

ANAND BROTHERS

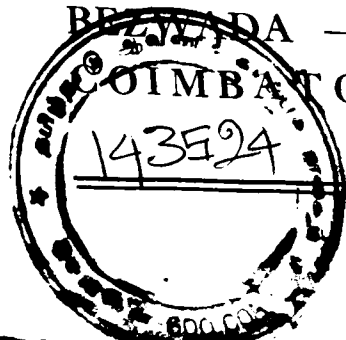
MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS & DISTRIBUTORS

with their network of Sales Organisations throughout South India and Bombay presidency, they are in an unique position to offer full cover for all the manufacturers represented by them

ANDHRA PAPER MILLS Co., LTD.		Rajahmundry
ANAND BETELNUT WORKS & PLANTATIONS		Shimoga
ACHSON BOBBIN MANUFACTURING Co.		Bangalore
ACHARYA & ACHARYAS LTD	...	Bangalore
BENGAL BELTING WORKS LTD.		Calcutta
CANARA PULP & PAPER MILLS Co., LTD.		Bombay
DECCAN PAPER MILLS Co., LTD.	...	Poona
DRUG HOUSE INDIA LTD.		Calcutta
MAYA ENGINEERING WORKS	...	Calcutta
RELIANCE ASSURANCE Co., LTD.		Bangalore City
RATANS & ACHARYAS LTD.		Madras
UNITED ENGINEERS LTD.		Bangalore

OFFICES AT

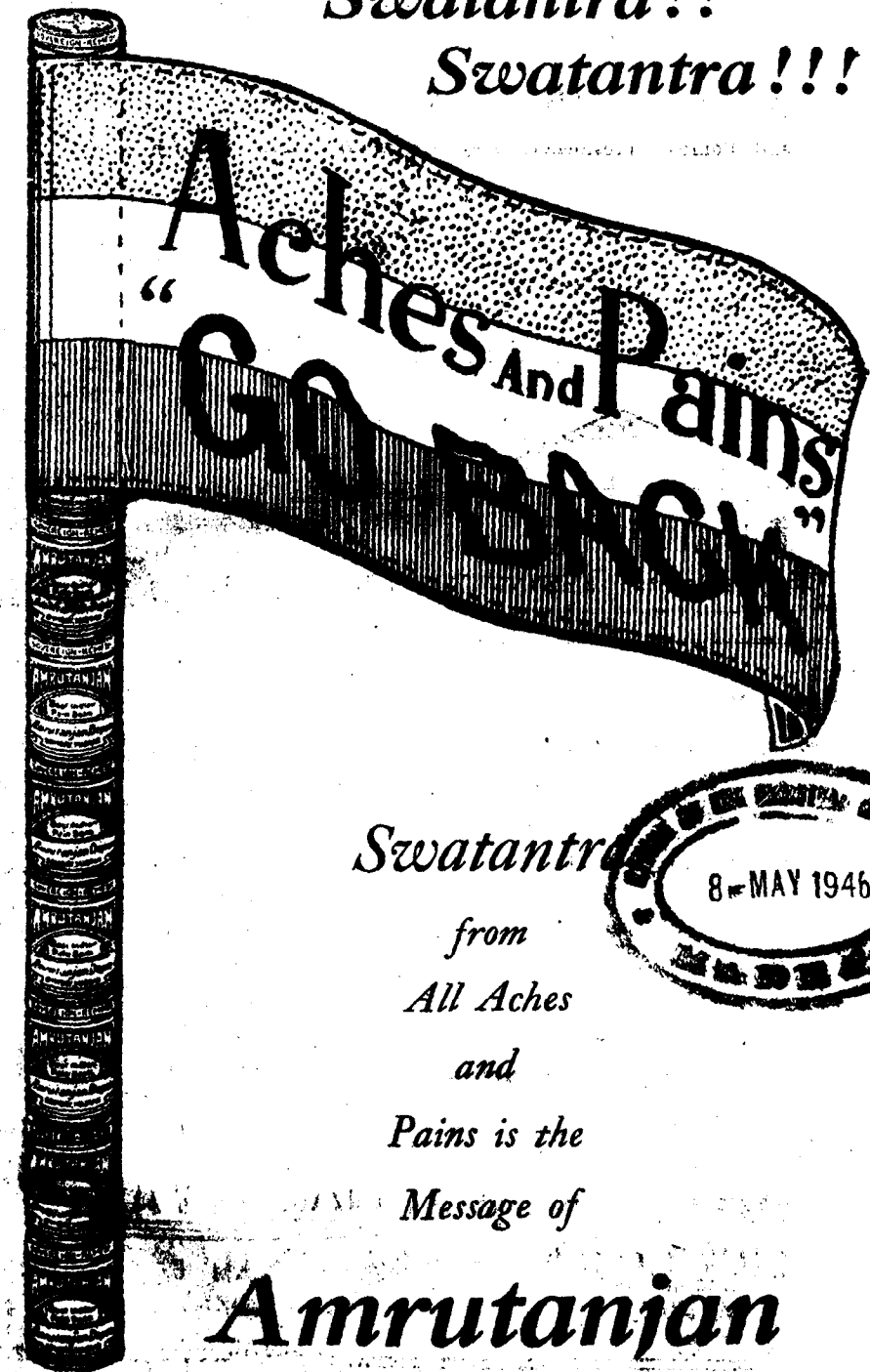
MADRAS — BOMBAY — SHOLAPUR
 BELGAUM — BANGALORE — SHIMOGA
 COIMBATORE — SECUNDERABAD



Swatantra!

Swatantra!!

Swatantra!!!



Swatantra

from

All Aches

and

Pains is the

Message of

Amrutanjan

SHORTEN THIS PERIOD OF **Boredom**

by taking Vitoferrin the best tonic for shortening the period of convalescence after illness; for maintaining and recuperating the strength of expectant and nursing mothers; in anaemia following malaria and other fevers; A, B and D vitamin deficiency, and in all conditions of debility. Vitoferrin provides the body with essential vitamins and minerals in an extremely palatable base of malt extract and honey.



VITOFERRIN
Selling Agents: **BEST & CO. LTD.**

HARDAYAL

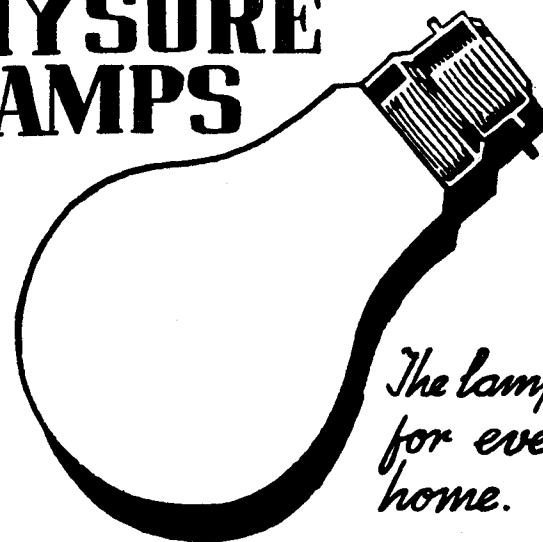
To offer you exactly or as nearly as possible what you like and fancy in the matter of clothing we have tapped and touched sources of supply in all parts of the world.

Stocks are coming and will continue to come, and you will find them not merely High Class but Excellent in value. Knowing and experienced hands have made the selection.

Wholesale Dept.:
HASHMATRAI & SONS,
87, Godown Street,
MADRAS.
Phone : 2835.

HARDAYAL
45, RATTAN BAZAR
— MADRAS —
Phone : 3723.
Telegram : PALACE.

MYSORE LAMPS



*The lamps
for every
home.*

DWARAKANATH AGENCIES, MADRAS

C.M.

71, VENKATARANGAM PILLAI ST., TRIPLICANE.
Telegram : ENERGY Telephone: 86109.

Everything of Printing Types
Everything of Printing Materials
Everything of Printing Everything

from

MADRAS TYPE FOUNDRY,
JONES STREET, GEORGE TOWN, MADRAS.

809

329

SWATANTRA

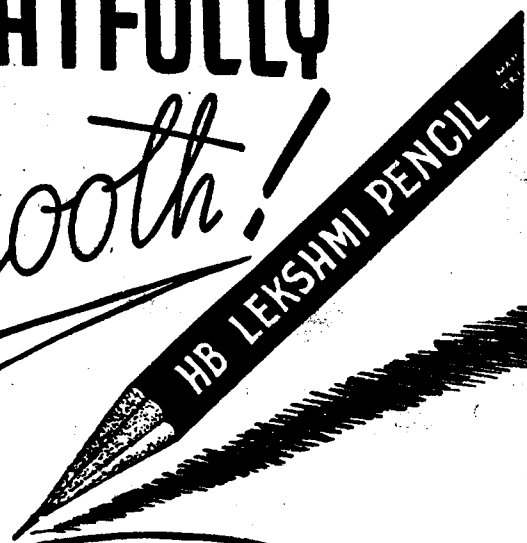
EDITOR: KHASA SUBBA RAO



WEDNESDAY
AUG. 9, 1946
ANNAS

DELIGHTFULLY

Smooth!



LEKSHMI Pencils

Here is a perfect pencil which makes writing a pleasure—so smooth, so fine and so good! In quality and performance Lekshmi pencils are on a par with standard imported pencils of pre-war quality and they are reasonably priced too!

Manufactured by
THE QUILON PENCIL FACTORY, QUILON.

AGENTS :

V. C. RAMALINGAM & SONS,

2/422, MINT STREET, SOWCARPET, MADRAS.

PLEASE
DON'T MISS



Your
Favourite —
in a New Cover

KERALA SOAP INSTITUTE, CALICUT



SWATANTRA

CONTENTS.

Cover Page—Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri	..
Rejoinder (Poem)—By James H. Cousins	.. 6
Editorial Comments	.. 7
Sotto Voce—By Vigneswara	.. 10
Election Highlights (Cartoons)	12 & 13
Sidelights—By Saka	.. 14
Jayaram Goes To School (Short Story)—By C. Rajagopalachari	.. 16
Will Jinnah Upset the Apple-Cart?	.. 19
Next Madras Ministry—By K. Santhanam	.. 20
A People's Leader of Malaya—From SWATANTRA Correspondent	.. 22
Indian Cricket Team Discussed—By G. Parthasarathi	.. 24
Dr. Subbaroyan Sums up Cricket Tour Prospects (An Interview)—By Sports Reporter	.. 27
Exhibitionism Hurts—By 'Nabus'	.. 28
Profile (V. S. Srinivasa Sastri)—By P.M.	.. 31
Tit-Bits	.. 33
Maharajapuram Viswanatha Ayyar—By Music Critic	.. 34
The Week Abroad	.. 36
Fleet Street In War Time	.. 38
Book Reviews	.. 40
Letters	.. 42

SWATANTRA

VOL. I
No. 4

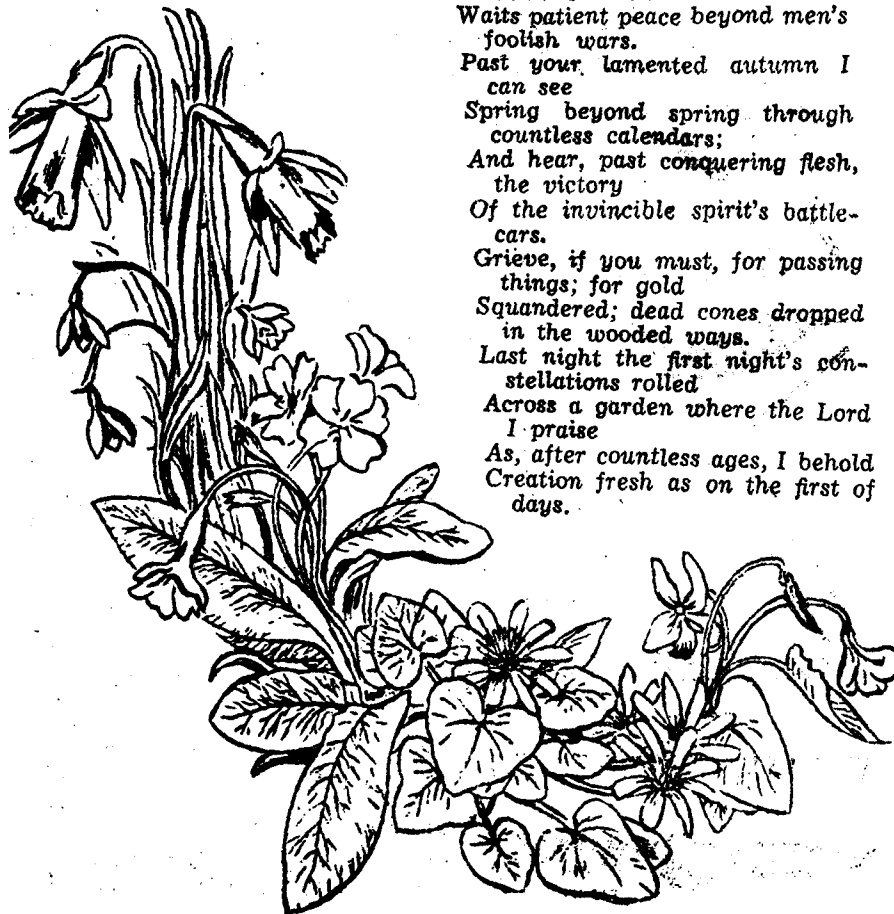
SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

REJOINDER By James H. Cousins.

(to pessimistic poets)

Sing, if you must, of death and
doom. For me
Waits patient peace beyond men's
foolish wars.
Past your lamented autumn I
can see
Spring beyond spring through
countless calendars;
And hear, past conquering flesh,
the victory
Of the invincible spirit's battle-
cars.
Grieve, if you must, for passing
things; for gold
Squandered; dead cones dropped
in the wooded ways.
Last night the first night's con-
stellations rolled
Across a garden where the Lord
I praise
As, after countless ages, I behold
Creation fresh as on the first of
days.



CENTRAL INDIAN BUDGET

IF the Central Indian Budget is to be tested by its sequel, the boom in the share market that followed it would condemn it as being a budget for the benefit of the rich man. In spite of the elegance of its language and the obvious hesitancy to say anything to wound the susceptibilities of political India, the budget has hardly achieved anything that is praise-worthy.

The continuance of the Defence budget on a very high level, and the prolongation of a joint financial agreement with the United Kingdom for another year are matters which are hardly in tune with the statement of the Finance Member that "while India has been spared the material destruction that has befallen many other countries, she has suffered in full measure, and in some directions in a greater measure than others, the economic consequences of the war." It is evident that many of the features of the war budget will still remain—high expenditure on the civil and defence side and a high level of borrowing with the target of 300 crores, though ostensibly for nation-building purposes.

It does not appear that the Finance Department of the Government of India have yet got a grip over defence expenditure made either on behalf of India or on behalf of U.K., which swelled up enormously since 1941 nor does it seem that the commitments that India entered into when she agreed to render mutual aid to U. S. A. have been more

than offset by the benefits received by way of lease-lend via U.K. Nowhere has the Finance Member mentioned that with the cessation of hostilities the whole scheme of war finance would be examined and India's total war expense correctly assessed.

With the background of an extremely nebulous financial position arising out of the war and with a large part of India's assets in the shape of sterling balances which is for the time being at any rate immobilised, and its ultimate realisation being left in the laps of the Gods, it is hardly a consolation to us that after repeated whippings in the Press and on public platforms, not to speak of what has been said in the forum of the Central Assembly, the Finance Member has stated that he is negotiating with U.K. authorities the steps to prevent a further accumulation of India's sterling balances.

On the constructive side, the programme that has been outlined of post-war planning in collaboration with the Provincial Governments, carries with it no more assurance of performance than previous Governmental pronouncements.

