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ABRIDGED BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31st DECEMBER 1945 (Subject to Audit)

LIABILITIES		ASSETS	
	Rs. As. Ps.		Rs. As. Ps.
Capital Paid-up	12,99,940 0 0	Cash on Hand & at Banks	52,23,422 3 8
Reserves	1,60,000 0 0	Investment in Government Securities, etc.	65,73,409 0 9
Deposits	1,91,58,085 4 8	Staff Security Deposits invested in a Scheduled Bank	9,600 0 0
Bills Payable	4,25,096 7 10	Loans & Advances & Bills purchased	1,00,76,808 15 6
Sundry Liabilities	1,83,085 10 0	Stamps, Stationery & Library	29,170 6 4
Branch Adjustment A/c	6,03,375 13 11	Furniture & Fittings	83,378 11 0
Bills for Collection	16,76,511 9 6	Bills for collection (as per contra)	16,76,511 9 6
PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT:		Accrued Interest on Investments	59,179 5 4
Brought forward	373 15 10		
Profit for the year	2,74,986 9 4		
	2,75,360 9 2		
Less appropriation as per Balance Sheet 30-6-45	49,975 3 9		
	2,25,385 5 5		
		Total	2,37,31,480 3 4

K. VARNASY M.A., B.Com., LL.B., C.A.I.I.B.,
General Manager.

SWATANTRA

ENGLISH WEEKLY ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

"SWATANTRA"

THE dual function of the Press is well known, accurately to reflect public opinion from time to time as well as to help in shaping that opinion in the public interest. When, as in the old days, the State derived power not from the people but from the army or the landed aristocracy or traced it to divine right, it was necessary for good government to have a powerful link in the chain between State authority and the commonweal in the shape of a fearless Press. The king and his agents had to be told what the people thought and the Press fulfilled an essential purpose. In modern times, when democratic institutions have replaced the earlier sources of State authority and public opinion is itself the passage to authority, this function that fell on the Press has dwindled in importance. Public opinion is fairly accurately reflected in the elections and they occur often enough to record every change. The machinery of administration in democratically governed countries is itself such that generally there is no difficulty for the administrators to understand how the public feels on any important matter without depending on the Press.

The guidance of public opinion has in modern times become the more important of the two duties. In democracy mass opinion rules, and the quality of the Government depends on the quality of mass opinion. It therefore becomes very important that popular opinion should be guided properly. There is no machinery so apt for this purpose as a free Press. Thus in

modern times in democratically governed countries the quality of the Press largely decides the quality of the administration.

While it is true, as above set out, that a free Press is a necessary organ of government of the people by the people for the people, a new danger has automatically come into being alongside of its importance. The Press tends in strong democracies to merge itself in the governing power. The governing power, instead of absorbing what the Press says, absorbs the Press itself, which functions more for indoctrination than for education in the true sense of enlarging and releasing the reasoning faculty for correct judgment in human affairs.

Some may say that the distinction between indoctrination and education is very thin. On the contrary there is a very real and vital difference between the two, which is as great as between discipline and tyranny or between liberty and licence. Education helps men to reach truth whereas indoctrination chains men's minds and leads them to what has been fixed for them as the goal by the power that for the time being controls the State. Where the Press is not free and fearless it does not function for the commonweal. Instead of educating the people, it works as a tool of the installed Government in the process of indoctrination. In the beginning this is done with a sense of perfect righteousness, for conviction coincides with command; but soon the devotion to reason and truth gets subordinated to expediency.

It is possible for a journal to confine itself to the scrupulous performance of the duty of giving accurate information and reflecting public opinion and to leave the more important duty of modern times of educating the mind of the masses wholly unattended to. It is right that an honest journal should refrain from partisanship but it should not refrain from the risks involved in the fulfilment of the duty of teacher that in democratically ruled countries devolves on the Press. Mass feeling has sovereign power in democracies. The Press has to deal with a pupil who is all-powerful. The task of educating a pupil with sovereign power is no doubt a dangerous business. The teacher that engages himself in teaching the masses to be just and upright may be destroyed by the irate pupil as happened in the case of Socrates. But the rule of safety first must not be interpreted to exclude essential duties. A journal has no right to exist if it does not seek to educate.

Loyalty to ends must not result in suppression of criticism of means employed. Organisational discipline may be necessary but it should not entangle the Press in such a way as to interfere with or reduce its fullest liberty. The Press would be guilty of dereliction of duty if it failed to reason or to criticise the means employed to reach the agreed goal. Whoever may fear to express his true opinion about anything done lest he should be deemed guilty of disloyalty, the Press should not do it. It should step in where others fear to tread and should examine and criticise courageously and guide wisely. A free Press is an essential wheel in the machinery of democracy. Without it progress would be ruled out and democracy degenerate into intimidation. The terror that suppresses people in the name of democracy has not the background of tradition-training and culture which relieved the reign of oligarchies and tyrants in the old days.

It may be thought that what has been so elaborately discussed above has no great relevancy in Indian

national life because there is here as yet no democracy that governs. The Indian national movement has become strong and reached a stage when the things that apply to a democratic State apply to the movement itself. The strength of the National Congress is so great that as a result it has been deprived of the benefit of friendly criticism. The national Press suffers from a tendency to serve as, if it has not already become, an organ of indoctrination rather than as a free Press. Public criticism is looked upon as disloyalty to the national movement.

The enhanced circulation of journals has resulted in increased capital expenditure and the risk of losses involved in a conflict or even a misunderstanding with the National Congress is not one which those who have invested large capital can be expected to take. A journal with comparatively limited capital can afford to be free where what may be called a powerful newspaper with huge capital and expenditure may not afford it.

To refrain from honest criticism of means employed is disservice to the cause. A fearless critic is a friend. A journal that prefers to flatter or be silent for safety's sake is by no means a friend. Swatantra is, indeed, larger than Swaraj and should permeate all life and govern means as well as ends. This journal proposes to be true to the name it has ventured to give to itself. It will support as well as subject to criticism whatever is of importance in public life and attempt to guide popular opinion, and not content itself by merely reflecting it as it stands at any given moment.

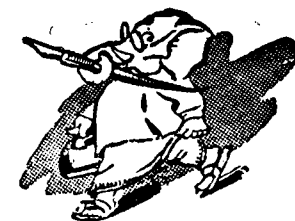
The problem of Swaraj has two aspects, the problem of attaining it and that of how we shall organise and shape life under it. The former, despite all the difficulties, is a certainty and a fairly near one in point of time. It is the latter aspect that now requires the greatest attention and wise preparation. Without adequate plans for ordering national life we shall have nothing

under Swaraj that will bring happiness to the people or relieve their suffering. The days are gone when life could be allowed to take care of itself and the joy of political emancipation might by itself satisfy the soul. On how we shall organise for the production and distribution of food and clothing on an adequate scale and according to a territorially well-ordered scheme, depends the essential foundation for national happiness. On how, after allotting the manpower that this

requires, we shall utilise the surplus available, depends the prosperity and the joy that free India will have in the times to come. The sooner we realise that unregulated private competition and the motive of personal profit have ceased to be of any value for happiness, the better it is for us all. Upon the task of organising and utilising the total work capacity available in the country depends our happiness. We should immediately bestow our thoughts and our anxieties on that task.

Sotto Voce

A Votive Cocoanut



You will no doubt glance down testily at the foot of the column, anything but gentle reader, teased by the rubric at the top of what threatens to be a weekly infliction. And I shall marvel if your puzzlement does not deepen into disgust. For in the current twilight of the gods none seems to have suffered more damage than the prime favourite of our (first decade of the century) youth. But I invoke that liberty of opinion which is the only god that adventurous youth to-day acknowledges for leave to pay my devoirs in my old-fashioned way to the crusty conqueror of obstacles. May Vinayaka save you—and me—from boredom!

Vinayaka is not only the patron saint of the tribe of scribblers. He is the friend of all who "have a hunch." Not for him the winding, dusty road of Reason. When his hot-headed younger brother spurred his pretty flustered bird to the longest race on record, how neatly, how elegantly as the mathematicians say, our Ganesa circumambulating Ganapathy is, to put it mildly, speculated the universe in a trice! That was a walk-over, if you like. And

liar in his tastes. Now, this celibacy stunt, for instance. Was that not calculated to rub the entire pantheon of thirty-three crores of much married gods the wrong way? But the immortals are a wily lot and they have ordained that every bachelor shall pray to the apotheosis of single-blessedness to be saved from a like fate!

He takes it all in good part. He is imperturbable. He pricks the bubble of convention with that sharp projecting tooth. His proboscis is a perpetual question mark. "Well, foolish mortal, now that you have had your fill of boons, are you satisfied?", he seems to ask. No wonder that those who believe in progress as a perpetual spiral and preach the gospel of More Wants and More Ads, are chary of wasting their cocoanuts on so disconcerting a deity.

He is something of a humorist, too. That rather vain-glorious boast of Falstaff's, "I am not only the cause of wit but the cause that wit is in others," would not be an inappropriate device on his banner. Be it his generous paunch or his squeaky

mount, his odd assortment of implements or that probe of ignorance, the sinuous curved snout, he spills merriment all over. While you would like to think he is laughing at himself, all the time you have an uneasy feeling that he may be really laughing at you. He seems to shake his sides with laughter in that eerie silent way of his.

Meredith knew Vigneswara. Only, like the smug Victorian that he was, he spoke of him in the abstract. He called him the Comic Spirit, who takes his pleasure with men by laughing at them and keeps them sane! "Whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, bombastical, hypocritical, pedantic, fantastically delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived or hoodwinked, given to run riot in idolatries, drifting into vanities, congregating in absurdities, planning shortsightedly, plotting demotedly; whenever they are at variance with their professions, and

violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually or in the bulk, the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light on them followed by volleys of silvery laughter."

Next only to 'modakam,' 'iddaly' is Ganapathy's favourite dish. And here comes the Pudukottah Durbar banning iddalties and the like, and that enlightened example may soon be followed elsewhere. Rationing and the R. P. A. seem to be near allied. Short commons for the temple gods, Barmecide feasts for the Brahmanas on shraddha days, a rod in pickle for the pilgrim who dares to use the railway—but that is another story. So I must needs content myself with a votive cocoanut, costly but unrationed yet, to.

VIGNESWARA.

CHURCHILLIAN GIBBONESE

The Week reports a characteristic story of Mr. Churchill's attitude, when Premier, to the European situation. It happened on the occasion of his notorious visit to Athens.

Arriving at the airport, Mr. Churchill was met by General Scobie, to whom the Premier remarked:—

"Tell me something about this Archimandrite. Is he a mediaeval prelate, more interested in the combinations of temporal power than in the hope of eternity?"

General Scobie recovering from the first shock of this typically Churchillian piece of Wardour Street Gibbonese replied:—

"I very much regret to inform you, Sir, that so far as our experience and information go, that is only too accurate a description of the character and aims of the Archimandrite."

"Then he's our man", replied Mr. Churchill with enthusiasm.

SIDELIGHTS ::

All despotism is bad; but the worst is that which works with the machinery of freedom.—Junius.

The machinery of freedom is in the modern age reared on elections. In the simplest terms, what happens in an election is that the people choose by means of voting certain persons to deputise for them in the legislature, and through the legislature, in the Government. Many candidates come, but only some are chosen. The availability of the many is a condition that makes for wide choice. It conduces to quality in the representatives eventually elected. It follows that any restriction imposed on the availability of candidates amounts to tampering with the freedom and integrity of the elections.

Organised political parties do just this sort of tampering. Candidates for election are by them subjected to a sort of filtering. The intention is that, instead of all and sundry going to the polls creating confusion in voters' minds, the less competent should be excluded and the best available put forward with the imprimatur of the party concerned. If, in this exclusion, the better get worsted in order that their inferiors might have a chance, it is the people that get cheated by having to content themselves with representatives of defective calibre when they could have had more worthy ones.

The most ideal election that ever took place in India was probably the one in which Bhagawandas contested a seat for the Central Assembly from a U.P. constituency. He refused to canvass. He said the beneficiaries in an election should be the people and not the candidates. It was for the people to make a free choice of whomsoever they preferred without being subjected to coercive personal pressure of any kind. So he just publicised the things he stood for and

left it there. Bhagawandas was elected with a thumping majority.

The indignation that is sometimes hurled against candidates of other parties for having dared to come in at all for election, by leaders of powerful and influential parties like the Congress and the Muslim League, is scarcely in accord with a right and proper conception of electoral freedom. Contesting an election is a right of citizenship. Going to the people for authority is just what it means. How can any one party insist that only its nominees and none others should exercise this right and go to the people, confounding competition with hostility? Critics that indulge in election propaganda classing Communists as anti-Congress miss the central secret of life's ordination, which lies in the surge of emulation, of dissent for the sake of advancing quicker, from the very heart of every kind of co-operative effort. If it is just the Congress only that is properly entitled to send deputies to the legislature, and resentment is to be poured on other parties aspiring for a like privilege, then the Congress should plainly stand out for the outright abolition of the whole modern machinery of election as entailing an unwarranted interference with a sacred prerogative of its own.

Congress leaders hereabouts can certainly not be complimented on their manner of choosing candidates. The system of insisting on applications is alright if the elections are to be narrowed down into exclusively a candidates' business. Just as, for example, it is the applicants' business to take their own measures to get appointed to an advertised job. But if it is the interest of the people that is to be deemed as being really at stake, then the obviously correct procedure is to go out in quest of merit, application or no application. The

extraction of a hundred rupee fee with each application (on no account to be refunded, as very firmly proclaimed by the Congress office-bearers) is worthy not of the Congress, but of a Shylock of the fiercest passion for mulcting others' money and property in exchange for nothing in particular. Let alone this poor country, anywhere in the world, according to any standard of computation of wages for services rendered, the hundred rupee fee levied on would-be Congress candidates represents a record in exaction before which well-known abuses in the Congress repertory of agitation pale into insignificance.

Nor is it necessary for all the members of the parliamentary boards to go about peregrinating from district to district in a body to pick and choose candidates. Is it to foot the bill of these tours that the hundred rupee application fees were collected, in not a few cases from extremely poor contributors driven to debt or parasiticism by the levy? If Congress leadership has not succeeded in some two decades and more of political experience in arriving at intelligent judgments on the persons available for parliamentary work in the various localities, what chance have they of any better result now in the heat and confusion of the jealous pleadings of rival claimants in a hectic tour conducted in a hurry?

It was a very sensible suggestion that Sri Konda-Venkatappiah made that intending candidates should gracefully stand out of the parliamentary board. But the clingers only clung to their seats the more tenaciously. Everywhere I find grave discontent with the doings of these dispensers of Congress tickets. There is scarcely any pretence now-a-days of assessment of worth in relation to the work to be done, nor of any concern over such things as programmes and policy to be adopted by way of parliamentary activity. The selection boards are in-

festated with anxious anglers for ministerships. Would this one support me? Is the other one 'safe'? Is he not 'dangerous'? Unreliable? Can he be trusted to be 'grateful' and 'loyal' at the supreme moment?—these according to all accounts, are the prime considerations that have found secure lodgement in the brains and consciences of most provincial custodians of Congress election affairs.

Degenerates from inside the Congress, guilefully seeking to cover their traces with wild talk and pseudo-revolutionary tirades against alleged enemies of the country in other political camps, such as the Communists, are now the worst of the saboteurs of Congress influence, and their follies are fast eating into the piled up credit of the Congress gathered through years of stress at great cost to many martyrs. Violent, disastrous and far-flung have been the effects of the vulgar amalgam of Gandhism and anti-Communism fashioned with specious logic by certain high ranking luminaries of the Congress hierarchy. The burning of the People's Age Press in Bombay is a measure of the mischief of their preachings. Journalism being a sort of religion in addition to being a profession, the hearts of journalists everywhere will bleed for the mishap that has befallen, at the hands of hooligans, one of the most ably conducted journals in the whole country. News of this vandalistic exploit somehow recalled to my mind two remarkable passages:

One is from Bernard Shaw: "A scoundrel is a person who pursues his or her own personal gratification without regard to the feelings and interests of others."

The other is from Massingham: "He who sows seed in the minds of men must have the eye of a hawk to see where it falls, and the vision of a god to discern whether its fruit be good or evil."—SAKA.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION

Ten plain Britons—simple and true—
Including two lords and a lady—
Are just now rushing our country through
In search of spots which are shady!

From the silence of Professor Richards
I cannot guess under which heads
He will crystallise his views
For Parliament's use or misuse!
Such is the delegation's leader
Who doesn't intrigue the reader!

The politics of the Earl of Munster
Are those of an aristocratic youngster;
But I can't vouch if, as a punster,
He's felicitous at sun-set or sun-stir!

As trade-union man Mr. Bottomley
Must, for years, have wrought humbly:
His present trip he may have reason to thank
As likely to lead him to cabinet rank!

Mr. Nicholson
Rather tickles one
By his smug assurance
That some people must always be in durance.
He's proud of th' imperial ramp
Which cribs us in a concentration camp!

I must conclude with the Secretary of the delegation
Patient, tactful Mr. Boyd—
Before the mission suffers relegation
And its labours declared void!

Little do I know of Brigadier Low;
Had I gathered more, I'd give it galore!

I find that Mrs. Muriel Nichol
Is nice and pleasant—not mercurial or fickle!
Although she champions the cause of her sex,
Her views are such as none can vex!

It's possible briefly to dispose of Lord Chorley
By saying that he has yet to emulate Lord Morley!

The Welshman Mr. Hopkin Morris
Is of course not one of the Tories
Though his mother-tongue is said to be akin to Tamil
I think it more bumpy than the back of a camel!

Major Wyatt
Has not been quiet;
He's zealous to fiat
The cause of th' Indian ryot!

All of us know Mr. Sorensen
As India's devoted (if foreign) son!

SWATANTRA

Interviews

SORENSEN

A great reputation as a friend of India in Parliament had preceded Mr. Reginald Sorensen's arrival as a member of the British Parliamentary Delegation. During his stay, the social side of the man stood revealed to admiring individuals and multitudes. He carries his years lightly, with a dash of youth which age has done nothing to spoil, only it has turned it to extra affability.

The editor of *Swatantra* had an interview with Mr. Sorensen to obtain clarification over important issues relevant to the present context of the Parliamentary Delegation's mission in India. Mr. Sorensen and his brother-parliamentarians had had a hectic tour. Conflicting viewpoints had been continually thrown at them in the course of their journeyings. Out of all this maze of cross purposes and contradictory importunities, what insight could he have gained of the real problem of India?

Missionary Manner

Confronted outright with this question, Mr. Sorensen seemed to apply his mind to it with a way of his own of half closing the eyes. Indian mystics going into meditation congregationally have this habit. But whereas they make an impression of cultivated repose falling off into Nirvana, the appearance Mr. Sorensen presented was the very reverse of repose. It was one of detachment combined with alertness. The exercise involved may be described as conscientious concentration. The effect produced on the onlooker is one of earnestness, sincerity and a certain immersion in introspective exertion akin to spirituality.

Mr. Sorensen said, "My experience here confirms my convictions about India. The political issue of independence is doubtless of supreme importance, but it is linked up

Congress-League Unity Need Stressed

inextricably with other issues of no less importance that are social and economic in their nature. I believe that if the political issue is satisfactorily solved, solutions for the other issues will follow inevitably at an early date."

Here the discussion branched off into the Indo-British problem.

Freedom Essential

Mr. Sorensen had no doubts at all on this aspect of the subject. "There are" he said, "two parties, one that has dominated and has enjoyed the power of domination, and the other that through growing national strength and desire for freedom is striving to cast off this domination. The clash of these two opposing wills makes up the substance of Indo-British antagonism. I believe the two wills can be reconciled and each party can be made to respect and help the development of the other."

"But", added Mr. Sorensen, warming up to the theme, "independence for India is the pre-requisite to any true co-operation and friendship between the two countries. Except on a basis of freedom, the Indo-British problem can never be satisfactorily settled."

Questioned on how he envisaged the difficulties to be overcome, Mr. Sorensen reduced them to two; one, the need for greater clarity in political judgment and social and economic objectives; secondly, the need for thorough honesty in implementing the results of that clarity.

Hindu-Muslim Question

"There is need for a more earnest approach of the Congress and the Muslim League to each other," observed Mr. Sorensen. "The other alternative of one overthrowing the other would mean inconclusive drift. The antithesis between the two can be resolved by other courses,

and definite steps can be taken to lessen the tension between them."

Mr. Sorensen declined however to be drawn into any clearer or positive description as to what these "courses" and "steps" were, saying it was for Indian leaders to decide them. He is of the view that the general level of political leadership in India is quite as high as elsewhere, "though some aspects characteristic of Indian life are difficult for a westerner to understand because they do not belong to his own inheritance."

Gandhi, Jinnah, C. R.

Of Mahatma Gandhi, his opinion is that "he holds a position all his own, which is not that of a politician or even a statesman, but of a world figure inspiring millions to build a new and sounder civilization."

Mr. Jinnah he holds to be "very sincere, a man of integrity, and one into whose soul deep convictions have burnt themselves unalterably."

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari is described by Mr. Sorensen as "a man of striking analytical capacity, incisive and clear judgment and unique courage of conviction." The quality of his rational approach in respect of every problem dealt with by him would seem to have made a profound impression on the entire Delegation.

The talk then turned on the procedure the Delegation would be adopting to bring their mission to proper fulfilment. Mr. Sorensen declared that there would be a preliminary discussion in the last week of the Delegation's stay in India, and the conclusions reached there would be placed before Mr. Attlee and Lord Pethick-Lawrence in the form of recommendations.

Having regard to the nature of the personnel, Mr. Sorensen did not expect unanimity on the part of the Delegation in all respects. But he counted on achieving it in, at any rate, some respects—enough to ensure reasonable hopes of success to the mission of the Delegation.

Communists

Mr. Sorensen had high praise for Indian Communists. "I appreciate



Khasa Subba Rau interviewing Sorensen.

and admire their zeal", he said. "Their devotion to national service cannot be impugned. I may not endorse their technique, but it cannot be gainsaid that among the elements in India's public life they represent a very important and progressive force."

Indian Press

Mr. Sorensen complimented the Indian Press warmly. Despite disabilities of a technical and political description, it has reached, in his view, a very high level. In England, he said different types of journals catered to different mentalities and interests, the periodical Press building great circulations for itself with consummate combination of features serving to recreate as well as to educate. Whatever might be the position in India, the notion that the periodical Press is more independent than the daily newspaper Press did not, he said, hold good in England, as a good many periodicals there were parts of the daily editions of newspapers and were no less subject to the control of big financiers.

The interview ended with cordial greetings to *Swatantra* from Mr. Sorensen.

This veteran parliamentarian stands out as a figure of gallant invincible faith in the triumphant march of freedom against all the aggressions infecting the world today.

THE PETHICK-LAWRENCES

A COMBINATION OF PRACTICAL IDEALISTS
MOST DANGEROUS TO VESTED INTERESTS

By James Cousins.

It was said in the hey-day of psycho-analysis that a man who had had a queer dream sent an account of it to an analyst and received so preposterous an interpretation of it that he sent it to a second analyst. The second interpretation was different but equally preposterous. This drove him to the highest authorities for a final interpretation. He sent the dream to Freud and Jung. Then he had four, all different and all impossible.

Frederick William Baron Pethick-Lawrence, who in the Pethick brought a woman's name into the Peerage of Britain, and brought it not merely as the Lady of a Lord but as an integral part of himself, is no dream. He is not even a dreamer in the general use of that term, as he sees the world largely in columns and figures. But if one asked the leaders of four different schools of political thought for an interpretation of him, one would have four different ones to ponder over.

But a fifth interpretation is available; and it may, some time hence, be evaluated as the nearest expression of human reality because it has the one essential pretension to truth of interpretation, that is, a prejudice in favour of the subject based on long and intimate knowledge. This interpretation will be found in the autobiography of Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence, "My Part in a Changing World," published in 1938, three years before another autobiography, "Fate has been Kind" by F. W. Pethick-Lawrence (1943), and five years before the latter attained the eminence of the Secretaryship of State for India, a country containing ten times the population of Great Britain.



James Cousins.

The dedication of Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence's autobiography, printed first but written last, not a pious hope, but a fulfilment, gives the essence of a lifetime's evaluation of a character in what one of her collaborators in the fiery struggle for women's enfranchisement in England and Ireland, Margaret Cousins, referred to as the most difficult co-operative society in the world, the society of a man and a woman. "To the Right Honourable Frederick William Pethick-Lawrence my husband and in the many changes of life my unchanging comrade and my best friend."

Read with understanding, this tribute of a wife to a husband after thirty-seven years of intimate life (they were married on October 2, 1901) is a mirror held up to a character marked by stability and constancy, and by nobility and purity that carried him beyond the "familiarity that breeds contempt" because it concerns itself with the sensuous transiencies of external life, to the familiarity of spirit and mind that engenders and preserves reverence and unwithering freshness, and exalts life from mere passionate attachment to unbreakable friendship.

His own dedication to his autobiography, "To my wife by whose constant inspiration my life has been enriched," gives a clue to the nature of the comradeship of the Pethick-Lawrences. The term inspiration has no relationship to the frenzy that usually goes by the name in the heated imagination and vocabulary of male adolescence. Its quality is clearly expressed in his summation at the end of "Fate has been Kind" of the influences that stimulated him in his career, one in



The Pethick-Lawrences.

breaking the barriers of class, one in personal idealism, one in the revelation of the potentialities of free womanhood, and "above all . . . my wife who has opened for me the windows of the spirit, and has let in the light and air of the greater life to quicken and refresh my being."

We can see the oscillation of idealism from spirit to spirit in passages from each of these priceless records of unity in duality. Telling of their wedding breakfast, Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence writes: ". . . all our guests were treated alike on our wedding day" (and they were from all ranks of society, from workhouse inmates to a future Prime Minister); "and if ever our ultimate dream comes true, the whole human family will inherit the gifts of the earth, on equal terms, and will realise the dignity that is due to every individual by reason not of social rank and position, but because all are of one kindred and are animated by one life." In the preface to his autobiography Mr. Pethick-Lawrence says: "What is it that is demanded? The recognition of the underlying equality of status of every member of the human race—man and woman, high-born and low-born, white and coloured, old and young. Essential to this equality is freedom for all to take part in useful activity and to enjoy its common fruits. That means a full life for every human inhabitant of the planet."

There is something more than an interchange of personal conviction

in this. There is the implication of fundamental change in the structure and intention of human relationships the world over. This to the Pethick-Lawrences, was not a theory but a mission. They suffered imprisonment and forcible feeding for their advocacy of the enfranchisement of women a generation ago. Their first meeting, as told by Lady Pethick-Lawrence (to entitle one to whom titles are of little value save as means to human service) was not in the artificial atmosphere of conventional marriage-making, but in strenuous work for social reform. An entertainment by the dramatic society run by her and a friend, Mary Neal, was superintended by an eleventh hour substitute for the intended chairman. She had never met him before. He was Fred Lawrence who as she writes in her autobiography "after a brilliant career at Cambridge . . . had settled down . . . to study social conditions at first hand. He was reading for the bar and at the same time was acting as 'Poor Man's Lawyer' at the Settlement, which means that he was ready, free of charge, to give advice and counsel on legal matters to all."

But there was something more than the antiseptic of seriousness in the character of Fred Lawrence. There was an alertness and readiness of resource that came out in two instances at that momentous meeting. Something went wrong with the curtains (how typical of amateur dramatics everywhere!), and Fred Lawrence at once posted himself at one side of the stage and

Miss Pethick at the other, and at the required moment they ran across to one another and closed them and smiled. An actress could not find the upper part of her costume as a beggar. "Fred Lawrence took off his own coat, turned the sleeves inside out, and offered it as a substitute, while he stood during the rest of the play in his shirt sleeves." He escorted her and Mary Neal to the station. In the carriage Mary Neal said, "Emmeline, I feel that you are going to marry that man." She, being Irish by extraction, was a prophetess. Miss Pethick was "rather shocked at this remark," as such subjects had been taboo in their service to working women. Fred Lawrence was not a bit shocked, "but inwardly I found that something unaccountable had happened to me. It was love at first sight! From that moment everything seemed changed." Soon he proposed marriage. But "everything did not proceed quite so simply as an ingenuous young man had pictured to himself. Emmeline Pethick, as all the world was to come to know later, was a woman of deep spiritual feeling. She had dedicated her life to social service; and, while she had no prejudice against marriage, she saw with unerring judgment that neither she nor her mate could ever be really happy if the yoke by which they were united chafed in such a way as to prevent fulfilment of the complete personality of either." The yoke did not chafe. The personalities were fulfilled.

Add to this a love of fun and a sense of wit unknown to the dull echoes who referred to him in the first weeks of his regime at the India Office as "Pathetic-Lawrence," and you have a mental picture of the man in whose hands so much of the shaping of India's future lies. On the platform of Detroit station,

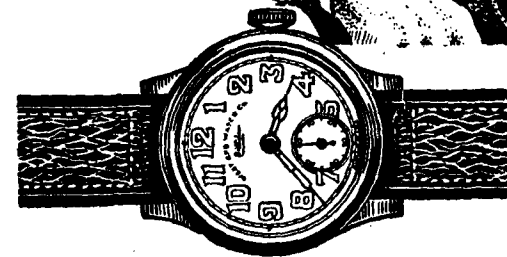
on a visit to the United States with the Interparliamentary Union, he demonstrated the newly learned tango by dancing it the length of the platform with the wife of another delegate. At the banquet to the delegates on the evening of their arrival in New York from England, he commenced his speech (it was in the days of prohibition) with the statement, that set the banqueters laughing heartily, that it was "our first meal on dry land."

Seriousness leavened by humour; mental clarity that reduces matters to their essence without excess or embroidery (his reply to my congratulations on being elevated to the India Office consisted of two short sentences: "It is a tough proposition. I can only do my best"); devotion to not merely the proclamation of an ideal but work for its fulfilment in action without thought of personal reactions; a sweetening of the bitternesses of life with the eternal verities of nature that could make him write of his release from prison thus: "Through the prison gates we passed, and I was once more in the outside world—and free. It was a lovely June evening. As I drove up the long hill from Dorking to Holmwood I saw the last of the wild roses on the roadside still in bloom"; these and other fine qualities are to India full of hope for the future. The Pethick-Lawrences belong to the not yet large band of practical idealists, the most dangerous combination to vested interests that Providence occasionally sends into the world (to paraphrase and amplify an old remembered saying of Dean Inge), and more than doubly dangerous to selfishness, reaction and obscurantism in being embodied as two in one, the political mystic who pioneered the freedom of women, and the mystical politician who (let us pray) will lead in the freedom of India.

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A Short Story by
C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Ardhanari was a Harijan (Mahatma Gandhi's name for untouchable) boy of the village of Kokkalai in Salem district. He went to Delhi with Sri Malkani who was Secretary to the Harijan Sevak Sangh (society for the service of the untouchables). He had come there from South India. He was very much pleased with this boy when he first saw him in Salem and took him to Delhi along with him. There he put him in a school and took very kind care of him. Then he spoke to a well-known firm of traders in Delhi and got him a place on sixty rupees a month in their office. As he was honest, diligent and also good-looking, this pay soon rose to one hundred and fifty rupees per month before he was hardly twenty-four years old. When, after some time, a place in a big mill of the same firm in Bangalore fell vacant, they sent Ardhanari to it on a salary of two hundred rupees a month.

After going to Bangalore, Ardhanari spent two happy years. The officer just above him was Govinda Rao. He and Ardhanari were of about the same age. As he liked Ardhanari's disposition and manners, they became close friends. Govinda Rao had a sister called Pankajam. Brother and sister loved each other dearly. Their parents had died when she was just ten years old. Pankajam was now twenty. She was not yet married. She became acquainted with Ardhanari by conversing with him both when her brother visited him with her and when he came to see her brother. When Govinda Rao found that their friendship increased with these meetings, he was glad. He often thought, "Why should not these two marry each other and live here happily?"

II

One day Govinda Rao asked his sister, "Pankajam, have you ever thought about your own marriage?" "I have no objection to marry" said Pankajam. "Then, what about marrying our Ardhanari?" Pankajam did not show any resentment at this question. But she did not reply and evaded the question by talking about something

else. After some weeks, this question was again put by him incidentally.

"Why, Gopu, are you tired of me already? Do I appear a burden to you?" she said at first and laughed. Then she began to cry.

"Foolish girl, don't talk of your becoming a burden or of my getting tired of you. You are after all going to marry someone. Tell me if you do not like to marry. That also will please me, because, I can have you always with me", he said and wiped her eyes. He again said, "Mother is dead. Who else but me is there, to question you and learn how you feel about it?"

"If it has to be done, I shall do it. But what do you want me to do now?" said Pankajam.

"You two like each other. We have left off caring for caste and descent. Why should you not marry Ardhanari?" he asked.

"What has that to do with caste? But we do not yet know his wish" said Pankajam.

"Do not worry about that. He must think himself blessed if he can get one like you for wife" said Govinda Rao. He was of opinion that there was none to compare with his sister in the whole world.

When Ardhanari was informed of this matter his joy knew no bounds. But after a moment his face fell. "How is this possible, Govinda Rao?" he said.

"Why, what is the trouble?" asked Govinda Rao.

"What is my caste? What is yours?" said Ardhanari.

Govinda Rao asked, "Why should we talk of caste?" and laughed. "What is a Mudaliar? What is a Brahmin? We have stopped thinking about such things long ago. If you like each other and decide once for all, we need not worry about caste".

"I belong to Coimbatore district. I am a Saiva Mudaliar". That was what Ardhanari had been telling them all along. Having told so at first on some occasion out of pride, he was unable to

recall it afterwards. He was ashamed to own the truth about his origin. At Delhi some knew his past history but in Bangalore none knew his antecedents.

"What is Pankajam's wish?" asked Ardhanari.

"Pankajam seems to like you. Her replies to my questions show that she is willing".

"Is it not proper that I should ask her and find out for myself?" said Ardhanari.

"Yes" said Govinda Rao.

Thus the affair was put off. He resolved that he would tell Pankajam the truth, whatever might happen. But he had not the courage to act on it afterwards.

"Why should I go and tell this? If I tell Govinda Rao and Pankajam will both hate me. They say that they do not mind caste distinctions. But if they come to know that I am a pariah, they will never give their consent. Besides, I shall be known to be a liar", he thought within himself.

Next day he again considered the matter, and went to Govinda Rao's house thinking he would tell the truth. But on the way, he again debated within himself, "When we two love each other, what need is there to think of this caste question? Why should we give further scope for this injustice? Who created caste? Is it not a lie? Why should I make much of it and speak to her about it? Why should I speak to her about it and spoil the whole business? They have told me that they do not care about caste. Why should I then refer to it?" He decided to suppress the truth.

"Pankajam, do you really like me? Shall we marry and live together?" he only asked.

"Yes, if you like it?" said Pankajam.

III

Ardhanari's father Muniappan, his brother Rangan and mother Kuppayee all lived in the cheri or pariah quarters of the village Kokkalai. Both when at Delhi and after coming to Bangalore, Ardhanari used to send them twenty rupees every month without fail. They lived very happily on that sum. They did not know what pay their son was getting, but his allowance of twenty rupees seemed to them a great fortune. Unfortunately, Muniappan had the drink habit. When he began to get money regularly every month, his drinking became worse day by day. Rangan did not like this, but he could not prevent it. Rangan was teacher in

a school and was not yet married. His mother used to press him to marry somewhere. He always said "Not now, wait for some time more and put off the proposal".

Ardhanari, after coming to Bangalore, used to visit his father, mother and brother twice every year and go back. When he found his father addicted to drinking, he felt ashamed beyond measure. He could not bear the squalor of the house. He used to remain there only for one or two days and return back as soon as possible.

"We will come with you" his father would say.

"No, indeed. If they see you with me they shall dismiss me" Ardhanari would reply.

"Yes, father, we should not go there" Rangan would say.

As he sent them money for their expenses regularly, they would not argue much more about it. This continued for some time.

Ardhanari thought that he would marry and go away somewhere in the north again.

"Though they are very kind to me, if they knew that I was a pariah, things would certainly go wrong. Even supposing they did not mind it, when they see the life and habits of these people, Pankajam would refuse to even look at me afterwards" Ardhanari would say to himself again and again, and confirm himself more in his falsehood. He decided to marry soon and go away to some place in the north. He wrote several letters to the company he served and requested to be transferred to some mill of theirs in North India.

IV

One day Pankajam quite unexpectedly said, "Ardhanari, I want very much to see your mother. We all have decided that you should take leave for a week and we should all go round and see Coimbatore, Ooty and other places. What do you say?"

Govinda Rao also said, "There is not much business in the office now. The first week of next month will suit us".

Ardhanari's heart beat fast. "Oh yes, we can do that. But I got a letter to-day that there is a severe epidemic of cholera in our village" he said. He told this lie to escape the consequences of the proposal.

Pankajam grew afraid on hearing this and said, "Oh, cholera! Did you not ask your people to move elsewhere? Why not ask them to come over here?"

"I was just thinking of doing it" said Ardhanari.

After three days Ardhanari did get a letter from Rangan:

"Blessings to brother Ardhanari, There is severe cholera here. Many have died. We are also afraid. Father continues as before. He does not at all listen to our advice. The money that you sent this month is all spent. If you can send us thirty rupees we think of locking up the house and going to Salem to stay there till this fear of cholera is over.

Yours affectionately,
Rangan".

On reading the letter, Ardhanari felt surprised and shocked. "What is this? What I have said in deceit has thus turned out to be true. God is trying us, no doubt," said he to himself and remained unable to think of anything. He thought he would send the money next day.

Ardhanari did not get sleep that night.

Bad thoughts, shameful thoughts, kept stirring in his mind. Whenever he thought of his father, he would get disgusted. A hope often arose in his mind that his father would die of cholera and relieve him of all this misery. Next moment, he would censure himself for his thought. He tossed restlessly on his bed all night and in the morning he took a cold bath. The postman brought letters. As he had expected, there was another letter from his village. With trembling hands, he read the letter.

"Father is suffering from cholera. We are greatly afraid. Mariayee must save us! We have not a pie with us.—Rangan".

When he read the letter Ardhanari's face grew dark. He remained seated in his chair for quite a long time. He did not send money that day.

V

The next day also he did not send money.

"How is cholera in your place?" asked Pankajam.

"It continues to be severe" said Ardhanari.

"Is there enough sugar in the coffee?" asked Govinda Rao.

"Oh yes, it is very good" said Ardhanari. When he returned home there was a letter waiting for him.

"Mother is having cholera. You have not sent us money. We are helpless. Come at once.—Rangan".

Ardhanari did not send money that day also. He had turned his heart into stone. "This disgraceful feature of my life will disappear for ever. This release looks like God's boon to me. There is no religion or justice that can supersede his act. Why should I try to circumvent it? If father and mother die, there shall then be nothing left to prevent my marriage with Pankajam."

Suddenly, "Tut! It is a great sin to think like this" someone seemed to reprimand him. When he turned his head he saw Pankajam standing behind him. He was alarmed that his secret was out. Then his mind grew clear again. No one had spoken. It was an illusion of his mind.

"How did you come in without making any sound?" he asked.

Pankajam laughed. "I knocked at the door thrice and then entered. You are worried about something. You did not see me coming" she said.

"I must go to our village. It appears cholera is worse there now. My father and mother are there. I must make some arrangement for them" he said.

"That ought to have been done long before. If you go there now, you ought to be very careful. You should not eat or drink there" she said.

Ardhanari left for Salem the same night. But instead of going straight to Kokkalai, he delayed here and there on the way, and reached it only four days afterwards. His mother had died before that and Rangan also had followed her. Only the drunkard father had escaped somehow and was alive and safe.

"Please take me to Bangalore. What can I do here after this?" he begged Ardhanari. Ardhanari would not hear of it. He was adamant. "I will send you enough money. You must remain here. Do not come with me. I cannot take you" he said. The father entreated him like a helpless child.

"I can't remain here", he sobbed. Ardhanari refused to be moved by this weeping. "How can I give up Pankajam?" he said to himself and did not mind his father's lamentations. Next day he placed a ten-rupee note in his father's hand and left for Salem.

VI

"Alas, what have I done? I have killed my mother and brother. Why did I do this? Is there another villain like me in this world? How can I forsake my father like this? What shall I tell Pankajam?"

Immersed in such thoughts, he kept awake in the train and arrived at Bangalore. He walked, in a dazed manner, the whole way to his house.

After reaching home, he bolted the door and lay down. He did not send word to Govinda Rao or Pankajam about his return; nor did he go to his office.

In the night he took his baggage and again went to the railway station and bought a ticket for Salem.

When he reached Salem, rumour reached him that an Adi-Dravida (untouchable) in Kokkalai village had drowned himself in a well. When he reached Kokkalai he learned that the man who died was his own father.

Someone told him that they were writing a report at the police station on his father's dead body. He did not go there, but he returned to Salem and took train there.

"Pankajam, you must try to forget me" said Ardhanari.

"I shall do that afterwards. Let me know the news at Salem" said Pankajam.

"They are all dead. They are dead because I did not do what I should have done. I have lost all interest in life now. I am going to resign my job and go to my village. Please forget me" he said.

She looked at his face twice or thrice. Then she was alarmed and informed her brother at once.

Ardhanari had fever. At first the doctor said it was typhoid. After several days he said it was brain-fever. He was bed-ridden for many days. Govinda Rao and Pankajam remained at his bed-side without rest and the fever came down after the fourth week.

