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essays, suggestions, etc.

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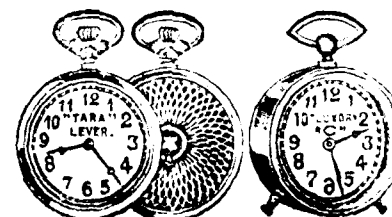
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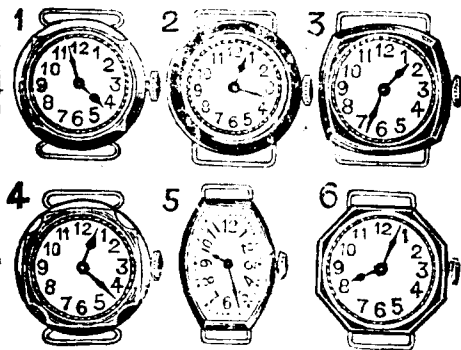
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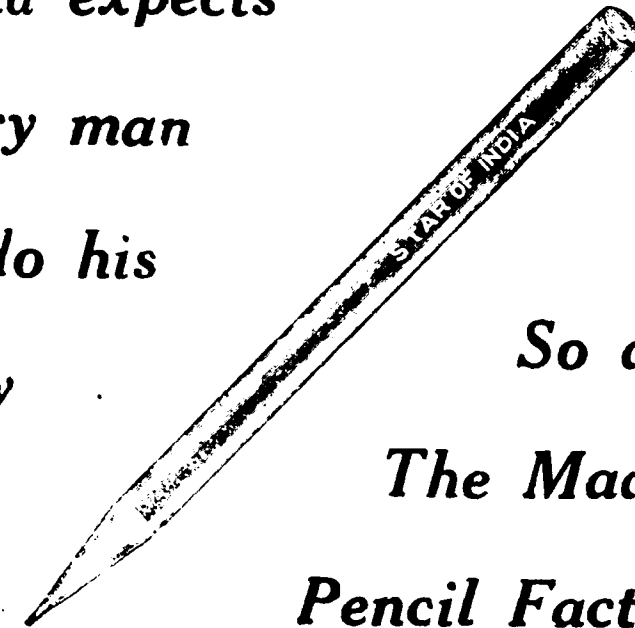
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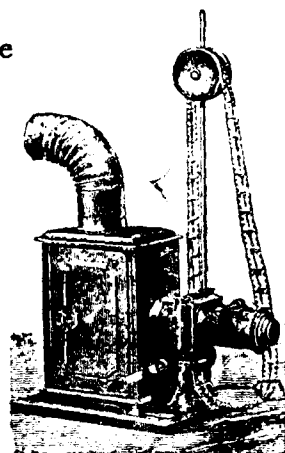


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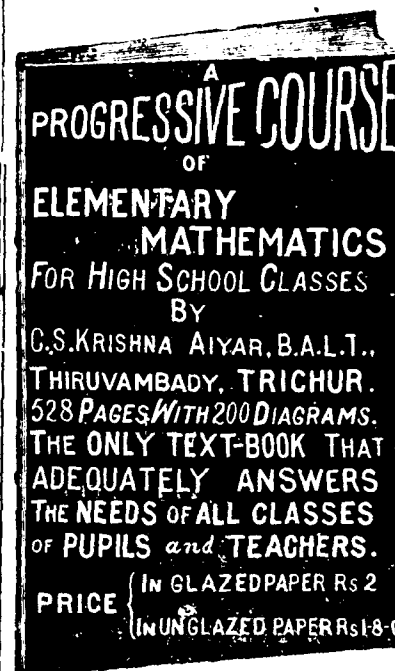
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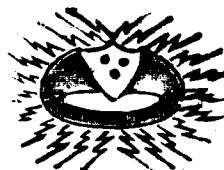
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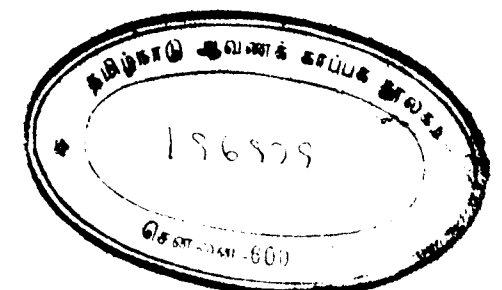
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Khadi Fund.

APPEAL BY SRIMAN C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

There is a great Khadi awakening throughout the country. Wherever we go we find sympathy and help for this cause. As soon as Mahatmaji arrives in South India, among his other engagements, there will be a great gathering of students to greet him and present him two purses, the city of Madras Students Purse and the South India—All Districts—Students Purse. Both Purses will be for Khadi work, the work dearest to Mahatmaji's heart, the one which in his opinion will solve most of our problems and win for us true Swaraj.

Mahatmaji is expected to reach Madras on or about 30th of March, before which time all the collections must be completed and tabulated so that the amounts may be declared and published. Every institution and place will be able to know how it has fared, among competing institutions and places.

I appeal to the youth of the country, boys as well as girls to join in this great and noble work. All should wear Khadi to greet Mahatmaji in the cloth that is dear to him and all should help in furnishing him with the sinews of war.



VOL. 2

JANUARY, 1927

No. 4

VALLATHOLE, THE TAGORE OF MALABAR*

BY K. M. PANIKKAR

(Translated from the French by L. V. Ramaswami Iyer, M. A., B. L.)

EUROPE has not bestowed upon the modern languages of India the attention they deserve. Sanskrit and Pali literatures are studied in all the Universities, and there is no cultured European to-day, who does not know the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, at least by name. But the increasing

* Mr. K. M. Panikkar's ceaseless efforts to popularise—through lectures and literary contributions—the culture of modern India on the continent of Europe entitle him to the gratitude of all his countrymen. We in Malabar have especial cause to feel thankful to him for his zeal in making known to the Western world the genius of that great star in the literary firmament of Malabar,—Vallathole. This article is a translation of a contribution in French from the facile pen of Mr. Panikkar, which appeared recently (June 1926) in the *Revue des Arts Asiatiques* as the sixth of the Bulletins of the *Association Francaise des Amis de l'orient*. Thanks to Mr. Panikkar's tireless enthusiasm, the name of Vallathole has become familiar to the West. Let us hope that ere long Mr. Panikkar will be enabled to present to the world an attractive and faithful translation of the masterpieces of the Tagore of Malabar.

importance of the modern languages of India from the standpoint of the literature of imagination is not yet recognised either by European Universities or by European savants. †

The modern languages fall into two chief groups: those which are derived from Sanskrit and Prakrit, and those which are of Dravidian origin. To the former belong Bengali, Hindi, Mahrathi and Gujerathi and to the latter, Tamil, Telugu, Canarese and Malayalam. Under the impact of Western influence, all these languages have reacted with remarkable rapidity, producing results analogous to the Renaissance born of the study of Greek classics in fifteenth century Europe.

Of all the Southern languages it is Malayalam—spoken, be it noted, by only eight millions of people,—which seems to have developed quickest in recent times. But this language is not of recent origin. Its literary history covers a period of over six centuries. Its oldest poems known up till now, date from 1310 to 1320. Despite this hoary nobility, its literature remained for centuries but as a modest echo of classical sanskrit poetry, consisting as they did mostly of translations from sanskrit texts. Towards the middle of the nineteenth century, European influences began to make themselves felt, chiefly through the medium of education. A change became visible in the language which began to expand in all directions. Its poetry ceased to be a mere imitation of sanskrit models, and a prose literature made its appearance. Modern thought broke through the shackles of the language and began to find expression in vigorous and artistic form. In a few years, Malayalam from being a medieval dialect, became a modern language capable of expressing the sentiments and aspirations of a new people.