That the E.P.T. would go was well-known and nobody need regret it, not even the popularly elected members of the Central Assembly. But what was necessary was that some means should be devised by which the continuing "excess incomes" arising by reason of the war either directly or indirectly would

be adequately taxed. The Finance Member's scheme of taxation does not reveal that he has given any thought to this aspect of the matter. The re-alignment of income and super-taxes, though ostensibly more rational than it was in the past is an attempt to provide the upper middle-class, notably those with fixed incomes a special bounty. While there is undoubtedly a call for increasing the earned income benefit, there is hardly any justification for increasing the maximum amount of the benefit beyond the two thousand rupee level. The spectacle of the boom in the share market is a direct result of the benefits conceded to industry and commerce not merely by the abolition of the E.P.T. but also by way of reduction of the total Corporation tax to six annas in the rupee. The rather cumbrous device of preventing the full benefit of this reduction being applied in respect of dividends above 30 per cent will be practically ineffective and apparently the share market also thinks so. The other tax measures do not certainly reveal any great ingenuity on the part of the framers. All the evils of war-time budgeting will continue to exist,—at any rate, for one more year—certainly that most hated consequence of war, inflation. If it is indeed a fact that the Finance Member has delivered his first and last budget speech, he can certainly go away with the satisfaction that the vested interests in this country would still be pleased with what he has been able to do for them in spite of the sporadic jolts that he gave them, like the Demonetisation Ordinance. It is natural that tradition in the field of public finance should persist in the outlook of a British Treasury official and it is too much to expect of him to blaze the trail for his Indian successor.

A Sorry Mess

Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya is gratified that only 13 changes were made by the Central Parliamentary Board in the recommendations made by the Andhra selectors for

80 seats. "Not to have expected even so much was to assume infallibility for one's own choice," he sententiously remarks. And then adds, "There is as much to be said against a candidate chosen as there is for one rejected. In elections we consider qualifications of the candidates, their services, sacrifices, their ability to face an election and their chances of success in it. Above all, their temperament and readiness to submit to discipline, their past conduct in a crisis—all these are factors that count for selection." We wish the nimble intellect of the doctor had not been abused for exhibitions of tight-rope dancing of this kind of purely circus value. They neither add to his dignity nor convince anybody. They are somewhat ridiculous. What beauty of temperament, or readiness to submit to discipline or rally to the side of the Congress in a crisis can be attributed to, say Kodandarama Reddi of Nellore to the exclusion of Raghaviah whom the Central Parliamentary Board have reinstated on appeal? It has been no better in Tamil Nadu than in Andhra. What is Kanniappan's past compared to that of P. R. K. Sarma? Or of B. R. Ramanujulu as against D. Ramalinga Reddi of Cheyyar? In both these cases the excluded candidates have already years of quite satisfactory public work in the legislature to their credit, and their removal has given rise to grave discontent in the localities to which they belong. People there have been agitating desperately to see them put back as Congress candidates by getting the Central Parliamentary Board to annul its decision. Instead of the joy of having a representative to stand by them in the legislature they have the mortification of being coerced to vote for favourites of the Board whom they do not like and in whom they have no confidence. To-day, in trains, trams and buses and wherever else common people congregate, the talk is about the vagaries of the selectors of Congress candidates. Practically everybody except the favoured ones and

their friends seems to feel that, between them, the central and the provincial Congress election boards have made a sorry mess of the task entrusted to them. There is also considerable resentment over the indifference and irresponsibility manifested on this occasion by a majority of the members of the Central Parliamentary Board. At the last meeting of the Board, there were only three present, and Dr. Pattabhi who seems to have made a pact of it with Shanker Rao Deo had apparently everything his own way. The situation might have been saved by the other members of the Board had they summoned enough sense of duty to be present. Congress work should not be like absentee landlordism. Those who cannot give their time and attention to any Congress institution should vacate their seats on it, since work and not the adornment of grand names should be the basis of the ordering of responsibly conducted political organisations.

Power Politics In The Middle East

British and U.S. diplomats have been thrown into grave perturbation by the Russian decision to maintain troops in the disturbed areas of Iran. Since the Soviet Government pledged themselves in 1942 to leave Iran by March 2 this year, their failure to fulfil the pledge is being dressed for world consumption as a characteristic illustration of Russian unependability. The origins of the present crisis go back to well over half a century. Britain's part in Iran in this period deserves to be carefully studied for a proper understanding of the complications of contemporary Iranian history. The parliamentary system of Government was achieved in Iran some forty years ago as a result of the spontaneous rising of the people against the despotism of their rulers. Britain gave her blessing to the popular movement. But when the Czar fell, British imperialists got panicky and helped to establish Reza Shah Pahlavi on the throne.

as a strong man to counteract Russian influence in the Middle East. Then followed 17 years of dictatorship under Reza Shah for Iran. He was overthrown during the war because he took the side of the Nazis whom he estimated to be the more powerful of the two sides, and Anglo-Soviet troops marched into Iranian territory by way of military necessity. Tens of thousands of political opponents kept as prisoners were liberated when Reza Shah fell and their release led to the formation of the Tude or Masses Party to which British authorities, sorely harassed by the gravity of the war situation, gave some sort of political encouragement. But it was given reluctantly and half-heartedly and was withdrawn progressively as the military situation changed in favour of the Allies. The agents of the British Government now began to work for the reinstallation of the "fifty families" of Iranian nobility who had collaborated with Reza Shah, but their secularism and non-religious tendencies evidently did not suit Great Britain's plans for the future of the Middle East. The British, therefore, sponsored for Iranian political leadership Seyid Zia, a former companion of Reza Shah, who had acted as premier for a shortlived period of 100 days, and whom even that despot had found much too reactionary and arrogant and exiled from his kingdom. It is reported of this Seyid Zia that he told an American correspondent that his great mistake during his 100-day premiership was "that he did not exterminate all his opponents."

The British Government backed Seyid magnificently. He repaid them with characteristically medieval policies. He advocated merger of religion with the State, the wearing of veils by women and the breaking of trade unions. Above all, he made a deadly drive against the Tude Party. He was backed by the war-made rich who poured money lavishly into his lap to help him outdo the Tude Party in social service campaigns. But not all the

aid of the British could establish Seyid Zia permanently in the dominant position. In the recent political reshuffle, it was Ghavam Sultaneh that came on top as premier, to the disturbance of all the carefully laid plans of the British.

But for Russian influence in Iran Seyid Zia might still have been in the political saddle. Viewed in the

background of British manoeuvres, it is not surprising that the Russian decision to remain in parts of northern Iran should have been hailed by Iran's Director of Propaganda as a "friendly gesture to the Ghavam administration" or that Anglo-American participants in the game of power politics in the Middle East should have been put out by it.

Sotto Voce

Turncoat Morality



I knew a woman whose petted grandchild had a passion for pinching other people. The firm young flesh of a poor relation had a special fascination for him. This boy who was old enough to give the brat a hiding was, as one of the lesser breeds without the law, expected to adopt an attitude of meek saintliness when the young savage drove his nails into his cheek. A few tears were permitted him, partly because they hugely delighted the sadist. But howling, whether with pain or with rage, was regarded as unbecoming. As for any impulse to claw back, that had long ago been burnt out of him by chastening discipline. "Just fancy squealing for that! As if the little dear could really hurt."

That woman was practising power politics without knowing it. She was of the true race of empire builders. She had two codes, one for the pincher and the other for the pinched, and promptly repressed any desire on the latter's part to rebel against the imposed mores. The task of the pioneer, armed with pistol and gin-bottle, and followed by the evangelist, was far easier. He took advantage of the humane and unaggressive traits of the society into which he intruded. But when, after the first shock, the at-

tacked retaliated in self-defence the imperialist was grieved and scandalised. "What, have you fallen so low as to forget your age-long dharma?" he groaned in the best theatrical style.

The upholders of law and order who laid the birch with a will on the backs of unresisting volunteers were the loudest in denouncing Congressmen's infidelity to *ahimsa* in the 1942 episode. Russia could not forgive Finland's poltroonery in joining the Hun; and no doubt as an incentive to her to stand up to the aggressor, she has mulcted her in territory! The handful of whites in Africa and Australia are upholding the European way of life—not surely at its shining best—by penning the blacks and the browns into ghettos to do their bidding like the obedient genie of the bottle. The Tiger of Malaya, so untrue to the Buddhist past of his country, has been sent to his doom by the just men who made their little experiment on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

The genie can make himself useful only if he is occasionally let out. Trouble however arises when, his little service rendered, he is invited to pop back but perversely prefers his freedom to bottled security. And

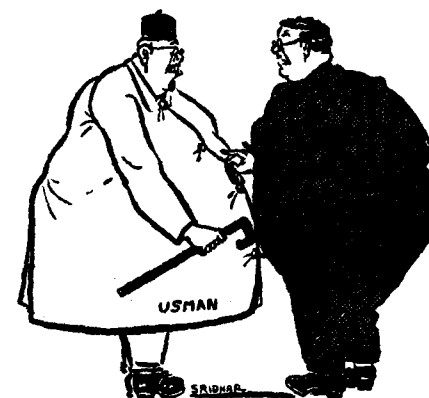
the sense of being orphaned, of having been cut off from his old moorings does not make Caliban more grateful to the masterful Prospero. "You have taught me language; and my profit on it is, I know, how to curse". I suspect that part of the vengeful zest with which he did the cursing was due to an obscure sorrowful feeling that he could never more be his old natural self. That was the tragedy of Japan playing the assiduous ape.

You cannot change your ethical outfit like a shirt. The story of the worm being transmogrified into a wasp by being constantly stung into wasp-consciousness by a member of the species is after all only popular entomology. The Asiatic taught to look up to the European merely becomes Eurasianised. And deep down in him there are black fires raging. It is an imperative instinct that makes a man long to belong somewhere, and the uprooted are denied this primitive satisfaction.

In the region of the spirit, to live and let live is the only rule of the

road. Now discipline is much in the air, particularly discipline in the armed forces. But notions of discipline have always differed widely. In modern times we are familiar with a repression of instinctive urges, practised with all the pride of an exclusive caste and the fervour of vestal virgins, supposedly in the interests of the State, and compensated by indulgences which mark a gulf between the soldier and the community. But total war and "Theirs not to reason why" go ill together. And so we have uneasy compromises, such as giving more education to the soldier, also making every man a soldier for part of his time. In old India they were better psychologists. They knew soldiering was a vocation and discipline a matter of the spirit. The Happy Warrior of the epic age "was like fire, incorruptible, irresistible, and just, withal tender-hearted; swift to avenge wrongs but endowed with the poise of true culture". India's soldiers must aspire to be something more than animated machines.

—VIGNESWARA.

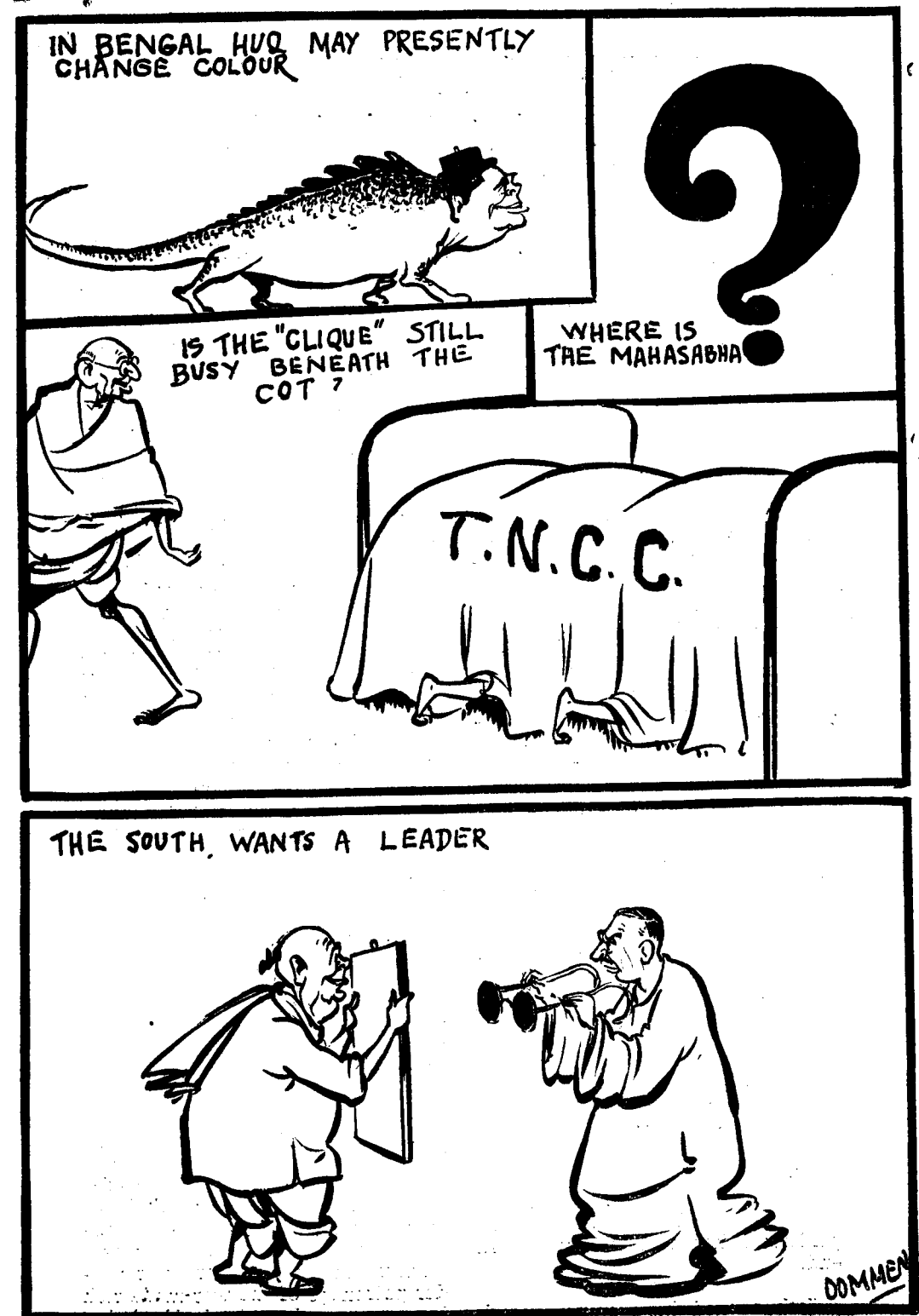


J. P. Srivastava to Sir M. Usman: Comrade! The popular impression seems to be that WE are mainly responsible for the food shortage.

ELECTION HIGHLIGHTS



ELECTION HIGHLIGHTS



SIDELIGHTS ::

Reason and faith resemble the two sons of the patriarch; reason is the first born, but faith inherits the blessing:—Culverwell.

I have just returned from a meeting addressed by P. C. Joshi, this being the first occasion of my seeing and hearing him. As a public speaker he suffers from many handicaps. He has not the right platform voice as Dange has. Nor has he, like Dange, poise and equilibrium, or that command over hands and features inseparable from consummateness in public speech. His delivery is a succession of paroxysms. The recoil of each seems to throw him back a few paces, giving to staticity the impress of a difficultly achieved balancing feat. In the violence of his gestures while speaking, he resembles ex-Minister Giri. But while Giri moves up and down, the knees bending and straightening to provide emphasis to his perorations, Joshi's movement is lateral. It is devoid of footwork.

As he speaks, the sentences tumble into each other. The succeeding ones are too impatient to bide their time. They rush forward, very frequently injuring or even mutilating out of existence the tails of the ones going before. Such terrific consumption of motor energy is visible in the physical offshoots of Joshi's speech that he is rather a painful figure to contemplate. When C.R. or Srinivasa Sastri speaks, you are thrown into a thrill which is enjoyed by both mind and ear; they get hungry for more and at the end wish the speech had gone on a little longer. Similar tribute of being felt as much too short is not wrung by Joshi from his hearers. Their feeling is one of relief that an exercise full of strain to the performer has at last come to an end.