"There will be no fear hereafter" said the doctor. After some more days he was quite well and sat up in his bed.

"I am a pariah, a sinner. I am the real untouchable, being a liar. I do not want marriage. Please forget me" said Ardhanari.

Pankajam laughed. "What do I care about your caste? Why should we part from each other?" she said trying to soothe him.

Ardhanari did not accept. "You may not mind my caste. I know that. But I am a murderer. I have killed my father and mother" he said and narrated the whole of the dark tale.

When he was quite well, he gave up his office, and went to Kokkalai. He is now the 'Samiar' or ascetic who is conducting the school in the Mariamman temple there.

DOG STRANGLES BOY

A playful dog caused the death of a seven-year-old boy by strangulation at Coggeshall, Essex, reports an English paper.

Harry Cooper Curtis, only child of Mr. E. J. Curtis, a church school headmaster, was playing with the dog in the school playground when the animal pulled his scarf and he fell.

The dog continued to tug at the scarf, and later the boy was found to be strangled.

ECLIPSE OF PUBLIC GOOD BY POLITICAL AMBITION

CONGRESS affairs in Madras are just now in a sorry mess.

Factors of a personal kind have contributed not a little to this result, for all the facade of impersonality built round it.

C. Rajagopalachari's re-entry into the Congress became the signal for a flare-up of political passion not only in Tamil Nadu, but in Andhra as well.

True loyalty to the Congress should have expressed itself in cordial welcome of his re-entry. For, the best institutions can only be made to work for human good if the best people will come out from their retirement and work them. Of C.R.'s qualifications for political work, no sane mind can ever have any doubt. His public record as a politician is clean and noble. His ability is universally recognized. His judgment may not be the same as that of most others on some of the fiercely debated issues of the day, but this very difference emphasises a quality of vision, the gift of seeing a good few steps ahead where others are barely able to look beyond their noses.

So, unless it is contended that a dead uniformity of agreement on all matters is indispensable for Congress membership, C.R.'s re-entry should have been hailed by all lovers of Congress for the strength and wisdom it was bound to bring to its counsels.

That it has not been so hailed is due to the elevation of personal interest above Congress welfare on the part of provincial leaders adorning key positions in the Congress organisation. They allowed their own political ambitions to triumph over both fair-play and public good. A struggle for leadership came to supplant the patrotic conception of concerted effort for common political ends.

AMONG the leading spirits of the anti-C.R. drive in Tamil Nadu were Kamaraj Nadar, President of the P.C.C., M. Bhaktavatsalam and

LEADERS MUST EXTRICATE THEMSELVES FROM SNARES OF INTRIGUERS

BY KHASA SUBBA RAU

C. N. Muthuranga Mudaliar. Of the trio, Kamaraj Nadar is the most respected. Having come up from the ranks, he is regarded as a "workers' man", and with sterling qualities like simplicity and sincerity, he built for himself a considerable influence with Congress-minded people. Recently, however, he rather injured his position by a belated and ill-considered statement in complacent certification of the non-violence of Congress workers, long after hundreds of witnesses had with their own eyes seen the rough handling given to L. N. Gopalaswami at the Tirupparankundram Conference.

The Kamaraj group lacks a personality capable of being presented to the public as suitable for the premiership. Kamaraj himself might have furtively dallied with the idea of making a bid for it himself, and he seems to feel that he has a sufficiency of organisational backing in Tamil Nadu to justify hopes of success. What figure he would cut as a parliamentarian is however a consideration not to be lightly disposed of; it might indeed well daunt the most devoted of his supporters. Also, it happens that there are other Provincial Congress Committees in the area comprised in Madras province. These have their Presidents, too, Prakasam for Andhra, and Madhava Menon for Kerala. Both are superior to Kamaraj in parliamentary experience.

As a competitor to Prakasam, Madhava Menon is scarcely worth considering, but he has the advantage of being attractive to wirepullers planning for power for themselves, who are not altogether happy over Prakasam's fitness for the role of an administrative figurehead. Madhava Menon remains in

the background for the present. Whether he will be limelighted to parliamentary leadership or left where he is, will depend on the results of further efforts for Andhra—Tamil understanding over the sharing of expected political power.

A TEMPORARY complication was introduced by Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya's incursion into provincial politics. This took place in a style of studied non-commitment. It only aggravated the general impression of deft moves behind the scenes. Dr. Pattabhi is reported to have laboured to convince Sardar Vallabhai Patel that Andhra public opinion, as crystallised in Bombay at the time of the A.I.C.C. session last year, was overwhelmingly interested in seeing him installed as Prime Minister. It was even emblazoned on the front page of an Andhra daily run by a well-known devotee of the doctor that the Congress High Command had actually marked him out for being the head of the future Congress Government in Madras. Certain it is that Dr. Pattabhi's position as member of the Central Congress Parliamentary Board, while supposed to be the High Command's nominee for provincial premiership, clothed him with ultimate authority in electioneering matters in a manner wildly disruptive of established loyalties in the sphere of Congress politics in Andhra. One after another of Prakasam's trusted lieutenants wobbled, voted strangely, developed dubious personalities, and conspiratorially grouped themselves into a shadow cabinet round Dr. Pattabhi.

What dispersed them eventually was Dr. Pattabhi's own denial publicly of any intention to stand as a

candidate for election to the legislature. The why and wherefore of so strange and unexpected an anticlimax for such a prodigiously canvassed preliminary campaign, is a study for the psychologist. The responsibility involved in ambition imposes little strain on the dull who can be imperturbable in a crisis and somehow muddle through, but to intelligent men without guts, it might well mean panic just at the moment of the seeming approach of the fruition of the ambition. Prakasam is the darling of Andhra crowds. If Dr. Pattabhi judged it wise, at the final crucial moment, not to incur their wrath with any overt competitive move of an ousting sort against Prakasam, few can blame him.

DR. PATTABHI's exit has thrown some waverers back penitently into renewed loyalty to Prakasam, while others are discreetly marking time to see whether C. R. or Kamaraj would get the better of the other. The recent settlement in the wake of Asaf Ali's visit was generally interpreted as favourable to C. R. even before the Mahatma's eulogy covered him with glory, but the anti-C.R. group do not seem to regard the settlement as final. With greater inter-dependence between Andhra and Tamil anti-C.R. campaigners, old feuds supposed to have been given a quietus publicly, are being fomented, partly through under-ground channels, and partly through manipulated publicity in the obliging columns of an unprincipled section of the Press.

The August movement is by these refashioned into a big stick to beat C. R. with. Till recently, it was their

fashion to demand a gesture of agreement from him with the purport and injunction of the August resolution. It was forgotten that only from men of tame spirit can undertakings be extracted under pressure for the avoidance of difficulties. What is not given freely is not worth asking; and surrender to duress with whatever motive is not a quality of leadership. If courage, valour, heroism and devotion to national service in a spirit of unselfish dedication constitute the true hallmark of the August movement, C.R. exemplifies it more vitally and faithfully than very many innocents driven into it helplessly if not reluctantly as a result of police initiative, now vibrant with heroic poses.

When the C.R. formula became the Gandhi formula, the central purpose of C.R.'s secession from the Congress received the benediction of the Mahatma and thereby the need for any further continuance of the secession was dissolved. The same result was brought about in a different way when the Congress High Command, by mere acceptance of Lord Wavell's conditional invitation to Simla, virtually endorsed every one of the objectives in whose pursuit C. R. left the Congress, namely formation of an interim National Government, acceptance of responsibility for war effort and settlement of Hindu-Muslim disputes on an agreed basis as an essential preliminary to the formation of a National Government. The lead given by C. R. three years earlier was or their release virtually followed by the Congress Working Committee but without acknowledgment of the fact, and in a far from fair mood of cold-shouldering against the original author of the advice.

NO PRIME MINISTER can help making enemies. He has in his gift many favours. The unfavoured are not always protected against relapsing into resentment by a balanced mind. From resentment t

hatred is a short step especially when the angered ones are rich and powerful, more susceptible to self-love than others and so more liable to regard any hurt to it caused by non-compliance with their demands, unforgivingly. Behind all the vociferous anti-C.R. propaganda inscribing on its banners such slogans as Revolution, Congress discipline, August Resolution, 1942, and so-forth, there lies a considerable volume of cold calculated personal illwill, hatred or fear, promoted by the corrupt baulked of their expected loot by the prospect of C.R.'s return to power again, or the disappointed ambitious formerly not favoured by him in his premiership, or now threatened with ruin of their hopes of occupying the position supposed to have been left vacant by him.

THE involvement of leaders of the stamp of Prakasam and Kamraj Nadar in the anti-C. R. campaign is unfortunate. They owe it to their past to extricate themselves from the toils and snares of intriguers and adventurers of altogether inferior outlook and calibre now surrounding them, camouflaging self-seeking under grand colours, and pressing their honoured names, along with patriotism and other sacred things,

into service as an asset of business in ruthless quest of handsome dividends, not of money merely of which they have plenty, but of influence, power, prestige and position, for which their thirst would appear to be unquenchable. Of Prakasam I continue, as I have been for years, a fervent admirer. But just as admiration for one leader need not be canalised into antithetical comment on another posed in competitive relation to him, I feel that the true test of leadership as a source of national power and benefit lies in avoiding exclusive, impoverishing incentives and ensuring the widest possible enlistment of experience, talent and ability for national service.

ANY Government formed in Madras with C. R. excluded would afford as much room for discontent to the people of Tamil Nadu, as one formed without Prakasam would to the people of Andhra. Neither could be strong or complete. The solution lies in patriotic agreement to work together on the part of the two leaders. They have done so before. Why not they do so again? There should be no reluctance, no incompatibility for common labour to achieve national ends anywhere in the Congress, if the true spirit of the great national organisation is to be faithfully translated into action.

C. R. is an old friend of mine. He is a capable statesman and administrator and if I have the Premier-making power, I would straightaway make him Premier of Madras.—Mahatma Gandhi.

ON KEEPING A DIARY

Cleaning out my shelves at the beginning of the new year, I came across a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends which I have preserved for reasons which I either could not recall, or, remembering, could not appreciate in the retrospect. More specifically, I came across a sheaf of diaries of previous years, not one of which I found was kept regularly even for a week. The entries were, like angels' visits, few and far between. They were a sad reminder of an old aspiration which, in my case, has been thwarted with a recurrent fatality. Glancing at some of the entries, I realised their vapidness in addition to their irregularity. That I attended office on some days or suffered from a headache on others, that I spent so much on bus-fare or laid out so much on fruits, or that I recorded my annoyance at the receipt of dunning letters from creditors or importunate relations—in short, summing up the even tenor of a blameless and pointless life—who is the better for them on record, I wonder! And then it struck me that, according to Iago, chronicling such small beer was appropriate and congenial work for paragons of female virtue in their intervals of suckling children!

The habit of keeping diaries or journals is *au fond* but an expression of the gossiping tendency in all of us. It is usually associated with periods of leisure when a living culture begins to petrify into a series of social conventions. It is, therefore, not an accident that the European era of enlightenment should have synchronised with the rage for memoirs, diaries and secret histories, and that France should have set the standard for other countries to follow. To-day we realise the double appeal of such writings—as human documents with a literary flavour and as source-books for the guidance of the historian and social philosopher. A busy doctor of Elizabethan England has been the means of throwing unexpectedly valuable light on the Elizabethan stage, and for bits

of Shakespeareana which could not have been gleaned in any other way. At the other end are the outpourings of Samuel Pepys which combine an unconscious egoism with an unforced picture of contemporary social conditions.

The impulse underlying both kinds of record is, I am inclined to think, as powerful as it is ancient. It is the urge to confession which made Midas' wife dig a hole in the ground, and whisper into it the awful secret that her husband, the king, had the ears of an ass! It accounts for the tremendous vogue of Catholicism which has made confession an integral part of the discipline and dogma of the Faith. Psycho-analysts and criminologists are agreed in holding that a murderer has to succumb sooner or later to the imperious urge to share his knowledge with another. That is why we have the common proverb that murder will out!

Diarists are like poets—they are born, not made. For, in spite of the simplicity of the recipe, how few have made their mark as masters in this field of exertion! Swift sweetened the periods of his exile from his beloved by making up his journal to Stella. Johnson composed those awe-inspiring prayers which indicate an impenetrable religious gloom and a fear of death which endear him to us the more deeply. Neither of them had a perfunctory public in their mind when they understood their peculiar mode of exercising the *tedium vitae*. For that very reason they are cherished the more devotedly by a minority of kindred spirits.

These diaries and journals help us to come to terms with ourselves. Philosophically speaking, all of us live multiple lives for the most part and mercifully oblivious of the fact. But of two of them at least, there can hardly be any dispute. All our fellows have a view of us which they think adequately sums us up for them. But we ourselves imagine that we alone know the truth about us, and that it is our misfortune to go through life more

ned against than sinning. The more egotistic we are, the more firmly are we confirmed in our self-delusion. Diaries by such people will undoubtedly help to correct popular impressions formed from the outside. The diarist, it should be noted, is not actuated by the hope of a remote and contingent rehabilitation; he is simply the victim of an urge which brooks no denial. Hence we have the work of Casanova, or Villon or Rousseau.

Diaries are expressions of the artistic urge in its incipient stage. When it comes to maturity, it gives us the magnificent celebrations and emotional outbursts of an Iago or a Hamlet. What wonderful entries we should have had if these two people had emulated Evelyn or Pepys! But thanks to Shakes-

peare who understood the truth about our multiple lives, we have the most confidential and scarifying entries in the diaries of Macbeth and his consort (I feel they must have kept a common diary!) Richard III, Edmund, Falstaff and Hotspur transmuted into the pure gold of a world of poetic values.

Let me conclude by suggesting that if you wish to keep a diary, it must be on the principle of giving alms—your right hand should not know what your left hand does. For, if it should become known that you carry a note-book about in your daily intercourse with your fellows, you will find it soon transformed into the proverbial millstone round your neck!—P. M.

GIGANTIC SPENDING ON GAMBLING

In 1944 Totalisator receipts on 104 greyhound tracks in England amounted to £70,452,961, states the Churches Committee on Gambling—an increase of £10,070,742, or 16.67 per cent over 1943, and £34,040,162, or 93.48 per cent., over 1938.

Further, the committee adds, bookmakers at these and 40 or 50 other tracks probably took an equal amount, making the total sum wagered about £140,000,000 during the year.

In the six years of the war, the committee says, the total amounted to more than half the recently negotiated gigantic American Loan (£1,100 million).

SELECTION OF CONGRESS CANDIDATES

Parliamentary Delegation's visit—European Recruitment to Key Services—Congress Ministry in Assam—Sind politics.

It is remarkable that discordant voices should be heard in regard to what are supposed to be the standards for selection of Congress candidates in the provincial elections. Acharya Kripalani, General Secretary of the Congress, stated in his Madura speech the other day that "other abilities than service and sacrifice" were required of candidates, Mr. T. S. Avannashilingam Chettiar, member of the Tamilnad Congress Parliamentary Board, is reported to have averred, on the other hand, that service in the Congress and sacrifice would be the sole guiding principle in the selection of candidates. He further warned the applicants that "after the final selection was made no one should individually or collectively comment or criticise the choice of candidates"! Why should the selectors be afraid of criticism if their choice is solely governed by merit and not other considerations?

Explaining his idea of an Indo-British Union, in a farewell talk to Pressmen which the British Parliamentary Delegation gave on February 8, Major Wyatt said:

"All I have in mind about an Indo-British Union is that when Independence is achieved by India—and I hope very shortly—there obviously must be some kind of treaty relationship between India and Britain because there are many points on which we have a common interest—trade, finance and other things. I think a much better and stronger union would be based on some kind of a treaty of alliance as between two equal partners. This must of course be voluntary."

If the other members of the Delegation realise as clearly as Major Wyatt does that "Dominion status has no application at all in India, because the Dominions are founded on racial similarities," and would press the view before the British Cabinet and see that an early peaceful settlement was reached between Britain and this country, then the Delegation's visit would be fruitful of results. During their five weeks' stay, the Delegation have had enough evidence of the need for

transforming the character of the Central Government immediately, if only to tackle the complex and difficult problems that lie ahead as only a National Government could. If the insistence of the British Cabinet that the Delegation should return to England immediately indicates any anxiety to grapple with the Indian question in right earnest and immediately, it is welcome.

The new Central Assembly carried without a division the adjournment motion censuring the Government on the recruitment of Europeans to the key-services. The scheme was evolved during Mr. Amery's regime, though neither the Federal Public Services Commission nor the then Home Member (Sir Reginald Maxwell) supported the proposal, presumably because the policy regarding recruitment was entirely for the new Government of India to determine and it would be wrong to pre-determine the matter in view of the expected political developments. But his successor, Sir Frank Mudie, the hard-crusted bureaucrat, would appear to have given support to the proposal when last summer he visited London for consultations with the Secretary of State.

The standards for admission to the I.C.S. and the Police Service under the scheme are elastic. The fact that selection by interview is being preferred to open competition indicates an intention to throw open these services to an inferior type of British recruit.

Sir J. A. Thorne, the present Home Member, contented himself with saying, on the adjournment motion, that "the stoppage of European recruitment would have been a departure from the established practice", and did not attempt any defence of that practice in the new setting of the expected constitutional developments.

News from Shillong that Mr. Gopinath Bardoloi, leader of the Congress Party in the Assam Assembly, who secured an absolute majority of 58 in a House of 108, has formed the Ministry in that province is heartening. It would appear that Sir Mohamed Saadullah (former League Premier) is



Ghanshyam
Leader, Sind Congress
Assembly Party.

Syed
Leader, Sind Coalition
Party.

Hazi Moula Bux
Leader, Sind Nationalist
Muslims.

consulting Mr. Jinnah to know what the League Party's attitude should be towards the Ministry. If the League leader should insist that Nationalist Muslims must be excluded from the Ministry, it is almost certain that Maulana Azad will not accept the suggestion, and in such an event it is likely (the League's co-operation being denied) that two Jamiat Muslims will be included in the Ministry.

Mr. Bardoloi's Cabinet will consist of 9 Ministers of whom 7 have already been appointed, two places having been reserved for Muslim Ministers to be included later, after ascertaining the League's attitude.

The laboured apologia (misnamed "statement of facts") of the Sind Governor in regard to the formation of the League Ministry in that province cannot pass muster with those who have been following the election results. The Governor assumed that the elections resulted in a tie, and called upon Sir Ghulam Hussain Hidayatullah as the leader of the largest party that had contested the elections (as distinct from the party which commanded the largest strength in

the House) to form the Ministry. By this decision the Governor has virtually preferred the setting up of a communal Ministry to a Coalition Ministry for which an excellent chance was provided by the formation in Sind of a Coalition Party under the leadership of Mr. G. M. Syed. Whereas the strength of the Muslim League Party is only 28, and of these one would lose party status on elevation to the Chair, the Coalition together with the Labour member (who is pledged to support it) would have a voting strength of 29. The Governor must have known that in Sind a Coalition has better prospects of stability than a merely communal party Government. Can it be that he has obtained an assurance of support for the League Ministry from the three European members to rob the Coalition Party of its legitimate right?



SIND POLITICS

His Excellency Sir Francis Mudie
Is now rehearsing old Punch and
Judy,—

Instead of confessing 'Peccavi'
He's staging a 'Mecca-V-Day'
In a joyous display feu de!

THE WEEK ABROAD

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

It is now a little more than a month since the United Nations Organisation went into its first plenary session. The Security Council has been constituted by the election of six temporary members in addition to the Big Five. The new entrants are more or less nominees of the Big Three who seem to have applied the principle of the balance of power in the matter. The Secretaryship of the new organisation has gone to a Norwegian—presumably out of compliment to the 'small' nations who were saved from the jaws of 'Nazism'. But in all essential features, the new body is functioning after the manner of the defunct League of Nations which was inaugurated after world-war I. There is just one important difference; to-day there is no pretence of our working to abolish war altogether, but rather of the victors being so strong as to make it a decisive, quick and one-sided affair!

THE U. N. O.

It was unfortunate (but inevitable) that the meetings of the U. N. O. should have been marked by a series of crises brought on by the appeals or complaints of the smaller powers against one or the other of the Big Five. With the importance that naturally attaches to Middle Eastern countries, it was inevitable that the deliberations of the U. N. O. should have degenerated into a sort of dog-fight between Britain and Russia. Britain scored spectacularly over the Soviet by putting her in the wrong over the happenings in Azerbaijan. The Soviet has had to acknowledge indirectly the justice of the correction, for she has since taken a series of steps which are a confession of her earlier lapse from grace. Negotiations are to take place between Persia and the Soviet Government direct; this provides a locus penitentiae to the stronger party to get out of an awkward corner without undue loss or prestige. But it is doubtful if Persia can ever hope for a restoration of the status quo, or a reassertion of her sovereignty unimpaired over her own State limits.

After Russia, came the turn of Britain; the Russian spokesman, M. Andre Vyshinsky hauled her over the

coals with unexampled gusto by subjecting to pitiless scrutiny the British record of intervention in Greece and Indonesia. As we write, the fate of the resolution dealing with Indonesia is still uncertain. Further beyond, looms no less threateningly the question of the Levant.

The peculiarity of the debates staged under the auspices of the U. N. O. is that they subject even the Biggest of the Big Five to the agonies of a public inquisition which is fatal to prestige. Add to this the fact that none of the big powers to-day has a clean record of its own dealings with other (and generally weaker) nations. No wonder that speakers are reported to have got purple in the face, unable to ignore facts or to rebut charges based on incontrovertible facts.

Out—Churchilling Churchill

Among minor details, two are worthy of mention. Labour was in opposition when it made its most spectacular demand for the withdrawal of British troops from Greece; it was a good stick with which to beat Mr. Churchill, as well as to improve the chances of increased labour poll at the elections which were then impending. But now that Labour is in office, Mr. Bevin has out-Churchilled Churchill in defending British intervention in Greece as inspired by the desire of England to save the Greeks from anti-democratic forces of the extreme 'left'. We thus find the new presbyter but the old priest writ large!

The other point of interest is Mr. Bevin's pedantic over-doing of a phrase in self-justification. He defies the world to prove how the presence of British troops in Greece or Indonesia is a 'threat to the peace of the world.' On the other hand, Britain has carried peace wherever she has gone, for which act of humanity, she deserves a political Albert Medal! Instead, she is being exposed to the malicious criticisms of jealous rivals or disgruntled groups! This is a peculiarly insidious manifestation of British self-righteousness which is proof against all argument. You may make a desert, and call it peace; but so long as it is a unilateral claim, it will fail to convince the world.

INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE:

That India and Indian representatives are conspicuous by their absence from the deliberations of the U. N. O. was only to be expected; but that the self-denying ordinance should be justified by our 'mis'-representative on childish grounds only aggravates our disability. The setting up of Sir Zaf-rullah Khan as a candidate was particularly infelicitous. For there were already Muslim names from the Middle East, whose numbers must have queered the pitch against India. Hence we lost the chance of an Indian representative on the World Court, while the Arab nations have scored one over us.

BRITAIN AND THE ARAB WORLD:

There are no doubt politic reasons for the British anxiety to placate the Arab world. The Anglo-Egyptian Treaty is to be revised to meet the demand of Egypt for complete independence. The chief reason for this sweet reasonableness on the part of England is to be found in the diplomatic moves of Russia to get herself well-placed amidst the Arab world. She hopes to kill two birds with one stone—smoothen and broaden her passage southwards, and squeeze out British influence from the Arab world. She has an ancient score to settle with Turkey, and has been subjecting her to jitters simultaneously with the steps she took to encourage the 'autonomous' movement in Azerbaijan. Her ultimate objective is to get control of the Straits of Dardanelles. She knows too that her progress will be blocked ultimately by the Western democracies. Hence her diplomacy is active in enlisting Arab support by promising them all help in their attempts to secure their national freedom and independence.

PEACE AT LAST IN CHINA:

The report of a pact between the Nationalists and the Communists in China if it endures, is good news indeed. One of the great difficulties in regard to an understanding of politics in China is the inappropriateness of prevailing labels as applied to the parties and groups in that country. Being a country of tremendous distances, unity becomes the most difficult yet vital need of the hour. It is the penalty of great and unwieldy empires like those of China and India that they illustrate inertia in its good and bad aspects. Under the old regime, local or regional independence

was a fact which did not conflict with a centralised paramount power; now nearly a generation after the Revolution, the parts are too remote from each other to pull with all their weight and in concert.

If the understanding between the two sections endures, it will show that the Chinese Communist is more Chinese than Communist, and that doctrinaire ideas and policies will not make a holocaust of measures of progressive liberalism which alone can rehabilitate the country. The only disquieting element in the reported terms of agreement is the tolerance of rival standing armies; they are a danger-spot which spells disaster, unless they are abolished or reorganised as a single national army.

It is further said that the present peace move has been imposed on Chiang Kai-shek by the American President with the help of a judicious mixture of promises and threats. This does not take into account the weight-age of Soviet Russia. That she is more definitely on the spot, and that she can depend upon great masses of the Chinese themselves to fight her battles are factors that should not be forgotten. America's interest in the Chinese market must sooner or later come up against more explosive political factors. These are still in the making; but that they will hasten or at least be contributory to the next phase in the shifting of power-politics can hardly be doubted.

AMERICA AND STRIKES:

The aftermath of the most crushing victory recorded in history, the first-fruits of 'unconditional surrender' all the world over have been the continuance in acuter forms than ever of all the horrors of war minus the killing business alone. Scarcity faces us in all things, great and small; unemployment, strikes, locks-out, and the lugubrious cycle of capitalist phenomena are being seen at their worst in America. The American way of free enterprise, of independence and individual initiative is about to face its worst ordeal; and it should interest the world to know how the emergency is to be met. At the moment, it looks as if the autocratic and extensive powers of the President notwithstanding, all that he has dared to do is to unleash a process of inflation by increased wage-levels which must have depressing effects on the era of plenty which we had been promised for so long!

Bradman the Greatest Batsman

By Dr. P. SUBBAROYAN,

President of the Board of Control for Cricket in India.

Cricket is the national game of England, and wherever the British have gone they have taken the game with them. It is so peculiarly English that even the Americans have not taken to it as the British Dominions and India have. The Australians, in spite of theirs being a small country, have proved themselves equal if not superior to England, and hold the mythical Ashes at the present time. The greatest batsman the world has seen is Don Bradman. Figures can be made to prove anything, but I am not going by figures and averages in my estimate of Don Bradman. He only came into the Australian team during the visit of the M. C. C. team under Chapman, but his rise to fame really began with the Australian tour of England in 1930 with Woodfull. Bradman almost helped to beat England at Nottingham, but Robins came to his country's rescue by bowling him with the wrong 'un when Bradman looked like winning the match.

At Leeds the same year, when England had almost placed themselves in a happy position by a score of over 400, Bradman by making over 250 and taking toll of all English bowling, helped to turn the tide in Australia's favour. He made 334, the record which Hutton beat in 1938 in the Test at the Oval, and the wonder of that innings is that he made his 300 in one day and was at the wickets for only over six hours for 334. When you compare this with Hutton's 364 in 1938, you must not forget that Hutton played for over two days and part of the third day, and took over 14 hours to make his score. Bradman is such a master-stroke player that he could hit any ball from any bowler as he pleases.

It was said that he is not as good on a slow wicket as some of the masters like Grace, Ranji and

Hobbs, but his record in Test matches is such that one cannot agree with this. Anyway, at Leeds in 1938 he did prove by his century that he could overcome the difficulties of a slow turning wicket. His record in Test matches speaks for itself. Over 4,000 runs with an average of over 90 and 15 centuries against England prove that he is in a class by himself. Besides, the Australians have not the chance to play many matches during a season as players in England have, and yet he is near completing hundred centuries in first-class cricket. Bradman still holds the record for the highest score in first-class matches. It may be he has not met bowlers of Sid Barnes or Wilfred Rhodes' type, and Larwood during the bodyline season kept him comparatively quiet. But even in that season Bradman had an average of over 60 in the four Test matches he played in, as he missed the first because of his illness. In 1934, in England he again showed what a prolific scorer he is by making 304 at Leeds and 244 at the Oval. No batsman, English or Australian, can approach him in the matter of figures. But as I said it is not the figures I am relying on in my estimate of Bradman but the way he overcomes difficulties and brings victory to his side by sheer force of personality. I saw Bradman make his two big scores in 1934 and I saw every ball bowled against him both at Leeds and the Oval, and the way in which he overcame difficulties on both occasions has stamped him in my mind, not as a great cricketer, but as a great personality. Whether he is batting or is in the field, he can always be picked out and I have always felt when I have seen him, "Here is a man who can adorn anything he is in." His quickness and anticipation not merely as a batsman, but as a fielder, has to be

seen to understand all that I mean by the "personality" of Bradman. Many batsmen will not risk running when Bradman has gathered the ball, as he has a certain throw to either end, which may land a batsman in the disaster of being run out if he dared to take the risk.

Such is the Bradman I have known. People thought his cricketing career was over, but recent news from Australia is that Bradman will play again at the end of this year when England visits Australia. He seems to feel satisfied that in spite of the war years and in spite of ill-health he has regained his form and he can take his place in Test cricket which is really strenuous with its long hours, and play to a finish the Test matches in Australia. If he really regains his form, Bradman will set up such records as may stand for all time. I know that people may not agree

with what I have said. Dr. W. G. Grace, the G. O. M. of Cricket, is reckoned as perhaps the greatest cricketer, but our own inimitable Ranji ran him very close. Then the Australians thought Victor Trumper was perhaps the greatest batsman. Trumper was superb in 1902 in England when he conquered all types of wickets, and made runs when most people failed. During the visit of the first M. C. C. team under Warner to Australia, Trumper on a glue pot wicket at Melbourne against Rhodes was really magnificent. Jack Hobbs, who is perhaps the master batsman, is the only one who comes near Bradman, but he had not Bradman's stamina to make mammoth scores. Weighing everything, I place Bradman on the top, and he will have a special place in the heart of everyone who follows this great game, which has incomparable lessons to teach.

SHAW'S GIFT TO IRISH NATION

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has decided to give his early manuscripts to the Irish nation.

Plays, essays and sketches written when he was an "obscure, unwanted failure" are at present lying in the back room of a Letchworth (Herts) bookbinder. In a few days they will be on their way to the Dublin National Library.

"The National Library of Dublin asked me to send them some of my early MSS.," Mr. Shaw told a *News Chronicle* reporter. "As an Irishman I regarded that request in the nature of a command."

Asked if he wished to hand them over as a Christmas or New Year gift to the Irish Nation, Mr. Shaw growled:

"Christmas? What do you mean? I don't have anything to do with Christmas. I'm a civilised human being." But he continued,

"There is not a great deal of work in my own handwriting to give away, as nowadays I write in shorthand and tear up the drafts when they are typed by my secretary.

"The stuff I am giving away was written when I was an unwanted failure and when I couldn't afford a typewriter or even decent paper.

"Some fools—and a lot of intelligent people, too—would pay me thousands of pounds for the manuscripts I'm giving away."

Mr. Shaw is now 89.

Musings on Music

In the olden days—I mean in the pre-Gandhian era—the end of the year used to be signalised by a plethora of congresses and conferences. Now, however, and particularly in Madras, they have been replaced by a sort of musical Marathon in which the year is made to dissolve itself, as it were in a swansong! But the orgy of music is accompanied by a spate of dialectics on the art which has enabled the pillars of our society in other fields to achieve an extra distinction. There were three conferences, and twice as many speakers going round the same beaten path with individual variations on basic truths which are generally accepted. But the cumulative effect has been to darken counsel on account of the trees obscuring a view of the woods.

It is possible to carry respect for classical composers to a point where it becomes a kind of bemused idolatry. The long-range effect of it will be to kill originality and blight new talent. The system of primary ragas first laid down by Venkatamukhi or whoever it was has, in course of time, tended to introduce a sort of determinism in our musical world. This is fatal to new experiment. It was said of Wagner that he created the taste by which he was adjudged the greatest genius of Europe. The method he adopted was to experiment with notes, and evolve new patterns of harmony out of dissonance! Paradoxical as this may sound, it provides the clue to the vitality and expanding scope of western music. We on the other hand look up to a petrified ideal, and so go round and round a circle. Our composers of recent times have but rarely emancipated themselves from the moulds in which the genius of the musical triumvirate cast its musical compositions. For the most part new work is reminiscent of old modes, or turns or nuances, indelibly associated with the

style of one or the other of the gigantic trinity.

Wagner reminds me that our own artists have already taken the initiative in converting Trivadi (Tiruvaiyar) to a sort of Bayreuth of South India. It is now some years since the suburb of Tanjore became the venue of an annual musical pilgrimage undertaken by the elite of our composers, exponents and artistes as an act of piety and in memory of Sri Thyagaraja whose centenary is to be celebrated next year. It is a pleasing symbol of a change of emphasis which makes the artist the true custodian of art—others being assigned the role of subordinate patrons. Apart from the memorial in brick and mortar which I believe is contemplated, the more needful thing is to renew the springs of inspiration by a loving study of the technique of the great master.

There is a view that Indian music, by its very nature, cannot but be caviare to the general. In the West where harmony is the controlling motive, we still have chamber music carried to limits of wonderful delicacy and refinement. *Per contra*, melody which is our strong point, has not prevented us from evolving a great body of congregational music which is based on harmony promoted through the mysterious chemistry of devotion. The tradition is still preserved in our temples, as well as in Bhajana parties. In them we have an orchestration of instruments without drowning the human voice, and a smoothening of the contours of the human voice with the subdued support of the instruments!

I do not think that Tyagaraja was a great poet any more than that Dikshitar was a born lyric singer. Tyaga's language is often colloquial if not slangy, but he carries it off with the musical felicities of his verbal joinery. Dikshitar has something

of the massive dignity and epic grandeur of Milton; so his lyrics are rightly considered 'hard and dry' by the run of musical enthusiasts and practitioners. Tyaga comes nearest to the later Elizabeathan and Caroline singers; he has the same combination of lyric fervour and spontaneous utterance.

* * *

While all agree in claiming a higher standard of musical appreciation for present-day audiences, I find it hard to reconcile this claim with the plea for a considerable retrenchment of *swaras* in singing the *kritis*. The *swaras* are too often cheapened into a kind of frantic ventriloquism; but that I fancy was not their original purpose. *Swaras* are a musical rendering of the modern scientific idea of the space-time-continuum! The subdivision of time can be accompanied by a *swara* involution; or the duration of a single note may provide tune enough for the evolution of a whole gamut. This rhythm establishes a two-way passage between *swara* and *thala*. Browning had this idea

when he spoke of combining two or three sounds to make a—Star! That is the creation of the world of pure sound—the Nadabrahman of the philosophy of our music.

And last, because it is the latest to come into the field, is this slogan of Tamil Isai. There can be no more Tamil Isai than there can be German, or Russian or Italian or English Isai! We have Tamil, we have Isai—these are undeniable entities. But to evolve out of them Tamil Isai is to hope for the hatching of the egg in a mare's nest! For, even when a genius composes songs in Tamil (there have been many who have already done so) his work will be called Carnatic music and not Tamil Isai. But Tamil Isai puts the emphasis on the wrong horse; no wonder, if it fails even to stay the course. If you want to win the Derby, it is not enough to get the best jockey, the best owner and the best odds. You must look out for the best breed. That is elementary.

'CANO'

MUSIC

Music is pure sentiment itself, dispensing entirely with the language of words with which alone the intellect can operate. Music can portray for us the sounds of cowbells and fish-markets and the battlefield; it can portray for us even the delicacy of the flowers, the undulating motion of the waves, or the sweet serenity of the moonlight; but the moment it steps outside the limit of the senses and tries to portray for us a philosophic idea, it must be considered decadent and the product of a decadent world.—*Lin Yutang*.

Profile—Mahatma Gandhi

Gandhiji's radiant personality attracts enormous crowds. Their devotion to him is worshipful, akin to that bestowed on a deity. Many inconveniences are cheerfully endured, such as waiting long hours for *darshan*. Money-offerings are lavishly made. While he speaks in Hindusthani, unintelligible to most, pin-drop silence prevails, symbolic of the gulf between intelligent comprehension and homage in the crowd's relations with him.

Of the millions that have attended the Mahatma's prayer meetings, it is not likely that many will be profited by attaining to any higher realisations of godliness. To pray in a crowd does not come easily to distracted human beings. Certain thoughts are themselves prayers. There are moments when, without reference to words, environment or attitude of body, "the soul is on its knees", as Victor Hugo loved to say. Such moments cannot be summoned by process of leadership or fitted into a time schedule. So, while Gandhiji to whom existence itself has become one eternal prayer, meditated over God at prayer meetings, the multitudes magnetised by him continued as unprayerfully mundane as ever before. They were concerned not with God but with a struggle for vantage space in the vast rush of surging people.

Harijans and Hindusthani would seem to have supplanted in importance for the moment all other beloved creations of Gandhiji's genius. Khadi, of course, is there usurping every moment of his time and every ounce of energy that can be spared, queening it over all other things, and served by Gandhiji with both hands, as it were, the left coming in to relieve the labour of the right when tired. But there is less talk of Khadi now. All preceptual urgings have got merged into example—an example of perpetual all-engrossing spinning activity.

Harijans, Khadi and Hindusthani have received, as a result of Gandhiji's effort, a fillip that no other man could have given to them. Yet the sum-total of the results achieved has to be interpreted in the context of the modern world for an estimate of how much of it is apt to be enduring. Amazing has been the output of work of the Hindusthani Prachar Sabha. But set against South India's immense population, it is like a drop in the ocean for the purpose of creating a language truly deserving to be styled national, for that population's free and easy use. Anything like actually effective progress, apart from symbolic and propagandist activities, however precious and desirable, in the spread of a common national language for all India, would seem to be a forlorn hope in the absence of an administrative drive to back it from a powerful National Government. But even such a Government has to take note of pitfalls.

English was foisted on India as a result of political enslavement, but it proved also to be a vehicle for the introduction of international currents of thought and knowledge into the country. The very helplessness of the victims of British imperial power accelerated the spread of English in India. Free countries like Japan and Soviet Russia had been organising, before the war put an end to all other activities, tremendous campaigns for the propagation of English in their midst, but with nothing like the success that attended British efforts in their Indian Empire. Apart from the beauty, vigour and grand literary content of the language, the importance of English lies in its being spoken by the largest body of people in the world. A non-English knowing man is an incomplete man in this age of the radio, the aeroplane, the atom bomb and of unavoidable interdependence between country

and country. Perhaps as providential recompense for the humiliation of political subjection, India is, on the eve of freedom, set for a high destiny in international affairs, and English is very serviceable for the fulfilment of such a destiny. Aversion for the foreign-ness of a language originally forced into use by political pressure should not blind us to the power it can place at the elbow of the nation, when free, for international influence, world leadership and intensified understanding of the greatest advancements of science and knowledge in countries of established reputation as the traditional citadels of progress. If the cultivation of Hindusthani is permitted to run on lines antagonistic to cultural trends associated with English, the result will be the impoverishment of a valuable heritage which deserves to be preserved and cherished, though it had its origin in a period of national debasement historically.

Khadi, for all the headway it has made, is regarded by many level-headed economists, including Jawaharlal Nehru, as, "after all a transitional affair." Nehru writes in his autobiography that Khadi "may continue even later on as an auxiliary movement easing the change-over to a higher economy, but the main drive in future will have to be a complete overhauling of the agrarian system and the growth of industry." He admits that "Khadi has certainly brought some relief in many areas, but this very success that it has attained has an element of danger. It means that it is propping up a decaying land system and delaying, to that extent, the change-over to a better system." The entrancing spiritual joy that Gandhiji is able to derive from spinning is not for the common mass, nor even for Congressmen of secondary leadership-level, many of whom do not spin but only pretend to do so for reasons of political expediency or for ingratiating themselves with the Mahatma. Economically the wretched wages of spinning are of course an attraction to starving destitutes in this

poor country. But even these have been caught up by the yearning for expensive living in the backwash of the opulence of inflated currency caused by global war effort, not to speak of the thrills provided by tales of the glory of workers' condition in rich U. S. A., and that Mecca of the world's indigent, Soviet Russia. When the economic betterment of the people of India shall have overtaken the level of wages earned through hand-spinning, the doom of Khadi as a mass occupation shall have become unavoidable. It will survive only as a political symbol sacred to the Mahatma's memory.

The test of the fruition of Harijan service lies in the extirpation of untouchability. How long the process may take to get completed, none can say. But the uncompromising attack of Gandhiji on this evil social system, in the teeth of the hostility of powerful sections that would have broken any less strong man, will not cease, it will go on gathering momentum, paving the way for a new society divested of the old urges of superstition, persecution and monopoly.

The heart of the Mahatma bleeds for all sufferers of unjust injury. Tender, sensitive, humanitarian concern for the ill-treated underdogs of society is the pivot round which all his political and public activity revolves. He has chosen, as his way of service, the burning of all attachments that flesh is heir to. Anxieties spring from attachments, paralysing people and filling them with fear and dread when faith, courage and steadfast action are sorely needed. But the harassments of ego-centred desires, disappointments and miseries do not touch the unattached servant of humanity who seeks nothing for himself. Hence it is that, for all the prodigious energy given by him to public causes, he has not bent under the strain, but remains active, healthy, vigorous, a clean, buoyant, resplendent figure, bubbling with fun, of rollicking good humour, full of wit, composure and charm, and with such a perfect mastery of the art of living that he combines

sainthood with regality most naturally and as a matter of course.