Nowhere has this transformation been more apparent than in poetry. For years Malayalam poetry could appeal only to a very limited circle of readers recruited almost exclusively from

† This remark need not be understood in an absolute or unqualified sense. Apart from philologists and linguists like Prof. Bloch of Paris, Prof. Sehrader of Kiel and Prof. Grierson and others in England young enthusiasts like Dr. Reinhard Wagner and Dr. Von Glasenapp in Germany have today set themselves the task of studying and interpreting the literatures of Modern India.

the class of Pandits who were fed on the old books. It was not a popular poetry and, besides, it failed utterly to express the ideals and the emotions of the people. Pedantic and learned, it was rather an academic exercise than the expression of art. It is no longer so now. Malayalam poetry reflects today the intellectual activity and the idealism of the people of Malabar, and this transformation is due entirely to a movement (similar to many others in all Indian languages under European influence), of which the chief and the hero in Malabar is the poet *Vallathole*.

Vallathole owed the commencement of his fame to a translation of the *Ramayana*, the great sanskrit epic. The old school still regarded him as their hope. Himself a Pandit, brought up exclusively in the atmosphere of sanskrit poetry, he found his books welcomed in the beginning by the learned. His first works of which the most important was an epic in the manner of Kalidasa's *Raghuvamsa*, did not depart from the traditional lineage of malayalam literature which, bristling with puerile conceits was verbose rather than sincere in thought and scrupulously faithful to established canons. What showed that a new star had appeared on the literary firmament of Malabar was the change evident in a small poem entitled "A Picture" which appeared in 1914. The subject of this poem was a picture of Krishna, the divine shepherd represented as a little child playing on the flute whose notes be-token the call of spiritual duty for all Hindus. The tenderness, the idealism and the spiritual depth of this poetic soul burst forth here in an immortal song; and in his inspired anxiety to transmit to the world the divine vision which he had been blessed with, he forgot his classical stock and traditional formulas. The Pandits were perplexed but the world saw a master. From that time, Vallathole has not cast a look behind. He gave up once for all artificial formality in order to move onward in the free universe of his visions.

He had found his path: and this was to be the watch-word of modern India, such as it expressed itself in the restless aspirations of Malabar, stung to action and freed from tradition and routine, may be vague, a little nebulous perchance, but ever ardent for progress and resolved to win. Vallathole's work

represents essentially, this epoch of mental activity. Unlike other Malayalam poets, Vallathole interests himself passionately in social, political and religious movements. He is, in short, in the Malayalam-speaking country, the embodiment of the creative effort which modern India puts forth in diverse directions.

The poems which followed "The Picture of Krishna" kept up the same level of high morality and liberty of spirit and form which attracted round him a small constellation of young talents. Since 1914, he has been the chief of a school of poetry whose constant effort it is to vivify the inert formalism of the past with the vigour of modern thought. One after the other, all his seniors who had still been practising the art of writing faultless verses without the least trace of thought, deserted the party of the Pandits; the school of Vallathole embraces today all that Malayalam literature can reckon as its creative forces.

His countrymen familiarly call him the Tagore of the South. The two poets are indeed comparable, as both excel in lyric poetry. The short odes of Vallathole have the qualities of profound idealism and serene meditation characteristic of the ardour of youth—qualities which have procured for Tagore his world-reputation. And even like Tagore, Vallathole has chosen from ancient Hindu mythology, subjects to which he gives a distinctly modern treatment. *The Disciple and the child, Rugmi's Letter* and many others amongst his masterpieces borrow their subjects from Sanskrit epic poems; what distinguishes him from his predecessors is that in the treatment of his subjects he interprets the faith and the ideal of a living society instead of writing verses which merely conform to orthodox canons of old.

Nevertheless Vallathole does not possess the versatile genius of Tagore. Though he writes prose with distinction, he has not attempted up till now, to write romances or stories or prose dramas—forms which have procured for Tagore deserved success. He has not the depth of thought, the breadth of sympathy of the Bengali master, but as a lyric poet, Vallathole is no way inferior to Tagore, and it is permissible to rank him by the side of the Bengali poet amongst the great Indian writers of our epoch.

The most characteristic production which Vallathole has yet given us is a poem on *Mary Magdalene*. It is really surprising that just in that province where christianity has been existing by the side of Hinduism for more than eighteen centuries, it should have fallen to a Hindu to compose the only good poem based on the scriptures. Though ignorant of European and other tongues, Vallathole has with an extraordinary intuition, seized the true import of the story of *Mary Magdalene* and penetrated its spirit. His work, denounced as it has been by the christian churches for its pagan atmosphere, has familiarised more people with the true spirit of christianity than centuries of missionary zeal. The religion of the poet knows no churches and no confessions; his muse celebrates in song, with the same fervour and with the same piety, the flute of Krishna, the story of *Mary Magdalene*, the conversion of Omar and the miracles of Buddha, in succession. The life religious is the same everywhere; the conflict of beliefs and varying dogmas could not change its character. It is with this unalterable conviction that Vallathole treats, always in a sincere and penetrating manner, subjects so different as the Bible and the Koran.

Vallathole is eminently a poet of nationalism. His work palpitates with the new life-breath of India and expresses its highest ideal. It has been said of the best Sanskrit poets that the picture of Krishna used to put them literally in a state of ecstasy. With Vallathole, the picture of India leads to the same emotional rapture. The fight he wages against the caste system—for the liberty of the soul, Vallathole would say—and for political emancipation (which he calls the liberty of the body) inspires him with feelings of the highest passion and pathos. He has thus become the idol of new generations who consider him not merely as their poet but also as their champion and the life-giver of the national movement.

The strangest thing of late in the literary life of Vallathole is the attitude of the Pandits. At the beginning they tolerated him as a stray sheep, a renegade who was still theirs. When the new tendencies of his poems became accentuated, they did not hesitate to denounce him as a corrupter of taste, as one who had fallen from the high ideal of traditional versification. The challenge of

the Pandits was accepted cheerily by the young poets, and for the past few years, Malayalam literature has been the field of a pitched battle in which all the forces of orthodox formalism, old theories and obscurantism face the idealism and the liberty of the new school. It is with a ferocious animosity that the Pandits are attacking the New movement and its chief.

It is noteworthy that in Bengal also, Tagore had to suffer the same kind of obloquy. In the case of Tagore, the opposition of the Pandits has only increased with the spread of his glory; even today, the Pandit-poets derisively slight his works. The position is exactly the same with Vallathole. The Pandits have showered anathemas on him, branded his works as heterodox and refused to find anything in them but the ravings of a rebellious soul. Vallathole is indeed a rebellious soul of the type of Shelley, of Whitman and of all the visionary poets who fight against the world for shaping it anew with the magic of their song.

The importance of Vallathole in Malayalam poetry is due to the fact that he has given to the soul of modern India its highest and purest expression, at least in that province which speaks his language. His culture is not second-hand. It is the native genius of India that speaks through his mouth; this is all the more remarkable because he is the chief of our movement for literary freedom too.

CONTENTMENT

Contentment I seek and seek in vain.
I pray for work, you rob my health,
I pray for health, you rob my wealth,
Peace is fled, contentment I cannot find!

Cease, then, Oh! Lord this play of Thine
And give me that for which I pine! Let
Mercy's glance on this sinner fall
To lift the burden from his heart!

N. S. V.

THE CONGRESS & LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT

BY K. R. KARANT, B.A., L.L.B., M.L.C.

It is a pity that, while there has been so much fight between our Congress Leaders and their followers about the Reforms, Dyarchy and the acceptance of offices, so little has been done to the working of the local bodies on which there is and there can be so little difference of opinion. Ever since the launching of the Non-Co-operation Movement, no doubt there have been resolutions passed in the Congress on the capture of these bodies by Congressmen, but no serious effort has been yet made to give effect to them. These bodies are still largely in the hands of persons of the old type, persons who are there because it gives them honour, status in society, for anything but service. An immediate capture of these bodies on a nation-wide scale by Congressmen of the right type will do two things. It will train up a band of young and earnest workers who will be able to take up, whenever called upon, the larger sphere of politics. They will know to do things, not merely talk about them as they now do. Secondly, these institutions can confer immediate good to the people, something which will tangibly affect their every day life and give them the benefit which these institutions are intended to give, but alas, they seldom do. In the short compass of this article I shall try to take the reader into what these institutions are as they exist to-day and what it will be the noble mission of the Congressman to make them to be.

