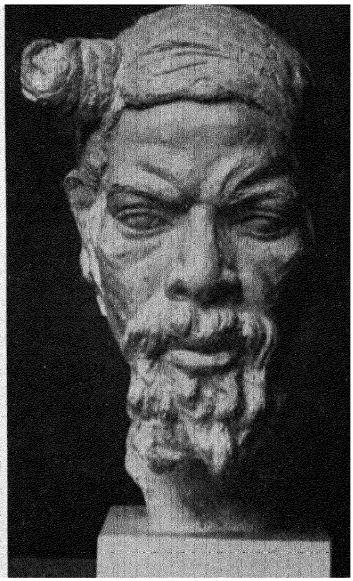
Another long wail and the parents touched their dead baby with their foreheads. Then the cradle was swung over the fire three times, and at that moment the soul went to the other world, according to their beliefs. The pyre was fanned into a bright flame, the cradle was lifted up on to it and everyone immediately dispersed. When we came out of the *shola* the Kotas and the buffalo carcase had all disappeared. The sunlight seemed blinding outside. The father came up to me and handed back the rupee I had given and gave me a bit of coloured wool and two shining buttons as a memento. We went down the hill and I looked back, feeling that I wanted to memorise the strange scene I had witnessed. A group of Todas were standing immovable with their wild hair and draped cloaks like a picture. A curl of blue smoke rose from the trees. That was all.

KANIKAR GIRL. *P.* 135



MARIA GOND MAN. *P.* 169

HO GIRL. *P.* 203



KHOND MAN. *P.* 192

UNIQUE MARRIAGE DANCE OF THE POROJAS, BASTAR STATE, CALLED "THE PYRAMID DANCE." *P.* 175

II

The Kotas are known as the artisans of the hills. They are metal workers, potters, blacksmiths and carpenters. They acknowledge the Todas as overlords and are mixed up with all their ancient customs. In search of one of their villages called Sholur, I chartered a car from Ootacamund and went on a voyage of discovery with my two Toda friends.

After a long drive downhill into quite a different country we left the car and walked down a rough track near a rushing stream. Kodan explained to me that before going near a Kota village a Toda must always sit down. Sure enough as we came to an open space with growing crops and two red roofed Kota villages, Tizzen suddenly flopped in the middle of the path. When we arrived he never went inside the boundary wall, but only talked to the Kotas he met outside. Kodan had no such taboos and we went into the village together to take photographs and examine everything in the rapidly waning light, our excursion having taken much longer than I had calculated.

At first sight the houses looked very smart, but the red tile roofs were deceptive. They were made of bricks and mud for the most part, and a few of the older types were of mud and thatch. On closer examination, however, I found that these good looking houses had no chimneys, no windows, no air and that they were built in rows under one roof like a slum. A raised verandah all along the front faced the morning sun and on this platform were heaps of sleeping Kotas, collections of rubbish and stores of clay pottery. Everything looked dingy and dirty, in great contrast to the homes of the Todas.

There were four streets in Sholur, called either 1st, 2nd, 3rd or 4th street; or Near street, Lower street, Other street and That street, which even vies with New York in practical street naming. Near and Lower streets form an exogamous group inhabited by relations, while Other and That streets make another group. In some

of the richer villages the houses are detached, but the streets are always inhabited by groups of families.

We were shown the smithy of the village with great pride and we found the blacksmith busy making hooks and implements for agriculture. Formerly the Badagas used to give the Kotas grain in exchange for work at the forge, but now the practice of paying in kind has stopped and they are probably poorer in consequence.

The men all looked exactly alike and I had some difficulty in choosing one from the smithy to come and sit for me. He had a well shaped head but a silly, sheepish face. His dark brows almost met in the middle, while his long hair was parted like a woman's with a low knot at the back. The women were small and wiry; they appeared to be working as hard as the men. One girl was kneading dark brown clay into balls to be used for making cooking vessels, while another was hoeing the garden. The women were very much alike with the same small features, bright eyes and mouth half open. They all have masses of straight black hair which they dress in a most fashionable way. It is parted in the middle and the back rolled up on a long pin cleverly fastened by two loose side pieces which drape the face very becomingly. When I tried to examine the hairdressing, the women turned round and round and would not let me look. I thought at first that they were offended, then I found out that they were saying to me: "Don't look at my hair, it is not well done." All of them pointed to a girl who had just put up hers immaculately.

All Kota women are tattooed on their arms when they attain puberty. The pattern is only on the upper arm in six rows of dots and strokes. Other patterns are optional and some are very elaborate. They wear strings of coloured beads with tiny long boxes in the middle, containing some sort of talisman or *mantra*. Everything connected with these people is dirty and dun-coloured. Their dress consists of two garments, both of the same drab material, the ordinary *dhoti* with a small cloak over it, tied in an unusual and effective knot in front.

Leaving the village we were shown two little twin temples in a sacred walled enclosure a little way off. One was dedicated to a male god and the other female; Siva and Parvati, no doubt, under other names.

Divorce seems to be very easy among the Kota tribe. The ceremony is simple. The man lays hold of the legs of his father-in-law and says that he wants to be divorced and gives the reason. The man I took as a model told me that he had divorced two wives because they did not know how to keep house. He called himself a bachelor and refused to give the names of his wives and families; they were to him as if they had never been. Kotas do not as a rule mind speaking anyone's name—Todas, on the other hand, never utter the name of anyone older than themselves. The Kotas have a language of their own in their villages and speak a little Tamil patois to the outside world.

The Kota tribe always burn their dead. Formerly they used to keep up the funeral feast for four days; now the authorities have prevailed upon them to keep the body only one day. They are renowned musicians and play music and dance at all the weddings and funerals among the other hill tribes. Everyone looks down on the Kotas because of the filthy food they eat, which includes the carcases of the buffaloes, and even carrion that has been dead for days.

Feeling that it was necessary to study other Kotas and also the Irula tribe, I arranged to go and stay at a friend's bungalow at Kotada, a tea estate near Kotagiri. The way lay right over the top of the Downs with magnificent views of Ootacamund framed in a circle of blue hills. The narrow sandy road was all twists and turns, but fortunately we met nothing worse than herds of cattle. On the top of the hill the view changed completely; we looked over the other side of the Nilgiris, and far below us were the opal-tinted misty plains. At this time they were arid baking plains with the thermometer 109 degrees in the shade. There were tall trees and rich tea and coffee plantations; the latter were like handsome loose growing laurels with big sprays of dark shiny leaves.

Coffee grows in the forests here under the shade of big trees and if the plant is properly pruned it will yield for a hundred years.

After passing through Kotagiri the road became narrower and at every corner we had to dodge herds of foolish buffalo. When at last we arrived at our objective, Nurngunda, a carrying chair was waiting to take me three miles along a rough and rocky ridge, up hill and down dale. The heat increased as we descended. It became very damp and overpowering, a very different climate from the Nilgiris. I sat in the swinging chair and surveyed the prospect, tea and coffee, trees, rocks and streams; I reflected how little one sees when one has to look where to place one's foot.

The bungalow at Kotada was empty and was placed entirely at my disposal, plus servants, farm and dairy produce. The gardener, a fine specimen of high caste Hindu, undertook to procure any Kotas that I wanted the next morning. Instead, however, of bringing two women complete with husbands as instructed, he appeared triumphantly with a whole Kota village, and said they had come to dance for me. I was not nearly as grateful as I ought to have been. Dances, divorced from their reasons and settings, did not interest me very much and I had planned to do a good day's work. But in India I realised that it was necessary to take things as they came, so with a sigh I gave up sculpture and followed the party to a wide open space, with the feathery leaves and scarlet flowers of flamboyant trees in the background.

The men dressed up for the dance in long full white skirts with a coloured border and their gay blouses and streaming *puggrees* transformed them completely. The band consisted of eight performers, who stood in a straight row. The instruments were two large round drums made of hide, two of a narrower shape, two clarinets elaborately and wonderfully made and, best of all, two long curved trumpets that must have been borrowed from the archangels. The dancers whirled round and round making giddy circles. They appeared to be gathering up something and then they turned and waved their arms in the

air. Where had I seen this movement before? Then I remembered that the Lamanis at Tadas had danced in exactly the same way. This may have been a coincidence or perhaps due to the fact that the Kotas, too, came from the North. The women took no part in the dance whatever; their own dance I understood to be a shuffling kind of movement in a closed group.

There is a great variety of costumes among the Kotas. Some had on ordinary coats and *dhotis* and swaggered about with immense handkerchiefs like towels. Some had two cloths, one tied in a big knot like the people of Sholur. Many imitated the Todas, wearing precisely the same cloak but without embroidery. There seemed to be two types of face, half of them had the dark skins and silly, simple faces of the other side of the hill and half of them appeared to me to be more Northern looking, tall handsome men with big curled moustaches and fair skins which glowed in the sun. All the women were as alike as two peas and even the models I had found at Ootacamund had the same faces, the same hair and the same measurements.

III

The Irulas, another important jungle tribe, belong to the lower slopes of the Nilgiri Hills. It was difficult to find out very much about them. Their villages in the deep forest were too far away and too inaccessible for me to explore. The Irulas make clearings in the jungle and build about twenty huts together of a pointed shape with mud walls framed in bamboo, thatching them with grass. Each village owns about a hundred acres of land for which they pay four annas per acre. They cultivate only for themselves, a few pumpkins and perhaps their favourite Indian corn. Having no means of irrigation, they do not get much result from their labour and never have any surplus to sell.

Like all jungle tribes they eat wild honey, jungle potatoes, fruits and *ragi* and *sami*, the seeds of wild grass. They carry a kind of axe as their only weapon and kill various small animals with it. With cunning they watch

where the wild fowl are sitting and catch them at night time. They hunt porcupine by putting fire under stones; the flight of a bee will show them where to find the honeycomb.

Irulas say they belong to the Hindu religion and they go occasionally to a temple very far away. They have their own *puia* for funerals and feast days at a sacred spot marked with a stone near the village. They bring back their dead to the village where they were born, however far away they may die. One can meet them in the hills, carrying the body in a sitting posture between two bamboo poles, making music with drums and *kumbus*.

The planters employ Irulas in small numbers on the tea and coffee estates, although they are quite useless at cultivation. The men understand coffee pruning a little, but are no good at tea pruning, which needs skill. The women can only weed and are never trusted with tea plucking.

A group of men were brought for me to look at. Again I felt there were two very distinct types and I had difficulty in deciding which to do. Some had small features, straight noses and light coloured skins. Their straight hair taken back from the forehead was twisted and tucked in, making a pleasing shape. The other type seemed to have negroid characteristics, with very dark skins, forward jaw, wide nostrils and thick lips, although the hair was only slightly wavy. I chose this latter, finding it the more interesting of the two, and worked so hard that I became worried over it, which fact was reflected in my clay head.

The men wore a simple *dhoti* and cloth and always covered their heads. The women wore their cloth tightly tucked under the armpits and another one knotted to cover the shoulders. Those I saw wore a little headdress like the Badagas, another of the hill people. It was a small square with two knots, tucked in at the back with a deft twist. The women were very small in stature and all could walk under my arm, a pastime which amused them immensely. It is strange to notice what refinement can be felt in the primitive people of India; they were

surely once a very great nation. Irula women had perfect manners and were most companionable and sweet-natured.

IV

When I arrived back at Ootacamund I made many efforts to find a Karumba model, but they were too wild and shy to be enticed to my studio, so I was forced to go into the jungle in search of them. My chauffeur, with whom I had hunted Todas and Kotas, offered to drive me to the old estate of his grandfather, one Henry Wapshire, in the Ouchterlone valley, where he promised to find me some interesting subjects.

Henry Wapshire, one of the old settlers of South India, used to own the whole of this estate of 19,000 acres. In the early eighteen-sixties, his grandson told me, when Henry Wapshire and his men were felling jungle for coffee plantation, they thought they saw sudden movements and darts backwards and forwards in the undergrowth, and took them to be the movements of some animal. As they came to the middle of the big clearing, they suddenly unearthed a group of dwarfs, terrified and huddled together. They were practically naked and as wild as animals. Wapshire surrounded them with Kanarese coolies, who were working for him, drove them to his bungalow and shut them in a go-down. He clothed and fed them for four or five days. When they were a little tamer he released them. They were so responsive to his kindness that they never left his estate and flocked to his bungalow regularly with gifts of wild honey. It is supposed that the descendants of these cave-dwelling nomads still inhabit the lower Nilgiris and the Ouchterlone Valley.

The Karumba tribe are scattered far and wide on the hills of Southern India. The principal divisions that I saw were the Betta Karumbas, who are good cultivators, and the Jenu Karumbas, real jungle people who only eat wild bamboo, roots, honey and bees. The Jenu never owns any land but makes a clearing in thick jungle, fells timber, cultivates a little for his own use and builds simple

huts. He moves about very frequently. The Betta and the Jenu varieties never intermarry, but seem quite friendly. They can quite easily be distinguished from each other. The Betta men are taller with a graceful carriage and wear their long hair tied in a knot; while the Jenu are short of stature, and usually have a thick crop of curls. The Betta women tie their clothes tightly under the armpits, while the Jenu wear a dirty white cloth round their loins, and another to drape the upper part of the body.

We came upon a charming group of Betta Karumbas on the top of a hill with a background of mountain peaks. The mothers were so young that they looked like children themselves. They were all tattoo-marked with two rows of dots on their foreheads. A little way off the track along a tiny path down a short steep slope, we came suddenly upon the most picturesque village imaginable, sheltered from prying eyes, and surrounded with feathery bamboo trees. Each little hut was built on a different level, and below was yet another group of huts. They were made out of light split bamboo cane and laced together like basket work. The top was thatched with jungle grass and there was a double doorway for protection. In the entrance part they kept basket and stores and they slept in the inner division. The huts looked very fragile, as if they would blow away in a gust of wind.

But the village to our great surprise was empty. At last we found two very old men who pretended that the youth of the village had gone out collecting honey from a distant part of the jungle and had not yet returned. I suspect that in a mysterious Indian way a warning had been sent of our visit and they were all in hiding through fear. We scolded and argued but there was nothing to be done; our quarry had flown.

V

During my wanderings on the lower slopes of the Nilgiris I had often come across groups of Paniyans, a tribe quite new to me. They were wild haired and dark

skinned and wore the most enormous and unusual ear ornaments. It seemed to me that they would be worth an expedition, so I set out with clay and plaster by bus to Gudalur, where a good traveller's bungalow served me as headquarters.

Following the advice given to me by Wapshire, who knew all the district, I went to call on a *Chetty*, a kind of contractor who owns the bodies and souls of this unfortunate tribe, hiring whole families as labourers for four rupees to eight rupees per annum. We waded down a narrow track in soaking wet scrub, which opened out to flooded *paddy* (rice) cultivation. The contractor's house was well built, thatched and handsomely carved. He and his family were such high caste Hindus that I was not invited inside even though it was raining in torrents.

Various women coolies were sent for from the fields for my inspection, but when they saw a stranger they ran away terrified, thinking I meant to innoculate them or do something equally deadly. Only one old woman stayed and showed me her stretched ear lobes with pride, and the queer round discs at least five inches in diameter that she wore. They were made of the cocoanut palm cut in strips, softened with oil, and then coiled tightly round and round. The tribe were far more African looking than Indian ; in fact there was a common belief of African origin among them.

The Paniyan women wear two clothes, a *dupti* under the arms and a second wrap draped warmly round the shoulders ; both are khaki coloured like pieces of sacking. The men wear the same two garments, a *veti* round the loins and a draped cloak. Two male Paniyans whom I chose for further study walked back with me readily enough to the traveller's bungalow. More men turned up from the bazaar, nothing loth to be given *backsheesh*. I made many photographs and sketches before I finally chose a model. He was more like an advertisement for hair restorer than anything else, with masses of blue-black locks in rippling waves.

To find a woman was more difficult, so I paid a second visit to the *Chetty*, and asked to visit a village. The Pani-

yans live in a band of malaria swamp and it was difficult to get across the sopping fields of rice cultivation along little irrigation ridges. Coolies driving a native plough yoked with buffaloes were singing cheerily nevertheless. The village was picturesquely built, with three huts charmingly placed round a square mud yard, the whole surrounded by plantain trees. I learned that when there is a death in the village they bury the body the same day a few furlongs away, with drum-beating and mourning. Their religion is purely animistic and they worship at a natural shrine in the jungle.

The faces of these people were pitiably small, like those of children. They looked weak and ill and were very pathetic in every way. They were all very short of stature, hardly more than five feet high. I took photos of the women hugging their babies and then chose the prettiest girl to draw. I sat by her on a smelly raised platform under the eaves. She was coy and difficult and held her baby close to her. At last I suggested that father should take the baby while I tried to draw her profile. I inadvertently touched her cheek, and she was furious and bit my hand. In the end she submitted to being measured with compasses. The whole attempt was a complete failure. She was so scared that she never came to my bungalow in spite of the husband's and the headman's promises and I lost my best type.

In the end my servant found a woman who was more amenable. She was the wife of a man who had posed for me and knew it was not dangerous. He introduced his little wife in triumph and stayed near and encouraged her all the time.

CHAPTER VI

IN SOUTHERN INDIA

THE ANAMALAIS HILLS - MALASERS - PULLYARS - TRAVANCORE STATE - MUTHUVANS - MANNANS - TRIVANDRUM - KANIKARS - FRESCOES - PERIYAR LAKE - OORALIES - PALAYANS - KADARS - VETTUVANS - THE NAYAR PEOPLE - NYADIS - COCHIN - ANCIENT DANCE OF MALABAR

From Ootacamund I arranged to travel to the Anamalais Hills as I had already been invited by friends to visit their tea estate in order to study the Primitive tribes of the District. A bus took me down the twisting *ghat* road through dense jungle and bamboo plantations and heavy damp heat. After the wild drive the train journey to Polachi was restful, as I sat at ease watching the retreating Nilgiri Hills turn into every shade of purple and blue.

I was met at the station by my friend's car and we climbed up another mountain, leaving the plains behind shimmering and quivering in the sun. At the top the scene changed completely to a wilderness of tea and coffee plantations. I felt closed in by it after the bracing air of the Blue Mountains and unable to breathe. There was no more open country and no way out.

My friend the tea planter, one of the pioneers of the District, told me all the history of twenty years of tea growing. In spite of complete isolation my splendid host and hostess lived in luxury, and everything was made easy for me. A wide terraced garden and summer house made a perfect studio and shelter. I had a mixed bag of tribes to choose from:—Malasers, Kadars and Pullyars, who all came together and seemed quite friendly.

I began on the Malaser Tribe, of which there are two sub-divisions, the Mallai and the Nat Malasers. Their

home is on Mount Stuart on the Anamalais, where they have been for at least three generations. They all seemed to me to be very much alike with very dark skins, thick lips, flat noses and wavy hair. The Mallai are higher up in the social scale than the Nat Malaser and do not eat beef. They speak a mixture of Tamil and Malayalam, both languages of the South, and have probably forgotten their own dialect. Planters hire them out as day labourers, chiefly to cut timber.

A Malaser woman charmed me in spite of her almost bridgeless nose and wide face. She had no babies of her own and was kind to the children of the overburdened Pullyar women. They all sat together on a mat, chewing tobacco and awaiting my pleasure.

There are four Pullyar villages at Marayoor Mala on the lower slopes of the hills. One day in search of better types I visited Allampati, a long drive into the plains. The village was damp and cheerless and was full of cattle-sheds and flies. This tribe apparently gain a precarious living by herding at two annas per head per month; they were in dire poverty and had no land of their own but sometimes they were employed as coolies on the roads. This group of Pullyars lived too near the plains to have kept true to type; they spoke Tamil and had been Hinduised long ago. On the way to the village we passed a little shrine rather like a dolmen, of which there are many in the neighbourhood. Here the Pullyars worshipped Karpana Swami, a black goddess, but because they were considered outcasts by the Hindus they might only worship from a distance.

Some interesting but very depressed types of women appeared. We marshalled them in a row under a shed for shelter; drizzling rain added to our difficulites and the flies and smells were horrible. I selected the most down-trodden looking, almost beautiful in her ugliness, and took a friend as well to accompany her and encourage her. The woman was reluctant to come and began to weep, but I thought the money I was prepared to give her would be a real help so I hardened my heart.

When we had gone down to the road again, after a

long slippery scramble from the huts, we found that the women had given up all their jewellery to the head of the village. I expostulated as beads and nose rings are a great addition to type, and they were sent for again. Then we tried to get to the bottom of it; were they afraid that we should steal their beads? No, the trouble was that they were so conscious of their own inferiority that they never went to bazaar or into the road decorated in any way. It was not seemly for people in their position to appear in public with such adornments.

II

My next and most important engagement was to visit Travancore State, where, through the kind introduction of Lady Willingdon, I had been invited to stay as a State Guest. This is unspoilt India, for the South has never been conquered by any other power, and ancient Indian customs are still to be found here intact. Comparatively few visitors get to Travancore and the Primitive Tribes here are very little known.

On my way from the Anamalais Hills to Trivandrum, the capital, I decided to stop at Mannar on High Range to work on the tribes to be found there, before proceeding further South. The Diwan of Travancore sent me a letter of welcome to the State, ordered that Government House should be opened for my stay and that a motor car should be put at my disposal. The Commissioner of the District of Devicolam, Mr. Tom Cameron, and his wife became invaluable friends. I had a Government *peon* to take messages, an official to wait on me and act as interpreter, and a Forest officer sitting on my doorstep.

The Muthuvans, so called because they carry their loads on their backs, were my first objective. In search of this interesting and elusive tribe, I drove early one morning to Bison Valley with the Commissioner and his wife. High Range still remains completely wild country full of big game. Our way lay along a twisty and steep *ghat* road through magnificent scenery. Halfway down we came to a view point, a wonderful panorama

of this great hunting ground. We gazed with field-glasses, searching for elephants and bison on the green patches between the trees, but could discern nothing. All seemed quiet and peaceful and time pressed so we pushed on down the hill to the Muthuvan village called a *Kudy* which was our goal. It consisted of a few odd huts scattered about in a wet paddy field. Strangest of all were the little bamboo and grass houses perched in the tree tops. They were beautifully made and quite out of reach of elephants, with a light ladder from the ground which they could draw up. In these the women and children and even the men take refuge for rogue elephants strike terror into the hearts of these people, endanger their lives and demolish their scanty crops. Someone always has to be on the watch, ready with tin trumpets and shrieks to scare away the intruder. The Muthuvans cultivate *paddy* and *ragi*, marrow and cucumber, and try to subsist on their own produce, but at one season of the year they nearly starve.

When High Range was first developed in 1877, this tribe was very shy and even now their women folk have never been seen by anyone except near kindred. If a stranger comes to the village, the women all slip away into the jungle and hide in the long grass just like animals. Only with great difficulty and much palaver and powerful help from the Commissioner who promised all sorts of amenities, was I introduced to this Muthuvan village and allowed to meet the women.

On arrival we found the headman of the tribe had been as good as his word. He piloted the Commissioner's wife and myself through a gap in the hedge while all our men hid away. There, under one of the tree houses, were a group of fifteen women assembled to meet us. Timidly they advanced with gifts in their hands of bananas, marigolds and Indian corn. They were charming to look at with red coloured *saris* knotted over the right breast and no upper garment. They wore thick necklaces of ten to twelve strings of beads, and another longer string underneath with looped rings at the end of it. Many brass bangles decorated their arms; their fingers were

covered with brass rings or silver, while three or four looped rings hung from their ears. Their hair, slightly wavy, was parted in the centre and well oiled, with a pretty back comb sticking out at the side. The skin of the tribe was a glowing colour, much fairer than the people of the plains. Many babies took part in the show, slung in a cloth and carried on mother's back.

Thrilled at this unique opportunity, I took photos and sketched frantically, trying to find the head most suitable for sculpture. They were all extraordinarily handsome, the prevailing type having the same finely chiseled aquiline nose as the men, a distinctive feature of the Muthuvans. In the end I chose a lovely girl like a goddess, and persuaded her with some difficulty to come and pose for me.

We improvised a studio under a little tree, hanging up old blankets to make more shade, while high jungle grass hid us from curious eyes. The husband was overcome with pride and embarrassment and hovered near us all the time. As for my model she felt quite ill with shyness, and I had to let her sit down and get over it. The Commissioner was very uneasy for my safety, and before leaving, he placed a whole cordon of trusty Muthuvans round us, with instructions that at the slightest hint of danger from elephants, they were to carry me up to one of the tree houses. Fortunately their power to do this was never put to the test. Would the ladder have borne me or the tiny hut have held me?

I worked for hours at a stretch, unconscious both of the guard or of elephants, though one of the latter must have been with us all the time. Every evening when returning to my headquarters, a Tea Planter's bungalow, there were signs clear to the eyes of the hunter that an elephant had passed by. After three blissful days in the depths of the jungle, working in a great stillness with my beautiful model, I finished the clay head and carried it back on my knees in triumph to cast at Mannar.

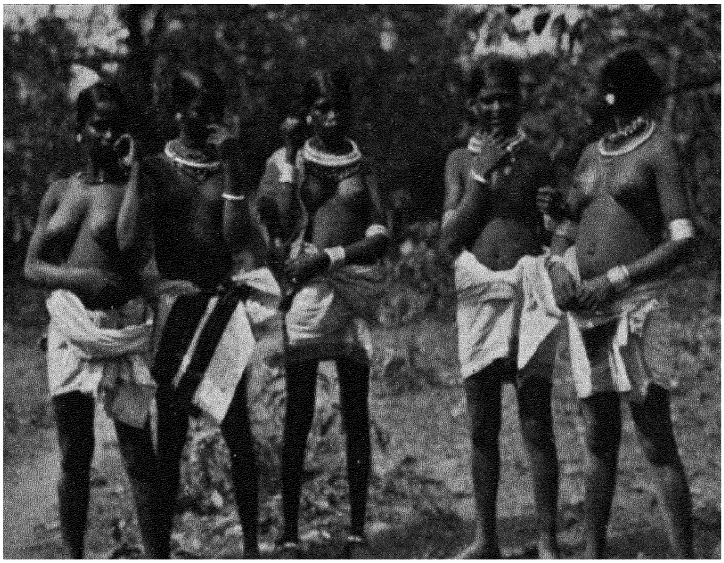
At another Muthuvan village in the opposite direction, I learnt still more about the tribe, and was allowed to see three old women, a younger one having fled. To

reach this *Kudy* I had to climb a steep track in the fever belt, an altitude of two thousand feet, which made me lose my breath all the time. A herd of elephants had just passed down the track and I trod in their actual footprints. I was covered from head to foot with mud and only reached my goal with difficulty, much exhausted. It was a very rugged site and quite worth the scramble, being built out on a ridge with a deep drop just in front. The huts were big and rectangular, neatly made of bamboo and jungle grass, with a partition and doors on two sides. In front there were the usual tree huts for shelter. About thirty-five people were living here in five or six houses scattered about on the hill, one above the other.

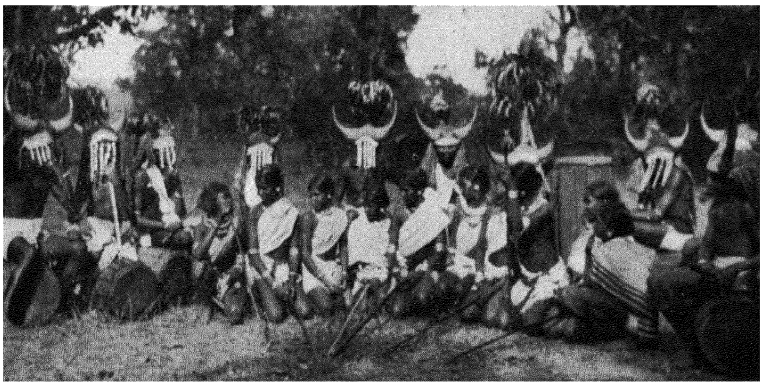
The men and children were both friendly and inquisitive, following me about wherever I went. They showed me their place of worship, a tiny hut for the god Subramani, a little way apart. There was an open shelter with an altar, a torn coloured picture, six single rooted bamboo canes, a bell, trident and lamp.[1] Once a week all the village were obliged to come and make *puja*. Besides the gods Subramani and Minakshi Amma, the Muthuvans worship the sun. They put their hands together and bow to Surya, the sun god, every morning and ask for help and protection during the day. The word they use is *karpattu* which means "look after." They also worship the forest deities; in fact their religion, like that of many aboriginal tribes, is an even admixture of animism and Hinduism. New Year's day, called "Thypongal," is their great festival, and there are other special feasts in honour of Subramani, Gogavani, and the worship of the dead called "Adi."

Muthuvans move about every year or so and have a system of cultivation (like all the aboriginal tribes) which can be seen very clearly from any hill top. They cut clearings, burn the jungle, and leave the big trees to rot. The wood ash makes a good temporary manure, and they plant seeds, cultivate and then move on to another site.

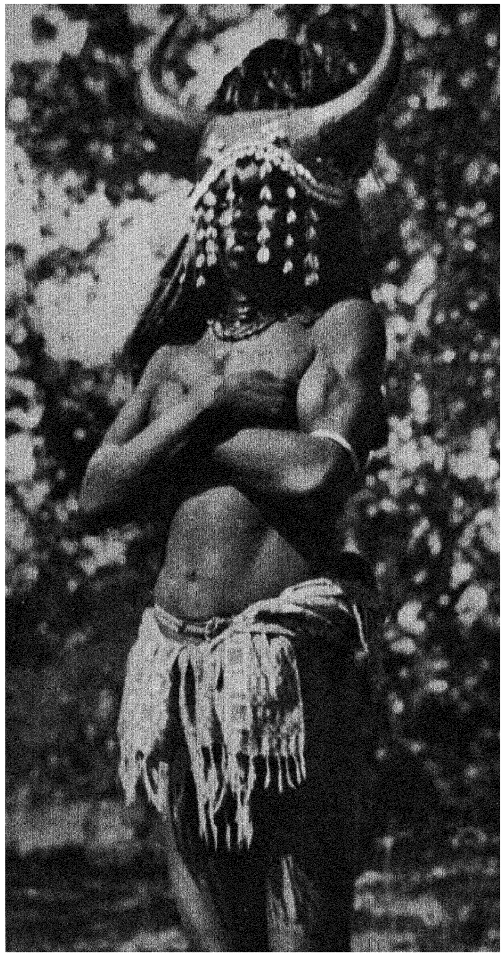
1 The Trident (stained with ochre to simulate blood) is a symbol among Pre-Dravidian people in Chota Nagpur. It is probably connected with fertility and the Sun which undoubtedly represents to these tribes an earlier god of generation



YOUNG MARIA GOND GIRLS
(Kalepal, Bastar State.) *P.* 172



MARIA GOND DANCERS
(Kalepal, Bastar State.) *P.* 173



MARIA GOND IN CEREMONIAL HEAD-DRESS OF BISON-HORNS AND FRINGE OF COWRIES
(Kilepal, Bastar State.) *Pp.* 170-173

When they leave, an elephant usually comes and destroys the whole village, crushing the huts with his immense paw. The Government are trying to stop this method dear to the ancient tribes by giving them five-eighths of an acre of land per person. The first village I visited was a permanent settlement on these lines.

There is a story that the Muthuvans come from the plains of Madura, but it must have been at least three hundred years ago for them to become such accomplished hillmen in the meantime. They trap animals most cleverly by an arrangement of a big bow with a cunning spring. They showed us elaborate basket traps made of fibre to catch fish; their only weapon is a billhook, with which they are most skilled.

There are three exogamous divisions of Muthuvans, Susanai Kuttam, Elli Kuttam and Kanaiyatha Kuttam. The headman belongs to a superior division called Mela Kuttam and he may only marry into the Kanaiyatha Kuttam. It is the custom to marry cousins, father's sister's or mother's brother's children, but no Muthuvan marries into his own Kuttam. The eldest male of the family goes to ask for a wife for the young man. The girl is given a *mundu* (cloth), a golden bamboo comb made by the bridegroom and two brass rings. The marriage ceremony is simple and the headman ties the marriage *tali* round the bride's neck. Marriage by capture, the ancient custom, is still sometimes practised; the young couple run away into the jungle and live together. A special hut is built for childbirth, fifteen yards out of the village, where the mother stays for fifteen days and only women may tend her.

The head of the village is a hereditary title, the descent is matriarchal, and the nephew is trained to succeed. These and many other details were explained to the Commissioner by the headman and interpreted to me. Thus I learnt many customs which I found later were more or less common in Travancore. The Muthuvans have a medicine man in the tribe, they told us, who knows all remedies and whose secrets are handed down from father to son. There is something growing in the jungle,

they said mysteriously, which will cure every ailment.

The Mannans, my next quarry, found on the lower slopes of High Range, and round Periyar District were a far less attractive tribe than the Muthuvans. They too, are supposed to have come from Madura, the heart of Tamil-speaking country. They liked the heat and settled down in the lower altitudes.

My first encounter with them was on the road to Alwaye from Devicolam, at a well built little village called Kumpanpura Kudy, close to the road. The huts were square, like pyramids thatched to a point; there were only four or five and a smaller one set apart for pollution. The village looked attractive as it lay at the bottom of a steep incline with great mountains behind.

The inhabitants treated my expected visit like a feast day and all dressed up in new stiff bazaar *saris* for the occasion. They were friendly and accessible and received me with smiles. I chose without hesitation as a woman model the sweetest little person with the widest possible cheeks. Her name was Papathi, which means "Butterfly." There were only twenty-four men, women and children in this tiny village. They were very loth to tell me the exact number, as it is considered unlucky to count the people.

The Mannans have two big exogamous divisions, Pancy Kudy and Arava Kudy. They, too, marry father's sisters and mother's brother's children, but there is no law against marrying in another village. Tamil is really their language, though they speak a dialect of their own to which it is difficult to put a name. They have the reputation of being the most musical of all the tribes of Travancore.

Mannans are better cultivators than Muthuvans; they grow *paddy*, *ragi* and coxcomb seeds. The men use a long pellet bow with which they hunt and shoot monkey, pig and other small animals. They are a trustworthy and hardworking people in every way; while I was there many were working on the roads.

When I visited the village I was taken to a small place of worship a little way from the village; the path did not look as if it were often used. There were some posts

against a rock roughly roofed, and, inside the rude shelter a bundle containing coins, of which everyone gives a little. On very special occasions they go on a pilgrimage to a temple on the way to Madura dedicated to the god Subramani, and here they make *puja* and give the money they have collected.

My chosen model readily promised to come and sit for me and it was arranged that the head of the village should bring her with a friend the next day. Some mistake was made about the bus and I waited impatiently and in vain for my model, while she waited much more patiently by the road side. When at last with the help of the Commissioner we were brought together it was late and she was worn out. She was so plucky, however, that she stood for me like a rock and posed as if she had been a Paris model all her life.