Joshi opened this evening's speech with a grand eulogy of the rally

that Madras was supposed to have made to the freedom movement, alongside of Bombay and other places, in one common mass rising of the anti-imperialist forces of all India. He called for revenge on behalf of the martyred victims of the day. Having been privileged to see on the spot something of the rising thus praised, I must say that I saw more of rowdiness than any spirit of freedom in it. Harmless passers-by were subjected by the demonstrators to arbitrary indignities. Joshi who later in his speech very rightly condemned rowdiness, and announced with quite proper spirit,—to the accompaniment of loud shouts of "Down with rowdiness" from many throats,—that his party would never be coerced by it, should not have failed as he did to recognise the very large share that rowdiness played in the demonstrations of last week. Rowdiness is not an evil to be deplored only when the Communists happen to be its victims. I value civil liberty, and I feel that everyone that was handled roughly without any provocation during the demonstrations in Madras was as much entitled to protection from rowdiness as the Communist Party itself undoubtedly is.

These imperfections apart, Joshi made a great speech. His comment on Congress leadership was devastating when he adverted to the harbourage afforded by it to well-known anti-social elements like black-marketeers and profiteers. Nothing that he said was so vociferously cheered. The crowd that gathered to listen to Joshi must have been at least 12,000 in number. It was a huge concourse so far as Madras audiences go. That so many should clap hands in approbation while top-rank Congress leaders are attacked for their tender patronage of the war-made rich is a fact not to be got rid of by being loftily ignored, and the assailed

leaders would do well to study it and profit by it, instead of burying their heads, ostrich-wise, in the sands of complacency over anticipated election success and the loyalty of the people to the Congress. Not long ago, when I carried a protest over the selection of a reputed black-marketeer as Congress candidate, to one of the great leaders of the provincial Congress organisation, he calmly said, "Who is not a black-marketeer these days?"

Joshi's very limitations as a speaker stamp with extra distinction his value as a political propagandist. The Communist Party does not lack able speakers. For example, young Ramakrishnan who translated Joshi into Tamil is gifted with a torrential eloquence of which any veteran in political and debating experience can be proud. He transformed the secondhand task of translation into an art of delightful improvisation and high mettle without any disturbance in sense, and as his tempo rose, he reminded me of Sir S. Radhakrishnan,—the same fluency, the same distinctness of utterance, the same regimental band effect. But Communist propaganda seems to depend far more on convictions and ideas than on expertness of talk and the graces of oratory.

Mass predisposition in favour of revered leaders has its dangers. The crowds that greet Gandhi and Nehru are taken off their feet by their own idolising fervour to such an extent that they are left defenceless; they tend to accept ideas and suggestions put forward before them without proper independent scrutiny. Lower down, the Gandhian glamour is marketed to their own advantage by many minor priests of no particular worth in the Congress temple. Manufacture of mob enslavement on a vast scale, with every sign of dissent stigmatised severely as disloyalty, is the result. Against this tendency, the Communists have been waging a hard struggle. Communist faith is built

round ideas and not personalities. Nowadays Communist leaders like Joshi and Sundarayya of quite average ability as speakers, are able to command huge audiences running into thousands of whom many come from long distances to listen to them. A new public is being born with its mind turned towards ideas, a public capable of criticism and discrimination, of judging for itself what will advance its interests best, of sensing intelligently humbug camouflaged as public spirit.

This public is one of under-dogs. It is ill represented on the electorate. Communists have given to it hope, a faith to live by, and the energy, grit, organisational skill, propagandist zeal, capacity for hard work, indifference to money and careers, and above all readiness and resourcefulness in taking up local grievances and fighting oppression and exploitation of various kinds, evinced by them, have been endearing them to an ever-increasing circle of grateful beneficiaries. The technique of mass contact originated by Gandhi with personal benevolence as impetus is by the Communist Party being perfected on scientific lines with social revolution and liquidation of oppression as its driving force. It is a party of zealots susceptible to all the intolerances, dogmatism and fallacies of fanaticism, but its ruthlessness is redeemed by a certain broad humanitarian outlook, radicalism and freedom from superstition that invest it with a powerful appeal to the most progressive spirits of the age. If there are prigs in the Communist Party there are also saints disguised as realists.

The inconsequence of rhetoric for the purposes of the Communist Party is illustrated in the position occupied by Joshi. He stands exposed to concentrated attack by all the propertied interests in the country now wooing the Congress for an alliance against social and economic revolution. Joshi's political and historical importance springs from this fact. (March 3)—SAKA.

Short Story

JAYARAM GOES TO SCHOOL

By C. Rajagopalachari

"What's your name?" asked the teacher.

"Jayaram", the boy answered.

He was a pitiable sight: his body was thin, and his eyes were sunk in their sockets. The shirt he wore seemed to belong to somebody much bigger than himself. The cloth that went round his waist was full of holes, while the cap on his head had many patches and was also thread-bare. His head, completely bereft of hair, revealed many scars, old and new.

"What's your age, boy?" the teacher asked.

"Nine, Sir", replied the boy.

All the boys in the class burst into laughter. To them it was fun that a boy of nine should come to join the first standard.

"Silence", cried the teacher.

With their hands on their lips the boys looked at one another and smiled with their eyes.

"Why have you not joined any school till now?" asked the teacher.

The boy looked down and did not answer.

"Why?" asked the teacher again.

"There was none to help mother at home", the boy said slowly, "I was looking after the child".

The boys in the class giggled.

"What's your father's name?" the teacher asked.

Before the boy could reply, one from the class stood up and said:

"This is Arrack Subban's son, Sir".

The class burst into loud laughter. The boy hung down his head.

The mid-day bell announced the lunch hour. And the boys dispersed leaping and running. Ten of them gathered round Jayaram as they were going out.

"Let me see your cap", said one and was going to take it off his head.

"Don't touch it", said another.

"Your hands will get dirty."

"It has been made from rags picked from the dust-bin and stitched up by his mother," remarked a third.

"Go home to look after the baby", advised another boy.

"Whose shirt is this?" queried an urchin.

"How many drams did your father drink yesterday?" asked another.

"Ugh! the fellow stinks; perhaps he also drinks", said a little boy, holding his nose tight with his fingers and running round and round him.

"The man found in the ditch last night is your father, I suppose", said another.

Then all the boys joined and crying "Arrack-arrack-arrack Subban's son!", "Arrack-arrack-arrack Subban's son!" in chorus, they went round and round him.

"Are we to sit with him in the class?" some boys asked.

Jayaram was in anguish and unable to bear the cruel jokes and taunts, but he repressed the tears that welled in his eyes.

Then suddenly saying nothing, he took to his heels. The others ran after him. On reaching the street, Jayaram sped like the wind, the urchins of the school howling after him. Jayaram turned into a lane and disappeared.

With his head on his mother's lap, Jayaram burst into tears.

"Why do you cry, my dear, did they refuse to admit you?" she asked, clasping him in her arms and kissing him on his forehead. But the more she asked him, the more he began to cry.

The bell rang again after the lunch hour and the boys assembled in the class.

"Where is the new boy?" enquired the teacher.

"Sir, he ran away, and he won't come", said a boy.

"Why?"

"They all made fun of him. And so, the poor fellow ran away, crying". The answer was from the smallest boy in the class.

"Boys!" said the teacher. "What you have done is wrong." They hung down their heads.

"Who among you knows his house?" asked the teacher.

Several stood up saying, "I know".

"Who will go, talk to him kindly, and bring him back?" the teacher asked.

"But sir, his father will beat us", said a boy.

The others looked at one another.

"I shall go and fetch him", said one of the boys at last.

"Sundaram, that's very good", applauded the teacher. "Go and explain to his mother and bring him."

II

Subba Naidu was a notorious drunkard. He was known as "Arrack Subban" and "Dram Subba Naidu". His father was not poor. Subba Naidu's mother died when he was a child. The father doted upon his child. When the boy reached the age of sixteen, he contracted bad habits through evil company. At first the father was somewhat indulgent towards his son. Then he admonished him but to no effect. He got Subba Naidu married, when he reached the age of 22, thinking marriage might set him right, but contrary to his father's fond expectations, he did not improve. He began to drink and his evil ways continued. The father died in sorrow. After his death, Subba Naidu's friends spoiled him completely. Immersed in debt he lost all his property. It became difficult for him to get even his daily meals. The experience that he had gained in litigation as a result of his enormous debts equipped him with enough knowledge to be a petition-writer. The petition-writing business gave him not less than a rupee a day. Out of this he would spend ten annas in drink and give the rest to his wife. On some days he would not give her even this. He came home drunk and beat her. At times he would push her out of the house and bolt the door.

The house in which he lived soon passed into the possession of his creditors. He made a big row and assaulted the bailiff with a knife. The police arrested him for this; he was tried and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. His family bore the cruel pangs of hunger. While her husband was in prison, Subba Naidu's wife lived with her children in the same house as lessee of the creditor. But after some time he would not permit even this and she had to shift to a thatched verandah in a relation's house. When he returned from prison, Subba Naidu began to drink more heavily. Being by far the best petition-writer, he earned a rupee, and sometimes a rupee and a half a day. But he would squander the whole in the evening in the arrack shop. There had been occasions when he lay unconscious for the whole night on the road. As a result, he could not write petitions the next day. Mad with hunger he would violently quarrel with his wife.

The wife went into menial service to keep going. At first she served in

the houses of those whom she knew, pounding grain for which she would earn between quarter to half a measure of rice and with this she fed the family. Finding this quite insufficient, she went to work in all houses without distinction between friends and strangers and sought work wherever it was available. But there was the problem of the baby. She left it in charge of Jayaram when she went to work. If Subba Naidu came home, Jayaram's lot was pitiable. "Where is your mother?" he would ask him with a kick. Fearing lest the child should be hurt, Jayaram would squeeze himself and receive all his father's blows, and cry in distress.

Occasionally Subba Naidu would clasp his boy and the baby in his arms and weep. "Never again shall I enter the arrack shop", he would vow. But the very next evening, on his return from court after writing petitions, he would forget everything at the sight of the arrack shop, and he would go in like one dragged.

III

Jayaram saw all the children round about going to school. "The baby has grown and will play", said Jayaram to his mother. "Let me go to school".

"My dear", she said, "how can you go to school? You have no shirt to put on. Your cloth is all in tatters. Everybody will make fun of you. Your heart will break".

"No, mother," begged Jayaram. "Our neighbour Kittu has promised me a shirt. You will put a few stitches. Nobody will make fun of me. Even if somebody does, what does it matter? I am not afraid. Send me to school."

"Alas! my child!" she cried. "They would demand a rupee per month for your school fee!"

"No, mother!" Jayaram pleaded.

"In the school painted yellow near the market, they charge only four annas for fee. Let me go to that school."

Poor Jayaram had got all the information. It is wonderful how poor folks' children are cleverer than those born in well-to-do homes.

After a good deal of difficulty, she procured an old cap and set it all right and sent the boy to the school on an auspicious day. What happened there has already been recounted.

"The teacher asked me to bring Jayaram", said Sundaram.

"No, my boy, of what use is schooling to poor people?" said Jayaram's mother.

"The teacher asked me to take him and I am prepared to take him", said Sundaram begging her to send him. The mother looked at her boy.

"Mother, I won't go," said Jayaram. "I don't want to go to school".

"No, Jayaram, don't fear. All the boys want you to come. No one will cut jokes at you", Sundaram pleaded.

"I won't go. I don't want your school-education," said Jayaram decisively.

"My boy, go back", she said to Sundaram. "He won't come. There is none at home to look after the child. If I go out to pound dried chillies, I must leave the child with Jayaram. Of what use is education to poor people?"

Sundaram went back to his school disappointed.

"Who sent you to school?" shouted Subba Naidu on coming home. "You went there in order that all might ridicule me? Eh?" With these words he gave Jayaram a kick. Unable to bear the pain, the boy fell down.

"Why do you kick the boy?" asked Jayaram's mother. "It was I who sent him to school".

Subba Naidu answered with a violent blow on her cheek. She staggered back to the wall. Another blow and she fell down. Subba Naidu was now in a rage. He took the wooden rice-pounder that was nearby.

"Get up", he roared.

"Oh!" she cried and got up. "You sent him to school in order that everyone should call me a drunkard?" he yelled in a voice that seemed to make the house tremble, and raised the pounder.

"No, father, mother did not send me. I went of my own accord. Mother

protested". Saying this Jayaram went and caught hold of his father's hands.

"Let go", cried Subba Naidu and followed his words with a blow. It struck the boy on his side, and he reeled and fell down. Still, with one hand pressing tight his abdomen, he caught his father's legs with the other.

"Come what might, I shall finish it to-day", said Subba Naidu and kicked the boy and threw the pounder at his wife. But he missed his aim. The pounder struck against the wall.

The noise brought down the neighbouring women. But others remained indifferent as shouting in Subba Naidu's household was a common occurrence. Still a crowd gathered. Subba Naidu, talking incoherently, left the place.

The boy lay unconscious. "Oh, my boy, I have killed you!" cried the mother. All those who had come there helped him to his bed, and gave him water. The boy was panting for breath. He had received a mortal blow.

"Will he live?" the mother wept and asked in despair.

"The demon! Would anyone beat like this?" said those who were present. "Why do they keep those wretched arrack shops?" pleaded another. Within half an hour, Jayaram's feet and hands became chill.

"Alas! I am a wretch", the mother cried.

"Of what use, any more, are elementary schools for him?"

The boy Jayaram's agonised soul escaped like a bird from its cage and joined the Universal Mother.—
(Translated from the original Tamil by R. Bangaruswami and revised by the author).



WILL MR. JINNAH UPSET THE APPLE-CART?

Food Production Drive—Governor-Designate of Madras on Food Problems—Victimisation of R.I.N. Ratings?—The Indian Budget.

Staunch champions of the theory of British trusteeship, like Lord Halifax and even Mr. Amery, have become converts overnight, so to say, and speak words of political wisdom that the old imperialist assumptions should give way before the new spirit that is abroad.

Prof. Harold Laski, that stout-hearted advocate of freedom, makes a fervent appeal both to the members of the Cabinet Mission and to Indians, thus-wise.

"They (Indians) and the British Cabinet Committee will not merely be making a constitution: in a very real sense they will be deciding the fate of civilization. That is why they must all enter these negotiations not with the resolve to get one hundred per cent of each item in their claim, but with a passionate determination to arrive at a reasonable agreement.... Mr. Jinnah has not merely to answer the League: he has to answer the whole future of India."

Everything seems to be well set for the political stage in this country. But, as Prof. Laski apprehends, Mr. Jinnah might well upset the apple-cart.

Mr. A. F. W. Dixon, Commissioner of Civil Supplies, Madras, announced (on March 1) that, with a view to augmenting the existing stock of food-crops the Government intended to give a bonus of Rs. 15 per acre to those who would sow short-term cereals (paddy, cumbu, ragi, varahu) in this month and the next, provided a harvest was fairly certain.

The London correspondent of THE HINDU, who recently interviewed Lt.-Gen. Sir Archibald Nye, Governor-designate, prophesies a successful career for him in Madras, particularly because he is unconventional and eager to grapple with difficult problems. In regard to the food problem, the Governor-designate expresses this forthright view:

"If the food problem had presented itself to us during the war as a war-problem, I think I can say we would have made light of it. We would have got the food and we would have got the ships.... Surely the menace of starvation for vast numbers of people ought

to be dealt with in the same way as we were able to deal with the menace of defeat in war. We allowed nothing to interfere with our pursuit of victory and in peace, I think, we ought to show the same mentality and the same drive." (Italics ours)

It is to be trusted that Sir Archibald Nye will grapple with the problem in right earnest when he faces it in the near future without being tied to the red-tape of the bureaucratic machine..

If the news that 84 R.I.N. ratings (including the members of the Central Strike Committee), who were probably considered by the Naval authorities as primarily responsible for the recent strike in Bombay, have been removed to an unknown destination, is the prelude to the C-in-C's "promise" in his broadcast that the ring leaders will be punished, it will cause much concern to the general public, particularly because it will be contrary to the assurance (in spirit and in letter) given in the Central Assembly at the time of the debate on the R.I.N. strike. Whatever may be the "explanations" of the authorities for breaking what was construed (at the time) as a definite undertaking that the strikers would not be victimized, any action in the nature of victimization of the strikers (styled "ring-leaders") is bound to have disastrous results in the present strained state of feeling in the country.