The very basis of Local Self-Government is the Election. I have no hesitation in stating that a great deal of corruption exists in it now and it is a disgrace to any decent society. Votes are bought and sold in the open like vegetables in a market. The rate varies from 8 annas to a sovereign according to the exigencies of the market. The Election Evil has caught hold of our people like another vice which is ruining them viz., litigation. It ruins the man who wins as well as the one who fails. No honest man however useful he may be when elected can hope to get in unless he can afford to squander a considerable sum. Like its sister vice aforesaid, the system has brought

into being a class of touts or middlemen. The result is that the poor and ignorant rate payer cares not who gets elected as long as he gets the highest price for his vote. The middleman makes his share. The candidate who wins has a sour heart and feels having had to purchase his seat, he owes a duty to none but himself. In most cases, he utilises his position to get some benefit for himself or for some relation of his. Honourable exceptions there are, and there will always be. But unfortunately the rule is too many and the exception too few.

What then is the duty of the Congressman? To put down this corruption in an election, at any cost, is his first and most sacred duty. This can be achieved and easily. We may not succeed all at once or in all cases. But an earnest, persistent and organised effort can put an end to it in the course of two or three years. All that is necessary to start with is a small organisation of a mere handful of sincere and capable congressmen. Candidates should be put up on the Congress Ticket for almost every vacancy. Propaganda work should be done by pamphlets and lectures in the vernaculars in different centres. The heinousness of the crime of selling votes should be brought home to the voters. The middleman should be altogether ignored and every voter should be approached directly. And needless to say having yourself preached against the sin of selling votes you should not buy them even at the risk of losing the election. More than all, only Congressmen of the best and the right type should be selected as candidates. Spurious quality should be avoided at any cost. And I may say that quality and not quantity it is which tells. One sincere and capable Congressman can do more good in a Council of thirty than half a dozen selfish, useless or manufactured congressmen.

Suppose our candidate gets elected. What is he to do? I shall first state what he should *not* do. Let him never approach his Chairman or President for any favour, big or small. It is a misfortune in our country that our people ordinarily prefer individual and private benefit to public good. The moment you get elected, your relatives, your friends and, very often, those who have worked for you at the election and helped you to go into the Council consider they have a claim on you to secure for

them some job or other. The temptation must be resisted at all costs. Do not sell away your freedom, your right to criticise and correct the head of the administration, a right which you have secured for you at so much trouble, for what is after all a mess of pottage.

Next, be fearless in all that you do and give up all "Dakshanyam", a quality which we have in abundance. To expose the wicked and espouse the cause of the weak and the oppressed is your sacred and your urgent duty. I shall make my point clear. There are a few Presidents and Chairmen who misuse their power and verily act as little Tsars. Instances are not wanting wherein school mistresses and midwives, especially if they are youthful and handsome, are hunted down from place to place till they submit to the wishes of these tyrants. School teachers are to work and canvass for them or their friends at the Legislative Council Elections; if not, dire punishment is sure to follow. Profession Tax notices are served on voters immediately after an election if they happen to have worked against, and they are specifically told that it is the price of their treason. It must be the immediate task of our Legislature to so amend the laws as to break up the power of these Tsars and make it impossible for them to lord it over like what they are doing now. But as long as it lasts, it will be your duty fearlessly to expose the evil, to help the oppressed and to bring to book the tormentor, if possible.

Thirdly, it will be your special duty always to remember and work for the uplift of the poor, whether it be the poor ratepayer or the low-paid servant of your local body. The rich and influential tax-payer and the high paid officer of the local body know where to apply the butter and always have the best of it. Our educated Councillors will gladly increase the salary of an officer from Rs. 100 to Rs. 150 even though the circumstances may not warrant it, but if it is to enhance the salary of a scavenger from Rs. 10 to Rs. 11 there is so much of grumbling and a good deal of opposition. We are asking the Britisher to change his angle of vision towards us. May I, in all humility, ask of my educated country men, have we changed ours towards the poor, the down-trodden of this country?

Fourthly, do not unnecessarily drag in your political warfare of the Legislative Council into the precincts of your local body. I know there are instances in which a Swarajist Councillor may have to differ from a Justicite. But for God's sake and for the sake of the fair name and prestige of that august body, the Congress, which you seek to serve, do not in season and out of season, carry your political fight into the proceedings of your local body. On questions of sanitation, roads or schools etc which form 99 per cent. if not more of the questions you have to decide, you can have no serious difference with your brother Councillor, be he a Justicite or an Independent, Brahmin or Non-Brahmin, Hindu or Mussalman. You must always remember that a local body is essentially a business corporation and not a debating club or a chamber wherein you are to let off your extra steam. Others may find some justification for it. But not you, because yours must be a nobler task. I have stated this at some length because I find in certain quarters a growing tendency towards this evil. If I am mistaken in my views I hope to be corrected.

Fifthly, it is your duty to put down corruption in your local body at any cost. Permit me, reader, to state that a great deal of corruption does exist in our local bodies. That it exists elsewhere is no excuse for your winking at it. The cry of "no funds" for any good work is usually over-done. In the collection of taxes, in the purchase of goods, or the disposal of contracts, people make hay while the sun shines. I may almost say it has become a mamool and in its methods almost stereo-typed. The entry of a congressman especially if he is daring, honest and capable is sure to be resented by the vested interests. But you can always trap these rats or more aptly, bandicoots, if you are on the alert, for the habitually corrupt are oftentimes unwary. You must, therefore, stint no effort to book the culprit, be he a Chairman or a Councillor, though it is rare, or some one on the staff which is the more common.

Lastly, it is your duty not merely to criticise but also to construct. You should spare no pains in making a thorough study of the various subjects which relate to your local body. You should give the head of the administration and its servants as

much help as you can, whether the former belongs to your party or not. Remember that you have been sent to the local body by your voters not to make fiery speeches but to do some tangible service. In a word "service" and "hard-work" should be our motto. I know it is difficult to please all or even a fair number of our voters if you are straightforward in what you do; for, as I have already confessed our people ordinarily prefer private benefit to public good. Getting people properly taxed or getting their encroachments removed is always an unpleasant task and will be resented. But times will change and by your stern and transparent honesty of purpose it will be our noble mission to change that mentality. Whether it changes or not, and whether the people like it or not, duty must be done. After all, satisfaction to our conscience that we have done our duty honestly and fearlessly is worth more than mere appreciation or applause.

I do not believe God ever made any man or any nation good enough to rule any other man or any other nation.

Andrew Carnegie.

When the white man governs himself that is Self-government. but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than Self-government that is despotism.

Abraham Lincoln.

In undertaking to crush out the attempt of a people long enslaved, to attain possession of itself, to organize its own laws and government, and to be free to follow its internal destinies according to its own ideals, we are crushing out the grandest thing in this great human world.....and we are helping to destroy faith in God and man.

Professor William James.

HIGHER HINDUISM

BY T. L. VASWANI

TODAY we sit poor and forlorn. Why? To-day the nation starves. Why? The Bread of life is Brahma-vidya.

Not a few of the wise men of the West, from the days of Aristotle downwards have believed that the creative powers of a nation may be released, as in Athens, only with the labours of a servile class. Which means, logically, that a rich refined civilization, must be bought with the slavery of the many! Modern civilization, indeed, means economic slavery of the majority. India believed differently. India believed that One Eternal Life flowed into all. This belief,—this intuition,—was evolved into Brahma-vidya. Humanism, not a theory of slave-class, was the basis of Indian civilization.