Papathi wore an enchanting little blouse with short sleeves tied in a knot in front and a *sari* draped over it; a bangle on each arm, very attractive ear-rings and a distinctive round coin hanging from each ear. All the women had very low brows, sleek hair parted in the middle, long narrow eyes and particularly wide faces. Their hair was fastened up in a loose lump formed by tucking in the ends, with tiny silver chains stretched across from ear to ear.

The men were dressed in shirts and clean short *dhotis* with a coloured border. They looked a sturdy little people, nearly all of them under five feet high. When I asked them to help me to find a representative type of Mannan, they could not understand what I was driving at. They opined that God made different faces and that there was nothing to do about it.

III

A pale yellow State car with a liveried chauffeur was sent to fetch me from High Range, and it was lent to me for the rest of my visit to Travancore. On arrival at Trivandrum, the capital, a long itinerary was put into my hand, as though I were on a Cook's tour. Everything

was very hurried and time for sculpture was not reckoned with at all. Meanwhile, the ethnological expert, the Master of the Art School and the head of the Museum, all waited upon me, sent by a zealous Government. I felt that my only hope was the Diwan, so I asked for an interview and, going to call upon him without delay, persuaded him to let me make my own sculpture arrangements.

Trivandrum is planned in a most original way. A wall and entrance gates make an enclosed fort, of which the temple, Sri Padmanadha dedicated to Vishnu, is the centre. From B.C. 200 there is said to have been a great Buddhist centre on this coast; it is believed that this vast and famous temple was built on the sacred place of Buddhist remains. The big Gopuram is weathered to a lovely colour, and the sculpture which covers it is much daintier and more interesting than most of the Southern Indian temples. The walls inside are covered with fine mural paintings; I was shown a beautiful copy of one in the Museum.

All the palaces of the Maharajas are built inside the fort and each Ruler on ascending the throne built himself a new one. The most ancient have perished as they were originally of wood but there are at least twenty left. One has been turned into a Museum with a collection of treasures formerly hidden away in deserted palaces.

An ancient genealogy I saw states that the Maharajas are all descended from Moona, a woman, hence the matriarchal system of inheritance. The heir to the throne is the eldest son of the Maharaja's sister. The full title of the present Ruler is Sri Chitra Tirunel Sir Rama Varma, who is entitled to a nineteen gun salute. His mother, the Maharani Setu Parvati Bayi, is a very great lady indeed.

The architecture of the coast fascinated me. From the smallest hut to the greatest palace every building has the peculiar curved roof and carved gable distinctive of Travancore. This architecture hints of China, but the reason may be a common need rather than an influence. In any case no one seems to know which is the older civilisation. From the fourth century there was a

Chinese Settlement in Quillon, though the only traces left of it are the extraordinary fishing nets and methods of catching fish in Cochin harbour. The Chinese came, no doubt, to study the wisdom of Buddha as well as to trade in the spices, ginger and peppers they were so much in need of.

Many are the distinctive habits of Travancore. They have their own coinage of twenty-eight chackrams to the rupee, but the minute and dainty silver coins are now in disuse. Dates, too, are all their own and hard to understand. The official year begins in August and the months are called after the signs of the Zodiac. Trivandrum keeps sun time, twenty-two and a half minutes slower than the rest of India.

The first tribe that I visited from Trivandrum, the Kanikars, were to be found near Poonmudi, a health resort with two sanatoria high up in the foothills behind the city. These desolate rocky mountains were only inhabited by the Kanikars and were wild and lonely in the extreme. The Kalar market which we passed on the road had been especially designed by the authorities to give the people an opportunity of selling their produce.

We stopped in search of possible types, but the crowd thronged about me so that I could not move nor think—European faces were evidently rare. A nearby Resthouse compound gave more space, and my guide, Krishna Iyer, the best authority on the tribes of Travancore, helped me to sort the multitude into groups and take photos.

The women were most attractive; they readily took off their dirty pieces of cloth and stood bare to the waist in rows. They measured an average of four feet six inches in height; their dainty features, small flat noses and round faces were rather Mongoloid in character. Their bosoms were covered with lovely beads in garlands, some with two long knotted strands between the breasts, and some arranged like a dog collar tight round the neck.

Kanikar men were not nearly so interesting, and my guide remarked that the women of the tribe were always truer to type. From many varied specimens I chose a man who had a long narrow head, receding forehead

and chin, wide nostrils and a good nose. He turned out to be a very happy selection and made a most interesting piece of sculpture. (See Appendix p. 256.)

Returning from the refreshing heights of Poonmudi, my Indian friend and I went in search of a Kanikar village. It was some miles off the main road and, after quite a long walk in the fading light through high jungle grass, we came at last to a clearing on a ridge of high ground. Here was the most picturesque village imaginable perched on the top. The huts were built with *eetha* and fastened with bamboo canes; some had a lean-to on one side. The roofs were thatched with tumbling leaves all white and dainty.

The Kanikar tribe are nomadic cultivators growing principally tobacco and *paddy* and the Government allows them, as is customary, five-eighths of an acre of land per person. The headman of the village proceeded to entertain us—the women, strangely enough, all vanished inside the huts.

He showed me their implements, a bill-hook, a bow and arrow, and a small pellet bow only used by the children. He showed us, too, how they make fire by friction with iron, flint and a bit of cotton in a small pot. Three or four men made music; their instrument, called a *kokra*, was a hollow piece of iron with an elongated aperture over which a bow consisting of another length of iron was passed to and fro; practically no sound resulted. The men then grouped together and sang a chant which was probably religious, or it may have been the history of the tribe and how they left the plains of Madura and came to Travancore.

The woman whom I chose in the bazaar was brought the next day by a policeman from her distant village. It was a long bus ride and she had never been so far from home before. Yet she was perfectly calm and collected and posed as if to the manner born. (See Appendix p, 257.)

IV

Of the many expeditions arranged for me the one to Cape Cormorin was the most interesting. The sea plays

a great part in the history and life of the State. The coat of arms of Travancore is a conch shell washed from the depths of the ocean at Cape Cormorin, set in the midst of the goddess Lachshmi and her attendant elephants.

The Land's End of the great Indian Peninsular is considered holy ground, and forms one of the seven sacred places of the Hindus. A vast temple dedicated to the goddess, Kanya Kumari, hidden by a wall twenty-five feet high, is placed at the very point of the Cape. Three seas meet at this most Southerly point. The grey waters of the Arabian Sea lap on the right, the blue sea of the Bay of Bengal on the left, and thundering over a rock straight in front of the temple comes the green Indian Ocean in a shower of spray. The sun sets and rises in the same sea, so vast is the horizon at Cape Cormorin.

On my way back we stopped at the old capital and fort of Padmana Bhapuram, the tutelary deity of the Royal family. In one of the old sixteenth century palaces some remarkable frescoes have recently been discovered. Up many steep staircases like ladders, we came at last to a long upper room. It was dimly lit, for the ten double wooden windows only open on to a balcony enclosed with slanting perforated screens. A great carved bed stands in the centre of the bare room, and above it are two beautiful hanging lamps. The whole of the wall space, some twelve feet high, is covered with frescoes as brilliant and fresh as the day they were painted. Soft tender reds predominated, touched up with blues and oyster whites. Gods and goddesses flame from the walls; a blue-green Durga on a greeny-blue horse with a white tail dances across a whole panel. Vishnu lying on the eternal serpent is painted at either end of the room, so that the saintly Maharaja who lived here might see him immediately on waking. Over the head of the god five cobras are hissing, with fierce black eyes, making a most decorative design. Dainty borders of fishes, geometrical patterns and twining lotus flowers divide the panels. The exterior of the palace is as striking as the inside with many elaborate gables and fine architecture; and above all these unusual and intriguing covered-in balconies.

The next district on my itinerary was Periyar Lake, where several rare aboriginal tribes are to be found. The roads in Travancore are very good for motoring, a necessity in a State with so few railways; waterways are the chief method of transport in the South. The only railway line runs from Trivandrum to Quilon, then turns inland to Shencotta, the frontier town some sixty-four miles away. Five tunnels had to be constructed under the Western ghats, and were often completely blocked by inquisitive elephants.

Our road out of Trivandrum was thick with people and their dwellings. The population is denser than in Lancashire. The Malayalam people live in the old community fashion, a group of huts enclosed in a mud wall thatched with cocoanut palm leaves to keep it dry, for the monsoon rainfall here is eighty-eight inches. The Malayalee is a perfect product of the plains. He plucks a cocoanut from the compound, dries a bit of pepper on his doorstep, grows tobacco in every available corner and feels rich. He asks nothing more of life, and cannot be induced to take to the tea estates where labour is needed so much. In addition to easy cultivation on the plains there is a long sea coast with miles of backwater and lakes for him to fish in. No one is in want in Travancore.

The huts on either side of the road were most artistic in line and shape. Mats covered with spices of all kinds, arrowroot, ginger, cardamoms and peppers, were spread in front of each home and narrowed our pathway so that we almost drove over them. There are many old "Rest awhile" stones for those who carry burdens on their heads.

My headquarters for Periyar Lake and work in the jungle were at the beautiful guesthouse on the high hills of Peermade. The Lake itself was twenty-five miles away in deep forest. Here was an ideal hunting ground for rare aboriginal tribes, as well as for bison and elephant, with a camera in the game preserve on the edge of Periyar Lake.

With the game warden as guide I took a motor boat from Thekady and spent a day on the Lake. It wound

in and out for twenty-one miles in length. We cruised round the little bays in the late afternoon and were rewarded by a good view of two herds and a singleton of bison. They were magnificent, rich red brown in colour with immense horns. We steered straight for the bank, then stopped the engine and gazed without moving an eyelash. I cannot imagine why they did not charge us, we were so close to them. But instead of that they stared hard, grazed again indifferently, then, as if suspecting something, the bull with a blood-curdling bellow dashed back into the undergrowth, followed by the rest of the herd.

To find the Ooralies, a most interesting tribe in the Periyar District, we had to go by boat across the Lake. Their villages are always built on a hillside, and the huts very scattered. In the one we scrambled up to see, there were about fourteen huts, some quite half a mile distant, with little paths leading from one to the other. The greater number were built in the tree tops as a precaution against elephant, the terror of all hill tribes. The cooking and work were done on the ground floor huts, which were large, rectangular in shape and well constructed. Inside were some good firebricks for cooking, pestles and mortars for grinding and lots of pretty baskets made of a special rattan.

The tree houses were firmly built of *eetha* posts and leaf thatch with a strong double ladder leading up to them. They were thirty or forty feet high and placed only in big safe trees. Anything more pleasing than the Ooralie homestead, in the midst of this wild and luxuriant jungle, cannot be imagined. Their cultivation consisted of sweet potatoes, *paddy* and tobacco, the latter being spread out to dry in front of the huts. The Tribe do not move about; they build with care and establish themselves.

I sat on a mat placed in the shade of one of the large huts, watching the village people and asking questions through a young Eurasian Game Warden, who made an excellent interpreter. When we asked them about their *puja*, a question which usually brings out some-

thing interesting, they replied that they had three beliefs, the Hindu god Ayapan, the spirits of the forests, and the worship of their ancestors. Like the Mannans, they take gifts of money, cocoanut and *arrack* and leave them for a while under a tree; finally the money goes to a temple god.

It was hot under the hut eaves and the choice of models was perplexing. Twenty-five to thirty people inhabited this village, and others from a neighbouring cluster of huts had been brought in for me to look at. The women were astonishingly pretty with small solid faces and slightly wavy hair. One group had a Grecian band round their foreheads made of the inside of the *eetha* cane. It shone like gold, and was tied in a tiny knot above the teapot-handle-shaped twist of hair. They all wore three drab cloths, one wrapped round the waist, one passed under the left arm and knotted over the right shoulder, and the other as a sort of cloak for going out, knotted round the neck. In this odd garment the babies or bundles of possessions were tied.

Round the neck quantities of very heavy bead strings were worn, great clusters of them making a handsome decoration. In front a number of amusing knick-knacks were hanging on, even English safety pins, and a little bamboo comb in the shape of a spade with a pattern burnt on it. From twenty to thirty brass or gilt bangles covered their arms from wrist to shoulder; I counted these, to their great amusement. Women could always be approached by admiration of their dress and jewellery.

The village headman did all the talking. He sang a hymn, too, in a rather quavering voice, but the others were too shy to join in. He sang in their own dialect which the young men no longer understand, for they speak a mixture of Malayalam. The Ooralies have no dance of their own, he told me, but have lately adopted a Tamil dance which they perform with much spirit. I asked him how he administered justice in the village. Very lightly he answered, only scolding or thrashing the young.

The Ooralies are divided into eight exogamous clans or groups and they may not marry in their own clan. The names are Vetti Kaillam, Enna Kobiyar, Mana Kuttam, Kana Kuttam, Periyarda Kuttum, Voriyar Kuttam, Veniyar Kuttam and Kodiyar Jannam. They appear to be the only tribe in Travancore who do not have cross-cousin marriages or matriarchal descent. Their marriage laws are, I believe, unique and are on the principle of exchange. If a man has a sister he can get him a wife, if two sisters—two wives. If he has no sister he stands a very poor chance of getting married at all. The man chooses a wife from another clan, goes to fetch her to his village and leaves his sister in exchange. She will act as daughter in his bride's house, and the bride's uncle will have authority over her and marry her to anyone he pleases.

I chose a woman from the group who wore Grecian bands in their hair. She was a beautiful type for sculpture but for safety, I made a second choice as well. It was fortunate that I did so for the first never appeared. A message was sent to me that the custom of women was upon her and she was banished to a tree hut for many days. The other girl had pretty features but not the character of my lost model, so my disappointment was great. The boy whom I took as a model showed negroid type very clearly. He had round, frizzy tufts of black hair all over his head but, unfortunately, it had been cut short.

A few days later we paddled across a corner of Periyar Lake in a primitive boat hollowed out of a tree trunk, this time to visit a village of the Palayan tribe. On landing we walked a mile along a tiny track through dense jungle and high grass. The village was built on a ridge of the hill and consisted of twenty-three huts, placed in an irregular line close together, in which about eighty people lived.

My visit was evidently a great event and the Palayans all came forward to greet me with much ceremony. They had been warned to be in readiness by the Game Warden, and had built a seat for me with a canopy over the top all decorated with flags. At first I took it to be a *puja*

celebration; this was the first time my comfort had been considered so carefully.

There seemed to be two distinct types among the men, one very effeminate-looking with floppy hair, the other with a slightly negroid appearance so often visible in the South. The women were all alike, with extraordinarily low foreheads, full lips and flat wide nostrils. Many of them wore under bodices instead of the usual *sari* with one shoulder left bare. Being nearer to mixtures and civilisation than the Ooralies, they were dressed in many colours. Their ornaments were only thin brass necklaces and a brass bangle or two—no beads.

All the huts were small and square, made of *eetha* and thatched with grass. I looked inside one, and saw cooking bricks, a good grindstone, many pots and a cot which they never seem to sleep on, but which is used more commonly as a bench. The Palayans worship the forest goddess, Maladevita. They assemble round a *peepal* tree three miles away, where their ancestors have always worshipped; they kill a goat at the shrine and cook and eat it on the spot. This *puja* takes place once a year, and all the Palayans living in different villages assemble at the same place. After the sacrifice and worship, the spirit of the goddess is supposed to enter the body of one of the men present, and he becomes possessed and dances and blesses the assembly. Many of these stories were told me as I sat under my canopy in the cool.

Two women came back with us quite willingly. Velaschi, the one I started to model without delay, became very tired of standing, said she had left a crying baby without food and began to beg, which is very unusual. She came back the next day, however, quite recovered and looking fresh and lovely. Her hair, a natural Marcel wave, was all decked with roses. I settled down with zest to make a great composition. All went well for the first sitting, then to give her a rest I took my other model, the Ooralie woman. Velaschi got bored and seeking amusement went down to the edge of the Lake and washed her raven locks. She came back to pose for me looking the wildest of witches and I lost my temper. It was hours before her

hair was dry and I was able to work upon the head again.

All the heads had to be carried back on my knee to cast in plaster at the bungalow. The shaking of the journey was a great strain on the armature and clay model. As usual I was working with two kinds of clay, the sticky French clay and the English white variety, partly because the change of colour was restful when I was making two heads at once. But, alas, I made the Ooralie boy's head with the English clay, much more difficult stuff to handle, and when I was ready to cast it I found that the head had dropped to bits, and the face had fallen into the cloth that wrapped it round. I only saved my work with great difficulty by fastening the front on again with long pieces of wire. I had no expert help and was distracted. Somehow it held together while I cast it, but the portrait suffered and never looked quite the same again.

V

I had combed unsuccessfully right through the Anamalais Hills during my visit there for a negroid type of Kadar that I knew existed. Now I decided that I would have to go further and explore the forests of Cochin. An introduction kindly given to me by the Governor of Madras brought an invitation from the Prime Minister of Cochin for me to go there as their guest.

After Peermade and the lovely Lake I left for Ernakulam, the capital, and started at once on a new hunt for Kadars, with everyone helping me most efficiently. At first the Government planned that I should go into the forest with my clay and tools; this would have been a real jungle expedition and an unforgetable experience, but at the last moment, much to my bitter disappointment, it was forbidden. I never found out the real reason why. However, two Kadar men vouched for by the authorities as exactly the types I was seeking, were sent for to meet me at Trichur.

My feelings were indescribable when I first saw these wild men; I never knew that such perfect negroid types existed out of Africa. They were very dark-skinned and

had beautiful, shiny bodies. They wore short *dhotis*, probably only put on for my benefit. Their front teeth were clipped into points, which is a custom of the tribe, when the men reach the age of fourteen. When I asked them why they did this, they replied that it was in order to appear more beautiful. They probably did not know that it is a relic of cannibalism. The one I chose without hesitation had an uncut mass of natural frizzy hair, and was perfect in every way. He stood patiently without moving for hours, impassive and expressionless, a bronze statue in himself. When he went to get his rice in the bazaar, he tied up his lovely wild hair in a tight knot because he was ashamed of it.

It had been easy to visit the Kadar villages on the Anamalais, though Cochin forest was barred to me. I consoled myself by realising that as the two districts touch, the villages are probably much alike. The Anamalais Hills look right over Cochin and Travancore but there is no road down on that side. The villages that I photographed on the hills varied very much in size. One consisted of only two huts, another had six, but they were all on a small scale. There were five couples with quantities of children in the latter. The huts were very lightly built with *eetha* leaves, which make a most decorative effect.

Kadars move about frequently; if one of them dies they always vacate the village though they do not necessarily go very far away. A funeral lasts from one to four days, and they play drums and flutes all the time to call the rest of the tribe from the furthest corners of the forest. The flute is of their own making, a special shape in reed or bamboo.

This tribe carry everything on the small of their backs like the Muthuvans; their loads which they tie on with fibre are far heavier than their own weight. The women look very attractive with babies slung on their backs.

Cousins never marry each other in the Kadar tribe, who look for their wives outside their own villages. The bride-price varies from twenty to thirty rupees, and this sum includes the cost of the wedding feast. The

bridegroom gives the bride a bamboo comb to stick in her hair, and each comb is of a different design. The women wear draped *saris*, leaving the right shoulder bare. Many strings of beads are worn, gold bangles are on their tiny wrists their ear-rings have a bunch of hearts on the top and a round shell-like disc on the lobe.

Some of the Kadars follow Hinduism in part and worship Vanathavatha, the god of the land. They build a hut for the god on the same pattern as their own, with a stone inside for the altar. Every evening they make a *puja*, taking gifts of plantain and cocoanut. One group on the Anamalais told me that they worshipped round a circle of tiny brass bells placed on the ground and that their fathers and grandfathers had done the same. Possibly each group has its own ritual.

Kadars cannot work, for they are of no use whatever for cultivation and only clever with a bill-hook. They make a scanty living by gathering the forest produce, especially wild cardamoms, to sell to planters on the estates. They collect honey and beeswax from giddy heights by smoking out the bees. They are paid for these products in opium as well as money. The old men love the drug better than gold, but the younger ones are rapidly giving it up. The ration for a man is two annas of opium per week.

An independent and sturdy little people, they come and go as they please and are content with very little. *Paddy* and *ragi* with occasional game are their principal foods; they never touch bison or meat of any kind. The Kadar language is still spoken in the villages mixed with a bad Tamil patois which they talk in funny sing-song voices, ending in a high note.

VI

The varied people one meets on the Malabar Coast are part of its fascination. The Malayalams themselves are a fine-looking race with long, narrow faces, who wear immense hats like the Chinese. The Moplats are of Arab descent and can be distinguished by their dress. The Syrian Christians seem to have been on this coast

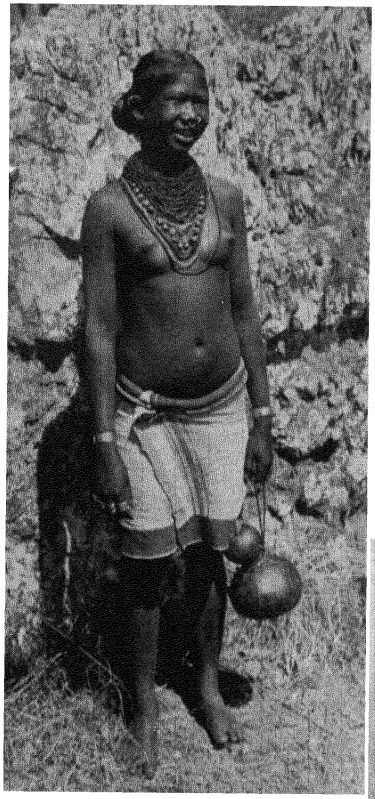
since 52 A.D.; there are many early Christian relics connected with the belief that Saint Thomas visited Travancore. Tamils are always to be seen on the road to the Cape, for this is ancient Pallava country. The women wear many rings in their stretched ear-lobes; before marriage the rings are made of brass and after marriage of silver.

Most interesting of all are the Nayars, only to be found in Cochin and Travancore. They are considered to be the original inhabitants, and their picturesque houses are built in a style peculiar to themselves, and many have serpent groves in their walled-in gardens. Are these the Indian people, I wonder, who migrated to Indo-China, Java and Bali, taking with them the ancient dances, Indian legends and snake worship?

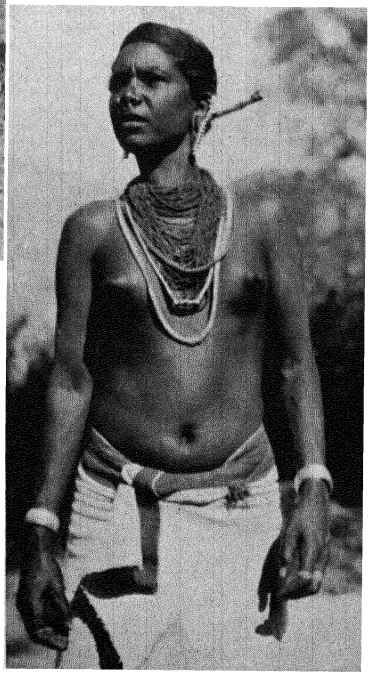
I modelled a beautiful Nayar girl (all the best families are Nayar), persuading her with some difficulty to twist her hair on the very top of her head into a half moon shape or cobra's head. She had become modern and hated the ancient headdress and all the old customs.

After much palaver I secured a Nambuteri Brahman to sit for me. A sentence in Doctor Haddon's book about the possible connection with "the anomalous Toda" made me anxious to study them. My Nambuteri wore a beard certainly, but it was in fulfilment of a vow. They are usually shaved and I did not find any facial resemblance to the Todas in the ones I met. Their women are the only people in *purdah* in the State, and when walking out they hold up immense and elaborate parasols to hide their faces.

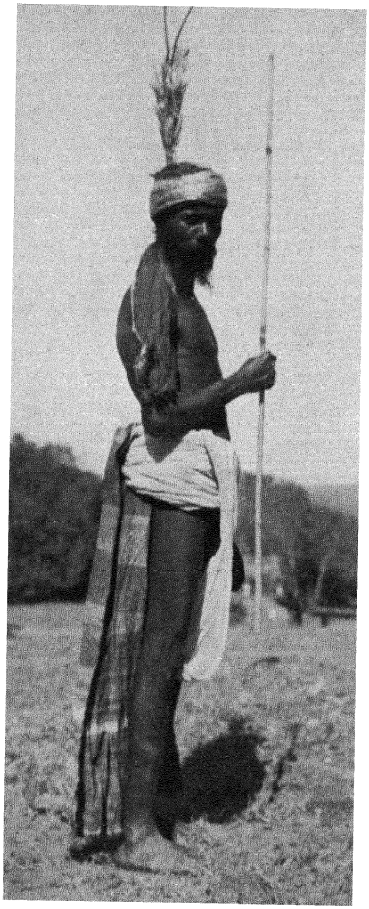
Out of respect to my holy model I put up a big screen to prevent prying eyes watching us while we worked. A terrible hot wind (my enemy everywhere) came in great gusts and knocked it over. The clay head went with it. It was impossible to pick up the pieces, as the head was bruised out of shape and full of grit. I picked up my courage instead and reconstructed the head from the measurements I had taken and noted down. The model was loth to pose for an extra day or so; it was difficult to persuade him that this was more important than the



BUDI, MY ANGDA VILLAGE MODEL
(Saora Tribe, Serango.)
P. 180



A SAORA VILLAGE BEAUTY
(Serango, Parlakimedi.) *P.* 180



OLD KHOND MAN IN ANCIENT COSTUME
(Khondmals.) *P.* 192

MY KHOND MODEL AND A FRIEND.
They are deeply tattooed.
(Khondmals.) *P.* 192

temple, but he was dazzled with five rupees. My second effort never came up to the first.

The Government are doing much for the Backward Classes in Cochin and I was taken by officials in charge of this department to see many settlements of neat mud huts thatched with palm leaves and raised from the ground. Each family had a piece of land and complete privacy. The settlements were inhabited for the most part by Vettuvans, Nyadis and a sprinkling of Pullyars.

The Vettuvan men were very nondescript and I gave up the attempt of getting an interesting head. The women, on the contrary, were quite amusing and all alike, though they were becoming too civilised to remain true to type. The correct dress of the South is really a waist cloth worn below the navel and no upper garment, while the hair should be tied on the top of the head in a lump. One meets all the poor people dressed this way on the roads to Cochin. The men originally all wore a tuft of hair in front and tied it in a knot hanging over one eye.

I found it very difficult to get any information about the Vettuvans, who evidently wanted to forget their past history. The mother of the family wept copiously when I asked questions. She said that they had always lived on the plains, but as their name means "hunter" they must have come from the hills originally and forgotten the fact. Until quite recently they were agricultural serfs under landlords who only paid them in kind. The Government have now freed them from this slavery.

Vettuvans have two religious beliefs, the Hindu god to whom they make *puja* regularly in the courtyard, and the animistic beliefs of their ancestors in which fears of demons are strong. They have a kind of devil dance of their own which is given at special festivals, and they have elaborated funeral ceremonies lasting fifteen days in which ancestor worship is included. The bride-price depends on the wealth of the family, and ranges from fifteen rupees upwards. The Vettuvan may marry two wives, but never marries a relation. The girl who sat for me had an interesting face, a flat straight nose, wide cheeks, low brow and full lips. She was very tiresome,

however, about putting her hair up in what I considered was the proper way. I had to hide her in my room while she constructed the high knot I admired so much, for she said she felt degraded.

My hunt for Nyadis was a complete failure. Their huts were always empty because they spent their day begging in the bazaars. At last, after miles of walking in the heat and vainly searching in different settlements, we came upon a group by accident walking on the road. They wore the funniest little baskets on their heads to shade them from the sun.

I secured a model who, I hoped, was typical and carried her and her family back to my headquarters in a car. The girl was too young and too frightened to pose and would not keep still a moment. When I scolded her she dissolved into tears so I gave up the attempt. I ought to have tried the mother, but by that time my waning courage had departed. It is hard to be interested in a dying out, dirty and depressed tribe for the purposes of sculpture. But when I got back to Madras and found the anthropologists of the Museum enthusiastic about studying this tribe, I realised that I had lost an opportunity.

In Cochin I was always torn between the desire to study the creations of real artists and making my own. Through a temple entrance just opposite the landing stage of the port, there was a mixture of buildings of special interest. An ancient temple with its curious round, copper-tiled Holy of Holies charmed me. The White Jewish Synagogue was beyond it and there was a famous Palace up a steep flight of steps to the right. I went many times to worship in front of the mural paintings inside the Palace. No doubt in other temples, especially those that I could not enter, the line of development can be traced straight from early Ajanta to these fine sixteenth century paintings of Travancore and Cochin, but I have never come across them. Four rooms in this palace are decorated with amazing murals; the whole of one wall is dedicated to the battle of Rama and the monkey men. There are some beautiful figures and designs like the richest kind of tapestry. In another lower room I found

a frank and lovely picture in a wholly different style. At the top of the panel were the loves of the gods which was not new to me; but underneath a truly sylvan scene was portrayed—the loves of all the animals, even elephants in couples, billing, cooing and mating.

VII

Before I left the South I drove back to Trivandrum in order to be present at an important Indian Conference. Scientific papers on many subjects and brilliant speeches by the Maharaja and the Diwan were the order of the day. But the high spot of the whole Conference was a garden party at the Palace. Their Highnesses received us all individually and conversed with hundreds of guests.

Dancing and musical entertainments were being given in the garden. In one Pavilion a Malayalam warrior was executing a folk dance of very early origin. His face was painted green, his headdress was gorgeous, his full skirt was all arranged in pleats and loops. He sang and gesticulated as one possessed with extraordinary magnetism and spirit, and never once stopped to take breath.

The great event of the evening was the famous *Kathakali* (literally—story play), the ancient dance of Malabar. The troop of dancers belonged to the Palace and had come from all parts of the State to perform.

It is impossible to describe the beauty of the *Kathakali*. It is always given after sunset and usually goes on all night. It is played by the light of the flares of temple lamps, for it is the sacred dance of the gods. The lamps were five feet high and lit up the whole of the tiny stage. Drop curtains there were none, but what appeared to be a large coloured silk handkerchief was held up behind the lamps by two men. It was removed and the play began.

There were never more than three actors at a time on the stage. The musicians sang the story and connected up the scenes. The actors in vivid and startling costumes and make-up, acted this unique language dance of gesture and facial expression. They wore no masks but their faces

were made up with rice flour paste. Noses were altered, chins lengthened, wrinkles added; yet the muscles of the face were left free for the play of expression, the most important part of the dance. A line was drawn round the faces which were painted green, red or black. The mouths were outlined finely and extravagantly, the eyebrows soared upwards and the lines round the eyes were just like the old wall paintings. It was as if the dancers had emerged from the wonderful murals that I had seen.

There is much to be studied in these ancient dances of India. They are intellectual as well as emotional, and form a complete language full of deep meaning. Facial expressions depict all the nine emotions, hand gestures give the twenty-four principal *mudras*. Hundreds of different dancing movements combine in creating an acted dance rhythm which has been developed on the Malabar Coast for countless centuries.

CHAPTER VII

THE GONDS AND BAIGAS

MADRAS TO NAGPUR - VERRIER ELWIN'S ASHRAM - THE GOND VILLAGE - FUNERAL AND WEDDING - A BAIGA VILLAGE

After a journey of a day and a night I arrived at Madras again, where the ever friendly Y.W.C.A. took me in and cared for me. Here I dealt wearily with an overwhelming mass of correspondence. No sooner had I arrived in one State or Province, than I had to make exhaustive plans to leave it and arrange the next item on my itinerary. It was necessary also to write letters of thanks to the State and many friends I had just left. Apart from letter-writing business of all kinds needed attention. Madras, Cochin and Calcutta were now my chosen ports, and I had arranged with T. Cook and Sons to ship cases of clay and plaster to each. The goods were then forwarded to me as I needed them. In all these months of work I had somehow achieved to have clay and plaster where and when I wanted it. As a precaution I carried sufficient dry clay with me to make one head, so as not to lose time on arrival at a new centre. It was always a fearful race with time.

From Madras I took the train to Nagpur, where I had an invitation to stay at Government House, and the luxury and peace of my visit saved me from a break-down. After this much-needed interlude, I journeyed easily and hopefully to Jubbelpore en route for Verrier Elwin's Settlement.

I had met Verrier Elwin in London at one of my Exhibitions. There I learnt about his social work among the Gonds and Baigas, and of his Indian colleague, Shamrao Hyvali. When he heard of my great interest in anthropology, he gave me a pressing invitation to visit him at

Sadwachhapper in the Mandla District. "Come to my village," he said, "and I will show you beautiful Gonds."

At Jubbelpore I made friends with Mr. Grigson, Commissioner of the District and author of a splendid monograph on the Maria Gonds of Bastar. He chartered a motor car for me and speeded me on my way to Elwin's far distant village. The friendly hotel people did all my shopping for me, for I needed vegetables, bread and medicines to take to the Ashram. As usual I started off at sunrise in a dangerously overloaded car. It was bitterly cold after the damp heat of the South, and the country we passed through consisted of wild and lonely jungle. "Here tiger walk," said my chauffeur suddenly. He was a man of few words. The scenery was unusual; we crossed many little plains surrounded by low hills which we climbed only to find another valley and another ascent. There was practically no cultivation. Bullock carts were camping on the road side or starting off on a trek. Groups of Lamani people, the gipsies of India, passed us with their caravans of ponies and buffaloes. It was all entirely different from Southern India. The going went from bad to worse. We descended frighteningly steep hills and crossed deep river beds where I held my breath for fear we should get stuck in the mud.

At last at 1 p.m. to my relief we were met by Shamrao Havali from the Ashram. I changed into his car, thankful to leave my surly chauffeur who, I felt, might refuse to go further at any moment. Here the route became a mere track through fields with occasional glimpses of forest framed in low blue hills to break the monotony. We went bumping along at two miles per hour, arriving eventually about 5 p.m. at Sadwachhapper, our destination.

Verrier Elwin rushed to meet us the moment the car stopped. He took both my hands in his and gave me a hearty welcome so that soon I felt I had known him all my life instead of during two chance meetings in London. Tall, fair, broadshouldered, with bare feet and long white legs, he made a great contrast to Shamrao, who was short, thickset and dark. The villagers, who are devoted

to them, have christened them "Burabhai and Chotabhai," big and little brothers of the Gonds.

I was surprised to see only a few thatched huts at different levels, but realised later that this was only a small section of a big, straggling village in many parts. The guest hut where I was duly installed was built by the Gonds themselves and was typical of their clever architecture. It consisted of one big room with a corner partitioned off for my bed. The walls were made of bamboo lath and mud and covered with a white-wash to make it look smart. The Gonds are great artists in decoration; there was a hint of gothic in the mouldings and the designs of men and animals on the panels were amazing in life and line. Air came through the room by means of holes in rows six feet from the ground, oblong in shape and placed close together. The light that came through them was almost nil and my "palace" was lit "with dim religious light." There was a long refectory table where we three had meals. An Indian mat, a tiger skin, chairs and stools completed the furniture. The double wooden door opened on to a wide verandah sloping outwards. The thatched roof, held up by a dozen posts, came low down over it. I felt sure that if I put my weight too near the edge it would collapse.