The highlights of the Indian budget presented to the Central Legislature by Sir Archibald Rowlands, Finance Member, last week are the reduction in taxation (both direct and indirect), the promise held out that the finances would be adapted to meet the needs of planning in the provinces, and the decision to appoint a predominantly non-official Taxation Enquiry Commission, with a view to overhauling the present system of taxation. The Defence expenditure for 1946-47 is estimated to cost about Rs. 244 crores, which, in spite of the war having come to an end, overshadows all other expenditure (Civil). The Finance Member also announced the abolition of the E.P.T., much to the relief of investors!

JL
DOLL, N 46SA N46.14

NEXT MADRAS MINISTRY

By K. SANTANAM

From what I can gather from reading the Madras papers, it seems that the mind of the public is too much concentrated on the possible personnel of the next Congress Ministry of the province rather than on the programme of work it may be expected to carry out. I do not deny that it is important that the next Ministry should be composed of the best Congressmen of the three linguistic provinces, Tamilnad, Andhra and Kerala and that the team should be led by one who can command the respect of the whole country. The making of the future Constitution and post-war economic reconstruction are matters in which our provinces have to secure their due status and equitable share of all-India resources. The difference between a wise and unwise selection may result in a difference in representation in the Central Legislatures and the distribution of grants and loans for reconstruction projects. I do not want to pursue this point any further as it is liable to be misinterpreted owing to my well-known conviction that Rajaji is the wisest political leader not only of our province but of the whole country. After all, leaders come and go but our people remain for ever and it is about time that greater attention should be paid to what the next Ministry should do.

First Two Years.

Every new Ministry has only the first two years for the formulation of policy and legislation. The rest of the period will be largely devoted to carrying out these policies into action, allaying doubts and conciliating the opposition which they are bound to arouse and dealing with administrative matters which have to be neglected during the period of concentration on mobilising public opinion for the major policies. It may therefore be taken

for granted that if a Ministry loses its initial momentum of the first two years, much cannot be expected from it in the way of new legislation. Legislation always involves change in social and economic relations and therefore has far-reaching results while the effects of administrative acts are ephemeral. I would suggest that beyond taking steps to root out nepotism and corruption, the new Ministry should not waste its time at least in its first two years on mere administrative routine. The permanent officials must be left to manage it as best as they can with the knowledge that if they cannot deliver the goods they will be sacked without any compunction.

Retrace

The first task of the Ministry should be to retrace the steps taken by the Section 93 regime and restore the work of the first Ministry. Re-enforcement of Prohibition in the districts where it was in force before with a quick short-term plan to enforce it throughout the province during the period of the Ministry must be announced on the very first day of the taking up of office. The first Ministry had planned to promote temple-entry for Harijans through slow education of public opinion. Six years of a terrible world war and a great national revolt have made our people rush through many mile-stones on their journey towards their goal of freedom and equality. A short and uncompromising Act prohibiting the practice of exclusion of any person from any temple or other public institution should close this dispute finally and for ever.

Buy Zamindaris

While the first Ministry passed the Agriculturists Relief Act scaling down debts to some extent, its record of agrarian reform was comparatively poor. Both as a prelude

to post-war economic reconstruction and as an irrefutable proof that the Congress stands for the masses and is not afraid of vested interests, I feel that three measures should be taken without delay. The whole zamindari question should be solved simply by paying compensation to the zamindars and taking over their rights to the State. The compensation should be paid in the form of long-term bonds somewhat like those now given to the shareholders of the Bank of England which has been nationalised. I do not think that the rights so secured should be devolved immediately on the ryots for even the ryotwari system has tended to produce a class of parasitic and absentee land-holders. A new tenure will have to be devised restricting the powers of alienation of the cultivator and compelling him to work under a system of co-operative farming so that the efficiency of agricultural production can be increased. This is a big subject and will require much careful thinking and it may be desirable to leave it over to the third Ministry so that the people may be able to vote on a well-considered plan. The abolition of the zamindari system is big enough for the next. Another big agrarian reform which is no less urgent is to secure the position of landless labourers. Now they are altogether helpless and neglected. They should be registered, and be legally entitled to minimum wages, decent housing and medical attention during sickness. For them as well as the industrial workers of the province, some scheme of sickness, insurance and maternity and death grants must be established.

Post-War Planning

I do not think that the Ministry will have time to attend to schemes

of post-war reconstruction except in the first stage of formulation of principles and priorities and the last stage of sanctioning the schemes and the expenditure involved. It is essential to constitute a Planning Commission which will keep out of current political controversy and work full time on a co-ordinated industrial, agricultural, commercial and cultural development of the province till the stage of blue-print when the Ministry can take charge. The Commission should also be entrusted with the duty of watching the results of the execution of the plans and making suggestions for changes and improvements.

There is one other issue which cannot brook any more delay. It is a pity that the 1937 Ministry did not take steps to divide the province into linguistic units and investigate the desirability of having some common institutions and agencies which would preserve some of the benefits of the present unity without its disadvantages. The appointment of a commission consisting of two members from Tamilnad, two from Andhra and one from Kerala with a chairman and another financial expert from outside to delimit the boundaries and allocate assets and liabilities to be followed by constitution-making bodies for each of the three provinces is necessary to end another big dispute before it becomes a festering sore.

A Great Job

I think that any Ministry which carries out these measures in the first two years would have done a great job. I may, however, point out that my attempt is not so much to give a complete programme as to turn public attention to the need for its formulation and bold implementation.

Socialism takes an enormous first step towards equality by abolishing unearned income and exploitation. But that is not its last step.—John Strachey.

A PEOPLE'S LEADER OF MALAYA

(From Our Correspondent)

In Malaya to-day, the name of Soong Kwong is a household word. In the press, banner head-lines announce his release from jail, while in the streets of Kuala Lumpur, stirring posters welcome him back. Plans are being made to celebrate this victory of the people.

I was surprised at Soong's youth, and his unassuming manner. I asked how he fared under the Japanese, and of the history of the remarkable series of trials of which he was the victim.

For over an hour he spoke in a low quiet voice of the Anti-Japanese Union, with which his name is closely associated, and of the occupation and after. While he spoke, I noted his clean aesthetic features, which have a kind but serious expression.

A Burra Sahib's Paradise

Peace time Malaya was a burra Sahib's paradise. The Malays, Indians and Chinese worked hard, and never questioned the divine right of the un-pigmented skin. Tin and rubber paid good dividends, and in the stately homes of England retired stock-brokers and society ladies thanked God for the civilising mission of the white man. It was in this atmosphere that Soong passed his early years. As a student in Ipoh, he took an active part in the student's movement and in the illegal Anti-Japanese Society. Yes, in those far off days of '38 and '39 when Neville Chamberlain's umbrella reached from Berlin to Tokyo, it was illegal to carry on anti-Japanese activity in Malaya. But on December 8, 1941, Malaya awoke with a jolt. The yellow flood broke over the country, and the burra sahibs lightly cast off the white man's burden, and ran as quick as their legs would take them. Malaya was left to its fate.

Immediately Soong went underground and started organising the Anti-Japanese Union. Those were difficult and dangerous days. All over the world Fascism was going from strength to strength, and the common people lost hope and confidence in their own powers. So terrified were the people of Malaya, that in one village in Perak, they actually captured an anti-Japanese fighter, intending to hand him over to the Japanese. It was only when Soong raced to the village and made a strong appeal to the peasants' patriotism that the man was released.

Story of Escape

In March 1943, Soong was arrested by the hated Kempeti, the Japanese Gestapo. In an attempt to win him over, he was well treated for a week, and during that period he made plans to escape. With the aid of some other Chinese in the prison, he attacked the guards during the night, and with bare hands overpowered them. But his freedom was short lived. Within a few hours he was arrested again, and the Kempeti wreaked their vengeance on him. For several days he was beaten with rifle butts, and had water forced into his mouth and nostrils. Then he was paraded around the villages of Perak to demonstrate that their leader had 'given himself up', and that resistance was useless. While these displays were taking place, Soong managed to snatch a Tommy gun from one of the guards. Taking them completely by surprise he escaped, killing one and injuring two of the guards in the process.

I.N.A.'S Hatred of Japanese

I asked Soong what experience he had had with the Indian National Army. He said that in the majority of cases there was sym-

pathy and understanding between the I.N.A., and the People's Anti-Japanese Army—the military equivalent of the A. J. U. Attempts were made by the Japanese to use the I.N.A. to crush P.A.J.A., but this was resented, and the I.N.A. fired their rifles into the air when ordered to attack. Soong had several Chinese-speaking friends among the I.N.A., who passed on information about Japanese movements.

As the Allies gathered strength and the Fascist Triangle began to break, the Japanese changed their policy. The bullying and blustering attitude ceased, and efforts were made to win the support of the civilians. But this only strengthened the Anti-Japanese movement.

Staunch Fighter for Freedom

By this time Soong was everywhere recognised as a staunch fighter for the interests of the people and for the freedom of Malaya. With the unconditional surrender came the reoccupation of Malaya by the British, and when the troops reached Kuala Lumpur on September 12th they were welcomed as liberators.

Then occurred the amazing affair that put Soong Kwong into the headlines. On September 1, a notorious collaborator and police spy named Chan Chow Ming was arrested by the A. J. U. and charged with collecting money under false pretences by claiming to be a member of the A.J.U. After questioning he was released on condition that he discovered the hide-out of Hirota, his boss and hated Kempeti leader. This he failed to do.

On Oct. 12, exactly a month after the arrival of the British, Soong was arrested, and charged with extortion. Immediately the people rose in defence of their leader. A demonstration of over 5,000 protested at his arrest. At a civilian trial on Nov. 7, the assessors (jury) acquitted him, but the judge insisted on a second trial. The blind-bureaucratic machine was quite out of touch with the feeling and tem-



Soong Kwong

per of the people. The Malaya of 1945 is quite a different proposition from the Malaya of 1940. The second civilian trial again resulted in an acquittal. It was necessary to convene a British Court Martial before Soong could be convicted. On Jan. 2, he was sentenced to four years' R.I., although Soong denied the legality of the court, and refused to plead. The reaction among the masses was immediate. Overnight Soong became a national hero. Protest meetings were held in Singapore, and throughout the peninsula. Even from distant Chungking radio reports told of these protests and political activity unprecedented in the history of Malaya. The fight ended in the victory of the people. On February 4, after serving a month of his sentence, Soong was pardoned, 'after taking into account his pro-allied activities in the past.'

Now he is back among the people with whom he worked. At the age of 24 he is an acknowledged leader of Malaya. Tempered in the fight against oppression both yellow and white, Soong is typical of the new leadership that is coming to the surface in Asia. The anti-Fascist war shook the oppressive social structures of the East to their very foundations. Casting off the mysticism and obscurantism of the past, the new democratic leadership gives a call to the common people. The supremacy of the foreign rulers is finished.

INDIAN CRICKET TEAM DISCUSSED

BY G. PARTHASARATHI

DURING the last few weeks, the main topic of interest in the sporting world has been the selection of the Indian cricket team which is to tour England this year. Sporting fans have been eagerly scanning the forms and records of players, and ante-room gossip has also been freely bandied about. With the announcement of the personnel of the team, speculation has ended but not the discussion; in fact, the embers of controversy have been fanned still more.

The grounds for criticism are many. Very few are satisfied with the selection of a 'dark horse' like the Nawab of Pataudi as Captain, while many feel uneasy over our bowling strength or rather the lack of it. South Zone supporters are enraged that not a single one of their stalwarts has been offered a place in the team, while Bengal has also taken the non-inclusion of her representatives as an undeserved slight to her standard of cricket. These criticisms should not be lightly dismissed as mere sectional claims or the inevitable grouching that follows the selection of any side; that they have a real basis, will be evident when we proceed to assess the standard of the game in the country, the basis of selection and the prospects of the tour.

This is not the first time we are sending out an official team to England; our men have been abroad in 1932 and 1936. But it will not be wrong to say that the present visit will evoke greater interest than previous trips. The reasons are not far to seek. In the last few years interest in big cricket has quickened in this country; and with the institution of the Ranji Trophy Tournament, first-class cricket has been organised on a firm basis, thus providing the necessary match practice for our players. It is no accident that mammoth scores and remarkable individual records became a feature of our cricket only after the institution of the National Cham-

pionship. The brilliant performances of our men have given us the confidence that in the international arena we shall not be found wanting. In the old days, our men were admired for their nimbleness of foot, their quickness of eye and natural aptitude for the game; but it was also evident that they had no sustaining power. Now we have learnt, that technique and mechanical perfection have also to be cultivated if we are to compete with older cricketing nations.

ALL-ROUND PROGRESS

THE confidence that our cricket has come of age has been reinforced by our performances against the Australian Services XI this season. Admittedly, the visiting team was not up to Test standards, though it won the rubber against the war-time England XI. But our men demonstrated the encouraging fact that except in the department of fielding we could give the best of them points. It was not only our Test Eleven which did well against the Australians; even the Provincial sides were able to measure strength on equal terms—which only proves that the standard of the game has been marked by all-round progress in the country.

OUR BATSMEN AMONG THE BEST

SO it was with great expectations that we were looking forward to the selection of the Indian team which is to tour England. If I expressed the view that there has been bitter disappointment with the selections—and justifiably so—it is not to be taken that the side chosen is not a good one. It is an excellent combination in many respects. As is to be expected, it is very strong in batting. Fourteen of the sixteen players chosen can be depended upon to make at least fifty runs each; while the potential of half a dozen of them ranges from a hundred to

two hundred. Any side which includes Vijay Merchant, Amarnath, Mushtaq Ali, R. S. Modi, Abdul Hafeez and Hazare is bound to conquer the most powerful bowling combination that can possibly be pitted against it. If these batsmen can reproduce in England the excellent form that they have been exhibiting in this country, they will not only ensure our team's success, but delight cricketing enthusiasts. Having had the good fortune to watch cricket stars of many nations in England for four seasons, I can confidently assert that some of our batsmen are among the very best in the world. Amarnath, for example, will thrill any crowd and satisfy the most rigorous critic of the finer points of the game. He plays every stroke in the game and plays it with art. He is a master of the now obsolete full-blooded drive to the off and the way in which he moves down to the ball, head down, leaves an unforgettable impression. Many of us can recall the two magnificent centuries he scored at Chennai last year; and if he can play a few innings like those in England, he would not only delight the English sporting public, but convince them that in the art of batsmanship India has in Amarnath a superlative craftsman. They will gain the impression that there is no greater artist in the game. Bradman, the greatest batsman of all, is too mechanically perfect to please; we can only admire his skill. George Headley of the West Indies is a great batsman, but his strokes are wristy cuts, back-foot drives and glances; he cannot thrill us like Amarnath or Hammond.

NOT MANY MATCH-WINNING BOWLERS

AMARNATH is not the only star in our firmament. There is Vijay Merchant who will be the backbone

of our batting. His perfect technique, unerring judgment in playing the bowling and ideal temperament, all mark his batsmanship with the stamp of class. Young Modi has phenomenal records of run-getting to his credit. Hazare has fallen off a bit in batting in recent years, but he still makes sixties and seventies and should strengthen our middle with his sobriety. Mushtaq Ali remains as naughty as ever, but he continues to be the most dangerous of our batsmen. He is the sharpest weapon in our armoury: he can score off any attack and upset the best of bowlers. The University colt, Abdul Hafeez, with two centuries against the Australians to his credit, Nimbalkar and Gul Mahomed of Baroda, Vinoo Mankad and C. S. Nayudu are full of runs.