Hinduism is Humanism. It made India a model nation. Today? Young men come and say to me:—“Hinduism is old: we want the new.” I say to them:—“Old? Yes,—but not therefore, useless. The Ancient Wisdom is the wine of the Spirit and improves with the years.”

“Brahma-vidya” or Science of the Self is the very heart of Hinduism. This Science, a Body of inner mystical truths, is “Sanatana;” it lives through the ages; for it relates to the verities of life. But the outer forms change, from time to time. There is evolution of the “Sanatana.”

There is a principle of Renewal in Hinduism. Therefore has it put on new blossoms, again and again. Hindu society has thrown up from time to time, regenerators and reformers, prophets and saints, seers and sages, inspirers, and idealists. Hinduism has passed again and again, through a process of re-interpretation and re-adjustment. While the Inner Essence persists the outer forms must change. New legends and stories, new songs and systems of philosophy have been born of new needs of this Ancient Faith.

The Sanatana Dharma has respected the Law of Change,—the Law of Adjustment. Nor has Hinduism ever talked of “conflict” between religion and science. What “conflict” when religion itself is a science—the supreme science—the Science of the Self?

HIGHER HINDUISM

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Critics have charged the Ancient Faith with “idolatry”. But there is a world of difference between idolatry and “idealatry” or idealism. To let the finite usurp the place of the Infinite is idolatry; to see the Infinite in the finite is “idealism;” and idealism is the very heart of religion.

Hinduism on its practical side is Humanism; Hinduism, on its meta-physical side, is Idealism. Both the “asatkaryavadam” and the “satkaryavadam” theories are penetrated by a spirit of idealism. The one contemplates the world as a work of art, a garment woven by God the World-Weaver in the Loom of time. The other interprets the world as an “evolution” from a previous state. Hinduism distinguishes between matter and soul but does not separate them. Matter, too, is energised by the Spirit. Wonderful is the Hindu vision of the Law of Change. All is Change! Mighty kings and conquerors have gone out of the world “empty.” Power crumbles into dust. Therefore be not proud! However mighty, remember thou, too art mortal. This is the burden of a number of beautiful Hindu poems. They express a noble sentiment.

But is it all “mere change”? Is it only ashes and dust? Change,—yes! But there is, also, the ancient teaching of,—“tapas”. The mediaeval, the true, Christian called it “Cross.” The present earth-order does not seem to be much of a success. Does the Earth-spirit call for our co-operation, our help? It seems pure joy is not our destiny in this critical, resisting world.

Yet all this change,—can it be without a “meaning?” And can the Meaning be expressed, except imperfectly on this plane of friction and resistance? Are there not other planes,—Planes of Non-Resistance, may I call them?—where the meaning may be better expressed? Yet even there the meaning may be expressed by the Full alone, i. e., by the Atman in Himself!

Be a co-operating Centre of the life of the Atman. This is, to my mind, the teaching of Higher Hinduism. Be a Centre. And therefore, be “internalised”. Often we are distracted by the controversies of the day, and we dissipate our energies when what we need is concentration of purpose and powers. Be a centre. Be internalised. Concentrate. And co-operate with the world-Atman.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS ON THE STAGE

BY N. SUNDARARAJAN

"The intrusion of an actor's personality in his work is not its merit, but rather its limitation."

Herbert Beerholm Tree.

Children are specially blessed with the gift of receptive sensibility and lofty imagination. They are born actors. They lose the faculty only when the wings of their imagination are weighted by self-consciousness. It must be the endeavour of every actor to cultivate and retain this receptive sensibility and lofty imagination.

Every great actor is a revealer as well as a borrower. He is not satisfied with the knowledge of men and things which he has acquired from books. He never lets his eye rest. He exercises his eye until it learns to see startling facts in the world around him, which would not be noticed by the ordinary untrained eye. He carefully assimilates the impressions he has thus formed of the life around him, the outward show, of things and the pageantry and pomp of life. Everything in Nature conveys a special meaning to his keen watchful eye. Even a wood appears to him a palace with a million corridors, which would afford him a million possibilities for his creative art. And with this equipment of knowledge he infuses his individuality into the character he assumes on the stage, and reveals to us the beauties of the master-brain, the author, and deepens our understanding of him.

The actor by his imaginative stage treatment illumines and makes clear many a passage which has taxed the ingenuity of commentators. All the difficulties which are the outcome of a super-acute but unpractical comment are very clearly explained by the skilful rendering on the stage, by a clever, imaginative actor. He carries the torch of his genius into the world of imagination, and illumines the dark recesses of poetry, so that even the most ignorant of the audience find no difficulty in understanding the author.

All that is most essential, most luminous in acting is due to this imaginative faculty. The dramatic art is more complex

than any other art in this particular—that, in its highest expression, Dramatic Art demands a more delicate poise and a subtler instinct than any other art. In fact, it requires for its due perfection the amicable union and co-operation of all the liberal arts. No other art is more dependent on an acute stage of the imagination. Only that actor whose imagination is most untrammelled attains the highest eminence, as he touches the imagination of his hearers and captivates their hearts most effectively.

Of all the fetters which hamper the imaginative faculty none is so frequent as self-consciousness. The actor is more liable to attacks of this disease than any other artist for the simple reason that he cannot separate his personality from his work. The actor should always try to emancipate his mind from the trammels of his surroundings, so that his imagination may have full play. The actor's outer self-suppression is amongst the most essential factors of success in his art.

But, at the same time, he must not lose his own individuality, his own personality. They are all-important. The distinction between individuality and self-consciousness is so subtle that the actor is sometimes likely to mistake the one for the other. Just as, in the case of an author, individuality makes his style distinguished, whereas self-consciousness makes it artificial, so, in the case of an actor, he who projects his individuality into his characters imparts power, force and character to his creations on the stage, whereas he who is self-conscious appears artificial on the stage. There is all that difference between them as between the works of art produced by an inspired genius and a mere technician. The actor with individuality is never monotonous, he is always unexpected, daring and original. But the self-conscious actor, though he may do the right thing at the right moment will always give you the same sort of acting. He is devoid of any brightness of emotion or fancy. The actor with individuality infuses vitality into his characters whereas the self-conscious actor would make his impersonations so different from each other as Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear and Shylock, look almost alike, the words only noting the difference. The self-conscious actor never identifies himself with his part,

He mechanically drills his face and his emotions. The result is that the effect of even a wonderful make-up evaporates after the first three minutes and the actor's physical personality forces itself through his disguise. But the real artist on the stage gets into the skin of his part. He is in earnest, he maintains and even increases the illusion to the very end of the play.

To arrive at the emancipation of the mind from the surroundings and give free range to the imaginative faculty is the ultimate and highest accomplishment of the actor. He must develop his imagination into the creative state and thereby rouse the imagination of his hearers. Sometimes his self-consciousness hinders this and afflicts him with a nervousness in the performance of a new role. His imagination is then paralysed and he is reduced to a state of mental and physical pulp. The following anecdote will illustrate what I mean by this kind of self-consciousness, which arises out of humility, as distinguished from the self-consciousness of vanity described in the previous paragraph. A famous English actor, who was even in his own days recognised as one of the most brilliant actors that ever adorned the English stage, once related an experience of his, in the early stages of his career. After he got through the first act, the brilliant and witty author of the play came into the green room, and he who was hungry for a word of encouragement from the author, asked him: "Well—and how did I get on?" Scanning his trembling and perspiring form, the witty author replied: "I see your skin has been acting, at all events."