The future of the concrete movements sponsored by the Mahatma is uncertain. For all the numerous organisations founded by him, it is not by material results that his achievement is to be measured. Irrespective of agreement or disagreement he has become the biggest rallying point for national consciousness, endeavour and aspiration. The volume of the homage paid to him everywhere is a measure of the awakening of social and political conscience wrought by him in ordinarily apathetic people. Nothing less than a new quality to national character has been his gift. He fancies himself a very ordinary man who has worked himself to his present position by sheer pressure of an inflexible will. So the commonalty is by him cheered and invited to similar heroic pinnacles of public and national service. This strange great man is in some matters ahead of his times, in others a lover of things long past. As the tide of time cannot be pushed back, the twentieth century will take its own course leaving some of the fondest conceptions of the Mahatma behind. The material alignments dear to Gandhiji are hard to integrate with the regenerative and powerfully revolutionary forces of

science and industry which have come to stay in our swiftly moving modern world. But the standards of personal conduct and striving for social good set by him, the essentials of a new culture of the spirit taught by him investing unarmed and down-trodden people with self-contained resources of defence and strength, quickening their capacity for self-help, social justice and courageous resistance to persecution and wrong,—these elevate him to the high and mighty altitude of a world leader because they offer solutions to problems spread over the whole world. Steeped in the passion of imperialism, the Hitlers and the Churchills have sought to make their countries great through the enforcement of their physical authority on other peoples. The very reverse of this civilization of imperialism is the essence of Gandhiji's teaching and striving. He is in fact the founder of a new civilization—a civilization based on freedom for all, elimination of the exploitation of the weak by the powerful and of falsehood and violence as sources of personal, national or international greatness, a civilization in which the glory of martial prowess through slaughter will be replaced by zest for constructive advancement and joy in good works.

K. S. R.

NOTICE TO QUIT FOR NON-VIOLENCE

The latest fashion in revolutionary ideology seems to be the ability of one to take the longest step backward! Although it may strike some of us as odd, the tendency is in consonance with natural laws. It is a feature of celestial dynamics that the bigger and more distant planets achieve their forward movements through a series of retrogressions. Indeed, if astrological experts are to be trusted, the momentum of a revolution is to be dreaded in direct proportion to the extent of its preceding regression. All of us who

have journeyed in long-distance express trains know from personal experience that after every halt, the engine has to move backward before moving forward. On these and other analogies, it is possible that a good deal can be said in favour of the latest test of political orthodoxy set up amidst us, namely, whether we support 1942 and all that, what our attitude to it was at that time, and what it will be if 1942 should come back again!

I however consider such a catechism both deplorable and embar-

rasing. It reveals an obsession with the dead past which is deleterious to the living present. I can prove for instance that nations or peoples who hug historical memories lose both this world and the next. You can trace the Irishman's political intransigence to his loss of the Rattle of the Boyne. Anti-Catholic fervour still derives its justification from the Bartholomew massacres or the horrors of the Inquisition. The Arab invokes the splendours of the Caliphate to justify his interloping in Palestine or Egypt. For our part, we capitalised Jallianwallah Bagh pretty well for nearly a generation; and just as it was getting stale, we adopted 1942 and all that as a God-sent pabulum to keep us politically going for want of anything better!

Per Contra, look at the British. They are not obsessed with history, but take care of current politics. The result is that they make the best of both the worlds. They realise the soundness of the French proverb: 'He who excuses himself accuses himself!' To brood over eternity is to lose the main chance—to miss the bus, and spend the rest of our lives in mutual recriminations!

Its futilities apart, the mischief of harking back to 1942 and all that in the year 1946 does not seem to be realised by the sponsors of the latest slogan. The immediate effect of raising this cry now is to create a smoke-screen behind which personal vendettas are worked off with impunity, if they are not sanctified on public grounds! For another thing, these ardent and retrospective supporters of 1942 and all that, were among the first to disclaim entire responsibility for 1942 in 1942! Their present zeal in adopting the founding reminds me of the classic instance of Simon Peter who denied Christ on the night of his arrest—thrice before the cock crew twice! Officially, the Congress gave the Nelson touch to the revolt—by turning its blind eye to it; or in the last resort, explained the rising as an instance of spontaneous combustion!

What has happened is a matter of some historical interest. Until Nehru

came out of detention, there was no leader of sufficient all-India prominence and grit to claim moral (not legal) responsibility for the 'disorders'; it was he who gave courage to the rest by a symbolic act of retrospective identification which sanctified the rebellion and strengthened the Congress itself! The rest who till then had been too distracted to think or speak coherently took the cue from him, and are now proving themselves more 'royalist than the King' himself!

But the more disquieting reason behind the prevailing fashion of boosting 1942 and all that is the scarcely disguised impatience with, if not contempt of, non-violence both as a creed and as a policy. The trial of the I.N.A. men has come so closely on the heels of "1942 and all that" as to emphasize an ideological continuity which is not reassuring. Public sentiment has been badgered over the I.N.A. trials until a state of chronic hysteria has been induced. This drugs thought and debases the emotions until a general coarsening of the grain sets in. Look at the way the cry *Jai Hind* is insidiously made to supplant *Vande Mataram*. The Government which has its powder dry will naturally consider the distinction fine-drawn. It is making its dispositions to meet every eventuality. But what of the country and its pledge to a policy or creed which has so far brought us all our gains in the domestic and international spheres, in tangible and intangible goods? Are we doubting back on our traces? Such is the question that the pressure of passing events poses for every thoughtful man among us.

I do not know when we are going to implement the "Quit India" cry against our foreign masters. But I fear that we are (consciously and unconsciously) giving the Mahatma's creed of Non-violence Notice To Quit! Whether a change is called for, and whether it would be for the better are large questions; but we are not evincing the courage of strong men in tackling them!

CRITIC.

LETTERS

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of paramount public interest. Letters should be brief.

Modern Version of Publicans

On the occasion of the emergence of SWATANTRA I feel it would be appropriate to draw pointed attention to some of the dangers ahead of us, dangers that beset us because it seems that real power might be within the grasp of popular leaders very soon. Mahatma Gandhi's visit to South India provided a god-sent opportunity for whilom reactionaries, vested interests and the new rich to identify themselves with the progressive elements. Persons who in 1941 and 1942 usually gave a wide berth to Congress politics and the Khadi cult were prominent in the functions got up during Mahatmaji's visit. Donors to the War Fund turned donors to Mahatmaji's favourite schemes. Eminent Indian officials of the class that vied with one another in the past to devise appropriate forms of punishment for Congressmen who sought imprisonment, were much in evidence. The land-owning classes got metamorphosed overnight into patriots.

Politics, especially amongst a subject nation, cannot be sustained without money. Mahatmaji has made it clear more than once that he accepts money from the rich without any obligation to give anything in return. It might also be that like the great Nazarene he admits near him the modern version of the Publicans and sinners as they alone have need of him. But the fact remains that these and similar types of persons are gathering round Mahatmaji, the Congress and Congressmen because of the reasonable certainty of the Congress coming into power in a few months. Whether the Congress Governments to come are likely to undertake a revolutionary programme or only a

mildly progressive one we do not know. It is certain however that they cannot support the *status quo*. A realisation of this fact will do a lot of good to the tax-dodgers and the vested interests as well as to their friends in Congress circles who encourage them. ARISTIDES

Parliamentary Boards

Suitors ought not to act as judges in their own causes. It is deplorable that individuals who are themselves candidates in one constituency or other are grouped together to select persons for the ensuing elections to the provincial legislatures. Most of the members of the parliamentary boards who aspire to and are anxious to get into the ministry, will be inclined to select the nominees of their co-adjutants. Every one of them is the leader of a local clique and will tempt the aspirant for ministership with his vote and support, conditional only on his nominee being selected for his constituency. When such considerations weigh with the board of selection, questions of merit will recede into the back-ground. The legislatures will be filled with undesirable elements. Time-servers who have technically qualified themselves for candidature and who once rebelled against the Congress but regained the lost ground by their local influence acquired by wealth and power, are bound to succeed and occupy places intended for real representatives of the people. Counterfeit Congressites will rule the day. Woe to us if such an order of things is not prevented. Is it not high time that the Congress High Command wakes up and gives the correct lead?

VI-KA-SA-RA-SA.

BOOKS

RAJENDRA PRASAD ON PAKISTAN

India Divided. By Rajendra Prasad. (Hind Kitabs, Bombay. Rs. 10-8.)

This is a monumental work—scholarly and objective in outlook, temperate and dignified in expression, scrupulously fair in stating the case for the opposition, and inspired by a spiritual integrity which enables the author's conclusions to be stated with a clear-cut precision and a suasive eloquence which must be acknowledged even by the opposition. What Sri Rajendra Prasad has done is to give us a cyclopedia of 'Pakistan', from the original inception of the idea through all its infinite and bewildering ramifications up to date. Great industry has gone into the making of the book, no less than a great imagination to control and organise the fruits of industry in a progressive and pleasing pattern of argument and exposition. The book is divided into six parts, commencing with a historical retrospect of the 'two nations', the estrangement promoted between them under British auspices, culminating in the demand for the partition of the country; an analysis of the Lahore Resolution, a survey of the resources of 'Pakistan' and a resume of alternatives to 'Pakistan'. There is further a wealth of statistical information to enforce or rebut political theories or newly proposed administrative arrangements. In short, we may well sum up appraisal of the volume by adapting Vyasa's proud claim for the Mahabharata, and saying that whatever has been said about Pakistan by anybody anywhere else is to be found here, and that what is not mentioned here will not be found elsewhere!

To most readers the sections in which we get summaries of the views of Muslim advocates of Pakis-

tan will come with the force of a disagreeable shock, for they reveal the Muslim on the war-path with an incredible atavistic gusto. But even such effusions do not deflect Sri Rajendra Prasad from pursuing his straight and narrow path of speaking the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth as he apprehends it. Apart from the solid merits of the book, it is the spiritual candour of the author that endears it to the reader. It is unnecessary to indicate that he is against partition, but very needful to emphasise the fact that the all-inclusive charity of his outlook furnishes a solvent to the demand for Pakistan which, alas, is rare!

Sri Rajendra Prasad makes two striking quotations from Stalin's earlier writings which must have the effect of making many Indian thinkers of to-day sit up and re-think their thoughts. One of these is: 'In countries like India and China, foreign domination perpetually hinders the development of social life, and therefore the first step of a revolution in the colonies must be to overthrow foreign capitalism.' The other extract refers to the Communist's advocacy of partition in India on the strength of the recognition of the principle in the Soviet constitution. On this Sri Prasad remarks that the 'Soviet is a multi-national State in which a powerful political union guarantees cultural autonomy to different national groups,—not in the creation of national States.' The fact that secession is hedged in by a number of conditions precedent, and that no State has invoked the right successfully are clear proofs in support of the view that the Soviet is a multi-national State with centralised authority which is not allowed to be questioned by any of the component units,

Sri Prasad's analysis of the implications of Pakistan as well as of the numerous alternatives to it is notable for the enforcement of a common conclusion, namely, that they are all inspired by a hatred or fear of the Hindu which seems incomprehensible to the Hindu himself. The second conclusion which may be reasonably drawn from the multitudinous attack on the nationalist's position is that all the fissiparous forces derive their ultimate strength and sinews from the British third party.

The book is magnificently produced, on hand-made paper, and is further enriched with an index which is a compendious summary of the entire book.

NO PARTIES, NO DEMOCRACY

Political Parties. By C. V. Chandrasekharan, M.A. (Oxon) D.Litt. (Hon.) (Rochouse & Sons, Madras. Rs. 2.)

Two lectures delivered in July 1943 by Dr. C. V. Chandrasekharan under the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri Endowment at the invitation of the Madras University are now published in book form under the title, "Political Parties." Dr. Chandrasekharan regards political parties as indispensable for democracy. "No parties, no democracy". The British two-party system of parliamentary democracy is commended by him for the reason that it is only under that system that the people at a general election can directly choose their Government. The group system, on the other hand, means that no Government can be formed until after the people have chosen the Legislative Assembly. The classic example of the group system is France. Its character is revealed in the fact that between 1873 and 1928 there were 68 Cabinets in France, and each Cabinet lived, on the average, for a period of only nine and a half months. M. Briand, often described as the Lloyd George of France, appears to have remarked on one occasion that "the day on which a French Prime Minister takes office is also the day on which at least one of

his colleagues begins to prepare his downfall."

The constitution of the U.S.A. apparently works, like that of Britain, under a dual party system, but America has really only one party divided into two nearly equal halves by habit, the contest for office, the Republican being one half and the Democratic the other half of the party. The two American parties are "like two bottles containing the same liquid; but with different labels." Features like the spoils system, the enormous number of elective offices,—about 50,000—the political assessment of officials, the log-rolling, the share in the pork barrel and the jack-pot have given a peculiarly bad name to American parties, while the complexity of the constitution, the general tone and level of the electorate and the capitalistic organisation of the country's industrial society have produced almost pathological conditions in the American party system.

The single party system has been common to Fascist States like Italy and Germany, and to Russia. But Dr. Chandrasekharan draws this distinction between Russia and the Fascist States. The Fascist and the Nazi parties in Italy and Germany became regular constitutional organs of the State. But in Russia, the Communist Party is not included in the Soviet Constitution as one of its formal elements. It has no formal rights. The influence it exerts is solely through the presence of its individual members on the governing bodies of the State, and not in virtue of any *de jure* power with which it is invested. The author holds, nevertheless, that the existence of only one party and only one set of social and political ideas is the most serious disqualification of Russian democracy and he hopes that in course of time real parties may grow and function and that Russia will lead the world as the creator of the new democracy.

The Congress in India is described in the lectures as fundamentally a militant organisation fighting under the domination of Gandhian ideology against the forces of British imperialism. The

author is as certain as anything can be certain in Indian politics that the Congress, as it exists to-day, will disintegrate and break up within a very short time after complete achievement of its purpose. Of the future of the Muslim League he is sceptical, notwithstanding the recent enormous strides made by it in power and influence. "We can afford," he writes, "to indulge in communal politics to our hearts' content at present because we have no responsibility for the Government of the country. Every prospective transfer of power produces heightening of communal tension and power politics take the field; but once power has been transferred to the satisfaction of major communities, communal politics will gradually recede into the background." The balkanisation of Indian political life which has made it inevitable that it should run on communal lines has, he points out, been not a little due to the policy of British rulers who, "while repeatedly deploring the necessity for separate communal electorates, have repeatedly extended their scope until to-day there are some fourteen separate communities and interests that are given separate representation." Dr. Chandrasekharan concludes that "if there is a future for responsible Government and democratic institutions in our country, free India will have, on the one hand, to secularise politics and by a vigorous social and economic programme create genuine political parties and, on the other, reform the electoral system by the substitution of methods other than communal electorates."

The lectures reflect great scholarship. A captivating simplicity and

raciness distinguish their style. They are full of interesting citations from writers and thinkers well worth the readers' close attention. A vast field of positively global political content is covered in a remarkably brief compass of words. The comment may however be made that there is lack of integration between the author's enthusiasm for proletarian democracy in Russia, and his curt dismissal of "dictatorship of the proletariat" as unsuited to India. When it came to India he seems to have forgotten the purport of an extract quoted by himself some pages earlier from Barker's "Reflections on Government":

".....(In Russia) the dictatorship of the proletariat remains though the proletariat has been extended until it is almost the whole of society; and the socialization of the great mass of property equally remains. There is nothing to prove that democracy may not be democracy when it is conjoined with the general socialization of property or even (though this is more dubious) when it is conjoined with the temporary disfranchisement of a section of the population and the domination of the rest."

Local differences that before the war gave divergent forms to the aspirations of people divided by distance are now being rapidly demolished by forces tending to integrate all countries into one world. This distinction between the old pre-war world and the completely changed present post-war world, Dr. Chandrasekharan seems somehow to have missed in his assessments on the scope of Communism outside Russia.

Good Wishes

Khasa, my friend, for summers thirty
Through seasons bright and weather dirty
We have climbed the hill of life together—
Queer birds both, and of a feather;
Though you are a gaol-bird and I a lubbard
Too much concerned with pantry and cupboard.
Little you care for bread or butter,
But the truth in you you still must utter.

Oft you and I have had our quarrels
O'er art, or politics, or morals;
And after clouds of dark confusion
Arrived at the one clear conclusion
That for you (as for Hind) the *mantra*
Is *Swatantra*, yes, *Swatantra*.

You have probed and proved our public men
With the sharp lancet of your pen.
With Saka's searchlight you have lighted
Our nooks and corners else benighted.
You have trod the way your conscience showed you
None drew you, drove you, or bestrode you.

Right or wrong, your views are trenchant;
Your words are pungent and astringent.
Though sweet sometimes on your chosen heroes,
Yet with nonentities and zeroes
Your style of speech is never treacly.
The public wait to lick up meekly
Pepper or ginger or salt in your weekly.

Then shake off, friend, all *paratantra*
And, while enjoying your *Swatantra*,
For India (as for your own self)
Win freedom from the power of pelf.

(Your cheek may blush, but even your cheek
Dare not suppress the truth I speak.
With love of truth you have been credited:
Now, print this praise of you, unedited!)

--APEX.



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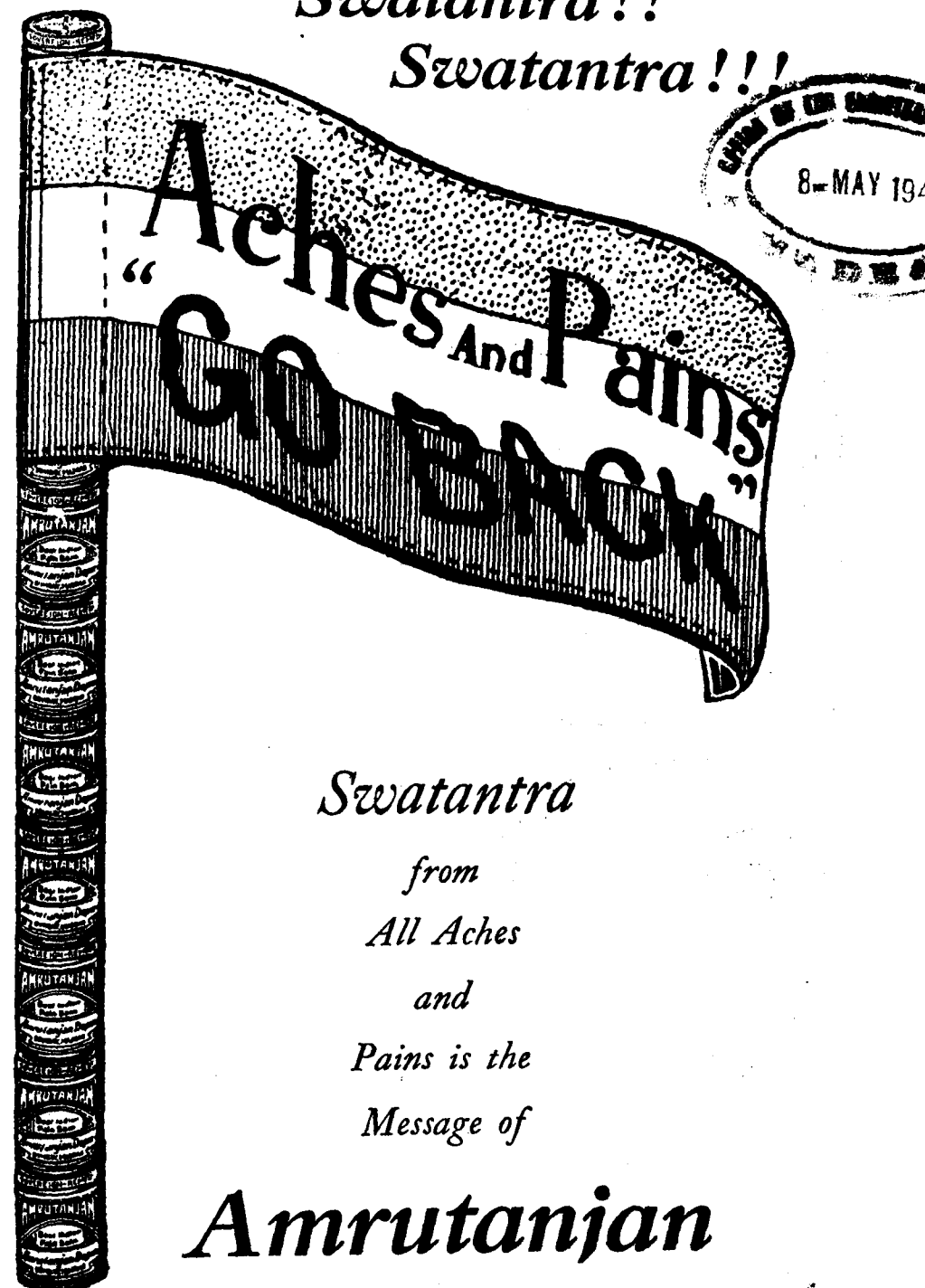
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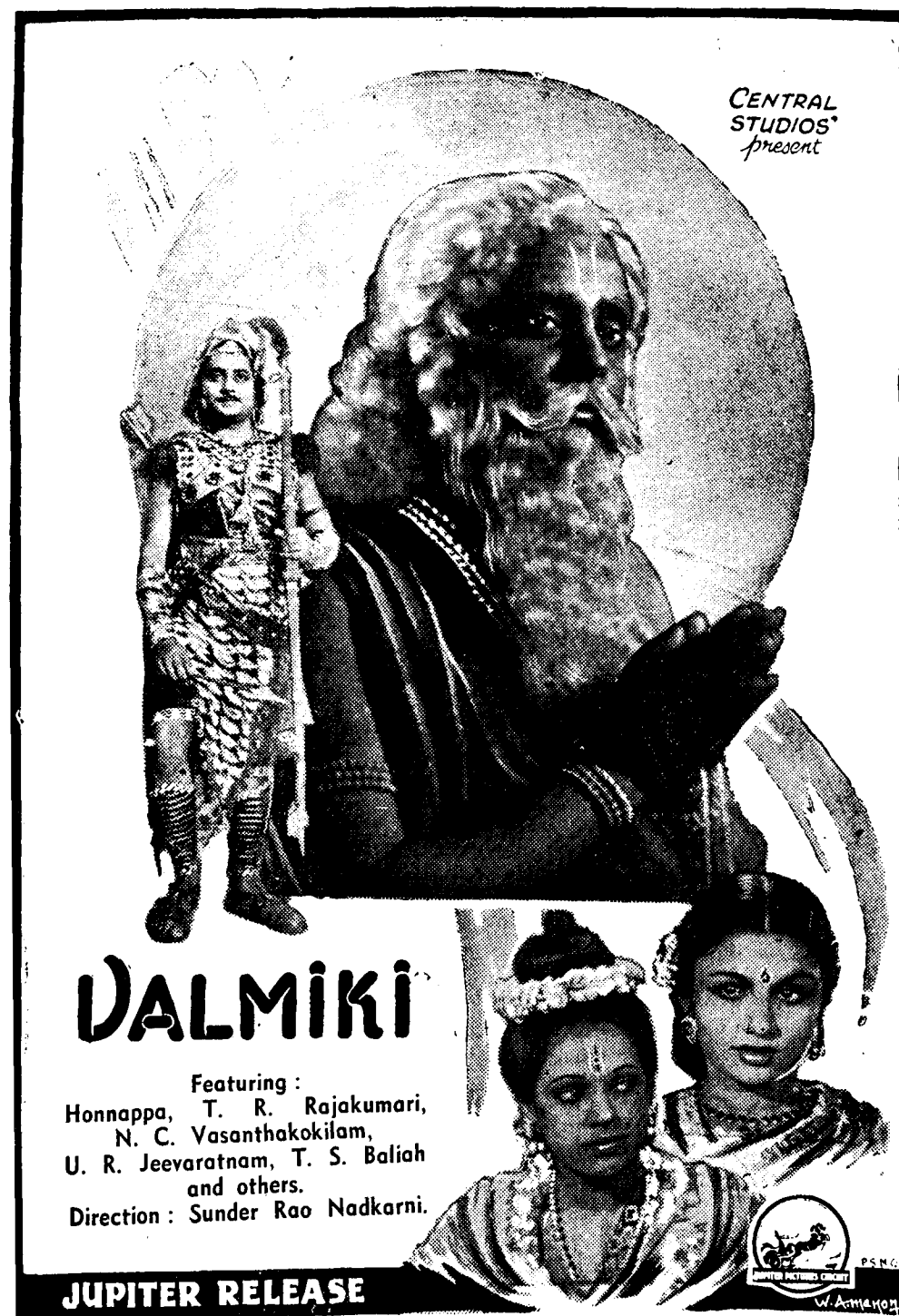
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SWATANTRA

(SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1946)

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SWATANTRA

VOL. I
No. 7

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

AFTER US, THE DELUGE

ANY judgment passed on the last budget of the Adviser regime in Madras would be imperfect if it is arrived at without a proper appreciation of the background behind it. The last four years of the Adviser regime had been a period of apparent prosperity owing to no conscious effort on the part of the Government since inflation had contributed to it to a large extent. The Adviser regime was not hard put to finding new avenues of producing income and the only two measures that they undertook in order to augment the Provincial revenues were to quadruple the rate of the Sales Tax and to cancel the subvention given to agriculturists by way of a two-annas remission in the Land Tax. Budgetting, from the point of view of producing revenue, was therefore not a very difficult task for them. The other aspect of budgetting during uncertain times like those we have passed through, was to save up for lean years and build up a nest egg which will be handy when an artificial tempo of employment would have to be maintained very largely at the Government's expense; and the Adviser regime's answer to this will be to point to their Revenue Reserve Fund. The question we have to ask ourselves is, therefore, whether the position could not have been bettered and whether increased expenditure as against the increased revenue has been undertaken on purposes that were productive of common good or had merely been expended in directions from which there would be no lasting return.

From a total revenue of 21.92 lakhs as disclosed by the accounts for 1942-43, the final estimate of revenue for the year 1945-46 is expected to reach a record figure of 45.63 lakhs. Out of this, one head of revenue alone, viz., Provincial Excise, is estimated to contribute 16.52 lakhs as against 4.67 lakhs during the accounting year 1942-43. On a rough estimate it seems therefore that the Revenue Reserve Fund is more or less made up by the increase in Excise revenue since the beginning of the war, which has been a windfall to the Government. The other notable item of increase during these four years is in respect of commercial taxes where the accounts for 1942-43 disclose a revenue of 1.45 lakhs and the final estimate for 1945-46 is about 7.00 lakhs. Practically every other item of revenue has increased, specially stamps and registration, stamp duties having been materially increased during the period of the war.

The Government have tried to meet the charge that they have not spent anything considerable on the nation-building activities of the Province and they have included in the budget communique a statement showing that while 5.35 lakhs had been spent on eight departments concerned in nation-building activities in 1941-42, according to the revised estimate, in 1945-46 they expect to spend about 10.32 lakhs. Apparently the Advisers are dissatisfied that people do not appreciate the fact that they have been a veritable Father Santa Claus doling out benefit to the people

MY FATHER (Bronze): by Debi Prasad Roy Choudhury

during their regime by very nearly doubling the expenditure on the nation-building activities, but observed in a setting where the revenue has more than doubled during these four years, the largesses given to the public do not at all seem to be impressive. It would also be interesting if the Government had given details of how much of this increased expenditure on these activities goes towards increased salaries paid or dearness allowance paid to the men in the services. To take one item as a test, the expenditure of 80 lakhs according to the revised estimate for 1945-46 on agriculture (as against 22.49 lakhs in 1941-42) when the food problem has been continually staring us in the face all these years, does not seem to be a thing about which the Government need be proud.

The general tenor of the communique is apologetic and the details given therein are largely matters of arithmetical concoction. The human side of the picture is conspicuous by its absence. The communique does not reveal anywhere that it appreciates the responsibility for the well-being of 50 million souls. The urgent new schemes in the setting outlined by the Provincial Government's post-war reconstruction plans where they propose to spend 136 crores during five years, do not carry with them any assurance of rendering lasting benefit to the people. Little credit need be assigned to the Adviser Government for any of the proposals for 1946-47 in the face of the fact that a popular Government will be assuming responsibility very soon and might alter the budget according to its own ideas.

We are, however, constrained to remark that all these years the Madras Government had paid no attention to the problem of keeping unproductive expenditure down to the minimum. The multiplication of the cost of administration has been colossal and the tone of the administration has deteriorated at a much greater rate than the rate of increase in its cost. When the popular Government took over charge in 1937 it also took over an administrative machinery which

was reasonably efficient and honest, but we cannot say the same conditions now exist when a popular Ministry is about to assume office in a few weeks. Latterly, the Adviser regime has shown a complete disregard about the future of the administrative machinery. Men condemned as unfit for holding key positions during the Adviser regime have been, as it were, exhumed and put in special positions in which the special responsibility of the Governor will guard them from any attempt at being dislodged by the popular Ministry and cases of this sort can be multiplied. It only shows that what was not good enough for an Adviser regime is good enough for a popular Ministry. The latest appointment of a President to the Public Services Commission for a vacancy which falls due in July next, of a decrepit old person, puts the crown on the whole thing. It may be that this appointment is a matter within the field of the special responsibility of the Governor, but at a time when the whole country is agitating for Europeans to quit, an appointment of this type seems to be in direct defiance of all popular wishes.

The food problem is assuming serious proportions. While we find no evidence of any adequate appreciation of this fact in the budget communique, we do see that an enormous governmental machinery is being built up to cope with the situation. The person in charge of this organisation is supposed to be the absolute "cat's whiskers" amongst the eminent members of the steel frame, but so far his outstanding abilities seem largely to be directed in growing more jobs and the Food Department is threatening to become one of the big departments of the Government of Madras. But the most disquieting part of it all is that Mr. Dixon is organising a Public Relations Section of the Food Department in which by and large the entire organisation of the much discredited National War Front which later became the Field Publicity Organisation, with the exception of Captain Harvey of intriguing personality is likely to be roped in. We cannot

help commiserating the Ministry to come and specially the Minister who is to be in charge of Food for the legacy of Mr. Dixon's devising in store for them. It causes no surprise to us however that a decadent bureaucracy should adopt the motto of Madame la Pompadour of "after us the deluge".

Verdict Of The Polls

The Congress has won sweeping victories in the elections. The victors should not construe their triumph as evidence of personal preference for them on the part of the electors. It is loyalty to the Congress that has influenced the voters to rally *en masse* in its support, in very many cases overcoming their repugnance for notoriously unsuitable candidates set up by the Congress parliamentary boards. Next to the Congress the Muslim League has by the result of the elections been shown to be the most important political organisation in the country. Yet it cannot be said that Muslim India has stood by Mr. Jinnah to the extent claimed by him. In the North-West Frontier Province which is a very important province for any fulfilment of Mr. Jinnah's dream of Pakistan, the verdict of Muslims has been given not in favour of the League but of the Congress; and a Congress Ministry has already been set up. In the Punjab, the League has had undoubted proof of strong support from Muslim voters. But it has been given only to the point of ousting the Unionists from the dominant position they held before the elections. The unwisdom of including in a Pakistan area large tracts where Muslims are not in a majority must have been brought home even to Mr Jinnah's mind by now. Whatever disappointments the League leader might have had, it has been demonstrated conclusively that the hold of the League on Muslim minds is a fact of the present situation not to be ignored or brushed aside by anyone alive to the importance of dealing with it realistically.

Now that negotiations for a political settlement with the British Government are afoot, it is to be hoped that Congress leaders will not in a mood of cheap vainglory indulge in insulting diatribes at the expense of other parties but will strive to build freedom on tolerance and unity. If there is anyone fitted by ability, character and past record to promote an effective inter-party combination for immediate onslaught on the established citadels of British power, that person is Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. The almost deliberate omission on the part of the Congress High Command to make use of his services in the present conjuncture of affairs does not speak well of the perspicacity of that body. They seem to be receding more and more from the high and exalted standard of human service and national liberation towards a morass of intrigue-laden power politics. All the world over, the lines of battle are being drawn to-day on intellectual and emotional lines between the constructive and destructive forces of society. The former support democracy, which to-day is unmistakably socialistic, as the method whereby struggling exploited societies may arrive with a minimum of pain at a stable political equilibrium. The peril to this movement comes from the self-seekers, the men of merchant type to whom profiteering is all in all, those whose social vision is obscured by desire for personal power, or ownership of more than their neighbours enjoy. Congress leaders should fight this peril and not add to it.

Dr. Alekhine

The passing away of Dr. Alexander Alekhine who was found dead this week crouching over a chess-board is an affecting *apopsie*. He gave himself heart and soul to the game which he practised with such lustre. Indeed, when Dr. Max Euwe succeeded in maintaining the world title against his intrepid rival, surprise was expressed that a mere tactician should have been able to triumph over a consummate



strategist. The balance was correctly redressed when Dr. Euwe lost his precarious hold on the title. Dr. Alekhine's success was the triumph of a cool, but at the same time, daring style.

He is now among the immortals of chess. What his precise place will be among those masters, such as Morphy, Lasker, Capablanca, and Steinitz, may be left to commentators to be disputed; but in the meantime, the world will lament the death of the exiled Russian, who burnished his game with some marmoreal openings, and who, indeed, touched nothing which he did not adorn.

Twelve Points

In the Letters Section of this issue "APEX" presents for clarification twelve points. They cover the whole of the controversial ground connected with the Muslim League demand for Pakistan. It is necessary that public opinion should be formed on them intelligently and dispassionately since on the manner of their disposal will rest very largely not only the structure of the Constitution to be framed but also the political future of the country. We invite readers to participate in the discussion initiated by "APEX" in the spirit in which he has initiated it bearing in mind the need for brevity and avoidance of repetition in a journal so severely restricted in space as this. Our own viewpoint we shall state briefly, not indeed with any suggestion of finality, but as a reasonable basis for debate and settlement.

To the first question, "Are the Hindus and Muslims of India two nations?" we must notwithstanding the vehemence of Mr. Jinnah's assertion, give a decidedly negative answer. The original invading element that brought Islam to India has not survived as a separate body. It got lost in the vast mass of converts that by force or persuasion it created out of the people in whose midst it came to dwell. Present-day Muslims are to a very considerable extent sprung from Hindu ancestors. No duality of nationhood can be predicated of people tracing their origin

to a common stock rooted in the same soil. Since Hindus and Muslims are not thus two nations, the question whether they "should continue as two distinct nations" does not arise. Economic demarcations might here and there accidentally run along religious and communal lines but the two are essentially different. This does not mean however that religion cannot be used as a weapon for promoting antagonisms based on economic considerations. It very often is. Exploitation of economic considerations for creating antagonisms is inherent in the very process of dragging religion into politics, and for undoing the mischief of the process, radical changes in the economic system are undoubtedly necessary and desirable.

Irrespective of the two nation theory, for Hindus and Muslims to form a single State is preferable to their separation into two States, if only because a larger aggregation of units by its superior power will be better suited for defence and progress under modern conditions charged with war risks; but if separation is insisted on by one of the communities, to enforce unity against its wish will not make the resulting Government strong or stable.

As the demand for Pakistan is based on the right of Muslims to have a homeland to rule in regions where they are in a majority, the inclusion of districts where Muslims are not in a majority offends against the very basis of the demand. It follows that such districts will have to be excluded from Pakistan by means of a readjustment of existing provincial boundaries. Exchange of population would be relevant only in case non-Muslims and non-Hindus are sought to be entirely excluded from Pakistan and Hindustan respectively. As this does not seem possible, all that may be provided for is free migration of Hindus from Pakistan to Hindustan and of Muslims from Hindustan to Pakistan. Hindus in Pakistan and Muslims in Hindustan will not be specially favoured minorities. The conception of favouring a minor-

SIDELIGHTS ::

The man who does his work, any work, conscientiously, must always be in one sense a great man.—Mulock.

Gandhi wrote wistfully in a recent issue of *Harijan* of an ashram built in Nellore district and of great hopes of social work through it that happened not to materialise. The reference is to the ashram situate at Pallipad. In the early days of non-co-operation, ashrams were the abode of the elect among Gandhian disciples. They practised Gandhism as if it was a new religion. In the ashrams abstemiousness was carried to very zealous heights. Young India, predecessor of to-day's *Harijan*, was scanned for guidance, and the gospel of exaltation through sacrifice that it preached gave rise to competition in a process of giving things up.

The Satyagrahis measured virtue in terms of giving things up. It started with food. Chillies and tamarind were first sacrificed. The next step was to discard salt. Then as the tempo rose, other wants were cast away ranging from shirts to the physical needs of married life. Among a list of rules that Gandhi published for the observance of Satyagrahis, the place of honour was given to the one that enjoined on husbands and wives to sleep in separate rooms. The inmates of ashrams strove therefore to build their lives round celibacy.

The soul of the Pallipad Ashram was the late Digumarti Hanumantha Rao. He, C. V. Krishna and K. Punniiah were the foundation members of the ashram. Three more dissimilar persons I have rarely come across. Hanumantha Rao was a truly great man. He gave his first love to the Servants of India Society. Discontent over the failure of the Society to respond to the strenuousness of political action called for by the changing times cast him into the Gandhian camp. He called himself an atheist, but in

many ways he was godlike. God is in a sense a product of human imperfections. The avaricious turn to God for luck; the nervous for fortitude; the adventurous for a blessing; the deceitful and the profiteering for immunity from discovery; the penitent for forgiveness; and belligerents for victory. Hanumantha Rao had none of the fears or ambitions or excitements that make the existence of the Divine a necessity for common people.

He made no difference between little and great. He resolved all life into a series of principles and pursued them with unwavering conscientiousness, giving no quarter to anything contradicting them in any particular. In most men there is an element of the uncertain, an unpredictable yielding to impulse, circumstance, pressure or persuasion in deviation from previously enunciated attitudes. But of him those who knew him could always be sure—sure of what he would do and what he would not do, in any foreseeable context. Hence he was trusted and believed in by one and all that had occasion to know him.

He was a puritan who found delight in being hard on himself without getting soured with others. The abstemiousness of the initial urges of Gandhian puritanism is generally not pleasant to neighbours. Its tendency is to exact attention. Giving up wants proceeds apace with aggressive advertisement and clamour for appreciation, so that in the place of a supposed discipline of the spirit you are confronted with a nuisance. The repressions that the puritans practise on themselves often pave the way for later fatal reactions in the form of excesses with compound interest—and while they puritanise, they seem to go about, strained and tight-lipped, with a sense of grievance against the world in general. While the imperfect are perfectly content and companionable, seeing themselves

as one with their fellowmen and beloved in proportion to the allowances they make for the faults of others, the quest for perfection is wont to give rise to a species of hard, intolerant, self-obsessed bores. Virtue has to be redeemed from severity before it can become socially beneficial, and the late Hanumantha Rao was that rarest of beings, a puritan with social charm and love in his heart for erring sinners.

His untimely death led to the disintegration of the Pallipad Ashram. C. V. Krishna, of the survivors, had considerable local influence with rich families and had enough of resourcefulness to carry on if executive ability was all that was needed. He had a very kind and benevolent disposition under a misleading rough temper. But his agonised concern for standards commanding his allegiance made him continually angry with whomsoever dared to violate them. What with remonstrances against breaches of sacred doctrine and dread of recurrence of such breaches, periods of real rest and relaxation were to him few and far between. The requirements of vigilance for preventing profane inroads by the inmates of the ashram on the approved pattern of Satyagrahic conduct, particularly in the matter of food and celibacy, taxed his energies excessively and eventually impelled him to doubt the all-sufficiency of Gandhism and seek refuge in Yoga.

Punniiah, the last of the trio, was indefatigable in clearing the ashram precincts of prickly pear. He would be found, at all hours of the day, armed with a long pole provided with a pronged contraption at the end, doing unceasing battle with the wilderness of thorns and shrubs that then filled the ashram compound. Irritations that would move Krishna to exasperation made him lugubri-



SIR ARCHIBALD NYE, Governor-Designate of Madras.

ous. He was a figure of portentous gravity immersed at all times in a sea of routine tasks. He loved to make himself an example of the dignity of manual labour until, with the decline of the ashram, social reform claimed his affection.

Gandhian ashrams are meant to provide illimitable scope for social service to aspirants content to live frugally and work for their keep with the labour of their hands. They have yet to realise their founder's dream of economic self-sufficiency. They have still to exist on the bounty of donors. For eliciting donations, an attractive figure, endowed with sanctity in public estimation, is necessary. Round such figures in the ashrams, coteries of workers engaged in perfecting themselves through institutional practice of Satyagraha have been established throughout the country for over quarter of a century. The time seems ripe for due stock being taken of the total of achievement to the credit of the ashrams in all these years.—S A K A.

Males are not eligible in the army of the ants. The fighting forces are entirely composed of females. The labour corps and even the supply department won't have a male. WAC(1)S, cheer up!

PERCENTAGES AND PERSONAGES

By POTHAN JOSEPH

Free from the trammels of office, I find myself slightly cobwebbed in statistics. As principal trumpeteer of the Government for seven ugly months, I had to ask subordinate drudges to provide an "analysis" of publicity obtained in the press by Government guys on tour. Full-page advertisements won't sell arsenic as diet even in a time of famine, and in spite of my confidence as one who had popularised Pakistan in the nascent stages of its appeal, I could not make much headway in my cranky mission of official publicity. Statistics without purpose chilled me to the marrow of my spine; as a famous economist said, there are lies, damned lies, and then statistics.