The hut faced West and the sun set behind a long line of hills covered with jungle. Only two thatched roofs were visible from my verandah and all around me was wild growth and scrub. Behind the village was a tree-covered hill which protected us from the wind. It was full of bears, pigs and tigers, but I slept alone most trustfully. My bathroom door, which opened right on to the jungle, was casually tied with a bit of string. The carved door into my bedroom had no fastener and was just pushed shut. It could as easily have been pushed open. The lozenge-shaped windows were too small, I hoped, for wild beasts. Evenings and mornings were cold and fresh and it was a pleasant change to need blankets.

My arrival was a great event in this small community. The villagers came in large groups to greet me; once at least fifty at a time clambered up on to my doorstep

and verandah. The older and more important members of the village gave me coconuts with great solemnity. The younger villagers threw garlands of smelly marigolds round my neck until I felt like a temple god. They embraced my feet, touching both of them in turn and then my forehead, saying, "Sita Ram, Sita Ram, Sita Ram-Ram-Ram"—the familiar greeting here, and the names of two gods.

A little maid was given to me for my very own; her name was Dimrin; her wages six rupees per month. She mothered me, massaged my tired arms and never left me, taking my hand and leading me about in the most protective manner. She was a Hindu of the fisher caste, but wore Gond ornaments. Her silver headdress was most becoming, a silver band on either side of her face ending in massive pointed earrings with hanging chains. There were strings of rupees round her neck and arms and heavy silver anklets on her feet.

Very soon Dimrin became so attached to me that she insisted on becoming my "Jawara," a title of friendship among the Gonds. There are three different kinds, the Mahaprasad, the Sakhi and the Jawara, which is the least solemn and binding. The ceremony took place one evening at sunset and was witnessed by a crowd of villagers. A sacred circle and pattern in chalk was made in the centre; Dimrin and I sat on the floor opposite each other, holding a tray of miscellaneous oddments such as rice, *saris*, necklaces and so forth. We had to exchange the tray three times, put on the *saris* (this was very amusing), embrace and perform many rituals three times, calling each other Jawara as we did so. After this we were pledged to call each other Jawara whenever we met and never use our ordinary names again. I was rather upset to find that the ceremony with Dimrin included her husband, for I did not feel Jawara-like to him at all.

At the first opportunity Verrier took me to visit the leper village. It originally came into being because two lepers walked in one day and said: "We have heard that you are a kind and charitable man and so we have come to live with you." After reading Verrier's moving and

touching little book called "Phulmat of the Hills,"[1] I understood so much better this dread and terrible disease which attacks old and young alike, even beautiful girls and young innocent children.

All the lepers came out of their huts to greet us. I advanced to shake hands with them, but was quickly prevented by Verrier. Some were ravaged and swollen and terrible to look at; with some, one could not tell that anything was wrong. They accepted their awful fate with patience and seemed happy and content. The huts were fenced off with a little garden each, the yard was swept and clean. As we stayed and chatted with them, the gathering darkness kindly hid their deformities and the sunset light behind the hills made everything radiantly beautiful.

So much happened in the village that I was torn in two by the fear of missing something and the desire to do my sculpture. I made the verandah my studio as well as the path in front of the hut, and worked on two typical Gondins that Verrier found for me. It is extremely difficult to make women pose and my Gond hunt in the Deccan had produced none.

My first model was Jethia, a most attractive young woman who made eyes at every man she met. She had had six husbands and her present one was furious with her for posing for me. At this she threatened to leave him and go back to the last but one. He capitulated at once and gave her a handsome present of a *sutia* to calm her and said that she could sit for the English lady as long as she liked. Her face was very pretty and rather unusual, being slightly Mongolian looking.

My next model was Singaru, the second heroine of "Phulmat of the Hills." She, too, was in trouble over a husband and had just divorced him. She sat for me with her clever little baby in her arms all the time. Babies are so old and wise in India. He hung on to her breast, but never ceased to watch me with suspicion. Singaru was the opposite type to Jethia, with a long face, rather coarse features and a sweet expression. She made a decorative

[1] *Phulmat of the Hills* by Verrier Elwin (John Murray).

bust with her lump of hair stuck with pompoms and chains of rupees round her neck. The man model I tried to do was less successful, for he was very conceited and annoyed me. His features, strangely enough, were almost identical with the Gond I made in Adilabad, so I gave up the attempt as not being worth while.

If I got into any difficulties through my lack of language, I had only to call Burabhai or Chotabhai, and one of them would rush to my rescue. I was touched always with the spirit of love and friendliness in the village and Verrier's Gond embrace of even the dirty old woman who came every morning to clean my lavatory.

The Gonds and Baigas are so much together in this District that I found it difficult to distinguish them. But one thing I discovered—the typical Baiga is always laughing and jolly and the Gond heavy and dull. During my stay a great Baiga festival was arranged partly for my benefit and partly because of the book on the Baiga that Verrier Elwin was just finishing.[1] Four villages came from far away in their gala dress, and when a Baiga dresses up it is a grand sight. The men have an unusual way of rolling their puggrees. They looked like Italian wandering minstrels with all sorts of waving feathers in their hair, and heaps of beads and ear-rings. The young girls were charming, too, with their hair twisted with coloured wools and interlaced with cowries and rings. Their heads were a waving mass of feathery looking bamboo ornaments, and they wore loads of beads and immense round silver ear-rings like discs.

Dancing on the green was the great entertainment. The villages all had different steps and formed groups. The drummers scratched with their feet like fowls, then jumped with both feet round and round, and half stooping did a really Russian turn. Verrier and Shamrao danced with them and caused much merriment. One group advanced and retired like an old English dance; another knelt and clapped hands and sang; they had *tiskis* in their hands. I watched them dancing for hours. At sunset bright orange and many coloured shawls appeared

[1] *The Baiga* by Verrier Elwin (John Murray, 1939).

and added to the picture. Liquor was passed round in little brass pots and leaf cups, and the fun waxed fast and furious. Everyone walked about, a little drunk and very happy. Babies slung on mothers' backs fell asleep, rocked with the movement of the dance.

But the village was full of terrible contrasts. In the midst of all this gaiety only a stone's throw away, a young Gond girl lay dying. When Verrier found out about it he stopped the dance, and we went to try to comfort the poor family. None of us could find out what the illness was, she was unconscious and past all hope. At 5 p.m. she passed away. The girl was married, though only fifteen years old; her husband was away and the mother and grandmother were almost demented with grief. I sat in the little courtyard and wept with them.

We finished the day with a sad little funeral at the dead of night. Half an hour after death they rolled the body in a white cloth and laid it on an improvised stretcher—the cot turned upside down. We made a straggling little procession along a narrow winding path. Women are really not allowed at funerals but I, being a foreigner, did not count. We kept our feet with difficulty across the jungle tracks. The Gonds never bring a light on the way; they use a flare at the graveside. At last we arrived at the boundary of the village and turned into dark forest. There under the thick trees the grave was dug, long and narrow and not deeper than a man's waist. It was dug with a crow bar, four men taking turns and the others squatting in a circle. When they had scooped all the earth out with their hands, a small fistful of it was taken to the mother by two men running.

The little corpse was carried round the grave three times, after which the men hesitated and twisted about, in order to deceive any evil spirits lurking near, before lowering the body into the ground. The bed was then hit hard, only one blow being allowed; it broke at once into two pieces and this is considered very lucky in Gond belief. The earth was shovelled on with many hands and well prodded with the crow bar, then more earth and more beating always to the magic number

of three. At the end the grave came level with the earth around it, a good sign for it meant that the victim died of an accident but not of witchcraft. To complete the ritual the crow bar was thrown thrice across the grave.

Ten days later we went to see one of the many ceremonies of the wedding of our butler, Pagu, a Panka with such a funny face that I was obliged to model him. As we walked to the wedding square (the Gonds all live in little squares), we passed the home of the young and beautiful girl who had died. On this, the tenth day after the funeral, the family were beating drums, feasting and drinking, after first bathing in the sacred Narbudda River. The ceremony is simple for a young girl, but if it had been a more important death they would have performed strange rituals such as marrying the spirit so that it should not be lonely.

We passed on to the wedding square where we witnessed a curious performance. An old Gond priest was squatting on the floor near a brass pot of water decorated with beads and rings. After an oil lamp with a floating wick was lit he took two sticks in his hand which he broke into even lengths and which are supposed to alter their length by magic. All kinds of questions were asked relating to the marriage and two grains of rice were dropped into the water pot after each question. If they came together lengthways the answer was yes, if they touched in a different way the answer was no. It was very like table rapping, but none of the wedding folk seemed to bother about it at all. Only the old Gond priest said his prayers devoutly, watched curiously by our three selves and a few children.

One night we went out to dine with the old Mahunt of Sadwachhapper, a kind of priest, a very high caste Hindu. He lived with his wife in a distant part of the village, and I found it a strenuous walk over steep and stony paths. I had to observe all the Hindu ceremonial, taking my shoes off before entering the house and washing my hands before eating. We three visitors sat on the floor in a corner and ate with our fingers out of little brass bowls, all very dainty and prettily served. The

cooking was vegetarian, of course, and some of it most delicious, though not so good, I thought, as our venison. I was relieved to find that we were not supposed to eat all the masses of sweet rice and a queer sour mixture put on the little trays in front of us. I would not have hurt the feelings of our host and hostess for the world, but after the meal one felt very replete.

It was a dull dinner party. The wife hardly ever appeared except with food and the old man sat on the floor opposite us and watched us eating but said nothing. Verrier explained to me that another man from another village had to be employed to clear away the remains of our meal and the dishes we had eaten out of. We were unclean to these high caste Hindus. These customs are hard to understand.

II

Verrier Elwin wanted some more details for his book, and also to show me the unique village of the Baigas at Bohi, so together we journeyed across the Maikal Hills, still further away from any civilisation. No white woman had ever been there, and it was only rarely visited by a Forest Officer or the Commissioner. I am uncertain about the distance we covered in the car as the roads were so impassable that we thought it good going to make five miles per hour. We were heavily loaded as we had to take a cook and bedding for three, and I felt very worried about my weight.

From the Ashram it took two hours to arrive at the main road, which, when we reached it, seemed little better. The scenery was lovely in a way peculiar to the Central Provinces; no high mountains here, only long lines of blue distance with pretty little pointed hills. Two dominant landmarks are called "Lingo and Dhuti," the giant's baskets. The story runs that once upon a time a giant going a long journey was carrying two heavy baskets and became so tired that he put them down. And here they are; the Dhuti is exactly the same shape as the Baiga fish basket of today.

Rain had damaged an already bad road. We crossed a tributary of the sacred Narbudda, a great dark cutting with torrents of watér rushing through. Our way led over a grand *ghat* covered with bamboo and wild jungle with *sal* trees growing high beyond. There were forests as far as eye could see far away into the blue horizon until the hills melted into the sky. The road twisted and turned dangerously; deep gullies and huge boulders barred our progress; little streams made deep mud holes; buffalo carts were hard to pass. Half way up the hill there was a huge rock called "Sidhibaba." When the natives come this way, they make an offering of a coconut to the god and guardian of the hill.

Baiga Basket (Dhuti)

Our first objective was Amerdob, a "Bhina" Baiga village. They usually have wide courts, but this one consisted of many squares like the Gond pattern and neatly fenced. The huts were made of white mud, carved like those of the Gonds, with sides made of bamboo lath like basket work. We sat with the villagers and examined everything. It was interesting to see the way Verrier tackled the people and gained their confidence.

I peeped into the entrance of some of the huts; if I had penetrated too far inside they would have been worried about their food and cooking pots. Each hut had a pigsty of its own like a dog kennel with a dirty black family pig in it. They are the scavengers of the village and keep everything spotless. All the women were working, one tying the fringe of a *sari* with red and white; another threading fine beads in rows to make a necklace. One was drying *katka* seeds in the sun and another grinding *murria* seeds in her hut. The grind-

stones are nearly all fixed in the floors and the women do everything in semi-darkness, for the hut is only lit by the light coming through the low door. The prettiest features were the bunches of Indian corn hanging most decoratively from the ceilings. Every woman had a baby tied on, some back, some front. They hung on to the breast all the time if they could; I never saw such busy babies. The Baigas always live far away from the world and no visible path leads to the village; they fear strangers.

We passed our first night at Kabir Chabutra, a P.W.D. bungalow both primitive and charming with a great view of a ravine. In the early morning when Verrier and I were trying to get photographs of Baiga country in the Highlands, Shamrao disappeared, being more interested in our larder. Two shots rang out. Our Muhammadan cook rushed with his knife to give the last death thrust so that his religion might allow him to cook and eat the meat.

At midday we left the car and took to stretchers, the most lazy form of carrying chair I have ever experienced. Then came the best part of the journey through the famous *sal* forests of the Highlands. We climbed two *ghats*, dropped down into the plains threaded with rushing streams, and seemed to be completely out of the world. When we passed the little village of Pandripani, the villagers were both curious and terrified, for they had never seen a white woman before. They ran away from me and hid in dark corners of the huts, while I chased them laughing.

When we began the wildest and most dangerous part of the descent, my two Gond bearers dropped the stretcher and refused to carry me another step. It was a dark and eerie forest and as we entered it the bearers in front called out "Tiger, tiger," and began to run back. We had to laugh and shout to hearten the Gonds and Verrier called upon all their gods. At this our army rallied and went on, and in spite of extreme weariness and skaking knees I got down to the bottom of the hill. The views were magnificent all the way, a stretch of plain and hills far away to the horizon. Darkness fell rapidly and we dared

not linger. Though the whole journey was only ten or twelve miles, it had taken us six hours jolting or walking and I could not decide which was really the more tiring. The stretcher bearers condescended to carry me for the last lap and then at last the beautiful Baiga village of Bohi appeared.

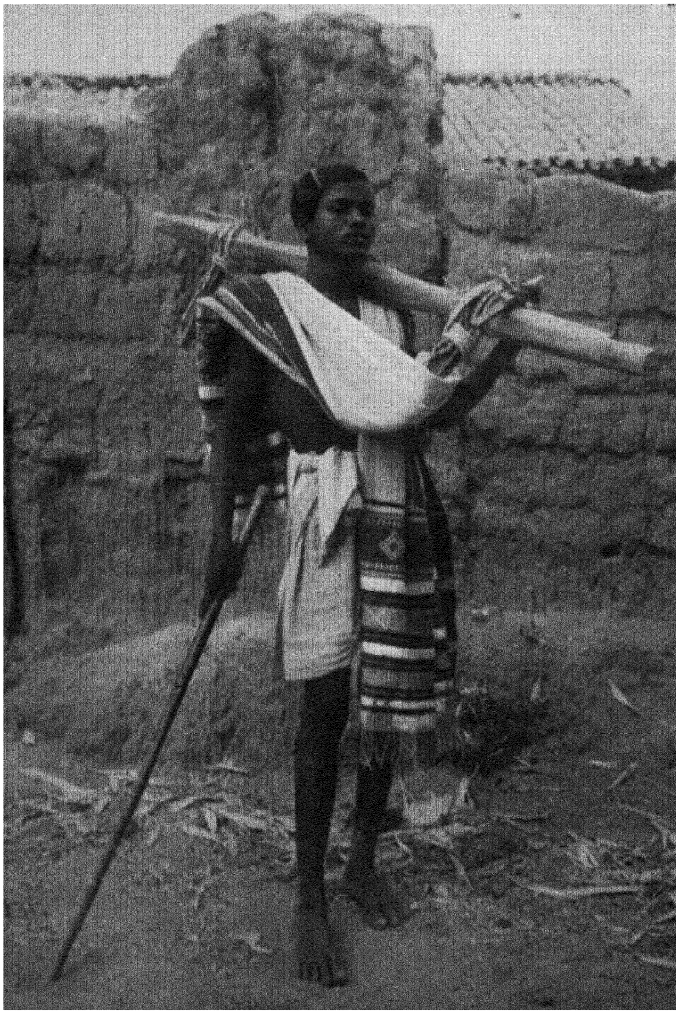
Once arrived, I forget all my aches and pains for it was all so new and amusing. My tent had been put up, our cook was making curry and the bearers, much soothed, were eating venison. The night was bitterly cold, and a large camp fire was lit for us to sit round. Verrier never forgot anything and a deck chair had actually been provided for me. Thus in real comfort we spent three nights in the village, living with the Baigas.

An old woman, one of the most important inhabitants, watched everything I did. She sat in the flap of my tent and gazed at me making my toilet with a minute drop of hot water in a brass *loti*. For four days we never had more than a cup of water to wash in. She grunted with approval the whole time, especially when I powdered my nose. We ate our meals in the tiny tent for warmth, for the evenings were very cold and one needed many blankets.

Bohi village, situated picturesquely just at the foot of the steep *ghat* we descended, was an excellent spot for study. It consisted of a large open square with about fifteen houses on two sides of it, built clumsily in lines with one roof over many huts. The grass thatched roofs were close together and the huts built of bamboo lath and mud. Some of these which were only of grass tied with bamboo looked very insecure. Each house had its pigsty and fat little black pigs followed me about everywhere in a most embarrassing manner; there was no privacy at Bohi. At the gate there were a few buildings where Verrier and Shamrao slept, but my tent was just at the entrance ready for the man-eating tiger.

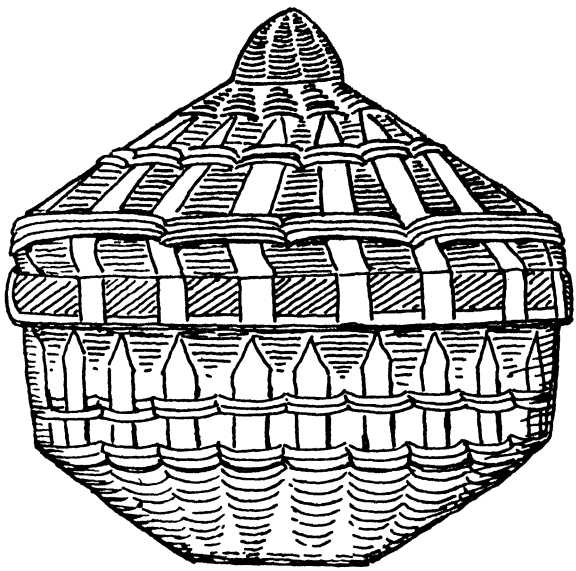
There was dancing and singing going on all day and the Baigas did everything possible to amuse their guests. They made an elaborate elephant for us to photograph, exactly the same as they make for a wedding procession.

ORAON TEA PICKERS IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY
Piska Tea Gardens, Ranchi. *P.* 198



ORAON BOY COMING FROM THE LAND WITH YOKE AND PLOUGH
(Near Kanti, Chota Nagpur.) *P.* 200

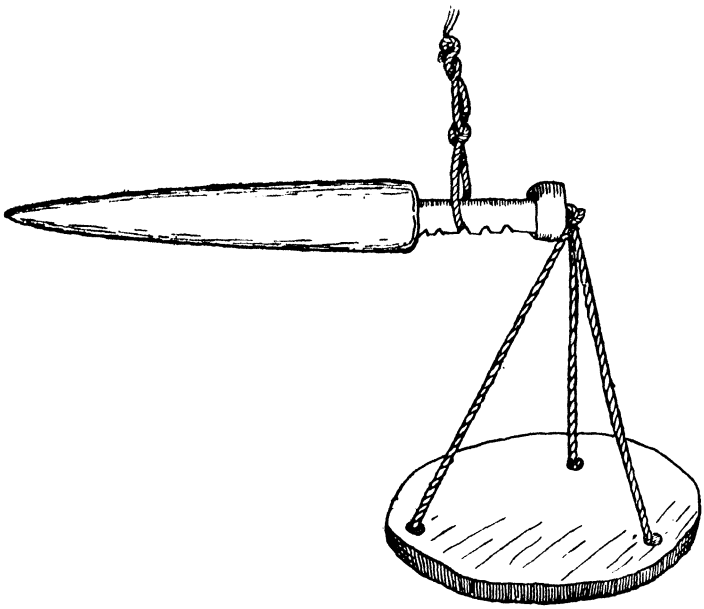
Traps, bows and arrows and charms were brought to me to draw. A handsome girl called Basorin posed for me while I drew her elaborate tattooing, which showed up very well as she, like many Baigas, was fair of skin. Verrier joked with everyone and he and the Baiga men sat around and smoked. They rolled their home grown tobacco in a *sal* leaf; no *betel* chew here—it is much too costly.



Baiga Basket (Jhapi)

The Gond village next door made interesting points of comparison. I wandered down the winding hilly street to inspect it with Shamrao as interpreter. The houses were the typical Gond variety, very well arranged with a porch and a reception hall that had a bench for strangers. Inside there was a small sheltered courtyard and four little huts with verandahs built round it. Each court was fenced with bamboo for greater privacy. Inside some of the houses were corn bins at least eight feet high. Grass seed was drying on the roofs, pumpkin and bunches of sweet

corn were hanging about and in one courtyard bundles of rushes to make ropes attracted my attention. The Gonds do shifting cultivation which they call *bari* and they grow beans as well as Indian corn. I was not allowed inside their huts or near their food and water, this being, of course, a Hindu custom. In spite of a form of community living I found that each house cooked for its own family. and that the only article shared was the grindstone.



Baiga Scales (Narja)

Bit by bit I learned more about the Baigas. There are many varieties, the Bhumia, Bhaina, Binghwar, Naotia and many others less well known. They used to take names from the hills where they lived and have borrowed certain clan names as well from the Gond. The Baigas have no shrines and no gods; their belief is in magic. They are the magicians for all the villages around, and are called in like doctors to cure with spells. The Gonds are full of superstition and witchcraft, but possess no magic to heal with.

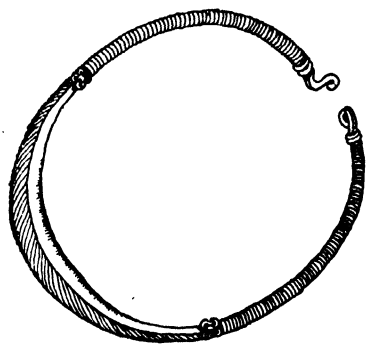
Selecting Baiga models, even with Elwin's help, was complicated. There were two definite types. The older men have long narrow faces with fairly regular small features. The younger have wider faces with high cheek-bones, broad noses, wide mouths and good chins. Their lump of hair is twisted low on one side in a knot. The women were very varied, too, but in the end I chose a flat-faced Mongolian type with immense Baiga ear-rings. The younger girls' faces were more oval, with bigger noses and receding chins, but they had much less character. (Youth is not good for sculpture.) All Baigas wear low loops of hair with no decoration, and they never cover their heads. Their wreaths of fine beads are usually blue, while the Gonds wear red. The drab *sari* is draped over the right shoulder and pulled up very short; no under bodice is worn and their backs are almost bare. When dressed up for a festival, they wear charming soft red-striped *saris*.

We had a strange and lonely journey back to Sadwa-chhapper, taking a more direct route through miles of *sal* forest. The young saplings were so leafy at the bottom that they looked like posts with rich green garlands wound round and round, getting more bulky at the top. We climbed over two big *ghats;* one overlooked the Chattisgarh Plain, land of thirty-six forts. Dense forest surrounded us all the time, thick, green and still.

Then came the final ceremonies of the Gond and Panka wedding. We all went to see the last ritual and squatted down with the rest of the village in a small and crowded square. I always felt so big among these tiny people, and I nearly knocked over the posts and decorations. A centre pole of a *sal* tree, tall and straight and covered with leaves, with four shorter ones round it, formed the *Mandap*. A large white square was drawn on the ground with rice-flour, making a pretty design in lines and circles. The bridegroom had to tie the *Mandap* with a green rope seven times. The bride looked ill and was shivering with nerves or fever and it was no wonder, after all the arduous washings and ceremonies she had gone through for fifteen days. We felt quite worried about her, especially

when the bridegroom and her attendants had to push and carry her round the *Mandap* seven times. After this was safely over, we breathed more freely.

The bride and groom then sat in the centre of the square and all the guests went to smear them with water and milk on the feet and rice on the forehead. Every man took the chin of each one in his hand and made the sound of a kiss twice, while the women took the head in both hands and made a sound by each ear three times. I advanced in turn with the others, prompted by many friends, and managed to anoint the bride and groom in the correct manner with milk, water and rice, and then placed a solid silver *sutia* round the bride's neck, our wedding gift.



Silver Sutia

To end the festivities we were invited that same evening to a sumptuous meal at the bridegroom's house. We sat on the floor together and were served with the daintiest Indian food imaginable, and were waited on by the entire family.

The last days at Sadwachhapper were strenuously occupied with casting and packing. Moulds had to be made of my five heads. My Jawara was splendid at it, far better than any of the men servants I had had. To say goodbye was very hard and Jawara and I both wept. I had come to know and love the village, the people and the life. This I felt was the real India.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM BASTAR TO THE KHONDMALS

BASTAR STATE - MURIA GONDS - BISON-HORNED MARIA GONDS - A BISON HORN DANCE - POROJAS - TO THE AGENCY TRACTS - SAORAS - FESTIVAL OF THE GUAR - THE KHONDS

When Verrier Elwin proposed to drive me in his car right across country to Bastar State I was most enthusiastic. This State is little known and seldom visited, and is the home of some rare Primitive tribes. It is a blank on most maps, where not even the capital is marked. For all that, it is the tenth largest state in India with an area of thirteen thousand seven hundred square miles.

Our road lay through the wilds of the Central Provinces to Raipur, the station for Bastar, for there are no railways in the State; only a few buses serve the South and a runner carries the mails. From Raipur we travelled through Kanker, an exceedingly pretty native State of which I had never even heard, on the way to Jugdalpore. At the fourth mile we broke a rear spring. It was on my side of the car and I felt entirely responsible. After such a long and difficult journey it was maddening to meet disaster within sight of our goal. We loaded a passing bullock cart with our goods and the two men drove the wreck slowly back, while I walked alone through indescribably lonely jungle that ticked and rustled in the silence and the heat.

We arrived back in the town of Kanker only to learn that we could not procure a new spring there and that we must send to Calcutta. To make matters worse the postmaster had died suddenly and the post office had been securely locked up by the police. It was vain to protest. There was no means of sending a wire to our host until the next day. We decided to call upon the

Diwan and ask to have the guesthouse opened for us and make the best of it. To add to our troubles Verrier had a bad attack of fever while we were there.

At last a wire got through to the Administrator at the Capital, who immediately sent his car for us. The entrance to Bastar from Kanker State was impressive and the sugar loaf hills on the boundary could be seen for miles. Here the road went up a steep *ghat* and never came down again, for Bastar occupies a plateau of the wrong height entirely, a part of the bad malaria belt that runs across India.

Arriving at Jugdalpore we made one of those swift and unbelievable transitions in India from uncomfortable travel in the wilds to a pleasant bungalow, friendly home life and the lap of luxury. It seemed strange to achieve luxury here, for Jugdalpore is in the very heart of the jungle. The town is well built and clean with wide streets and paved-over drains, a most unusual sight. What struck me most was a large modern hospital about to be opened by the Resident; it was a great need in this unhealthy region.

The late Maharani of Bastar died in London in 1935, and the Raj Tika Prava Chandra Deo, with his little brother and two sisters, were sent back to the Capital, where at the age of eight the Raj Tika was placed on the "Gadi" with the usual ceremonial. The children were enchanting, and were being brought up by a British Colonel and his wife, who knew many of my family and friends, so small is this India. It was strange to meet a little community of British people in such an out of the world spot. Tennis was played every evening at the little club of Indian and British residents. The four Royal children played round and the Raja was scolded and told not to make so much noise. The youngest girl sat on my knee and chatted confidently. They all dressed up for me to take photographs of them in the Palace gardens, which were a mass of English flowers.

Bastar possessed a very special trio of tribes for me to sculp, not to be found in any other part of India: the Muria Gonds, the Maria Gonds and the Parjas or Porojas.

By great good fortune on the day I arrived a large number of both Muria and Maria Gonds had come in from far distant villages to sell their produce to the jail, a dismal building next door to the Administrator's bungalow.

They made a picture, resting under the trees with baskets piled high with spices and seeds, which they carried on poles across the shoulders. I could only choose one handsome Maria Gond from his representative group, as it was impossible to persuade any of them to stay long enough. His curious name was Weko Doma. He had a most interesting long head, with good features and a decorative little comb stuck above a knot of hair.

The Administrator and his wife were very hospitable and kind to me, an absolute stranger. I went to them for help without credentials or introductions, for in the stress of work I had forgotten to ask Mr. Grigson, my sponsor in this region, to write to Bastar. Warm friendships formed in the shortest possible space of time were a speciality of my Indian adventures. A splendid studio was found for me in a large verandah and porch of an office building in the grounds, where I felt I was out of everybody's way.

In between one piece of sculpture and another I drove about the State. It was all dense jungle or bare arid plain. The prettiest scenery was at Chitrakote, where the Indrawati river drops a hundred feet over a striking horseshoe fall into pools full of crocodiles. On the road there we found a fascinating pillar of *saga* wood, carved on all four sides with naive animals and hunting scenes. Maria Gonds erect these posts, if stones are not procurable, as memorials after a cremation. For the Marias burn their dead; the Murias and Porojas always bury them.

One day we went to see a Muria Gond village at Takraguda and here we found a still in full working order producing *mohwa* flower liquor. The fomented flowers are put in a four-legged pot under which burning logs are pushed. A second smaller pot makes the condenser while a third on the top is filled with water. We tried to light the spirit to see if it would burn, but it was not potent enough.

The hut nearby was an open lean-to with mud walls to sit on, and appeared to be a sort of public house where people came to drink. Very handsome Muria women came and chatted to us. Round their necks were heavy *sutias* or *hashis* in wrought iron, and they wore enormous clanking bangles of lead and coloured tin. A man came in from the jungle carrying his bow and arrow, which he offered for our examination. It had two extra points tied on to the head, making it a deadly weapon. All the tribe use bows and arrows for hunting, but there is little game nowadays.

The Murias were easy to find near Jugdalpur, where many were working on the roads. A very typical boy with a heavy face came to sit for me. He was very nervous about the whole business and what it might portend, so we sent for his father to reassure him and to get his genealogy at the same time. He was only eighteen and not yet married. The correct union for him would be his mother's brother's daughter. Both the Murias and the Porojas have exogamous totemistic clans. The boy, Jairam by name, was of the *Bagh* clan (tiger), and his mother was a *Bokdi* (goat). Being mixed with the people of the plains, the Murias had adopted many Hindu gods and customs and worshipped various deities. Muria shrines were fairly common in the neighbourhood, and some were to be found with swings stuck with nails at least four inches high. (This is a Hindu penance.)

A fête and marriage dance of the Bison-horned Maria Gonds was arranged for me to see. The name was given to this branch of the tribe, partly because of the extraordinary dance head-dress of bison horns that they wear, and partly to distinguish them from the hill Marias who live on the Abujhmar Mountains in the North West. The fête was held at Kilepal in the centre of Bastar, where the best types of Bison-horned Maria Gonds are to be found.

Before the dancing began I walked round some of the neighbouring villages to get a picture of the Bison-horned Maria at home. Their villages are scattered groups of huts on small promontories, one village covering as

much as twelve square miles. Some of these Marias do *penda* or shifting cultivation, but the old order changeth even in Bastar and many of those living on the plains have taken to working permanent rice fields. They pay a rent of twenty-four rupees for eighty-four acres and the State chooses a headman to watch over a cluster of villages. There is much good fencing to be seen and all the *bari* are enclosed, for timber is plentiful. The huts are built of bamboo, plaited like basket work. They are well thatched and light enters through a triangle at the top of the hut. The doors are elaborately carved with birds, beasts and fishes, and pegged top and bottom, while heavy wood battens keep them together. At one village I noticed sliding bamboo doors.

There is usually a division in the middle of the huts; a raised store for bins of grain in the one side, and a sleeping place on the other, with mats and a good rectangular fireplace. From the ceiling hang many rows of little cups made of *sal* leaves pinned with pine needles, which are made in the darkness of the long evenings, for there are no lights in a Gond village. There are usually a few bunches of corn cobs, and some gourd waterpots and piles of pumpkins drying on the roofs.

Two or three huts are built together round a courtyard of clean swept sand, in the centre of which three holes are made for pounding *paddy* or *kosra*, a small grass grain which is their staple food. Thatch and straw are stored on posts, and little high huts are built for the goats. Everything is clean and fresh and neatly arranged. At the time of my visit groups of women were sitting in the shade at one end of the village, making leaf cups for rice and baskets for mustard seed. Their food was being prepared under the trees while they worked, the cooking pots being balanced over a fire made in a trench.

Maria Gond women are long of limb and handsome; they carry loads like the men and hold themselves very gracefully. Their hair is done in a lump brought across to one side and tucked under. One girl took her hair down rather reluctantly to show me how this was done; a ball of dirty cloth made the padding, one little comb

fastened it and another was used as an ornament. A small end of the *sari* slightly covers one breast; but in the villages they are not usually covered above the waist. Their *sutias* are very curious, some in lead with brass rings, and some in heavy silver. They wear many red and brass beads and from elbow to wrist they are covered with silver bangles.

It was quite easy to make friends with the girls. They were most polite and let me touch their pretty beads and *sutias* and admire them. With some difficulty and sheltered by trees, I induced a group of them to slip off the corners of their *saris* and let me take their pictures; their bare bosoms and long limbs were lovely indeed.

All this time the assembly was taking place, and under the dark *sal* trees were grouped many beautiful, almost naked dark figures, holding the extraordinary horn headdress called *Tallagulla*, which they were about to put on. These are precious heirlooms and are never bought and sold. I tried hard to procure one; if I could have provided the horns the village would have made me one, but, alas, bison horns are rare.

The first thing was to take a little drink and get tuned in for the feast. The men sat in a long line on a raised bank by the road, the women a little apart. There were at least one hunderd and fifty people and *mohwa* flower liquor was handed to each in a *sal* leaf cup. The sun came out steadily after an uncertain morning; the setting was perfect, sturdy forest trees, blue smoke curling up from little fires, deep shady glades with open spaces and long vistas. The Maria Gonds looked like primitive chieftains of the forest; the men tall and better made than the average, the women slim and graceful all dressed up for the dance in long white *saris* with tiny coloured borders.