So far as our batting is concerned, we have every confidence that our men will do well, though some of them may find it difficult to adjust themselves to the softer English wickets. Unless England produces a surprise packet in her bowling we may be confident, therefore, of asserting our batting supremacy. I am afraid we cannot say the same of our bowlers. Our fast attack will be in the hands of Banerjee and Sohoni, while Amarnath and Hazare can effectively use the new ball. We have selected three right-arm spinners—C. S. Nayudu, Sarwate and Shinde—while Vinoo Mankad is the solitary left-arm bowler. Not certainly a very impressive attack! We badly miss the two great lion-hearted trundlers, Nissar and Amar Singh. Banerjee has the proper style, but his pace is not what it used to be. Sohoni, on the other hand, is no fast bowler at all; he relies too much on short bumpers to be able to develop pace. Of the three right-arm spinners, C. S. Nayudu is the most courageous and the most experienced and he can toil a whole day without flagging. But he is by no means dangerous and is apt to be

expensive. Sarwate is more on the spot, but he is too quick to be a real slow bowler. We hear great things about young Shinde of Maharashtra; he played against us in Madras five years ago and even then we noticed that he had a very nice googly. Vinoo Mankad is an orthodox left-arm slow bowler and can bowl long spells, but unless there are more than the usual run of wet wickets, I doubt whether he will take many wickets. One gets the impression that we have not many match-winning bowlers in our side. India will have to face batsmen of the stamp of Hammond, Hardstaff, Compton, Hutton and Edrich in the Test matches and if she cannot produce a good attack, not all her batting talent will avail her.

SOUTH ZONE TRIO

I AM convinced that if the selectors had included the South Zone trio of bowlers—Ram Singh, Ghulam Ahmed and Rangachari—it would have made a distinct difference to the Indian attack. I say this in no spirit of parochial patriotism; the claim I make on behalf of the South Zone bowlers is backed by performances. In the last few years our bowlers have fared very well indeed against tourists and formidable Indian batting combinations.

Ram Singh's claim for inclusion is doubly strong, because he is one of the best all-rounders in the country, who has over a period of years done remarkably well in the Ranji Trophy matches. On the eve of selection he reinforced his claim for inclusion by a magnificent century in the Zonal Tournament. As an exponent of the art of fighting and length, he has no peer among left-handers in the country. And as his style of bowling is so different from Vinoo Mankad's, he should have been included in preference to one of the three right-hand spinners.

Ghulam Ahmed also stands in a class by himself. He is a survival of the orthodox off-spinner, but he

is not a mere stock bowler. Who can ever forget his deadly spells of bowling against All-India last year and the Australians this year, when he had top-notch batsmen groping for the ball! He may not be as dangerous as Amar Singh was, but given a "glue-pot" or wearing wicket, he will be more deadly than Godard. It is understandable how the selectors could have ignored such a match-winning bowler.

Rangachari's omission is a case of woeful misjudgment. Sohoni has been preferred to him, but as I said earlier, the Maharashtrian is no fast bowler, though he is a useful all-rounder. The obvious choice for the second fast bowler is Rangachari. He has an enviable record in the Ranji Trophy, having taken over seventy wickets in the last six years. Those of us who have played with him and watched him, know how well he can rise to the occasion; once he tastes blood, having taken a wicket or two, there is no stopping him. Moreover he is perhaps the best close-in fieldsman in the country. By dropping him the selectors have made a serious mistake, for he is a grand fighting cricketer.

Another department in which we have been deficient is wicket-keeping. In all the three Tests against the Australians, we were experimenting with inexperienced men behind the stumps. It is a good thing that Hindlekar has donned the gloves again, for he is quiet, efficient and experienced. It would have been wise, however, to have chosen a promising youngster to understudy him. Ram Singh tells me that Irani, who kept for the North Zone, is very good, while Doctor of Maharashtra has won golden opinions everywhere. Either of these youngsters could have been preferred to

Nimbalkar of Baroda who failed to impress in the Ceylon tour last year.

PATAUDI CAPTAINCY

FINALLY I come to the selection of the Captain which has become a subject of bitter controversy in the Press. The choice of the Nawab is not on a par with that of Princelings who were imposed on our teams in previous tours. Pataudi is a great cricketer, one of the best batsmen of the present generation. I have had the pleasure of watching him make hundreds of runs with delightful ease and skill. He is a great artist with the bat and his gentle taps and wristy late-cuts left an impression on us of his perfect mastery of the game. If he can only recapture his old form, he will outshine all our batsmen. But it is ten years since he took part in first-class matches, and since he has not cared to play in Indian cricket we are not in a position to judge his game and fitness on merits. Even when he was offered an opportunity last month in the Zonal Tournament to silence his critics and show that he is fit and that he is taking to the game seriously again, he gave the impression that he is afraid of a show-down. It is indeed a pity that it should be so, for if Pataudi throws himself whole-heartedly into our cricket, we can utilise his undoubted talent and experience to our great benefit. Let us hope that he is in proper training and that he will assume charge of the side, without any mental reservations or prejudices. Captaincy of a touring team is an onerous responsibility, calling for tact and rare qualities of leadership. If the Nawab of Pataudi dedicates himself to this task in a spirit of service to Indian Cricket, he can do a great job of work. He has, under him, a fine band of cricketers; and the good wishes of the entire sporting world in India will go with him.



DR. SUBBAROYAN SUMS UP CRICKET TOUR PROSPECTS

By Sports Reporter

After half an hour's talk, I came out of the "Whites Garden," Dr. P. Subbaroyan's residence, convinced that the man who presides over the destinies of Indian cricket is great in many respects.

The editor having prepared the ground, the task was easy for me. There were no embarrassing preliminaries. I shot the first question. Is the Indian team to tour England well served in all departments of the game? The Doctor said he was satisfied with the selection. He was sorry he could not attend the last meeting at Bombay. He had to be in Madras as his presence was needed there by his political friends. He wrote his views to the members of the Selection Committee. He did think that Rangachari might be the second fast bowler.

RANGACHARI AND SOHONI

Would not, I asked, a team which had such towering batting strength as the Indian side be better served by the inclusion of Rangachari who was essentially a bowler and an effective bowler at that, in preference to Sohoni? The Doctor would not agree.

EXCLUSION OF AMIR

The exclusion of Amir Elahi could not, of course, go unnoticed. I was not sure if the Doctor was in Bombay on the third day of the match between the South and West Zones. Had not Amir on that occasion bowled magnificently?

The Doctor had thought of Amir Elahi. Perhaps, he explained, wanting to give younger men a chance with a view to the future, the selectors had pitched upon Shinde.

What was the main purpose of the Zonal tournament? Without waiting for an answer I said that if any player deserved to walk into the Indian team, it was Ram Singh. His performance at Bombay was splendid.

Dr. Subbaroyan replied: "I had put Ram Singh down as I consider him a bowler who could have done well in England. But evidently the selectors thought that they had Vinoo Mankad and they could do with one left-hander".

The President revealed that he had suggested to the selectors the name of Ghulam Ahmed of Hyderabad as his performance in Madras against the Australians impressed him a great deal. But unfortunately he was ill during the tournament and the Committee could not see him on the field. On the whole, the selectors had done well and nobody need cavil at the choice.

DULEEP EPISODE

I then trod delicate ground. Would you think, I asked, any selection committee would be complete without the inimitable Duleep? The Doctor said:

"I was terribly cut up when Duleep was left out of the Selection Committee as I consider him a very good judge of the game and his knowledge of English cricket and the finer points of the game would have greatly helped any Selection Committee."

Before leaving, I could not help inviting his opinion about the best way of selecting the captain. He observed:

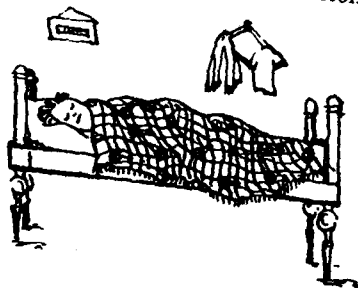
"I do feel that the question of selection of captain should have been left to the Selection Committee as it would have had before it a complete picture of the team. But now that the final choice has been made and the Selection Committee has also approved of it, I would expect members of our team to give unstinted loyalty to their captain and help him and the Vice-captain, Merchant, in every way to establish India as a powerful cricketing country."

EXHIBITIONISM HURTS

By 'Nobus'

All aspects of life, in general, can be divided into genuine and non-genuine. Ideologies, affections, tastes, morals and expressions (written and spoken) are all, some genuine and others non-genuine. Normally speaking, the genuine aspects attract approbation while the non-genuine ones provoke ridicule, sometimes satire and often cynicism. But many of the non-genuine aspects also hurt; they hurt the eye, the ear, the intellect and the imagination; they hurt public tastes and morals and socio-economic trends. Speaking for myself they hurt me so much that often I feel like turning round and shouting aloud "Dammit, this must stop."

Take Khadi, for instance. Khadi is more an ideology than a textile commodity, at least I feel it so. I feel so ideological about Khadi (you know what I mean) that when a friend of mine told me that he liked Khadi greatly because it was very good for bed sheets and face-towels, I felt much the same repugnance to him as I did to a college professor of mine years ago when he remarked "I like Leghorns, they are good layers, but I like well-fed, country chicken better because they make excellent table birds." In fact I think so honorifically about Khadi that I sometimes miss the fact of its genesis from cotton, the same cotton in



Khadi for Bedsheets.

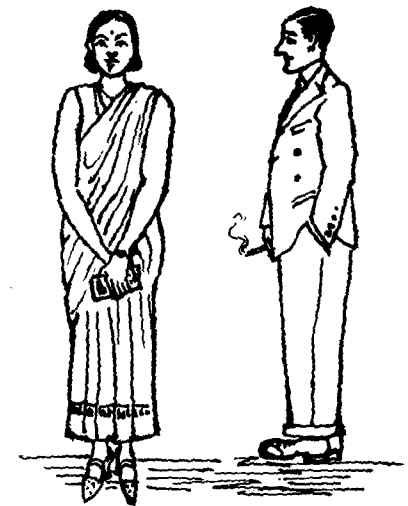
the 'futures' of which gamblers deal, which by spinning and weaving men become millionaires and questioning whose ethics labourers strike! You may not talk of procuring some Khadi in much the same way as you would about buying some razor blades! The procurement and use of Khadi carries with it an ideological attunement with the significance of Khadi, whereas anyone with a hairy chin may buy and use a razor blade. Khadi is a leveller, it is Indian, national and Gandhian. If it is to be evaluated merely as a commodity it would probably be second best to Scottish home-spun. But Khadi is not a mere commodity, it is an ideology, and Gandhian to boot, so Scottish home-spun is nowhere near its class. And so it is that it hurts my eye when I see a Khadi tie, a Khadi coat and a Khadi pant. On some occasions I have also seen a Khadi double-breasted coat and a Khadi hat. It is on such occasions that I have turned and squealed "Dammit, This must stop!"

Khadi was in great demand as a commodity during the years when the last Congress Ministry was in office. After 1942 the genuine Khadi-ites alone clung to it for its ideology. And now, during the last few weeks the non-genuine folks have started procuring it as a commodity. During Gandhiji's visit to the city hundreds of men and women, boys and girls, donned Khadi for praying, volunteering, and generally perambulating in "Hindusthani Nagar", attracting plenty of attention among their own kind and leaving cynics like me to squeal. I felt then like Bernard Shaw that the only kind of liberty worth having was the liberty of the cynic to squeal, when hurt, although I did not have the liberty to remove the conditions that hurt

them. I squealed because I felt that the habitual wearers of the shark skin suit, tootal tie and velour hat among men, and of the diaphanous sari, high-heeled shoe and sleeveless velvet blouse among girls, had no right to wear Khadi just for the occasion. In fact, I then felt just as bad as the Brigadier did when his Jamedar brought him a quantity of deliciously smelling pilau in an enamel receptacle, new, but not normally associated with eating!

It hurts me to have to put up with exhibitionism of any kind. Exhibitionism is not a mere personal vice; it is a social crime as well. It is a crime against culture and civilized manner of living. Take 'Nudism', for instance. All sane and reasonable people like to strip and wash themselves in their bath rooms or strip and expose themselves to the sun for health in quiet spots. At certain hours, under certain circumstances, and in certain places (as Lin Yutang says) we all believe in nudism, but when we flaunt nudism in others' eyes we become exhibitionists! We then get caught for the offence of corrupting public morals and tastes and are statutorily punished. Unfortunately, however, Governmental authority stops with the penalisation of nudist exhibitionists; it does not deal with the crimes of equally corruptive exhibitionists, the class to which many among the modern idle rich belong. Public opinion alone can devise ways of dealing with such people, and that is where squealers like me get into the picture!

Take again, for instance, the marriages that are celebrated in our country. Don't you feel hurt at the extravagance of the invitations, the decorations and the paraphernalia, the colossal waste of food and food-stuffs, the absence of hospitality in the host who picks out his guests and smuggles them in during the dinner hour, the debasement of those chosen guests who permit themselves to be smuggled to the exclusion of the "proletarian rab-



High-heeled shoe and diaphanous saree girl and shark skin suited boy.

ble" outside, the vulgarity of musical taste which is evident in the employment of an English band with an Indian *nagaswaram*, the utter absence of artistic fervour in engaging an eminent *vidwan* not for giving of his best in music but for filling the time lag between the evening hour and dinner time for a crowd of people who attend more for discharging an inevitable social duty than for conveying their good wishes to the bridal couple who, incidentally, are set on a pedestal dressed like dummies and suffocated by flowers, the vulgar display of wedding presents both by the giver and receiver, the bored "and oh! I am tired" looks of the host and hostess, and the self-important and impertinent behaviour of volunteer helpers? If you don't, well, I do, for, perhaps I am a puritan and a cynic! I feel hurt because the whole show is sheer exhibitionism from beginning to end. I feel hurt because the standards that are followed are artificial, corruptive of middle-class morals and cruel to the "proletarian rabble". We talk of this country being poor and, as the standard of living of the average man being low. That is a cruel fact. But if a foreigner was flown into this country and set

straight inside the reception crowd of a Madrassi wedding, he would probably shout, if he was a Yankee. "Boy, oh, boy! These guys are swell! They can create whoopee alright." And if I turned round and told him that we were poor and needed American help for "rehabilitating our economy", he would most surely snap back, "Hey, mister! Tell me another!" And that is why I feel hurt.

Truth to say, I feel hurt more often than pleased. I feel hurt at the exhibitionism of the loud-loving husband who calls his wife "darling" in company, because he indulges in a luxury which is denied to his hearer; it breeds class hatred. I feel hurt when I see an advertisement in the newspapers that a particular person celebrated his sixtieth birthday and was the recipient of numerous presents, letters and telegrams of congratulations; it poignantly reminds me of the tragedy of my father's death when he was only forty; the Gods may have loved him, so he died young, but I loved him too; and if he had lived to sixty, he would have received a larger number of letters and telegrams though not presents. I feel hurt when I take a friend to an evening party and he suddenly leaves me to snatch a place at the high table (although he had to indulge in some Callisthenic kowtowing to big noises before he sat down), and comes back to me at

the close of the function to have a lift home in my car. I feel hurt and annoyed when I pay for a first class ticket at a charity show, occupy a seat in the fourth row (the first three being reserved for the salaried class), and have to look and acknowledge the nod of the young brat who sits in the centre of the first row because he is the official boss of the organisation although he has not contributed a pie to the charity. And lastly, I feel not merely hurt but positively savage when I am asked to deliver a speech on a subject on which I have spent a lifetime in study, with a man to preside who knows nothing about it, but whose sole qualification to chairmanship is that he is "Head of the District". I have lived and worked in many a district in this presidency. I have also suffered quite a lot from gastric pains. My pains were a direct result of the insufferable exhibitionism of many a "District Head" who, every time he reminded me of his "Headship" created such a nasty taste in my mouth that the reaction resulted in a permanent inflammation of my strictly vegetarian teetotaler gastric membrane. Do you wonder that I feel hurt?

Franklin Delano Roosevelt is reported to have talked of the four freedoms. What you and I want urgently and now is not any of these four freedoms but freedom from exhibitionism and from cold-blooded humbug!



The Marriage Pandal.

Profile—V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

Time: 1916 or thereabouts.

Place: Conjeeveram.