After weighing himself against diamonds, the Agha Khan declared that the Muslim League represented 99 per cent of the 100 millions of Muslims in India while Congress represented 99 per cent of the Hindus. Dr. Ambedkar in his mathematical accuracy denies the statement. What has happened to that 1 per cent? There has been controversy about Pandit Jawaharlal's statement that 95 per cent of the League's claim for Pakistan stands generously conceded, but the margin of 5 per cent is supposed to cause difficulties in "defence, foreign policy, customs, currency, etc., etc." The term *et cetera* is a frowning cliff over the 5 per cent. But 5 per cent of what? Nobody tells.

In a Dickens novel, the bailiff claimed from the debtor £45-19 shillings, 10 d.—and half penny. The philosophic gentlemen snarled. "The ha'penny be damned!" It was a natural, albeit non-statistical explosion contrary to the spirit of analysis. Again in *Hard Times*, we have a parent who went by statistics and who had his son in the cashier's department statistically educated. When the son was about to be jailed for embezzlement, the father mournfully remarked that in good families the margin of crime was only half per cent. The boy very cheerfully agreed: "Father, I am that half per cent". Muslim Leaguers maintain that

the voters have registered their support, 90 per cent for Pakistan while the Unionists of the Punjab affirm that Unionism is 99 per cent up. Far-seeing company-promoters who ally themselves in foreign contracts feel patriotic after the mount of 51 per cent over 49 per cent, a shrewd democratic device adapted into the structure of business for duping customers. In the poise of Cain and Abel as equal legatees of the earthly paradise, Cain won without the vote. There were no articles of association, no meeting of shareholders, while the spirit of Lilith brooded over the scene of her descendants without suffering from the germs of a Company Law split. We have been debased into the Company Law mentality.

If it is "Quit India", there can't be 95 per cent only of departure, there must be some qualified status somewhere. In human associations the rule, on a peaceful basis, of the right of the 51 per cent to dominate the 49 per cent should be progressively diluted. Some enjoy authority supremely exercised, others to carry support. Statistics are valuable only in the calculus of human relations, otherwise they furnish only a snare to lead us into confusion on the mechanics of averages. We are in the wilderness of exotic theories while we are still in the habit of being dominated by personalities. Communists, hated by all the congeries of vested interests, religious and commercial, are about 20,000 strong. They represent hot steam while there is unwarmed ice behind, and all our leaders fume at them. Statistically weak, they have still in them the substance of a superior world-affiliation where man does not exploit man.

Why reserve these small decimal margins, 5 per cent and 1 per cent? Again suspicion arises as in the case of the maid-servant who explained to the mistress: "Don't worry, Madam, about the baby, after all, it is so small." Frank understanding is better than mental reservations about percentages; much better than all the artful aids of "evading the issue", another cliché carrying more meanings than one.

Short Story

DANCE OF SIVA

By Manjeri S. Isvaran

The P. & O. steamer *Ispahan* crossed the Suez and entered the Mediterranean. It was the second week of the voyage and India had already dwindled into a dim etching in the minds of those who were going 'home' to England on a holiday; to be talked about with condescension and good-humoured contempt, often with a strange inflexion in the voices, as though Vasco da Gama discovered this part of the globe in a state of utter barbarity after six days of battling with black squalls in the high seas, and had his interview with the Zamorin of Calicut only yesterday.

Under a waxing moon the sombre waters began to pale, the shadows shook over their flowering buds of light, and slowly the Mediterranean opened out in full silver splendour, unfurling fabric after fabric of memories of its historic past. And the *Ispahan* moved like a little dream town, through waters that never seemed to end, through memories turning turbulent under a waxing moon.

At the common dinner table on board the steamer, Gour Sundar De and Peter Patterson had met and known one another. Early during the voyage each had caught surreptitiously the eye of the other, bending over a plate of soup or tipping up a cup of tea; there had been short speechless skirmishes between them at intervals, like sly animals in cover; Patterson thought that the Bengalee wore his flowing shirt and fine dhoti to a pitch of aggressive nationalness; he was attracted and at the same time irritated by his air of absolute self-possession; while De, in his turn was amused at the prying inquisitiveness of the Englishman, his racial superiority which he tried to hide in an apparent stolidity. The white-man's burden, De thought, sat a little too heavily on Patterson's shoulders.

At Eden the two started staring at each other; half-way up the Red Sea they summoned up shadows of smiles in their faces; nearing the Straits of Suez, with Victoria Regina beaming benevolently and Ferdinand. Comte de Lesseps, gazing with pride at the rolling waters, triumphant in his laurels, his face expanding in the memory of the gigantic fete given

in honour of him at the Crystal Palace, and Lord Palmerston hovering in the background, it had come to: "How d'you do, Mr. De? How d'you do Mr. Patterson?" Both had boldly put their cards on the table, face upwards, not playing poker or whist; Peter Patterson knew that the Bengalee was an art-dealer, one who sold curios and antiques and such of India in the western countries, a cultural ambassador of the east to the west as the native (Patterson's aside) pompously preferred to call himself; and Gour Sundar De knew that this specimen of the bull-dog breed (his own soliloquy) was the Managing Director of Messrs. Patterson & Patterson, an English firm with head offices in Bombay and a dozen branches north and east and south and west of India, doing business in drapery and other miscellaneous articles of pure British manufacture, and controlling a chain of hotels, also north and east and south and west of India, famous for their perfect catering. Thus far and no further, and biography stayed restricted to their individual calling.

II

They were in the lounge, intended for first class passengers. Strains of the ship's orchestra playing a full-blooded jazz tune came from one of the decks above. The dance was on, the dance of respectable ladies and gentlemen; cocktails kindling rhythms, and rhythms whirling and whispering away into the wash of the sea, to rise yet more vigorous, to kindle and subdue, to subdue the kindled ardours curled asleep in the tedium of the voyage.

"Well," said Patterson, puffing contentedly away at his cigar, an expensive fleur-de-lis; "well, Mr. De, I ask you again, why can't you be honest about it?"

"I don't quite catch you, Mr. Patterson," answered the Bengalee; "wherein comes the dishonesty?"

"This cultural business of yours," responded Patterson.

"What's wrong with it?"

"Only I don't know the culture part of it. As a businessman myself, I tell you it's business pure and simple that

"It's an image of the Tandav Nataraj," he said.

"Oh, I've seen heaps of these in the curio shops in India, one or two recently in New Delhi, without the green paint, of course. Only your thing is taller."

"Green paint!" ejaculated De, pitying the Englishman's ignorance. "It's a Chola Bronze—in iconographic language."

"A what?"

"A Chola Bronze."

"Chola! Never heard of him."

"That's Indian History. The Cholas were a dynasty of Kings that ruled over South India in the tenth century A.D. And this image here recalls the imperial noon of the Cholas. It is the work of a sculptor who lived in that era of artistic brilliance and enlightenment. It was discovered from round the regions of the holy river Cauvery. And the green of the Bronze is the patina of age, Mr. Patterson; not sap green or sea green, leaf green or lichen green. Some knowledge of the early history of India is necessary to understand these things, Mr. Patterson."

"Very impressive, Mr. De. But why should I worry about Indian History? The only event of note I know of it is the Sepoy Mutiny."

Gour Sundar De winced under the thrust, but with seeming indifference proceeded:

"A Tandav Nataraj, a masterpiece of Chola sculpture, perhaps worshipped by that pious and glorious Queen, Sembian Ma Devi, mother of King Uttama Chola. Would you care to know, Mr. Patterson, what this image imports. Nataraj is Siva, one of the Hindu Trinity, and this Bronze is the Dancing Siva. Siva is Creator, Destroyer and Preserver. He dances to balance the Universe, to keep the equilibrium between star and star—"

"A dance to balance the world! That sounds rather funny. Then what's the Law of Gravitation for?"

"You are too scientific. In our land we'll call you blasphemous. Haven't you some small imagination?"

"Oh, sure! My imagination as far as dance goes, is the jig and the hornpipe and the morris-dance of the English and the modern jazz, and stretching it a wee bit further, continentally speaking, the polka and the mazurka and the waltz and the cossack and the fandango. Under what type does this er—er—your dance of Siva come."

"Under none."

"Then it's a bit too foggy for me."

Gour Sundar De felt that the Englishman was being studiously frivolous, even rude; still he wanted to strike some awe in his heart by explaining the significance of the Tandav Dance. He regarded the image, the grand stance, right leg bent at the knee and crushing the tiny demon, left leg thrown across the right, and one of the left arms following the flight of that leg; the right arm held up in protective pose; the leaping deer and the glowing flame in the other hand; and as he riveted his gaze on the image he wished for a moment that it sprang into life to dance destruction, so angered was he at the swagger of the man of no faith before him.

And before he resumed, as though following his thoughts, Patterson interrupted:

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. De. Thanks awfully for the interesting lesson in Indian History. I hope you'll drive a good bargain for your Bronze with one of those in the continental countries who er—er—are more receptive. Good luck to you!" And he was gone.

Gour Sundar De did not expect the Englishman to make such a summary exit; for a moment he stood nonplussed; then spitting out the bitter pill of provocation, he drew the baize covering over the image and shut the lid of the box.

IV

They were on with the dance, the respectable ladies and gentlemen on board the *Ispahan*. The orchestra boomed out its melodies; violins wailed, trumpets mimicked the human voice; to the patter on drum and clash on cymbal, the male and female bodies tripped and floated, floated and tripped; in a foam of silk and lace, delicate as water, giddy as glass, naked arm in arm, cheek to cheek intimate, the ladies and gentlemen danced.

Patterson stood leaning on the rails of the deck watching the dancers and murmuring: "Thank God for the fox-trot, thank God for the jazz. Dance of Siva! Phew! What a hoax!"

He promenaded on the deck for a while, had a drink in the lounge, then retired into his cabin for the night.

Patterson slept. Patterson awoke. To a sense of chaos. To a raging cataclysm. He woke up to see a gigantic figure towering to the skies, with eyes like fiery globes, its matted locks awl with the whirling inky clouds; and as he looked on utterly stunned, drained of all his feelings, just a

particle of consciousness at this vision of sudden horror, its forehead burst open in the middle like a smouldering planet, and pillars of flame shot forth and a wilderness of arms with lethal weapons; and all around him a dread combustion roared, with the thunder of a billion rockets exploding; and everything was an endless, immeasurable furnace, a terrible holocaust into which the hounds of hurricane swept and swirled; seas rose boiling over mountains till there was nothing but water, water, water, and all earth was involuted therein; then the waters receded away with a hiss, involuted in fire; and the raging fire was involuted in wind, and the wind in ether, and a crematorium stretched without horizons, a dismal charnel-plain, blackened and grey and thick with ashes. Sheer terror held Patterson's eyes lidless, he saw the giant stooping and smearing itself with the ashes in demoniac glee; it towered again, its forehead which had burst forth fire serene without a scar, and towering, began to dance to a wild, weird rhythm; a little drum which it held in one of its countless arms sounding with a maddening insistence, the short string heavy with a pellet at its end leaping out of its skin and raising the gurgling muted notes, *du-du-du-dum-du-du-du-dum*; and more than anything else, it was the intolerable, nerve-racking sound of this drum, persistent, insistent, as the persistent tapping of a blind man's stick that froze Patterson's blood and drove him almost to the verge of madness. Suddenly, without his being aware of it, his eyes fell on an object which the colossus was crushing under its dancing foot; he intensified his gaze and was appalled, petrified to find that the thing had the body of a reptile and the head of a dwarf and its face, in every line and curve, resembled his own. He shrieked wildly, but was astounded not to hear his own voice; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; still shrieking and breaking into a cold sweat, he fell into a dead swoon.

When consciousness came back to him, how long after he did not know, Patterson sensed and saw a great change around him. A lovely female figure had manifested itself beside the giant of his vision; and the two were dancing with exquisite, soft steps. A benign smile shone over the face of the male, and all was peace, deep peace and effulgence like unto some divine benediction. The scent of Spring was in the air, Patterson gazed

in rapt wonder at the dancing figures; and he saw the horned moon peeping through the matted crests of the male, shaking and spilling out drops nectarous; a river—wonder of wonders!—tumbled its crystal cascades adown the locks; colours flowed riotous and life brimmed forth again, fresh and vital. They danced, the male and the female divinities, to a faint far-away music, to a song of dim mellifluous words, the language of which Patterson could not understand; but there came a peace, deep peace within him such as he had never before experienced. And he saw the hand of the male god, as he had seen in the image the Bengalee had shown him, lifted in benison over him and he saw the lovely female figure of a sudden melting into the male; and the faint far-away music, the blurred unintelligible melody faded out slowly, lulling him into a profound slumber.

V

Patterson slept. Patterson awoke in his cabin, to the sense almost of a seachange in him. He did not falter. He did not hesitate. He got out of bed and went over to the deck. A full moon rode blithely overhead, and the *Ispahan* cut its even way through the argent sheet of the Mediterranean. And by the moon he concluded that it must be past midnight.

He walked straight to the Bengalee's cabin and rapped at the door.

Being a light sleeper De woke up at the first knock and asked: "Who's that?"

"It's I, Patterson"

"Patterson! What brings you here at this hour of the night?" said De. His tone was far from being nice, he hadn't got over yet his vexatious reaction to the provocation caused by the white man.

"Open the door, will you?"

He opened the cabin door.

Patterson stood wavering on the threshold and De saw him in night-dress, hair dishevelled.

"Whatever's the matter, Mr. Patterson?" he cried, "by the look of you one will think that you are ill."

"I've never been heartier, healthier in my life, Mr. De. Will you please show me that Bronze of yours? I'm sorry to trouble you."

"By my eye. Why do you want to see it again? After what you have said so cheaply about it."

Gour Sundar De tried to be superior but Patterson had no eye for the personal.

"I want to see it again in a new light."

SARDAR VALLABHAI PATEL

BY "BHARADWAJ"

OF the many remarkable men that have gathered round Gandhiji, Sardar Patel represents one extreme. Vinoba Bhave belongs to the other. For the Sardar politics is all and politics means the struggle for power. Vinoba is indifferent to power. Pacifism is more vital to him than politics. He is a Gandhian to the core. The Sardar is interested mainly in the Gandhian technique of wresting power from the British. Non-violence and Truth exercise no magic sway over him. Vallabhbhai's loyalty to Gandhiji is based not on faith but on works. An out and out realist, he has seen the Gandhian technique succeed as nothing else had done before. He has seen non-co-operation work miracles. He has witnessed the incredible awakening among the masses and the rousing of a whole people to resistance against a mighty empire. He knows that, in the conditions of India, none but Gandhiji could have wrought such a change.

THE Sardar to-day is Gandhiji's most trusted lieutenant in the Congress. But his unique position in the national organisation is due to more than this fact. His powers of organisation are unequalled. He showed in Bardoli how thoroughly he could do his job. He organised the Congress in Gujerat in a way that is the envy of the rest of India. He leaves nothing to chance. He made Ahmedabad a Congress city in which even the dustbins and the street lamp-posts flaunted the tricolour. And in the years since 1933 he has fashioned out of the Congress an instrument that would be capable not only of offering battle to Britain when necessary, but of winning electoral campaigns and running the Governments in the provinces.

PATEL is essentially a man of action. Grim and taciturn by nature, he speaks rarely. But when he does there can be no mistaking his meaning. He has no diplomatic finesse, no polished subtlety. His words come out like hammer-blows.

HIS dominating passion for over a quarter of a century has been the ending of foreign rule. His entire life has been consecrated to that one inflexible purpose. Believing as he does that for the direction of the national struggle there must be a single, unquestioned leadership, he has nipped in the bud every threat to that leadership. The fate of Nariman, of Dr. Khare, of Subhas Bose at Tripuri bears witness to his determination to see that there is no challenge to the "Old Guard" of the Congress.

IT was at the Haripura session of the Congress that the writer had occasion to see the Sardar at close quarters and grasp the secret of his formidable position in the Congress. It was the second time the Congress was meeting in a village; but who could say Haripura was a village? The previous year's experience at Faizpur had been unhappy. But Haripura was entirely different. Everything had been so thoroughly organised that nothing was wanting for the lakhs of people who had gathered for the session. What was most striking was the exemplary conduct of the volunteers, particularly of the army of orange-sareed Desa Sevikas. Theirs was not to reason why. Over the whole of Vithalnagar, the Sardar's writ was law.

THE session was also revealing in other ways. The growing influence of the Left within the Congress—of the Communists and the Socialists—reached its high watermark at Haripura. Never had the Leftists been so strong within the A.I.C.C., and so vocal. Sardar Patel did not conceal his contempt for the Left. He regarded them with cynical amusement as phrase-mongers and chatterers incapable of action. He listened wearily to the spate of fiery speeches criticising the Working Committee's resolutions; and at the end Pandit Nehru invariably rose—much to the chagrin of his

young admirers—to defend the official policy and the Leftist amendments were defeated hopelessly. The Sardar's cohorts never failed him. Only once did he get up to speak and it was to denounce the Socialists roundly.

ON the last day of the session, when his turn came to propose thanks for all those who had made the session a success, Sardar Patel made a remark which was highly revealing. In a sneering allusion

The temperament of the superior man is vital, his character is firm. His feelings are strong, and his will powerful and sustained. He acts, therefore, with decision and energy. His attention is not easily fatigued. His inhibitions are swift and sure, and his instincts completely subject to his will. His reactions are not mechanical. Every change elicits a new, appropriate response. Perhaps his most striking peculiarity, and the real cause of his superiority to the average man, is the feeling for the concrete which is the result of his faculty of sustained and concentrated attention.—Nordau in "The Meaning of History".

to the Left—the point of which was not missed by anyone in that vast gathering—Sardar Patel paid a tribute to the five hundred animals in the Goshala which had patriotically delivered their milk during the session without arguments and without complaints. Here, he said, was a supreme example of patriotic discharge of duty! And he apparently wanted Congressmen to follow their example—unquestioning and ungrudging obedience to their leaders like the noble cows and buffaloes in the Goshala!

THE Sardar is a ruthless disciplinarian. He does not suffer opposition gladly and has no patience with critics. Much of this may be ascribed to his belief that so long as the Congress is fighting the foreign power there should not be even a suspicion of differences within the Congress and there should be unquestioning loyalty to the Congress leadership. Nor is his insistence on discipline and unity out of place in the circumstances of to-day, when so many raucous voices are clamouring to be heard and there is such evident danger of the country being split into numerous sectarian groups. What is really disturbing, however, is his opposition to the Left. He is an implacable enemy of the Communists, who, for their part, have not hesitated to dub him a Fascist! Communist policy since 1942 has furnished him with effective handles to attack them. Their electoral debacle promises to be complete. But that will not mean their liquidation as a political force. Communist policy and Congress attitude to Communists are bound to be of crucial significance in the coming years.

SARDAR Patel has so far given no inkling of his social philosophy. He has been too much absorbed in the struggles of the moment to think of a long-range philosophy and programme. "Let us get rid of the British first; there will be time enough to think of what we should do in a free India later"—that has been his attitude all along. He does not share the current optimism that freedom is round the corner. And if the country has to go through a fiery ordeal again to assert its right to be free, we may be certain that Sardar Patel will be the guiding spirit of the struggle. Almost his first utterance on release from Ahmednagar Fort was to tell the British that "Quit

India" was out of date. The slogan now was "Quit Asia".

OF the Sardar's role in the future, it is difficult to venture on a prediction. There are too many uncertain elements in the situation. If, as we all hope, there is a peaceful transfer of power, the Sardar may well play in the free India to be a great role worthy of his undisputed qualities. I fancy that he will make an ideal chief of a National Planning Commission to direct the course of the country's industrial expansion. He is known as a "man of steel" and India will need somebody with his energy, drive and supreme genius for organisation to rear an industrial structure adequate to her needs. It would be a great pity if, shunning the responsibilities of office, he is content to remain the political boss of the Congress.

SARDAR Patel has earned many bad names from the Left. At different times he has been described as "kulak", "reactionary", and "Fascist". He is an empiricist, and the postures of his Socialist critics, with all their theoretical jargon, leave him cold. He has a partiality for the sturdy, independent farmer and his economic outlook may be coloured by this bias. How it will influence his attitude to the problems of Indian economic reconstruction, one cannot say at present. But those who fear that he will be the spokesman of the Indian bourgeoisie may be doing him an injustice. He leads a simple life and he has perhaps less respect for the successful businessman as such than Gandhiji. He has not disdained to seek their aid for furthering the national struggle. But he cannot be unaware that the drift everywhere is towards a more or less Socialist order of things and that India can be no exception. One hopes, despite current bickerings, that there will be enough wisdom in Congress ranks and among the Communists to avert a repetition of the Kuomintang-Communist conflict in India, which would be an unmitigated calamity.

Profile—V. M. Merchant

Mr. D. R. JARDINE has confessed in a delightful aside that, when a schoolboy, he bought, after "horrid abstinences" from the luxuries of the tuckshop, Commander C. B. Fry's treatise on batting, but that, when he gained his place in the School XI, it was for his bowling. This misdirection corrected itself when the erstwhile bowler later developed into a batsman, thoroughly after the heart of the Sussex classic. But any intelligent spectator, who watches for the space of fifteen minutes Vijay Madhavji Merchant batting, will irresistibly come to the conclusion that here, if anywhere, it is the characteristic product of that orthodox, not to say strait-laced, text-book. The Indian Vice-Captain is the finest flower of formalism in this country.

Aunt Poyser claimed that her pork pies did not turn out to be the famous things they are in imaginary culinary literature by accident. Merchant's batting wears the visible effects of delights scorned and days laboriously lived. His batting is a firm affirmation of the Ten Commandments, and heresy in cricket is as abhorrent to him as it is in theology to Belloc.

Neville Cardus has spoken severely of that pusillanimity, which, because of the brief moment when a batsman is blinded when he plays forward, would have him forswear the beauties of the off-drive. It is in the main true to say that except Amarnath there is no Indian batsman who has the courage to brave this terror often. It is not in careful Merchant, as he would undoubtedly describe it, to give hostages to fortune, but an analysis of his strokes will reveal that forward play does not, at any rate, bear to back play the enormous disproportion of Falstaff's sack to his bread. It is, however, true to say that he exerts himself mainly in back strokes.

Merchant has been faithful to his early love. When he first appeared

in Madras in the Third Test against Jardine's team, he sent the crowd into raptures by his daring hooks and pulls, especially off Clarke, who to the youthful mind assumed the dimensions of a demon. Later, this audacity appeared to have mellowed itself, and to have manifested itself on the other side of the wicket. For his famous late-cuts, which Denis Compton praised recently, are only a civilised adaptation of the earlier intrepidity. It can now be said that there are few surer makers of the cut in this country. It is the most prominent among the strokes of one, whom his detractors would like to call strokeless, but whom wiser persons will describe as a batsman who has rigorously confined himself to the execution of a few selected strokes. This policy was previously adopted by Hammond, when as a member of Jardine's team in Australia, he allowed himself only the off-drive and the cover-drive, to score, nevertheless, prolifically against the flower of Australian bowling.

Patience in times of success and fortitude in days of adversity are the qualities associated with this scientific batsman. They normally ensure that their owner is a successful Captain. But in Merchant, it has not been so. The responsibilities have not only weighed adversely on his batting itself, but they have affected the Captaincy itself. While in England in 1936 he was the most successful of Indian batsmen; in India against Lord Tennyson's team, when he was the Captain, his highest score was 19. It was not until last year that this accomplished batsman scored a century in a "Test" in this country.

It may, therefore, be accounted fortunate that he has not been once again required to submit his glittering powers to the peril of Captaincy in England this summer. —N. S. R.

DEADLOCK IN WHICH THE YOUNG LIVE Challenge Of The Times For A Change From Chaotic Competition To Responsible Co-operation

The problem of the young under thirty confronted with the disillusionments of modern chaotic competition on the one hand, and the call of nationalism for the liberation of the captive motherland on the other, is discussed in this article by one to whom the problem is evidently no theoretical one, but sums up the whole challenge of life.

Life presents a difficult problem to the young. We have seen two gigantic wars take their toll of human life and human wealth. We have watched the ideals and hopes raised by the termination of the wars vanish into thin air, leaving the world poorer, less secure and more chaotic than before. Politicians and planners are so completely engrossed in abstractions and averages that they altogether forget the individual with his complex needs. The young see no broad vistas of life opening out before them, no inspiring prospect to urge them on to action. Pale clouds of idealism, a Communist manifesto or a Gandhian plan, float about ineffectually in the atmosphere and we are called upon to pin our faith on these Utopias to come. But at twenty-eight, one is not disposed to wait for a fifteen year miracle to be achieved before starting life.

Education Has Failed

Education has failed to give any practical direction to our life. For the most part, it has multiplied our needs and set us unreasonable standards of achievement. During the formative years, we were encouraged to be vaguely ambitious and indiscriminately opportunistic. We were fed on the belief that passing one examination after another, more or less brilliantly, will somehow make life free and easy. Hopes were always set on heroic stunts and unforeseen good fortune with the inevitable result of disillusionment and cynicism. The idea of making a definite contribution to social life and thereby earning the freedom and leisure so necessary for the pursuit of one's

natural inclinations and the proper integration of one's personality, has been conspicuously absent.

The result is that as we launch on life, we are faced with a formidable array of limitations, economic, social and psychological. We find that there is no definite place for us in society and the social organisation is not very anxious to have our services, much less to give us an opportunity to live. Even if work is found, it tends to absorb all our time and energy and leave no leisure for other interests of life, interests without which integration of personality is impossible. Further, the judgment which society passes on us tends to be on the basis of the vigour and efficiency of our acquisitive instincts, ignoring all others which are valuable in human character. This undermines our sense of values and makes us abandon our ideals in an effort to earn the respect of society on its own terms. Finally, we find that the social background against which we were brought up, gives place to a harsher scene of competition and strife. The free, intellectual and aesthetic atmosphere of the university disappears all at once, leaving only the desperate formula of each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Little wonder, then, that thought turns bitter and hopes give place to boredom.

Conflict

Thus the young live in a state of perpetual deadlock. There is a conflict between the growing human personality which needs expression and the social conditions that thwart such expression. This unfortunate state of affairs is full of

dangerous potentialities. To the individual, it means repression and frustration. Being denied normal expression, he remains stunted in mind, intellectually and emotionally immature. Such artistic sensibility as he might have had gradually withers away for want of exercise. Life loses its meaning to him and he becomes socially useless and even dangerous.

The social consequences of this deadlock are so profound that it is high time that our leaders and planners bestowed some attention on the problem. Students of the social problems of the West, especially Britain, are familiar with the effect on society of the destruction of a particular age group by war. This destruction accentuates problems of man-power and leadership. A stage is reached when the older generation of leaders in the various fields of social enterprise do not find young successors to whom they can hand down responsibility. A similar phenomenon is taking place in this country on a much vaster scale. For destruction by war is (upto the year of atomic bombs) at worst partial, whereas the economic and social limitations that beset the life of the young are so pervasive and compelling that the destruction of personality they are causing is much more complete. It is staggering to speculate upon the future of the country if this destruction goes on much longer.

Ideals Of A Bygone Age

The social order under which we live is based entirely on the defunct ideals of a bygone age. Personal ambition and ruthless competition served as a way of life for an age of pioneering on virgin soil and exploitation of new discoveries and inventions. It is the pathetic faith in these anachronisms that makes the elders prescribe extraordinary achievement, such as the passing of an I.C.S. examination or the making of an original discovery, as a solution for our problems. But can this advice be generalised as being applicable to the thousands upon thousands of young men and

women who emerge from our universities every year? It is true that emulation of the great acts as a powerful incentive to action and achievement. But does that imply that only Edisons and Einsteins shall inherit the earth and the common man shall have no place in the sun?

Of late, it has become fashionable to offer nationalism as a compensation to the frustrated youth. We are told that we must respond to the call of the captive motherland and dedicate our life to her deliverance from slavery. In plain prose, this must mean that the young should find expression and fulfilment in political action. But can embittered and frustrated men and women, without emotional poise and mental clarity, successfully undertake political action which calls for the utmost wisdom, forethought, and courage? Will not the entrance into politics of such ill-equipped persons, in reality impede political progress?

Economy of Scarcity

We are living in an economy of scarcity and the ruthless competition that characterises our social order is imposing an intolerable burden on the individual. The old ideals have outlived their utility and life is heading towards a crisis. The need to-day is for a new ideal of social organisation which will restore peace between man and man and check the disintegration of the human community.

All this criticism of the present social order is not meant to be taken as a demand that an Utopia must be brought into being by the elders so that the young can live in freedom and comfort. The young realise that the problem is their own and in its solution they must make the principal effort. But it is for those who hold the reins of power firstly to recognise the existence of our problem and the need to solve it and then tell us what exactly are the steps by which the motive of social life could be changed from chaotic competition to responsible co-operation.

UPTON SINCLAIR THE 'MUCK-RAKER'

To the imagination of the average young Indian, America appears as the land of opportunity—every child born in it has the chance to become President. It is the land of towering skyscrapers, fast cars, orange-orchards and the TVA. It is unfortunate but true that the bulk of reading matter that reaches us from America consists of the 'true confessions' of its gutter-press and journals devoted exclusively to science and industrial technology, neither of which can give any adequate picture of contemporary American civilization. It is, however, possible to watch the growth and judge the results of the American experiment through a study of its literature.

An Enormous Social Hoax

And Upton Sinclair, one of America's foremost novelists, has painted on the large canvas of his writings a detailed and fearlessly truthful picture of his country's life. He found that the destiny of the millions of common citizens of his "land of opportunity" was in the hands of a few selfish and unscrupulous financial magnates, who not merely kept their wage-slaves in economic degradation, haunted by the sceptre of unemployment, but corrupted every department of social life: they controlled the press and radio, the universities, the law courts and judges; they made of political democracy an enormous social hoax by controlling the machinery of the main political parties through graft. The effects on social morale could not but be disastrous—sexual anarchy, jazz and alcohol became the refuge for men and women thwarted in the desire for a free and purposeful life. Such a society is obviously most unsuited to the healthy growth and expression of sensitive, artistic spirits. Under such circumstances, the artist, like any other human being, can do one of two things:



Upton Sinclair

give way to despair and cynicism, or nobly dedicate himself to the task of replacing the existing system by a new and just order. Foremost among American writers who were weighed down by the barrenness and futility of life around them into the mire of helpless despair, is T. S. Eliot. He is a poet singing the dirge of a disintegrating civilization, contemplating with an aching hopelessness the 'Wasteland' peopled by 'Hollow Men'. In Sinclair's own words: "You cannot understand a plant except you know the soil and climate in which it has grown; and if most of American art is poisoned with pessimism, and if most of our leading young writers are drinking themselves to death, the reason is because they live in a world from which truth-telling and heroism

have been banished by official decree and there is nothing left but to jeer and die." But Sinclair himself, like Auden and Isherwood in England, and Mulk Raj Anand in our own country, saw in the crisis of contemporary society, not its absolute and final doom, but a mode of change, fraught with the hope and possibilities of a new organisation of society.

A Great Literary Creation

Sinclair's three major novels, "Oil!", "Jungle" and "Boston", constitute an exposure and indictment of American capitalism. They hold our attention and draw our sympathy by the white heat of the writer's passionate sincerity. Their uniqueness consists in that they continue to retain their value as novels without becoming treatises on economics. The "human interest" is not artificially injected into a pre-planned structure—if that were so, they would mix only like oil and water to give a queer emulsion. Sinclair achieves the integration of literary value with social content because the personal relationships and emotions of his characters arise organically from the context of their position in society. Bunny, the son of the successful oil-magnate, who turns in disgust from the cruelty and grossness of the parasitic life of his class, to a conscious participation in the struggle of the workers for a human living, is one of the great creations of modern literature. He sums up in himself the conflicts between two standards of value; his awakened social conscience has for ever to struggle with the impulse to find individual happiness in leisure and the luxuries which his father's wealth can procure for him. But there can be no compromise between the two worlds, as Bunny discovers again and again. All these novels deal in the main with the harsh realities of existence of the oppressed masses. The individuals whom Sinclair depicts do not find the fulfilment of their purpose in their own lives. But the nobility of their sacrifices, their capacity to suffer and endure, endow them with tragic greatness.

In their struggle with a cruel world, they rise in moral stature.

A Plan to End Poverty

Knowledge of the society he lived in was gained by Sinclair the more fully because he was an active participant in its battles. He stood for the Governorship of California, placing an EPIC plan before the people—a plan to END POVERTY IN CALIFORNIA. He was, of course, defeated. How could a Socialist, who had to raise his campaign fund through his own writings and collections at the meetings he addressed, win against the powerful interests which had the press, the radio and money at their command? The story of the eager response of the people, and the disinterested devotion to the cause to which the campaign inspired thousands of young men and women, is told by him in a book with the engaging title "HOW I GOT LICKED, AND WHY?"

"They Shall Not Pass" is the story of a young American, of German descent, who responded to the call of Spanish democracy, and, enlisting in the International Brigade, gave his life defending it against the Fascists. It is a fine example of Sinclair's power of transforming historical incident into human drama. "The Wet Parade," "They Call Me Carpenter," "Brass Check"—these and other novels reflect an awareness of social environment and enquiry into its ethical foundations, rarely surpassed by other writers.

Grip Of Finance On Life

As a journalist and writer, Sinclair has played a notable part in exposing the grip of finance over the intellectual life of the people. Describing how "Money Writes," he says: "It is the great Fascist magazines and publishing houses of America, with their direct Wall Street control, which determine American literature and art; it is theirs to say who shall be great, famous, rich; and any young writer who defies them has his complete freedom to retire into a garret and starve....any young author who imagines that he can bear to starve

longer than the world can bear to let him starve, is welcome to try it." As was to be expected, the plutocracy of the American journalistic world was shocked at the 'excesses' of this 'muck-raker'. Sinclair accepts the epithet cheerfully enough and replies: "the excesses had been committed by those who made the muck, not by those who raked it; and the fact stands on record that of the hundreds of exposures published, not one was ever disproved in a court of law."

Outside the novels, which constitute the bulk of Sinclair's writings, there are two general works of importance. "Mammonart" is a penetrating and original study of the status and function of artists, especially writers, in society. Beginning with the classical writers of Greece and Rome, he considers the different attitudes that artists have taken to their contemporary social problems in the various periods of Western civilization. Sinclair is directly familiar with the literatures of the major national languages of Europe, and his criticisms are fresh and fearless. 'Pure Aesthetic' with its non-human, non-moral art-values does not fascinate him; his warmest admiration is for Genius imbued with Social Conscience, rather than for the perfection, in isolation from social reality, of the forms and technique of the arts.

Stained Glass Window Divinity

"Profits of Religion" is a factual, devastating exposure of the use of religious institutions as instruments for keeping the masses in ignorance, superstition and a state of docility. While affirming that "in the true

sense, religion is the most fundamental of the soul's impulses, its impassioned love of life, the feeling of its preciousness, the desire to foster it...the hunger and thirst after righteousness," Sinclair lashes with the whip of scorn those who have used religion as a source of income and shield to privilege, those who try to make of the Church "an organisation of fools, conducted by knaves, for the benefit of wolves." They "scrub and clean and dress up their 'disreputable' Founder, a proletarian rebel, into a stained-glass-window divinity. The man who really lived, the carpenter's son, they take out and crucify all over again. They nail him to a jewelled cross with cruel nails of gold." It is significant that Sinclair ends this book with this warning to modern youths: "You will have read this book to ill purpose if you draw the conclusion that there is anything in it to spare you the duty of getting yourself moral standards and holding yourself to them." The new morality based upon the faith that man creates for himself out of experience, will be even more exacting than the old—only then will the new society be secure in its foundations.

Sinclair's own life is the best illustration of his message. Where other Socialist writers like Jack London, who felt and expressed an equally intense yearning for social justice, failed to resolve their own inner discord and ended their lives in personal misery, Sinclair retained perfect hold on his own life, as on the life around him. Passionately devoted to knowledge and justice, he has found fulfilment in purposeful, creative activity.—G.N.S.

When you walk in the forest you do not count the lives that you tread into nothingness. When you rejoice with the springtime you do not hear the cries of the young things that are choked and beaten down and dying. When you watch the wild thing in your snare you do not know the meaning of the torn limbs, and the throbbing heart, and the awful silence of the creature trapped. When you go where the poor live, and see thin faces and hungry eyes and crouching limbs, you do not think of these things either.

—Upton Sinclair.

PLACE OF TRADITION IN ART

REJOINDER TO DR. COUSINS

By D. P. Roy Chowdhury

I have read with great interest the comment of Dr. Cousins on my presidential address at the All-India Artists' Conference, New Delhi. It was published in your esteemed journal on 23rd March.

Dr. Cousins based his comment on a much filtered extract of my address. I am sorry that certain portions of my address should have unbalanced his sound judgment and led to a misleading interpretation.

It is obvious from the contents of his article that instead of being sympathetic to the spirit in which the point of tradition was left to be discussed, he preferred satire, going in more for an intellectual pastime than a logical pursuit.

Dr. Cousins is a knowledgeable person of high order, whom we look upon as a guide of the future generation. Giving him the due respect he is entitled to, one may claim that his public utterances for progressive efforts should be definite and constructive.

Referring to what I said in my address on the place of tradition in art, Dr. Cousins remarked, "The assertion sounded final and unarguable," whereas the last para of my address runs as follows:

"I think I have stated enough by way of prologue to the conference, and the rest as to where we differ or concur may be left for discussion."

This is sufficient proof that I am more inclined to be receptive than autocratic. My principle of teaching is also the same, as I believe in freedom of individual expression no matter what method is adopted for achieving it.

Every man proud of his cultural heritage nourishes a deep sense of respect for tradition, unless one happens to be a traitor to self. If this much be accepted, let me say that I deliberately took chances as and when they came to escape from beaten tracks. The motive behind it was not to ignore our national culture but to add to it foreign wealth, if the latter could be profitably assimilated. Apparently it is this departure which is taken for granted as a deviation from orthodoxy that has hurt Dr. Cousins. He has taken it to heart very seriously and thinks it is calculated to violate

the laws of tradition and intended to be an insult to history.

I have frankly to confess that in my effort as an artist I never felt ashamed to beg, borrow or even to go to the extent of stealing (though I was never caught because I managed to conduct the art of theft in a scientific manner. It is sacred and a secret as well).

Dr. Cousins chose to pick out these words from my address: "Tradition has a value of its own. It is a history of the past, but confining oneself to lost glory and exhuming the dead from the burial ground is a job that can lead the artist only to glorious stagnation where he must repeat and rot." But the interpretation he has given to them implies an under-estimate of my feelings towards tradition. Once gambling with words is done away with, philosophical expansiveness is relegated to its proper place, and the supposed violence on orthodoxy is treated as what it really is—an irrelevance in assessment of works of art—the ground is prepared for the question why, if the tradition of the past has a right to establish itself, the present should not look forward to a new era in which to record a history for the future. Why must the artist of to-day repeat at the sacrifice of individual contribution which is no less national wealth than what had been stored in the past?

It would have been beneficial if Dr. Cousins had clearly explained what he understood by *tradition* in art and how its preservation could be effectively pursued in present-day cultural movement. The present is emphasised, particularly because the citizens of to-day have already assimilated in their heart of hearts many foreign elements. I should say these are more suited to the times and to the present mode of living than what was conceived ages ago, as the foreign elements, good or bad, have come to stay, India being no more isolated from progressive cultural relationship with the West. In the circumstances, I strongly feel that we should assimilate them into our own by adhering to the best of our capacity to the old saying, "the good retain, the better follow".

DWARAM VENKATASWAMI NAIDU

BY OUR MUSIC CRITIC

Professor Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu of Vizianagram is 52 years old and has been known to the music loving public of Madras as a front rank artist for over twenty years. It was in December 1927 that he came into great prominence during the annual music conference at Madras. I was then working in one of the districts and, in those days, the music conference was my main attraction in the City during the Christmas holidays. My first contact with Venkataswami Naidu was during that week in December 1927 when I heard him twice and had the satisfaction of making his personal acquaintance. Three years later I went to Vizianagram where I had to stay for twenty two long months earning my daily rice, bread not being my staple food. I have cause for associating Vizianagram with many a bitter personal memory—my social contacts were very few, and my daily work was disagreeable and tiresome. The house where I lived was lonesome, broken up in parts and infested with reptiles; it has since been effaced from existence. In this desert of unwholesome sub-district life the one oasis that sustained me throughout my stay there was the music of Venkataswami Naidu.

To look at, Naidu is nothing much, in fact he is something little. He is a small-made man with a dark face darkened further by dark glasses and close cut hair. He chews continuously almost like a goat. His conversation is normally limited to polite pleasantries, and he has never been known to indulge in discussions, learned or otherwise, concerning the theory of music. Except when he presided over the Music Academy annual conference a few years ago, when he made some very decisive statements about musical tendencies in South India, he has never allowed himself to



Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu

be dragged into unmusical controversies on musical subjects. Perhaps the fact of his stay at Vizianagram five hundred miles away from Madras has insulated him from the fissiparous tendencies of the metropolis; perhaps his normally shy and reserved temperament is the cause; or perhaps the fact that he owed his musical education to no Guru of renown; or even perhaps the position that he occupies as a full time salaried official of the Vizianagram Samasthanam—whatever it be, Naidu stands out to-day, in the musical body politic of South India, as a great gentleman, an exponent of a form of melodic music which, even when it lacks the label of specific tradition, is distinctive and incorruptible in style, and whose appeal to music lovers consists in the strength and conviction of his abundant artistic appreciation.