And then the drums began to boom. The rolling noise had the strangest effect on me; I swallowed hard and my excitement grew. The men beat with their hands on one side of the drum and on the other with a stick. The three taps with the stick gave a much deeper and more arresting sound and never had I heard this contrast before. The big drums were called *Birya Dhol*. The bison horn-head-

dresses, very heavy to wear and fantastic beyond description to see, were all donned by this time. Scarves in terra-cotta, puce, scarlet, yellow and blue were wound round the horns and hung down at the back. Huge plumes of peacock's and cock's feathers fastened on to a thin rod stuck out at the top of the horns, while a front piece decorated with a fringe or string of cowries hung down in front of them, and in some cases covered the face.

The white-robed girls formed long lines, making a great contrast to the men. All carried high dancing staves with bunches of little iron bells on the top called *Tirdudi*. They held them in the right hand and tapped with them in time with the drumming. Each girl rested her left arm on the shoulder of the next one, and in groups tightly locked together they did a shuffling kind of step to the right. The women's movements never varied and they never danced with the men. They passed each other and crossed and recrossed in groups of two dozen or so, always remaining apart. Then another band of girls would come out of the crowd of onlookers, swing in unison, circle and cross and surround the men.

Though it was all so lovely it was very monotonous, for the dance itself and the steps were never varied; only the rhythm of the drums changed. It died away altogether at regular intervals, and then began a new movement in a new time and with new energy. A group of men without horns danced in the very centre of the circle with a slow *chasse* and bent knees. The big drums changed their rhythm again and the dance grew wilder and wilder, until it worked up to a grand frenzy. The dancers became a whirling mass of horns and feathers. My head was beginning to whirl, too. It was impossible for me to take in any more detail or add to my impressions. I felt that they could go on like that for hours and hours. So I stopped the dance reluctantly and tried in my language of signs and smiles to show appreciation.

All the time I had been searching hard for the best type of girl to take back as a model. My interpreters helped me greatly, and when I had made my choice and

the gifts were distributed, they ushered the girl and a friend, together with a good looking young headman of the village, into our car before they had time to think it over. One girl began to weep when the crowds waved to her; but the other laughed and thought it a great adventure. When the motor car started, however, they both slipped to the floor and covered their heads with their *saris* in absolute terror. In vain we tried to cheer them and console them. It was a cruel proceeding, but I had become a hardened head-hunter.

Thanks to the young man, they were in the end all quite happy, and stayed with us for three days. Mangli the girl, posed very indifferently and wore me out. She wriggled and twisted and never kept her head still. Her heavy beads and *sutias* made a splendid decoration; but whenever I had arranged a special twist and was working on it, she would fling the beads over her shoulder and disarrange them all, laughing at my dismay. She was like a naughty spoilt child and I longed to smack her; but I achieved a good bust of her in the end, with her beautiful young pointed breasts draped in garlands of beads.

II

The Bastar Porojas are a great contrast to the Maria Gonds, and the tribes do not share one feature in common. The Porojas are an ancient and important tribe in the State, and have a special duty to the Ruling House from time immemorial. A certain number of them go every year to live at the Palace and serve the Maharaja, and this makes them very proud.

The Administrator arranged for me to go and visit some of the tribe and see their special dances. Their villages gave me quite a different impression from those of the Gonds, though their huts were built in the same way. It was quite impossible for me to take photos of them as they were closely surrounded with fences of neatly plaited bamboo. The people appeared to be very well-to-do, with good cattle and many acres of land. The houses were bigger and closer together than those of the

Gonds and gave me the impression of being much more civilised. Little details struck me; in one hut there was a beautiful basket cradle; in another the grinder for *paddy* was worked by the foot. One garden even had a stile, a gate and a vine trellis.

Three officers called *Kotwar* stood at the gate of the village and appeared to function as a sort of police force. It was impossible to get any information out of the headman of the village. All he would say was that the tribe came originally from Warangal. Like the Maria Gonds they have totems: *nag* (serpent), *bhag* (tiger), *rachim* (tortoise), *bokda* (goat). Their language is *Parja* among themselves, but they speak *Haldi* as well. Their goddess is Ramandei, and their place of worship a shrine in the jungle.

Their dance, which was especially arranged for me to see, was far more interesting in detail than that of the Maria Gonds, though not so moving nor so strange and wild. The men wore very long skirts in white with a wide red border, all in excellent homespun. Braid, with bits of glass let in most effectively, was wound round their heads to form a turban, while dainty necklaces of red beads with little brass points in between added to the bizarre effect. The women, fair of skin with big foreheads and wide, rather heavy faces, were not dressed up at all. They each wore a white sari with the right shoulder bare, a silver *sutia* and two silver bangles. Their hair was parted in the middle and done in a loose bun, and in their ears were pretty ear-rings made of tin. Some of them were tattooed, but not very elaborately.

The dancing took place in an open space by the road, not nearly so lovely a setting as that where the Bison-horned Marias had danced. In the first dance, the men and girls went round and round in a big circle in pairs, with arms round waists and a good springy step, a European method of dancing which is most unusual among the tribes. The second dance was strangely intricate and unique. It was their marriage dance in which they form a pyramid. Sixteen men danced in a closed circle; they climbed on to each other's shoulders and moved round

and round in slow rhythm, both the lower eight and the top eight linking arms. They made this pyramid twice to give me the opportunity of taking a photograph.

Next they made an amusing procession of pairs, walking very fast, then turning and repeating. Four drums and two pipes kept everything going, and one man wore a frill of bells which jingled. There was the usual jester with his body all whitened, wearing a plaited straw headdress. The last dance they showed me was accompanied by humming and singing, the men danced singly this time, three steps back and forward, and a *chasse* on each foot.

III

Verrier Elwin had fever badly during the whole of our stay at Bastar. We were never able to do any research together, though his advice would have been invaluable, for he and Shamrao had to go back to the Ashram to recover. I stayed on to finish casting my four heads and then went off in the opposite direction, for my plan now was to go East to hunt the Saora tribe. A motor car was lent me and I drove through the plains of Bastar and the pretty native State of Jeypore for one hundred and sixty-five miles, to catch a train at Vizzianagram. This was my second call here, for having failed to make a date with the Saora Mission on the first occasion, I was obliged to retrace my steps.

On the way we met many pack cattle and exciting looking groups of the Gadaba tribe. I was most disappointed not to have arranged time to model them. They looked interesting with ear-rings as big as curtain rings, bracelets from elbow to wrist and cowries round the neck and waist. They were dark-skinned and with very low foreheads and wide cheek bones. It was said that in distant villages they go about practically naked in a most picturesque garb. Fifty years ago they wore leaves.

Naupada, on the East coast, was the nearest station for Parlakimedi, a tiny native State where I was invited to stay as a guest of the Maharaja. All arrangements had been

made in advance for me to go and stay with Miss Munro, a Canadian Baptist Missionary at a little Mission station on the hills. As my arrival was late in the evening I spent the night in the primitive guest bungalow in the little town. Parlakimedi is quite out of the world, with thickly populated congested streets and the fairy tale palace of the Maharaja.

My journey next day to Serango, the Mission station, baffles all description. It was eight miles by car to the foot hills of Ambergiri (where the Maharaja had shot a tiger only the week before). As I drove slowly along, the motor road became a track, and carts like large sized cradles pulled by buffaloes filled the pathway and the whole scene changed. Coming down the hillside were processions of sturdy little people carrying bundles of firewood far larger than themselves. Flat faced, fair skinned and Mongoloid in appearance with oblique eyes and high cheek bones, there was no mistaking the identity of these people. The Saora, sometimes called the Savara, tribe is unique. The many wrinkled old men reminded me much more of the Chinese than any people of India. They were frightened and shy and would not even stop to be photographed. At Ambergiri I was met by ten stocky Saoras sent to fetch me with a minute chair in order to carry me for twelve miles or so up to Serango. They were beautifully formed and almost without clothing. They tossed me up in the air as if I were a featherweight, roared with laughter all the time and made jokes, and ran so fast up hill and down dale that the shaking was almost more than I could bear. As we mounted higher and higher the novelty of the transport and the exceeding beauty of rocky hill tops and distant plain made me forget all my discomfort and aches and pains.

The Agency Tracts, as they are called, lie far behind the richly cultivated calley of Parlakimedi. Wild jungle, dense undergrowth and bare hill tops are inhabited sparsely by the hardy Saora tribe and a few Uriyas, Hindu people of the district. The Saoras have been the original lords of the soil here from time immemorial, although now, alas, they have lost some of their land to the Uriyas through

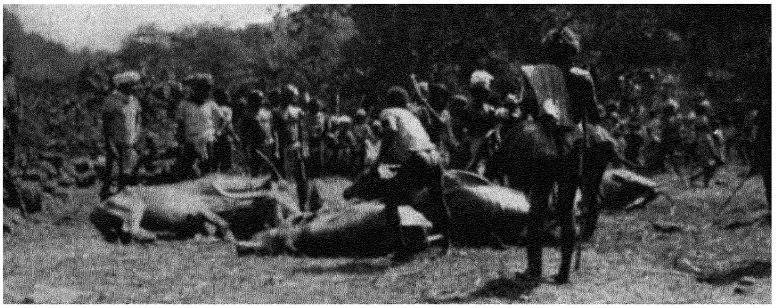
debt. In the midst of utter wildness and desolation we came suddenly upon little gardens of rice.

At the very top of the mountain we arrived at the little Mission station of Serango and, seeing my hostess looking out for me, the boys accelerated their pace still more until, triumphant and full of pride, they dropped me at her feet. Serango is a tiny outpost of Christianity; only a handful of buildings, a small hospital for an American doctor and his wife, the Uriya Mission quarters and the well-built little bungalow of the Baptist Missionary. It was a very friendly atmosphere although my hostess and I were complete strangers. We slept and dressed together in two little rooms with a verandah wide open to the air. The house was all enclosed in fine wire, like a meat safe, against mosquitoes, for this District is labelled dangerous on account of blackwater fever.

Miss Munro was so calm and capable and the home was so charmingly arranged that it gave me a feeling of great peace. All my undertakings were prayed for daily, grace at the morning meal being the occasion for the summing up of the day's proceedings, hopes and fears.

All our supplies had to be brought from Parlakimedi, with which there was no communication except by runner. Life was very simple, but exceedingly comfortable. At the time of my visit my missionary friend was at work translating St. John's gospel into the Saora language. At the same time she was helping me to find models and visiting the sick, so our days were very full. At the village nearby we got to know one of the head boys, and asked him if he would come and see us and bring some of his friends. The first time I saw a Saora on the road at Parlakimedi, his costume, or rather the lack of it, had fascinated me. Now I was able to study it more closely. It consisted of only the narrowest possible band of loin cloth with embroidered ends in red wool, bordered with red fringes hanging down both back and front. A smart red turban was worn with a feather stuck in jauntily, a little tuft of hair being left uncut for the purpose. The boy had earrings like a woman and beads in many strings of brilliant yellow and red.

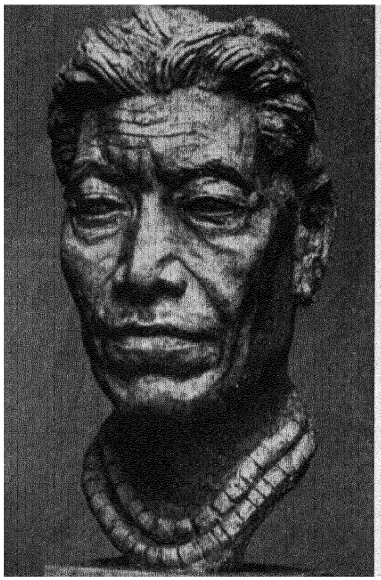
Mediums and priests at a shrine after erecting the memorial stones. *P.* 185



Slaughter of the buffaloes. *P.* 186

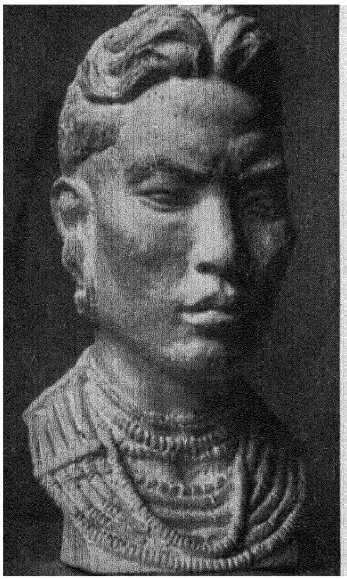
SHRINE AT THE VILLAGE OF ANGDA. *Pp.* 184-187

SCULPTURED HEADS FROM ASSAM



ANGAMI NAGA. *P.* 218

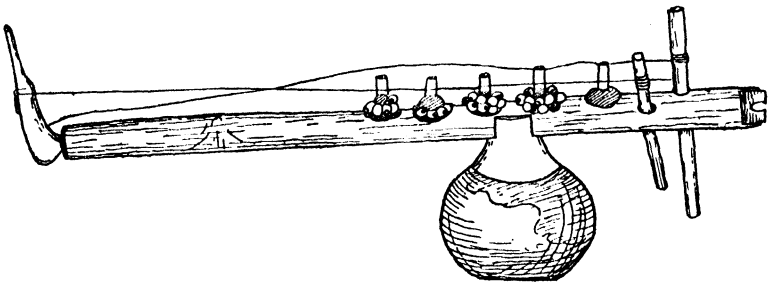
MARRING NAGA. *P.* 224



VISWEMA ANGAMI NAGA. *P.* 217

KONYAK NAGA. *P.* 219

True to his promise, the head boy came with five or six companions, a splendid group of lads, well set up and good to look at. They all addressed me as " Mother," a word Miss Munro had taught them; I found this unexpected greeting rather startling from these naked brown striplings. They brought me all their rare and beautiful musical instruments to draw; one boy sang and played while I worked. They donned their bright coloured turbans with knots of white cock feathers stuck in for me to see. I learned later that only the best families are entitled to wear these ceremonial head-dresses.



Saora Guitar (Kulluten Rajan)

After much consideration I chose Kuju, aged eighteen, of the Jati clan from Padasa village to pose for me. Before choosing him, however, I photographed and drew them all in turns, for effects are often deceptive, and profile sketches give proof of the suitability or otherwise of a head for sculpture. We worked in the compound, clinging to the wall of the house for much needed shade. Familiar texts from St. John's gospel floated to me from the verandah on the other side. Here Miss Munro was making her translation with the help of a learned Hindu. The Saora language is a puzzle which hardly anyone has studied. It used to be considered a Munda language, but now in view of further knowledge it has been placed in the Mongolian group. In the Agency Tracts it still remains intact and pure.

The boys were all married for the Saora takes a wife at the age of sixteen. Kuju's wife was called To-da-ki, he told me with great pride. A boy gives a pot of toddy to a girl as a proposal of marriage and if she is not willing she puts it down. No man may marry inside his village where they are all related and call each other brother and sister. Every village starts first with a small family group and has quite distinctive features. There were very definitely two types, one more Mongolian looking than the other. I found the Saoras had many exogamous clans : Jati, Jadu, Arsid, Luari, Kapu and Indra.

When work with the boys was finished we asked them to bring their wives and families to see us and then waited in some trepidation. To our great joy a beautiful bevy of girls appeared the next morning. They were gorgeously dressed in their smart waist cloths, and were covered with beads and jewels. One of them was complete with a little fair baby and each of them carried a gourd of rice.

I chose Budi out of Angda village from this lovely group, for she was a pure Mongolian type and very striking. They all had charming manners and it was amusing to watch them playing with the baby and curling up to sleep on the mat. I found them most interesting companions though I could only communicate with signs.

During my study of heads I had time to examine the costume of the women. All the girls wore a tightly wrapped short homespun cloth round their middle, with a wide red or brown border. It was fastened low under the navel, and finished off with a girdle of blue beads or quaint brass ornaments. They never covered their breasts, which were draped with strings of beads twisted like cords in red and blue colours. Little brass chains threaded with shell-shaped bells were most attractive; rings were threaded all along the edge of the ear, and quaint silver snake-like ear-rings fell below the rings. Anklets of silver or brass finished off their pretty feet, and most unusual of all were the three rather thick nose rings which distinguish the Saora women from all others. My general impression was that the nose was small with a dent in the middle, mouths wide and smiling, chins receding, and

above all, remarkable Mongolian eyes and eyebrows. A straight line was painted between the eyes, the hair usually parted in the centre and twisted with a soft knot at the back with a comb stuck in. Young girls, however, had loose short hair charmingly fastened with a plaited palm bandeau.

The next Sunday morning Miss Munro invited me to come to church. To my surprise I found her installed with a small band of converts in what looked like an open cattle shed by the road side. Attracted by the cheerful jazz records on her gramophone, small groups of Saoras came near to listen and were beckoned in to squat in the shade. Then the young men stood up each in turn and told their experiences, most eloquently I felt, though I could not understand a word. I sat and watched this strange and simple service, fascinated both by the earnestness of the Missionary and the faces and queer get-ups of the congregation who came and went as they pleased. The sun poured down on the roof of the little shed, and strange processions of people passed up and down the road outside, drumming ceaselessly.

Miss Munro is a great anthropologist and is writing a book on this unknown tribe which should be excellent reading, for she has a poet's understanding of them. The devotion of these lonely missionaries is sublime. The last news I heard of my friend—for we have corresponded regularly since my visit—was that she had adopted a little Saora baby whose mother had died, and was bringing it up.

In the long dark evenings at Serango she told me something about the customs of the Saoras. Every year in January the tribe arrange a great play feast. It takes place usually from the tenth to the twentieth of the month after the crops have been gathered in. The people dance down the hills in groups from different villages into the plains below. Casting dull care aside, they pirouette and trip into the little town of Parlakimedi, making merry at every house in the street. The villagers welcome them and give them money and food, and they drink and feast for many nights.

In strange contrast to this is the Festival of the Guar, which takes place during the next month. This is arranged every year if the village can afford it, or, if there have not been many deaths, every two years. By extraordinary good fortune I arrived at Serango in time to see the Festival.

At least a week before the Guar the villagers all start to purchase buffaloes, cheap at this season because the ploughing has been done. A buffalo must be provided for each person who has died in the year, the cost being about six to twelve rupees according to size.

Daily, long processions of people wound along the hill tracks in every direction. They were going, I was told, to collect the ghosts for the Guar rites and to lay them. Chanting and singing to the accompaniment of drum and pipe, they went in search of the spirit of each dead person in the village where he or she had been born. It is here the ghost was supposed to linger, for the ashes were always taken back to the birth place after cremation. Now by promising the spirit a buffalo and a memorial stone, they entice it to the Guar to come and rest in peace.

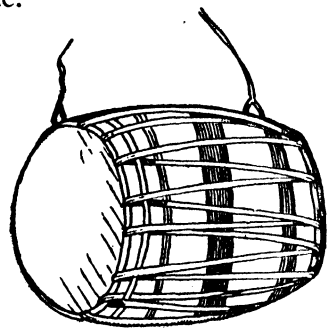
Miss Munro and I went together to the village of Tarbaul at the bottom of some rocky hills, difficult to negotiate, to see the first day of their Guar rites. The huts were built of rough stone and mud, the roofs thatched with stick and grass. Wood posts held up the low verandah and sometimes a long roof covered three little huts. The mud verandahs and steps made pretty lines covered with gay people.

Most unusual were the little spirit houses like dovecotes in each village. In one courtyard alone we counted nine of these. Rice, tobacco and little offerings were put inside them, children played round them and climbed up on to the ledges. These people live familiarly with their dead.

A small boy was drumming incessantly and we followed the sound. Turning a corner suddenly, I put my hand on the back of a grey buffalo, thinking it was a rock. It looked up at me with pathetic eyes; tomorrow it was to give its life for the dear departed. The drumming led us to the house of the *Kudayan*, or head of the village, which

seemed to be the centre of all the happenings. We sat on the raised mud seat outside the door.

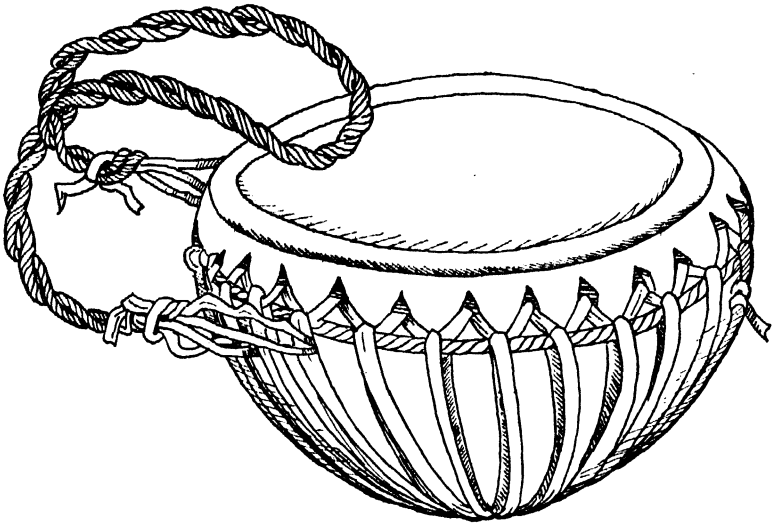
Peering into the dim light within, I saw an oil lamp, a pile of rice with a dagger stuck in it, some little pots, leaves and leaf cups, and tiny baskets of a grain that looked like bran. There were five men squatting in a semi-circle, one woman and a boy playing a drum. A medium was holding axes and swords and showing them to the spirit of the man who had died. They were the weapons he had used in life and he would remember them well. The relatives of the dead, dressed up in their best, were bringing gifts of all kinds. Liquor made from *gonga* grain flour and a measure of rice was given by each family. There was a murmur of incantations and beautiful singing like a solemn chant dwelling on the last note, the woman singing the refrain with distant drumming as an accompaniment. Others joined us and presently there was such a crowd standing at the door that their naked brown bodies touched me.



Saora Drum (Dulanga)

More gifts arrived, brass articles, tobacco, pots, cloths and a large white umbrella. The medium in the centre holding the weapons was in a trance. The spirit questioned him: "Where are my clothes?" asking first for one thing and then another. The spirit got annoyed and told them to call someone and when they could not do this he scolded them. Then he said: "Well, bring me a good buffalo, not one that is half dead." He then asked his widow: "How are you managing? Are you going to marry someone else?" Receiving no reply he remarked: "If you won't tell me the *Karumba* tree will." Much more was muttered, too indistinct for my interpreter to follow No wonder the medium was in a trance, I thought. I was almost in one myself, what with the heat, the smells and the mesmerism of that repeated drumming.

The next day the village of Angda celebrated their feast. We walked there up wild hills and through the lovely typical scenery of rugged boulders and limpid blue distances. Like the rest of the forest tribes the Saoras do shifting cultivation and call it *Bogada.*



Saora Drum (Dollum)

At Angda the ceremony was held on a level piece of ground with a low stone wall round it. The sacred shrine was on the highest part of the field round the stump of a tree. A green leafy palm was planted there and a huge basket of offerings stood on the pile of memorial stones erected in other years. Three little pennons were flying and all the earth round was freshly dug. Each dead person was represented by a pointed granite stone, and these were all lying in readiness to be set up. They lay in a long line tapering smaller at the end for the ghosts of the little children.

I climbed over the wall into the sacred enclosure, hoping not to offend, and watched the first ceremony. Four men were running along carrying waterpots on their heads under a canopy of orange cloth, which was being held over them and the precious water. This was

paraded with some difficulty over the rough ground round the shrine three times, to the beating of a dirge on two drums and a brass drinking vessel. (The *kadingan*, a hollow shaped hemisphere, and the *dollum*, very long in shape, were the two drums always used.) Others in the crowd had pipes and cymbals and other quaint instruments.

The villagers began to gather together from all sides carrying axes, bows and arrows, staves and peacock's feathers, and began to dance. Groups from other villages joined in, jumping over the stone walls and playing what looked like a game of "Follow the leader." The men were gorgeous in their brilliant coloured turbans stuck with large white tufts of feathers. The chief who directed the ceremony was called a *Gamang;* the civil priests are *Gamang Buyas* and the mediums in contact with the spirits are *Kudangs*.

Fifteen handsome buffaloes of varying sizes, tied in groups from each village, were driven into the enclosure. There should have been sixteen, but one buffalo, more psychic than the rest, had died a natural death the night before. At intervals old matchlock guns were discharged, in order to frighten away disembodied spirits that might be wandering about to snatch others from among the living. *Jak* trees with their rich blue-green leaves towered behind the little village and combined with dark wooded rocks to make a fitting setting for this strange superstitious rite.

The buffaloes grazed quite unconcerned in front of me. Two rival bands dashed round and round the field, one gay and tuneful, the other playing a solemn dirge. The second phase began with much solemnity. The orange cloth of the water ceremony was taken from the tree and placed upon the biggest stone, which was then hauled up and propped against the shrine. The *Kudayan* scattered rice and dried grass and called on each spirit by name as he erected the stone. Next the orange cloth was taken and placed on the second stone to be erected and that one was placed against the first. This ritual continued until all the stones were reared in a circle round the tree. Sixteen people had died in this little community

last year. Lines for each one were scored outwards on the patch of earth three feet wide. Fresh dung was dug round the new stones, rice flour ashes and tumeric were scattered and fresh leaves laid down. A gourd of liquor called *purpalan* and a *sola* of rice was placed on each line; the liquor was to be drunk later by the head man and the relatives.

Two pots of water were put on to boil and an oil lamp was lit. A pitiable little brown and white goat that I had not noticed before lifted up its voice and wept with dreadful foreboding. But the buffaloes, unaware of approaching doom, still grazed at my feet. The shrine was gay now with the orange cloth surmounted with white feathers; an effigy of a large peacock with resplendent wings had also been added, and most incongruously, an English parasol. The dancing, the drums and the flutes continued with more abandon. Every time a charge of gunpowder went off I nearly jumped out of my skin, as the tension and suspense were so great.

Then the real horrors began. Another little shrine was made at the bottom of the field near to where I was sitting. With many incantations and water sprinkling they dragged the poor little goat to the sacrificial altar and cut its throat. At the very same second a man fell into a trance and they carried him away as one dead. This ceremony was to initiate a new medium to conduct the spirit enquiry, as one of the *Kudangs* had died.

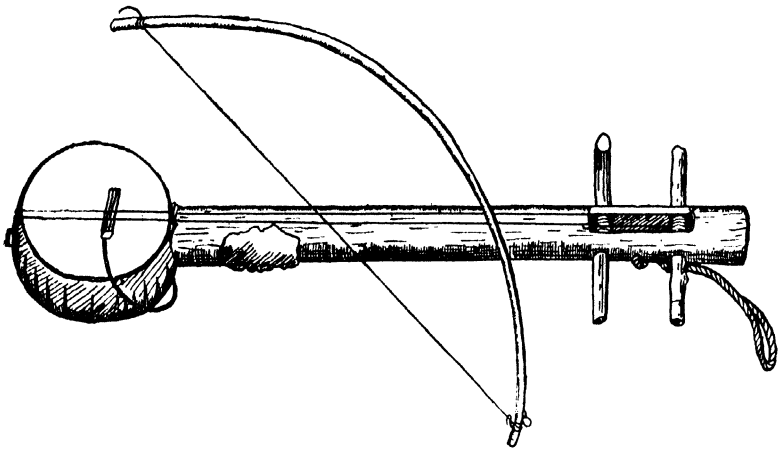
The buffaloes were being driven nearer to my corner of the field. The bereaved relatives gave them rice and whispered messages for the dead into their long ears. Then men rushed swiftly from the top of the field before I could move away and hit the animals one by one on the head with the butt of an axe. It all happened in a second; they fell like ninepins and died patiently without a murmur or a struggle and the field was covered with mounds of grey hair. The buffaloes were bled at once almost before they were dead, the jugular veins were severed and the feet cut. Blood was carried by the *Kudayan* to sprinkle over the offerings at the altar, while women ran to catch the blood in little leaf cups and took it away

to bless their homes. All the enclosure became red, the strips of flesh, the red tassels, the *puggrees* and scarves of the men. Palm leaves were brought and laid round the masses of red to keep the flesh clean. Hides were tied up, meat sorted and carried away on poles to be dried for the year's consumption, for there is a practical reason why the buffaloes should be slain. A small portion of each kind of meat was reserved for each spirit and put near the altar; the heads were skinned and set up against the stones, while the entrails were kept for the evening feast. The mad dance went on without a pause in gathering frenzy and excitement.

After this we sat as near as possible to the shrine to watch the spirit enquiry. There were two groups of singers, the relatives on one side indulging in a noisy chorus, and on the other side the priests were singing a really harmonious chant like a Gregorian, repeating and holding the last notes. The medium invoked the spirits and became possessed as he uttered the wishes of each. The relatives asked questions and brought gifts to supply each want and laid them on the shoulder of the medium; huge bunches of plantains, wearing apparel, weapons and so forth. Then the medium lifted from its place by the stones a tiny bed about five inches long with the figure of a man modelled in rice flour and sang a chant to it, then covered it reverently with a leaf. Was this, I wondered, an effigy of the *Kudang* who had died?

Dogs and babies walked about among the entrails. Streams of liquor poured into the mouths of priests and relations. Men danced with weapons, swords, staves, and axes held high. The colours were more vivid than ever in the fading light; masses of green leaves mixed with splashes of blood red, orange and yellow. The crowd were getting out of hand, drunk with liquor and emotional excitement. Feeling that the ceremony would go on interminably, and that it would be unwise to stay longer, we passed near the shrine to take a last look and to say farewell and suitably thank the *Kudayan* before we left. The buffalo heads lay in rows against the shrine, noses pointing upwards, eyes staring mutely protesting. We

crept along the wall and escaped from the orgy. At each turn of the enclosure the dancers pranced in wild ecstasy over the blood-stained palm leaves. They swirled round and round, dancing in and out of the sun and shadow for the day was far spent.



Saora Musical Instrument (Gogged Rajan)

IV

A friend I made at Parlakimedi first told me about the Khond tribe in the next valley. According to her account they had far wilder and more interesting customs than the Saoras, and I began to think that this opportunity of seeing them must not be missed. She gave me the name of the Forest Officer of the District and, inspired by her, I ventured to send him a telegram. The reply was very generous—only in India could such things happen: "Come to Russelkonda will give you all assistance."

Although the Khonds lived just on the other side of the hills, no distance at all as the crow flies, the journey was very arduous. I had to rise at 4 a.m., drive to Naupada, twenty-five miles, take a train to Berhampore and then swelter for six hours in an ordinary Indian bus. The passengers stared at me curiously but moved and

gave me the front seat next to the driver with great politeness.

At the sixty-fifth mile we reached Russelkonda. This is a great centre for industry, an oasis in a desert with a belt of tall *sal* trees, and a lake mysteriously beautiful in the heart of the jungle. Crocodiles abounded in it and panthers came regularly to drink. My host and hostess were most kind and hospitable to me, a stranger who arrived dirty and travel stained on their doorstep laden with packing cases, buckets, and all the paraphernalia of a wandering sculptor.

After a much needed bath and refreshment in the lap of luxury, I learnt with regret that I could not study the Khond tribe at Russelkonda, and, after one restful night, the Forest Officer drove me in his fast little car to the Khondmals.

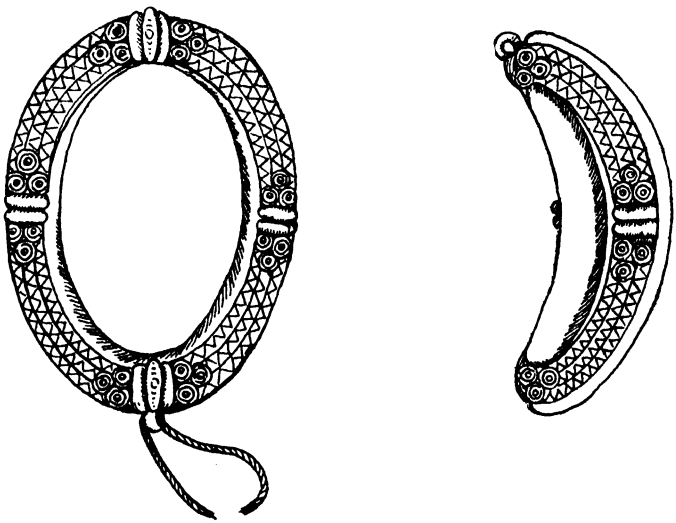
The scenery was entrancing all the way across a *ghat* and through a lovely valley encircled with hills. Phulbani, my destination, was a well kept little station for the special Administrator of the District, Mr. Alderson. He and his wife were staying at the Resthouse, and I was introduced and left in his hands. He was exceedingly interested in the idea of sculping types of his beloved Khonds and helped me very ably.

The Khonds were of old a high and noble race, very proud of their ancestry, and with servitors to wait upon them. Everything except hunting and cultivation is still considered menial, and long ago a degraded set of people called Pans were annexed to act as potters, blacksmiths and so forth. Even their interpreting was done for the Khonds. There are now 380,000 pure Khonds speaking the Kui language and living only in these hills ; and about 600,000 altogether of mixed Pan and Khond. Ku or Kuinga, not Khond, is the real name of the people. The Kui language is said to be allied to Gondi or Telugu.

The villagers were most polite and friendly to me, wiping the dust off my feet and kowtowing to the ground, a type of greeting which is rare now in India. For those whom they know well they have the most charming way of kissing with bunched up fingers, which first touch

the person and then go back to their own mouth with a sharp click of the tongue.

It is very difficult to believe that these simple folk have practised until recently the most cruel rite ever imagined in the name of religion. The story is as follows: a hundred and fifty years ago at least, word was brought to the British Government from this little known region, of the terrible human sacrifice performed by the tribe called *Meriah*. The first punitive expedition was sent out from Madras early in 1800. Difficulties were great; blackwater fever and malaria were rife and many young



Khond Anklet (Gagoli)

Britishers died in this remote corner of India. The then Raja Band of the District had no control over the tribesmen and the sacrifices went on in spite of protest. It was years before an agreement was reached. At last the Khondmals were taken over entirely by the British, who put an end finally to human sacrifice, although it may happen even now in the depth of the jungle.

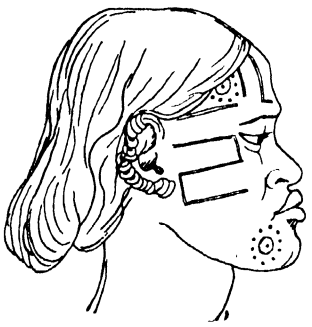
It was the degraded Pan who was sent to the plains to kidnap suitable babies for the sacrifice, hiding them in distant villages in the fastnesses of the Khondmals.

The children were fattened up like young capons and treated kindly, then married and all their family became victims. When the day chosen for the Festival arrived they were cut up alive so that each Khond could take a piece of living flesh and bury it in his ground, to bring fertility and good fortune. Monkeys have now intervened between children and buffaloes as sacrifices and are dressed up as human beings while the same horrible rites are performed.