Shakespeare is always impersonal and impartial in the drawing of his characters. His own predilections are never forced on the reader. He never strikes the note of a self-conscious moralist. Indeed it is often difficult to determine where his sympathies are. Turn to Julius Caesar, for instance. Brutus kills Caesar—for the good of the cause, from his point of view. Antony revenges his death—for the good of the cause, from his standpoint. Was Caesar right? Was Brutus right? Was Antony right? Where is Shakespeare's sympathy? Everywhere—nowhere. He stands aloof, mysterious, elusive, impartial and inscrutable. He never holds a brief for his characters. He does not label this character good, that bad. He dwells for

the time being in the minds of the men he is portraying, revealing the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth of their nature. He extenuates nothing, nor sets down aught in malice. His heroes have their weaknesses, his weak men their heroisms. Let us take Shylock for example. By turns he is majestic and debased. Alternatively he provokes great pity and great scorn. In the scene where he mourns Jessica's treachery, and in places where he reveals to us the long, tragic history of a persecuted race we seem to pity him. But in the trial scene where he insists on his bond we have nothing but scorn for him. "Shakespeare's didactic mind flung itself into an amazing variety of characterisation. His art was essentially dramatic, and only secondarily lyrical. In the Shakespearian diversity of characterisation the master-mind recedes; in the completeness of the sundry personifications the one sustaining personality becomes a vast impersonal power." (Dr. Cousins)

It is this kind of impersonality and impartiality that the actor must develop. He must infuse his own individuality into his impersonations only to bring out the individuality and personality of the character he portrays. Individuality must be merged in the character he assumes. This is the very essence of the art of acting. By the aid of his imagination he becomes the man, and he behaves unconsciously as the man would or should have behaved. What he does, he does because he must, it is the most natural thing in the world, and grows out of the circumstances of the moment.

It is said of Tree that when he had got thoroughly inside the skin of a character he seemed to partake of a new and alien life. He actually became the part he was playing. The character seemed to live again in him on the stage. His genius for make-up was always remarkable, and it was always helped by this quality of "getting inside" the character he was playing. His daughter Viola writes of him thus: "As Gringoire he actually felt thin and hungry; as Svengali he felt magnetic, dirty and musical; as Beethoven he felt small and square, with big strong, rather stumpy hands." This eulogy of Tree is corroborated by Louis Parkers' tribute. About Tree's impersonation of Beethoven Parker writes thus: "Many doubted his physical fitness for the

part: for Beethoven was a short, stocky, square-set little man, with dark eyes. I shall never forget our gasp of surprise when Tree made his first entrance at the dress-rehearsal: a short, stocky, square-set little man, with dark eyes. His head was Beethovens head. I have two portraits before me as I write: one of Beethoven and one of Tree in part, and it is difficult to tell which is which. In any part he assumed he never seemed to be on the stage—but only “walking through his part.” That there was an audience looking on did not seem to matter. Another striking illustration of Tree’s rare gift was *Zakkuri* in the “*Darling of the Gods*.” Says W. L. Courtney: “Tree gave us an extraordinarily vivid and convincing portrait of a Japanese statesman in all his horrible subtlety and coarseness.” Another example is given by the same writer to illustrate Tree’s greatness as an actor. In “*Business is Business*” Tree acted *Izard*. Tree was never a smoker for the sake of Companionship. “But,” say Courtney, “in *Izard* he was perpetually smoking big and black-looking cigars. I asked him how he managed to stand it; he answered that, as it seemed natural to the character he found it easy for himself. Off the stage he could not have done it; on the stage it was appropriate and therefore a piece of unconscious mimicry.”

Such an actor may not be conscious of his greatness. But everything he does, the lifting of his finger, the eating of his bread and the gestures he uses to fill the gap of words make us hold our breath for fear of losing the sense. And a series of generations will lovingly repeat every little incident connected with him. And when he vanishes into the vast night that envelopes and transforms alike men and things, when his graceful form and magical voice no more electrify audiences he would still live in their minds. And the memories of his stage life will be handed down to posterity and treasured by them as an institution.

GRADUATES' GROANS

(Continued from November Issue)

With truth to guide my judgments poor and weak,
I now resume to jot what graduates do;
A few there are who strive 'against adverse times,
Who snatch what seats they can, move heaven and earth,
And leave no stones unturned, no plans untried,
Attempting worse, where mighty Mammon fails,
How keen they search and search with desperate haste,
Those precious posts of five plus ten rupees,
Or sometimes more, I grant, but all the same,
Ridiculous rates, insulting arts and science,
And pledging knowledge pure to please that god,
That bulging belly bag, that shameless goose.
Ayodhya's Prince, Sri Ram, or King Nala,
Sought not their missing mates, their consorts dear,
With half the zeal of India's modern youth;
Nor Jason's band in quest of Golden Fleece,
And Bagiratha athirst for Gange's aid,
Did stake and risk so much, as these young men.
Well-versed with highest speed in Shorthand script,
Well-versed in Pitman's, Gregg's or Sloan's ways,
Well-trained as typists quick on divers makes,
On Remington ten, Woodstock, or Underwood,
On Torpedo, Empire, Kappel, Smith, or Fox,
On Diamond, Corona, Oliver, or Continental,
Well-armed with loads of luring diplomas,
In Banking, Auditing, 'cute, and company law,
In troublous entry double, and even treble,
So well furnished, but void of cash or aim,
Like those from North, those numerous Bairegees,
Who careless and tireless tread from place to place,
With kith and kin, to seek their daily food,

(But mark their ceaseless, spiritual, jolly mood,
Exempt from all the weighty learning vain)
They book their seats to various ports and towns,
To Calcutta, Bangalore, Bombay and Madras near,
To Delhi, Lahore, Simla and Rangoon new.
What though they try their best, enduring worst?

What though they humbly beg on bended knee?
 Still countless helpless groans in gruesome strain;
 Too far from home, from nearer and warmer hearts,
 They crave and cringe for food and raimets bare;
 O God, All-knowing Thou! Thine children save,
 Heard we the like before? what brainless course,
 Is this, that eager seeks voluntary tasks,
 And needs no cash or gift, but footing small!
 "Why not, what harm?" the cautious and selfish ask,
 So much degraded grow our cultured souls.

The cows and bulls, and mighty elephants too;
 Their leaders blind follow in beauteous rows;
 So thoughtless slavish wind our graduates fresh
 To halls where legal lore doth lie in store.
 All honour and glory surely go with those,
 Whose righteous zeal embrace the B. L. course;
 But why the numerous rest so crowd the bar,
 And block the seats within and air without?
 Heaven only knows, and themselves do not know.
 With flowing gowns and full suits spotless neat.
 With clean and shaven face, and hair well-combed,
 With specs on nose, and moustache trained and trimmed,
 With worthless talks of freedom and independence,
 Seel up and down they strut, though briefless be,
 Increasing lies and rents of buildings cheap,
 And envying pedagogues poor, of surer means.
 With chances less to plead, much less to judge.
 A battalion huge of B. L's oft now siege
 All walks of life, All posts that something pay;
 What boots their codes and laws and literary tastes?
 In what bottomless shame and sham they lie!
 All pleaders please, these statements harsh forgive,
 But sing I must of truth as seen around.

S. Rama Iyer, B. A.

THE ENGLISH THEATRICAL AUDIENCES BETWEEN 1780 AND 1830

BY DR. KARAMCHAND

DRUNKENNESS, debauchery, gambling and racing summed up the life of the man of fashion of the closing years of the 18th and the early years of the 19th century. The aristocracy, surrounding a king of exemplary life and devout piety, had all the dissoluteness without any of the wit and brilliance of the courtiers of Charles II. In *Wraxall*, one reads of one noble lord after another leading a conspicuously ignoble life and revelling in it. The divine Georgiana's worthy consort, William, Duke of Devonshire, habitually sought to cure his constitutional apathy by spending his evenings over whist or faro at Brooks'.¹ The Earl of Surrey, who later lent lustre to the dukedom of Norfolk, had the distinction of being incomparably the best of a distinguished line of toppers dating back to Plantagenet times. "It is a fact," says Sir William *Wraxall*, "that Lord Surrey, after laying his father and all the guests under the table at the thatched house, repaired to another festive party in the vicinity, and there recommenced the unfinished convivial rites." The only external baths his lordship ever knew were given to him during his fits of intoxication. His love of dirty linen owed nothing to heredity and was manifestly a triumph of personal sloth. On complaining one day to Dudley, North that he was a martyr to rheumatism and had ineffectually tried every remedy for its relief, the latter said "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?" To the Duke of Queensbury, gambling, drinking and ogling women was the very breath of his being. Age did not reduce his blood temperature, nor did failing sight and falling teeth restrain his interminable amours. A kindred spirit was the redoubtable General Martin to whom Mrs. Inchbald in a letter, dated Thursday, May 8th, 1800, refers as "the man who first led from the path of virtue the noted Kitty Fisher and has been always supposed to have added a greater number to the women on the town than ever any man did. "But", she continues "he dies a bachelor, and white plumes and white gloves are preparing".² The Duke of York was such a powerful

1. *Posthumous Memoirs of His Own Time* by Sir W. *Wraxall*, Vol. I P. 31.