Naidu, as a violinist, is, at best, a polite accompanist, but always,

a virile soloist. When he accompanies a vocal musician he is shy, extremely terse and brief. In a crowded *kacheri* of four or five stalwarts he appears almost unsociable. The greatness of his artistic expression lies in this apparent inability to play up to the gallery. About thirteen years ago I attended a performance by Palghat Rama Bhagavathar accompanied by Naidu on the violin, Alagannambi on the *mridhangam*, Dakshinamurthi on the *kanjeera* and Pakkiri Pillai for *Konakkol*. During the usual interlude when the accompanists were permitted to chase each other and perform acrobatics for the delectation of the audience, Naidu coolly laid his violin down and started chewing. He would not take part in the free three-cornered fight between Rama Bhagavathar, Dakshinamurthi and Pakkiri Pillai. I was seated close to Naidu and asked him if he was tired, and his answer was priceless. He said "I just can't follow them, they are too good for me". In that frank admission of incompatibility of temperament lies the artistic greatness of Naidu the violinist. On another occasion, when a leading aristocrat asked Naidu to play a cheap folk-song out of turn, he did oblige him by playing a few notes but suddenly switched on to playing the braying of a donkey and the wailing of a dog. The extemporised cynicism was a fitting answer to the aristocrat's thoughtless intrusion. Naidu could produce almost any sound on his violin. His mastery over the instrument is perfect. His capacity for reproduction and accuracy of fingering is a technique in which no living violinist is his peer.

Naidu is not merely creative, he is original and a specialist in beautifying sounds. To him the subordinate role of an accompanist circumscribed by the technique of the vocalist is almost a persecution,

although he is too much of a gentleman ever to admit that. Leave him alone to play as he liked and you will get the best out of him. His style is the product of intense self-appreciation and introspection. He conforms to the grammar of music but not necessarily to traditional exposition. When playing *ragas* his approach and production often seem strange but they are invariably scintillating. He gives you ample evidence of having been considerably influenced by European violinists and North Indian *sarangi* players, but you must concede that the effect of this synthesis is intensely pleasing. His collection of European musical records was, at least when I saw them, large and varied. He understands European music and appreciates it. In the days of 1931 when we could get broadcast music at Vizianagram only at the receiving station at the Maharaja's College, Naidu would sit for hours on end with an earphone clapped on his head listening to European broadcasts or *sarangi* music from Delhi. His fervour on such occasions was almost that of a research student.

Naidu's recipes for *ragas*, his flavouring and dressing up have the perfect touch of a master chef. Heavy items like Saveri, Sankarabharanam, Bhairavi, Kalyani or Kambhodi in Vilambakala, side dishes like Kanada, Simhendramadhyamam, Sahana and Bhogada in Madhyamakala, and dessert like Senjuruti, Sindhubhairavi, Kapi and Behag in Dhuritakala all emerge out of his hands with superb flavour and delicious aroma.

Naidu's art has never been on sale in the cheap pavement shops. The Andhras respect him, love him, and leave him alone to pursue his art and purpose in life with grace and dignity.



CONGRESS SUCCESS IN ELECTIONS

Irrigation Projects for Developing Agriculture — Alleged Third Degree Methods Against Political Prisoners—Calcutta Europeans in Panic?

It was Sir C. R. Reddi who at one time averred that the Congress is not a mere political party like others but the nation itself, implying that the people have implicit faith in the Congress as an instrument for the working out of the national purpose. How perfectly true that observation is, is illustrated by the resounding success of the Congress nominees in the general elections which are now coming to a close. But the very bewildering success of the Congress raises, however, a question of duty. The Congress will have to justify the confidence reposed in it by the people, by *right conduct*, of which there was little in evidence at the time of selection of Congress candidates. Undeserving persons were in some instances given the Congress ticket, to the exclusion of some worthy persons, and the electorate was coerced, as it were, to 'vote Congress' the leaders hardly realising that they put very great strain on the loyalty of the masses to the Congress.

The tragedy of India having to go to a-begging to other countries for foodgrains, because the rulers had failed in their primary duty of developing the agricultural resources of the country, was stressed by Sir Alladi Krishnaswami Iyer at a meeting held (on March 24) in Mylapore, when Mr. N. Govindaraja Iyengar, Chief Engineer for Irrigation with the Government of Madras, gave his impressions of his recent visit to the United States. In his speech Mr. Govindaraja Iyengar contrasted the great developments made in U.S.A. with the state of affairs in this country, and pointed out that so far the Madras province had not utilised more than 7 per cent of the water of the Godavari, and that 93 per cent was going to waste into the sea! He emphasised

that in India the immediate necessity was utilisation of river waters for irrigation. Sir Alladi recalled his experiences as Advocate-General in Madras and said that it was because of disputes over legal rights between the Provinces and the States that useful projects of irrigation had been held up. He said it was necessary to devise some machinery in the coming years) for an over-powering authority in the Centre to see that the natural resources of the country were harnessed for the benefit of all. Sir Alladi added that provided a project was necessary in the interests of the people, the Government should undertake it regardless of its proving remunerative or not. If the future National Government does not tackle the problem of irrigation in the spirit in which it ought to be tackled, it was not likely to do any real good; for, in an agricultural country like India too much importance could not be attached to the problems of irrigation.

No Government claiming to be civilised can afford to ignore the allegations made in the press of the country that third degree methods were used against Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia and some other prisoners. But not only has Sir John Thorne refused to appoint a court of enquiry to examine the allegations, but he negated even the modest suggestion (of Sarat Chandra Bose) for appointing a committee of the House to go into them, naively remarking that it was "quite impracticable." It is clear that the Home Member is a master in the art of evasive reply (though he could not conceal his confusion), for while at one stage of the interpellations he seemed to suggest that the remedy for such complaints was the court, his memory completely failed him when Mr. Saksena

pointed out that the Executive was prompt enough to get Dr. Lohia transferred to another province when his application came up before the Lahore High Court!

It is extraordinary what unconvincing "explanations" are trotted out by the Executive when in a tight corner. The Home Member visited Lahore Fort, "tried to get at the bottom of the allegations", did not remember Dr. Lohia having specified "any particular officer" but then the "officers concerned" denied the allegations, and he could not say that he was satisfied that Dr. Lohia's allegations were false! If Dr. Lohia did not specify the officers, then who were those "concerned" who denied the allegations?

The *Amrita Bazar Patrika* (Calcutta) publishes the news that apprehending riots to break out in the near future, the European Association of Calcutta are adopting

measures to safeguard the life and property of the British civilians, which includes (among other things) building defensive establishments where 'rifles and ammunition are to be maintained.' It is also stated that every British civilian has been informed that, in the exercise of the right of private defence a civilian can use fire arms to the extent of causing death. On behalf of the leaders of the 'movement' the European Association has promptly issued a 'disclaimer', stating that the *Patrika's* report "contains several somewhat imaginative exaggerations." The most significant part of the 'disclaimer' is: "It is to be hoped that wider appreciation of this (legal position relating to right of private defence) may have a salutary effect on the unruly elements whose ill-considered activities at times of communal political contention so deplorably defame the city's fair name."

DOUBTING THOMAS

Not far from Nagari, there is an obscure little village on the bank of a dry river which has a double claim to distinction. It has a ruined Bhairava temple as evidenced by dozens of miniature dogs carved in stone scattered about the approaches to the shrine, and an Artesian spring which is cleverly lost behind the *sanctum sanctorum* itself. There is a thin but perennial trickle of water which is collected in a pool further off and below the spring. Local legend has it that it is the sacred Ganga herself *deterre* after a thousand miles of a mysterious, subterranean journey. In proof of this claim, it is said that a Sanyasi who lost his *danda* while bathing in the Ganges at Benares miraculously recovered it at the Nagari spring when he came after a long interval to bathe there in the course of his pilgrim round!

The riot of hyperbolic extravagance implicit in this story can only be paralleled by the Biblical account of Thomas, one of the disciples of Jesus, who would not believe in the resurrection of his

Master until he saw and felt the holes in Christ's hands and feet where the nails had been driven at the time of his crucifixion. But, far from showing any spirit of scientific devotion to truth or even a working knowledge of the Evidence Act, such apocrypha merely emphasise the fact that the so-called sceptic is peculiarly susceptible to a species of credulity which knocks him down from behind. In both the above stories, for instance, the innumerable snags are either not perceived or perceived too late. They seek to sustain a fallacious or untenable conclusion by an impressive array of irrelevant facts. Defoe made capital use of this trick in building up his romances of realism, his technique has been aptly described as the art of 'lying like truth'. Doubting Thomas should have been told that there was no reason—logical or metaphysical—why Christ should have continued to labour under the disadvantage of those punctures even after his resurrection; that in Heaven all human imperfections are perfected, and that

if a whole man could stand before him without convincing his eyes, the proof through a sense of touch could hardly be considered either decisive or even of superior validity. If men were to be the same after resurrection as they were before it, the prospect before a deaf-and-dumb mute, a blind man, or a leper would indeed be ghastly. To such people Resurrection would be an unmitigated curse because it would be an eternal nightmare! But I regret to say that none of these considerations were put before Doubting Thomas; instead, he has been embalmed as the type of the sturdy sceptic, because he evinced in a critical situation a spirit of amiable puerility. The truth is that Christ humoured him not because he was impeccable in his logic, but because he was too much of a child. And we all know that children are best convinced when they are told fairy tales.

We often say that seeing is believing; but in reality it is only a half-truth. The juggler who does the mango-trick does not convince us that he has just brought off a bit of parallel creation to God's. We are impressed, no doubt, but do not believe the evidence of our eyes. On the other hand, we believe in a number of things without seeing. For instance, we know that the earth is round, but pray who has seen it? That was why Christ said: 'Blessed are they who see and believe; but more blessed are they who believe without seeing.' In between these two extremes are those who believe *because* they don't see. French literature has turned them to comic use by representing them as growing invisible horns on their temples!

We are all familiar with Tennyson's tag about there being more faith in honest doubt than in half the creeds of the world. But there can be no permanent attitude of mind marked by doubt. It must sooner or later lead to faith or negation. No one can luxuriate in the twilight of an incertitude which blurs both feeling and thought. Every sceptic or agnostic who says he is open to conviction has already made up his mind against being

convinced; for he insists upon proofs after the manner of Doubting Thomas!

But when we do come across a real Doubting Thomas, we are face to face with pure tragedy. Hamlet was a Doubting Thomas, for he spent his whole life oscillating violently between a multiplicity of extremes. He found no rest until he reached his grave. That is true doubt which enervates a man and makes him act in spasms which stultify him. The agony of Othello lasted while he was in doubt. The moment he was convinced, he acted. We may therefore treat his passionate outpourings as a plea for certainty or ignorance. Only when he was caught in between, and kept there by the artful wiles of Iago, did he suffer the torments of hell on earth. Consider the Othello of Desdemona's confession—a maidenly autobiography fit to rank with Sita's narration to Anasuya—and the Othello of Othello's last speech; they are marvellous simplifications of a man dwelling in a well-poised, self-centred certitude.

It is a curious fact however that people who pride themselves on their rationalistic and sceptical bias have their own blind side; the more alert they are in one direction the more credulous they prove in some other. Hamlet who was tormented by all kinds of doubt concerning the bona fides of the ghost, made up his mind on no evidence at all that Ophelia was used as a decoy by the King. Othello who was convinced that Desdemona was unfaithful to him on evidence which was insufficient to hang a rat was firmly persuaded of the honesty of Iago!

This has caused me to reflect on the revolutionary consequences likely to follow the entertainment of some honest doubt in many high places. How refreshing it would be, for instance, if people stopped using the terms 'Fascist' and 'Communist' as epithets of abuse! Is Soviet Russia an earthly paradise or a vast concentration camp? Is its population made up of White Russians or white ants? Are the Big Three or Big Five really Big—or relatively small? Is the Atom Bomb really as



Lakshmi, entitled variously Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel, is here seen saluting. The salute is for a portrait of Subhas Bose which is not seen in the picture. Between the time she left the City (Madras) last and her return now, Lakshmi is greatly changed—the only point of visible identity between then and now being the red lipstick. In place of daintiness there is now an assumed roughness. She calls herself a soldier and no politician. Perhaps she does not know herself very well. The politicalising of the army may be said to have been her outstanding work in the midst of much else that has passed away and much more that will follow suit. As a speaker she is not much to speak of. But she has the gift of speaking to a huge concourse of people as if she were conversing chattily with a friend. A great gift this, which few of our veterans in oratory have. It conveys an impression of delightful simplicity and sincerity and of freedom from attitudinizing and pose. Most of her political ideas are foggy. But she is a lady of spirit capable of reckless deeds and any sacrifice at the bidding of an accepted leader commanding her faith and regard. Only in the sense of needing another to lead her is she a soldier; but one sees in her signs of the glory of loyal lieutenancy at its best.

efficacious as it has been claimed to be? Are there no moments of doubt in Mr. Jinnah concerning the feasibility or inevitability of Pakistan? What makes him so cock-sure that 100 millions of Muslims must necessarily win, even if their cry should be for the moon? Are the British really going to hand over the country to us as a going concern, or are we to be palmed off with a mere change of labels? Here is a whole world of doubt in which we live with the most categorical hopes, fears and delusions swaying our conduct, without however our being aware of the fact!

Doubt is often-times a bowdlerized expression of pessimism. This is well brought out in the Greek philosopher's statement that he knew nothing, not even that he knew nothing! Any hope-

ful picture of a world-order cannot be evolved without drawing freely on imagination; but within strictly rational limits, how much scope is there not around us for taking a gloomy view of human destiny! For while the defeats of the spirit have a tonic value, the victories of the intellect are pyrrhic. That is why the purely intellectual systems of the world are without exception desolating in their appeal to ordinary men. The cult of the Buddha, the superman, or the Adwaitin represents a degree of certitude which isolates the individual in a solitude more demoralising than the company of crowds who help you to drown thought altogether. The only certitudes in an uncertain world are *meum* and *teum*; but when examined at close quarters, even they dissolve into nothingness. —P.M.

A new leadership based on militant organisation of working-class power, combined with support from the Indian industrial bourgeoisie, and tied in closely with trends in China and with other Asiatic revolutionary movements, and not afraid to penetrate and use the Indian Army, may well emerge after the war. —Edgar Snow.

EARLY ENGLISH JOURNALISTS

The *Edinburgh Review* was, according to its witty founder, concocted on the fifth floor of a house in Auld Reekie. But though this was high enough, it was not so circumscribed as the cradle of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, as every reader of Thackeray knows, first saw the light of day in Fleet Prison; it could hardly have done so elsewhere if Captain Shandon was to be its editor. This venture is not likely to be repeated in the present times, but it is a measure of the difference between the old and the modern English journalism. The true ancestor of the present lords of Fleet Street is not so much Dr. Johnson contriving that the Whigs should have the worst of it in Parliamentary debates as that nondescript individual, of whom it was said that he was "an eavesdropper, an interloper, a low fellow who takes notes in secret, apologises in public, and narrowly escapes being flung into the Thames."

The modern revolution has been effected in a large measure by the National Union of Journalists. But no one more than the founder of this body is aware of the magnitude of the perils he had to surmount and the indignities he had to endure. *Gentlemen, The Press* by Mr. F. J. Mansfield (W. H. Allen and Co., London) is the brave record of a bitter struggle waged by journalists of intelligence and culture that they might live like men of decency and respectability.

But nothing was less decent and respectable than the old English journalist. C. E. Montague wrote in the *Manchester Guardian*, "Every one knows the conventional journalists of Victorian imaginative literature, the Shandons, the Waringtons, and the rest, and there is no reason to suppose that they were anything but typical of their profession in the extreme remoteness from much of what is suggested in the very name of the National Union of Journalists". So true was this that another writer (Sir Wemyss Reid) has summarised the con-

ditions in the Victorian era thus:—"The Press, at all events in the provincial towns, was the reverse of respectable in the eyes of the world, and surely there was some reason for the low esteem in which it was held. The ordinary reporter on a county paper was generally illiterate, was too often intemperate, and was invariably ill-paid". There is ample evidence to prove that Sir Wemyss Reid was not being extravagant in his estimate. The ghost of Mr. Bludyer effectively dispels such fond hopes.

The lamentation is old. Defoe, probably the first of the race, cried "We do justice for money, that is, we do right and take our fees—our poor three halfpence". The situation does not appear to have been better as late as 1929, when reporters on provincial dailies were paid 30 sh. a week after working 12 to 15 hours a day and not taking a holiday on Sunday. The tariff is interesting. "A young man in Fleet Street" was paid 30 sh.; a "reporter cyclist" obtained 25 sh.; "a smart reporter, with knowledge of musical and theatrical criticism" received 35 sh.; and an "experienced descriptive and verbatim reporter" was offered 37 sh. From this height of generosity it was a fall when a "thoroughly qualified reporter for district and town, knowledge of football, correct proof reviser" was asked to accept 30 sh. The qualifications demanded of a journalist in Scotland were more numerous. A Glasgow weekly paid 22 sh. 6 d. to a man who had to be "efficient in reporting, sub-editing, and proof reading, to lend a hand in canvassing, work long hours, and take a holiday without pay".

These were depressing conditions, but the old English journalists were irrepressible. Mr. Mansfield quotes the painful case of a reporter on an evening paper in the Eastern Midlands, who, because he had a young family, was compelled to supplement his wages by delivering his paper from door to door to get the commission, and

to canvass for advertisements. His sole personal expenditure was 4d. a week for an ounce of tobacco, when that commodity sold so cheaply. Yet, G. B. Shaw cultivated the arts very contentedly on oatmeal and £2½ as the *Star's* assistant leader writer. He had a more uproarious predecessor. The story is told of one Mark Supple of the *Morning Chronicle*, who, after having dined too well and not wisely, strayed into the Commons. During a pause in the debate, that august body was scandalised to hear the reprobate

shout for "a song from Mr. Speaker". For a moment the House sat mute with astonishment, but, led by Pitt, it joined in a roar of laughter.

It is, therefore, a long cry from these disreputable Bohemians to the hidebound respectabilities of today. But it is well to recognise that this revolution in status has been effected by the single-handed efforts of a single Union. This fact holds much instruction for modern Indian journalists.

EAVESDROPPING ON POLLING DAY

By C. R. Ram Mohan

Polling day is always an interesting day for me. There is still the childish longing to see the *tamasha* or *galata* as the case may be. I am a nosey parker delighting to hear other people gossip.

On the polling day I got up early, and went to the nearest polling station, the Corporation School in the locality. A fairly big building, it has two gates.

The polling had not yet started. The boxes were yet to arrive. I saw old men trying to go home and the volunteers persuading them to wait for a little while.

When the boxes arrived and the polling did start, it was not half as lively as the Central Assembly elections.

I heard a group of young men arguing. One of them was unwilling to vote.

"I cannot vote for a man selected by a prejudiced board," he declared.

"You are voting for the Congress and not for the board," the other replied.

"I can vote only for the right man. Somehow I am not interested in the present elections," said the first one and went away.

A small group of men gathered by now around the Hindu Mahasabha flag. A Mahasabha spokesman, an old man, was lecturing away. He indicted the Congress as a body interested in Muslims. "At

this rate the whole country will become Islamised," he shouted. You could see his blood boiling through his eyes.

"Jai Hind, sar," a young man shouted.

"Jai Hindu, not Jai Hind," retorted the old man. "Why can't you say Jai Hindu instead of Jai Hind? Don't forget we are all Hindus."

Up to 3 p.m. the voting was sluggish. Afterwards it was a bit brisk. I took a seat on the pavement under a tree.

At about 4 p.m. Rajaji arrived to vote and the crowd moved up towards him. He voted and then motored away.

A little later, news of the extension of time for the voting arrived but I did not care to stay any longer. I had hovered about the place for nine hours and I was tired. I started going home.

Another friend joined me. He always talked as if he knew all the affairs of all the political parties. He is connected with the student organisations. He said that the contest in the northern constituency was very keen, the Congress candidate there not being popular. I asked him who would be the next premier.

"I don't know for certain," he replied. "There is a contest among them for the post and each thinks the rest are not worthy of the post. And some are afraid to take the responsibility."



International Law. ("Looking Forward" Series). By Norman Bentwich (The Oxford University Press. 1 sh. net).

This pamphlet on international law deals with public international law and not private international law which is purely a legal subject. The former concerns itself with the States or Governments and their relations with one another, while the latter is the national or municipal law of each country administered by its regular courts.

In the section on "What is International Law?" an attempt is made to define it and to trace its development. The point is stressed by the author that the sanction behind the law is only moral and not legal, which accounts for many of the recognised rules and conventions having been broken in times of war, and particularly during the World War II. Indeed there could not in the nature of things be a legal sanction behind the law, having regard to its main sources, viz., the writings of jurists and treaties between states. The subject matter of the treaties varied from time to time according to exigencies.

Reference is made to the Hague Conference which laid down rules for the conduct of belligerents dealing with (a) principles of humanity designed to avoid some of the worst horrors of war; (b) nature and scope of the powers of a military occupant; and (c) determination of neutral rights and liabilities. The latter covenant of the League of Nations embodied a proposal to establish a Court of International Justice. Its usefulness was very much curtailed by two circumstances: (1) its jurisdiction was not to be compulsory but was left to general or specific agreement, and (2) it could give advisory opinion on legal questions but they would not bind the disputants. It was not a body that could act effectively in non-legal disputes.

In the section on "The Future of International Law" many useful suggestions are made. The League of Nations failed in its purpose of eliminating war owing to the inherent defects in it. It lacked the sanction of force, and the economic sanctions

that were contemplated were not in fact used at all in some cases, and used only half-heartedly in some others. As well pointed out, justice without force is impotent and force without justice is tyrannical. So there must be a combination of both for effective results. Moral sanctions are not enough; nor elaborate machinery, for conciliation or judicial settlement.

One would expect the author to develop the theme and suggest the form of the required world organisation, the method of its working and the powers which each state would have to forego. These however are matters presumably under discussion in the meetings of the Great Powers now.

What is a Nation? ("Looking Forward" Series). By Harold Stannard. (The Oxford University Press. 1sh. net.)

In this pamphlet the author traces the growth in the connotation of the idea of "Nationality" from the earliest times and the process by which it organised itself into units of government. The idea of Nationality was the result of concomitants of thought and emotion produced by the interaction of Renaissance and Reformation; the former weakened and gradually removed the Church as a secular power and the latter helped to establish a social order with importance attached to secular things and life lived on this earth. The idea of Nationality ultimately got fixed up with the soil.

The pamphlet condenses the doctrines of the political philosophers Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau, and shows clearly how the theory of each is an advance upon that of his predecessor. Examining what are generally regarded as the requisites that make up a nation, the author deals at some length with the views of Renan as disclosed in his lecture delivered in Paris under the title of *'Qu'est ce que c'est qu'une Nation?'* ("What is a Nation?") (p 50): According to him it is a fusion of peoples. Renan rejected the criteria of language and religion, holding "that they invite to national feeling but do not create it," whereas geographical unity is important as it definitely marks out national

frontiers. Renan held Nationality to be a spiritual principle based on two roots, firstly the root of common memories (including memories of failure and defeat), and secondly, the root of common desire to maintain a common way of life. Criticising Renan's conclusion as being an argument in a circle, the author says: "Nationalism produces national character and national character fosters Nationalism." This criticism is not quite correct, since the two features referred to by Renan do in fact help in the formative stage. The author expresses his own view that Nationalism in Europe was an expression of the social impulse shaped by the particular circumstances of Europe towards the close of the fifteenth century.

The book is of particular interest in India at the present day when a 'Two Nations' theory is propounded and is being discussed. The idea of geographic unity and the idea of ethnic unity which denotes a common language and literature, a common tradition and history, a common consciousness of rights and wrongs, are fundamental to the formation of the feeling of Nationality.

Within the limitations of a pamphlet, the subject has been very lucidly dealt with.

Fascism and Social Revolution: By Rajani Palme Dutt (National Book Agency, Calcutta, Rs. 4-8.)

This is the first Indian edition of a brilliant and exhaustive study of the economic and social roots of Fascism, published in England in 1935. The writer who is one of the foremost theoreticians of the contemporary world Communist movement, and familiar to us as Amery's foe and champion of our freedom demand, explains Fascism not as native to any particular soil, but as the form in which capitalism in its permanent crisis and decay, seeks to maintain itself in power. He gives a compact and factual account of the developments in world economy which led up to and followed after the great crisis of the thirties. The short-lived stabilization of capitalism, after the failure of the social revolution in all countries of Europe except Russia, was carried out with the collaboration of the Social Democratic parties (constituting the Second International) and on the basis of credits from America—then still the unshaken centre of world Capitalism. Citrine in England and

Conze in Germany talked of the 'synthesis' of the common aims of Socialism and Capitalism; Ford, the wizard of the "American miracle" was supposed to have rendered Marxism obsolete. But the crash came in 1929, bearing down on America with even greater weight than on the rest of the world. The results were acute poverty and large-scale unemployment on one side, and destruction of commodities and productive forces on the other. The capitalist system of social organisation was demonstrated to be no longer compatible with the vastly developed forces and technique of production. Then began the trend towards Fascism, the naked dictatorship of finance-capital, in each country.

After the general survey, Dutt turns to a consideration of why and how Fascism assumed complete shape in Italy and Germany. The revolutionary wave reached its climax in Italy in 1920, with the workers' occupation of factories in the North. But the reformist Trade Union leaders averted the revolution and, like their German counterparts later, complained bitterly of the ingratitude of the bourgeoisie in repaying their services with the blows of Fascism. Palme Dutt's account of the history of the German Social Democratic Party throws valuable light on a problem that has perplexed many: the apparently sudden and complete collapse of the German working class in 1933. He shows that it was not due to the superior strength of Fascism, but because the action of the working class was paralysed by their own reformist majority leadership, which wanted to be an officially recognised and tolerated adjunct of Fascism. Particularly of interest to Indian readers is this exposure—because the British Labour Party is the most conservative bulwark of social democracy. Its outrages in Java, its equivocation regarding our own freedom, its refusal of the French request for determined action against that old Fascist thug Franco, all become easily understandable. It also brings out the significance of the recent phenomenal growth of the Communist parties all over Europe, bewailed by Churchill, and the unity in action under Fascist occupation which they have forged with their now chastened brother Socialist parties. The book is therefore not only valuable for an understanding of recent world history, but is a guide to the present and a warning for the future, for, the menace of Fascism remains, so long as capitalism is allowed to exist.

LETTERS

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

Twelve Points

- (1) Are the Hindus and Muslims of India two nations?
- (2) If they are, should they continue as two distinct nations, or should they coalesce into one nation?
- (3) Are the feelings of antagonism between Hindus and Muslims due to one class being landlords, capitalists and money-lenders and the other class being cultivators, labourers and borrowers in some areas, while in other areas this relation is reversed?
- (4) Could this mutual antagonism be mitigated or removed by radical changes in the economic system?
- (5) If the Hindus and Muslims are two nations and must continue for ever as such, should they form two separate States or can they form a single multinational State?
- (6) If two separate States are formed, what will be the position of the Hindus in Pakistan and of the Muslims in Hindustan? Will they be specially-favoured minorities, or normal citizens, or merely tolerated foreigners?
- (7) Will the Hindus in Pakistan have a separate electorate for themselves?
- (8) Is it desirable to reduce the number of the Hindus in Pakistan and of the Muslims in Hindustan?
- (9) If such reduction is desirable, is it to be brought about by re-adjustment of existing provincial boundaries, or by exchange of population, or by both methods?
- (10) Should Pakistan contain only the predominantly Muslim taluqas of the Punjab and of Bengal, or should it include the whole of these provinces, as well as Sind and the Frontier?

- (11) If the Muslims of the N.E. and N.W. zones ought not to be included against their will in a United India, may the Hindus and Sikhs in the Punjab and the Hindus in Bengal be included against their will in Pakistan?
- (12) In regard to Kashmir and Hyderabad, should the Hindu or Muslim character of the State be determined by the religion of the ruler or by that of the majority of the people?

The above twelve points are submitted for clarification by yourself and your readers.

Since there obtains at present a degree of administrative unity in India which will be disrupted by the creation of Pakistan, it is further submitted that the burden of proving the case for Pakistan falls on those who demand it.

APEX.

The "Bolshevik Bogey"

Mr. Asaf Ali, a responsible member of the Indian National Congress, speaking on the Budget on March 4 suggested the utilization of the huge sterling balances lying to the credit of this country for acquiring essential defence requirements. While the country is groaning under a heavy economic burden, and machinery and materials in tons are required to set up stable and useful industries and to improve and revolutionise Indian agriculture, and while economists and experts are advising the use of India's sterling balances for these purposes, it is surprising to find Mr. Asaf Ali waxing eloquent on the defence needs of the country in preference to food, clothing and shelter. "My immediate needs are a good navy and a good air-force. I want ships and aircraft." Mr. Asaf Ali goes a step further in picturing his India of to-morrow, when he says, "India will be the policeman of the East, the arsenal of the East. That can only be if she stands on her feet."

Lord Chorley, the Labour peer, who was a member of the Parliamentary Delegation to this country, speaking to a crowded house at an India League meeting on March 5, said, "It is possible that aggression may come from Soviet Russia. India must face up to this possibility, and the Indian people are quite alive to this danger, because it was pointed out to me on several occasions. The name of Russia was mentioned as a possible aggressor." The Bolshevik bogey again! Perhaps the party that Mr. Asaf Ali represents raised the issue with Lord Chorley! And now one can understand Mr. Asaf Ali's cry for "arms" at the expense of 'stomachs'.

Those that have closely followed the origin and growth of German National Socialism, and how it was subsidized by Britain and America to egg the German nation against Soviet Russia, and the unhappy consequences therefrom, ending in a terrible war of devastation, will shudder now at the possibilities the present sinister moves on the part of 'British Labour' and the Indian National Congress open up. Already the leaders of the organization are sowing the seeds of war by declaring time and again that India should dominate the world, and become its leader.

There seems to be a conspiracy between the British bureaucracy and Indian capitalism to bolster up a fascist rule in the country. It is apparently easier for Britain to hand over power, not to the Indian people, but to a party which promises to take up the cudgels against Russia, to keep up the status quo, to fill the coffers of the millionaires with more sinews of war by urging arms' production, and all the time keeping the people continuously fed with a systematic propaganda of 'Greater India' and the like.

All peace-loving democratically-minded people should prevent any such development. India has nothing to fear from any foreign nation. The present Indian armed forces are enough to patrol the coast line and police the land frontiers and to maintain 'law and order'. People should remember that an armament policy would be of no avail in this age of the atom bomb.

What India wants is a building programme, a drive for modernising the mode of production in agriculture, cheap cloth and cheap living: the future Government, by whomsoever it might be formed, should not mislead the country into a mythical fear of Russia or any other nation. This bluff

of Britain will no longer find favour with India.

O. V. R. RAO, Kavali.

Can We Ensure A War-Free World ?

Behind the tumult of resounding victory there is the fear that unless a just and stable peace is assured, mankind would be faced with a war made ever more disastrous by the impact of a perverted science. Does the vision of a sunlit world redeemed by valour where work would be less and recompense more, where justice and freedom would reign in unbroken peace open out before us, or are we to find ourselves in the dark sour chilly waters of despair that enveloped the men of 1918?

The first essential for ensuring such a world is a just and generous treatment of the vanquished. The temptation "to squeeze the German lemon till the pips squeak" should be overcome. The vast mass of German and Japanese people cannot be brushed aside as war criminals. They must be re-educated in the ideals of democracy and universal brotherhood so that they may be allowed to take their proper place in the association of nations and not brood over the offended shades of Bismark or Hitler.

This ideal of a war-free world cannot be ensured unless there is an international organisation commanding the confidence of all the peoples of the world and able to impose its supreme will on the recalcitrant nations. It would be a strange international organisation, if the vast mass of Asiatic peoples constituting more than half the population of the world still struggling for a free nationhood, could not play their proper part in it. If the victor powers still think of outworn ideas of imperialist domination, if little Holland which could not stand the might of German hordes for a couple of days were allowed to exercise its sovereignty over resurgent millions of Indonesians, the new organisation would be doomed to certain failure. The Big Three who have been mainly responsible for making the world safe for democracy should not confuse leadership with domination. As major powers with immense economic and military resources they should take up the more difficult task of setting the world on its feet again.

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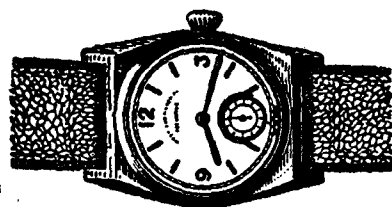
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SWATANTRA

(SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1946)

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SWATANTRA

VOL. I
No. 9

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1946.

ISSUED
WEEKLY

"GANGING UP ON RUSSIA"

SENATOR CLAUDE PEPPER, a supporter of the late President Roosevelt, complained this week that the United States was joining with other nations in "ganging up on" Russia and anyone who raised a voice in support of Russia was called a Communist. The harnessing of the anti-Communist spirit to an anti-Russian outlook would seem to be all that is now left of the grand alliance that saved the world from the Fascist peril. Britain, having held for long primacy as a first-rate power is jealous of rivals forging ahead of her in military prowess or scientific advance. In the case of the U. S. A. discomfiture over being worsted is made up for by a cultivated sentiment of cultural unity. Mr. Churchill, himself the product of an Anglo-American marriage, was never tired of singing the virtues of harmony and understanding between Anglo-Saxons and Americans for the stability of world peace. In the anti-Fascist world alliance, Stalin never lost completely the status of an outsider. It was military necessity that schooled his colleagues into ways of gracious courtesy. There was however more of diplomacy than cordiality in them. With the relaxations of peace the diplomatic strains of war are no longer necessary. Pre-war traditions are therefore once again asserting themselves in the form of revivals of Russian distrust, though for the time being they have not come into the open, contenting themselves with furtive moves.

The U. S. A. has cause for discontent with Russia on account of industrial rivalry. The strides of

technological advancement have been striking in the U.S.S.R. and bid fair to be even more sensational in the years to come. Progressive countries like the U. S. A. are given to flaunting great concern over the condition of industrially backward regions. To give a helping hand to the latter is with them a willing procedure proudly advertised. But too much of departure from backwardness would seem to them not to be very welcome. While rescue from backwardness is encouraged as humanitarian, encouragement of too much progressiveness is discountenanced as dangerous.

The power of Russia as revealed in the war has made Britain and the U. S. A. nervous. The potential possibilities of Russian industrial advancement have made them lapse into envy which is but a short step removed from enmity. Russia's successful negotiations for a share of Persian oil are apparently driving them to think of another impending war and of timely military measures from now on. There is nothing yet like a concerted anti-Russian campaign, one reason for it being the prevalence of acerbities even as between Britain and the U. S. A. tending at times to spasmodic competition for winning Russian goodwill.

Meanwhile the rest of the world is taking on a new alignment. Half Europe has been drawn into the orbit of Russian influence. In Asia the working classes are dreaming of a new Eldorado in which they will be the supreme wielders of power. For Indian leaders negotiating a treaty of settlement with Britain, it would be folly to be inveigled into



THE BEAUTY PARADE (Oriental Fashion). Behold the Bride-to-be!

It is customary, before a marriage is settled, for the bride-to-be to be presented for inspection by the party of the intended bridegroom. The inspection sometimes ends in approval and acceptance, and at others in rejection. How does it feel to know this, and find oneself in an exam. that might lead to the honoured status of wife, or ploughed and turned down, stard exposed to how many further repetitions of the same trial, one knows not? And on what basis is a prospective wife tested? Pictorial representation to these momentous issues of life as settled by custom is attempted—and superbly achieved—by the great artist D. P. Roy Chowdhury in this picture.

any kind of anti-Russian commitment either as a price for British goodwill or out of antipathy for Communists whom they may be disposed to abhor as their likely successors in the administration. Russian influence has spread all over the world and established itself in the very heart of the States of which the present rulers are proceeding apace mobilising anti-Russian forces. It is like a new civilization that has filled three-fourths of humanity with hopes of better living. In avoiding the Scylla of British imperialism it would be a tragedy if the pilots of India's destiny were to lead her into the Charybdis of British imperialism's anti-Russian designs.

"Self-Determination," The Test

Our New Delhi correspondent gives a sad story of Congress-League schism in front of the Cabinet Mission. The British Government seem inclined to make a bid for Congress support, by-passing the League. Should that happen and Mr. Jinnah execute his threat of civil war, the resulting Government could scarcely hope to come into any status worthy of being characterised as independence. It would be much too dependent on British support for that. On the other hand, Mr. Jinnah's latest definition of the boundaries of Pakistan makes a hash of the whole principle of self-determination. While his impossible demand blocks the way to internal unity, it should not be taken advantage of as a political bludgeon to beat the League with. There seem only two ways of dealing with the situation created by Mr. Jinnah's mounting truculence without perpetuating the deadlock or provoking fratricidal conflict. The first is exploration of the accepted principle of self-determination to the farthest limits of fairness; and then offering it to Muslims as a just solution standing on its merit and not liable to be withdrawn at will. Whatever in Muslim opinion is responsive to reasonableness and civilised methods of settling disputes will then rally round it, and if it is strong enough, it

might prove effective for overcoming Mr. Jinnah's obstructiveness. The second way is the one suggested by Mr. C. Rajagopalachari: arbitration by an international tribunal of commanding weight. An immediate essential preliminary for any settlement consistent with national dignity is that leaders given to opposing viewpoints should desist from flying at each other's throats in public weakening the combined power of all for wresting control over the country from its present holders.

Ineradicable Smuts

At an Imperial Conference in London twenty years ago, in reply to a question by the Maharaja of Alwar as to what was proposed to be done with Indian settlers in Natal who had put their whole lives into the country, General Smuts said:

"They have all the rights, barring the rights of voting for Parliament and the Provincial Councils, that any white citizens in South Africa have. Our law draws no distinction whatsoever. It is only political rights that are in question there."

The following comments on this piece of "mental dishonesty" were made in an article at the time in Mrs. Besant's *New India*:

"Earlier in his speech General Smuts had argued that common citizenship in the British Empire did not mean common rights of franchise. Observe how it works. There are certain rights of citizenship, some political, some otherwise. The coloured settlers have all the otherwise. The white settlers reserve the political—plus the otherwise. But they are only a trifle, you know, merely voting for a few people to meet and talk in Parliament. Our law makes no real distinction. But when we ask the question, from whence emanates the law that is so broad-minded, we put our finger on the hollow sham of General Smuts' infantile sophistry. It feels a humiliation to one's intelligence to have to point out that the law under which the coloured settlers have to live is made and administered through the political function which they are denied. The

law, as made by Parliaments, settles public finance, social conditions, details of trading, education, etc., and the check on Parliamentary error, and the goad to Parliamentary truth, is in the Parliamentary franchise. For this plain reason men, and in our time women, have suffered and died to secure for the people of all lands the power of the legislative vote for the institution that controls all life, political and otherwise. No one, of course, claims that any citizen of any country can walk into another country and claim citizen rights. But the claim that where the duties of citizenship are fulfilled according to the law of a country, he or she who fulfils such conditions should have the collateral rights of citizenship, cannot be set aside by a wave of the hand of General Smuts. Once upon a time nothing could deter General Smuts from his fight against a power that wished to control his own political organisation. He was ready to slay and be slain for the right that he now denies to others. On him, the ghost of racial superiority and egotism has cast its obsession. He who once surmounted barbed wire entanglements is unable now to jump the colour bar."

In the House of Assembly in Capetown, on April 2, 1946, Field-Marshal Smuts, Premier of the South African Government, performed the same old trick of pushing secondary matters into the front in order to obscure the primary matter of equal political rights for Indian and White citizens. "Talk about equal rights," he is reported to have said at the second reading of the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Bill, "was making people forget that there were other questions of greater immediate importance, such as housing, nutrition and education. Those were the real problems to be tackled," which, of course as *New India* indicated on the former occasion, they are not. The old imperialism of superiority flourishes in South Africa to keep Democracy

humble. The African leopard cannot change its spots, and racial smuts on the mind cannot easily be eradicated.

Purists, Don't Sniff

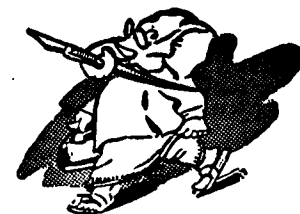
Great interest over divorce is evinced by readers in the Letters Section. For one letter published, there are several withheld for want of space. In the minds of some the erroneous notion seems to prevail that to ask for a provision like divorce is to rate marriage as an institution low, or to assume that it cannot or should not be permanent. Just the contrary is the case. There would be no need for divorce except for the sake of redeeming marriage from the vulgarity of forced association, with no outlet for escape when the free choice of partners has ceased to sanctify it. Happy people would in no case turn to divorce. The unhappy will bless it. Provision for relief to the unhappy is not a thing for purists to sniff at.