In return for promises to stop human sacrifice and to help in keeping the roads open, the Government made a treaty with the Khond and promised that his other customs should not be interfered with; that he might continue shifting cultivation and occupy all the land he wanted without taxation. From time to time a great feast is held called a *Bhet*, which is a solemn renewal of the agreement between the British Government and the Khond.

One of the most important feasts of the Khond is the *Kedu* when buffaloes are sacrificed; but they are not allowed to cut them up alive in the District of Phulbani. This is an offering to the Earth goddess Tana Penn, for prosperity and a good harvest. The goddess of the hills is Saru Penn, and the village deity is Gram Devati. Their place of worship is always on virgin soil, an untouched bit of jungle called a *Bariri*. Three stones are placed here and also a shrine for the sacrifice. No one will go near, especially at night time, for fear of the spirits which haunt the spot. The Khonds sacrifice to their ancestors whose spirits are supposed to enter the bodies of new born babes.

Adult marriage is the custom here. A Khond buys his wife according to his wealth, and pays with many head of cattle, from six to even as many as forty. Divorce is easy. Sometimes there is a ceremony in which a piece of straw is split, sometimes the woman just leaves and the father is left to pay the bill. The result is that married daughters become a burden and female infanticide was practised until recently. At the same time the Khond appears to be very proud of his women, who are elabor-



Khond Head showing tattoo

ately tattooed at the early age of eleven and stamped for ever as Khond. Lines in rows and tiger marks in dots are cut deeply into the faces of beautiful girls with a sharp three-pointed instrument. When the incisions are bleeding and sore, soot and lamp black are rubbed in hard. From pain and shame alike the poor victims run and hide in the jungle.

There is free love in the Khondmals and strangely enough the girls as well as the boys are allowed to propose. The courtship is quite simple. A boy chases a girl in the bazaar and offers her a present. She has probably been forewarned. If she likes him she replies: "I will be for you, elder brother." They walk in the market arm in arm, have a drink together and she becomes his mistress. If a baby arrives, the maternal uncle approaches the father-in-law and arrangements start. While the bride price is being fixed, the bridegroom never goes near the girl although they have lived together until that hour. People of the same family or the same village never marry. The tribe is divided up into exogamous groups of *Muthas;* a number of villages make a *Mutha* and a number of *Muthas* make a *Taluk*. There are fifty *Muthas* in this Division alone.

The Administrator chose an oldish man as representative of the Khond tribe, to pose for me. His name was Potia Koharo; he was aged forty-two and came from the Beranagand *Mutha* some distance away. The old Khonds

Khond Head full face

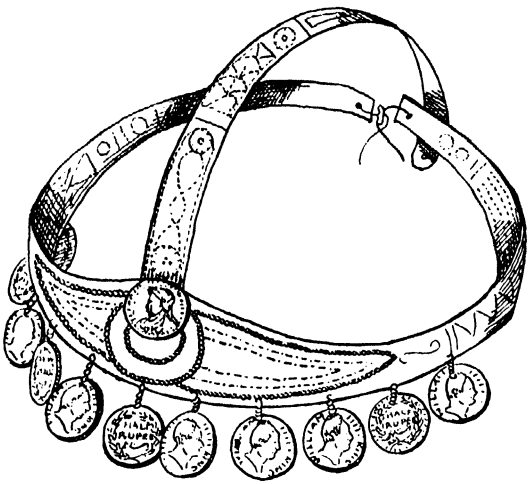
are very amusing to look at, for they comb their long hair with their fingers on to the top of their heads and tie it in a knot that hangs over the forehead; the beard, too, is knotted if it is long enough. They sometimes wear a very ancient *sari*, woven with red stitches, that reaches the ground. They have long faces, rather wide straight noses, medium sized mouths and very dark skins.

The women are small and dainty and their faces are pointed. They amused me very much by behaving like a Greek chorus, folding their hands together and all saying the same thing simultaneously. They are very shy and go about arm in arm, or hand on the shoulder of a friend, never alone.

A Khond girl named Bendiri Digola, with a sweet tiny face that was deeply tattooed, came to sit for me. Tattooing is no longer the height of fashion and is by no means inflicted on all the girls today. My chosen model walked from the distant village of Poknagan, and stood for me with much courage for hours. I was thrilled with the possibilities of her head, but next day she failed to appear and a message was brought to me that she had given birth to a baby in the night. Horrified at my carelessness, for I never suspected she was pregnant, I went at once to see her. She had made a mesalliance, I considered, for I found that she was living in a Pan village where the houses were much smaller and reached by little flights of steps. In the semi-darkness of the hut I spied my lady beautifully dressed, hair shining and coiled as usual, waving the flies off her baby boy with a peacock's feather. Father was standing proudly by. The baby was fair and strong and apparently the mother bore me no malice.

Khond Bracelet (Banduria)

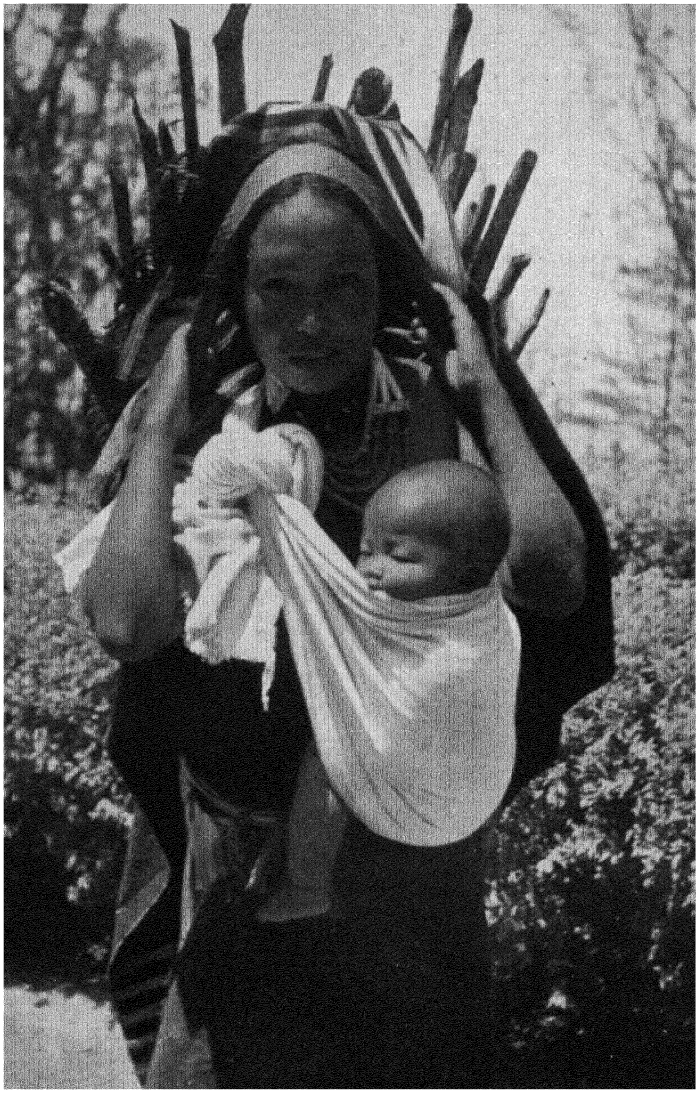
Women always have their babies in their own homes, but they are considered unclean for a month after and may only go out of the back door. The girls wear a strange little garment, a narrow strip of material called a *dipeni*, tightly secured, and over it a very short *sari*. They arrange the pattern of the weaving at the back, pull it across and then put one piece round and cover the shoulder and



Khond Headdress

under the arm. In the old days they wore two cloths and never covered the breast. Silver jewels are the prized possessions of the Khond women, who favour heavy anklets, bracelets and much worked neck chains, of which the Administrator brought me a wonderful collection to draw. For marriage they wear a silver headdress with King's coins hanging all round. Queer loose nose-rings in gold were unique but quite impossible to put on a sculptured head.

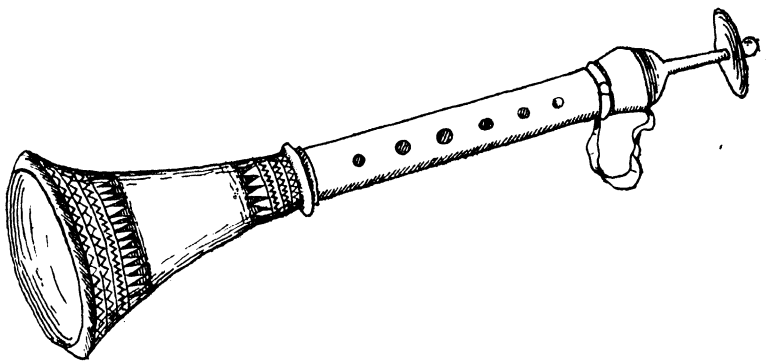
We visited many Khond villages. The huts were magnificent, built of virgin *sal* wood of very great age. I measured one plank which was twenty-seven inches wide, much wider than any timber which can be cut today. A good hut takes two years to build and is all made by hand and with no nails; the artistic carved



BEAUTIFUL ANGAMI NAGA WOMAN AT KOHIMA.
The weight of her load of wood is borne by head-band. *P.* 216

OUR SEMA SERVANT, KOHIMA.
He is wearing ceremonial dress made principally of goat's hair, cotton wool and cowries. (Naga Hills, Assam.) *P.* 216

doors revolve in grooved blocks. The roofs are thatched with jungle grass or *paddy* straw and the huts are usually covered with mud and red ochre which is fingered into patterns while wet; I found the long lines of repeated half squares very effective. The home is divided into two partitions with doors opposite each other. The right side is for cattle, and above them is a shelf to store grain and bins of *paddy*, the other side is for sleeping and cooking. Sometimes there is a mud bench with a plough and yoke hanging over it. There is usually a good fireplace, a bed of logs and, hanging on the ceiling line after line of little bowls made of *sal* leaves for their sloppy



Khond Trumpet (Mohori)

rice food. Like all other tribes the Khonds make these bowls in thousands after dark and in every hut there was a fragrant smell of *sal* leaves which were changing to a brown colour from the smoke.

At a village called Dakapal near the bed of the river, a fete was arranged in my honour. First I examined the village and watched them make fire by friction very quickly and easily with two different woods called *badeli* and *kanga nirami*. Then I sat on a cot in the blazing sun of the courtyard. The children assembled in hundreds and sat on the little raised mud verandahs under the dark *iak* trees. The dancing began with three drums and a trumpet as an accompaniment; Kui music, composed extempore, is very pretty and haunting. The only

other Khond instrument is a *Pleka*, with three strings and two gourds.

Pretty shy girls with sleek buns of hair sticking out on the left side arranged their dancing scarves over their left shoulders. Dressed in red and white cloths with many bangles that jingled, they made rhythmic movements of foot and hand together. The dancers were in a closed line, sometimes facing, and sometimes turning their backs to me. Their movements were natural and graceful. In one dance they took their scarves in both hands and appeared to wash them while their toes made patterns in the sand.

At the gate of the village a little shelter is built for the watchman when the Indian corn is coming up. Bears and big game come in from the jungle and ravage all their hard earned crops. The people live in hourly terror and the watcher beats a little drum all night. The Administrator told me that not many weeks ago a tiger had come into a hut and attacked a man with his wife and baby. The man fought the tiger single-handed, but the woman was killed. He threw the baby into the fire to save it from being mauled to death. In the end he managed to imprison the tiger in the hut, a strong room, thanks to the *sal* planks, where the tiger ate the buffaloes, goats and chickens and was eventually shot the next morning. When the man was healed of his wounds he went to the Sub-Divisional Officer of the Khondmals crawling on the ground with a twig in his mouth, because he believed that he was accursed. The Government gave him fifty rupees to be spent in undoing the curse.

CHAPTER IX

CHOTA NAGPUR

ORAONS AND MUNDAS - HOS AND SANTALS - KEONJHARGHAR STATE - THE BHUNYANS

I made the town of Ranchi my headquarters in the Chota Nagpur District, a short journey from Calcutta. This was my first introduction to the Kolarian tribes, the name given to them by the early Aryan invaders—*Kol* meaning black.

All the Chota Nagpur tribes, with the exception of the Oraons, speak a Munda language which appears to be of very ancient origin. The Mundas are an important and mysterious people, without doubt ancient masters of the Indo-Gangetic region. The Oraon tribe are a very ancient people too, speaking a Dravidian language, and originally from the South. Because they arrived later in Chota Nagpur they acknowledge the Mundas as " bigger."

The hotel I was recommended to stay at proved a pleasant enough place to work in with spacious grounds. My plan was to study the Oraons here, as it was said to be their best district. But I soon found that my plans had not been laid carefully enough, for I could not distinguish between an Oraon and a Munda. I started to look for possible heads at once in the bazaar and when walking along the road. With untiring persistence I tried to get help from the Museum, from Missionaries, in fact from everyone I met. Completely nonplussed and in despair, having drawn a blank everywhere, I nearly gave up the search, when at last the manager of the Piska tea gardens whom I met in the hotel gave me a choice of models working on his estate.

Here quite different types were paraded in front of me, and many groups of boys working in the tea dressed up

for my benefit. They wore long pieces of material, with woven red bands and bobs, a loop at the back and two ends at each side. This was an old form of dress I was told; it might originally have been a shield. They tied their heads up in the same type of cloth, twisting it round into a comical *puggree* that showed the red trimming and bobs in front. It was amusing to see men decorated with clusters and strings of beads like women. Each of them wore a square comb, sometimes two, hanging fantastically over one eye in front, or stuck in loosely at the back. The hair was worn rather like a girl's shingle, unless it grew too long when it was rolled into a bun. All Oraon men are branded with a hot stick on their arms when quite young as a mark of recognition.

Both Mundas and Oraons were in these groups. As they appeared to wear the same ornaments, it was difficult to distinguish them apart and even the manager could not help. As far as I could judge the Oraon had longer and more distinctive faces, finer features with small well-shaped noses, and retreating foreheads; the Mundas were heavy and thick-set in build, with square faces, thick lips and wide nostrils.

Particularly charming were the groups of little Oraon girls plucking tea. Working in the heat of the day, they had discarded their top cloth and stood bare breasted in front of me. They had all gathered *bokain* flowers to put in their hair, for this kind of adornment is a favourite fashion among the tribe and any flower in season may be used. Oraon women have oval faces, dainty and small. They fasten six rings along the edge of their ears and push a roll of stained red bamboo in the stretched ear lobe. An elaborate dog collar is worn tightly round the neck and a necklace of four anna bits with a rupee in the centre. Six enormous bangles, more than an inch wide, are worn and their arms and chests are elaborately tattooed; a tattoo mark is also placed in the centre of the forehead between the eyebrows. Their cloths, all home woven, are in two pieces with red borders and a bobby fringe down the sides, the top cloth being usually slightly draped over the breast and tied in a half bow at the back.

When I became familiar with the people I realised what a contrast the Munda women made to the dainty Oraon. The Mundas have big faces and bumpy foreheads, a depressed nosebridge and thick nostrils. Their hair is arranged in a big lump on one side. They wear one cloth only with a red pattern woven on the edge, one end slightly draping the breast with a few ugly and gaudy bangles finishing off the costume. A distinctive mark was a rolled up *sal* leaf in the ear lobe, the *sal* tree being sacred to the Munda. I began in time to distinguish the Munda women from the Oraon by the red bamboo or the *sal* leaf ear decoration.

At last after many photographs and much consideration I selected an Oraon man (as I thought) for my model. He wore a collar of beads like an old lace affair of our grandmothers and hardly any other clothes. We worked in the burning heat of the garden with a fierce hot wind blowing. It was impossible to continue so I decided to take both model and clay head back to Ranchi Hotel in a car, to finish in some cooler spot. An interpreter helped me with the genealogy of the coolie that evening, and I found out that he was a Munda and not an Oraon after all.

At that moment a great authority from a Munda District came into the hotel. I showed him my model and told him all my troubles. He pronounced the boy as a most perfect type of Munda, as good as I could find anywhere. Then he looked at my clay portrait and began to laugh, for the grey clay had exaggerated the heavy lumpy look so characterisric of these people. "Well, that is more Munda than all the Mundas," he said. This was consoling indeed. I was reminded that Bourdelle once said: "A sculptured lion must possess all of a lion, and be greater than any one lion."

After this experience I went to stay at Kanti with the authority on Mundas, who took pity on me and offered his expert help. It was a good centre right among village life. A great *tomatia* was going on the evening I arrived. One village drummed all night and all day and it was impossible for us to sleep. The object of the festival was to make a *puja* to a *sal* tree. Attracted by the drum-

ming, I went over to see the dance that was going on. The space between the houses was too small and the effect of the dancing was lost; besides which the drums were immense and their noise drowned everything. It was a bad dance as all the men were drunk, and the girls only walked about in rows doing no special steps. These Munda girls looked pretty though heavy and they wore decorative combs with one big prong.

With camera and sketch book I visited many villages in the area. My host was an expert photographer and equally keen and I remember especially one Munda village that provided us with beautiful subjects. It was very straggling through many little courts all fenced with *lantara*. To my surprise some of the houses were tiled with semi-luna tiles, while others were thatched with spear grass with a seed like arrow heads. Typical huts were rather large with wall divisions inside and half given up to the cattle. At the back, grain was kept in immense baskets of plaited straw tied together. A group of women were winnowing *paddy* in a little court and a girl was spreading it out in the sun while another sifted *dahl* on the verandah. A good-looking boy, wearing a loin cloth with long ends woven in red back and front, and carrying a bow and arrow, came in from the land with a yoke and plough on his shoulders. He looked like a prince and stood magnificently. Mundas were the original owners of the land here.

Little was to be seen of the sacred groves or shrines that I had read about. One that I found at last was a solitary old *sal* tree in the middle of a plain. The sacred grove of the village that we studied was a group of five *sal* trees standing together. The shrine must be on virgin soil and is called *Sarna*. The good spirit of the forest lives there and once a year the Munda come and worship on this spot and sacrifice a cockerel.

A big Munda graveyard under a spreading mango tree was most interesting. About one hundred or more monolith stones, placed in a slightly raised position, are memorials to the land owners of the village. Planting the stones is costly, for neighbours have to be called to

help to carry them, and they have to be feasted afterwards.

One of the best Oraon villages we saw was called Kalamati. It was straggling, hilly, and picturesque. All the houses were tiled and made of solid mud bricks built round neat little courts fenced with thorny sticks. The Oraons were cultivating *paddy* and oil seed called *raiget* and we saw a most ingenious home-made oil press.

When an Oraon is well-off the bridegroom goes with a party to fetch the bride, the price of whom has lately risen to thirty rupees. Each man may marry one wife only, but marriages can be dissolved. The head of the family conducts the marriage ceremony and there is no priest. The Oraon have borrowed the idea of big memorial stones from the Mundas and have the same kind of burial grounds with head stones and flat stones. They bury their dead where they lie; afterwards they dig up the bones, cremate them and take them to the village where the deceased was born.

At Kalamati, I managed to find a splendid type of Oraon with long hair, two decorative combs, and the well-shaped head rather like a red Indian's that I liked so much. I took his measurements with compasses and made a little plan of his features, and then asked him a lot of questions through my friend to save time the next day. Too late I realised what a mistake I had made. In the morning we arranged a studio on the back verandah, I had the clay all ready for work and built up the head from measurements. The police brought the model to me and I was full of enthusiasm for he looked magnificent in all his war paint. But, alas, terror seized him. Just as I was about to begin the head he said to the guard that he had a call of nature, slipped behind a tree and vanished for ever. The police gave chase but we never saw him again.

II

It was suggested to me that the big factory of the Tata Company would provide me with good specimens of Hos and Santals and that the management would have some hold over the models chosen. After my last

experience I felt that this was a good idea. I journeyed, therefore, to Jamshedpur one morning in an Indian bus. From a British official I managed to get an introduction to the Head of the Company, who in turn gave me a letter to the Manager of Labour in the factory. After I had climbed a hill in the burning sun, sent in my introductions and made plans with the Manager, I was nearer to fainting than ever before. There was a good hotel at Jamshedpur, but I feared there would be little privacy, so I established myself in the worst possible Dak bungalow and regretted it too late.

The Tata Company own the largest iron and steel works in the Empire. Their output at that time was 24,000 tons of finished steel per month and 90,000 tons of iron. The furnaces were belching molten metal and there was lurid glare and smoke, coal dust and sirens all day and all night. It was like the infernal regions and so unlike the India that I loved. It was all sinister and horrible. Why had I ever come, I asked myself; my whole soul resented Jamshedpur.

But when I drove round the works at sunset with the Manager, I was obliged to confess after all that it had a certain beauty. Coke ovens being pushed were thrilling; a great cake of fire breaking into pieces as it tumbled out of the high, narrow oven—I could have watched the pillar of flame for hours.

The Dak bungalow got dirtier, hotter and more sordid from day to day. I regretted the Hotel every minute and dared not think of fans, water laid on or ice. Firmly and resolutely, I thought of my aim as a scupltor and the beauty of the Hos and the Santals. My work was only made possible by the kindness and sympathy of the Labour Manager and his wife.

The Ho tribe became very familiar to me. They look you frankly in the face, no shyness or downcast eye, such a pleasant change from the sulky Mundas. The women were most attractive, but the men were varied and nondescript. I saw hundreds of them on the road to Chaibasa, their headquarters, but I turned them down as models at Jamshedpur because they all had hair-cuts

and European clothes. They have noticeably high heads from the brow upwards and brush up their hair, which makes the head look still higher.

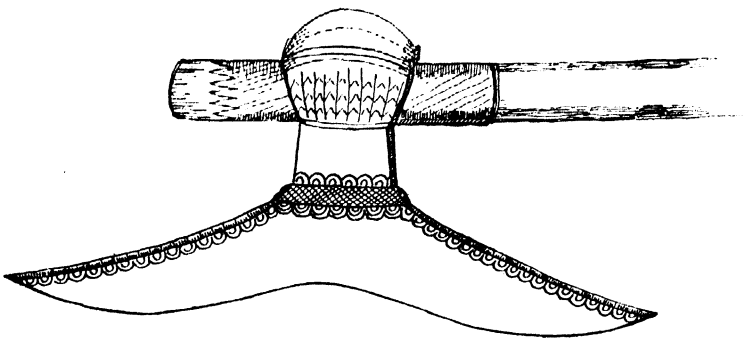
Ho women have very low foreheads and parted hair arranged in an original way in a roll on the right side. Their pointed gold earrings and chains are worth forty rupees, and they wear gold nose rings and gold coins round the neck. Bangles and anklets in heavy silver deck their arms and feet and a special bangle made of conch shell is a distinguishing mark of a Ho. No doubt, like all shells from cowries upwards, it was worn to bring fertility and good luck. A *sari* leaving one shoulder bare used to be worn but now little bodices are becoming the fashion.

The beautiful girl I chose was as independent as she could possibly be, in spite of the fact that she worked in a factory. She stayed away whenever she wished and gave me a lot of anxiety, but her head was so good that I had to be patient. There was much frankness and sweetness among these people, pretty manners and laughter, none of the sad glum expressions so typical of the aboriginal.

Ho houses are easily recognised, for they are all of the same size, rectangular in shape and never built in lines. Many are painted with earth or red clay. They decorate their walls with stripes and geometric designs and sometimes grotesque figures in red, yellow and black. The houses are neatly thatched and a few have borrowed flower-pot tiles; occasionally a prosperous man will build a bigger house than all the rest. Ho villages are not hidden from the world, but are found at the side of the road. A family lives in a courtyard with three huts built round it, mud walls and a brush wood fence; the mud steps and ledges used as seats are all spotlessly clean. The inhabitants of the village I saw all gave me the impression of being very well-off and I soon found that prudence, industry and thrift were responsible for their wealth.

One old man we talked to said he had forty *Mands* of rice; the stores were full of enormous baskets made

of rope; corncobs hanging from the roof would provide seed for the next season; women were tying up *sal* leaves in bundles to be thrown on the roof to dry. Crowds followed me into the courtyard, where I sat down on a narrow ledge feeling that I had never been hotter. There seemed to be many children; they made me feel still more suffocated by pressing close upon me while I drew a most artistic axe of Ho workmanship, exquisitely curved with a geometric pattern on the edge.



Ho Axe

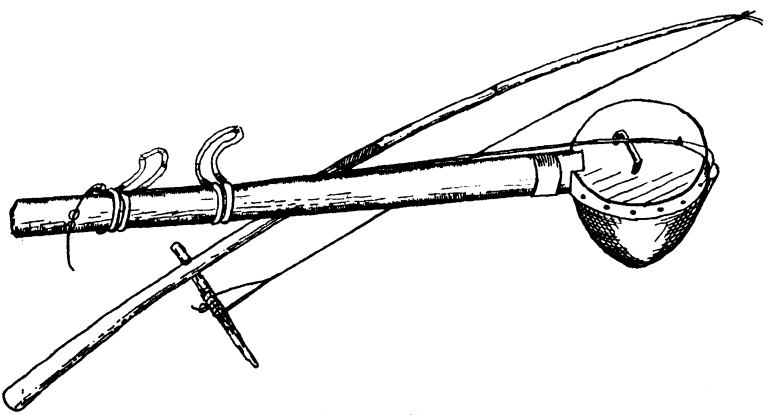
The Ho tribe usually live on the plains near a Tank, not up on the hills, and it is thus difficult now-a-days to find a perfectly pure village. Their religion, as usual, is mixed with Hinduism, and they worship at a rough stone smeared with vermilion, representing Mahadeo. They have a firm belief in a supreme being above the skies. The poor families bury their dead, the well-to-do cremate them; relations bring cloth, oil and tumeric to be consumed with the corpse. The bones are collected and put in a new earthen pot covered with a new cloth and buried deep in the village graveyard. A flat unhewn stone, sometimes inscribed, is placed upright to mark the spot.

There are many exogamous septs among the Hos. I was told that marriage is usually "arranged" by abduction. The father and uncle of both families plan the

marriage and discuss the bride-price, which varies from ten rupees to a hundred, according to status. When this has been satisfactorily dealt with, the boy and girl disappear into the jungle. Another part of the marriage ritual is that both the bride and groom must sacrifice a white cock simultaneously.

The Hos keep seven important festivals called *Porab*. There is the village feast called *Maghe*, the harvest called *Jomna*, and the *Ba* which means flower, hence a Spring festival. The *Chatta*, an umbrella festival, is celebrated by dancing round a large umbrella elevated on a pole. The *Chait* they keep in April, when the big *Chan* dance takes place, and the hook-swinging ceremony is performed at the same time.

Dances of infinite steps and variety form a principal part of all Ho festivities. A dance was especially arranged for me to see one evening in the moonlight. There were six or eight big drums and a cymbal, with the dancers moving round in a wide circle outside the drummers. First, very shyly, a line of girls linked arms alternately behind each other and moved in a circle to the beating of drums. Then more women joined and it became a spiral, a double and treble line all circling in one direction. Each step had its particular drum beat and everyone kept time and moved in unison.



Ho Violin

The Manager and his wife and I were seated as comfortably as might be on native cots; we held torches and flashed them on the dancers as they circled past. The girls had mounted flowers in a cockade to deck their hair. The boys kept walking round and round them and when they had found their best girl (at least, so I imagined) they pushed their way into the circle and put their arms round their backs all holding hands. It was peculiar to the Ho tribe for the boys to go into the girls' dancing lines. As they passed us they appeared dreamy and mesmerised by the drumming.

The first dance was an ordinary village dance, the *Maghe Sun.* The next was the *Ba Sun* or spring dance, and this was full of fun and danced with much spirit. Two marriage dances included very special movements called *Andi Sun.* There was much springing aud jumping, a hop on one foot and a dead stop beautifully balanced and rhythmic. The time was very syncopated and the whole performance spectacular and interesting. These were by far the best tribal dances I had yet seen.

With the help of the Labour Manager I found a Santal girl, a real Roman beauty with huge eyes, thin cheeks and a curly mouth. They were very different from the Hos, having very graceful bodies and being not nearly so heavy or wide of face. Her husband, however, was so dull looking that I put off doing a male Santal till a more convenient season.

III

Still greater difficulties were yet to befall me. In the belief that Keonjharghar State would be cool and hilly with a guesthouse and some rare wild tribes, I had fished for an introduction and was invited most warmly to go and stay at the little capital, Keonjhar. To get there from Jamshedpur I had to face two long bus rides, as no other means of communication were available,

At midday, when I had just changed into the second bus and was wondering how much more a mortal could

endure, a man rushed at me with a note. He possessed very little English, but commanded me to descend. He then tried to make me understand that it was not convenient for me to proceed to Keonjhar that day, and that I must stay for the present at a little out of the way station called Champua. Much worried and surprised, I had no choice but to obey. To this day I do not know exactly what happened except that the Maharaja needed the guesthouse for himself for some obscure superstitious reason.

I was imprisoned, or so it felt to me, in a white inspection bungalow, in the middle of a lonely plain. It was at the end of a long straight road with a gusty hot wind blowing night and day. The heat was hard to bear and I felt annoyed with everything and everyone; besides which time was so precious to me and in the monsoon every day counted.

The *Tasildar* of the District met me. He was quite helpless but very kind and promised to arrange my camp. A Magistrate came down the long white road to call. He had a wide fat smile and a long beard, and promised to send me some Bhunyans, one of the tribes that I was seeking. Plucking up my courage, I began to unpack and prepare clay, only to find that in the confusion a most important parcel had been left on the top of the bus.

True to the Magistrate's promise, groups of Bhunyans appeared but they were most uninspiring; perhaps interesting to science but hideous as art. They were pathological subjects, I felt sure. Their mouths were all wide open, their foreheads impossibly narrow between the temples, while the lower part of the face positively bulged. One old man from a hill village was amusing; he had long matted hair which he had shaped into a cobra's head hanging over his right eye. As a duty to anthropology, but quite against my better judgment, I began a head of him, but was thankful when the man got bored and ran away.

Still bent on study and trying to retrieve a lost opportunity, I walked three miles across the burning plains to Godhuli village, hoping to find good types. There

were two outlying groups of huts before I reached my objective, which was a big village near a sacred river. It was an exhausting business.

I found here good specimens of plains Bhunyans, but they were very wild and shy. The women were frankly terrified of me and it was difficult to get even a photograph. Some of them had an original and charming method of hairdressing, done in a Chinese fashion in a flat round cow patch with a pin stuck through and flowers on the top, a style that was altogether new to me. Their faces were expressionless and very flat and wide, they wore bangles of red glass and silver, nose rings and anklets. I noticed that the left hand was tattooed, as well as a necklace pattern and a mark on the forehead.

The courts, surrounded with huts, were hard to photograph, for I could not stand far enough back; the huts themselves were very roughly built, with mud steps and ledges and had an uneven look. By dint of exhaustive questions through my guides, I managed to find out some facts about the Bhunyans; they are nearly all Hinduised, they understand and speak Uriya but I imagine they have a dialect of their own. Their marriage feast continues for eight days like the Hindu pattern, and they pay in kind and in money for their brides. There were large dormitories for boys and also for girls, the latter being less general because girls often sleep in huts of the widows. Like other Chota Nagpur tribes, they bury their dead when they cannot afford to cremate them. I was quite fascinated by the women and their unusual hair, but my guides had no power to persuade anyone to come to the bungalow to sit for me, and I had no power over the guides. It was a hopeless struggle. At Keonjhar I felt everything would be quite different.

The first night at Champua I moved my bed on to the verandah seeking air. It was pleasant under the stars; there was even a tiny breeze and I went to sleep. Loud coughs and spitting woke me up with a start; I got up with my torch and went to investigate. To my consternation and disgust I found that others besides myself had chosen the verandah as a bedroom. Fourteen prac-

tically naked figures were sleeping on the left of me and half a dozen on the right. Some were talking and some smoking, all coughing and all a little drunk. I said to them firmly that it was Memsahib's bungalow, and that they were to go away. As nothing happened I shrieked for the *Khansama* and woke him up. He was most concerned, put his hand on his heart and assured me that I had nothing to fear. I tried to make him understand that I was not afraid at all, but that I preferred to sleep alone. He cleared most of them away at last and they stumbled down to the trees near. They were hill men with no homes here, he told me, who had come down that day to get their wages for forest work. I felt that I had been a brute.

My sole food was bad curry, dangerous warm water, *chapattis* and eggs. I tried not to mind the diet but longed for ice, bread, jam and fruit. The kind *Tasildar* offered to get me some European food, but, as he said: "No one ever comes to stay in this District." He brought me soda water, jam and butter with much difficulty from a distant bazaar, the butter was black and mouldy in a tin, where it had lain for years. He was surprised when I told him that it was bad and said sadly: "You won't eat this?" After four days and seeing no prospect at all of deliverance, my courage and strength snapped and I ran away, shaking the dust of Keonjharghar State from off my feet.

CHAPTER X

ASSAM PROVINCE

TO THE NAGA HILLS - NAGA HEAD HUNTERS - AT KOHIMA - MANIPUR STATE - IMPHAL - TANKHULS - MARRINGS - TO SADIYA - MISHMIS - ABORS

Professor Hutton of Cambridge first inspired me to go to Assam. When he heard of my proposed tour in India in search of Aboriginal and Primitive Tribes, he described the Nagas to me and suggested that he would help me with my itinerary. The Naga Hills are an untouched, unspoilt bit of India, an "excluded area," but the many introductions the Professor gave me made the visit a possibility.

As soon as I arrived back in Calcutta after my unfortunate experiences in Chota Nagpur, I made the necessary plans. Permission had to be obtained from the Governor of the Province of Assam, and my letters of introduction had to be sent to officials at Kohima and Manipur State, to enable me to cross the "Inner Line" and penetrate into the Naga Hills.

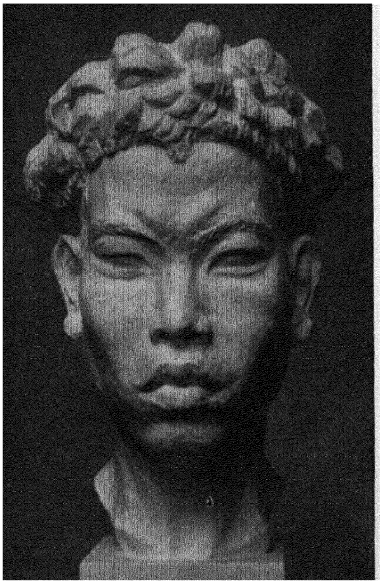
Assam was a completely new part of India to me, for though it covers some 67,000 square miles and has a population of over nine million, all that I had ever heard about it was that tea grew there.