2. *Mrs. Inchbald's Memoirs*, by Boaden, Vol. II P. 34.

toper that "six bottles of claret after dinner scarce made a perceptible change in his countenance".³ Nor were these bacchanalian orgies limited to aristocrats and their halls. Pitt, Thurlow, Dundas and Sheridan yielded to none in their adoration of the bottle while Fox superadded to that an attachment for the dice box. One reads in Mr. Michael Mac Donagh's book on Parliament that "during the debate on the peace with France in 1785, Pitt was so drunk that he had to retire and be sick behind the Speaker's chair while Fox was speaking against him".

Thackeray tells us of Pitt's going "into Bellamy's with Dundas, and help finish a couple more",⁴ after having drunk a bottle of port wine at his own house. The famous squib; "I cannot see the speaker, Hal, can you?" which immortalises William Pitt's boozy query and Henry Dundas's equally illuminating reply, "Not see the Speaker, Billy? I see two," gives one an idea of the alcoholic excesses of the front treasury Bench.

Lord Byron, comparing the relative convivial merits of Sheridan and Colman Junior, chooses to "begin the evening with Sheridan and finish it off with Colman: Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for everything, from the madeira and champagne at dinner, the claret with a layer of port between the glasses, up to the punch of the night, and down to the grog, or gin or water—, of daybreak, all these", observes his lordship, with a gusto that leaves us no doubt of his sincerity, "I have threaded with both the same".⁵

In gambling, the Prince of Wales led the fashion and was loyally supported by Devonshire, Queensbury, and various others. A better man and gambler was Charles Fox, who according to Gibbon played for 22 hours at a sitting and lost £ 500 an hour. Another class with recruits drawn from lower strata of society met this one at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, aped its vices and exceeded them. A typical figure of this thoughtless class, tearing about the town in search of pleasure, is Young Pranks, a character in O'Keefe's *'Rambles in Dorsetshire'*. He

3. Prince Puckler Muskau's Letters.

4. The Four Georges, Cassell, 1919. P. 113.

5. Life and Letters of Byron by Moote 1860. P. 183.

describes himself, in Jingle's language as a blood. One of the toophilite club. Expenses exceeded uncle's allowance..... Thought to help out by a lucky hit now and then, so bought a blood mare, had her put in training, then entered for the plate at Blandford.....Before the meeting a few positive mechanical rascals thrust me into the King's Bench. Off I spanked for Dorsetshire and, in spite of informers, appeared on the course.... Sold the mare for four hundred, went to dinner, tucked the bottles under my girdle, hopp'd off as steady as old time to the assembly, laughed at the (minuets),—adjourned to a snug hazard party—lost every face—roll'd into the street at eight in the morning—saw a carriage at the Greyhound door—pretty girl all alone—stepped in without knowing whither bound...." It was this class and their imitators from the ranks of barbers', tailors' and haberdashers' apprentices that made assignations in the theatre and were responsible for the moral nausea that made the theatre an anathema to the respectable, middle class people. Writing in 1795 Thomas Bellamy thus describes the moral atmosphere of the theatre:

"The third act over—how the lobby fills!
Ah! times are changed and simple manners fled.

....
In Goodman's Fields: few sat in box or pit:
The last confined to gents and critics sage,
The other to more elevated rank:
Except in upper tier, there sat the punk
In tinsell'd frippery, to watch her trade:
A stranger then, to ice, or dainty tea,
Or blooming peach or nectarine or plum,
Or ready messenger in Betty, Jane,
Who now in lobby wait their lady's beck,
To execute her will: perhaps to watch
Some cully's motions, who, from shop set free,
In boot, and ribbon'd knee and whiten'd pate,
Stands all the artful fair one asks till pent
In loathsome cell, she leaves him to his fate,
Her own abhorred work, and seeks another".

(To be continued)

THE NAYADIS OF MALABAR

BY M. S. DEVESAN, B. A.

I INTRODUCTION

NO other place in India is so much affected by the curse of unapproachability as that of Kerala, which comprises Br. Malabar, Cochin and Travancore. Besides being shut up in various water-tight compartments, a major portion of the Hindu population here, is relegated to a corner. They fall under the category of polluting castes, on the basis of atmospheric pollution. There are more than a dozen sections of such people, whose approach is considered as a sacrilege by the upper classes. It has been settled by custom that pollution can affect people only at a particular distance. These classes are peremptorily ordered to keep beyond their respective prescribed limits, which they automatically obey. The gradation differs with different classes, each one tyrannising over its immediate inferior, the class most to suffer the humiliation being the Nayadis, who are placed at the lowest rung of the social ladder. While the leaders of Indian political thought are incessantly agitating over the problem of our men being segregated and extirpated, in South Africa and Kenya, U. S. A. and Canada, the very same process is perpetrated under our nose, even by those who claim to possess sufficient light and worldly wisdom.

II ORIGIN

To trace the origin of the Nayadis is to dive deep into the unknown past steeped in superstition and mythology. The unsophisticated villager believes that the Nayadis are the descendants of the Namboodiri Brahmin who in remote past was ostracised for some unknown reason. Even to-day any 'Nayadi' is called by the name of Nilakantan and it is considered a blessing to give him food and clothing. Logan says that of the Nayadis, the *dog-eaters*, nothing definite is known. The authors of *The Malabar Gazetteer*, Messrs. Innis and Evans, both I. C. S. Officers who were once at the head of Malabar administration state that "their name suggests that they were originally hunters." Perhaps these writers think that the "Malayalam" word 'Nayat' meaning hunting, corresponds with that of 'Nayadi.' If so the "Malayas" who even now keep to the mountains, subsisting on hunting must also be known by the

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name of Nayadi. Moreover the Nayadis are not found to confine themselves to the mountainous regions. Hence this idea is not acceptable. But the rational view is that like the "Cherumas" and other polluting castes the Nayadis are the remnants of the aboriginies in Malabar, who gradually imitated the manners and customs of people, who migrated to Malabar, from outside Kerala. Of course prominence is given to this view in the gazetteer, and it is interesting to note in this connection that such names as Raman and Krishnan, Theyyan and Chami, Kali and Nili, are found amongst them.

III WHERE FOUND.

Wherever there is heavy traffic, hoarse human voices booming through the sultry air or pattering rain can be heard by the passers by. The same heart-rending noise is familiar to many in these parts disturbing their naps over their mid-day meal. This is the laborious cry of the Nayadi who bawls out for alms from a distance as he is obliged to keep beyond the prescribed limit of seventy two feet. If a little care is taken to ascertain the emanation of such a noise, barbarous looking human forms in dark and dirty cloths can be seen in all sorts of suppliant attitudes. for a small pittance of one pie or two pies or for a few chillies and little salt. And this is the Nayadi who ekes out his life of drudgery and degradation, by throwing himself at the feet of people, who may or may not throw away some trifling crumbs.

Beyond the reach of ordinary human beings, far away from frequented thoroughfares and foot-paths, the Nayadis build their hovels. They lie scattered here and there and are found in the Palghat, Walluvanad and Ponnani Taluks of Malabar. Their number according to the last census is only 417 and they show signs of gradual extinction.