Scene: Annual conference of provincial Congressmen.

Seated on the dais, among others, were Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, C.R. and young but stormy Satyamurti, just then coming up. Mr. Sastri had concluded one of his mellifluous utterances of modulated English prose—(only the content, not the form or manner has since changed)—to general admiration. Up sprang Satyamurti, and with a felicitous *jeu d'esprit* in Tamil which was greeted with a roar of delighted applause, swung public attention in favour of himself, only to treat the audience to a new style of plangent utterance in Tamil which marked a milestone in provincial politics. For he discovered a new source of power by exploiting the magic of the mother-tongue as the medium of public discourse and mass propaganda.

But my subject is Sastri—not Satyamurti! If I have chosen a remote and, to most people, a forgotten point of time, it is purely for a symbolic reason. For it enables me to start off with the remark that Mr. Sastri has laboured through a life-span of exceptional length and fullness to cultivate the more exotic, recondite or superfluous virtues in preference to the ones which are nearer reach and more racy of the soil. But it was the inescapable condition of progress for his generation that it had to traverse the longest way round to reach the nearest point. Centrally situated in that scheme, and indeed organically vital to it was the English language. To master it—not somehow but down to its most fugitive and subtle nuances was at once an intellectual challenge and spiritual fulfilment. For the learners belonged, without their knowing it, to a *fin de siècle* era which marked the assumption of imperial title and dignities by Queen Victoria, and by her unoffi-

cial affiliation to the purlieus of the Hindu Pantheon! The subject that then drew the most lyrical outbursts, from students competing for prize essays was "The Benefits of British Rule", even as we now have *Quit India* as the rubric of a nationwide litany!

Mr. Sastri started his career as a teacher, and it is a tribute to his genius that he did not allow himself to be lost in it. He stepped out of it in time to fill with a sense of growing ease and assurance a variety of political and diplomatic roles, unlikely hereafter to be enjoyed by or conferred upon the representative of a subject nation. He who found the Servants of India Society too frighteningly big for him at one stage was destined to outgrow it at the height of his greatness. It is a pleasing gesture of seemly piety for him to ascribe all his public successes to Gokhale; but almost a decade intervenes between the passing of the greater Ajax and the emergence of our Cicero.

The hey-day of Indian Liberals contributed to the splendour of Mr. Montagu's achievement as the first of the architects of Indian self-government. Their upbringing in the political sense having been entirely theoretical—that is, based on a reverent mastery of constitutional pundits from Burke to Bryce—they felt proud of having committed British political parties to the grant of self-government to India in progressive stages. It is difficult for the present generation to visualise the depressing finality of the pronouncements of such a high-minded politician as Lord Morley. To that starched, secular St. Simon Stylites, democratic institutions and the parliamentary system were no more applicable for India than the fur coat was a suitable garment for people to wear in the tropics. From such an extreme, Mr. Montagu delivered the country, if he did not transport it

to the lower reaches of heaven itself! Hence it was that they (the Indian Liberals) became the most unwearied advocates of Dominion Status as the utmost limit of Indian aspirations for all time.

The opposition of the Liberals to the Gandhian era—lock, stock and barrel—an opposition to which again Mr. Sastri has given the most powerful and reasoned exposition, deserves next to be analysed. This conflict has been one of the curiosities of our recent political history. But it has not prevented the maintenance of the most cordial and even intimate relations between Mr. Sastri and Mahatma Gandhi. One reason for it has been touched upon in what has been said above. I may now advance some other considerations. The moderates or Liberals of a generation ago had, at bottom, an unspoken preference for good government over self-government for certain historical and temperamental reasons. Their greatest dread was the unleashing of an uneducated, undisciplined or inflamed people, implicit in every mass movement deriving its strength from revolutionary slogans. Such movements make a preliminary and inevitable holocaust of culture, whatever their long range benefits to the victims. Gandhiji's methods were not merely anarchical; he was actually playing with fire. He was trying to wake up a sleeping serpent without visualising the extent of the havoc it might cause in its enraged career. So they praised the virtues of peace as against the horrors of such an incalculable social convulsion.

The Mahatma was quite aware of the risk; he too wanted peace, but not the peace of the grave that threatened the country as a whole. Only he stipulated a condition—non-violence—which the Liberals and many others have been frankly sceptical about. The wheel seems to be coming full circle. Swaraj is waiting for us round the corner. But Gandhiji's non-violence bids fair to be the first and most precious sacrifice to be offered on the

altar of national freedom. The Mahatma has often declared that he has no interest in Swaraj won through violence; the Liberals likewise distrusted an unbridled democracy, and so voted for the sober joys of a Dominion Status where we would be at once free from exploitation and the more insidious dangers of jingoism and chauvinism.

But Sastri the politician is neither such an enduring nor such a charming figure as Sastri the writer and orator. In a sense it has been his good fortune to have steered clear of office or power; it has enabled him to act as the most eloquent *raisonneur* of our times—delivering judgments with a dispassion and solicitude for permanent values rare in the practising politician. As Tennyson said of Wellington, whatever records leap to light, it may be confidently asserted that Mr. Sastri's honour, high-mindedness and public spirit will remain untarnished, if not triumphantly vindicated.

In his old age which has been serene and bright, he has not been content to play the part of a silent spectator. He has been our Censor, specially in this province where political and social acerbities have been destructive of sweetness and light. How often has he not had occasion to lament in public the absence of an instructed, zealous and well-knit opposition which could act as Nathan to our Davids in usurped authority. It is not merely abstract dictatorship that he deplures, but the worst form of it, viz., the tyranny of the ignorant and the vulgar! Indeed, no one who has spent a life so largely in the contemplative sphere has left such an enduring impress of his personality on the direction and spirit of the times.

One of the fruits of his latter-day retirement from active affairs has been an exposition of the Ramayana in a series of elegant discourses in polished English prose. This has struck me as an extraordinary instance of spiritual atavism. For the Brahman who had

inherited countless ages of a unique formal and spiritual tradition, but who had arrived at man's estate under the influence of Huxley and Spencer, who echoed Morley's agnosticism with a still more urbane emphasis—for such a man to rehearse in public the Navarasas of the Ramayana is an example of a revenge which I must ascribe not so much to time as to the invisible but sustaining spirits of our race.

Mr. Sastri has already achieved the ambiguous distinction of being prescribed for study in the class-room! But as he is a still more valuable repository of the over-and under-tones of the history of a generation which is fast slipping away from living memory, it behoves us to help him to trans-

fer—against time—the stores of his mellow intellect and varied recollections to writing. Such work will bring him a fresh zest in the convalescence which he now enjoys after his recent illness.

To have remained a non-official; to have been the most picturesque figure of his generation; to have given the world abroad a just but heightened impression of the Indian character, at its best, to have conversed with the mighty ones of the earth on terms of equality, giving at every stage far more than he received—and to have achieved all this without a single dubious step or humiliating compromise—few of our other public men can claim a higher or purer record!—P. M.

[These tit bits are collected from books and magazines. No claim is made to originality. Readers are also invited to contribute.]

TIT-BITS:

A London society woman, having spent a large amount of money on beauty treatment, is reported to have asked George Bernard Shaw: "How old do you think I look?"

G.B.S. replied: "Judging by your teeth, I should say 18; by your blonde-curls, 19; by your attitude, 14."

The lady was flattered and said, "Thanks for the compliment, but still, how old do I look?"

G.B.S. retorted: "Well, add together 18, 19 and 14, and the answer is 51."

* * *

President Truman said recently in the White House that he didn't like the job of being President.

"Why not?" he was asked. He seemed to mean it and the listeners were astonished.

"Because", said Truman, "there is no future in it."

* * *

D. F. Karaka, in his book 'THIS INDIA', relates the following story about the Dewan of one of the bet-

ter known Indian States, which shall be nameless:

In the early years of the War, the Government of India, probably shaken up by Whitehall, began to make enquiries through the Residencies in India whether there was any fifth column activity in the capital of that particular State. The Resident in turn addressed his query to the Dewan, who passed it on to the State's Military Department. The Department informed the Dewan that to the best of its knowledge, there was no such activity. Aware of the policy of the Ruler, which was to keep the paramount power pleased at any cost, the Dewan apologetically replied to the Resident:—"I regret to say that there is no such activity at the present moment, but I can assure you that steps will be taken by His Highness to start the said activity."

In 1921, the Prime Minister of England arrived at Lord's for a Test Match—and was obliged to take his place in a queue a mile long.—Neville Cardus.

A GREAT EXPONENT OF CARNATIC MUSICAL TRADITION

MAHARAJAPURAM VISWANATHA AYYAR

By Our Music Critic

Saturday, March 2: Five years ago, four of us, two journalists, a medical man and I—all music-lovers—were returning in a car from a visit to the *Samadhi* of Sri Thyagaraja at Trivadi where we had gone to take a few photographs for publication in a journal. The conversation had been one-sided (as it usually was when I held the ground) and I was fulsome in my praise of Carnatic music in general, and the Telugu language in particular, with suitable illustrations from a few of Thyagayya's *krithis*, when the medico suddenly by-passed me with the remark: "I don't share your views about the language and emotionalism of the Andhras!" (There was no provocation for this as I had not praised Andhras in general, but by-passing arguments are not always logical, as you know). I like the Andhras greatly for one



Maharajapuram Viswanatha Ayyar

34

thing. They have not, luckily, displayed any possessiveness about Thyagaraja. They seem to have given him up, and his musical tradition, to us". Yes, that put the lid on my discourse, and, for some time after that, we were all very quiet!

* * *

I realised the force of the medico's remark this evening. The Thyagaraja Centenary Celebrations Committee conducted the first of their series of benefit performances this evening at the P. S. High School Hall at Mylapore—vocal music by Sangita Kalanidhi Maharajapuram Viswanatha Ayyar accompanied by young Krishnan on the violin and Muruga Bhoopathi on the *mridhangam*; the inauguration was made by Mr. K. Ramunni Menon, Chief Secretary to the Government of Madras. The tickets were priced comparatively low considering the cause and the eminence of the *vidhwan*. Nevertheless, the attendance was extremely poor, the first five rows of ten rupee seats being practically empty. The audience consisted almost entirely of the upper middle class section of the Madras music-loving public, and a moderate collection of ladies—of my Andhra friends I saw none. If my aforementioned medico friend had been present he would have revelled in my discomfiture! Perhaps, I thought to myself, the current of Andhra emotionalism was short-circuited by the absence of an Andhra *vidhwan* as performer! But no, it cannot be. Surely Thyagaraja's appeal to the people of South India is universal enough to attract a large crowd at least on the opening day of the series inaugurated for celebrating his centenary!

Let me use part of this column to make an appeal, not on behalf of the Thyagabrahma Sabha (of which I am not even "a four-anna member"—I mean just a member), but on behalf of Musical Tradition with a capital M and a capital T. South India is, geographically, a small portion of this sub-continent, but South Indian music (Carnatic) is large enough to claim a status on a par with the music of the rest of India (Hindusthani), with a history dating back to the days of the *Samagana*, and a tradition systematised at least from the ninth century A. D. The greatest exponent of this musical tradition, known as Carnatic music, was undoubtedly Thyagaraja whose memory we cherish, not merely for the peerless excellence of his musical compositions and the profundity of his musical research, but also for the universality of his philosophy and the purity of his personal conduct. The first centenary of Thyagaraja's death is a fitting occasion for us to commemorate him by erecting a *Gurukula*, in his name encircling his *Samadhi*, purchasing the house where he lived and worked for endowment as a national monument, issuing a commemoration volume of his entire works, and generally immortalising his musical tradition for posterity. The strength of the Hindu is his past; the weakest link in a chain is the measure of its strength; the weakest link in a chain which the Hindu calls his past is his parsimony towards tradition. Let us all remember this, and try to fill the first six rows in all future performances in aid of the Thyagaraja Centenary Celebrations—Please, let us!

* * *

This evening's performance by Maharajapuram Viswanatha Ayyar was just superb. It was in the fitness of things that he should inaugurate the series: he was the President of the last session of the Music Academy, and is the current coin among *sangeetha kalanidhis*. And, as perhaps few know, he is



Thyagaraja

the seniormost among living *vidhwans* with about thirty-five years' service in the front line; his seniority is real, not synthetic. He has a well-preserved appearance, the typical Tanjorean build and tuft, the ear-rings and finger rings that distinguish a flourishing musician from the unsupported type, the mannerisms of an artist, a broad smile of recognition to anyone that looks at him (a polite stock-in-trade), a twinkle in his eye in his un-musical moments, and a vacant look during performances when his creative imagination starts functioning. His voice is not what you could call rich; but there is something infinitely musical in what comes out of his big throat and wide mouth. His voice is not of the third gear variety, and is perhaps second gear-ish, but its acceleration is something indescribable, and both on the up-take in the climb and the down-take in the descent, and even at hairpin bends, that second-gear voice of his is, well, just scintillating!

* * *

I have heard Maharajapuram several times during the last fifteen

years. I have heard him without any accompaniments or even *sruti* starting on one *ragam* and passing on to another, fulfilling the exposition of about a dozen *ragas* in about ninety minutes. I have always admired him for his daring nonchalance in *raga* exposition, the richness of his imagination, the ease with which he brought out a new phase of an old *raga* every-time he handled it. But my praise of him in this column is not for what I have heard from him in the past; it is for what he did to-day. He sang eight compositions of Thyagaraja and *ragas Pantuvarali, Harikambhodi, Sriranjani, Darbar, Kalyani, Aberi, Atana, and San-karabharanam*; in every one of them there was a new phase, an almost strange and beautiful flavour, and a few delicate artistic touches. He sang for over three hours, wasting not one minute, and faltering nowhere for inspira-

tion; the spirit of the occasion seemed to assist him in maintaining a tempo which, even in a younger man, would have been a great strain.

Maharajapuram gave the final touches of his performance with a few pieces in lighter vein, and they were all perfect peaches. As you all know, Maharajapuram is very good on *Singhu-Bhairavi, Shanmukhapriya, Amir Kalyani, Yamun Kalyani, Behag, Kamas, and Sen-juruti*. He tilts and tosses them up much as a tap dancer does her skirt. The musical excellence of his rendering of these *ragas* always redeems their levity, in about the same way as the vulgarity in smutty stories is redeemed by the wit therein, especially when they are related by your wizened old uncle with a pinch of snuff in his hand.

THE WEEK ABROAD

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

The most sensational event of the week was the Press Conference at which Mr. Byrnes indicated with clear-cut precision the points at issue between Russia and the Western democracies. In what roughly approximated to a new Decalogue, he has delivered a friendly warning to Russia to give proofs of its willingness to collaborate in the tasks of peace with her Western allies. To withdraw their troops from other countries, to hasten the signing of peace treaties with the late enemies, to desist from promoting a war of nerves, to renounce spheres of influence, not to take fatal umbrage at plain speaking, not to appropriate enemy property unilaterally and not to bluff—such are the ordinances which Mr. Byrnes recommends for adoption by the Soviet. Admirable advice; but how nice if, like charity, it begins with being followed at home! Every one of these is a double-edged weapon, for if America were to be impartial, she would have to take Britain no less than Russia (not to mention herself!) to task for transgressing most of these points!

The newly elected Belgian Parliament is still without a cabinet. This interesting situation is due to a minority forcing the pace with a doctrinaire demand for the liquidation of monarchy. The largest single party is pro-royalist; a coalition between the rest seems a remote contingency, for they do not share any single preference or aversion in common. It is symptomatic of the eclipse of parliamentarism along with monarchy?

Since the prominent featuring of the arrival of the Spanish pretender

at Lisbon, a good deal of diplomatic activity has been going on behind the scenes with a view to the peaceful elimination of France from headship of the Spanish State. But Franco seems to have proved one too many for his opponents who form a formidable coalition of the Western democracies. On the whole, however, the days of Franco seem numbered with the Communists queering the pitch from Paris. They have apparently succeeded in persuading Britain and America to cease non-interfering in the affairs of Spain.