The early history of Assam reads like a fairy story. An Ahom prince of the great Thai Race left his father's kingdom in the Upper Shan States some time about the year 1220 A.D. in search of adventure and a kingdom of his own. He gathered together a thousand trusty followers who, leaving all their women behind, braved the unknown terrors of the Hukuang Valley with its wild beasts and still wilder tribesmen, swollen rivers and dense and dangerous jungle. The band of warriors eventually

SCULPTURED HEADS FROM ASSAM

ABOR MAN. *P.* 227

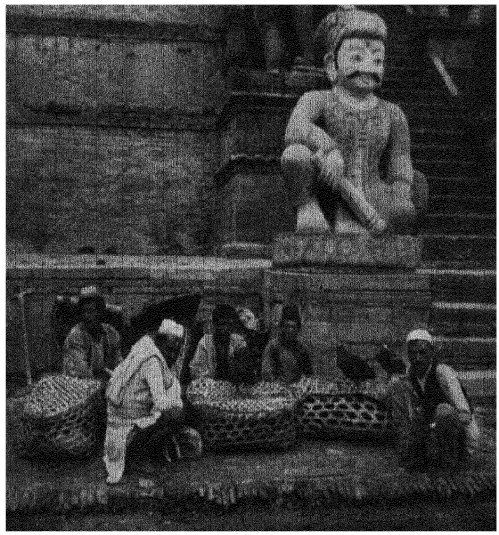
KUKI NAGA MAN. *P.* 223



LHOTA NAGA BOY. *P.* 217

MISHMI GIRL. *P.* 227

IMAGE OF "KALA SHAIRAB." (Katmandu.) *P.* 235



STATUE AT THE BASE OF THE NYAT POLA, BHARGAON.
Coolies selling jungle fowl. (Nepal.) *P.* 248

crossed the Patkai Hills, part of the Himalayan Range, with peaks 10,000 to 15,000 feet high. On the further side they found what must have seemed to them a promised land, the wide and smiling valley of the Brahmaputra River.

Many of the wild tribes came under their sway, perhaps the most powerful being the Katchari Clan, whose capital at Dimapur was entirely destroyed by the Ahoms, for only some curious old round pillars remain. The people with their Chinese civilisation brought with them a beautiful penmanship, a great historical sense and much poetic charm. Because they wrote their title deeds and temple inscriptions on copper plates nothing has been lost. Few cultures have any records more interesting than the *buranjis* of the Ahoms written on the bark of trees.

Legend says that Gautama Buddha died at Karmarupa, the old name for Assam. It is certain that Buddhism flourished here at one time, before the time of the Hindu Khettri Kings who brought the earliest known culture. Ruined cities near Sadiya some 2,000 years old may have been built by them.

By 1660 A.D. only one language was used, which was called Assamese. All the clans amalgamated and great prosperity spread over the country. The completely wild tribes, however, were driven back into the fastnesses of mountain and jungle and were never numbered, governed nor sympathised with until the arrival of the British in 1826.

Centuries of war seem to have been the fate of this little Kingdom. First came the Muhammadans, who, though they succeeded in conquering three-quarters of India by 1400 A.D., never managed to annex Assam, which was one of the few countries that beat back the tide of the Mogul conquest. They attacked the brave Assamese times without number from Dacca and once 40,000 troops with thousands of camp followers sailed up the Brahmaputra River, only to be repulsed and destroyed. Later, after the death of Aurangzeb, when the Moguls were vulnerable, Rudra Singha the Great, the

last King of Assam, planned to seize Delhi. At this moment of victory the Burmese, violently jealous of the prosperity of Assam, its trade with Bengal and its boats manned with guns on the Brahmaputra River, poured over the most formidable mountain ranges and invaded Assam with great strength and ferocity.

It is difficult to associate the peaceful Burman of today, who is no fighter, with his bloodthirsty and cruel forbears in the late seventeen hundreds. It was the Burmese who caused the downfall of Assam. They raided and pillaged the country until it was reduced to a wilderness; they carried away 30,000 people as slaves. The remainder of the population lost all courage and morale; they had to choose between pestilence, sword or captivity. The last of the splendid line of kings who reigned from 1220 to 1826 A.D. applied to the British for help. The East India Company took over the Government of Assam, punished the Burmese severely for their arrogance, and by the Treaty of Yandeboo (1826) annexed the Provinces of Arakan and Tenasserim in Lower Burma and restored peace.

The face of Assam completely changed during these wars. Having once possessed a great and industrious population with a wonderful heritage and civilisation, it then became a vast jungle. Temples, palaces and high roads all disappeared. Disastrous floods and earthquakes assisted in their destruction; snow-fed rivers changed their beds many miles distant. The Assamese people ceased cultivation; they took to opium smoking and kept slaves. There was no money in the country when the East India Company took over; there was nothing but ruin and desolation, and the creeping jungle tide.

Little by little the British took control, first from without and then from within. An "Inner Line" was drawn down the map separating the tribal areas from Assam proper, and eventually we started to administer Districts one by one. The first step was to stop human sacrifice which was performed regularly to ensure a good rice harvest, as well as the age old practice of head hunting, which was rife all over the hills. Head hunting was

almost a religious conviction among the Naga Tribes. They believed that the head is the storehouse of all human virtues; the taking of a head, therefore, became meritorious and the more heads that were collected, the greater was the importance of the village. A chieftain decorated his porch with twenty or thirty skulls that he had taken. In unadministered territory head hunting still goes on unabated, for Burma does not appear to have tackled the problem.

The Naga head hunters live in fortified villages which lie long distances apart and of which no two are alike. They live quite separately from each other, and have different dress and different customs and a different language. These tribes never intermarry. They wear striking war paint for ceremonials and feasts. Their spears and axes (called *daos*) and all their accoutrements are cleverly decorated with goat's hair, horse's hair and human hair, dyed black and yellow and a glowing shade of red. It was to hunt these rare and original tribesmen that I journeyed to Assam in the month of April, 1938.

When I left Calcutta and boarded the Assam mail, it was 106 degrees in the shade, not the best hour for travelling in the monsoon. A friendly Scots woman and myself were given a first class carriage all to ourselves, for now that everyone even the most high-brow travels second, the railway officials have had to convert many firsts. This comfort made the midday heat bearable and we had a good dinner which tasted delicious after my diet of *dahl* and *chapattis*. At 9 p.m. we changed to a shaky metre gauge railway, and travelled due East to the wonderland of Assam.

In the early morning we reached Gauhati, the port for Shillong, the capital, and the great Brahmaputra river all wrapped in silver and grey-green mist. The sacred river, "Son of Brahma," is 1,800 miles long and parts of it have never been explored. There has been a river service ever since 1880 and those who are not in a Western hustle can travel by boat for 800 miles. The ferry service from Gauhati was excellent and there was a lovely vista to gaze upon from the top deck, where an English breakfast

of bacon and eggs and Assam tea was served. India was full of surprises. After this cool interlude a burning train awaited us on the opposite side to take passengers for Manipur Road Station, the nearest point to the Naga Hills.

The heat on the plains was unbearable and the leather of the carriage seat burnt me through and through, but I was so thrilled with the feel of this new country that I forgot all discomfort. I could not take my eyes off the people, a pure Mongolian race with flat faces and yellow skins, small mouths and noses, more like the Tibetans or Sikkimese. They had perfect manners and sweet, gentle voices. Someone in the train remarked: "The Assamese look you straight in the eye and never lie or steal. I can leave my motor car anywhere here and no one will touch it."

On arrival at Manipur Road Station, I found my load of plaster and clay waiting in the goods shed—always my first anxiety. After showing my special pass I mounted the front seat of a scarlet motor lorry, the Royal Mail to Kohima, forty-eight miles distant. We led a long convoy of lorries and went at a great pace along good roads. Sometimes we went low down by a slow moving stream between rocks with blackish-green trees almost meeting overhead, just like going through tunnels. Sometimes we passed through dense jungle of bamboo, bare tree tops and virgin growth, impassible, eerie and sinister. The sharp clear air after the sticky heat of the plains, the twisty road in double curves round valleys and hills, and the new experience all combined to stimulate and thrill me. As we penetrated further and further into the Naga Hills, I felt that I was entering an enchanted land where one loses all sense of time.

Not until we got much nearer to Kohima was there any sign of life except an isolated hut or two; then quite unexpectedly came a fine display of terraced rice cultivation. We halted suddenly at the thirtieth mile when we came to a gate across the middle of the road and a long stream of waiting lorries on the other side. I woke up from my dream to realise that these narrow dangerous

roads were regulated for "One way traffic" only, and that explained the excellent pace we had made.

After four hours' travelling we stopped at the gate of Kohima, the headquarters of the Naga Hill District. Stiff and aching from the hard upright seat of a lorry without springs, I bundled out with all my goods at the Dak Bungalow perched on the side of the hill. My quarters were clean and pleasant. I started at once to prepare clay for work the next day, but felt rather perplexed as to what my next step ought to be. The Deputy Commissioner, to whom I had an introduction, was away on sick leave. My only hope of getting models depended on the help and sympathy of the acting D.C., an unknown quantity.

While I pondered, a charming and somewhat shyly worded letter was handed to me with an invitation to dinner; a servant waited with a lantern to guide me to the Government bungalow just opposite. To my relief, I found that my host was most enthusiastic about anthropology and the idea of making a record of the heads of the tribes. He rescued me the next day from the Dak bungalow, saying that I could not work there, and must come and stay with him.

Eric Lambert, an Irishman, was young in years, slight of build and rather delicate looking. He was very efficient and dictatorial, and so rapid in decision that he always left me far behind trying to make up my mind. It gave me great confidence to have his splendid and knowledgable help. Things happened like magic; splendid types of Nagas were produced from far and near, for a Deputy Commissioner in these Districts rules like a little king. He has to make all decisions and be a judge as well as a father to the people, and even decide on a sentence of life and death.

Kohima, 5,000 feet above sea level, is composed of little hills like a crumpled pocket handkerchief. From the Deputy Commissioner's bungalow the ground fell sharply on three sides.[1] All around us were the lovely Naga Hills of varying heights up to 10,000 feet, and

[1] Kohima is now a ruin. Nothing remains but a cemetery of Allied soldiers who helped to stem the Japanese advance towards Delhi.

snow capped mountains were visible in the far distance. Thunder and heavy showers at this April time were mixed with brilliant sunshine, for the rains do not break in good earnest until mid-May. Both tropical and English flowers grew riotously, carnations, roses and stocks with orchids in the trees. Strangely incongruous, a cuckoo sang. All the bungalows in Assam are mounted on posts about five feet high to stand the shock of earthquakes. On the very first morning a shock greeted my arrival, my bed dithered and shook and the room rattled but nothing worse happened.

A tiny European community, consisting of a handful of Gurkha Rifles. a Canadian Baptist Mission and a hospital, lived in this dip of the hills. The Mission, which was there in very early days, dresses the Nagas in shorts and shirts, and tells them that it is a sin to go about half naked and wear a striped cloth, and a crime to dance. I never met anyone in Kohima who wore European dress; all the interpreters I saw wore their Government scarlet cloaks over their native dress. The little village, consisting of about 800 Assamase, is like a picturesque bazaar. Streams of Angami Nagas passed, continually buying or selling, and at this season they were to be seen trying on enormous rain shields made of leaves.

Above the village, too high to be visible, there was a great Angami Naga Settlement, with its huts clinging to the summit of the hill. There are about three thousand inhabitants and the men are armed with their spears and hatchets, so that I wondered what would happen to us if they rose in rebellion. An Angami woman passed me as I wandered about the village. She stopped and smiled shyly and did not fear my camera. Her baby was slung round her neck so that her hands were free to balance a load of wood on her back. Her lovely face had flat delicate contours. She looked just like a Madonna.

The ordinary garment of a Kohima Angami Naga is a short black tunic with rows of cowries sewn on, which are varied according to rank. The most common one in Kohima was in white with stripes of orange, green and black, like a wasp, and darned with fine pat-

terns in the centre. All the men of the tribes are decorated with beautiful beads, which in some cases are made of rare stones or cut out of white conch shell. The origin of these shells may throw some light on the early history of the Nagas, for it is suggested that they may be akin to the head hunters of the South Seas.

The women wear just the same heavy cloth as the men and carry baskets on their backs like the Tibetans, taking the weight by a band of leather across the forehead. Their hair is worn in heavy low coils in the neck with black cords threaded in to make it look thicker.

My first models were the Angami Nagas, of whom there are four varieties. A group of fine young men came from Viswema; they were all so good-looking that I found it difficult to settle on any one of them in particular. Their faces were solid and expressionless and they wore masses of beads and shells and gay woolly earrings. The one I chose at last looked like a Buddha, or rather as Buddha has so often been depicted. Only the girlish effeminate necklace contradicted the serenity of the god-like face. An Eastern Angami type was not quite so fascinating; he looked much more worldly and brought for my inspection a most lovely cloak embroidered with symbols.

My next Angami model, the Western variety, was an ex-Government servant who had guarded the gate at Kohima for many years and had picked up a few words of English. We had long and amusing conversations and one morning he danced for me, but the steps were not particularly interesting. At the last sitting when the head was progressing well, I noticed his wet expressive eyes and asked him: "Why so sad?" He replied: "Because the clay is becoming man." A year later to my great regret I heard that he had died. Were his superstitions too much for him, or was this a premonition?

Next I chose a funny little Lhota Naga to model, very Mongolian looking, with slanting eyes and a lovely head like a faun, but he tried my patience sorely. He had no idea of keeping still and his mouth was always wide open; he opened it still wider when I tried to persuade him

by signs to shut it. One morning when I came to work I found him lying on his tummy in the garden, throwing stones and singing lustily with feet waving in the air. He reminded me of a statue of Pan in the Luxembourg.

One afternoon the Acting D.C. took me to call on his head interpreter, a very civilised individual who lived in Kohima village and wore the scarlet cloak of a Government official. He actually possessed furniture and his charming wife draped a chair for each of us. Then she insisted on closely examining my silk stockings and I had to take one off to satisfy her. Rice beer was brought in, the Naga drink called *Zu*, and my goblet was filled up many times; it looked like milk and tasted refreshing and I drank it thirstily. Never again. It was the most intoxicating liquor I have ever tasted and when I went out into the air I felt quite giddy. The next day the interpreter said to my host in Assamese, their common language: "My goodness, how that woman can drink!" I was evidently only expected to take a sip.

My best model was Nihu, an Angami from Kohima Settlement, who had worked for the British for twenty years, a grand old man. He posed so rigidly and so well that he made me ache in sympathy. Unfortunately he got fever and the work had to stop for a time; this was disastrous for my sculpture, for when I have once had to stop I can never get back the same enthusiasm. When he came again he brought me some *zu* for a present in a little gourd with a leaf tucked in the top. But I was forewarned this time. (See Appendix p.260.)

The Semas and Sangtans, more Naga tribes, came one day from a trans-frontier village to call on the D.C. and discuss some point of law with him. They looked a peaceful people in their blue and black striped cloths, with gifts of jungle fowl under their arms and string bags full of eggs. These were real head hunters, nevertheless, and I have no doubt their spears and hatchets were red. I took pictures of them as they talked on the steps. Many had large shells tied on to the back of their necks. In the evening they danced for us on the green sward of the compound, and they made a fascinating

picture in the sunset light. They began with a swinging motion, all linking arms and making a deep humming sound like a swarm of angry bees. Then they increased in sound and movement until it became the wildest possible war dance with cries and war whoops at intervals, a bloodcurdling din. They ended unexpectedly by waving all their *daos* in the air. One of them, a natural actor, gave a graphic example of how they spear an enemy after stalking him stealthily in the jungle, and then take his head with a hatchet. The Semas are the sweetest singers and by far the most musical of all the Naga tribes. After dinner they came on to the verandah of the bungalow and sang to us, as they squatted on the floor in a circle.

One of the head men of the Ao Naga tribe, sent for by the Acting D.C., travelled many days to Kohima for me to model him. He brought all his war paint with him and a servant to carry it. An immense red cloak was wrapped around him. When he had donned all his finery he stood proudly for me to photograph him, a truly resplendent figure with a bear skin cap stuck with high horn bill feathers, and two pairs of boar's tushes peculiar to the Ao tribe fastened with a jewel round his neck. The most startling thing was his back view, quite bare and golden brown, with all manner of contraptions hanging round his wasp waist. He wore beautiful gauntlets and leggings, the latter woven in fine coloured cane, and made on the leg to get the shape exact. The *tait*, a sort of tail piece worn at the back, held *punjis*, which are sharpened and poisoned bamboo spikes thrown out to trip up the enemy who may be lurking behind.

Most strange and wonderful of all were three fierce looking Konyaks, who came a five days' journey by bus and track from the North-East of the Province. Never before have I seen such wild men of the woods. Except for the smallest possible loin cloth they were stark naked. Immense sections of elephant tusks decorated their arms, and they wore elaborate headdresses of horns and human hair. Belts of bamboo accentuated their slim waists. They were cold, wet and terrified, poor boys, never

having seen a white woman nor a bungalow before. When they were comfortable and warm with means to cook their rice they settled down well, and followed me about even into my bedroom like trustful children. They knew all about money and loved my rupees. I chose the wildest looking of the three as a model and photographed and drew the others.

II

Five hours in another mail lorry took me from Kohima to the Indian State of Manipur, eighty-eight miles distant. Lying under the Naga Hills and touching Burma's unadministered territory, Manipur State occupies an important and strategic position. It covers about 8,456 square miles and has a population of half a million. Imphal, the capital, lies in a long narrow valley of great beauty, surrounded by hills up to 13,000 feet high headed by Mount Japro. Storms rage up and down the valley and the drive from Kohima was grand, for monsoon weather made the scenery finer than ever. New blue ridges were revealed by the lurid lights behind them, fierce clouds drifted by, torrents of rain wiped out everything. Then as suddenly the storms disappeared and the sun shone with equal fierceness.

At Mao halfway to Imphal I saw my first Naga village, unlike anything I have ever seen in India. It lay close to the road, a mass of long low buildings on the top of a fold in the hills, making fascinating perspectives. All the Naga tribes build immense rectangular huts, at least forty feet long and very strong: the front gable is much higher than the back and most of them are beautifully thatched. Some of them had elaborate decorations on the front porch, carved and painted horns, conventional roses and flutings in red and black and trophies of all kinds including heads. Different types of roof were constructed according to the status of the owner, and huge pairs of shaped horns denoted the placing of memorial stones or the giving of feasts. In earlier days and even now, over the border, this decoration meant the

taking of several heads. To my horror some of the latest horns were cut fancifully out of corrugated iron.

Since 1891, a British Resident has been installed at Imphal, and a Britisher is a member of the Durbar. The Residency is a pretentious ugly mansion rather like a railway station, but there are spacious reception rooms inside. Bedrooms seem to have been forgotten in its planning, so all the guests were housed in an annexe with a wide verandah which made me a perfect workshop.

A Manipuri dance was held on the first evening of my arrival. It started at 11 p.m., and in the pitch darkness, and went on all night. The setting was lovely, an open space ringed in for the dancers with big lights in the trees. Men bare to the waist began by drumming, then young girls came into the ring and performed dances in the most colourful dresses in a style quite French. The top half of the dress was in full stiff festoons and the bottom half rather like a quilted period skirt. The headdress was shaped like a crown, with coloured muslin ends bordered in silver hanging down the back. The subject was probably Krishna and the Gopies but it was impossible to discover any meaning. I felt that it was a copy of something that had once been great and had now lost its original inspiration. The dances were not studied at all, and there was no language of movement as in the best traditional style in India. Burmese dances are very much on the same pattern and their "Pwes" go on all night too; indeed, I felt that there was much affinity between the Manipuris and the Burmese and the same gaiety and charm. One longed for a new and exciting movement in the dance but it was all slow and monotonous and led to nothing. Disappointed and weary, we went home at 4 a.m., and slept deeply.

Delightful family life surrounded me at Imphal, gay, sympathetic and full of laughter. After three hours' good work in the shade of the Annexe in the cool of the early morning, I used to breakfast on the Piazza looking over the vast grounds, a stretch of lawn with trees and long vistas. On the entrance side the British flag flew, and there was an enchanting piece of water with ducks and

lotus flowers. My host was Irish and his wife from New Zealand. They were untiring in their zeal for hunting good types for my sculpture as well as showing me round Imphal and the valley.

One day we went to see the weaving factory, a great State industry. The Manipuri women are fair of skin and wear decorative yellow *saris* over their heads. We drove and scrambled to distant villages, talked with the people and took photographs. I was shown the beginning of the rough tracks to Tamu, about sixty miles over the mountains. At that time there were no roads nor communications between India and Burma. Surveys were once made for rail and road here and at Sadiya in the North, but all plans were abandoned because of the lie of the country, for the mountain ranges and rivers run from North to South.

We passed a Kabui village on the way. The long huts were divided into compartments; in front there were great baskets of *paddy* six feet high, with a bench for rice pounding. Next came the sleeping room with some bricks for a fireplace, but there was no furniture of any description. At the back of the hut there were liquor vats where the famous rice beer was being distilled; it smelt rich and potent. The plough and the loom were kept in the front porch. The women weave all their beautiful cloaks in long narrow strips, sitting in a hole on a rough piece of wood with another piece behind the back to support the shoulders. Another woman was picking stones out of cotton with a primitive instrument. We were told that they bury their ancestors under the front door step and then set up memorial stones at the entrance. Stupendous "stonehenges" have been built by some of the tribes, for the setting up of stones seems to be as great a feature as with the Munda tribe. At most of the villages there were piles of wood stored and lengths of bamboo were being cut and spilt for roofing; the people appeared to be both well-to-do and thrifty.

All the villages are on hill tops, lonely and difficult to reach, which meant hard climbing for me. We struggled up to a Chiru village where one of my models lived,

and here learnt strange facts about their religious beliefs. It is difficult to fathom the faith of aboriginal tribes, for though they are supposed to be pure animists, they seem to worship gods with names as well. Here there was a little sacred hut at the entrance to the village with a smaller one inside where they did *puja*. In front of the bachelor's hall where all the young men slept there was a pile of stones. This, they explained to us, was the bachelor's god and here he must worship, otherwise disaster will befall him. One of the most intelligent of the Nagas said to the Acting D.C., " God is everything mysterious that we do not understand; God is the growth of the seed, the new leaf on the trees." It is a pity that they should get mixed up with Hindu superstitions.

Many stories of Manipur State were related to me. The most hair raising of all was the affair of the lorry which happened just a week before I arrived. The driver of a lorry was going along serenely at dusk on the road to Imphal from the North, when he turned to speak to the man sitting next to him, and to his surprise got no reply. He shouted at him then shook him, and finally stopped the lorry and investigated. He was sitting by a body without a head. This was the principal topic of conversation all the time I stayed at Imphal. It is said that there is no head hunting nowadays, but stories are always afloat. One man has even vowed to get a white man's head to add to his collection.

My great difficulty in Imphal was choice of subjects, for my number had to be limited. The Tankhuls were the most outstanding tribe in appearance. Two magnificent specimens were marched in for my inspection; they were six feet tall and wore Government red cloaks. Their hair was brushed up like a cock's comb, the head shaved round underneath and above the ears; their features were refined and noble and they had courteous manners. The Kukis were the next in importance but we hunted in vain in the bazaar to find a suitable model, so an interpreter was sent for from the other end of the State with orders to meet me later at Kohima. The help and encouragement of the Government Commissioners

were invaluable, for they not only knew their people and where to find the best types, but such confidence and goodwill had been established between them and the people that the slightest request was obeyed. A man would come many hours' journey by himself, if called as a witness to a legal case.

The most comical tribe in Manipur were the Marrings. The custom of wearing a high hair dressing with wreaths of beads round it is peculiar to them and is a source of intense pride. They are useless as coolies because they cannot carry loads on their heads. My Marring took far too much interest in what I was doing and was a sore trial to me. He suggested alterations and gave me criticisms which, of course, I could not understand, and by way of demonstration proceeded to smooth the clay on the cheek that I was working at. Probably this tribe is good at sculpture and pottery and he really did know more about it than I did. The boy posed in an idle and slovenly way, sat down and smoked whenever he wished, and one morning proceeded to take down his hair. He combed it from the back over his face with his fingers, tied it with a bit of string holding one end in his teeth, then padded it on the top with a filthy bit of rag, probably the only bit he had ever had. Then he twisted a curl on the top of his head almost over his nose and wound the hair round and round, threading long strings of white and brown beads in it with long sensitive fingers.

Conditions for work were so good that I stayed six weeks in Assam and Manipur instead of the fortnight I had first planned. I had to send for more plaster from Calcutta, and even then I ran short at the last moment. The time needed to do a head depended entirely on the sitter. It was possible with long practice to make a portrait in twenty-six hours, but only by taking very careful measurements and a plan of the head on paper, then putting in points everywhere and testing their accuracy between sittings.

On arrival back from Manipur I assembled all my trophies at Kohima, my headquarters, and did my packing round the billiards table in the little club house.

Beautiful Indian wood cases were made for me by a school in the village. Everything was planned and easy at Kohima, a sweet and lovely place.

III

A last minute idea to go to Sadiya, North-East Frontier, took possession of me. Mr. Mills, A.D.C. to the Governor, who had helped me in my programme all along, gave me an introduction to the Political Officer at Sadiya, so that I was assured of a warm welcome. All this hospitality and help was overwhelming; one made friends quickly in this far away corner of the East. Whenever I look at the map and find the North-East Frontier Tract, I feel a thrill. In all my travels I had never been so far at the back of beyond as this. Six Europeans and a handful of the British Army are stationed on a park-like plain, intersected with many waters, guarding the Passes to Tibet and China. Here there is an old trade route where the Tibetans still pass up and down to sell their wool. This oasis is surrounded with menacing dangerous jungle where the unwary can lose themselves in a few moments and die almost within call of home.

Beyond the jungle are the Himalayan Ranges, a dazzling line of snow peaks bordering the North of India for 1,600 miles. On these hills and mountains dwell two important tribes, the Mishmis and the Abors. No census has ever been taken here and comparatively little is known of these primitive people. From Sadiya one only sees the thin end of the wedge of the mountain ranges, and beyond our scrap of administered territory all is wild and unexplored.

I travelled all night to reach the North-East Frontier, driving down to Manipur Road by daylight and boarding a train at 1 a.m. With the dawn I discovered that I was passing through many miles of tea gardens famous the world over. Tea is pre-British, for we found it growing wild in the jungle. British money and enterprise soon started cultivation and in 1839 the Assam Tea Company came into being; now there are some 1,126 tea gardens.

It was new to me to see tea growing on the plains, and I noticed that it grew much more luxuriantly and was cut quite flat on the top so that the bushes appear to meet. I felt that I could have walked for miles along the tops. At intervals I recognised groups of coolies, the dark-skinned Kolarian tribes indentured from Chota Nagpur in quantities. When tea planting was started the problem was labour. The Assamese stopped cultivation long ago and now only weave and tend silkworms. Whole families of primitive tribes, therefore, have come to work in the tea gardens. This is where I ought to have come to find Santals and Hos. Their looks were a great contrast to the Mongolian flat faces of the Assamese and Nagas.

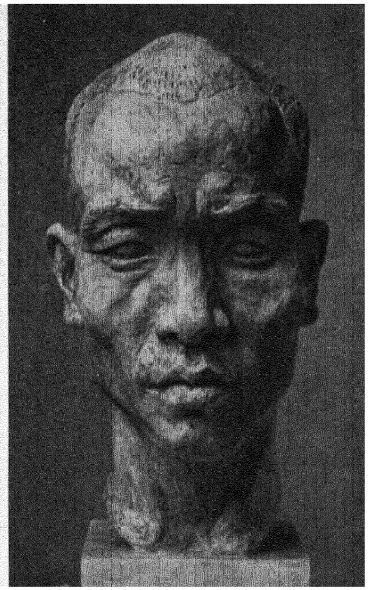
A change of train at Tinsukia and we arrived at Saikia Ghat, where a big car was waiting to take me to the river though road there was none. A series of rough tracks, grassy and sandy, led me down to the Lohit river, which is at least a mile wide and on this occasion took half an hour to cross. Storms are frequent here and many boats are driven down by the current and lost. Fortunately, for me it was a dreamy calm day; the distant Himalayas were capped with snow and a welcome cold breeze blew from the ice water. The Lohit with the Dekong and the mysterious Tsangpo are the three tributaries of the Brahmaputra which rises far away in the snows of Tibet. All flow together towards the sea, making a formidable mass of water.

The Political Officer's bungalow was raised on stone pillars, partly because of frequent earthquakes and partly because of floods and damp. The open cellars thus formed provided me with acres of studio and here I struggled with heads of Mishmis and Abors and the recurrent problem of making a work of art.

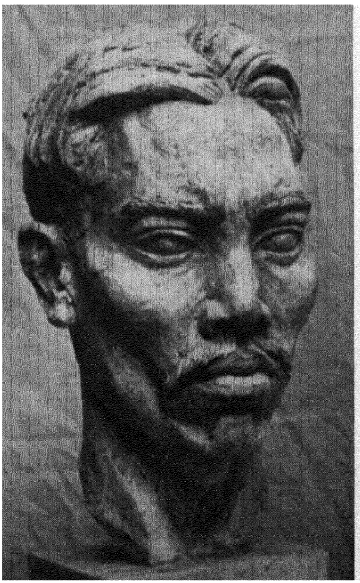
The first Mishmi I saw made me stop and gasp with amazement and delight. I recognised him at once from pictures; a bundle of dirty rags hung with every description of miscellaneous articles, a great war sword with a sharp edge, a knife fastened to a sheath of wood and a bow and arrow into the bargain. His costume consisted

SCULPTURED HEADS FROM NEPAL

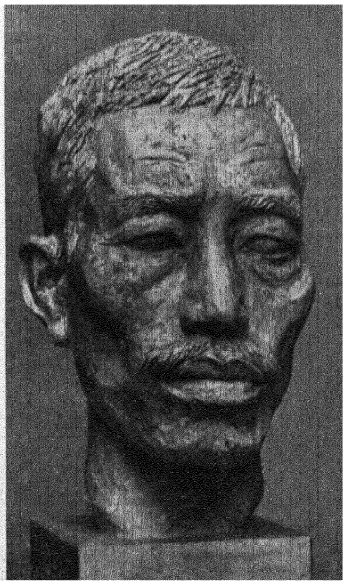
TIBETAN COOLIE



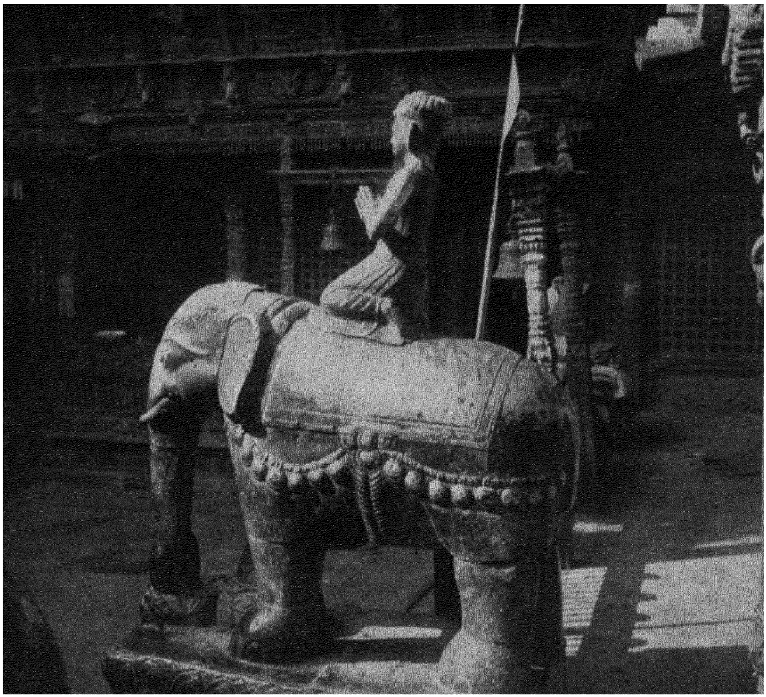
GURUNG GURKHA. *P.* 241



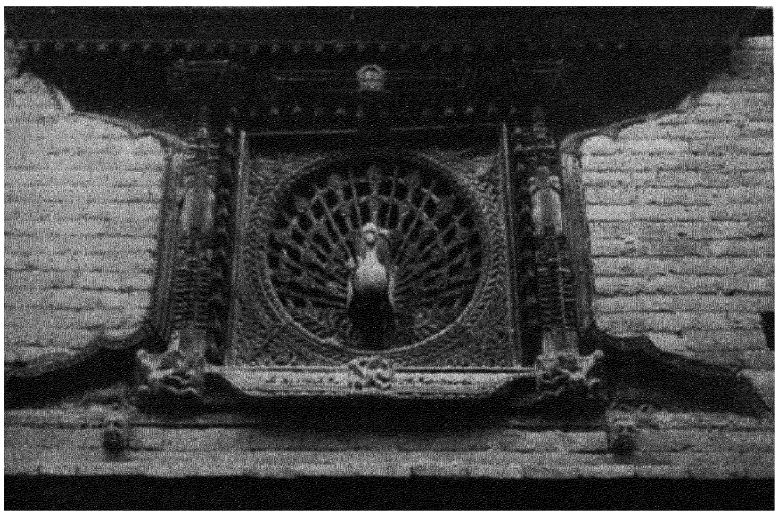
NEWAR MAN. *P.* 243



LIMBU MAN. *P.* 244



BRONZE ELEPHANT, BUDDHA BHAGAWAN, PATAN. *P.* 240



PEACOCK WINDOW IN KATMANDU. *P.* 235

of a little coat halfway to the knees, top half black and bottom half red, with woven patterns at the edge. When cold, the Mishmi put on three or four of these little coats one on top of the other. Underneath he wears the smallest possible loin cloth, for which in the jungle a banana leaf would probably have been substituted, and his long thin legs are left bare. The Mishmi, I was assured, never washes from the day that he is born. He certainly has a rich and unmistakable smell.

The man who sat for me had a long whimsical face; all his features were odd and uneven and a bun of hair hung loosely on one side of his head He was most philosophical about posing, smoked his pipe and looked very wise. I longed to know what he was thinking about it all. It was difficult to tell the men and women apart, for both smoked pipes, some of which were of silver and of dainty workmanship.

A Mishmi woman was hard to entice; it was a struggle between fear and vanity. In the end vanity won and she stood quite still, but fled in terror at the sight of my camera. She looked decorative and very Chinese. Her hair was looped carelessly on one side with a silver pin; her earrings of silver were like little trumpets fastened in her stretched ear lobes. A flat band ornamented her head and ten hoops and quantities of musk deer teeth were slung round her neck. I made a quick sketch of her in one day. It was impossible for me to stay longer in Sadiya and I doubted if she would have come again.