IV OCCUPATION.

That which stands in the way of the Nayadis' decent means of living, is the callous indifference of the upper classes. They are forbidden by custom to earn their living wages. They shall not hawk fuel, grass and other forest products, like the "Cherumas". Consequently they resort to begging, which they perform with the maximum trouble and minimum advantage.

A state of semi-starvation is the result and they eat rats, crabs, bandicoots, pigs, monkeys and birds. But they do not eat cows flesh and scrupulously refrain from eating dogs. Lack of good drinking water also adds to their trouble. Thus the impossibility of getting work to subsist upon, the difficulty of earning their livelihood by begging and the insanitary conditions of life, have contributed to the gradual dwindling down of the Nayadis. But of late, stray instances of Land Lords who afford agricultural labour for the Nayadis, and of philanthropists who dig wells in their quarters, are to be found. But what little they can achieve is blighted by the conservatism of their fellow men and by the refusal of other polluting castes to mingle with the Nayadis even while working. It is curious to note in this respect that even Mohomedans ask the Nayadis not to pollute them.

V SOCIAL LIFE.

Now a peep into their social world. The Nayadis move and mingle with their fellow men who are within their reach, the modern means of communication being inaccessible to them. All of them are completely illiterate and are not even able to give an idea of their respective ages. They speak in Malayalam which greatly corresponds with the written language.

Though miserably poor they too celebrate their marriages. In this connection The Malabar Gazetteer states that "The Nayadis are monogamists and it is the practice for a boy to marry his cousin." The former part of the statement is all right. But the latter portion is at variance with what has been gathered on personal enquiry. There is also a reference to the method of selecting the bride-groom in the Gazetteer, which now has perhaps gone out of fashion. It is stated that the bridegrooms who are in search of the hand of a bride are asked each with a stick to stand round a hut of leaves, in which the bride is seated and required to poke the same into the hut when the father of the bride gives a signal by his songs and beating of the drum. The owner of the particular stick which is caught by the bride is married on the spot. This custom might have existed before. Brides are purchased for two to five rupees. A string of beads forms the bride's ornament, and the same is tied as the "Thali" round her neck by the bridegroom's sister. The small party of

guests who accompany the bridegroom are fed with rice, curries and toddy. The very same day the married pair settles down in Bridegroom's hut. Chastity is a great virtue with them.

VI SUGGESTIONS FOR IMPROVEMENT

The most essential thing to be done in the matter of improving their lot, is the change of mentality of the upper classes, towards these suppressed people. When once the caste people set the fashion all the other castes who sit tight upon the Nayadi, will gradually loosen their grip. They are not to be considered as the mere refuse of humanity born only to die of starvation and disease. They can be made to earn a decent living by dint of their industry, if only they are allowed to frequent such places as are frequented by the Cherumas and other polluting castes. Land-lords, big and small, who keep colonies of 'Cherumas' for their agricultural labour, can with advantage have colonies of Nayadis. When the Land-lord allows them to come nearer, naturally their labourers also follow them in due course.

But a practical difficulty confronts the social worker in this connection. It is rather uphill work to make the Nayadi refrain from begging. It has got so ingrained in his blood that he is very reluctant to give it up. Every time he receives alms, he is encouraged in this soul killing business. When the alms giver feels that he has liberally given to the Nayadi, the latter's temptation for the dirty business increases by leaps and bounds. If instead of throwing one anna or a two anna piece or some rice and cloth, he is asked to bring some fuel or grass, or other forest products, and if those articles are purchased at a liberal cost, it will be a profitable source of encouragement to him. Besides, he knows to make excellent ropes out of a sort of creeper which is found in the forest regions and also to collect honey. Able bodied Nayadis must be asked to procure these articles by people who are interested in their welfare.

Since the Nayadis have their huts in the open places, where nature has her free play, the problem of insanitary surroundings never arise in their case. The trouble is with the water which they use. This can be rectified by the construction of regular wells in their vicinity. But however, attempts have been made

to provide them with better houses. A special colony of Nayadis was established in the Cochin State, at government cost, by Mr. (Now Sir) T. Vijayaraghavachari, while he was the Dewan. But almost all the houses are now deserted. Lack of proper supervision and independant means of earning their livelihood, contributed to the failure of the scheme. Another experiment is now being made by a rich Land-lord in Kollengode. A few Nayadi families are grouped together and are provided with housing accomodation. They are also regularly employed in field labour. But the difficulty of preventing them from resorting to their laborious begging is staring him in his face.

But again the problem of segregation and the tyranny of caste people, cannot be solved by these colonies. To draw them out of their isolation, to extricate them from age long oppression and depression and to make them a class capable of winning their bread by the sweat of their brows, must always be the end and aim of those who work for the uplift of the Nayadis.

Even in their present position, scattered as they are in different parts, Taluk Boards can do a good deal in relieving the Nayadis of their misery. The Boards can construct wells for the use of Nayadis, and can afford facilities for the education of their young ones. They should be supplied free of cost, with slates, books, clothing and at least one meal a day and it should be placed under the management of a special committee of self sacrificing workers. Now they are greatly terrified and tryannised over by other people, and they will be beaten to death, if they dare to send their boys to schools.

Therefore the first and the foremost step is the force of public opinion which if properly influenced will make the Nayadis a wage earning class. When once they find that they are able to earn a decent living, their education and higher ambitions naturally follow. It is well nigh impossible to change the angle of Vision of the elder generation. The youth of the nation, the hope of the future, have to put their shoulders to the wheel with undying optimism and enduring faith that

“.....This world so bubbles with His name
That it may chance, along with it He moves
Insignificant through the many crowds”

SAINT JAYADEV

N. G. SREENIVASA IYER, M. A., L. T.

IN the vicinity of Jaganath was the village of Bindubilwa. It was inhabited by Brahmins versed in Vedic lore; and among them was Jayadev. He was inherently good-natured, serene and contemplative. He expended his time largely in the education of the Self and in dedicating himself to the worship of Lord Vishnu.

There was in the same village another Brahmin named Deva Sarman, who was pining away for birth of a child. He used to make his appeal to the Deity in the Temple of Jaganath and on one occasion, went so far as to pledge that, in case he had children, he would directly offer the first-born as a free gift to the Lord.

Sometime after, he had a daughter born to him, and a few virtuous sons also in succession. He rightly remembered his promise to the Deity and so, in the company of his wife and daughter he went before the Lord in the Temple and bowing before Him, Solemnly and willingly fulfilled his pledge by surrendering his daughter, the first-born, to the care of the Deity, and walked out of the precincts.

The same night Vishnu appeared to the Brahmin and the priests of the Temple in their dreams, told them that he was mightily pleased with the Devotion of the Brahmin and desired that the daughter should be wedded to Jayadev. His Chosen Devotee. The Brahmin could not disbelieve the dream, for it agreed so remarkably with that of the priests. Accordingly he led his daughter before Jayadev, who was then dwelling outside the village, on the fringes of a forest, in a hut made of green leaves and rushes.

But Jayadev was poor and careless of material comforts. He anchored his faith in the Lord, his face beamed with delight. There was a supernal splendour about him. Deva Sarman approached him and requested him to accept Padmavathi, his daughter, as his partner in life, because he was bidden to do so by the Lord. Jayadev would not agree. He said that he was houseless and poor and that therefore he was unfit to marry;

nor, he said, had he entertained any such desire. He thought that Deva Sarman might perhaps be practising a clever deception on him because he spoke of the sanction of the Lord. He was surprised at the baseness of the proposal and, therefore, Deva Sarma might quit his presence.