Malaya Defence

We are informed by the President of the Malaya Defence Committee, Madras, that at the time that Mr. K. Bhashyam undertook the defence of our nationals in Malaya there was no question raised of remuneration for his services. Mr. K. Bhashyam undertook the mission subject to the one proviso that his health which was then bad, did not get worse. Provision for remuneration came only later. The Committee gave the Government of India the names of five lawyers competent in its opinion to conduct the defence, and from that list the Government chose Mr. Bhashyam. Also we are informed that, though at first the Government of India were reluctant to sanction Mr. Bhashyam's departure from Malaya, they agreed to do so as a result of representations made by Mr. S. K. Chettur on Mr. Bhashyam's behalf to the effect that there was very little work to be done in Singapore in view of conditions prevailing there.



Sotto Voce



The Bane of Easy Tolerance

Hats off to the Catholic hierarchy of Cochin and Travancore! Their Lenten Pastoral on the sartorial eccentricities of the modern female reveals a degree of courage that is remarkable even in the servants of a Church that has never been found lacking in that respect. Fear of ridicule, next to spiritual pride, is the most insidious of vices. And the young, on whose propensities the Pastoral constitutes a frontal attack, are ever ready to be tickled and to go into a guffaw. Laughter with them, like yawning in class, is a catching thing.

The ribald will make merry over the businesslike prescription of the limits of permissible nudity. "A dress cannot be called decent which is cut deeper than two fingers' breadth under the pit of the throat, which does not cover the arms at least to the elbows, and scarce reaches a little beyond the knees." The *soi distant* aesthete will affect to discover an atavistic austerity in the injunction that "soft and transparent garments and sleeveless ultra-modern blouse, etc. should be eschewed from the dressing code of Catholic women." Sly casuists have already suggested that the saree, which is coming more and more into favour with the community, should be exempted from the proposed regulations, the unspoken argument being that the customary mode of wearing it would not admit of such discipline.

But the Archbishops are wary folk. They will not be taken in by specious logic nor impressed by the rather strange contention that, because in war-time Britain the Defence Rules enforced short dresses for men and women, Indian women must pay them the homage of wear-

ing shorter skirts (if that were possible) ever afterwards. The British people felt they must win the war or perish. And they were prepared to pay any price. A man cited the other day his father as correspondent and the presiding judge spoke forcibly of the decay of morals. The Lord Chancellor mentioned a record total of nearly 50,000 divorce applications filed by British servicemen from mid-1942 to the end of 1945. And Lord Munster commented that delays up to five years in disposing of divorce applications "were placing the parties in a situation where there was an irresistible temptation to the commission of sin." The moral drawn is that divorce must be quicker and cheaper, not that self-restraint and consideration for others should be more assiduously cultivated.

The authors of the Lenten Pastoral squarely face the fact that different notions of decency in dress prevail in the East and the West and they maintain that we should stick to what is becoming by our own standards. They stress the value of "modesty based on the conception of Oriental womanhood." Be it old-fashioned 'chatta' and 'dhoti' or modern jacket and skirt, they would tolerate no concession, in the style of the dress, to the tyranny of fashion which only too often panders to "the basest animal instincts". And sailing under the protection of these heavy galleons I am emboldened to point out that it is a libel on the saree and a perversion of its purpose to use it to advertise one's charms.

The emancipated, we may be sure, will be up in arms. They will denounce it as an arbitrary exercise of

power for priests to dictate what women shall wear and how they shall wear it and to penalise the intractable by withholding admission to school and college. We shall no doubt have Scripture misused again for the hundredth time, Caesar and Christ being dragged in unnecessarily into the argument. The shrewd hit at "this vulgar liking of the taints of modern sets" is sure to draw blood, though there is an excess of charity in the supposition that these aberrations may be "the growing pains of civilisation." Civilisation is not a matter of lace and lip-stick.

Evasion of moral responsibility is fostered by the modern habit of artificially dividing social activity into water-tight compartments. Athletics are good for health: women have as much right to be

healthy as men: and so they must be free to train for the Olympic games. The birds at mating time put on their gaudiest colours: and so it is a natural—and therefore healthy—instinct for women to bedeck themselves to attract the male. If in the hectic pursuit of happiness there are incidental lapses, well, it is certainly to be regretted, but we must not be too harsh on human frailty. Thus the easy tolerance of the times, deliquescing in a flood of false pity. The Archbishops' Pastoral will perhaps be compared by the scoffers to the waving of Mrs. Partington's mop. No doubt the sea cannot be ordered to go back: neither do the canny Dutch throw open the dykes in a paroxysm of defeatist fury bedevilled by the fear that some day the sea may break in.

—VIGNESWARA.

A PLEA FOR SANITY IN POLITICS

By M. C. Chari

It has deeply pained me (as it should everyone) to hear and read about the violent clashes between the Communists and the Congressmen. Now that the elections are over, I hope that the bitterness engendered would fade out and better sense would dawn. It is desirable that the responsible leaders would stop the rot and restore decent public life. Though the Communists have lost they have polled well and only two or three candidates lost their deposits. This is a pointer for Congressmen, considering that the Communist has had a legal standing of barely three years.

I know intimately some members of the Andhra Communist Party. I have nothing but admiration for their integrity of character and the great sufferings they have undergone and the ideals that actuate them. They are bound to be the future leaders of Andhra Desa. For the life of me, I cannot understand the campaign of slander and vilification being made against them (with regard to money and morals) in violation of all canons of justice, fairplay and common decency.

Interested persons have also taken to fostering an anti-Soviet attitude.

It is harmful to the nation to be caught in their trap. The mighty achievements of the Soviet Union and its progress by leaps and bounds into a first-rate Power, under the inspiration of the lead of Lenin, the greatest benefactor of humanity, are of tremendous importance to us. India and China and the whole of Asia have to look to the U.S.S.R. for inspiration and guidance in solving some of the very tough problems confronting them.

What would the Communists do if Russia invades India? Dr. Pattabhi posed this question in the heat of the elections. It is a fantastic and far-fetched question. To indulge in speculations, suppositions and wool-gathering, can serve no purpose beyond side-tracking the present problems that confront us only to run after an imaginary ghost. I do hate the idea that the learned Doctor should be playing Lord Chorley's game.

With regard to the threat of Russian invasion to India, I am one with Bernard Shaw when he says, "that if 'ifs' and 'ans' were pots and pans, there would be no need for tinkers". I would commend all to read and re-read Shaw's recent interview on India published in *The Hindu* and ponder over it, for there appears to be much truth in it.

SIDELIGHTS ::

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate.—Rochefoucauld.

An esteemed friend writes: "I find you are a brilliant Communist". The adjective is flattering, but the remark is not. It was candidly an expression of misgiving, the more deadly on account of the general setting of friendliness in which it is placed. Many others have spoken and written to the same effect.

I do not regard being a Communist as so dreadful a thing as the critics are convinced it is. But what is not true has to be denied, and the denial need not convey disapprobation of what is denied. Approbation or disapprobation cannot be compartmentalised without injury to truth. Good and bad are frequently found to merge into each other intangibly. The boundaries of the one are gateways to the other—as when the impulse to penitence which is the ordained way to soul-searching and reformation of character, comes as the after-effect of a wrong done; or a lapse from grace occurs through overmuch of pleased complacency over one's own attainments of perfection. There are patriots even among the derided police. Fierce hedonists lurk among Satyagrahis. What is advertised as unparalleled sacrifice in country's service may turn out to be the choicest of investments in a rich dividend-paying business. Revered saints can be undiscovered sinners as much as condemned sinners may be unsuspected saints. This is a world of unfathomable contradictions. It behoves people, therefore, to beware of judgments that consist in the application of labels to others and allowing the labels to dictate to their judgments.

Journalists have their favourite hobby horses which they sometimes ride to death the same as so many others in other professions. But membership of a party is fatal to independent thought which is the source of true influence in writing.

Partymen are bound hand and foot by discipline which is only another name for unquestioning obedience to directions from leaders holding the field for the time being; whereas the questioning of all things, taking nothing as final, is the very means by which the work of the journalist is saved from falling into a rut and kept fresh from day to day. He should know how to see the soul of good in things evil and discern the evil in over-advertised things popularised as prodigiously good. For the persecuted he should have sympathy; and for the pampered and the deified, a little of unbending detachment and the faculty of keeping the head cool against stampedes and mob frenzies.

It is not necessary to be a Communist to demand a fair deal for them as a party, as for all parties. Anti-Communists must know that it is no easy thing to be a Communist. The power of property is exercised against them in innumerable ways involving not only persecution but also organised besmirching of reputation and character through a vast and efficient capitalist-directed machinery of publicity and propaganda. In a world in which comfort and prosperity depend on money and capitalist favour, it is not surprising that hirelings should arise everywhere to break up the meetings of Communists, burn their presses and even kill their workers. The grit needed to stand up to the anti-Communist racket is a valuable asset of independence, although so many of the forces formally pledged to independence are found arrayed against it.

Attack causes defensive barricades to be set up by the attacked party. It is not easy to carry on normal business with the besieged defenders behind the barricades. Under the strain of the attacks of the anti-Communists, most Communists are beginning to have closed minds. It is not easy to talk to them

without getting irritated over this or that manifestation of a closed mind. As a class, the Communists are tough, hard-working non-moneyminded, tenacious, able in planning and skilful in execution and far more capable of team work than any other Indian political group. Anti-Communism is making them bitter, ruthless and hard, and forcing them into a vengeful mood, regarding not only the capitalists but all dependents of capitalists forced into their political support for one reason or other, as enemies entitled to no quarter. In dealings with agricultural labourers, factory workers and the like, Communists are models of efficient service, whose methods are being assiduously copied by the most pronounced of their detractors. But towards other classes, their general attitude is as towards a set of exploiters.

What with anti-Communism and the reactions of anti-Communism, public life is filled with hatreds, and in some areas even families are divided into warring camps. For the moment it is the Communists that are getting trounced everywhere.

The might of the Congress appears invincible, nursed as it is with the affection of people bestowed on great names in the nation's history like Gandhi, Das, Tilak, Nehru. Yet younger leaders are cropping up in Communist ranks who are quickly ousting the established Congress veterans in the hopes and trust of millions of *have-nots* getting rudely disillusioned with local Congress leaders. In Andhra, for example, P. Sundarayya is sure before long to take Prakasam's place in popularity though defeated in the elections now. Communists will blossom into a powerful party in the legislature when adult suffrage replaces the present restricted franchise.

I am for the minimising of inter-party strife for the sake of the national good; for the elimination of anti-Communism; for tolerance to parties irrespective of approval, as a primary lesson in the exercise of the universally claimed right of independence. It is a sad outlook for the freedom to come if people divided in creeds cannot be on speaking terms or get on with work that concerns all.—SAKA.



Picture taken two years ago when M. S. Subbulakshmi visited Alladiya Khan's house to sing to him at his invitation.

WORSHIP OF THE LIVING

By Pothan Joseph

"I am insulted" cries Gandhiji on hearing the report that his image had been erected in a temple for worship, but *Indian Nation* of Bihar, the Maharaja of Darbhanga's daily newspaper, protests that the Mahatma has been "cruel" in his denunciation of the worshippers, with whom I too have some sympathy. In the first place the villagers built the little temple themselves out of devotion to the Mahatma. It was not foisted on them by the agents of some cunning priesthood though eventually the exploiter of religion is bound to take his seat near the cash chest on the principle, business as usual.

Gandhiji in one of his recitals of faith once said: "I do not disbelieve in idol worship." A double negative need not always amount to a positive with him and he has invariably his own meanings for accepted terms. An English poet once wrote:

*Lured by the trappings, dazzled
by the paint
We worship oft the idol for the
saint.*

I hold that Gandhiji was not insulted since an insult presumes the existence of intention to hurt or humiliate. As for blasphemy, God in His infinite mercy may be trusted to forgive them that know not what they do. There is no insult in the incident, but there is a flaming reproach on society that we should have still amongst us people so pathetically ignorant in their quest for God that they should put up

such an image for divine honours. Is it not the emptiness of the mind that provides the niche for the idol?

That it is the image of a living man does not prove the existence of a double dose of original sin among the votaries, for there is no particular virtue in posthumous deification. The Roman emperors were hailed as Gods; Cleopatra was the child of Father Nile; Hirohito was the son of Heaven. They at least had the fun of being worshipped in their own life-time. When old Timotheus played the harp during a carouse of Alexander the whole court cried "A living deity! A living deity!"

*With ravished ears
The Monarch hears
Assumes the God
Affects to nod.*

But really if the images of kings and cabbages, cow and monkey and serpent could be worshipped as a matter of course, what is there extra-blasphemous for people to adore a living personage of whom they have at least ocular proof? Mashruvalla and Brijkishen Chandivalla are hardly "this side idolatry" as far as Gandhiji is concerned, but they are daily beside him minis-

tering. The villagers in question haven't that privilege as they also want to indulge in the same mood of adoration. The danger is in the first instance for the object of adoration. In Islamic history, a mystic called Manshoor cried in a trance, "I am with God. I am God." Instantly a listening Bedouin



Pothan Joseph.

drew his sword and beheaded him.

The underlying theme in the whole history of ancient Jews from Moses to Malachi is the denunciation of worshipping graven images instead of the Unseen God. For Muslims the emblem of the idol is an abomination past endurance. Indeed Islamic history has suffered through misgivings about images so much that in portrait painting and the sculpture of human figures as memorials theirs is not a superb record. There are some public statues now of modern statesmen in the Middle East, cast mostly in bronze as in the case of Mahomed Ali in the Alexandrian Square, but law forbids obeisance and the tendering of floral tributes, a routine with which we in India are so familiar on anniversary days. From the days of the Golden Calf which Moses smashed at the foot of Mount Sinai, the Jews have been taught to dread the sight of graven images. When a few battalions of the Tenth Legion entered Jerusalem, Pontius Pilate—the foreign High Commissioner of those far-off days—committed an indiscretion. Sounding the bucina, the troops were ordered to march after dusk. The reason was that he wanted to fly the Imperial Eagles without the Jews noticing it. The

order of Vitellius, the Legatee, was that the tops of the lances bearing the Emperor's image and the eagle should be unscrewed as a conciliatory gesture; the Jews abhorred graven images; but Pilate, a true bureaucrat, was all for prestige and the Roman centurions blew in, spears held high. The city was in an uproar.

Pontius Pilate who was always on the look out for rebellions to quell, threatened a massacre, but wiser counsels prevailed, the offending symbols were removed and the danger of bloodshed was over. Most religions are extremely sensitive about the issue raised by Gandhiji who is himself no iconoclast. The inhabitants of the Bihar village meant well and acted up to the measure of their understanding. I don't feel indignant against them when some of their betters are no better in superstitious appreciations of men and things. The term "God" and His wrath had better be kept out of the small confines of a little temple. Solomon at the time of the dedication of his Temple wept, saying: "Will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold all the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, how much less this House that I have built!"

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

purchase the other necessities of life for \$9 and also at the same time educate his two children which alone will cost him \$6 per month?

Colonel: You have been provided with a Tamil School where free education is being given. You can send your children there.

Perumal: The world is progressing. The English language is the most important language in the world. Therefore, the children have a natural inclination to study English.

Colonel: If a shunter's son studies English, then who is to do the work of a shunter?

Perumal: I am a time-taker and my son may have the ambition of becoming the General Manager of the Railways. So he would naturally ask me to teach him English.

The Colonel remained silent.

TIT-BITS:

A GOSSIP is a person who talks to you about others; a bore is one who talks to you about himself; a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.

S. R. Perumal, head of the delegation, of the Railway Central Workshops' labourers, Kuala Lumpur, recently met Col. J. O. Saunders, Senior Civil Affairs Officer of the Malayan Railways, and discussed the labourers' problems. In an interview to the *Tribune*, Perumal reported that the following conversation took place between him and the Colonel.

Perumal: Sir, you have admitted that a labourer with a wife and two children has to spend \$21 on purchasing rations given to him by Government. How is it possible for him to

Short Story

The Lesson

By S. Krishnan

"It is my fate. It is unalterable" thought Sarada and reconciled herself to her unhappy lot.

Her husband Ranganath was a regular bully. He would beat Sarada with any implement at hand at the slightest provocation. If he wanted a cup of water it ought to be before him the very next instant. He would not stand a moment's delay.

He was impetuous and irascible. Sarada obeyed him implicitly, and yet he found her wanting.

If his hands could bruise her body his words could bruise her very soul.

Four years back she came to this house with high hopes. But now with her four years of experience she had got quite accustomed to the torture. At first she hoped to soften the angularities of her husband with her love. But now she knew that it was impossible.

"Oh God! Take me into thy bosom. Enough have I suffered in this world. Give me Thy peace." That was her prayer now.

But God could not be so considerate. If He were to act according to the entreaties of each and every creature on earth then the world would not get on.

And so Sarada became a mother. With her son's arrival her attitude towards life underwent a change. No longer did she pray to God to take her away.

Now she could bear her husband's blows with more equanimity. She simply would take her baby Venu to the open verandah in the rear portion of the house and then hugging him to her breast would say "Venu, you are my only hope. You will make me happy, will you not, my child?"

She yearned to spend at least some months away from this torture-cell in peace. But who was there to take pity on her? Whose beckoning hand was there to afford her a kind shelter even for a few days?

Was she an orphan then? No, her parents were alive. But for her they were as good as dead. Her father was till some years back a rich man. But some time back the

river inundated his lands and corroded them. So much so, now he earned his livelihood as a corpse-bearer. He was shunned by society for no fault of his. Her brother who could barely read and write served in a hotel and made his living. It was a family which fared badly at the hands of God and man alike.

How could Sarada throw her burden on that poor helpless family even for a day?

Moreover it was her husband's strict order that she should not even think of her parents.

"My father had also seen better days although he is a miserable man now. Because of his ill-luck he does not lose his claim to be my father." Sarada once or twice protested.

But Ranganath could not bear to imagine his wife as a corpse-bearer's daughter. He burst out, "If you insist on going to that house you will lose your right to re-enter my door, mind you."

Sarada knew how much false pride lay beneath the utterance and she did not want to risk the consequence.

But she very much wanted to show her boy to her parents and get their blessings.

She even felt sometimes that mere water served with affection by her parents would be more palatable than the best dish she got here along with the bitter biting words of abuse. But the next moment she would remember her husband's affection for the child. Venu. He loved the child and could not bear to part with him even for a day. The child also reciprocated the father's love in an abundant measure. Sarada wondered how her extremely nervous husband could tolerate the pranks of this child. The child was at liberty to do anything he pleased. He could break any number of jars and bottles and disturb Ranganath whenever he chose. She had noticed that the grave rigid features of her husband would relax into a broad smile at the sight of the child.

"Venu, I find my sustenance in you. Without you my life is impossible," he would say.

Sarada had found out that Venu's influence had the power of humanizing her husband. To see the softened humanized husband was to her the greatest pleasure.

It was a fact that Ranganath loved his wife and he also showed it in his rough and rude way. "You see, I want to make you as comfortable as is humanly possible," he would say during elated moments.

When he purchased sarees, he would choose only silk sarees. Whenever he brought one, he would ask her to wear it immediately.

"Your mother looks grand in her new saree, does she not, Venu?" he would ask the child. The child would not answer.

But Sarada would remark "Am I to laugh or weep?"

Once Ranganath brought a new saree with the latest type of border design and asked Sarada to wear it.

While Sarada was in the act of dressing he called out "Where are the betel leaves?" Only after putting the betel-nut into his mouth did he notice that there was not even a single betel leaf with him. Sarada dressed herself hurriedly and came with betel leaves from inside. But in the meantime Ranganath had lost his patience and had swallowed the betel-nut. "You impertinent ass, give me back the saree. Your disobedience does not merit any reward", he roared.

In a few minutes the saree was soaked in kerosene and set fire to. Ranganath took the child in his arms. "Look at it my boy, a bon-fire is burning".

Such incidents were not at all rare in that house. Many household utensils were taking rest in the well. Many brass vessels had changed shapes after receiving hard knocks with stone at the hands of Ranganath. The one redeeming feature was that Ranganath would replace everything he spoilt in his fury.

(2)

It was the second birth-day of Venu. Ranganath had made arrangements to celebrate it on a grand scale.

A day before Venu's birthday Sarada received a small parcel along with a note from her father. The parcel contained simple silk for the child.

The note ran—

"My dear girl,

Yesterday I remembered that your boy is completing his second year in a few days. Fortunately I had five rupees with me. I have purchased this silk with that

amount. I know it is too insignificant a present for him. But God has made me too poor. How I wish I could come and see you all! But I know only too well that my desire cannot materialise under the circumstances. I do not blame anybody for that. We have but to submit to what God ordains, without murmur.

My best wishes to you all. Wishing Venu many happy returns.

Yours,

Father"

Sarada for a moment stood motionless. She remembered her childhood—those happy days which were to return no more. If she could but re-live those days! Tears filled her eyes. She sobbed.

Ranganath was gone to the family priest's house. Sarada bathed her son and put on the silk her father had sent. She felt as though her father was blessing her child in person.

Ranganath returned from the priest's house. Sarada brought the child near him. "Bless the child" she said.

Taking the child in his arms Ranganath asked her "Is this the silk I purchased for him?"

Sarada smiled. "Have you noticed that already? My father sent it," she said.

Ranganath's face hardened. "Who asked you to dress him with this silk? You ought to have dressed him in the one I brought," he said harshly.

With smarting pain she bore his words. After a few minutes she said calmly, "What harm is there if he wears this silk now? This has been sent by father for this occasion."

In a fit of temper Ranganath bawled out "What do you say? It has been sent by your father! Where did he get money to buy this? He has earned it by bearing somebody's corpse, with that amount he has purchased this silk for his grandson. You stupid ass, you have the audacity to dress the child in that silk."

He removed the silk and threw it into the gutter.

Sarada stood stupefied for a while. Her lips quivered. Hot tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Do you mean to say that the money becomes tainted money because my father earned it?" she asked.

"Yes. A thousand times yes. Stop arguing with me." Ranganath replied haughtily.

That was the last straw. Sarada looked up at her husband with the pride of a wounded lioness.

"You can kill me if you like. But if you utter a word against my father you will have to suffer for it. You are heartless. That is why you are insulting my father thus. But remember even the Gods will not brook it."

"You cannot understand or appreciate the sacrifice he has made for purchasing this one. Five rupees is no small amount for him. I cannot tolerate this insult. You will have to repent for your action some day..."

The clock on the wall struck as if in approval of her words. She stopped. She felt that it was not proper to have given vent to her feelings thus.

She went to the gutter, took the silk and washed it.

He stood there stunned for a while. Not even his brothers had the temerity to talk to him in a defiant mood. It was too much for him. He put the child down and shouted at the pitch of his voice, "Get out of this house with your child."

In an hour he had despatched Sarada and child by train to her father's village.

(3)

"I did not know that your husband treated you so cruelly. You did not even mention about it in any of your letters". Sarada's father was saying. "But then, when once you have become his wife you have to bear with him. Better days will surely dawn on you. God will grant him wisdom to-morrow if not to-day. Till then you share with us what little we have."

He had absolute faith in the goodness of God. He threw all his burdens and cares on Him and sought solace in the one hope of His infinite mercy. He was the very incarnation of patience. He had heard people say under his very nose that death was preferable to the life of a corpse-bearer. Even then he did not open his mouth. "It is God that makes them say so," he would say to himself.

Two months had passed since the arrival of Sarada. She was in the family way. It was the ninth month.

She had cooled down by this time. She had thought over her present position as well as future. The latter seemed to be dark. Her son Venu somehow got whooping cough. He was getting weak. He often asked for his father. Should she not inform her

husband about his health? However cruel he might be he was her husband. Her dignity, her status, her personality, everything she derived from him.

She ought not to have lost her temper that day.

How could her father find money for the expenses of her confinement. If she could but go to her husband! What if she were to write to him?

But she would then remember the words he uttered when she got into the train. "You have lost your claim to come into my house", Ranganath had said.

How could she go to him after that? Such were the thoughts that oppressed her day and night.

How wretched is he who is a slave to passion? He cannot get any peace of mind. He can find time only to repent for his past actions.

Ranganath was in such a condition now. His mind was a battle ground where false pride and love were contending to overwhelm each other. The sense of loneliness was eating into his very heart.

He would come from his work at the lawyer's in the evening; milk the cow and heat the milk on the stove.

The sprightly little calf would jump about without any fear and would not easily allow itself to be tied to the peg. That innocent creature would remind Ranganath about his son Venu. Who knows how he is faring now? Who is there to supply him with his daily ration of Ovaltine rusk? It was a mistake on his part to have sent Sarada away. If only she would write to him he would go and take her the very next day. So ran his thoughts.

He does not get good sleep nowadays.

He would go to the table and scribble a note to his wife that he would be going to take her back. But the next morning he would change the decision, tear the note and throw it into the waste-paper basket.

Days passed. On a rainy day Ranganath returned from the office fully drenched. He caught cold. The next morning he did not have the least inclination to get up from the bed.

He felt that he should go and bring back Sarada at the earliest opportunity. He would make arrangements for her confinement in the local hospital.

But that day when he went to the lawyer's office the lawyer told him "Ranganath, you must leave for Tinnevely by the evening train. You

have to collect some data there, it may take a week."

"Yes".

"Man supposes. God disposes" said Ranganath to himself.

Sarada had given birth to a daughter. Her father wrote to her husband about it. But the letter remained unopened on the table of Ranganath in his office.

Venu had become extremely weak. Once he began to cough he would go on for ten minutes. He would become thoroughly exhausted and would lie down as in a trance with closed eyes and grating breath. After some time he would try to sit up and then the whole process would be repeated.

"Mother" he would cry in his feeble voice.

But how could he be allowed to go near Sarada? Whooping cough was contagious for children. There was the small child with her.

So her brother or father would take him to the village temple and try to distract his thoughts.

Sarada's father wrote another letter to her husband. It also found rest with its predecessor.

Ranganath had to stay for over a month in Tinnevely. On his arrival he saw the two letters on the table. He read them.

For a minute he stood stunned. His co-clerks had not the grace to redirect those letters to him. But then he was not in a mood to quarrel.

Ranganath was seated near his son. He had been there for the past week. Venu's condition was becoming precarious. His body had been reduced to mere skin and bones. When he coughed his eyes would bulge out as if to fly away from their sockets. God alone knew the anguish the child was enduring.

That evening the child began to wriggle with pain. Ranganath ran up to the doctor. The doctor gave some mixture. "What is the necessity for me to come? It is the nature of the disease. But if the child had been well fed he would not have become so weak. Now he has not the strength to bear it."

The words simply smote the heart of Ranganath. This was an indictment.

Whose was the mistake? He had not the strength to apportion the blame for it. He only prayed from the very bottom of his heart for the child's life.

"Good God, save my child. Pardon me, Oh God!" Ranganath's heart was weeping.

Venu spent a quiet night. The next morning also was a peaceful one.

Ranganath sat stroking the child's hair.

"Open your eyes", he said.

The child obeyed.

"Father."

How sweet that word sounded in Ranganath's ears! How relieved he felt!

A ray of hope began to flicker in his bosom. He once again began to dream of his future happy family life in Coimbatore. Never again would he do anything for which he would have to repent later, he said to himself.

The evening came. With it returned Venu's cough. As if to atone for the sin of having spared Venu for over twenty hours the cough returned with redoubled vigour.

The ribs shook violently as the child coughed. Sarada came near Venu and sat on one side. On the other side was Ranganath. Both were helplessly witnessing the child's distress.

The doctor came and went away without a word.

Suddenly the child became quiet.

He opened his eyes once and looked at his mother and father. In vain his lips moved, for his tongue had already lost its power of speech.

And then.....

From this world of sorrow and pain the child had departed.

Words cannot express the sorrow of Ranganath. Sarada tried to console him.

After a fortnight Ranganath started with his wife and daughter for Coimbatore. Before getting into the cart he bowed at the feet of his father-in-law.

"Once your daughter told me, 'You will have to suffer for it.' Her words have come true. I have suffered—enough. Forgive me. In future God grant us peace and happiness."

Wiping away the tears from his eyes Sarada's father said: "Don't grieve, my son. Pleasure and pain are God's gifts. Only because of these do we ever remember Him. He knows the why and wherefore of everything."

"Sarada is a poor simple girl. In her ignorance she may commit so many mistakes. Forgive her. May you be happy."

"Yes. I will curb my wild temper. I have learnt a bitter lesson. I do not want any more punishment."

CONGRESS-LEAGUE CLASHES BEFORE CABINET MISSION

From Our Correspondent

Delhi: "How do you expect to win your freedom, when all the time you are appealing to the British to help you fight against your fellow Indians?"

This was a foreign correspondent's comment after the press conference held in New Delhi by the Cabinet Mission.

The Ministers, it is understood, were well satisfied with the way they had faced the barrage of questions by pressmen. All newspapers commented on their "successful handling" of the conference.

The *Hindustan Times* spoke of the "considerable vitality" of Lord Pethick-Lawrence. *Dawn* enthusiastically declared that the Ministers "proved more than a match" for their questioners. But no paper declared categorically in what it was that the Ministers had been successful.

Perhaps this gleeful comment of the *Statesman* on the press conference provides a clue to the meaning of the Mission's "success".

"It was noticeable that not one question was asked that implied doubt of Britain's sincerity in declaring that India's destiny is for Indians to decide."

It is the tragic truth that the vast majority of questions sought merely an edict on the vital question of the Muslim League and Pakistan. "Will you go ahead without the Muslim League?" was the question put repeatedly in a number of different ways by the Congress pressmen. And equally sharply came the broadsides from the League pressmen present, reminding the Mission of the threats of the League to cause "bloodshed in the country" if any constitution was imposed on them.

Each side wanted an edict in its favour. The Congress correspondents were anxious to secure a declaration that the Muslims were not a nation but a minority, who would not be allowed to veto the Congress majority. The Leaguers wanted a declaration which would assure them that our rulers regard the Muslims as a nation, deserving sovereignty.

Neither side secured its object. It was the issue of Congress vs. League which dominated the press conference. The reality of our disunity was

revealed clearly in the press conference.

On vital questions regarding the real nature of Britain's proposals vis-a-vis the Indian people as a whole, the Ministers' answers exposed the emptiness of what they have brought in their despatch cases.

Firstly on the question of whether it would be the Indian Princes or the States people who would be represented in the constitution-making body, the reply was "We have to take the position as it is, the facts as we find them".

Secondly, on the question of whether the present elections on the very limited franchise would form the basis of the constitution-making body, again the answer was, "We cannot create new situations, we have to take the position as we find it."

Thirdly, to the question whether the British would withdraw their occupation armies in order to give Indians real freedom to dictate their destiny—the reply was that "the whole question of the position of troops was to be discussed at the appropriate time."

Fourthly, on the question of the release of political prisoners including those of the INA, the Secretary of State declared that "This is quite a separate matter" and "I don't think we shall make that a condition precedent to the discussions".

And yet the League daily *Dawn* said the answers were "fair" and it was reported that "League circles feel reassured."

On the other hand, Congress circles are also planning on the basis of their own hopes.

During the week I met certain Congress M.L.A.s.—each of whom is already banking on the support of the Mission to install the Congress in power, without the League, if necessary. One of them discussed the possible names of "able and influential" Muslims who would join an interim Government with the Congress, if the League proved "intractable". I gather that such lists of names are a matter of common discussion in Congress circles.

There is little or no effort on either side at this moment for agreement. The League reversed its old policy of throwing out the Finance Bill to

help the Treasury Benches to defeat the Congress. It shamelessly voted with the Government on the adjournment motion to discuss the Delhi police strike. On the other hand, it is openly threatening, both in private conversation and elsewhere, that it will create trouble. The prize gem on this "terror campaign" is the recent reference in *Dawn* to support Dr. Ambedkar in his threat to take the help of "other allies" against the British if they lined up with Congress.

The Congress on its part keeps up its threats in public—but has begun a campaign of cajoling the British by stretching before them the prospect of help against the Soviet Union.

Recently Mr. Masani in the Assembly led the way in pleasing the British by his question calling on Government to inform HMG and the Security Council of the great feeling for Iran in this country. Khan Abdul Ghani Khan, the Frontier Congress MLA, speaking on the Finance Bill, gave an open hint to the British that the frontier was vital to them as an anti-Soviet base and that the Congress is anxious to build it up as one.

Both Congress and League leaders are declaring that they are prepared to keep the British Army in India for at least another ten years, "in order to train up an Indian Army."

The latest message to the forces by Commander-in-Chief Auchinleck is merely a delicate and tasty bait thrown at both parties.

"Allow us to stick on," it means. "And we shall help you to fight each other and all other trouble-makers. The army is your strength."

On the whole at the end of the first week there is a cautious "wait-and-see" atmosphere in political circles in New Delhi. Already it is common talk that the Mission intends to impose a constitution on India, as soon as it has succeeded in demonstrating that we are dis-united and cannot agree. Journalists are rapidly reading up the Coupland scheme—for it is agreed that it is a modified form of this scheme which Britain wishes to impose on us.

And yet despite this knowledge there is unfortunately still at the back of the mind of every leader and every journalist the lurking optimism that the Mission will side with his party by opposing the other. This belief is being fostered by the men around the Mission—the professional diplomats—specially brought for this job to India. Their object is to prevent the Indian parties from coming together and facing the British with the united might of the Indian people.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF NATIONAL UNION OF JOURNALISTS

Much virtue belongs to "the annual dinner", though the deterrent effects of the post-prandial orations cannot be minimised. It was under the benign effects of food that G. K. Chesterton declared that he joined the National Union of Journalists, the first trade union body in the annals of English journalism. A. G. Gardiner, then the editor of the *Daily News*, also became a member. But, despite these distinguished adherents, the Union had to prove itself, especially so as it had set itself in rivalry with the powerful Institute of Journalists. But when the opportunity presented itself, the Union could have wished that it were a little late in its appearance. The fact was,

whether the Union liked it or no, that a "test" case arose in the early months of its first year of existence.

One Ernest Griffiths, a reporter on the *Salford Times* had been dismissed for alleged neglect of duty, and payment of wages for the absence of eight weeks due to an attack of typhoid, was refused. The case launched by the Union on his behalf was heard before the Manchester County Court, and the Judge held that both by law and custom, Griffiths was entitled to payment during his period of illness. The Union was proudly enabled to claim that "legal machinery has been got to work, and journalists have learned with satis-

faction that their interests are being fought for, and custom established in their favour by decisions in the public courts". But a sterner test awaited the Union presently.

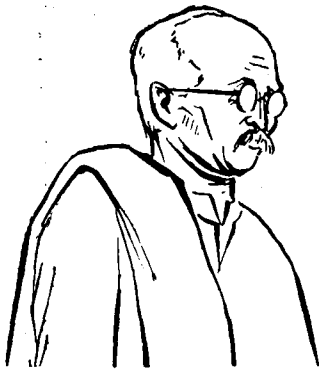
A most iniquitous clause in the contracts in which journalists were obliged to acquiesce in the first decade of this country was that which prohibited an employee from seeking service, for a prescribed number of years, with any other newspaper within a stated "radius" of miles. W. L. Andrews who is at present the editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, joined the staff of the *Sheffield Telegraph* at the age of 19 after signing a contract, one of the clauses of which forbade him to leave his present employment for another "in Sheffield or within a radius of twenty miles from the Town Hall thereof". After a brief period, he decided to join the *Sheffield Independent*. But the proprietors of his first paper issued a writ for an injunction to restrain him from doing so. This application was refused, the Judge doubting whether the "radius" clause could be enforced. On appeal by the proprietors, it was represented that the clause was an "unreasonable and unnecessary restraint of trade and therefore against public policy", and that Andrews was an "infant" when he entered into the agreement. Among the witnesses who testified that the knowledge which a reporter might acquire in the course of his ordinary duties was different from that confidential information which it was proper for other trades to provide against was Gardiner. But this plea was rejected by the Judge who held that keen rivalry between the *Telegraph* and the *Independent* rendered the precaution lawful. This decision was a bitter blow to the Union which seriously considered whether its

financial straits could render possible an appeal from this judgment. After hesitation, an appeal was filed, and to the Union's joy, it was allowed with costs. In separate judgments, their Lordships held that the "radius" clause was unusual and unreasonable, and that it was too wide for the necessities of the proprietor's business.

The extinction of this nefarious clause was a matter of rejoicing, and the confidence it engendered spurred the Union to the more perilous task of conducting a "strike". It is undeniable that the conditions which obtained in the *York Herald* were scandalous. A contemporary complaint said, "The reporters suffer from chronic overwork, not only due to the very long hours they are kept on duty, but to the excessive amount of copy which each man is expected to turn out in the course of a day. It would be safe to state that the average number of hours worked per day is not less than twelve, and frequent instances could be quoted of men being on duty for longer periods, often with the shortest possible break for meals". But Mr. Pressly, the editor of the *Herald* was not of this opinion. He was convinced that his paper was the best possible in this imperfect world. After fruitless negotiations, it was decided to picket the office. The sequel was decidedly strange. It did not improve conditions in the *Herald* office at the time, but other establishments benefited.

This end was certainly dubious, but when the event was recalled in retrospect in 1926, the sentence was added. "It is a fair office now". This opinion was a vindication of the Union's hazardous move, and a reminder that even in its first years it had justified itself.

The Englishman does everything on principles. He fights you on patriotic principles. He robs you on business principles; He enslaves you on imperial principles. He bullies you on manly principles. He supports his king on loyal principles and cuts off his king's head on republican principles.—Bernard Shaw.



Dr. Pattabhi

THE Presidents of the three Provincial Congress Committees comprised in Madras Province were summoned to Delhi to confer with the Congress President and Sardar Patel over the furiously debated issue as to who should be the leader of the Congress Legislature Party and become Premier. Mr. C. Rajagopalachari and Dr. Pattabhi were also invited. Kala Venkata Rao and B. Gopala Reddi were not invited, but they seem to have telegraphed that they too would wish to come. The permission sought was accorded, and was publicised, with tactful omissions, in a manner most suitable for establishing the recipients in public esteem as highly important personages for disposing of the affairs of the province.

MEANWHILE it is understood that the premiership has been offered—not by the Governor constitutionally empowered to do so, but by the Tamil Nadu Congress clique of Harijan fame—to, by turns, V. V. Giri and Madhava Menon. Giri sized up the situation nicely. The motive of the offer, it was patent, was to exclude Prakasam who had served the purpose of the clique in the anti-C.R. drive and had now ceased to be of any more use to it. Giri had wits enough to recollect that the cords of contact with the people were not cut by the status of premiership. Life continued even if one became premier, and life for no premier of a popular ministry could

NEW VISTA OF MINISTERIAL POSSIBILITIES

INVITATION TO C. R. CANNOT BE FOR PERPETUATING THE STATUS QUO

exist in isolation from the people. He was prudent and realised in time the risks to himself from supplanting Prakasam.

PRAKASAM is the most popular of Congress leaders in Andhra. His intellectual contribution to contemporary public affairs has been negligible. He went through a lot of privations most of which was unnecessary but was forced on him by his undertaking tasks for which he was not well fitted, in the period that followed the renunciation by him of a magnificent practice at the bar in response to the Mahatma's campaign of triple boycott. But reason was swamped in sympathy for the trials he endured which was reinforced by his indefatigable habit of touring. He has visited more villages in Andhra Desa and knows more people by direct personal contact than any of the other leaders. He has come to be reckoned as a figure of sacrifice, and is held in love for it to such an extent that the feeling has become independent of any need of being supported by his own exertion. He evokes emotion not by what he says or does but with his mere presence. Whether this mass reverence will continue if he were to exchange non-official status for administrative responsibility is doubtful. Perhaps not. Absence of power saves leaders from the consequences of many shortcomings in public judgment. But once they pass on to governing, the same judgment will become less indulgent and more critical.

WHATEVER the future may have in store, for the present Prakasam is the idol of the Andhra masses. They will not easily forgive the author of any ousting movement planned for

his undoing. Tamil legislators are outside the range of the anger of the Andhras. But Giri is not located favourably for escaping it. He was wise therefore in refusing to be tempted when the crown of party leadership was dangled before him.

NOT so wise as Giri, Dr. Pattabhi and B. Gopala Reddi would appear to have been blinded by the dazzling prize coveted by their ambition. The doctor has been angling to be Premier with furtive moves intended to sabotage Prakasam's chances, while preserving a protective armour with statements disclaiming any intention of being in the run. How to plunge from the commitment of previous announcements into the first overt step of standing out as a rival to Prakasam is Dr. Pattabhi's problem at the moment. Should Delhi cast no obstacles in his path, the public will perhaps be presently told that under the pressure of entreaty by a large number of legislators he had been reluctantly compelled to abandon his original intention, maybe with a flourish added that but for his sense of public duty he would not have yielded to their importunities.

DR. PATTABHI is not popular with people. He has no mass following of the kind that distinguishes Prakasam. But for the bolstering given to him from above by the Congress High Command, comparative inconsequence in the political sphere would have been his lot. When offices are in the offing, aspirants tend to gather round likely bestowers of prospective patronage, and most of Dr. Pattabhi's present adherents are of this stamp. He enjoys a reputation

for being clever and good at making money, a gift which all know did not cease to find scone even during his periods of duress as a prisoner. But he is not credited with high public spirit. A certain spinelessness on occasions of peril is attributed to him by the knowledgeable. He has many enemies and no ardent devotees. His premiership, should he succeed in his designs, will be rated as a triumph of intrigue and resented as such. It may lead him to an unenviable plight that must prove to be the end of his exaggerated reputation.

GOPALA REDDI is a rich man that has used his opportunities for political climbing with tireless zeal since C. R. picked him for ministership to the chagrin of many better qualified competitors when he formed the last Congress Ministry. Reddi's administrative record was bleak and undistinguished. His restless ambitiousness is not conducive to a sense of proportion, and will not suffice for further elevation even if by any freak of chance he should get perched there.