The Abor, an endogamous tribe living on an unexplored block of the Himalayas, was quite a different problem. It is said that they have a standing army and keep slaves and are in every way difficult to deal with. The Abor who consented reluctantly to sit for me looked much more civilised than the Mishmi, cleaner altogether and very proud. His hair was shaved high above the ears in much the same way as the Nagas. He was evidently very worried about some point of law and had come down from the fastnesses of his mountain village to settle it with the Political Officer. Standing beside me was a dreadful waste of time, he felt, but he dared not

refuse. It was hard to make a masterpiece of an exasperated model.

All the Abors possess a heavy helmet beautifully made with bamboo which would turn aside any sword thrust. On my victim were rows of Chinese enamel beads called "Tadak," which were priceless heirlooms and could not be bought or sold. A gay people at heart they make any excuse among themselves to have a feast, kill a *mithun* and drink rice beer. Their bride-price was only sixty rupees whereas the Mishmi price was much higher according to family. A wedding includes presents of four to six *mithun*, pigs, fowl and necklaces, and might come to the expensive total of six hundred rupees. A Mishmi's cattle and woman are a sign of his wealth.

To my great disappointment it was impossible to visit the real jungle villages without time, tents and an escort. I had to content myself with the villages of the plains built by the Miris, a sub-tribe of the Abors, who came down from the hills ages ago and have the same clans and history and an identical language. Their quaint houses were all raised on stilts and built on a morass. Extending the floor level was a big verandah front where goats were kept and little baskets were hanging up, each with a hen inside. Walking inside the hut felt most unsafe as one could see through the planks of the floor. The sanitary arrangements were simple; everything was swept through the holes and underneath was the piggery. The home was divided into partitions where each family lived separately with its own cookpot and fire. Granaries and stores were built far away from villages because fires were so frequent.

Not having enough plaster to make the moulds of the three heads I had done, I was obliged to pack the clay model of the Abor in a box and risk taking it a difficult journey, by car, boat and train to Calcutta. I started off with great confidence, but the shaking was too much for the screws. The head came loose from its moorings before I even got to the station for Tinsukia and I nearly lost the prize so dearly bought. Dripping with heat and anxiety, I managed to undo the screws and fix it

more firmly with the help of some Indian soldiers on the platform.

Whenever I look at the finished cast of the Abor, an outstandingly interesting type, in my London studio, I feel that it is a miraculous achievement. In fact, to have carried off safely sixteen heads from Assam, our furthest British outpost, is a feat quite worthy of the head hunters themselves.

CHAPTER XI

THE KINGDOM OF NEPAL

HAZARDOUS JOURNEY - KATMANDU - THE MACHENDRAJATRA - NEW AND OLD PATAN - GURKHAS - THE ASOKA STUPAS - BHATGAON - THE MAHARAJA'S HOME - HIMALAYAS AND FAREWELL.

The independent Hindu Kingdom of Nepal has never been Westernised and still remains a perfect picture of the Middle Ages. It is wedged in between Tibet and India, 450 miles long and 150 miles broad. Half jungle and half densely wooded hills, it is completely encircled by mountain fastnesses. The population is said to be about five and a half million.

Before I left London for my travels, through an introduction from Lord Zetland to the Nepalese Minister, I had received an invitation from the Maharaja of Nepal to stay at Katmandu.

At the beginning of June, 1938, weeks late on my programme, I started out from Calcutta for the hidden, forbidden land. Does no one ever travel to Nepal? Times and trains given me from Calcutta to Roxaul proved to be all wrong. Travel Agencies knew nothing whatever about it. "Anyway, you can't go there," they said. In the end I got into a train that appeared to be starting in the right direction, feeling quite uncertain whether it would ever arrive there, and if it did, whether my fate would be to spend the night at the railway station. No word in answer to my last letters announcing my arrival had come from Nepal. The heat was intolerable; the monotony was only broken by being fished unceremoniously out of the train, crossing a wide river in a ferry boat and feeling very surprised to find another train really waiting for us in the sandy desert on the further shore.

Some twenty-eight hours later I arrived at Roxaul, the end of the British railway, and to my relief perfect arrangements had been made for me. Nepalese officials welcomed me into their country with much ceremony, bows and broken English.

A very composite little train conveyed me the next morning to Amlekgang, the end of the Nepal line. No road or rail connects Nepal with the rest of the world; one can only imagine that complete isolation is the wish of the Rulers. My escort put me into a large carriage with ten windows and no fan; the rest of the train consisted of shut trucks of merchandise and open trucks full of coolies. At first there was a flat plain, some rice cultivation, and a varied looking crowd of people who might have belonged to any place or race. But further on as the little train puffed and panted up the hill, certain aspects changed. The stations turned into a group of huts; these took on top stories and looked more intriguing, built of wood for the most part and thatched, with a pointed gable leaning inwards. The mountains were so veiled that it was impossible to believe that we were heading straight for the Himalayas.

Then the scene changed altogether and we entered the jungle, a dense damp heat with fetid smells; it was horrible. Was this the famous Terai?

A devastating fever called *Awal* rages here for six months of the year, and it would be fatal to pass one night in the jungle. A depressed-looking tribe called the Tharus are the only people who are immune. At last after some five hours of airless wet heat, we came to the end of the railway and stopped at the foot of a long line of tree-covered hills at the little village of Amlekgang.

Here was unexpected civilisation and motor lorries in plenty to take goods and passengers to the foot of the Pass. It was a fearsome drive. In a springless bus we jolted and jerked round corners, over *ghats* and across rivers. Huge boulders and torrents of water and stones blocked our way; the road was a triumph of engineering. Then came a tunnel, 785 feet long and pitch black, a weird and uncanny spot. A Nepalese watchman made a queer

mountain call to the guard at the other end before we started through. The drive ended at last at the foot of a mountain and the road petered out at the village of Bhimpedi. Fresh air blew into my face after sixty-six miles of deadly Terai.

A crowd of coolies, short and sturdy with wide smiles, vied with each other for the honour of carrying me in the heavy Sedan chair sent to meet me by the Maharaja. A bridle path curled up the side of the mountain in short zigzags; I would have enjoyed walking but I could not breathe in that rarefied air. When I tried to get out of the chair my faithful coolies were most upset and evidently thought I was displeased in some way.

Sisargarhi, our goal for the first night, was only five miles away; an old fort standing in a commanding position on the edge of the mountain looking over a winding valley, guarding the road to India against any enemies of Nepal. A regiment of coolies arrived at the same time as we did; they were swinging enormous sacks on poles, the money bags of the Maharaja. At this point their load must have been consigned to the famous ropeway which goes straight across the mountain to Katmandu, taking all mails, for we never saw the coolies again.

Getting out my camera in the early morning, I was surrounded at once by dozens of friendly little men, eager to see how it worked. They tried to see themselves in the view finder and were annoyed at only seeing the other man. They were as charmed with my camera as I was with their pipe of peace which they handed round; it was an elaborate affair with a terra-cotta bowl full of cinders, on the same plan as the *hookah*, enjoyed even by the great in Nepal. It was long before I could get my guide and eighteen coolies assembled and loaded up. There is no time in Nepal.

Great was my amazement to find that the high road to Katmandu was just a narrow track up precipices and across torrents. When the path was too rough the bearers dropped me without any warning, put on their sandals and got the chair along somehow. Huge packing cases

containing grand pianos, motor cars, statues and furniture of all kinds have been transported along this route, for the Princes live in European style. What Nepal has achieved in spite of her isolation baffles description.

Up the steep and arduous track over the Pass of Chisapani, there was a good view of the fourteen mile ropeway, a great feat of engineering. In fair weather the snow mountains would have been visible from here. Descending into the valley of Khula-Khani, we passed through dense forest bright with strange undergrowth, every shape and shade of fern mixed with moss, orchid covered rocks and red rhododendrons.

At the bottom we reached a richly cultivated dip in the hills, the bed of the Marku river; the terraces were cut and flooded for rice planting. Three suspension bridges across the river, which was full of huge boulders, shook when the Maharaja's chair was carried over. This open wild land was not at all what I expected; I had pictured snow and purple distances. The next point of interest was the village of Chitlong with carved wood houses like palaces, my first glimpse of the art of Nepal.

My bearers were valiant; the same coolies carried me all day until 5.30 p.m. The last lap, the Pass of Chandragiri, was a sheer precipice. I could not walk a step by this time, yet hated to see the weariness of my dripping struggling beasts of burden. At the top there was a view of the valley of Nepal which was all and more than I had dreamed of. Katmandu, the capital, shone like a jewel in a setting of green, encircled with hills. White palaces and a tall obelisk made landmarks and the shining gold finial of a Buddhist temple glittered in the sun.

But the smiling valley, like the promised land, got further and further away as we descended. In semi-darkness we twisted round and round a zigzag track from the top to the bottom of the mountain. This was really the most spectacular part of the journey. Virgin forest trees towered to the invisible sky, bright patches of red and blue flowers edged the path. Here it was much too steep to be carried. With aching head and shaking knees, I got to the bottom somehow and we emerged

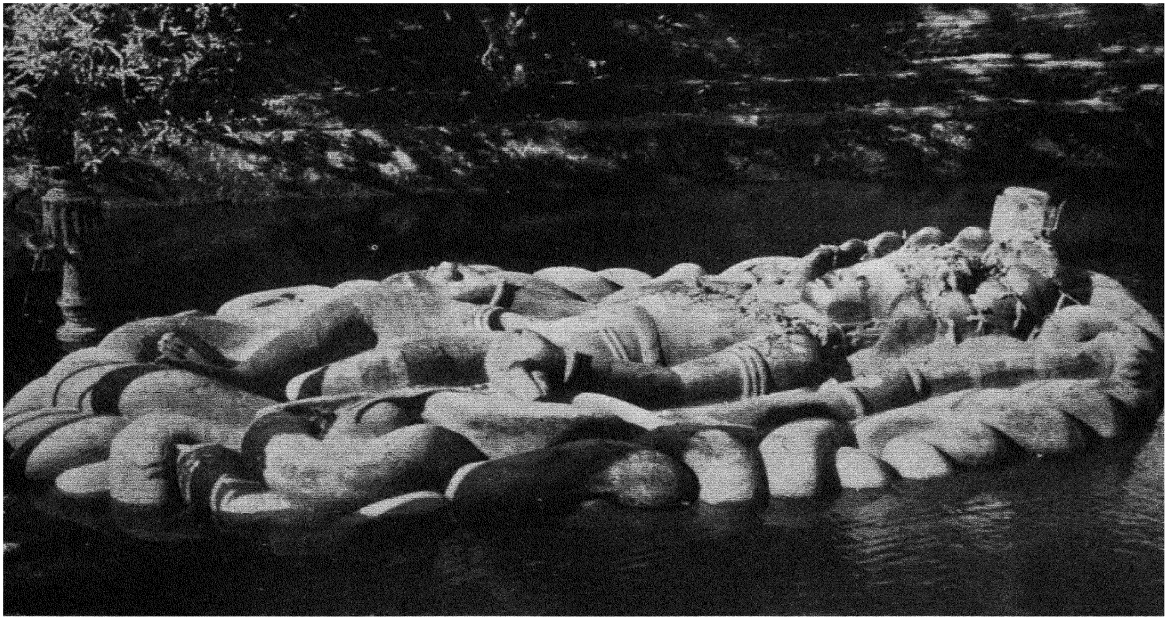
from the gloom to find the Valley still bathed in sunshine. An open road, a group of huts, and the village of Thancote appeared; a car was waiting to take me the last seven miles to Katmandu.

On the right the British Residency and many Royal palaces were grouped together, on the left the Engineer's bungalow and the Guest House where I was going to stay. A wide house with a top storey and two verandahs was put entirely at my disposal. The car stopped in a garden full of flowers; shrubs of white gardenias perfumed the air, pot plants bordered the steps, and bowing servants came to meet me. It was exactly like a fairy tale come true.

II

My first glimpse of the capital itself came as a shock of surprise. After a long drive in the sunny fertile plains in search of Buddhist temples, my guide turned the car suddenly into the ancient streets of Katmandu and I gasped as the fairy tale continued to unfold. I had no conception before of the wonder of the cities of Nepal, the streets impossibly narrow, the tumbledown quaint houses all richly decorated and carved in dark deodar wood, the designs imaginative and fantastic beyond description and perfect in drawing and execution. The Newars, original inhabitants of the Valley, were great artists and everything they built was of wondrous architecture and lavishly ornamented. Wood-carving, terracotta sculpture, brass and bronze-casting were the supreme arts of Nepal.

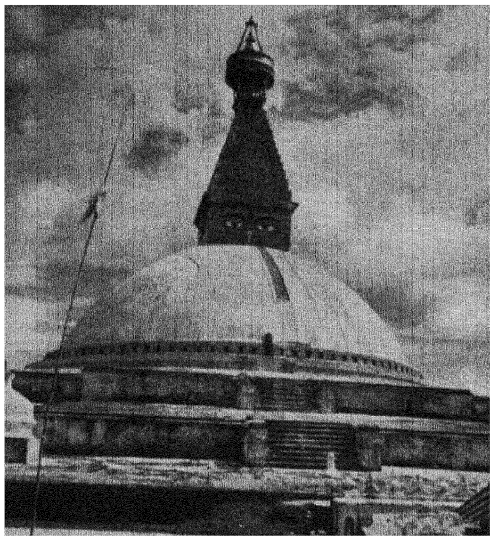
The labyrinth of narrow streets opened out into squares. Here were the fascinating pagodas with three or more superimposed roofs, the charm of Nepalese architecture. Silvain Levi, a great authority, said that China borrowed the pagoda from Nepal and that none was seen in China until after the 7th century. His theory is that the pagoda originated in India, built of wood, and that it had long since perished. Pairs of curious animals like cat-lions guarded the entrances to both temple or palace, Buddhist or Hindu, with impartiality.



STATUE OF VISHNU NARAYAN IN A TEMPLE POOL AT BADAJI

He is lying in a cosmic slumber, his couch formed by the coils of a serpent, symbol of eternity. (Valley of Nepal.)

Pp. 97 *and* 253



BUDDHIST STUPA AT BODNATH. *P.* 247

MACHENDRAJATRA FESTIVAL, PATAN
"The Showing of the Shirt." *P.* 238

The dark red palace called Hanuman Dhoka, that I loved best of all, was built of tiny red bricks. This was once the dwelling of the ancient Malla Kings. The terrible earthquake of 1933 shook the construction badly, and much of the Durbar Square was so ruined that part of it had to be cleared right away and the space left empty. It was difficult to picture how it must have looked before the tragedy.

At the opposite side of the square is the famous Kumari temple, with a golden window flanked by two others in terra-cotta. The doorway, too, was carved in terra-cotta, with two quaint leo-griffs guarding it on either side. Making striking contrast were the dark brown windows with marvellous perforated lattices of peacocks and figures. The peacock, a knowing bird with wings folded, standing out from the panel with a gorgeous spread tail making a circle at the back, is a favourite decoration. Little attendant birds were carved in a uniform row; the Newars loved nature and intimate things, flowers, birds and reptiles. Priceless pieces of wood-carving were falling down in a state of rack, ruin and dust. The six-storey high palace had exquisite windows covered with rich sculpture jutting out like little closed carriages all in wood. The brackets in between were masterly with pairs of figures and *garudas* carved on them. The space was filled with sloping lattice work, a very unusual design reminiscent of the old palace of Travancore, the only place where I have seen this style before.

New temples have been built here to replace the ruins, not in the least like the great art of the Newars who could not make a mistake in taste. On the ancient bases of these modern garish erections were strange inscriptions in every language. One line read: "Autumn, Winter, l'Hiver." Unexpected words to find in Nepal mixed up with hieroglyphics. A complete and startling contrast to the beauty of the ancient workmanship was an extraordinary figure in the very centre of the Durbar—a painted image and object of worship of the black and devilish "Kala Shairab."

In the middle of the bazaar was a very old temple, a

mixture of Hinduism and Buddhism, and at the gateway was a striking lotus flower pillar of unknown age. The pagoda was built of shining brass with a hanging metal fringe; in the central shrine was a Hindu god. Round the base were Tibetan prayer wheels, and in the courtyard little *stupas* with eyes painted on them. Hinduism and Buddhism are entwined together here as in the early days, and this strange inter-mixture of the two religions gives the Nepalese people a sweetness and tolerance rarely found elsewhere.

On the day after my arrival, there came a violent cloudburst that almost caused a flood. A great fête, called the Machendrajatra, took place at Patan and all the inhabitants of the Valley assembled to pray for rain. The ceremony was timed for the North-West monsoon and the gods appeared to be answering prayer with a vengeance. Both the Buddhist and Hindu religions meet at this festival and worship Machendra for the rain so necessary for their Indian corn and rice. If the gods would only stop being so bountiful, I counted on seeing a representative crowd of Nepalese types at Patan.

The second ancient capital almost touched Katmandu and was the residence at one time of a Newar King. The three Kingdoms were much too near each other for any hope of peace. In ancient days this city was greatly honoured by the Emperor Asoka, who erected five *stupas*, shrines to the memory of Buddha in 225 B.C. One of these, in the very centre of the city, is gilded and ornamented out of all recognition, but the other four, placed at the four points of the compass outside the city, are simple and impressive, as when they were first set up.

The whole route was lined with people going to the festival and I scanned the crowd critically. The ordinary man's dress appeared to be a deep cream cotton blouse or tunic swathed round the waist and split at the sides, with a full frill back and front which gave a Greek appearance. The trousers, wide and loose at the top, were very tight at the ankle. The blouse crossing over with a point was tied with a bow of tape. There appeared to be no buttons in Nepal.

The women wore flowery patterned skirts, very full and beautifully draped, short at the back and brought to the front in many pleats tucked in at the waist, so that each one appeared to be about to have a baby. The simple country people fixed all their draperies under their armpits and looked most attractive. Their hair was usually worn in a long plait mixed with coloured wool, sometimes wound round the top of the head; bright red beads seemed to be the favourite decoration.

The disastrous earthquake of 1933 wrought much havoc in Patan and the sacred temple of Machendra was completely destroyed. This festival was to inaugurate a new temple which the Maharaja had caused to be built after exactly the same pattern. Wherever possible old pieces have been used or copied, but unfortunately new brick and new carving can never have the same inspiration as the old.

Durbar Square was packed with people; every inch of temple roof and wall was so covered with them that it was difficult to see anything. The crowd was waiting patiently to see their beloved Ruler, His Highness Sir Joodha Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, Prime Minister and supreme Commander in Chief of Nepal. It is a strange fact in the history of the State that the King of Nepal does not really rule his Kingdom; he is only King in name. Ever since the great Jung Bahadur, the power has been vested in the hands of the Prime Minister, whose title is hereditary and who is succeeded by the nearest male relative. The government now is purely on militarist lines. The British Minister has only once seen the King officially in the ancient historic interview of handing over credentials with messages from the King of England, all in courtly language. They will meet once again only, when our Minister departs. The King is a robust young athlete, excellent at games. His age was then thirty-two and he has been King ever since he was six years old.

My car was put in a commanding position, I stood up in it and tried to see the city of Patan. In front of me was an effective coloured background made by the tiny red bricks of Durbar Hall. The woodcarving designs

were all picked out by lines and dabs of white chalk. In the next car to me were three grandchildren of His Highness. A little girl of eight looked and acted like a queen. She had a beautiful aristocratic head and pure Rajput features. I asked more than once whether the Maharaja would ride or come in a Rolls Royce car and never understood the reply. I was thrilled when he appeared on an elephant, the processional animal of the East, his eldest son following him on another majestic beast. I tried so hard to get a good snap of him that I forgot to bow. He looked most benignly at me through his spectacles and called out a welcome to me. He then threw gifts of coins and rice, done up in little white parcels among the crowd. The people cheered frantically and almost stampeded and the police beat them with sticks in such a primitive manner that I burst out laughing.

The Maharaja received me for the first time the next day in one of the palaces at Patan just before we all assembled for the second ceremony of the Machendrajatra called "The showing of the shirt." He was dressed in the usual formal frock coat of Nepal and had on a black velvet yachting cap with a bow of pearls and diamonds in front. A long jasmine wreath hung round his neck—I seldom saw him without this, for he loved the scent of the flower. I noticed that he wore a large flat opal brooch set in diamonds. When I questioned him about it with my usual frankness, he explained that he wore it because it was good for the eyesight. He made me sit beside him and though he could speak beautiful English the conversation was carried on in court Nepalese, translated to me by his eldest son. His Highness was so friendly that I told him all about my sculpture and how much I wanted to do a Rajput head to add to my collection. He promised readily to send one of his sons to sit for me, adding that he would decide which was the best looking; at the same time he granted me permission to stay at Katmandu for another week. This I felt was a great honour.

We all went later to an open piece of ground close to the palace, where two huge temple cars had been erected for the initiation ceremony of the Machendrajatra.

The tallest car had a beam twenty-five feet high; no house was allowed to be built higher. It was renewed every year, and decorated with fresh foliage and boughs of trees. The god, a rough hewn block of wood, had already been taken from the temple and placed in the car. The dragging of the cars from the temple to this piece of common land must have been a grand sight. My attendants would not allow me to come because of the crowd. "I was not a prisoner, but . . ."

The "Showing of the Shirt" of the god to the people was a very popular ceremony and the whole valley had come to worship. Luckily there was plenty of space and the police kept order in the same inimitable way with sticks. The shirt, a funny little black and white affair, was held up high by a priest, who walked it round and round one of the balconies of the chariot.

The Maharaja attended the ceremony on a white horse. After first receiving all the Europeans, he showered rice and coins into the crowd as on the previous occasion. Then the King of Nepal arrived in a closed car with several of his sons. He was heavily muffled up for such a hot day and wore an immense yellow dahlia in his buttonhole. He looked boyish and scared, I thought, as he got out of the car and shook hands with one or two men. After standing a few moments in front of the sacred chariot, he drove away, and the shirt was taken in by a priest. The ovation he received seemed small in comparison with that given to the Maharaja; but the people of Nepal do not know their King. He lives apart, an incarnation of Vishnu, and is considered too sacred to be mixed up with mundane affairs.

III

Both new and old Patan are full of wonders. The streets in the old city were extremely narrow; so many had an uneven raised brick pavement with a drain on each side that it was difficult to drive the car. Little black pigs acted as scavengers. In the midst of the old city is the ancient Buddhist temple known as the Maha Buddha.

It is built in Hindu style recalling Budh Gaya in India, the material being terra-cotta. How it was all modelled and then baked and fitted I cannot imagine, for baked clay shrinks badly. The present temple had to be entirely rebuilt after the earthquake; fortunately the old monks had the ancient drawings and measurements. It was a great achievement, but though the copy is exact it has no flame. Some remains of the original carvings have been collected and placed on a small tower in the courtyard; they are full of expression and life, done by a master hand.

The most perfect temple of all is the Buddha Bhagawan. It has an inner courtyard with a golden shrine in the centre all gleaming with ornamentation. Beautiful bronze and brass figures shine everywhere; a pair of elephants with kneeling riders, inimitable monkeys, *garudas*, brass flags and little lamps. I was not allowed to walk in the courtyard, and could only wander round the narrow edge. But the children climbed all over everything in their efforts to see and be included in a photo. They showed no reverence at all.

In the centre of Durbar Square are two great temples of completely antagonistic styles of architecture. The Krishna Dewal of later date is in Hindu style with a central tower and many pillars and cupolas. It dominates the square with its great height. The other is a pure Nepalese pagoda which I loved best of all, a magnificent structure with two superimposed roofs. The long carved struts defy description. Many armed gods and goddesses with gracefully crossed legs lend themselves to the shape. The sculpture is picked out in colours of gold, red, blue and green, which make a striking effect against the dark wood of the temple and the shadows under the eaves. Pairs of colossal marble elephants with riders beautifully sculpted guard each of the four flights of steps up to the pagoda.

The contrast between the old cities of the Middle Ages and the vast modern palaces is very striking. The handsome Singa Durbar, home of the present Maharaja, is a most impressive edifice with an immense white façade.

It lies on the other side of the green sward, with imposing gates opening on to a straight drive between ornamental water, very French in style. The vast reception hall, full of mirrors and decorated with brocades, reminded me of Versailles. Pictures and bronzes of the late King George V greeted me at every turn. Photograph books were shown me of different shooting parties, the Maharaja's favourite pastime. On the great flight of stairs there were realistic wall paintings of shooting incidents. One was an amazing picture of the late King George aiming at a tiger in mid-air from the back of an elephant. His deadly accurate shots are still a legend among the people.

In the grounds a new building has been constructed as a Museum by the present Ruler. There are rows of wide pillars, richly carved galleries, statues and paintings, all lit by floodlight. But the art of Nepal does not need to be collected and shown; it is far more beautiful in its own setting and each of the three cities is a museum in itself.

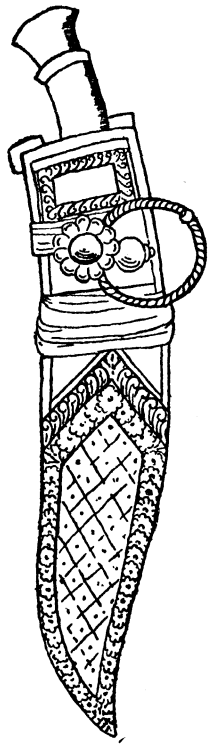
IV

It seemed quite impossible to make the authorities realise my need of help to find types, which was the real object of my visit. Days passed and nothing happened, for time was of no consequence in Nepal. I wrote an urgent letter to the Maharaja explaining more about my aim and my work on aboriginal tribes. I called at the Residency and almost wept on the Minister's shoulder, saying I was in Nepal under false pretences, and that no opportunity was being given me to find models and study heads.

After this outburst things went better. A Major of the Fifth Gurkha Regiment stationed at Katmandu offered me his orderly, a smart and typical Gurung Gurkha, for as long as I needed him. I began a most amusing head the next day; the orderly was all cap and salute and very Tartar looking. The Gurungs and Magars are much alike, and the fighting race of Gurkhas that we know so well are drawn from these tribes. I was told that only

those short of stature were allowed to leave Nepal and join the Indian Army.

A group of Gurkhas came one morning into my compound, sent by the Maharaja. They are a sturdy little people, alert and smiling, weak of chin, but with much shape to the head. The Gurung national dress is a wide scarf knotted in front, brought over from the back across the shoulder in an unusual way. A short white drapery with a little black border showed underneath. A black velvet waistcoat is worn and a wide swathed belt in which is tucked the universal *kukri* knife of every Nepali, in a case in which all sorts of other things are kept, such as a toothbrush, pencil, etc. To crown all, a small black cap is worn with a vast *puggree* draped over it.



Kukri

Bit by bit I learnt more about this romantic people, originally a war-like band of adventurers driven from the North of India by invasions and strife, who came to seek shelter in the mountain ranges. They settled eventually in the little town of Gurkha, thirty-eight miles west of Katmandu, intermarried among the people of the Valley and became strong. A Rajput Prince of fighting spirit, banished from his own country of Chittor by the Muhammadans, joined forces with the Gurkhas and became their Raja. Many other Princes and their followers settled in the hills at this time of invasion. We know nothing more of their history as a Kingdom until the ninth King of the Gurkhas, Prithwi Narayon.

The Valley at that time was ruled over by King Yaksha Malla, and foolishly divided by him into three little Principalities, in order to satisfy the ambitions of

two sons and one daughter. This division weakened the Kingdom and proved the undoing of the Malla Kings. Ambitious and warlike, Prithwi Narayon gradually conquered the whole of Nepal, though the more educated Newars, the original inhabitants of the Valley, made a great fight. By 1768, the Rajput Prince was in complete possession. Fighting was in the Gurkha blood and, not satisfied with this conquest, they took Sikkim and made inroads into Tibet where the Chinese joined forces to drive the Gurkhas back into their own land. Next they quarrelled with the Sikhs and the British and annexed part of Kashmir. The long and bitter struggle between the Gurkhas and the British is familiar to everyone—the resistance at Dehra Dun, the generalship of Ochterlony, the Treaty at last of Segowli in 1816. The Gurkhas never really surrendered. Eventually, as the British preferred to fight with them rather than against them, a clause in the Treaty provided that the British Government should have the right to recruit three regiments of Gurkhas five hundred strong, from the Valley of Nepal, to fight in the Indian Army, officered by British.[1] Ever since then a British Minister had been attached to the Court of Nepal, and later a Nepalese Legation was formed in London.

When I had finished the Gurkha head, the Engineer, one of the few British residents, very kindly produced his gardener, a pure Newar. As far as I could tell he was a very interesting type, quite unlike the Gurkhas, which point I wanted to bring out. He had a distinct resemblance to a craftsman in Cambodia I once modelled. The Newars, a Mongoloid clan, claim to be the original inhabitants of the valley and are responsible for all its wonderful art and architecture. They are traders and cultivators, but rarely soldiers. Some authorities assert that they migrated from Southern India and may be akin to the Nayars of the Malabar Coast. I was interested to find that the Newar women often do their hair in a knot on

[1]This number has gradually been increased beyond the provisions of the original Treaty until during the recent World War at least forty battalions of Gurkhas were mobilized, many of whom acquitted themselves gallantly in North Africa and Italy.

the top of their heads like the Southern people. Another interesting point is that they still practise snake worship.

My next model, in between wild sightseeing excursions, was a Limbu, tall, very handsome and grave of face. He sold carpets in the bazaar and was vouched for both in type and character by one of my guides. Rais and Limbus are divisions of the Kiranti tribe, an ancient people about whom very little seems to be known, but who were certainly some of the earliest settlers to come here from Tibet. The Limbus wear a cross-over blouse, black and very long, cut like a Nepalese garment. The tribes are quite separate and live in different Districts in Nepal; Gurung and Magar Gurkhas never intermarry with other tribes. Their marriages are very simple affairs. Girls are scarce in Nepal and exchange marriages are frequent; they are arranged by the parents and the girls marry at about the age of fifteen.

V

The earliest history of Nepal is to be found in its ancient Buddhists monuments and I learnt that in 1895, by what seemed a mere accident, an Asoka pillar was found in the thickest part of the jungle, at a place called Rumindei. These words are clearly inscribed on it: "The Buddha, Sakyamuni, was born here." A small shrine was found nearby with an ancient piece of sculpture representing the birth of Buddha. When Hinduism first came to the Valley of Nepal with the Rajput Princes, the figure carved on it of Maya Devi, the Mother of Buddha, was mistaken for a Hindu goddess and a goat was sacrificed yearly to her until this was discovered and stopped by the Rulers.

There seems to be no doubt whatever that this spot is the birthplace of Buddha; ancient Buddhist chronicles all confirm it. The immense monolith set up by Asoka the great Mauryan Emperor, as a memorial, appears to have been struck by lightning, and the capital and sculptured horse on the top have fallen to the ground and still lie where they fell. Excavations here would be of the

greatest possible interest. It would have been impossible for me to have visited this historical spot, not only because of the deadly jungle fever, but also because with the exception of the Valley of Nepal, the Kingdom is closed to Europeans.

Six *stupas* or relic shrines are attributed to Asoka; his kingdom in those days stretched from the sacred Narbudda river to Kashmir and it is more than probable that Nepal came under his sway. The great *stupa* of Swaynambhunath made a notable landmark in the Valley; placed on a high hill West of Katmandu, it dominates the landscape with its gleaming golden pinnacle. The all-seeing eyes of the Lord Buddha painted on each side of its base gazed far out across the plains. A legend describes this hill as springing up where the last lotus flower, emblem of purity, rested when the waters ran away, for the valley was once a lake.

The main entrance up a flight of six hundred steps is guarded by three colossal Buddhas, very primitive, simple and eloquent, sitting under the shade of high, knolled, mossy trees. The statues are each the same, yet not the same, watching by the *stupa* silently for hundreds of years. They are built up of huge blocks of granite; each sits on a throne, the right hand dropped, the legs crossed, against a shady canopy with a quaint carving of bulls and bas-reliefs on the base. I felt very inspired by these huge sedent figures of Saints admonishing those who seek the shrine to beware and to repent. Wandering round the precincts, I was suddenly warned off the path by some soldiers who were having gun practice. What a change has come over the spirit of Nepal!

We skirted the hill instead of attacking the formidable steps and followed a winding wooded path on the opposite side, past many old shrines possibly older than Swayambhunath itself. It is believed that this hill has been a holy spot for ages, and who knows if the Master himself did not climb the hill top? Nothing could be more natural than that he should visit the land of his birth.

I felt that the huge white *stupa*, squat and low in shape like half a hemisphere, had changed but little since the early days of Buddhism. Nepalese talent has spread itself in the erection of the gilded " Hti," with its thirteen rings representing the Buddhisatva heavens, and the shining finial of highest heaven at the top. The shrines set in the sides of the *stupa* to the seven Dyana Buddhas were entirely of Nepalese construction and inspiration, and so were the flexible chain windows and the shining brass work and statues. On the platform itself were groups of small shrines and pagodas, a regular cemetery of them crowding round the big mound, leaving only the circumnambulatory path free. A centre shrine, very ornate in character, gleamed bright with brass roof and ornaments. A flame burnt here for all time, and a Buddhist priest guarded it by night and day. Hundreds of long-haired monkeys were being fed in the courtyard and seemed as much at home in the temples as the worshippers themselves. In front of the shining pagoda a Tibetan pilgrim with a bell and many simple offerings was doing a large and noisy *puja*. He read out of a parchment book with his finger pointing to the place. The priest leant in a bored way against the temple door and took in the offerings one by one. A little Hindu temple surprised me in the midst of this very sacred Buddhist *Chattiya*. It was erected, I was told, to the goddess of smallpox, when this dread disease was raging in the Valley. The Buddhists had no god to pray to so they borrowed one from the Hindus.

From the top of the parapet on the other side there was a grand view of the hills I had been carried over; Chandragiri Pass all draped in clouds. On each side of the flight of steps were two tall *sikras* in Hindu style, and in the centre of the entrance was a strange copper-gilt Lamaic symbol of protection, called the thunderbolt of Indra. This two-headed ornament was placed on a lovely old base round which were carved a dozen animals chasing each other, the year cycle of the Tibetan calendar. A good pair of lions flanked the symbol on either side, but they seem to belong to another age altogether. A

queer mixture of carved wooden houses filled up this side and on one was an unnecessary notice: "Have pity on the poor and helpless monkeys."

In the midst of the rich green of the plains the great white *stupa* of Bodnath was visible for miles. Again, the curious gold finial was quite out of keeping with the simplicity of the ancient mound. Rough roads led up to it, narrow streets and a little gateway. Paintings of Boddisatvas and Tibetan prayer wheels decorated the niches round the sides, and the pious worshippers turned them as they passed. An old Lama takes care of the shrine and a ring of high houses built in a circle formed a Vihara for Tibetan pilgrims, who come in hordes across the snows to worship at this sacred shrine. These bands of pilgrims, walking over the almost impassible barrier of the Himalayas because of their faith, fired my imagination. On all four sides of the base of the finial are painted the same arresting eyes with a question mark underneath. They followed me about everywhere. Never do I remember seeing painted eyes like these before.