There is no chance of a 'Western bloc' emerging into view so long as the Communists are in the saddle in France. That Britain can apply the screw against her is evident from the report that she has withdrawn credit facilities to her; it has come with all the abruptness with which the termination of 'lease-lend' was announced to Mr. Attlee by President Truman. Britain as a 'pauper empire' was under-written by America; France as a still greater pauper could only carry on with the support of the sterling. The withdrawal of such support has doubtless political reasons behind it!

The lull on the Egyptian front has been as sudden as the effervescence reported earlier. Some reports have hinted that Mr. Bevin has sent Sidky Pasha a stiff note demanding that the demonstrations should cease and that compensation should be paid to the British for damage done to British nationals and/or property. This is a reminder to all and sundry that Britain is not yet as badly played out as some of our stump orators are apt to imagine; and that if she is forced to withdraw, she is more likely than not, to leave a trail of fire and brimstone behind her.

A hitch has occurred in the withdrawal of foreign troops from Persia. Because Russia is hesitating, Britain follows suit! Meanwhile a report has it that the natives of Azerbaijan have implored Russia to stay on. At the other end is the report of a deal by which the northern parts of Persia are

to come under the Russian sphere of influence to balance the presence of the British sphere in the south. None of the forecasts suggests the likelihood of a consideration of the rights of Persians as Persians!

Representatives of Iraq and Turkey have met in Ankara to explore the prospects of a pact of mutual friendship and good neighbourliness. This is a move which has a double significance, Iraq and Turkey are not irrevocably committed to the Arab League; one of them, Turkey, is definitely anti-Arab for historical reasons. Turkey and Iraq are potentially friends of Britain and enemies of the Soviet. Both have vulnerable frontiers and dissident minority groups who look up to Russia for material and moral support.

The reported resignation of Dr. Sutan Sharir is an unpleasant reminder of the possibility of disruption in Indonesian nationalist ranks. It remains to be seen whether the so-called offer of a new status to Indonesia by the Dutch Government has served as the proverbial apple of discord. Another suggestion is that the more extreme elements are capitalising the present situation to secure a foothold in the new order of things. In any case, the chances in the final upshot seem more in favour of the emergence of an anti-European bloc than of any moderate group with a willingness to collaborate with the Dutch on the basis of inferiority.

Russia is said to have protested to Chiang-Kai-shek against student demonstrations which called for the evacuation of Manchuria by the Soviet. Marshal Chiang has hastened to assure Stalin that the demonstrations were not sponsored by his Government. This episode deserves to be considered as balancing the report of Mr. Bevin's demand for the suppression of anti-British demonstrations in Egypt! Thus as we progress from the West to the East, we are confronted with different situations in which the same party figures as accused or as the prosecutor or as the judge!

The great majority of Conservative M.Ps. have at least one common interest in private life for they all desire the Government to facilitate the pursuit of profit.—Simon Haxey.

Fleet Street in War Time

MINISTERIAL BURLESQUE

Readers in India, excepting those who habitually consult the wisdom of Mr. Punch, cannot have realised what an affair of burlesque the British Ministry of Information proved itself to be in the early days of the war. If the institution had been presided over by Miss Bates and had been conducted by Ancient Pistol and the Rev. Mr. Collins, it could not have laid itself open to greater derision. Under Mr. Brendan Bracken, however, it was allowed to settle itself, as the desperation of Mr. Punch's jokes against it must have indicated to the discerning reader. The British had once more muddled through.

It would have been a pity if the vintage excellence of the earlier period of stupidity had been denied to the world. Mr. Francis Williams' book (*PRESS, PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE*; Heinemann, London, Price 8 sh. 6 d.) is a serious discussion of a serious subject, the relationship between three of the four commonly reckoned "estates of the realm." But it is only natural that the war-time Controller of News and Censorship should permit himself some indications of the humorous personalities who abode in the University of London buildings in Bloomsbury.

General Tripp was a Lieutenant-General of the Army, who with characteristic inconsequence, was installed as a Naval adviser. Most gallantly did he live up to the traditions of his adopted "secret" service. When in the early days of 1942, an excited correspondent rushed into his room, vociferating that the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse* had been sunk off Singapore, a loss which laid Malaya at the mercy of the invader, he looked up from his papers to rebuke the agitated informant for describing the sinkings as a "calamity". "Calamity?" annunciated the General in a remarkable under-statement. "Calamity? Bit of a nuisance".

Less intentionally amusing was Sir Frank Pick, who one day found himself the Director-General of the Ministry after serving for a long time in the irrelevant capacity of a Director of the London Passenger Transport Board. When this over-earnest soul was summoned to Mr. Churchill's presence, he improved the occasion by delivering himself of a long discourse on morality. When his didactic visitor left him, the flabbergasted Prime Minister turned to his Secretary, and said, "Young man, never let me see that impeccable busman again."

Habits die hard in man. When Dr. Julian Huxley, as the spokesman of a non-official committee which was associated with the Ministry, entered a protest at being neglected, Sir Frank Pick's auditors could observe that he was puzzled by the recital. "But unless", Dr. Huxley concluded "we can have some assurance that our time is not being wasted, and that some notice will be taken of our recommendations, we do not see any point in continuing". Whereupon enlightenment flooded the Director-General's face. "Oh," he said, "I see now. It's a strike, is it?"

Not since Caligula made his horse a consul were such strange appointments made. The most unlikely persons were exalted above Fleet Street. It was, therefore, not very strange that some astonishing flats issued from the Ministry. One of the more ridiculous proposals was that standard headlines should be prepared and issued to all newspapers, from *The Times* to, say, the *Daily Scream*, which should be compelled by decree to use them. This bureaucratic flight of fancy met with its end when it was pointed out that it would not be possible to accommodate the same number of words in the varying types employed by the different prints.

As a fact, Lewis Carroll himself could not have imagined a more bizarre, a more inept organisation. Its difficulties in its earlier phase were due in a great measure to the bewildering rapidity with which officials were appointed and then were incontinently thrown into the outer darkness. This swift mortality led the wags to murmur;

Hush, hush, chuckle who dares,
Another new Minister's fallen
downstairs.

But with the advent of Mr. Brendan Bracken, things assumed a more promising posture. But this is not to say that the gaiety of nations was thereby eclipsed. The new Minister's Irish fulsomeness excited wrath. An American correspondent once shouted at him, "Brendan, I don't believe a word you say. Everything about you's phoney. Even your hair which looks like a wig." This reference to the Minister's flaming aureole helped to compose the quarrel which had occasioned the outburst.

The officials' trials were indeed many, apart from the distressing frankness of correspondents. A reporter from the north-east counties one day applied in his exceeding innocece for information to enable him "to deny an unfortunate story circulating in this area to the effect that our present Ambassador in Spain is a relation of Sir Samuel Hoare who was mixed up in the Hoare-Laval Pact." What the honest man's reply was when he was told the strange truth has not been indicated, but what an eminent military critic did when he was informed a few days before the Allied invasion of France that his

article on the "Norman conquest in reverse" could not be allowed in print, has been. The author writes, "When he was told that this wouldn't do at all, we feared he would have apoplexy. He could not then be informed that by accident he had hit on the most dangerous topic of all. He and his editor forgave us on D-Day when the Allied troops landed on the very spot from which William the Conqueror set sail in 1066".

A more serious incident arose when the Cabinet, incensed at a cartoon in the *Daily Mirror*, threatened the paper with suppression. The offending cartoon exhibited a wrecked sailor at his last gasp clinging precariously to a raft in a stormy sea. The caption underneath ran, "The price of petrol has been raised by a penny (official)". Mr. Churchill, "an inveterate reader of newspapers", took the view that the picture meant to imply that seamen were compelled to risk their lives in order that the oil companies might earn bigger profits. It availed nothing for the paper to protest that it merely meant to castigate rich motorists who were wasting petrol. In this matter at least, the officials of the Ministry disagreed with the Government.

Such discrepancies of opinion have inevitably increased in peacetime. Governments propose more and more to arrogate power to themselves, and complex duties have devolved on newspapers which would maintain a reasoned public opinion. Mr. William's book is perhaps the first, as it is certainly the most competent, discussion of a subject which is very vital to freedom of thought.

Public service, incompetently managed, will be blundering, dilatory, corrupt, cowardly, and myopic and will not always stand comparison with private enterprise in spite of its immensely larger resources.—
Bernard Shaw.

BOOKS

The Yoga of Sri Aurobindo (Parts I and II) By Nolini Kanta Gupta. (Sri Aurobindo Library, George Town, Madras. Price: As. 8 and Re. 1-4-0).

One of the most remarkable events of our day is the gradual transformation of Sri Aurobindo from a famous nationalist and political thinker and leader to a great *Yogin*, and the spiritual teacher and head of the Ashram which has grown round him at Pondicherry. The special quality of his teaching lies in the affirmation of the one Divine Consciousness as the Supreme and all-comprehensive Reality and the goal of *Yoga*, combined with a positive and creative attitude to the values of life; this unusual combination is suggestive of a Vedic Rishi re-incarnated into the modern world. The idea Sri Aurobindo offers to us is a 'life divine' for the embodied human being, to be reached after a gradual and prolonged process of transformation as something already prefigured as intention in the heart of evolutionary Nature; his message is a call and an encouragement to men to enter consciously the path of spiritual transformation. How widely different his spiritual outlook is from the other-worldliness and illusionism rampant in Indian thought is seen from the central place and the spiritual significance accorded to Action in his *Sadhana*, following herein the lead of the *Gita*. His thought as a whole can be best described as a delicately balanced synthesis of the whole spiritual heritage of India, with a drive and a definite orientation of its own. Precisely because of this large and synthetic character, it needs interpretation and commentary. These two booklets fulfil this need admirably and place in clear language the main issues relevant to Sri Aurobindo's philosophy and *Yoga*.

Of the essays collected here, we may single out a few for their special usefulness. In the fourth essay in Part I, entitled 'Sri Aurobindo's *Gita*', we have a clear and brief explanation of the speciality in Sri Aurobindo's interpretation, its difference from the classical and modern commentaries of the *Gita*, and in particular the *Gita* view of the status of Action *vis-a-vis* the

Divine, as expounded by Sri Aurobindo. In 'Nature's Own *Yoga*', 'Lines of Descent of Consciousness', and 'Our Ideal', we have the much-needed clues and explanations of Sri Aurobindo's multiple-faceted theory of Spiritual Evolution and Spiritual Involution, as well as an account of the different levels of mental consciousness reaching to Overmind and progressing beyond to Supermind, the bringing down and establishment of which is the ideal of the *Yoga*. The clear characterisation of these levels of mind, as well as the distinction between the subliminal mind and sense-mind must be regarded as fundamental contributions to Psychology, made incidentally in Sri Aurobindo's *Yoga*. The essays as a whole serve as a key for placing and understanding of the specific orientation of Sri Aurobindo's thought.

Satyagraha: Its Technique and History. By R. R. Diwakar. Foreword by Rajendra Prasad. Prefatory Observations by Kishorlal Mashruwala. (Hind Kitabs, Bombay. Rs. 5-12.)

Hind Kitabs deserves well of the reading public for adding one more to the impressive list of 'quality' books they have brought out. In the present volume, we have in the words of Dr. Rajendra Prasad, a lucid 'text-book' of Satyagraha as the latest weapon in the arsenal of the human spirit. Mr. Diwakar has the virtues of a text-book writer—a firm command of his material, orderly presentation of it, a spirit of objective, almost scientific precision and a scholarly temper. A measure of his diligence and industry is indicated by the extensive citations of the *ipsissima verba* of Mahatma Gandhi himself in lighting up the multitudinous facets of the technique of Satyagraha; he has gathered them mostly from the other works of Gandhiji. The volume offers a sort of cross index to the writings of the Mahatma bearing on this one topic, and to that extent may be safely taken as an authoritative book of reference. After an exposition of the chief ideas implicit in the term, Mr. Diwakar gives us a connected account of all the Satyagraha movements conducted by Gandhiji in *propria persona*, and by others

inspired by his example. Being one of the germinal ideas of our time, this book which expounds it from all points of view, is assured of a survival value such as belongs to but a few at any time.

There is however a further special value attached to this book by virtue of a luminous essay from the pen of Sri Mashruwala which canvasses the enduring value of Satyagraha as a spiritual weapon. In a subtle argument which is kept strictly within rational limits, he elucidates the urge for Satyagraha as part of a cosmic impulse which unfolds history in its oscillations between Might and Goodness. Sri Mashruwala occupies a place in relation to Gandhiji analogous to that of Peter in relation to Jesus. It may be recalled that Peter drew forth his sword against those who came to arrest Christ only to be chidden by the master. Sri Mashruwala likewise put a gloss on Satyagraha which was disapproved by Gandhiji as soon as he could express that disapproval in public. Which shows not that we are fallible, but that the best of us profit from our failures, and rise to greater heights through them.

The ultimate sanction for Satyagraha is a subjective plus which is still largely an unknown factor. Its justification is to be sought increasingly in its actual results on the practical, worldly, even material plane; and considering that it has held the field for a bare twenty years, the most prejudiced verdict against it can only be: 'Not proven!' On the other hand, how repeatedly has the cult of violence proved a broken-reed in the course of the world's history! This is the tragic paradox; that violence can still claim its votaries by the million

though discredited through and through, while non-violence is summarily condemned on inconclusive evidence. Not only are we justified in visualising a great future for Satyagraha, but even further refinements in the technique of it with the emergence of greater Gandhis to demonstrate its expanding efficacies.

Madras Sports Annual, 1944 - 1945.

Edited by S. K. Gurusathan. (Thompson & Co., Ltd., Broadway, Madras. Price: Re. 1-8.)

This annual has come to occupy a prominent place in the sports life of Madras. The season with which it deals was particularly rich in cricket, and it has been competently chronicled. But one regrets the substitution of brief descriptions for complete scores in First Division matches; it is an undesirable innovation. Mr. M. V. Ramanujulu describes his career in modest terms; he was a trifle born out of his time. Dr. V. N. C. Rao's article adds much to our knowledge of the Indian tour to Ceylon. There is much substance in the editor's analysis of the decay of Madras cricket. He attributes our failure to weak fielding and to lack of batting ability very early in the order.

Sir Robert Denniston appears to be fallaciously optimistic in his view that all is well with Madras hockey. Actually, our triumphs have been confined to preventing the M.C.C. cup from going out of Madras. Of any player who can be considered to play for India there is no trace.

Mr. G. A. Slater's advice to football spectators is timely. His article is not the least valuable essay in an excellent annual of facts and views.

At any crisis our great-grandmothers would "swoon", but whoever hears of women swooning to-day? Now men faint more frequently than women.—H. G. Wells.

It is a pretty crazy life when one eats in order to work and does not work in order to eat. We need a certain kindness and generosity to ourselves before we learn kindness and generosity to others.—Lin Yutang.

national differences are microscopic before the class conflict, it will not be impossible for the Mammon-worshippers and power-mongers of different countries to exchange money and atomic bombs with ease.

Non-violence is there before him with the triple message of non-cooperation, self-sufficiency and love. He has to make this weapon potential. Never should he retreat into a position where non-violence becomes an exhibition of cowardice and a justification for snobbery.

In every village, town and city the common man should refuse to serve, advise, help or follow in any stage of daily life those who have robbed him of his human personality and left him a mere doll of clay.

In case this method is carried out, world wars will become impossible, benign trusteeship plans unnecessary, torrents of crocodile tears shed over the frequent deaths of democracies ridiculous and tragedies like those of Bengal and Belsen will become things of the past.

ZEEVI.

Students Not Properly Guided

Last month when Acharya Kripalani was making a whirl-wind tour of Tamil Nadu, he addressed a public meeting at Trichinopoly attended mostly by students. He said that the practice of taking autographs was transplanted in this country by the Westerners and it was an awful shame on the part of students who are in the front rank of the Freedom struggle to blindly follow and copy the Westerner.

Recently I was interested to see in THE HINDU an advertisement inserted by the Hindi Prachar Sabha. The advertisement ran as follows: "Fully leather bound and in hand-made paper, impressive autograph books priced at Rs. 3-8-0 each."