Deva Sarman, however, brought in the priests of the Temple who, in their turn, told him that it was the Lord's wish that he should wed Padmavathi, and tried their best to get him round to accept the offer. But Jayadev was as firm as adamant. Deva Sarman was at his wits' end. He could not find a way out of the difficulty. He said to his daughter "My Beloved! This Brahmin is your Lord and husband. You should always worship him. Remain with him and spend your days in attending to his comforts."

Thus saying he left his daughter there and went home. Padmavathi served Jayadev with pious regard and dutiful attention, when on one occasion, the latter broke forth, "You are deserted by your parents and you shall have to remain friendless in this forest." Padmavathi replied "Oh, My Lord, My parents have given me away as a gift to your noble self."

Therefore, I am yours. I am devoted to you and innocent in my dealings with you. I pray you; don't abandon me. I am not friendless when you are with me."

Jayadev mused for a while. She must be speaking the truth. It would be sinful to leave her to her fate and so, it would indeed be proper on his part to take her to her father's home and marry her according to ceremonial rites. He informed her of his resolve and accordingly, led her home and married her in an auspicious hour. Thereafter, he took up his residence, as before, in that lonely hermitage, with his devoted wife who spared no pains in administering to his comforts. The two had only one heart between them; They dedicated their lives wholly to the worship of Vishnu and spent all their time blissfully in pious devotion to Him, in signing of His Glories.

Jayadev did not find any pleasure in a worship which knew of no method. He therefore desired to propitiate the Lord by

composing songs of his own about him and began to produce the Octaves of the Githa Govinda. Every day he went before the Deity in the temple of Jaganath in the company of his wife and spent a few hours in singing the songs of his composing, and dancing all the while. This was almost a daily routine with him.

One day he was penning a description of the Divine frolics with Radha when it immediately occurred to him that he was making Krishna tell her "Oh my beloved Radha! Throw your legs up and keep them on my head; I shall certainly be glorified thereby." This was a heinous thought and not sanctioned by religion or morals even in the case of mortals. How much more heinous it ought to be when it was attributed to the Lord. Jayadev could not endure it in his mind to give expression to this thought and he could not improvise one for any easy substitution. He found it difficult to bridge the gap. He stopped, however and leaving his manuscript at home went to the bathing ghat, still absorbed in thought on the subject. Just then the Merciful Lord, the lover of devotees, put on the appearance of Jayadev, came up to his dwelling and calling upon Padmavathi wanted her to bring to him the manuscript. She did so at once and the Lord wrote therein, in the context to be filled in, what exactly Jaydev's first thoughts were. And afterwards, he went away in the direction of the bathing Ghat quite in the manner of her husband.

Jayadev returned after bath; prayer and meal over, he betook, himself to the work once more, when to his astonishment, he found the interpolated verses of the Lord. He was sure he did not write them. Then how could they come in? Some one else must have tampered with his work, he thought, and so he asked his wife. "My dear, who can have written these lines? I am sure I have'nt. This cannot be my writing too." But Padmavati said in reply, "My lord, You must really be mad to speak in this wise or else you carry a practical joke too far. Could I so easily forget that you returned home in a hurry and after getting the manuscript from me, wrote therein yourself with your very hand what is written there in and went back to the bathing Ghat as quickly?"

THE FIRST INDIAN LADY M. L. C.

Dr. Muthulakshmi Ammal, M. B. & C. M.,

BY R. VIRARAGHAVA SARMA.

MARY Wollstonecraft in England and Condorcet in France first started the movement for the liberty of woman, and from that time women in various countries of the world have been trying to fight against the mid-Victorian doctrine of "the women's place being the home," emancipate themselves from age-long trammels of social custom and to enter nation-building walks of life which have all along been the close preserves of men. Indian women, who have been imbued with the spirit of the hoary past, have not been slow to feel the effects of this new awakening. Slowly and silently, by patient and incessant toil, without any suffragette demonstration or fire and brimstone they tried to free themselves from shackles, enter every walk of public life and fight their way into public bodies with a view to securing social amelioration. The Montagu-chelmsford Act extended the franchise to them; and taking advantage of this the woman began to knock at the doors of the Legislative Councils. As the Maharani of Baroda recently observed, learning from the bitter experience of other countries, our "sterner sex" showed sincere co-operation and very discreetly capitulated. The legislative gates were thrown open to women. Two women in the whole land stood for election but were not returned. It was left for H. E. the Governor of Madras to nominate a woman to the council and thus pave and smoothen the way for many more women to enter the Legislatures in future.

To Dr. Muthulakshmi Ammal belongs the rare privilege and the unique honour of being the very first lady M. L. C. in the land. She was born in 1886 in a respectable middle class family in Pudukotah. While yet a little girl of 7 or 8 years she showed an aptitude for study which was encouraged by her father who was in a high position in the educational service of the State. Under his guidance she passed the old Matriculation Examination in private and studied for F. A. in the Rajah's College, Pudukotah, with the kind permission of the Raja Saheb. She was the brightest pupil of the class; and Mr. S. atyamurthi, M. L. C, who was her class-mate then will bear ample testi-

THE FIRST INDIAN LADY M. L. C.

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mony to the remarkable cleverness, and assiduity of the frail little girl who carried off many prizes. With the help of the State scholarship she joined the Madras Medical College in July 1907, and completed her course within five years, with distinction, receiving several gold medals and honours, certificates in medicine, surgery and midwifery. Having spent some time as house surgeon in the Government Maternity Hospital, she set up practice in the metropolis. As Socrates held, women should take up that work for which they are best qualified, and they are eminently fitted to be doctors; and Dr. Muthulakshmi with the suavity of her manners, geniality of disposition and wealth of knowledge and scholarship soon made a mark and established her reputation in the profession.

Soon after, she married Dr. T. Sundara Reddi, F. R. C. S., L. R. C. P. and S. L. S. P., who is now the Chief professor of Anatomy in the Madras Medical College. Even as a wife and mother, she found enough time for her practice and other public activities. In July 1926 with the aid of the Government of India scholarship she went to England and specialised in the diseases of women and children. On her way back home, she attended the Paris International Congress of Women as one of the two delegates from India, the other being Mrs. Rukmani Lakshmi-pathi, B. A. There she had the singular good fortune of meeting the best and foremost women of the world. Very much influenced by their activities in every sphere of private and public life, she after her return to India, has been taking an active part in all the movements for the uplift of Indian women. And when she was some time ago nominated to the Council, she accepted the nomination at the request of the several women's associations and others in Madras.

Dr. Muthulakshmi has chalked out a programme of work in the Council, and to the present writer she said she would work for better and more suitable education of our girls, for maternity and child-welfare amenities, for the suppression of childmarriage, brothels and other social cankers eating into the vitals of the nation. As Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer observed, her nomination pregnant with the promise of fruitful work in the field of social welfare, the amelioration of the position of women in the domain

of personal law." Dr. Muthulakshmi's example will, without doubt, inspire many more women to enter the Legislative Councils; and I hope that to those who desire to see the day when many women enter the councils to do social work and better lot it may not be said "*Hanoz Dihli dur ast.*"

[Note. Since the above was written, Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi has been unanimously elected Deputy President of the Council. The choice has met with Universal satisfaction.]

OUR ANAGRAM COMPETITION

As many as 97 solutions were received for our Anagram Competition announced in the November issue of which only 57 were found to be correct. The correct solutions are:—

1. RHYTHMIC.
2. DEPUTATION.
3. THEOSOPHIST.
4. FIRMAMENT.
5. REMEMBRANCE.
6. SCIENTIFICALLY.
7. CORRESPONDENCE.
8. PARLIAMENTARIAN.

1st Prize. N. S. Parameswara Iyer.
Nurani Village,
PALGHAT.

2nd prize. A. R. Streenivasa Mudaliar,
Secretary, Anamalai Union Bank Ltd.,
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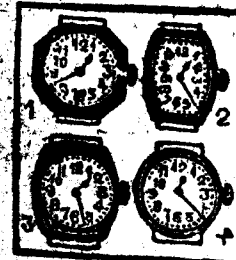
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