VI

There was still much to be seen and studied, and I went at least three times to Bhatgaon, the third ancient capital. There was a fine approach up a long hill with park-like trees and a beautiful view. It was eight miles or so from Katmandu but the road was so rough that it seemed longer. The tracks across the valley were made for coolies and ponies; one took a car at one's peril and hung on with both hands. Lines of people toiled up the steep ascent, carrying unwieldy loads on their backs, and dragging slowly along from the foothills to the valley. From under their bent shoulders they frowned at me curiously; I understand now why coolies always frown.

We entered the cobblestoned city by one of the main gateways guarded by huge leo-griffs, belonging to the old fortifications, for Bhatgaon was once a separate little Kingdom. What struck me most of all was the poverty

of the people everywhere and the amazing richness in appearance of their dwellings, for all the ancient palaces seemed to have been turned into tenements. It drizzled most of the time, which may have added to the impression I got of a forsaken, desolate city.

Bhupatindra Malla was the progressive Ruler who built the Durbar and most of the temples at Bhatgaon in 1697. The magnificent Durbar Hall was three stories high and all the dark wood top was deeply carved with Durgas and Ganeshas, twined snakes and rows of heads. Alas, since the earthquake a corrugated iron roof had been added. The golden Gate, so much acclaimed, did not attract me particularly, except for the central figures, though it showed supreme skill in metal casting. But lovely indeed was the seated statue of Vapendra Malla in shining brass, praying on the top of a lotus pillar to the temple of the Golden Gate. It is in these figures that the Nepalese artist excels. On the roofs of old houses quaint towers peered over like dovecotes, but the ancient buildings are now all mixed up with new houses. The earthquake disaster is heartrending.

Many temples here with a single *sikra* in a rather dull style of architecture were redeemed by fascinating pairs of animals on the steps. The original structure must have fallen and left the old stone bases intact. These processions of animals, and sometimes gods, were a special feature of Bhatgaon. One temple had queenly figures like Chinese mandarins at the foot; the beasts behind had human faces—there was a rhinoceros, a horse, a lion and a dog. No one could give me an inkling of their hidden symbolism.

In the lower square, where the earthquake does not seem to have wrought such havoc, the Nyat-Pola with five superimposed roofs was still undamaged. The only time I really succeeded in evading the crowd was when I was inspired to climb to the very top of this holy temple. Five pairs of stone animals and gods guarded the entrance and though they were more than life size I braved them all. Legendary giants of Nepal strike terror at the bottom of the steps; each figure behind them was said

to be ten times stronger. Elephants came next, then the more formidable lion, while dragons of fabulous strength came behind these. Lastly, I faced the wrath of the gods Baghini and Sinhini, many armed and greater than all.

VII

Moved, I think, by my love and appreciation of the art of Nepal, the Maharaja decided to show me his greatest art treasures of all. An invitation, or rather a command, came for me to say " Goodbye " to His Highness at his private house at Godarvari. It was a gorgeous drive in country that I had never been allowed to see before near the foothills and here, right under the shadow of the mountains, was the simple palace of the Maharaja, near some old Hindu shrines.

A friendly A.D.C. met me and without any ceremony I was ushered into a small and simple room. " How are you ? " said the warm, welcoming voice of the Maharaja. " I am so glad to see you here." Two beautiful little ladies were sitting close together on a narrow sofa with just room for two. " This is the Senior Maharani," said His Highness. " She is sixty-three and has had sixteen children, and this is the Junior Maharani. she is forty-three and has had ten, and I am sixty-five." Then he added : " This is one of their ladies. She might be a European, • don't you think ? " They made a lovely picture, one that I shall never forget. They stood up together and sat down simultaneously. The little doll-like lady who looked more Japanese than European, I thought, sat exactly behind them motionless and expressionless and never spoke. Dazed by this unexpected and dazzling spectacle, I shook hands with both the Maharanis and murmured that I was honoured and delighted. We all stared at each other hard. My dress I could see was a great attraction, but I had done eleven months of travel in India and my clothes looked tired and crumpled.

Not so the Maharanis. Their *saris* were of flesh pink silk, with a border arranged in a way that was new to

me. They were looped evenly over each shoulder to make the semblance of a sleeve and fastened with the most magnificent brooches. The Senior Maharani had rubies and pearls, and the Junior Maharani the huge diamond bows of the Empress Eugenie, at least seven inches across. Each had on the same magnificent necklaces of many strands in emeralds and pearls forming a pendant. When my eyes rose at last to their little heads I saw that they had on identical diamond crowns, all in sparkling points, the centres of which were filled with different pink flowers. Their hair was black and arranged in flat festoons underneath the headdress, while pink net veils with lace borders hung straight down from the crown to below the chin. "This is a relic of old purdah customs," said the Maharaja. They had pink cotton gloves on their hands and little European highheeled shoes on their feet.

The Maharaja made them stand up to show me how the *sari* was draped, and said that I would notice that the material was quite simple and not costly. Simplicity, I felt, was the key note of the Maharaja's household.

"The Maharanis have gifts for you," he said and brought out three little parchment envelopes containing five coins in each, gold, silver and copper. "These are Nepalese coins current today," he explained. "They have been struck in three metals as a little souvenir for you." It was difficult to shake them out of the envelopes; tables there were none, so quite naturally the Maharaja and I got down on the floor together to examine the coins, and the two little ladies put their heads on one side and watched us like two little birds.

I learnt that Nepal has two gold coins called the *Asharfi*, value about fifteen shillings and thirty shillings pre-war, also her own special stamps which have one design only but many colours and values. We talked a great deal of the long existing friendship between England and Nepal; of the Mutiny and the instant help of 4,000 men, and of Jung Bahadur himself, the great Prime Minister at the head of 8,000 more troops for our assistance. I believe that ever since that date there have been struggles

for power between the Kings and the Prime Ministers. Then we talked of the First Great War and the magnificent contribution of Nepal, and of their sympathy and friendship through all those dark years. It was a very heavy diplomatic conversation, and I could not help feeling that at that moment the prestige of the whole British nation rested on my shoulders, an awful thought. He gave me messages to the King and Queen of England, which I duly delivered to the King's Private Secretary on my arrival home.

I felt a change of subject was necessary and recalled the terrible earthquake and the miracle of reconstruction my host had worked. "Yes," he replied, "when I saw the utter destruction in the Valley, no house left standing, every temple fallen or with a crack in it, I thought it would take fifty years instead of five to rebuild." Then he told me that he had moved with his two wives to a small and humble dwelling in the Valley, and had refused to live in palaces while his people were homeless. No cracks were repaired in the Singa Durbar until there were no refugees left.

Later I found out that when the earthquake took place the Maharaja was shooting in the Terai many hours away, and that he rode back at top speed to his capital. Arriving at Katmandu, he ordered the great Bell to be rung and assembled all the population, then spoke and wept with them and encouraged them for hours. The Viceroy sent seven aeroplanes imploring him to come to India with his family for safety, but he entirely refused to leave his people in their distress. With great energy he began immediately the task of rebuilding the three cities with their priceless treasures of art.

His Highness sent for his ceremonial headdress, which was carried in by the eldest son of the Junior Queen, for me to see. He put it on for me to admire, then gave it into my hand to weigh. The top was all embroidered with pearls and rubies and round the border were rows of uncut emeralds like drops of dew. In front were two cut silver plaques of the sun and moon set in diamonds. Bunches of emeralds hung like grapes on each side of

the face, artistically lower on one side. At the back, a superb bird of paradise spread its tail gracefully, and on the very top an enormous ruby ball like a globe was a gift from the Emperor of China.

A much coveted photograph had been placed in readiness, anticipating my demand, and His Highness signed it for me in tiny Nepalese characters saying: "That is my name and the date in Nepali reckoning." The fluent English of the Maharaja surprised me; he had not spoken so much before either with the Minister or his own secretaries.

Feeling quite emotional, I made my adieux at last. "Wait," said His Highness, "I have something here for you," and pulled me through the doorway, "This is for your journey," he said. A great basket of fruit had been put ready for me, mangoes, pears, bananas, oranges, all covered up daintily and tied with a white jasmine wreath, his favourite flower. "I hope you will never forget Nepal," were his last words, to which I replied, "I will never forget Your Highness, you are the spirit of Nepal."

Alas, my visit was over and I started early the following morning to face a five days' journey to Bombay and home. Then a miracle happened. The monsoon clouds that had pressed down so heavily on the mountains during the whole of my stay lifted suddenly and revealed a vision. As we went out of the gate I looked, as I had looked daily, at the spot where the Himalayas were usually visible—and there they actually were at last. I could hardly believe my eyes and stood up and cried out in my car to the amazement of the phlegmatic servant and chauffeur. The clouds and mists that had covered the peaks of the mountain ranges rose up into the air and disappeared like smoke. We turned right handed for the road to Thancote and, as we got clear of all obstacles, we came into full view of the mighty Himalayan Range, just as I had imagined, only far more wonderful.

At first the foothills with their dark greenish purple backs cut the snow mountains into three groups, the

massif containing Mount Everest, 28,000 feet high, only fifty miles away; pointed peaks that went higher and higher, clear cut and serrated; then great snow-capped mountains stood out, one after the other; Nanda Devi, Daulagiri, Goain than and Kinchinjunga. Their icy blue colour was varied with the pale blue of fresh fallen snow and the early morning sunlight that touched them with gold along one side. As we began to ascend, the near hills which had looked so important and satisfying before sank into insignificance. Behind them towered the summits of the mightiest range in the world. We climbed higher and yet higher, and as we reached Thancote the Himalayas made one vast line of ethereal blue snows, and the Valley and the foothills were forgotten.

It gave me a feeling of great peace, as eternal as the sleep of Vishnu Narayon, and I left Katmandu as in a dream. I was carried up into the clouds all too fast over the Pass of Chandragiri, but my last glimpse of Nepal was a blaze of glory. Something not of this earth was in that tardily granted vision, and I understood at last the old name for Nepal: "The Land that leads to Paradise."

I felt deeply moved and greatly blessed and tears filled my eyes. This was my Farewell. It was the end of a Great Adventure. I was leaving India, my Paradise, perhaps for ever. A fitting ending.

APPENDIX

SPECIMENS OF GENEALOGIES

TODA TRIBE. NILGIRI HILLS.

Male

Name	KONTU
Age	35 years
Village	MARNAD, Ootacamund
Father's name	KANAR
Mother's name	PAREEZ
Mother's Brother's name	KEEDRIR
Mother's village	HUHICAL
Wife's name	BABY
Wife's Mother's name	PAJI
Wife's Father's name	AHNIR
Wife's village	SCHOOLMAND
Wife's age when married	15 years
Husband's age when married	28 years
Children	None
Land owned	50 acres
Name of Bow and Arrow of Mand	PIRSVOGAM
Name of Buffalo of Mand	MOCHADVIN
Name of Wife's Father's Buffalo ...	ONNOTVISTHI
Name of Wife's Father's Bow and Arrow ...	PILVOGAM

TODA TRIBE. NILGIRI HILLS.

Female

Name	LACHANTHAR
Age	28 years
Village	ERUGUMAND, Ootacamund
Father's name	NETNEER
Mother's name	KARNEER
Mother's village	ERUGUMAND
Husband's name	NARSI
Husband's Father	KODUVARSAN
Husband's village	SCHOOLMAND
Age when married	15 years
Husband's age when married	20 years
Children	One boy
Name of Bow and Arrow	BILBOGHAM
Name of Buffalo	MOCHODVUN
Name of Husband's Buffalo	PIESTHI
Land	60 acres

(Pay nothing to Government)

Note: Lachanthar and her husband Narsi are now living at Aganadmand. She is also married to his brother Innan.

KANIKAR TRIBE. TRAVANCORE

Male

Name	NALAMBI KANI
Age	50 years
Village	CHAMBI KUNA
Taluk	NEDAMANGARDE
Father's name	MARTHAN
Mother's name	IRAVI
Mother's Brother's name	ARICHAN
Wife's name	PARAPI
Wife's Father's name	ARICHAN
Wife's Mother's name	TAVI
Wife's Father's village	CHAMBI KUNA
Age when married	20 years
Wife's age when married	15 years
Children	Two boys alive. Two girls dead
Land	...Five-eighths of an acre per person

(No payment.)

Language ... ... MALAYALAM

Note: Nalambi Kani married his Mother's Brother's daughter. Head man of village is in the same family. The title is matriarchal and passes from uncle to nephew.

KANIKAR TRIBE. TRAVANCORE.

Female

Name	PARVATI
Age	25 years
Father's name	KATIRAIN
Mother's name	PANDI
Father's Brother	MALEN
Husband's name	MANTAN
Husband's Father's name	MALEN
Husband's Mother's name	PANDI
Husband's village	CHAMBIKUNA
Taluk	NEDAMANGARDE, Near TRIVANDRUM
Age when married	14 years
Children	Two boys and one girl

Note: Parvati married her first cousin, her father's brother's son.

BHIL TRIBE. HYDERABAD STATE.

Karthoni Bhil. Male

Name ... ... TUKARAM
Age ... ... 27 years
Village ... ... DAKLA
Taluk ... ... AJANTA

Father's name ... ... DAYWASING
Mother's name ... ... GUDGI
Mother's Brother's name ... ... GUNGARAM
Mother's village ... ... GANTA AMARI
(Bokadan, Arungabad)

Wife's name ... ... SONI
Wife's Father's name ... ... GUNGARAM
Wife's village ... ... GANTA AMARI

Wife's age when married ... ... 7 years
Husband's age when married ... ... 17 years
No children yet.

Totem ... ... Gold finger ring
Gods in village are Hindu.
Language ... ... TYADI. Speaks MARATHA

CHENCHU TRIBE. HYDERABAD STATE.

Chenchu Female

Name	LINGI
Age	18 years
Village and Taluk	FARHABAD, AMRABAD
District	MAHBOOBNAGAR
Totem or Devak	YERALOOLA
Father's name	LINGADO
Mother's name	PULLI
Mother's Father	LINGADO
Mother's Brother	GUNGADO
Mother and Father's village	KOLAM PENTA
Husband's name	BIYADO
Husband's Father's name	BIYADO
Husband's Father's village	FARHABAD
Husband's Totem	CHIGILOLA
Age when married	12 years
Husband's age when married	40 years
Children (Now pregnant again) ...	One girl (died)

Chenchus never marry relations.
God in the forest is LINGAMIYA.

ANGAMI NAGA TRIBE. NAGA HILLS, ASSAM

Angami Male

Name	NIHU
Age	68 years
Village	KOHIMA, NAGA HILLS
Clan	KIMINO
Father's name	PULETHA
Mother's name	SAHU
Mother's Brother's name	LHUMUNU
Mother's village	KOHIMA
Present wife's name	SOTSONILE
Widower six times.	
Wife's village	PURABAMI
Wife's Clan	EASTERN ANGAMI
Age when last married	63 years
Age of wife when married	35 years
Children	5. 1 son and 3 daughters, 1 girl died
Occupation	Cultivation. Retired Head Interpreter
Religion	ANIMIST
Language	ANGAMI

GLOSSARY

ADI BUDDHA. The Creator ; the first and supreme Buddha. (Not recognised in the Southern church of Buddhism).

ARDHANARISWARA. Literally " The bi-sexual lord."

ARJUNA. A devout disciple of Krishna ; the third of the five Pandu brothers, fathered by the god Indra.

APSARAS. Celestial dancers or water nymphs from Indra's heaven. In popular belief the wives of the gods.

ASANA. One of the prescribed postures of meditation of the Yoga system.

ASHRAM. A hermitage or abode of persons leading a religious life.

ASOKA. A celebrated Indian King of the Mauryan Dynasty who reigned from 273-237 B.C., and whose kingdom stretched from Mysore to the Himalayas. After his conversion to Buddhism he renounced further conquests. Asoka maintained many monasteries and is said to have erected 84,00 Stupas. His missions spread Buddhism to the primitive peoples, and he became one of the great civilising influences in history.

ASURAS. Giants and evil demons who make war against the gods.

AVATAR. A divine incarnation ; the descent of a god into the body of a mortal or animal.

BARA. Big ; elder.

BARI. A garden enclosure near houses.

BARIRI. Land in a village cultivated by its proprietors. A sacred corner of the jungle.

BANYAN. A great Indian fig tree that spreads out its branches until they touch the earth and root in it, making a maze of arches and arbors.

BEGUM. A Muhammadan princess or lady of rank.

BETEL NUT. The leaf of the piper betel, a kind of pepper, chewed together with dried areca nut.

BHET. An interview or introduction; the presentation of a gift to a superior.

BO TREE. Literally "Enlightenment." The sacred pipal tree under which Gautama Buddha received heavenly light.

BODDISATVA. Literally "He whose essence has become intelligence." A student who needs only one more incarnation to become a Buddha.

BACKSHEESH. A tip or gratuity.

BRAHM. The Almighty, infinite, eternal, self-existent Being, seeing everything though never seen. The real religion of the Hindu saint as described in the Vedas is the belief in, and worship of, one great and only God.

BRAHMA. The personified power of the creation in the Hindu Trinity, now supposed to be dormant. Brahma is therefore considered to be the least important of the three (Brahma, Vishnu and Siva), and not one of the splendid temples in India is dedicated to him.

BRAHMANS. The first caste of the Hindus created from the head of Brahma. They should be pre-eminent in learning and virtue, but are today often selfish and self-centred.

BUDDHA. Literally "The Enlightened One." A title applied especially to Gautama Siddhartha, the Founder of Buddhism.

BUDDHISM. A great Eastern religion founded about 500 B.C. It teaches that life is sorrow, and presents release from the continued wheel of lives as the greatest attainment.

BUDDHA-HOOD. The highest degree attainable of knowledge, wisdom and understanding.

BURANJIS. Written historical records of the Ahom people. The word means "stores of instruction for the ignorant."

CHASSE. From the French. A gliding step in dancing.

CHAITYA. A shrine or chapel.

CHACKRAM. A wheel; the name of a coin in common use in Travancore.

CHAPATTI. An unleavened cake of bread patted flat with the hand and baked on a griddle; the native bread of India.

CHAR MINAR. Four Minarets.

CHAUKEDAR. A watchman; one who takes messages.

CHETTY. A member of the trading caste in South India.

CHEETAH. A hunting leopard. Skr, A speckled body.

CHOTA. Little.

CHUNAM. Lime plaster.

DAHL. Various kinds of lentils.

DAO. The heavy battle axe of the Naga Tribes in Assam. Daos are of different shapes and sometimes double edged.

DEVI. Goddess or a title.

DEVAS. Shining Powers; celestial beings.

DHOL. A wooden drum.

DHOTI. A loin cloth worn by men.

DOLMEN. A chamber formed of several huge stones, usually believed to be a tomb.

DRAVIDIAN. Term applied to designate five languages of Southern India.

DURGA. Wife of Siva. The destroyer of evil; the ten armed champion of the gods.

GANAS. A band of inferior deities attendant upon a superior.

GANGA. A goddess, daughter of Himavat, King of the mountains. Ganga descends from heaven according to the legend and becomes the sacred river Ganges.

GANESA. God of wisdom. Usually represented as a short, fat, red-coloured man with four arms, a large belly and the head of an elephant.

GARUDA. Vehicle of Vishnu; emblem of swiftness with head and wings of a bird and the body of a man.

GAUTAMA SAKYAMUNI. The Founder of Buddhism. He was born a royal Prince of the small Kingdom of Kapilavastu on the borders of Nepal. (621-543 B.C.) When he discovered that the world was full of suffering he fled from his father's palace (597 B.C.) and became an ascetic for six years, finally reaching the state of Buddha-hood through his own unaided merit. He preached and taught for forty-six years and his precepts were as follows:—Not to kill any living thing; not to steal; not to commit adultery; not to speak an untruth; not to use intoxicating liquor or drugs; to pray three times a day.

GHAT. A pass through the mountains or the mountains themselves.

GHEE or GHI. Clarified butter—butter that has been boiled and left to cool. The universal medium of cooking throughout India.

GOPURAM. Immense sculptured gateways to Southern Indian temples. Literally "Cow fort." Formerly they may have been village gates leading to common grazing ground for cattle.

HANCHEE. From the French—no equivalent in English. Term used to describe the curve of the hip when the weight of the body is poised on one foot.

HANSA. A swan or goose; a mythical bird always associated with Vishnu.

HANUMAN. The monkey god; faithful ally of Rama and Generalissimo in the celebrated war described in the poem *Ramayana*. He aided Rama to conquer the demon King of Lanka, Ravana, who had carried off Rama's beautiful wife, Sita.

HINAYANA. A school of Northern Buddhism called the "smaller vehicle" opposed to Mahayana, "the greater." Found in Tibet, China and Nepal.

HOLI. A popular festival of the Hindus held at the beginning of Spring, celebrating the loves of Krishna. Yellow and red powder are sprinkled everywhere and coarse jokes and revelry indulged in.

HINDI. A Sanscrit language, the chief vernacular of Northern India.

HINDUSTANI. The most important dialect of Hindi, written in both Persian and Urdu characters.

HOOKAH. A tobacco pipe of curious shape in which the smoke is cooled by passing through water.

JUMNA. Goddess of one of the three sacred streams.

JAINISM. A religion in India, formerly with an immense following, which closely resembles Buddhism. It was founded about the 6th century B.C. Jainas believe in the immortality of everything and never kill a living thing.

JAWARA. A type of friendship among the Gonds.

INDRA. A Vedic deity, god of the firmament.

INDRANI. The female aspect.

KHANA. Food; a meal; the act of eating.

KHANSAMA. A house steward or butler.

KRISHNA. The eighth Avatar of Vishnu. In this incarnation Vishnu appears with all the splendour of godhead. Krishna is called the Apollo of India, and is often depicted playing the lute among nymphs and shepherds.

KOSRA. A small grass grain, the staple food of many of the tribes.

KOTWAL. The chief of police of a city or town.

KUDI. A Muthuvan village with cultivated plot of ground.

KSHATRIYA. The second of the four castes of the Hindus; the warrior tribe of India formed from the arms of Brahma.

LACKSHMI. Consort of Vishnu. Goddess of beauty and prosperity, born of the churning of the ocean by the gods.

LAPIS LAZULI. A stone of rich azure blue, possibly the sapphire of the ancients.

LAMA. A priest of superior grade who can hold office in a monastery.

LINGAM. A sign or symbol of abstract creation. There are twelve great Siva Lingams in India in temples and on mountains. Originally it never had the gross meaning connected with the Greek phallus.

LOTA. A small spheroidal brass pot for drinking water.

LOTUS. A water lily; a most sacred and occult plant. The seat of the gods and an emblem of purity.

MANTRAS. Verses from the Vedas used as incantations or charms.

MANU. The great Indian legislator considered almost divine.

MAHA DEVI. A name of Parvati, the supreme goddess.

MAHADEO. A name of Siva, the great god.

MAHAYANA. A Buddhist school of Southern Asia found in Ceylon, Siam and Burma. It is called the "Greater vehicle," but it is necessary to blend both it and Hinayana to understand true Buddhism.

MAND. A Toda village consisting of two or three or more huts fenced round.

MANDAP or MANDAV. An open building or pavilion in a temple; also a temporary structure for festivals or processions.

MITHUN. A large domestic animal kept by the Naga tribes.

MOHWA. The flower of a tree from which spirit is distilled; the name of the spirit itself. The tree is common all over Central India.

MUHARRAM. The first month of the Muhammadan year, especially venerated because of the deaths of Hussein and Hassan, grandsons of the prophet Muhammad.

MURTI. Form, sign or face. Example; Tri-murti—three faces.

MUDRAS. A system of occult signs made with the fingers, originally Buddhist.

NAGA. A serpent; the snake god.

NAIK. A leader, chief or headman; a title of honour.

NANDI. The sacred white bull of Siva and always his vehicle.

NARAYON. Literally "The mover on the waters." A title of Vishnu in his aspect of the preserving and creating Spirit moving on the face of the waters.

NATCHNI. A plant cultivated for its grain.

NAWAB. Originally a governor of a Province under the Moguls. Now a title of high rank with no office attached.

NIRVANA. Some Buddhists believe that this means entire "blowing out" like the flame of a candle, the utter extinction of existence. Others that it is not annihilation, but extinction of selfhood in the real.

PADDY. This means really rice in the husk, but now includes growing rice in general.

PADMAPANI. "The lotus handed"; one of the Buddhas.

PAGODA. A storied building like a tower, usually a temple containing images.

PARVATI. Consort of Siva; goddess of a thousand names and forms. As Bhavani, the goddess of nature and fecundity; as Durga, a ten-armed fighting champion; as Kali, a black image of Siva's destroying character of time and her temples swim in blood.

PEON. An inferior officer of police; more commonly a footman or courier.

PEEPAL or PIPAL. One of the many fig trees of India rather like an aspen. It is usually planted near a temple.

PENTA. A Chenchu village consisting of a number of pointed huts on a large piece of land fenced in all round.

POH. The tall conical dairy temple of the Todas.

PUGGREE. A turban or a scarf wound round the hat in turban form.

PUJA. An offering of worship or homage to an idol.

PUJARI. The celebrant at a festival.

PURDAH. A curtain, especially one used to screen women from the sight of men.

PUTKULI. The wide double cloak worn by the men and women of the Toda tribe.

RUPEE or RUPIYA. A silver coin of very early date. The monetary unit of British India equal to sixteen annas. It is approximately one and sixpence, but varies in value.

RAMA. The seventh Avatar of Vishnu.

RAMAYANA. An epic poem which describes the war between Rama and the demon King Ravana.

RATHA. A war car.

RAVANA. The King of Lanka or Ceylon who abducted Sita, the beautiful wife of Rama.

SAIVAS. One of the two principal sects of the Hindus. They have many distinguishing marks; the trident, sacred eye, linga, crescent and spot.

SANCHI TOPE. An ancient Buddhist monument dating from the third century B.C. to the 7th century A.D.

SARI. The principal garment of a Hindu woman; a piece of cloth measuring from seven to nine yards long wrapped round the waist and a portion covering the bosom and head.

SARASVATI. Wife of Brahma; goddess of learning, music and poetry; one of the three river goddesses.

SHOLA. A thicket or grove of trees threaded with streams near which the Todas always build their villages.

SIKHARA. The curvilinear tower or spire over a Vishnu shrine; a great architectural feature of Hindu temples.

SIVA. The Destroyer in the Hindu Trinity; worshipped in the form of the Lingam. The god is often depicted with three eyes which may mean: past, present and future; also a crescent, a measure of time by the phases of the moon.

SOLA. A very small measure used for rice.

STUPA or DAGOBA. A sacred mound for holy Buddhist relics.

SURIYA. The sun god.

SUDRAS. The tribe of husbandmen produced from the feet of Brahma to wait upon the other three castes. The lowest caste of the Hindus.

SUTIA. A heavy silver ornamental clip worn round the neck.

TALI. A piece of gold set in a necklace and tied on to the neck of the bride by the bridegroom at marriage.

TALUKDAR. The holder of a Talook, a sub-division of a district.

TANK. A reservoir or artificial lake.

TANDAVA. The cosmic dance of Siva who is called Nataraja the lord of the dance.

THUGS. Cheats or swindlers; especially gangs of robbers and assassins who were first exposed in India in 1799.

THERTHAL and THORTHAL. Two endogamous divisions of the Toda tribe. The Therthal consists of twelve clans, the Thorthal six only. Marriage is not permitted between them.

TI. The most sacred dairy of the Todas.

TISKI. Wooden clappers used by the Baigas which make a sound like castanets.

TOMATIA. An occasion for merry making.

TONGA. A light two-wheeled cart.

TU. The buffalo pen of the Todas.

URDU. A dialect of Hindi as spoken by the Muhammadans, with a large admixture of Persian and Arabic words.

VAISYAS. Merchants, the third in importance of the four Hindu castes, formed from the thighs of Brahma.

VAJRA. A diamond shaped club; the sceptre of Indra.

VEDAS. The sacred writings of the Aryan people who entered India from the North West, 2,000 B.C.

VIHARA. A Buddhist convent or hall where the monks meet; an institution.

VINA. The Hindu lyre; a flat piece of wood with strings and a gourd at one end.

VEHICLE. The bird or animal on which the god is carried.

VISHNU. Called the Preserver. His worshippers form one of the two important sects of the Hindu religion. The preserving Spirit of the supreme deity Brahm, depicted with four arms holding club, conch, discus and lotus. The Garuda is his vehicle. He has nine Avatars, the tenth, Kalki, is yet to come.

VISWAKARMA. Architect of the universe, also the carpenter; he presides over all the arts.

YONI. The female sex symbol of the Hindu religion.

ZODIAC. An imaginary belt in the heavens through which passes the sun, the moon and the principal planets. It contains the twelve constellations or signs.

ZU. Fermented rice water; an intoxicating liquor drunk by the border tribes of Assam.

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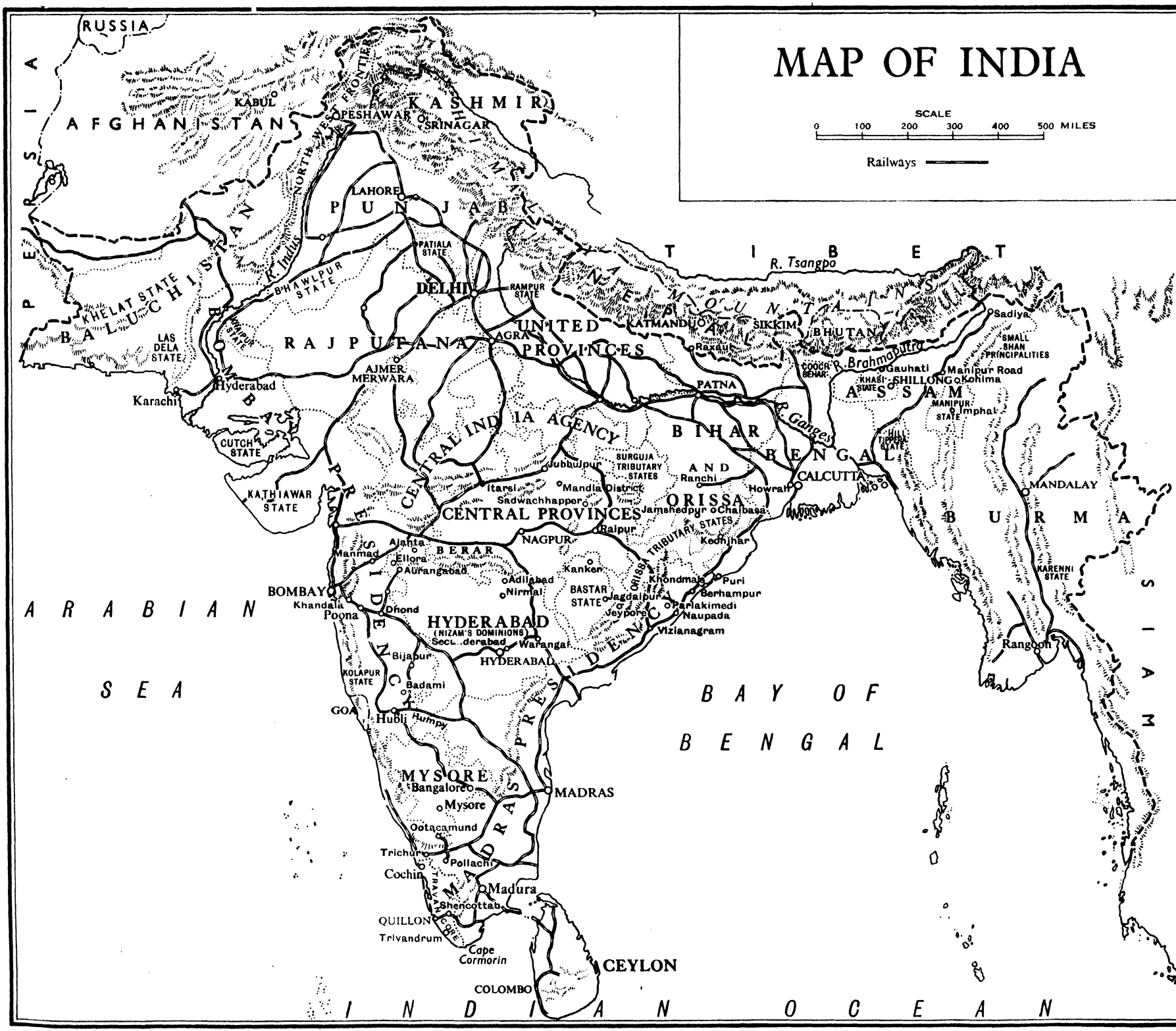
MAP OF INDIA
SCALE
0 100 200 300 400 500 MILES
Railways
RUSSIA
PERSIA
AFGHANISTAN
KABUL
PESHAWAR
NORTH WEST FRONTIER
KASHMIR
SRINAGAR
BALUCHISTAN
KHELAT STATE
LAS BELA STATE
KARACHI
HYDERABAD
R. Indus
LAHORE
PUNJAB
PATIALA STATE
BHAWLPUR STATE
DELHI
RAMPUR STATE
AGRA
UNITED PROVINCES
RAJPUTANA
AJMER MERWARA
CUTCH STATE
KATHIAWAR STATE
BOMBAY
Khandala
Poona
Dhond
Manmad
Ajanta
Ellora
Aurangabad
BERAR
CENTRAL INDIA AGENCY
CENTRAL PROVINCES
NAGPUR
Jubbulpur
Itarsi
Sadwachhapper
Mandla District
SURGUJA TRIBUTARY STATES
Raipur
Kanker
Adilabad
Nirmal
BASTAR STATE
ORISSA TRIBUTARY STATES
Khondmals
Jagdalpur
Jeypore
Parlakimedi
Naupada
Vizianagram
Puri
Berhampur
HYDERABAD
(NIZAM'S DOMINIONS)
Warangal
Bijapur
KOLAPUR STATE
Badami
GOA
Hubli
Hampy
MYSORE
Bangalore
Mysore
Ootacamund
Trichur
Pollachi
Cochin
TRAVANCORE
Madura
Shencottah
QUILLON
Trivandrum
Cape Cormorin
CEYLON
COLOMBO
MADRAS PRESIDENCY
BAY OF BENGAL
ARABIAN SEA
INDIAN OCEAN
TIBET
R. Tsangpo
NEPAL
MOUNTAINS
KATMANDU
SIKKIM
BHUTAN
Raxaul
R. Ganges
PATNA
BIHAR
BENGAL
CALCUTTA
Howrah
R. Brahmaputra
COOCH BEHAR
Gauhati
SHILLONG
KHASI STATE
ASSAM
Sadiya
SMALL SHAN PRINCIPALITIES
Manipur Road
Kohima
MANIPUR STATE
Imphal
HILL TIPPERA STATE
MANDALAY
BURMA
KARENNI STATE
Rangoon
SIAM