When conflicting statements like this by persons connected with the same movement get published, we students cannot help feeling that we are not being properly guided.

TRICHY STUDENT.

Indian Academy of Arts and Letters

The idea of an Indian Academy originated with Prof. J. H. Cousins in 1923 and subsequently Mr. J. A. Chapman and Dr. Edward Thompson of the Oxford University appealed for

the establishment of an Indian Academy.

An Academy as visualised by Prof. Cousins is the 'desideratum' of every civilized nation in the world. It is necessary to give impetus to the many struggling poets and artists in the country, who are really famished for want of recognition and reward. Further, the intellectual achievement in each province should be made known to the other provinces. An all-India body serves to encourage co-ordination between the different departments of study and creative activity.

Recently, the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal submitted a detailed scheme for a National Academy of Arts and Letters to the Government of India for charter and subsidy, as part of the post-war cultural reconstruction of India. But the scheme as formulated by the Society is so unsuited to cultural conditions in India that it would be a calamity if the Academy were established on the basis of the proposals contained in it. The scheme does not promote the creative output in the various linguistic provinces in the country but just seeks to add one more to the already numerous all-India bodies for research and cultural education; it ignores the real growing needs of cultural India and the influence of Indian renaissance in the various vernacular literatures.

D. VISVESWARA RAO.

Officialese

The singular style adopted by Government people in their daily correspondence has its own charms.

They beg to report a matter and fear to submit a report. They remain always the most obedient servants, and plead that their requests may be granted. They address their boss in the third person. Humble they are and humble they will remain for ever, from the date of joining to the date of retirement or death, whichever is earlier.

The officer is pleased to declare a holiday and the subordinates are so submissive that they do not even avail themselves of the holiday.

If charges are framed against them, they write an explanation consisting of about eight pages. The officer will never go through the explanation, and naturally the charges will be dropped. If the whole world should begin to write this wonderful language!

S. A. RAYAN.



Carbon Paper

(ONE-SIDED WAX)



Superior Pencil Carbon

COLOUR: BLUE

100 sheets a box.



Typing Carbon

COLOUR: BLUE & BLACK

200 sheets a box.



Pen Carbon

COLOUR: BLUE

100 sheets a box.



Retail and Wholesale
Enquiries to:

V. PERUMALL CHETTY & SONS,
5, STRINGER'S STREET G.T. MADRAS.

SWATANTRA

The office of SWATANTRA is now located at 8, Westcott Road, Royapettah, Madras. This is the address for all your communications hereafter. The telephone number is 86252. Telegrams may be addressed 'SWATANTRA, Madras.'

Under the present conditions of controlled production we regret we are not able to comply with requests for specimen copies accompanied by the cost of the copy.

Ensure regular supply of your copy by becoming a subscriber. The annual subscription is Rs. 16.

LETTERS

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

The Andhra Ports

A careful survey of the map of the Madras Presidency will reveal that out of 41 ports of the Presidency there are only 7 ports in the Andhra area which consists of ten districts. There is not even one coastal port at least for every hundred miles of the Telugu coast. Government's neglect is the reason for the decline and fall of famous Telugu ports like Korangi, Narasapuram, Nizampatnam and Motupalli. Ports and cities that had been once famous are now either sandy deserts as at Motupalli (the beloved port of Kakatiya rulers) or mere fishing villages like Nizampatnam. It is therefore the bounden duty of every Andhra to do his best to keep and protect at least the seven ports which are now in the Andhra area though some of them exist in name only for want of proper facilities of export and import.

Out of 34 ports existing in other parts of the Presidency there are 2 in South Arcot district, 7 in Tanjore district, 5 in Ramnad, 3 in Tinnevely, 10 in Malabar and 7 in South Canara. Out of these 34 ports 28 ports are declared open for foreign trade. Tellichery and Cannanore ports are about 13 miles only from each other and both are open for foreign trade. Badagara port is 12 miles south of Tellichery and 30 miles north of Cananore and these three ports are all ports open for foreign trade. Thus many examples of the situation of good ports very near to each other, having foreign trade, can be seen in the southern part of the Presidency. But there is not even one port even for every hundred miles of Telugu country, and the few ports that are in existence are badly in need of facilities and improvements to make their existence worthwhile.

The port of Vadarevu is at a distance of about 250 miles from Madras and about 100 miles from Masulipatam. It is the only port between Madras and Masulipatam. It is also

the only port in Guntur district which is an abundant supplier of raw produce such as tobacco, groundnut and cotton to the industrial centres of the world. At this port steamers can anchor only at a distance of about six furlongs from the shore unlike at Cocanada and Masulipatam where steamers can anchor only at a distance of seven miles from the shore. The merchants and ryots of this district requested the Government to declare Vadarevu open for foreign trade and to construct a pier there to make shipments and landings easy. The District Board of Guntur and the Chirala Municipality sent resolutions to the Government supporting the demand. The Government did not comply with this request though they had with them Rs. 60 lakhs for the development of minor ports. Who are the losers by this? The merchants and European firms will never be frightened by the expensiveness of transporting goods by road and rail to distant ports beyond the district, as they can shove it on to the poor ryots as offering low prices and the ryots, as they must sell anyhow, must accept any price offered. It is unjust on the part of the Government to deprive the people of Guntur of the benefits of having within their own district a port open for foreign trade in the interest of ports situated beyond the district hundreds of miles away. While ports like Vadarevu and Masulipatam are sorely in need of improvements and necessary facilities, the Government have taken about Rs. 30 lakhs from the minor ports development fund and utilised it for other purposes!

In Vizagapatam district there are 4 ports of which Baruva is the only coastal port while the remaining ports, Kalingapatam, Bhimilipatam and Vizagapatam, are all ports open for foreign trade. The districts of East Godavari and Kistna have only one port each, Cocanada and Masulipatam. The Guntur district has only one coastal port, Vadarevu, which would have

been a good and active port like Madras if the Government had thought of improving it. If out of these seven ports the active ports, Masulipatam and Cocanada, are handed over to the Nizam Government, the Andhra Province will be cut into two with the four ports of Vizagapatam district in the northern part while in the southern part there will be one coastal port, Vadarevu. Cocanada and Masulipatam should not be separated from the Andhra Province.

KAJA KOTIAH.

Stop Black-Marketing

Now that there is a food crisis on, there is a plethora of suggestions for averting famine. All these miss one important point, that so long as the black-marketeer and the rapacious merchant continue intent on sucking blood from the bloodless bones of the poor, all our well-intentioned plans are doomed to failure. Something extremely drastic must be devised.

They are already alert to exploit the panicky situation. To them, money is everything, human life nothing. Honest and truly unselfish citizens, whatever their political persuasions, must form themselves into vigilance committee to put an end to the plague-spot of black-marketing and profiteering in our midst.

Whether people grew more food or not under the Grow More Food campaign, they certainly grew more Virginia tobacco in the Andhra districts. The growing of Virginia tobacco has been responsible for shortage of food, fodder and fuel. This must be ended at once, and the ryot must be encouraged to devote every ounce of his energy to growing whatever can be eaten by man as well as beast.

G. RAJANNA,
Kovur.

Mammon Worshipers

At no time in world history was the common man faced with such a crisis as to-day. From Western Spain to Eastern Indo-China, it is the same story. If the last world war resurrected 'Nation' worship from the graveyard, this war has thrown it to the winds and instead projected class conflict in glaring colours.

Two causes are mainly responsible for this. One is the vehemence with which Mammon-worshippers all over the world have been minting money, putting an end to human values, while crowded humanity withered

away like flies. The next, not so publicised, is the gruesome fact that Freedom movements in colonial and semi-colonial countries have been frittering away their strength by indulging in power politics even before power was well snatched from the unwilling hands of the Fascist oppressors.

Bevin's vision of Socialism gets blurred as he beholds Mammon. He cannot accept the helping hand of a brother Socialist. He becomes frantic and rushes to the help of reactionaries. The same is the reason why representatives of 'Socialist' Australia and 'Republican' America stand so resolutely by the Dutch and the British.

Similar collaboration is found growing by leaps and bounds in India and Egypt at the present day. Not only is it obstructing national revolution but also working ceaselessly to make social revolution impossible.

The forces involved in this collaboration are to be found in all castes and communities. To them belong patriots who wash away their sins of black-marketing and profiteering by contributing liberally to 'Kasturi Ba' and similar funds. They loosen their purse strings to help national organizations fight their election battles but summon the help of the police to silence the common man when he pleads for a better living wage. They fight for their country's freedom by striking underground deals with Chrystlers, Nuffields and I.C.I.'s. All these they are able to do by conniving with foreign powers on the basis of Mammon-worship and conspiring with the power-mongers in the national organisations.

The bid by Nokrashy Pasha and others in Egypt to grasp power by aligning themselves with British Blimps even at the cost of Egyptian citizen lives and the sterile leadership of the national organisations in India prove their reluctance to share the substance of power with the common man.

The manner in which our leaders have taken to chiding honest workers who have staked their all in the freedom fight, sheltering under their protective wings anti-social elements, does not presage a bright prospect for the common man.

In the world of to-day, two paths are before the common man. One is the route that his predecessors trod in France and Russia. The second is to accept the new weapon of non-violence.

The first triumphed in those days because of the existence of acute national rivalries. But to-day when



Releasing on
TAMIL NEW YEARS
DAY

Bri
JAGADISH FILMS

LAVANGI

in TAMIL...
Direction Y.V.RAO

With
RAO, RUKMINI, JAYAMMA, PANTULU, RANGASWAMY,
SARANGAPANI, RAMACHANDRAN, JAYAGOWRI,
CHELLAM, BHANUMATI, Etc.

Screen Play:
P. R. Narayanan, M.A.

Studio:
Newtone.

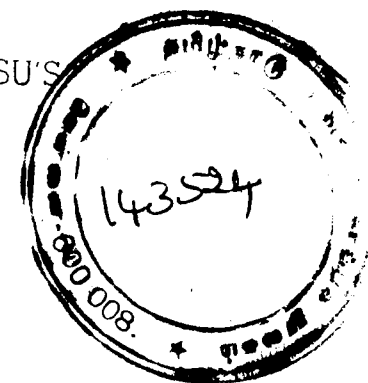
Songs:
Papanasam Sivan.



World Rights controlled by CHANDRALEKHA FILMS, MADURA



of hard toil. No wonder he
looks so jaded. He will be his
usual self soon. Look! There
comes the refreshing cup!
He knows it is NARASU'S
and NARASU'S never fails to
refresh.



Narasu's

THE BEST THAT INDIA PRODUCES

IN 2

BALAN

COVER PAGE PRINTED BY DEVI PRESS LTD., MADRAS.

LAXMI BRAND

"ZAMA OIL"

for
COLD, COUGH, HEADACHE, INFLUENZA,
HAY FEVER

•

SOLD EVERYWHERE
or
FROM

AMARCHAND SOBACHAND

LEADING CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS
95, NYNEAPPA NAICK STREET,
P.T., MADRAS.

USE

SHARKOLINE

FOR
ECZEMA & ALL SKIN DISEASES, WOUNDS
SORES, ULCERS, BLACK-HEADS
AND BLEEDING PILES



EXTERNAL
USE ONLY

3 OR 4 APPLICATIONS
WILL PROVE ITS
EFFICACY

JAMBU & CO. MADRAS

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE.

A BOON TO ALL THE FAMILIES FOR
COMING SUMMER

For Good Flavour
"RED STAR"
ESSENCES

★

For Refreshing Drink
PLANTERS
TEA

★

For clean bath
ROSHAN SOAPS
TOILET & CARBOLIC

★

Sole Agent :
R. N. RAJAN, 43, Bunder St., MADRAS.

For



GLASSES

FINE & BEST

↓

WRITE TO:

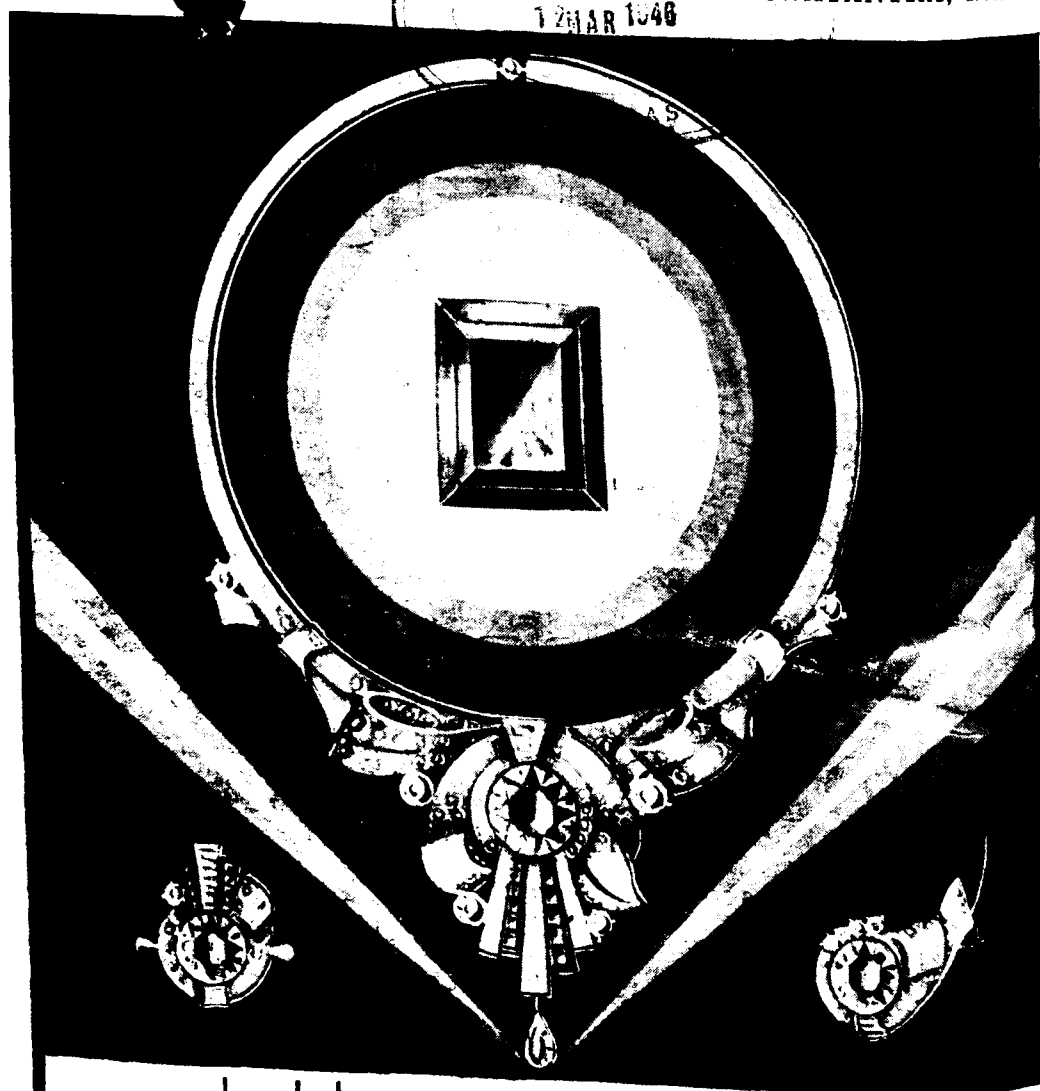
RADHA BROTHERS,

OPHTHALMIC OPTICIANS.
174, Broadway. — MADRAS.

Registered No. M. 4714

SWATANTRA, Madra

12 MAR 1948



Created by

I would be able to testify to your work having
always been careful, straight-forward, artistic and
most satisfying.

V. V. SRINIVASA IYENGAR, B.A., B.L.

SURAJMAL'S

313, ESPLANADE,

Jeweller

MADRAS

Printed by T. Thanikachalam at the South India Printing Works, 13, Narasingapuram Street
and Published by V. KALIDAS at 12, Thambu Chetti Street, Madras MS. 481.