MADHAVA MENON seems to have sensed that his destined role in the scheme of the clique was to play the puppet while they wielded the power. He may not oblige his patrons by becoming their tool for being passed off as Premier.

THE invitation to Delhi given to C. R. opens a vista of new possibilities. Not only was he invited, he was pressed not to decline. After the dead set made by Kamaraj Nadar and company to see C. R. out of his natural position of lead-



V. V. Giri

ership, the Congress High Command would not have gone out of the way to drag him out of his retirement just to treat him to an exhibition of the installation of his opponents in power. C. R. would not and should not have been invited if his inviters had not felt convinced of the indispensability of his leadership in the present state of affairs in the province. The objections raised against him, with all the airs of fiery revolutionary zest, that he is moderate and not progressive enough, not sufficiently anti-imperialist, have been blown to pieces by the unmasked game of his critics who have had no compunction to throw overboard the only strong man among them with marked preference for comparative weaklings and second-raters.

NO principles have been in evidence in these feats at ministry-making that have been brought to an abortive end by the High Command's intervention. The only sound basis for democratic rule is that the real leaders of the people should govern. C. R. in Tamil Nadu and Prakasam and Bulusu Sambamurthi in Andhra are leaders of the people in a way not given to Pattabhi or Gopala Reddi or Kala Venkat Rao or Kamaraj or Madhava Menon. While the former are excluded and remain outside no alternative personnel, no Government composed of lesser men, can hope to be stable or safe.—KHASHA.

IRRECONCILABLE POSITIONS OF CONGRESS & MUSLIM LEAGUE

Ministers maintain inscrutable silence — Sikhistan and Rajastan — Salt tax to go? — Plight of Indians in Burma and Malaya

The Cabinet Mission has spent the week in making an intensive study of the viewpoints of the major political groups in India. Besides receiving official delegations representing different parties, the Ministers have, both individually and collectively, held several informal discussions with public leaders. So far, however, the discussions have been unilateral in character, the Mission having given not even the least indication of its reactions to the divergent claims which have been placed before it. When asked directly whether, in the event of failure to reach all-party agreement, they would insist upon the formation of an interim Government, Sir Stafford Cripps refused to give any answer. The various parties have, however, restated their demands with vehemence and emphasis.

Maulana Azad as its accredited spokesman has stressed the firm view of the Congress that a single constitution-making body should be formed to frame the constitution for a single united India, and has declared that on this basis alone would the Congress be willing to concede in a generous measure the demands of the minorities in the sharing of power, for concessions and safeguards. Sardar Patel has similarly declared that free India could exist as a first-class power only if it were a united India, and that the Congress can accommodate the Muslim League only to the extent of reorganising the provinces and giving the fullest autonomy possible to those areas in which the Muslims are predominantly in the majority, subject to there being a strong Centre. Declaring that "nothing can bring about the Pakistan which Mr. Jinnah wants", Pandit Nehru has concentrated attention

on the basic need for the country's economic development, and has assured the Muslims that the future constitution would be so framed that they need have no fear of economic domination by the Hindus.

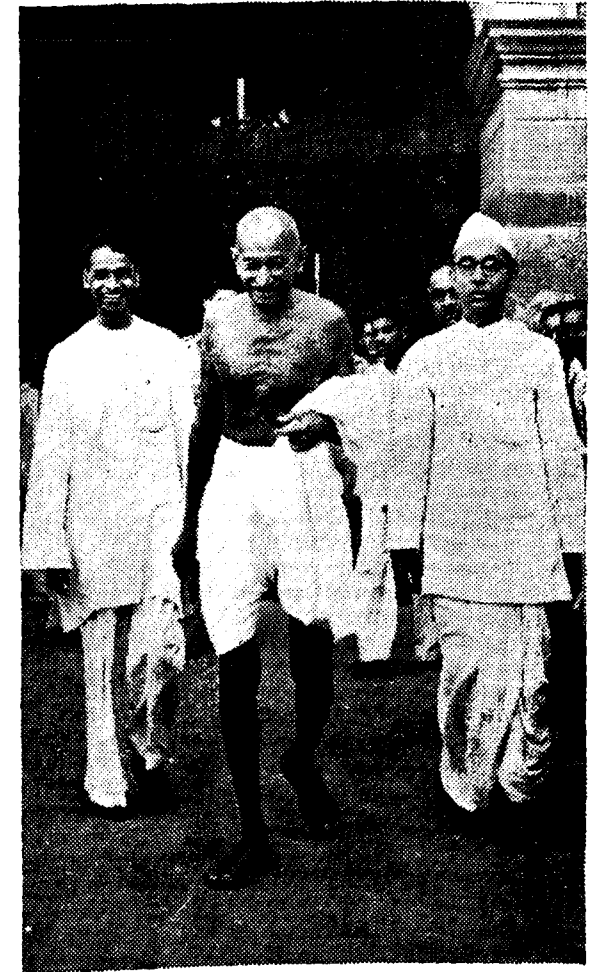
The Liberals are one with the Congress in the desire for a united India, and the immediate formation of an interim Government with as many parties as would come in. Otherwise, as Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru said "with constitutional ministries restored in the provinces, there will be daily conflicts between them and the present Central Government which does not command any respect in the country."

But in sharp contrast to the Liberal faith in British fairplay is Pandit Nehru's demand for the immediate ending of British interference in India. Discussing Pakistan, Sir Tej said: "If there is agreement it will be good. If there is no agreement, then the British who are the power and the authority must play their part. If on any particular issue there is a deadlock (in the constitution-making body), both parties must accept the decision of the British." No such fresh Communal Award by the British is desired by Pandit Nehru. He has, on the contrary, demanded that "it should be made absolutely clear that Indians would be left to resolve their own problems and the British Army would be withdrawn." There should be a time-limit—and it should be a short one—for the British quitting India. The demand for the withdrawal of the British Army is significant in view of the warnings offered to us by the examples of Egypt, whose 'independence' has been rendered purely formal due to the continued

presence of British troops, and of Palestine where the British forces are enforcing 'law and order' among the Arabs and Jews whose internal problem is similar to our own

The attitude of the Muslim League has been re-stated by Mr. Jinnah with some fresh declarations of his faith in the two-nation theory: "I do not regard myself as an Indian", and again, "The Hindus and Muslims are not only different and distinct, but antagonistic." Defining Pakistan, he has said that it must include all the six provinces with their present boundaries, subject to any territorial adjustments on both sides. Addressing a convention of some 450 Muslim League members of the Central and Provincial Legislatures, he roundly characterised any future interim Government with a Congress majority as a Fascist Grand Council, which would use the machinery of administration in its hands against minorities; hence he could not agree to its being vested with full powers to decide the fate of the Muslims. The League would never agree to a single constitution-making body nor accept an interim Government unless the principle of Pakistan is accepted, and an undertaking is given that it would be implemented without delay. The positions taken up by the Congress and Muslim League therefore appear to be irreconcilable.

The case for the Sikhs was presented before the Mission by Mas-



Mahatma Gandhi snapped at the Viceroy's House, New Delhi, after meeting the British Cabinet Mission.

ter Tara Singh. His stand is somewhat anomalous. He states that the Sikhs are opposed in principle to the division of India into communal States, but at once goes on to demand that if Pakistan is conceded, the Sikhs too should have a communal State, consisting of areas in which they are a majority and including all places regarded by them as holy. It has always been the policy of the Akalis, who are the most important political force among the Sikhs, to exploit their strategic position in the Punjab as between the Congress and the League, to bargain with both for terms most

advantageous to themselves. Master Tara Singh is accordingly conducting negotiations with the leaders of both the parties.

* * *

The attitude of the States has received no definitive exposition. The Princes have made vague professions of sympathy with the freedom of the country as a whole, and of willingness to take up a helpful attitude towards the future constitutional arrangements. In certain quarters there is talk of creating a Federation of Indian States into a 'Rajasthan' which would be completely independent, and free to maintain treaty relations either with the British Crown or with the Indian Government. Some other States' representatives have declared that they will, in the country's wider interest, consent to reasonable constitutional changes and become autonomous units, sovereign with regard to internal administration, in the Indian Union. Foremost among these is Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer who, though not famous for any tenderness towards the popular democratic movement in his own State, has been loudly proclaiming the anxiety of the South Indian States to co-operate with the Congress in the creation of a strong, united India.

* * *

In the midst of all this bustling political activity, Gandhiji has been quietly playing his part in wringing out real and immediate concessions, as indications of the Mission's *bona fides*, and in order to remove bitterness and create an atmosphere of trust which would facilitate settlement. In response to Gandhiji's advice, the Government, it is learnt, has ordered the release of Jai Prakash Narain and Ram Manohar

Lohia. It is expected that I.N.A. men under imprisonment will also be set free, and that cases still pending will be dropped. Most spectacular of the expected 'gestures' is the repeal of the salt tax. If this tax goes, one of the foremost items in Gandhiji's national programme would be fulfilled, and the sacrifices made during the Dandi Satyagraha would begin to bear fruit.

* * *

Pandit Nehru's account of conditions in Malaya, as studied by him at first hand during his recent tour, has re-emphasized the problem of economic rehabilitation in Burma and Malaya. In common with the rest of the population, large numbers of Indians in these countries have been hard hit by the acute shortage of food and clothing, the drop in the value of currency and the exorbitantly high prices of essential commodities. Indian workers, whose wages are absurdly inadequate in the present conditions, have suffered most, and have had to go on strike in order to win a minimum living-wage. But the British Military administrators, far from taking determined measures to bring down prices and increase production, have started large-scale arrests of labour leaders. There is even talk of arresting General Aung San, the popular Burmese national leader, with whom Pandit Nehru recently discussed the question of holding an Asian Peoples' Conference. Meanwhile the Congress Medical Mission has left for Malaya, after considerable delay caused by official apathy and obstruction, to render aid to our suffering neighbours and carry to them a message of goodwill and solidarity from India.

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If, through our teachers and preachers and writers and poets, humanity can be re-educated to new values to the conception of a co-operative instead of a competitive form of society, a conception of the real meaning of brotherhood—the ideal commonwealth, in which men and women live happily, fully, and at peace, becomes practicable along with the perfectability of man. Utopia becomes realisable as man becomes ready for it.—*Ethel Mannin*.

LEADERSHIP IS HIS RIGHT, NO RACKET CAN PREVENT IT

GREAT POLITICAL FUTURE INEVITABLE FOR C. R.

By "P.G."

The philosopher who sets out to savour history in its loftier reaches has the advantage of a perspective behind him: a vast vista of time in reverse, unfolding in sharp relief the totality of deed, thought and contour in human endeavour. In that environment objective thought has its fairest chance. This condition for detached play of thought is necessarily absent in the case of a lesser philosopher confronted with a given contemporary development, say a sharp disturbance in social or political thought. The ballyhoo that has pursued C.R. with the intensity of a major offensive, is a case in point. To such of us who, so to say, moved in the aura of this controversy, all the peppery talk that has been shot at C.R. is a subjective experience.

Subjective or objective, what is it all about?

Boiled down it amounts to this: That C.R. has not thrown a fit of ecstasy at the August 1942 disturbances: that he publicly disagreed with Congress policy beginning with withdrawals from legislatures to the rejection of the Cripps offer: that he offered Pakistan to Jinnah: and (this is one of the prime jokes in the contemporary political history of India) that he was scheming to grab the leadership of the Congress in South India.

The One Political Thinker

The one political thinker who understood in all its grim possibilities the futile tragedy of August 1942 was C.R. For what was it the disturbances had achieved? Murder, for one thing: rape for another: collective fines of impossible size and police raj approximating to martial law. The disturbances did demonstrate one thing—the negative virtue, if virtue it be, of the

power of the mob. If C.R. has not talked poetry over this bloody episode, neither has Gandhiji, for he too took in the implications of it all. Nehru and Patel, each in his individual dynamic style, have declared from hundreds of platforms what grand chaps we were to have cut telegraph wires, burnt railway stations and pulled down signal posts. This breezy talk from two top leaders in Congress handing posthumous garlands to the heroes of 1942 found inevitable echo in the horrible civil commotion in Calcutta, Bombay and Delhi. The juiciest fruit of the harvest was the R.I.N. mutiny. Observe Nehru after the mob had burnt the beautiful town hall of Delhi. The plaudits were absent; instead Nehru expressed a wistful desire for discipline. They blamed the trouble in Bombay, Calcutta and elsewhere on hooligans, professional trouble-makers. To which Gandhiji, on behalf of C.R., replied that it was we who made the hooligans possible, meaning we are the hooligans.

Himalayan Folly

What honest man there is in India who does not recognise the Himalayan folly of the Congress walking out of legislatures and consequently out of power at the outbreak of the war? As protest, it was no doubt masterly; but as statesmanship it was puerile nonsense. If Congress had continued in office during the war, the country might have been spared most of the war-time ills which Governors' Advisers could not prevent or fight. Apart from the humiliation of having our affairs run by a handful of permanent officials, what has the country gained by this power-renunciation? Nothing. Here is a case of emotion making faces at statesmanship and getting a wallop on the ear for its impertinence. C.R. refused to sub-

scribe to this. And who is right—C.R. or his traducers? South India knows the answer but will not admit it. Worse luck.

Then came Cripps. Here again, statesmanship demanded that we accept his offer. What Cripps offered was not sixteen annas; but it certainly was eight annas. Frustration-bound Congress rejected it and swarmed into the jails and the underground. C.R. left Congress in protest, for he saw, where others did not, the madness that possessed the soul of the Congress. Precisely the same Congress, three years later, arrived in Simla to consider a plan which certainly was no advance over the goods Cripps wanted to trade!

If this Pakistan business is ever going to be solved, it is going to be solved as per C.R.'s specifications. Not only Gandhiji, but every right-thinking Congressman has endorsed the C.R. formula. It is the genius of C.R. that he saw where the logic of Pakistan ended and fantasy began. He drew the line at the right place. Why quarrel with him because you could not think of the thing yourself?

Born To Lead

And, lastly, when did C.R. cease to be a leader? Any person who constructively disturbs the course of social thought is a leader. C.R. has been doing exactly that. Leadership is his right; for he is born to lead. It is stupid and futile to equate the cerebral talent available in South India or the larger India by comparison. The race has thrown up a supreme intelligence in C. Rajagopalachari. His brains are the property of the community.

The present writer is an Andhra. He watched with shame and disgust the barracking to which C.R. was subjected by Andhra crowds when he was touring our districts in 1938. They somehow got the facile idea that C.R. was standing in the way of the creation of a separate province for Andhra. If Andhras have not now a province of their own, as for instance the Oriyas have, it is because Andhra

Congress leadership has linked the question of Andhra province with the larger question of India's independence.

Intellectual Integrity

When C.R. assumed office in Madras, I was one of the younger host who were impatient at the slow pace of social and political reform initiated in his regime. In those hot-blooded days, we failed to grasp the fact that we were confronting a sage who, with all his consciousness rooted in the past, was struggling bravely and successfully along the revolutionary currents of our generation. For a mystic who believes that the thought behind the *Upanishads* is the greatest intellectual adventure of all time, to admit on the threshold of his old age that we cannot escape Socialism, is a demonstration of the intellectual integrity of the man. South India in its blind folly has failed to see this gracious trait in C.R.

Anyhow, this racket which Gandhiji has called "clique" has, in C.R.'s sad and beautiful valedictory, succeeded in letting loose a vast amount of poison. C.R. has retired. But to such of us as have intuitively felt the greatness of C.R., there is the merciful thought that what is Madras's loss will be all-India's gain. For in the counsels that will presently shape a different India, C.R. is bound to play his inevitable and inimitable part.

A sad analogy comes to mind. Some 24 centuries ago, a great man and good, a man very similar to C.R., was condemned to death by the court of Athens under the atrocious charge of irreligion and corrupting the young. The man was Socrates. On behalf of C.R. I will parody the stirring oration which Socrates addressed to the Court:

"And now, people of South India, I am not going to argue for my own sake as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against God by condemning me, who am His gift to you. For if you kill me you will not easily find a successor to me. Nothing will injure me, for a bad man is not permitted to injure one better than himself."

NEHRU, PERSONIFICATION OF THE NEW ASIA TREMENDOUS SUCCESS OF VISIT TO MALAYA

(From Our Correspondent)

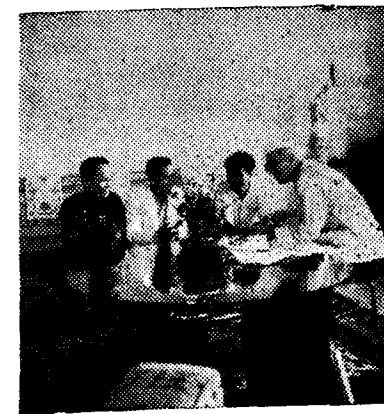
Pandit Nehru's visit to Malaya has been a great success. Everywhere from Singapore to Penang he received a great ovation in town, village and hamlet.

In spite of the fact that Nehru's visit was primarily to investigate the conditions of life of his own countrymen, the Indian community in no way attempted to monopolise all his attention, in fact Indians, Chinese and Malays vied with each other in giving him a welcome worthy of a great Indian leader, a great Asiatic leader. His visit united all parties, and petty differences were temporarily put aside. I was glad to see that the Communists, graciously overlooking Nehru's bitter attacks in the past on their brother Party in India, took a leading part in recognising his true worth as a fighter for freedom.

The line taken by the British Military Administration was the subject of comment and surprise. In every town the chief civil affairs officers and other senior officers came for his 'darshan' as if he was the ambassador of a free India. Some said that, in fear and trembling for their jobs, they were trying to ape the manners and ideals of their new Labour masters, Comrades Attlee and Bevin, although the more charitably disposed thought that it might be a real change of heart.

Military True to Type

But the military ran true to type, in spite of the lead given by the Supremo in Singapore where he welcomed Nehru, and the official welcome given by Brigadier Chowdray on behalf of the Malaya Command. Nehru's journeys were preceded by a severe depression and



Nehru receives a deputation in Malaya

gloom settling on British officers' messes. Senior officers chewed the ends of their moustaches nervously, and silently swilled even more whisky than was their habit. Their opinions were summed up by a red faced colonel who exploded with the words, "By Gad, Sir, is this what we fought the war for?" Another senior officer was heard to say that he would rather resign his commission than go near that man.

The *chotta sahibs* were not to be outdone. The officer in charge of the welfare of British and Indian troops got great satisfaction in refusing to loan the Reception Committee several hundred chairs at his disposal. To cap it all, other ranks were confined to barracks while "that man" was about.

But at Nehru's meetings, there was quite a representative selection of British people who fully appreciated his worth. In one district an enthusiastic British Guard Commander turned out the Guard and

presented arms as Nehru's car drove past,—an honour usually reserved for high ranking officers only.

On the day of the big meeting, Kuala Lumpur was agog with excitement. From miles around the common people were invading the town on foot, bicycle, and in ancient lorry.

Sturdy Sikh peasants complete with their families came in bullock carts, and gladly gave a lift to their less fortunate Chinese and Malay brothers.

A Riot Of Colour

On to the hallowed grounds of the Race Course, normally reserved for the select sportsmen of Selangor State, the crowds poured in their thousands, completely oblivious of the great honour that was being done to them. The vast majority of the twenty thousand people who came to hear Nehru speak were Indians. In a land suffering from a cloth famine, it was remarkable to see the fine clothes that were being worn. The women's section was a riot of colour, with beautiful sarrees that had been carefully treasured during four years of war for just such an occasion as this.

When I first saw Nehru I received a shock. This leader and inspirer of the youth over half the world is now prematurely aged, with deep lines marking his face. His figure was frail, and he lacked the vigorous and outspoken delivery that I had expected. Years of prison life and suffering in the cause of Indian freedom had left an impression that time will never efface.

The substance of his speech was disappointing, as he made no reference to the terrific problems facing India and the world to-day.

He dwelt at some length on the new Asiatic resurgence, especially on the political awakening now manifesting itself in Malaya. He also stressed the friendly relationships that had existed between India and China for the past thousand years or more.

Suffering Tamil Families

Clapping and cheers rewarded his careful reference to the suffering of

the twelve thousand rail workers now on strike in Malaya. "Without having had the opportunity of acquainting myself in detail with the rights and wrongs of the strike," he said, "I will say that it is easy for a Government with all the powers at its command to crush the weak workers, but it is neither a wise nor a moral thing to do."

Finally Nehru issued an appeal for support for the suffering Tamil families who had been forced to work, many to die, on the Siamese railway. And for those dependents of I. N. A. members who had been widowed, orphaned or left destitute.

Large purses were handed up at the end of the meeting.

Nehru spoke in Hindustani and English, and after his speech a resume was given of it in Tamil. At all the other meetings in Malaya his speeches were translated into Chinese and Malayese also. As Nehru left the Race Course, 'Jai Hind' rent the air, and the stampeding crowd broke down the ropes to get a glimpse of their leader. Jawaharlal Nehru is as popular as ever.

Inhibitions ?

I spoke to newspapermen and others after the meeting, and they echoed my feelings and reactions. Some said that perhaps certain restrictions governed his visit to Malaya, and that he had given an undertaking to keep off controversial subjects.

But since this country has been cut off from political developments in India for four years, could the Government object to Nehru giving an analysis of the fundamental problems facing India, of Pakistan, of food, and of unemployment? No one will know. Myself as a student of Indian politics felt that the reasons lay deeper than this. Is it that Nehru still blinds himself to the Pakistan issue? That in an effort to retain Congress influence in Malaya, he purposely refrained from giving an objective report on the political scene in India?

This is another possible explanation, although I would not lightly read such motives into Nehru's actions without more positive proof.

And after the tumult and the shouting, what now? Nehru's visit has been of great value to the Indian community here. His very presence has drawn them closer to their mother country, and roused them all to take a deeper interest in her future, so soon to be decided one way or the other. And the people

of Malaya are well aware that the freedom of Malaya is closely bound up with the freedom of India. In spite of all the criticism, Nehru still personifies the new Asia, and he is destined to play a leading part in the building of a free India, which together with China will be a guide and inspiration to the rest of subject Asia.

THE WEEK ABROAD

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

News has at last come in of the 'settlement' of the Soviet-Persian dispute to the entire satisfaction of the Persian Premier. Russia has agreed to withdraw her troops from Iran in return for exclusive concessions to prospect for oil in the Northern and Western provinces. Persia has been offered 49 per cent interest in the new deal, but she is forbidden to enter into any pacts with other foreign countries.

M. Sultan Gavameh presents the unique spectacle of a statesman committing suicide in public with exquisite self-satisfaction. It is worthy of note that the areas in which concessions have been granted to the Soviet about on the boundaries of two other States, Turkey and Iraq, who may very soon suffer from a headache analogous to that which seized Persia. It is a clear indication that Russia has won the first round after a feint of withdrawing, which has immobilized the Western powers for the time being; for the Persian spokesman has hailed the pact with his big neighbour as eminently satisfactory.

Still there is no disposition to withdraw the Persian question from the agenda of the Security Council, although the Russian representative is said to have circularised the other members of the U. N. O. in favour of such a course. Anglo-American opposition is indicated; but it needs no prophet to predict for the Democracies a Pyrrhic victory on the Persian question.

The 'settlement' of this vexed question has led to speculations

whether the U.N.O. is now the stronger or weaker for the stand it took. But it is more to the point to look ahead for some more breakers awaiting the progress of the U.N.O. It is understood that Russia has not yet expressed her willingness to start negotiations for peace treaties with the defeated powers in Europe. America and England are said to be anxious to implement peace with Italy. But Russia seems keen on Fabian tactics which are but a variant of her technique of non-co-operation with the Western powers. From America comes the suggestion that Russia's demand for a base in the Mediterranean is acting as a 'road-block' which holds up the prospects of peace in Europe.

Russia's southward progress will now proceed with the inevitability of gradualness. Her demand for 'trusteeship' over Tripolitana is thought to be for bargaining purposes; for correspondents have suggested that Russia's willingness to sign peace treaties will depend upon the recognition of the Soviet's predominant interests in the Baltic area. The Baltic States are *de facto* under the Soviet umbrella; the position might as well be recognised *de jure*! Since geography too is in favour of the Kremlin, Russia is almost certain of obtaining all that she wants to safeguard her northern boundaries.

News from China has reverted to type by becoming confusing wherever it is not alarming. Manchuria is represented as the storm-centre

with recrudescence of clashes between the Nationalist and Communist forces. Russia is said to be withdrawing from the area with unusual and hence suspicious celerity. The Central Government of China is alleged to have implored Russian forces to remain until the Nationalist detachments could proceed to take over from the withdrawing garrisons. This the Soviets have refused to do.

Mr. Bevin is to lead the British delegation which is empowered to revise the terms of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. The apple of discord in regard to the Egyptian question is the fate of Sudan. Sudan is the Pakistan of Egyptian politics; it has been licked into shape with all the patience and diplomatic skill of the British instinct for imperialism which makes willing tools of its victims! Britain is theoretically committed to quitting Egypt even as she has announced her intention of quitting India. But in both countries she is now exploring ways and means of returning by the backdoor. The abstention of the Wafdist Party from the negotiations was an astute move; it is calculated to stiffen up the attitude of the moderates and force them to wring better terms from the British. Eventually, it will also enable the Wafd to start a campaign in favour of a more extreme nationalist platform. Considering that the Mid-East is the prospective area of the next 'bust-up', British diplomacy is perhaps engaged in clearing away from the scene while still remaining within striking distance in the event of an emergency. Palestine and the ex-Italian colonies offer vantage points which are doubtless being perfected even now.

The Commons repealed the Trades Disputes Act which was rushed through in 1926 by the Conservative Government. Lord Simon then gave a ruling that a national strike was an illegal act; and the Act embodied that obiter dictum. It had been an eye-sore to Labour ever since; for it denied Labour's rights to combine and enforce through

direct action their bargaining rights. The repeal of this measure makes no immediate, practical change in the relations between Labour and the Government. But it vindicates the Labour Party's self-respect.

As anticipated, the terms of a pact between the Dutch and Indonesian Nationalists are believed to include the recognition in principle of the sovereignty of the Indonesian people, and the grant of special economic concessions to the Dutch Government in return for a guarantee as to mutual defence. It is further expected that Indonesia's right to membership of the U. N. O. will be seconded. Extremists on both sides will have plenty to object to in the new pact; but if one part of political demands is achieved through force, another and the more enduring part is always better obtained through negotiation, discussion and compromise. An opening has been created; it is up to the Nationalist forces to widen the gap, and deepen the foundations of the new order they wish to establish.

Other obstacles to the signing of peace treaties in Europe are indicated by the attitude of the French Government to the boundaries of Germany in the West. The French Foreign Minister wants to create a Pakistan if the Allied nations are unwilling to allow him to annex the Ruhr and Rhineland. French foreign policy is based on the fear of a resurgent militant German power in the north. The demand that is now a fixation with French politicians is for a sterilization of German might, through which alone the security of France can be safeguarded.

The Greek elections have resulted in a rout of the Leftist forces, partly because they boycotted the elections, and partly because from the percentage of electors who abstained, it looks as if the Leftists constitute less than 40 per cent of the population. The referendum on the return of the King is being postponed; in the circumstances, this move must be deemed not merely fair, but as unusually solicitous of placating the Opposition.

HOW TO SOLVE THE DEADLOCK CONGRESS LEADERSHIP ON TRIAL

By R. Ramanujam

It is on everybody's lips that the Muslim League and Mr. Jinnah would be left alone by the British Government this time and that a settlement would be arrived at placing them *ex parte*. Those who indulge in this wishful thinking naturally feel elated at the prospect of such a settlement. It is too early to predict if they won't be disappointed or if the tragedy of the Simla Conference will not be repeated.

A Crisis to be Averted

Let us also believe that the expectations of the wishful thinkers will come true, on the strength of the recent utterance of Prime Minister Attlee. What will be the result? Either a constitution will be evolved by a constitution-making body without the League participating in it, or a constitution will be imposed by the British Government under the pretext that a constitution-making body cannot be set up owing to want of agreement amongst the major political parties. But a constitution evolved either way will not confer full freedom or complete independence and cannot lead the country to real happiness; there will be ever-lasting dissatisfaction and discontent among the vast majority of Muslims owing allegiance to the Muslim League. Such a state of affairs is sure to retard the progress and development of the country as a whole and will render the attainment of full stature by our country an impossibility. A crisis of that magnitude has to be averted at all costs.

Denying League, No Good

The uncompromising attitude of the League leadership and the obstinacy of Mr. Jinnah no doubt stand in the way of the country attaining the desired goal. But the Congress must strain every nerve and tackle the situation squarely and courageously with a view to find a satisfactory way out of the deadlock. No useful purpose will be served—on the other hand just the contrary results would be produced—by merely decrying the League leadership and criticising Mr. Jinnah. Unless an alternative blue print is placed before the Muslims for their consideration, and unless they are made to come to grips with facts and

realities, it will not be possible to make them give up their fantastic claim for the Pakistan of Mr. Jinnah's mould. The sincerity of the British Government and the capacity of the Congress leadership are put to a severe test.

Alternative To Pakistan

In any proposed alternative scheme due effect must be given to the new urge and awakening noticeable amongst the Muslim community. Even the Nationalists amongst the Muslims plead for a re-constitution of territories and demand self-determination as their inherent right. The Congress has in a way conceded the right of self-determination to the populations of well-defined units or territories. Pandit Nehru has gone to the extent of acknowledging the right of unwilling units to break away from the rest of the country. The complaint against the Congress can only be that the terms offered by it are nebulous and equivocal and no definite or concrete shape has been given to the scheme of which only a glimpse is made available. It is this seeming hesitation on the part of the Congress leadership that has given a convenient handle to the League leadership to carry on a tirade against the Congress and to question even its *bona fides*. The British Government too has not been unequivocal in its offers and declarations. In these circumstances, a further clarification and a more detailed elucidation of the proposals made and points conceded by the British Government and the Congress would render matters easy, facilitate the establishment of peace and amity amongst the peoples of the country and enable the country as a whole to emerge as fully independent. My suggestions are:

(1) The British Government should declare that it ceases to hold any special responsibility or occupy any position of trusteeship towards any community or institution and that none should look to it for any sort of protection.

Revision Of Boundaries

(2) A no-party and impartial boundary commission should be set up to re-align the provincial boundaries and to re-constitute the territories. The

existing boundaries of such of the provinces where the Muslims are in a clear majority, as the N.W.F.P., Sind and Baluchistan may not be interfered with. In regard to the Punjab and Bengal, the Muslim-majority zones may be demarcated accurately. The re-constitution of territories on a linguistic basis may also be entrusted to the boundary commission. Besides demarcation of the boundaries, the commission may be entrusted with the important task of preparing and publishing data and statistics about population, resources, etc., of the reconstituted territories so that the people there may know where they are. The reconstituted territories will enjoy full autonomy, subject to any powers voluntarily surrendered to the Indian Union or Federation.

(3) For every one of the reconstituted territories a Constituent Assembly consisting of members elected on the basis of adult franchise, should be constituted. The territorial autonomous constitution should be framed by the respective Constituent Assemblies. Every one of the territorial Constituent Assemblies would be called upon to decide whether it would send representatives to the Union or Federal Constituent Assembly. The Union or Federal Constituent Assembly would be elected by such of the territorial Assemblies as are willing to participate in the election. A draft of the Union or Federal Constitution framed by the Federal Assembly would be placed before the "unwilling" territorial Assemblies also, so as to

give them another opportunity to review their prior decisions. They will be free to confirm the prior stand or to accept the draft or to suggest modifications and amendments. On the basis of the amended or modified draft negotiations would be conducted amongst the "unwilling" and the "willing" territorial Assemblies and a final decision would be taken by the Union or Federal Constituent Assembly. If negotiations prove successful those territories which originally kept out would join the Indian Union or Federation. These steps are bound to cause delay for some more years. But it is inevitable.

Viceroy's Position

(4) *In the meantime and for the transition period the provinces will enjoy autonomy under the 1935 Act and at the Centre the Executive will be reconstituted and will consist of members elected by the legislature. The British Government should consent to reduce the Viceroy to the position of a constitutional head.*

These suggestions may be imperfect or defective. But any scheme proposed as an alternative for Pakistan should also recognise and concede self-determination to the Muslim majority territories, which right should also include the right to break away. Otherwise, the suspicion and distrust entertained by the Muslims towards the Hindus and the Congress cannot be removed; nor can the unworkability and the unsuitability of Mr. Jinnah's Pakistan be brought home to the Muslims.

MAGIC OF NUMBERS

Professor Hardy of the Cambridge University, a celebrated number theorist, went on a visit to Ramanujam, the Indian mathematical prodigy and number wizard, in a taxi car bearing No. 1729 and asked him to give any interesting fact about that number.

"Nothing simpler", said Ramanujam, and added that it was the smallest number which could be expressed as the sum of two cubes in more than one way. It equalled one cubed plus twelve cubed and also nine cubed plus ten cubed. Amazed, the Professor asked for the next smallest such number and Ramanujam without hesitation replied that the next such number was 13,832 which equalled two

cubed plus twenty-four cubed and also eighteen cubed plus twenty cubed and the next after that was 20,683 formed by ten cubed and twenty-seven cubed with nineteen cubed and twenty-four cubed added. The conversation drifted on, and both admitted their inability to find out a formula for all numbers which could be expressed as the sum of two cubes in two different ways. A student of the Californian Institute of Technology announced long after, at a meeting of the American Mathematical Society, that it involved four sixth degree polynomials, each in six unknown. The title of the paper was "On the diaphantine equation $X^3 + Y^3 = Z^3 + W^3$."

COUPLAND'S PLAN FOR INDIA'S FUTURE

Neither Partition Nor Federation But Regionalism

In 1943 Professor Reginald Coupland submitted "A Report on the Constitutional Problem in India" to the Nuffield College, Oxford. The first two parts of the Report deal with the developments in Indian politics and constitutional history from the beginnings of British rule down to the end of 1942. It is however the third part of the Report, dealing with "the future of India", which is of current interest and significance. After summing up the various arguments advanced for and against the creation of Pakistan, he outlined a scheme for the future constitution of India which has come to be known as the Coupland Plan. Ever since its publication, the Report has attracted considerable attention and has also been largely publicised by British official circles. The author of the scheme is Professor of Colonial History in the University of Oxford; but he is no mere academician, and has taken an active part in colonial affairs. He was a member of the Palestine Commission of 1936-37 on the question of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. He also visited India in 1942, as Secretary to Sir Stafford Cripps. It is generally thought that the Coupland Scheme very well suits the British Government as the basis for a settlement with India which would preserve at least part of their hold on Indian politics and economy. It is also understood that the Cabinet Mission is keeping the Scheme in mind in its present negotiations for a settlement.

The Problem

Professor Coupland begins by comparing the question of Pakistan with similar problems in other countries. In India the supreme obstacle to full and final enfranchisement is to be found in the conflict between its two great parties, the Congress and the Muslim League or, more correctly, in the Hindu-Muslim schism which that conflict reflects. In Canada there was a similar state of suspicion and hostility between the British and the French-Canadians who were a minority centred round Quebec. Finally however the French-Canadians were content to remain as a completely autonomous unit of the Federation of

Canada. In Ireland the conflict between the Protestant minority in Ulster and the Irish Catholics has led to total partition. In all the cases, the problem arises from a society in which a minority is so different from the majority that a parliamentary system based on simple majority rule cannot work; further, the minority is a majority in certain geographical areas which it regards as its 'national home'. Professor Coupland thinks that India should solve her problem neither by partition, nor by federation, but by something between the two.

Total partition is not advisable because the North Western part of Pakistan will be confronted by the vexed problem of the Sikhs, and would not be able to maintain defence at an adequate level. The financial viability of the North Eastern zone would depend on whether Calcutta were included in it or not. Apart from these considerations, the very fact of division would prevent the growth of India into a first-rate power and a true democracy. But at the same time, the aspirations of the Muslims for unhampered development in areas where they are in majority, have to be fulfilled. They object to federation, however loose, because they feel that at the Centre, the Hindus will dominate, being numerically stronger than the representatives from the Muslim majority provinces. Professor Coupland therefore suggests a scheme whereby there would be equal representation for the Hindu-majority and Muslim-majority areas at a Centre which would be entrusted with the minimum of subjects consistent with the retention of the unity of India.

The Remedy

To create such a 'balance' at the Centre, the theory is advanced that the natural physical division of India is not to be found in differences of climate or between highland and lowland, but in the great river-basins. There are three of these in North India: (1) the Indus basin, stretching from Kashmir to Karachi (corresponding in political terms to North West Pakistan); (2) the basin of the Ganges and the Jumna between the Punjab

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIC MIND

jab and Bengal (corresponding to Hindustan); (3) the basin of the Ganges and the Brahmaputra between Bihar and the Eastern frontier (corresponding to North East Pakistan) and (4), South India which, though it has no great rivers, in any case forms a natural physical unit. Professor Coupland points to the great results achieved by the Tennessee Valley Authority in the United States, as providing enough justification for this type of division, since the economic development of India is closely bound up with the utilisation for agricultural and other purposes of her great water resources. Such a division, claims Professor Coupland, meets the Muslim demand for the separate existence of their 'national homelands' it combines those 'geographically contiguous areas in North-West and North-East India in which the Muslims are in a majority and consolidates them as single political units.

Minimal Centre

But there must be an inter-Regional Centre. It would be a Centre of a new kind, different in the scope of its authority and different in the basis on which that authority would rest, from the federal Centre as previously contemplated in Indian constitutional discussions. It would administer only those minimum subjects which it *must*, if the unity of India is to be preserved, namely, (1) Foreign affairs and defence; (2) external trade and tariff policy and (3) currency. Even the important subject of communications can be left to the regions which can co-operate through advisory boards and similar machinery. This 'Agency Centre' would exercise its powers, not on the direct authority of an all-India electorate, but as the joint instrument or agent of the regions. There can be an executive elected for a definite period by the Council of India consisting of representatives of the regions, or a single, compact Council could at once control administration and enact laws. A supreme Court, like the present Federal Court, will interpret the law of the constitution, settle issues of legal right between the Centre and the regions, hear appeals from the Regional High Courts, etc. Thus regionalism will preserve the unity of India

and at the same time meet the Muslim demand half-way by ensuring them the greatest measure of autonomy and equality with the rest of India at the Centre.

The States

Professor Coupland then deals with the problem of the States. They might join their respective regions for purposes of all-India administration while retaining the sovereignty of the ruling dynasties over the States. There is also the possibility of the States joining together to form a separate States Dominion. It is interesting to note the Professor's expectations 'from such a Rajasthan'. He says: "Within India they would stand solidly athwart all the main lines of communication by rail or air. It seems probable that a States Dominion would desire to negotiate with the British Government a defence treaty and it might also ask for British assistance in the development of its armament and other industries." The States, as indeed some of the Hindu-majority provinces, might not wish to combine in regions and in that event they can accept the regional principle for representation at the Centre. This would ensure that the 'communal balance' at the Centre will not be disturbed by the entry of the States' representatives. If Indian India were separated from British India under the new regime, the Princes would desire to maintain treaty relations with Britain for the protection of the territorial integrity of the States and the sovereignty of their Rulers: "The Princes would be satisfied with a relatively small British Ground Force if a detachment of the Royal Air Force were also stationed in the States. Nor would such an arrangement seem undesirable on the British side from a purely military point of view. A group of aerodromes, occupied by British airmen, in the heart of India would accord with the strategic needs of the British Commonwealth."

It is clear from the foregoing that if the Coupland Scheme is any index of Britain's policy in India, it simply means the ostentatious transference of political power to Indian hands, while retaining the reality of power in the British grip or in quarters amenable to British control.

Apropos of Gandhiji's adoption of 'nature cure' as his latest 'fad', I recently overheard some rather amusing remarks in the course of ordinary gossip among certain people of importance. The company was made up of officials, lawyers, doctors and businessmen who had nothing else in common except their large incomes. Began one with the witty remark that Gandhi as a politician *might* be all right (obviously he had his own doubts about it); but that if the speaker were ill, he would rather consult a qualified doctor than depend upon the advice of the saintly but ignorant Mahatma. Another flew off at a tangent, and declared that he had always been opposed to the Mahatma's messing about with politics and religion. A third who seemed a Sanatanist denied Gandhiji's claim to be a Hindu, and darkly hinted that he was doing the work of the missionaries or the Muslim League! Another of the company (he was one of the war-profiteers) did not care two hoots for Hinduism, denounced the medieval outlook of the Mahatma, jeered at non-violence and the spinning wheel, and opined that we must get rid of the foreigner anyhow. The unperceived humour of the situation was that none of the company was particularly conspicuous for his devotion to the Gandhian way—whether in great things or small. And yet all of them evinced a competitive zeal in dismantling the Wizard of Wardha that, when completed, bade fair to leave not a rack behind. For the aversions, starting from different points and inspired by different motives, cumulatively tended to promote a sort of spontaneous combustion which absolved the original promoters of the arson of all responsibility for the consequences.

Thinking over the episode at some leisure, it struck me that the obverse of the picture presented a man who, either consciously or in popular estimation, cultivated the encyclopaedic mind. It might have

been a weakness of the primitive man to look for a sign in the sky; but even the child of modern progress is not free from the instinct to look for all-round guidance from his leaders. This might seem illogical, but is undoubtedly a universal trait. In these days of specialisation, when the various professions have become rival masonic societies, each hugging the part for the whole, the explanation that I have to offer may not be acceptable on all hands; but I propose to state it for what it may be worth.

It is an ancient belief that all knowledge is one, and that the apprehension of this unity comes only to choice and master-spirits who are however as unpredictable as the wind that blows. If a man has proved his ability in any one direction beyond the reach of his fellows, we are hypnotised into the expectation that he will show similar dexterity all round the compass. This is only another way of conceding the esoteric interdependence of all knowledge. Some are lucky enough to arrive at the centre instead of eternally going round and round the circle. From there they dominate the entire field of which they get a Pisgah view, even though they may not enter every sphere. According to our traditional wisdom, this seeming miracle is explained as the result of intuition and the force of an accumulated but ripened *samskara*. Though the mastery is theoretical, it issues in practical guidance for life which is as accurate and complete as the A.B.C. is to the tourist.

The earliest codification of knowledge took on the character of an encyclopaedia. Many of the hymns of the Vedas are but prosaic directions for sowing and reaping. Aristotle not only wrote the standard work on poetics, but primers on all the sciences which are not as well known, though they have gone into the fundamentals of the respective spheres of knowledge. In fact, all the old writers were encyclopaedists. Hence the juster and more

O my friend, why do you, who are a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens, care so much about the laying up of the greatest amount of money and honour and reputation, and so little about wisdom and truth?—*Socrates*.

universal definition of epic according to Sanskrit rhetorics, as involving a complete but parallel creation with a beginning, middle and end.

Why is it that we quote Shakespeare on almost anything under the sun? One wag of my acquaintance put it to me the other day that Shakespeare has something in prophetic anticipation of 'lease-lend'! I asked for further elucidation; and out he came with the rolling periods of John of Gaunt—

*This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement or pelting farm...!*

The mechanism of jealousy or of the homicidal mania—who has photographed it with more accuracy and force than Shakespeare? As artist, he achieved a degree of emotional identification with his heroes and villains which enabled him to pluck the heart of the mystery, while being subconsciously aware of his own transcending separateness from all of them, all the time!

The story is also told of Sri San-karacharya (whom popular imagination has unfortunately and ignorantly cribbed in the narrow cell of an anchorite) that in order to make good his claim to mastery of all the arts and all the sciences, he voluntarily sampled the experience of a *grihasta*. The story has potentialities from the screen-point of view which I am not concerned with at the moment. But it illustrates the Advaitic conception from a strictly scientific method of enquiry.

These apocrypha may be dismissed as tainted evidence. But consider the processes of history. At every great turning point, the minds of men were irresistibly drawn to a restatement of the foundations of all knowledge. Later revolutions drew their fervour from such preparatory encyclopaedias. The French Revolution has an intimate connection with the work of the French encyclopaedists. At the other extreme, we have to-day various versions of the encyclopaedia according to Marx; or expositions of

Marx by Lenin or a synthesis of both by the co-operative zeal of younger evangelists of the latest school of politics.

Underlying all these attempts at a simplification of the entire cosmic process is the implicit conviction that there is one master-key with which we can open all the chambers of knowledge. Hence it is that Christ, though a bachelor, was consulted on matrimonial problems; St. Paul laid down the limits of the veil to be worn by women though he was unconnected with the makers of fashion either at Rome or at Ephesus! Hitler's *Mein Kampf* became the bible of Nazi Germany, for it gave a complete view of life for German youth to follow. We often hear of the earth-quaking power of the *fatwas* issued by the Ulemas to the faithful. What is their sanction? It is just the belief that the Ulemas interpret for them the directions left for their edification by the Prophet himself (peace unto him!)

To this same necessity of popular leadership should be traced the Papal claim for infallibility. But sometimes, things get out of hand. The unity of all knowledge might be traced back to a liberating and inherently creative truth or to the fallacy of some old woman or to the make-believe of children. The Church punished Galileo to maintain an untenable theory; but it has survived the ridicule because of its ability to shift its emphasis from the intellect to the emotions.

As O. W. Holmes put it, there are people with three-storey minds like Shakespeare to whom all knowledge is an open book. Hence it is that whatever the occasion, they speak pat to it. We may pooh-pooh for a time the carpenter of Nazareth with the implied defamation of a useful if not artistic calling; we may dismiss Tiruvalluvar as a common weaver from the point of view of cheap textiles. But wisdom issues not only from the mouths of babes; it also comes from the disinterested reflections of such men living hidden in the light of creative thought.

—P. M.

BOOKS



Two Sisters. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Visva Bharathi, 2, College Square, Calcutta. Rs. 3-8-0).

Sarmila and Urmimala were two sisters. Sarmila was the mother type of woman. She had comeliness and homely grace rather than elegance. There was no part of the life of her husband, Sasanka, over which her empire was not supreme and actively exercised. Urmi, the other sister, was an enchanting specimen of the modern educated girl with no shyness. She was good-looking but looked even better than she was on account of the elegance and style of her dress. She knew how to bring out the full beauty of the figure in a sari "by a slight turn here, a right twist there, a little tightening here and a little loosening there—in a way whose secret no one could catch." She was eager about everything. She "swayed with every breath of the wind."

In course of time Sasanka emancipates himself from the unsparing dominion of his idolising wife with no other interest in life. He finds his refuge in work. She lapses into contentment ministering to his comforts and needs and hungrily enjoying such moments of company, tending to become progressively rare, as he designs to spare from his all-engrossing work as engineer. At this stage Sarmila falls ill, and to nurse her Urmi comes on the scene. She is betrothed to Nirad, a kill-joy schemer passing himself off as an idealist. In course of time Nirad is discovered and abandoned, and Urmi and Sasanka lose their hearts to each other, and completely lose their heads too, in the overpowering sway of passion. From the torture of jealousy, the neglected wife rises to supreme heights of sacrifice and a business crash just coming handy, the ground is prepared and got ready for the flight of the trio from Calcutta to Nepal where Sasanka was to start life afresh, wedded to both the sisters.

At the last minute the unexpected happens. "I will not go to Nepal" says Sasanka. "Don't think I am a coward, Sarmi," he tells his wife. "Could you imagine me so degraded as to run away from my responsibility?" Just then two letters are delivered. They are from Urmi. The one to Sasanka simply

stated that she was then on her way to Bombay en route to Europe to study medicine there. The other to Sarmila said:

"Didi, a thousand pranams at your feet. Forgive me the wrong I have done you unwittingly.... If happiness is not in store for me, let it be so. Let me only not err."

The early part of the story of the two sisters is unexciting. It gathers tempo as it proceeds. Towards the end the sense of drama revealed is masterly. The characters leap out of the pages before the readers' mind as though endowed with life. In certain portions and in the final denouement, the level of writing reveals the high mark of exalted literature. One lays down the book with a sense of having become the better for reading it. The translation (by Krishna Kripalani) is so superbly done that but for the express announcement to that effect, nobody would have suspected it to be a translation.

Leaves From My Memory's Sketch Book. By Miss Gertrude Murray. (Hind Kitabs, Bombay. Rs. 2-8-0).

Gazing On The Beloved And Other Poems. By the same Author. (Hind Kitabs, Bombay, Rs. 2.).

The author of the two volumes—Miss Gertrude Murray—came to India as a British evacuee from Italy in the recent war and has been living here ever since.

In her "Leaves" we get her vivid impressions of the countries she happened to live in and visit on her way to India. We have descriptions of Germany, Italy, Yugoslavia, Turkey and Iran. With the eye of a trained, but very sympathetic observer, she dwells on certain aspects of these lands—"the fanatic devotion of the Germans to order"; the attachment of the Italians to everything beautiful and their fondness to speak of "love"; the beauty of the "Little Paris" (Belgrade) in Yugoslavia; the innate simplicity and cheerfulness of the Slavs; the picturesque oriental Turkey that was and the dull, drab and uniform Turkey that is after the revolutionary hammering of the ruthless Kemal Atatürk; and the characteristic delight

of the Arab to play host to a stranger and his eagerness to be pardonably too showy.

India, though it comes last in the list of countries she describes occupies yet the first place in her affection and regard. She calls our country her "Second Motherland". She has as unstinted an admiration for everything truly Indian as she has a healthy abhorrence for everything "un-Indian" about some of our over-occidentalized countrymen. Her impressions of Cochin and her account of her life in Poet Vallathol's house are truly touching and her portrayal of her first experiences as a learner of the "Kathakali" dance and the details of its exacting technique is as candid as it is entertaining.

The sketches are written in plain but forceful prose. At some points the style attains the height of prose poetry.

The second volume is a collection of thirty-six poems dedicated to her beloved Kurian who should have been her husband. They show Miss Gertrude, the true poet, not merely as a writer in verse. She can wield this weapon—the weapon of poetry—with as much facility, spontaneity and naturalness as she can the other weapon—the weapon of direct and telling prose. In these poems there are genuine human feeling, pathos and all the gentle graces characteristic of poetry that rings true.

Verdict on England. By K. L. Gauba. (The Lion Press, Lahore. Rs. 6-12-0.)

Mr. Gauba returns to a task similar to that which he undertook nearly twenty years ago, when he published "Uncle Sham" as a rejoinder to Miss Mayo's "Mother India". The result is another addition to the replies offered by Indian writers to the challenging and provocative Verdict on India, passed by Mr. Beverly Nichols.

Writing on a pattern very much on the same lines as that of Mr. Nichols' book, the author begins by taking us with him on a baffling and humorously narrated hunt after 'the elusive Englishman', since England's royal family is of German extraction, her Prime Ministers and statesmen generally Irish or Scotch, and most of the Englishmen themselves out in the colonies, administering their far-flung empire. The function of the King is that of the supreme robot in a system of 'democratic' Government which means in practice the periodic election into

power of one group or other of vested interests. The author admits that the condition of the untouchables is a disgrace to Indian civilization, but points out that the poverty and squalor of English working-class life is no less appalling, the economic class divisions of the capitalist West being no less rigid than our caste system. Mr. Nichols is amused at religious differences in India. Mr. Gauba shows that equally ridiculous are the theological controversies among the Christians, and the remoteness of the teaching of the Church from the objective findings of modern science. Again England, like India, has yet to create her Hollywood. The latter part of the Verdict is on England's treatment of the colonies. The chapter on the Irish national movement contains an illuminating study of the conflicts, intensified and complicated by British intrigues, between the North and the South, between Protestants and Catholics.

Being a record of impressions gathered on different occasions during the author's visits to England, the narrative is not knit together into a connected whole. But the style is lively and there is a constant play of humour. Freedom from narrow prejudice is the outstanding feature of the book; it is no diatribe. Even the severest criticisms seem to proceed from a mind essentially sympathetic to the English national character.

Transport. By F. P. Antia. (Oxford University Press. As. 6.)

The complex problem of transport which forms a vital part of our national economy is approached by the writer with an official bias and narrowness. But though he makes no mention of the crippling effect which British policy has had on the development of our heavy industries, automobile and aircraft production, his account of the history and present position of our various means of transport brings out the magnitude of the tasks yet to be undertaken in order to provide an adequate transport system for the country. Our coastal shipping and air transport are yet in their infancy; proper rail-road co-ordination has yet to be achieved. As the writer points out, these various means of transport will have to be considered as component parts of a vital national service, complementary to one another, and not as independent and competing units. The booklet contains much valuable, up-to-date data.

LETTERS

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

"You Are A Communist"

At the height of the Bengal famine, when I was collecting money for the Student Medical Delegation to Bengal many a nationalist tried to dissuade me. When I told them that it was our duty to contribute our mite to save Bengal that had produced leaders of high calibre in all walks of life, they said: "You are a Communist". I still remember a conversation I had with a lady nationalist when I approached her for her contribution. "Look here, you are a Communist", she said. "Certainly not", I replied. "I am a medical student collecting money purely for a humanitarian purpose". She retorted: "Be a man. Don't collect money for humanitarian purposes like women. If you rush aid to Bengal you may save the people but that is only a short-term measure. You would be stemming the tide of a revolution that would bring us freedom. A revolution can come only when there is serious repression". I was frankly confused. I asked her: "Do you expect dead bodies and living skeletons to revolt? Besides, has not Gandhiji once said that 'even God dare not appear before a starving man but in the form of Mamma'". She was furious. "Oh, Gandhiji, his days are over. Moreover, a revolution can come only on the dead bodies of Bengalees. If you are in doubt, read the history of the Russian Revolution". I said: "I am sorry. I am not convinced. I feel the greatest national service any one can render to-day is to try to avert this tragedy". "You are a Communist" was her reply. To-day people who lately had argued thus are crying from the house tops that more food should be grown and famine averted. Why? Because the Congress High Command has given them the lead. Can it be said that the Working Committee members have all turned Communist?

The other day I was discussing with an eminent nationalist about

Hindu-Muslim unity and the advantages of a coalition between the League and the Congress in the various provinces. He said: "What? a coalition with people who took no part in the freedom struggle of this country? Impossible". I asked, "Sir, would it not be better if the two organisations, the Congress and the League, came to some settlement and presented a united front?" This was the limit for him. "United front, united front, I am tired of hearing this Communist slogan", he said. "You are a Communist. Traitors of 1942".

When I talked to a highly placed Government officer on the utility of hartals, he told me, "Young man, you are a Communist". "What do you mean by that?" I asked. "Well," he said, "when Gandhiji, Azad and Patel say hartals are futile, what is the fun of your preaching their utility? Moreover they have said that the Communists are behind the strikes now. Naturally I prefer to agree with them".

In recent times I had the opportunity of discussing with many a nationalist about Rajaji's clear thinking, superb intelligence, wonderful leadership and realistic politics, but they all retorted, "You are a Communist". The other day Gandhiji created a stir in Tamilnad by praising Rajaji's ability. Then I wondered why they never styled Gandhiji a Communist.

No wonder that sometimes I do begin to feel that after all I might be a Communist and with this feeling I approached the Communists. But they called me a "boorzh wah", a dangerous Trotskyite.

C. SANKARAN KUTTI.

Marriage: Or "The Sidelights Debate"

No institution can suffer for what people make of it. Institutions, especially social ones, are based on certain ideals which often indicate the

aspirations of a community or a race. So also does marriage, as obtaining in India and it cannot be bad simply because people make it so.

'Saka' laughs at the ideals of Dr. Pattabhi and 'K. S.' 'K. S.' finds the doctrines of 'Saka' dangerous. All of them are idealists. If rigidity is the weakness of the 'firm-tie' marriage, looseness is the vice of the romantic marriage backed by divorce. A people who abuse the one will abuse the other. Ideals can be realised only in a world of perfection. But "nothing is perfect" here, not even love. This the romantic lovers do not realise. "Instead, they think they have made a bad choice, that perfection will surely be found in another; then they get divorce in order to continue their search. Of course the new relationship brings them no nearer to this undiscoverable perfection." These experiments would go on until old age and experience "lead them to accept the conjugal compromise which they should have accepted in the case of their first love." If this is what romantic love and divorce would lead to, no wonder 'K. S.' is alarmed. "Successful marriage is often founded upon compromise."

But the problem is not without a solution and there is a practical way of meeting it. It is to convince the educated modern girl of the importance and significance of family life. They must be told that marriage is also a useful and a noble profession like any other. "Every woman who marries a man is but continuing God's work starting where God or his mother left him." Now this, it is a pity, the clever modern girl thinks beneath her dignity.

The success of marriage will depend not so much on the selection of the right husband or in more opportunities for wooing and experimenting, and certainly not in the easy availability of divorce, but on the man or woman making up his or her mind to marry and lead a family life. Ideals look tremendously attractive in books and poems. Marriage is an essential institution and to work any institution successfully one must have the necessary determination and the proper discipline. "Marriage is not at all what the romantic lovers imagine it to be; it is an institution founded on instinct; to be successful it requires not only physical attraction, but will-power, patience, and the always difficult acceptance of the 'other'. Patient adaptability, mutual tolerance, much intelligent understanding and sometimes complete resignation will be

necessary before physical equilibrium can be achieved; and this applies as much to love-marriages as to those of suitability."

M. PADMANABHAN.

Marriage And Divorce

I am inclined to endorse the views on marriage expressed by "K. S." in the issue of *Swatantra* dated March 23. Hindu marriages have a sanctity attached to them. The Communist idea of marriage, subscribed to by you, is bereft of this sanctity. It makes Hindu marriage a contract. It will tend to ratify run-away marriages, elopements and desertions, now condemned in Hindu society, into genuine and *bona fide* privileges, breeding an ignoble set of rakish husbands and refractory wives. The now closely knit fabric will go to shreds if your idea is followed.

You have stated that suave and simple Sitas and sensible and successful Savitris are non-existent in this era, with which view I do not agree. There are women of their type even now, though they go unnoticed, and it cannot be contended that in the age of Sita and Savitri, every housewife was as pure and prudent as they.

Hindu womanhood has attained the approbation of decent world society for womanly virtue, morality and contentedness, and your recommendation, if followed, will most certainly undermine the good name and advanced perfection built up by age-long adherence to the sacred nature of 'holy' wedlock.

Divorce is a sort of right of secession from the marriage contract, devised only for the relief of hopelessly incompatible couples, brought into the predicament through parental unwisdom, or acute improvidence, or by force. But to-day, divorce has become a fast-spreading disease in Western countries, and as such, Western society is now rotten and rotting, and is the laughing stock of all thinking humanity.

I agree with you that there is certainly need for protection against the suffering brought by hasty and nasty marriages. But that could be brought about by fixing an age qualification for eligibility to enter into the marriage contract, with a written record of mutual consent between the parties to it. Having chosen one's life partner, there should be no second thoughts and grumblings.

While conceding that the condition of Hindu society cries for a clear departure from fossilised conservatism,

it is difficult to see eye to eye with our Communist friends in this particular regard. For lending support to their crankish views on marriage, so wholeheartedly, you must indeed have better reasons outside what you have already advanced in *Swatantra*.
P. N. SAMPATH.

Love And Marriage

It is escapism that drives men like "K. S." to the defence of the existing type of marriages. A thousand years of inertia holds him back and the conflict of the forces of life and death portrayed in his letter gives a charm to it.

I hope 'K. S.' does not insult us by saying that the Hindu did not know romantic love before marriage. The love of Dushyanta and Shakuntala which neither time nor the curse of Gods could extinguish, has been glorified by Kalidasa. There is no scarcity in our literature of instances of romantic love: Nala and Damayanti, Krishna and Rukmani.

Only love can make marriage purposeful and it alone can contribute to the permanence of marriages.

An indissoluble marriage does not fit in well with a society based on justice and kindness. It is a living death for many. Life is not worth living if it does not afford us opportunities to retrieve our mistakes and to change the course of our lives in the light of experience.

Again, what type of Satyagraha exists in Hindu homes? It is on violence pure and simple that most of our Hindu homes are built.

Our women are 'professionals in suffering'. The age-long misery of their sex has taught them to adapt, or they will perish.

One dominant note in "K. S.'s" letter is escapism. He refuses to see the dying and the dead. He lacks the fire of the youth and the strength of its nerves to break and to build.

A STUDENT.

Control For Advertisements?

Control for advertisements? Mr. T. P. Sanghrajka writing in your issue of 16th March while condemning the trend of to-day's advertisements seeks to find a corrective in Government control. Have we not enough controls in this unfortunate country to suggest one more? One can wonder to what pitiful and helpless condition business would be

driven when Government is invited to use its blue pencil or scissors on our advertising. In all conscience a good deal of advertising is poor and crude, and quite filthy. And would you believe it, even after the All-India Editors' Conference solemnly resolved to eschew questionable advertisements some of the big guns of the Press go gaily along with sex-suggestive advertisements in their papers.

The familiar woman riding on the neck of a he-man still disgraces the upper class press. These are introductions into India of Western themes, very unwholesome and against Indian ideas of decency. But why should we invite Government to censor our advertising? Cannot the responsible press do it? The public can and must express its reaction to suggestive advertising of a questionable character. But when the present day film technique can with impunity put up huge posters at street corners showing naked women sprawling in suggestive postures, and a class of publishers with equal impunity string up on shop windows filthy literature in highly coloured garb, the outlook for decency-loving public is rather gloomy. The police can deal with such cases.

R. N. SIVASAMBU.

Total Prohibition By Ordinance

The hungry and dumb millions of this province look to the Congress Ministry, about to assume office, to take immediate and efficient steps to avert the famine and mass unemployment threatening to overwhelm us. The small holders, not to mention the bigger mirasdars, are extremely nervous and are anxious to keep back with them as much of foodgrains as possible. The very little quantity that is now being distributed by way of wages to the labourer is given away by him to the toddy vendor at prices very much lower than the market rate. And surreptitiously but surely, the foodgrains collected by the toddy vendor find their way into the black market.

This appalling state of affairs can only be ended by introducing total Prohibition at once. In view of the gravity of the situation, the popular Government must not hesitate to use their ordinance-making powers. Emergency powers must be used in this emergency and total Prohibition must forthwith be introduced to save the large mass of wage earners from squalor and disease, if not from death.

V. BHUVARAHAN.
Tanjore.

RAILWAYS ARE INDIA'S LIFELINE

Railways are the lifeline of India. The 41,000 iron miles criss-crossing the country carry 90 per cent of its mechanically drawn traffic. That is a measure of the extent to which increase in railway capacity will determine the future expansion of the country's industrial and engineering output.

Railway construction had two main objectives in the beginning. These were strategic—to connect places of importance for the effective defence of the country; and commercial—to open it up for trade and commerce. A third consideration, no less important, was added after the great famine of 1878—protection against famine and mitigating its effects. During the critical second half of 1943 the Railways transported 1,275 tons of rice a day on an average into Bengal. In all they moved 700,000 tons of essential food grains into the province during this period in spite of the four main tracks into Calcutta being breached by heavy floods.

The First Railway

The first railway to be built in India, in 1853, linked Bombay with Thana, 22 miles away. Since then, for nearly a century, the Railways have been making steady progress, exerting powerful influence on India's internal development as well as proving a vital factor in the growth of her foreign trade. The speed with which travel is now possible, as compared with the slow-moving bullock, horse or camel cart of the last century, has transformed India from a land of isolated villages into a closely knit country, with distant parts brought nearer one another and nearer the outside world.

To-day the apples of Kulu are marketed in Calcutta. The products of the handlooms of Madras are available in Lahore and Simla; and those of the silk looms of Murshidabad, Bhagalpur and other weaving centres of Bengal and Bihar are

bought in Delhi and Bombay. The sugar produced in the factories of the United Provinces and Bihar goes into the coffee consumed in Madras. Raw cotton is brought from the growing centres chiefly to Bombay and Karachi and thence shipped to foreign countries. Before the war some three million bales of cotton were exported every year.

800 Crores Capital

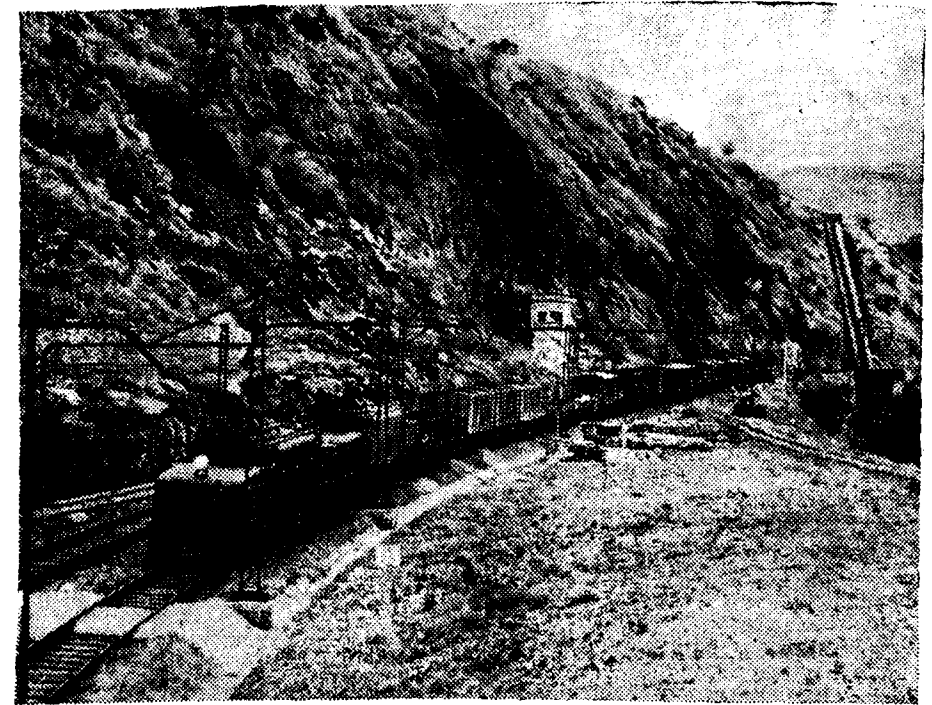
With a capital of Rs. 800 crores invested by the State, the Indian Railways are one of the world's largest enterprises. One in every 400 persons in India is a railwayman; one in every 100 looks to the Railways for his living. The ticket issued to you at the start of a journey is one of 80 million printed each month.

The Railways annually spend crores of rupees on renewals, replacements and capital construction. During the 10 years preceding 1940-41, railway purchases of articles of Indian origin amounted to Rs. 94 crores. In 1943-44 alone they amounted to Rs. 21 crores; in 1944-45 to Rs. 32½ crores.

Rail transport is cheap. The average cost of carrying one seer of rice or wheat over 100 miles is less than a pie, of carrying one seer of salt or sugar slightly over a pie, one pair of dhotis just over 1½ pies.

One of the most important functions performed by Indian Railways is the transport of coal, without which India's great industries would die away. The movement of this vital industrial and domestic fuel, which accounts for nearly 40 per cent of the total ton mileage of Indian Railways, absorbed over a million wagonloads in 1944-45. Transport of grains and pulses absorbed more than 600,000 wagonloads.

Indian trains serve areas of sharply varying geographical and climatic features. Temperatures of 146 degrees F. have been recorded on the footplate of the engine hauling the



Karachi Mail across the fiery desert sands of Sind in June. In contrast, seldom does a winter pass without some train being held up by frost or blizzard in the wild mountainous regions of Baluchistan.

Wartime Achievements

More than 40,000 separate items of stores—ranging from a pin to a boiler—are required for operating the Railways. With overseas supplies of materials largely cut off and some of their own shop capacity given over to war production for some time, Indian Railways have had to face most serious difficulties. Yet, they are carrying a much heavier load than before the war.

During the war the Indian Railways went all out to speed victory. More than 50,000 technical personnel trained in 50 trades for the Armed Forces and the Labour Department; more than 1,400 miles of line laid in military depots and airfield sidings; more than 1,200 miles of track sent overseas; ambulance trains, shells, bombs, armoured cars,

pontoons, hand grenades, bayonets, other items too numerous to name, and turned out in their thousands—that is the job the Railways did for others even while they strained to do their own. Over a long period the Railways carried more than 1,162,000 tons of essential stores and 550,000 military passengers every month.

Flood, famine, shortage of coal, stores and labour, loss of experienced personnel to the Fighting Services—these are some of the difficulties that the Railways have had to face in recent years. How did they endeavour to get over them? By improvisation and invention, economy, salvage and, above all, by hard work. Lines were doubled and quadrupled, additional crossing stations, loops and sidings provided, yards improved, new watering stations opened, and better coaling arrangements made for engines. Communications by means of telephone and telegraph were extended and radio services established; train control systems were expanded. The loads of trains were

stepped up to the maximum limit and new techniques initiated to improve the standard of locomotive maintenance. A priority system was introduced for the movement of freight, and traffic was diverted to as great an extent as possible to coastal steamers and country craft.

Post-War Expansion

Now that the war is over, the Indian Railways aim to give quicker and better service in future. Post-war expansion of trade and industry must be accompanied by considerable extension of the channels through which trade flows. The extent to which railway development will be needed cannot be accurately assessed until the plans of other Departments and Provincial Governments are known. The tentative Rs. 319-crore basic plan prepared by the Railway Board is, however, practical enough to operate without putting excessive strain on Government finance, and elastic enough to be enlarged or adjusted to conform to the needs of other maturing post-war schemes.

The plan envisages doubling of track, additions and alterations at stations and yards, and improvement in signalling and interlocking. Better watering arrangements for engines and coaches will also increase efficiency.

Railway Advisory Bodies are considering suggestions for the improvement of amenities for third class passengers. These include: the construction of new platforms; the raising, lengthening and surfacing of existing platforms; increasing the number of overbridges, latrines

and waiting accommodation, and providing separate waiting rooms for women; improving booking arrangements, vendors' stalls, restaurants, and the water supply at waiting halls, platforms and carriages; and adding to the comfort of passengers by reducing the number carried in each compartment.

As an initial measure for a period of 10 years, a yearly construction of 500 miles of new railway is visualised. This programme is capable of expansion, and special consideration will be given to lines required for the development of the country, even if such services are likely to be run at a loss for some time.

The tentative basic plan for post-war action includes a consideration of many proposals designed to increase the efficiency of the Railways. A railway workshop has already been placed under the management of Tata Sons, Ltd., for the purpose of manufacturing boilers during the war and complete locomotives afterwards. A second railway workshop is to be reorganised for the production, under State boilers. To increase efficiency and to control, of locomotives and spare achieve further economy, the manufacture of spares for locomotives, coaches and wagons is to be redistributed among railway workshops. Another measure proposed is the revision of the rating policy in the interests of Indian industry and passenger traffic in general. A special committee has been set up to recommend ways and means of increasing Indian and foreign tourist traffic.

Journalism in India has, for a long time, been popularly understood to be a form of sacrifice; low wages, no pensions, no provident funds, no security in the present, much less in the future. A nationalist newspaper in India is like a third class waiting room at a railway station into which come not only genuine passengers who want to wait till they catch the next train, but all the vagrants of the town who have no other shelter.—D. F. Karaka.

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

INTER-PARTY STRIFE

THE release of Congress Socialist leaders like Jai Prakash Narain and Ram Manohar Lohia and the cancellation of the warrant against Achyut Patwardhan mark an important development in administrative standards. It is welcome. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of the use being made of it. Achyut Patwardhan has lost no time in calling for public aid to crush the Communists. He has hinted of a programme to be presently announced, so dynamic as to be quite dependable for weaning the working class—so we are told—from the influence being exerted on it by the Communists. What the programme is we do not know yet, but this way of ordering political programmes seems to us to be lop-sided. It seems to convert influence resulting from service rendered into a misdemeanour. Yet there is no avoidance of the misdemeanour, only competitive zest for excelling in it. The curious result is that instead of being appreciated for having attained a position of influence with the working class, the Communists are derided for it and sought to be dislodged from it. In one and the same breath they are both disapproved of and sought to be emulated. It is only the phenomenon of jealousy that affords a parallel for this species of combined suppression and emulation. In jealousy the predominant ingredient is possessiveness. At first sight the condition of being wooed by a number of jealous suitors may appear to be one of distinguished enviableness, but really no condition

is more pitiable. To be assailed with attentions by a host of extremely possessive devotees characterised by intense hostility to each other is a nerve-racking experience that can well drive to madness the most stoic of dispositions. This is precisely the plight to which common people are reduced to-day by the concerted onslaught on them of warring parties claiming to serve them but concerned really for tightening their hold on their minds and winning influence over them.

Parties that would serve the people must begin with real sympathy for the people. They should not harass them with contradictory counsel. "No truck with the Muslim League" say the Congress leaders. "Pakistan at any cost and no united India" threatens Mr. Jinnah. "Neither Hindustan nor Pakistan without Congress-League unity" admonish the Communists. "Down with the Communists" cry the Congress Socialists. "Caste Hindus are tyrants" complains Dr. Ambedkar. In this medley of disparate and inconsistent appeals, the one thing certain is that the common people get no chance of being left in peace, let alone having their condition bettered. They are being perpetually coerced into conflicts not of their making, but in the selfish interest for mastery over them of various groups seeking to exploit them each in its own way.

A situation like this is not helpful for the termination of subjection to foreign authority. It gives that authority just the foothold it needs



Picture by D. P. Roy Choudhury of a "conscious moralist". He wears the insignia of piety. At heart he is lascivious. What the man is and what he poses to be—the contradiction between the two—the reaction to that contradiction of the aged and rather stunned wife in the background, all these are shown in the picture. Note the man's glance of desire in the eye and the anything but pious curve of the hip. The very toes and fingers reveal character.

for consolidating its might through the spread and perpetuation of dissension. Freedom is not a mere matter of shouting grand slogans from the house-tops. It has to be preserved as well as wrested. For the former, the power of combination on the part of all that recognise freedom as a common end is indispensable. For the latter, tolerance and ability to get on with and concede the just rights, as much of those that one disapproves of as of persons and parties in agreement, is necessary. Anti this and anti that symbolising negative attitudes of dislike and hostility are inconsistent with the content and purpose of freedom, that are nothing if not constructive. We plead for a cessation of inter-party strife and for the ending of the baneful habit of keeping old animosities alive by digging up grouches from the past, in the interest of the political freedom which is common ground to all parties as much as of the still greater task of shaping the freedom to come to a worthy pattern.

Muddling In Greece

THE PACIFICATION of Europe is nowhere presenting more difficulties than in the Balkans. Mr. Churchill, in his speech at Fulton, spoke of an "iron curtain" having descended on that Continent from Stettin on the Baltic to Trieste on the Adriatic, and excepted Greece alone as having evaded this discomfort. But nothing that has been happening in that country at present tends to support the view that the blessings of peace have returned to Athens sooner than to any other capital in Europe. The recent elections are to be regarded only as a continuation of the fierce politics that brought about the sanguinary civil war at the end of 1944.

General elections are important events in the history of all countries, but the fact is that the Greek elections derive an interest not so much from the fact that they were the first to be held after the liberation as from the knowledge that they would decide a more vital issue, the return of King George of the Hellenes from his exile in London.

Monarchy suits ill with the Greek atmosphere, but the present King appears to have excited the antipathy of his subjects in even a greater measure than generally attends his position.

The parties of the Left, anticipating that the present disturbed period cannot ensure equitable elections, demanded that they be postponed. But Mr. Bevin did not share this view, and the nation went to the poll on March 31 this year. Speculations have been rife as to what the actual percentage of the voters was who exercised their franchise. But it matters little. Whether the abstentions were only 15 per cent as the report of the supervising Allied Commission declares, or whether they were as high as between 40 and 45 per cent as the Left parties claim, the fact is that with no great popular outbreaks the elections have concluded, and have resulted in a victory for the pro-Royalist Populist Party. The Unionist Centre Bloc emerged as the next popular party. The Liberals, under the leadership of M. Themistocles Sophoulis, the outgoing Premier, were heavily defeated. The triumph of the Royalist Party brings to a head the question of King George's return.

It is reported that the new Government, which is a coalition of the Populist Party and the Centre Bloc, do not propose to consider themselves bound by the agreement reached between the British Government and former Greek administrations, which prescribed March 1948 as the date for a plebiscite on this controversy. It is likely that the people will again be called upon to signify their views on the King's return within a month. If this be true, there need be little doubt that a majority will be found in favour of the King. The return of Royalist parties in the elections ensures the return of the King in the plebiscite.

It needs little acumen to observe that this arrangement will be resisted by the parties of the Left. The Secretary-General of the Greek Communist Party has spoken derisively of "Bevin" elections, and it

is incomprehensible that the partisans who took up arms even when the war had not yet ended, would suffer quietly an event which must mean their extinction.

It is nearly a year since the Germans capitulated, but there are no signs in any part of Europe of an amicable settlement. In Greece as elsewhere, Russia has come into collision with the Western Allies. This divergence of views is radical and fundamental. It will need greater powers of statesmanship and diplomacy than has been exhibited hitherto if this is to be reconciled. The current British policy can only end in the effacing of the grateful recollections of England in the minds of Greeks, following the heroic adventure of Byron in the swamps of Missolonghi.

Japan And Women

The ascription of the female sex to the most prominent among the Shinto Gods is not owing merely to caprice. Myth makers have often more substantial reasons for their fancies than might be supposed. In the present case there is evidence that women played a very important part in the real world of ancient Japan as well as in that of imagination. Women rulers were at this time a familiar phenomenon. Both Japanese and Chinese history give us glimpses of a female Mikado who lived about A.D. 200, and whose commanding ability and strong character have not been wholly obscured by the mists of legend. Women chieftains are frequently mentioned. Indeed the Chinese seem to have thought that feminine government was the rule in Japan, for their historians frequently refer to it as the "Queen-country." In more historical times several of the Mikados were women.

Most of us in our political lives are capable of the most glaring inconsistencies because few of us have taken the trouble to decide to which side we give ourselves. We are sentimentally for world peace but nationalism is in our tradition, habits and our blood, and when we are confronted with the most evident imperatives if world peace is to be attained, we recoil.—H. G. Wells.

In some families descent was traced by the female line. From the *Kojiki* we learn that in Suinin's time it was the custom for the mother to give children their names. A few days ago, for the first time they voted in parliamentary elections.

Atomic Insecticide

The Food Department of the Government of India says in a Press Note that as many as three million tons of grain are lost every year in India through deterioration, rats and insects. Dr. Ronald Slade, one of the British scientists who made the atomic bomb, is now reported to have developed a powerful atomic insecticide before which, it is stated, any insect, however small or clever, must collapse. Use of this insecticide may save for India three million tons of food-grains and thus help in fighting famine. Of course, this is possible only if this insecticide is not kept an Anglo-American secret.

Gas Masks As Toys

A cable says: "Gas masks provided by the U.S. Government during the war to United States citizens are being disposed of throughout the country, mostly as toys for children . . ." Thus demoniacal ugliness is to be a plaything and familiarised in the receptive years of childhood; and the play will require the acting of enemy violence in order to bring out the use of the mask. And so attempts at reducing the incidence of warfare by economic and political expedients will fail because the spirit of warfare is not only not discouraged but is encouraged by such uncivilized stupidities as gas masks as toys for children.

THE NIGHTMARE THAT HAUNTS THEM



Sotto Voce



"Would that we were different!"

The League Convention has conclusively proved that the Muslims are a separate nation. Has it not achieved a seven-hundred-word-long resolution? The Congress may still claim that it is unbeaten in this Marathon race, but the League can take heart of grace; it is fast catching up with the detested rival; while as for the rest—the ancient Liberals, the modern Sapruites, the quondam Justicites—they are simply nowhere. And the League High Command may justifiably take pride in the fact that though the resolution was debated for four hours and a half and "numerous amendments were moved and carried" the length has remained undiminished.

The victory has not been won without a severe struggle which has left scars. There is a certain incoherence, a desolate groping for ideas, perhaps the preliminary stutters of an oracle in travail. There is a long and solemn recital, much in the manner of those legal conveyances with which Mr. Jinnah must be very familiar. These 'whereas's and 'in-as-much-as's always give me the creeps. The moment you translate them into plain English, you see they are either stuffed with sawdust or they mean something very different from what they seem to say. In either case there is a nasty jolt; such as I had when, as an urchin, I saw a respected neighbour, who had gone dotty, standing in the street surrounded by gaping boys and singing a recondite Thyagaraja kriti with assurance and ease—and then, opening a bundle of rags, he took out a pitifully mewling kitten, more dead than alive, and tossed it

up high in the air with every appearance of enjoyment.

The Muslims, we are reminded, follow a faith which regulates every department of their life. And with an unfaltering sense of propriety Sir Firoz Khan Noon looks to Soviet Russia to rescue them from Hindu domination in league with British Imperialism. And he gives the world the happy news that Punjab landlords are actually in love with Communism. The Muslim Code, further, "stands in sharp contrast to the exclusive nature of Hindu Dharma and Philosophy"; though Hindu Dharma, too, governs every department of life and is not merely a matter of Sunday Church, much less can it aspire to the serene certainty that "religion is the dope of the people". As to the rigidity of the caste system and "the creation of unnatural barriers between man and man", it would perhaps be impolite to ask, "What of Kerbela and the zest with which the fifteen-centuries-old feud is still kept up? And do not those who swear by the Shariat regard all 'kafirs' as worse than untouchables"? From Chinghiz Khan to Democracy is a far cry, but the Muslim League would envelope both in a warm embrace.

Mr. Jinnah does not like the imputation that he aims at a theocratic State. So he speaks of an ancient and implacable antagonism between the two cultures, Hindusthani Music, the Taj, Kabir—to mention these is to refute that thesis. All that is genuine in the traditional culture of the Hindus and the Muslims can, without losing its identity, subserve a new harmony. The very discords that are an unhappy feature of our contemporary politics arise from a fundamental unity; so that one is almost tempted to say

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"Would that we were different!" The ordinary Indian, be he Hindu or Muslim, is devout by temperament, passionately addicted to his religion and prepared to make any temporal sacrifice for it. No wonder that cynics who believe in nothing and who are cut off from their cultural moorings find him fair game.

A Leaguer from Bengal asks, "Is Pakistan our last demand?" and answers, with the victorious accent of one desecrating illimitable horizons, "I will not attempt to give an answer, but that is our latest demand". That neatly knocks the bottom out of another Leaguer's energetic affirmation that "the de-

mand for separation has always been there." And the Qaide Azam himself has obligingly given us a hint of the technique that will be employed. "If the minorities of Pakistan were maltreated the Government in Pakistan could not remain passive". And after the Pirpur report, how could there be any doubt that the Muslim minority will always and everywhere be harassed? So Mr. Jinnah must get ready betimes to liberate them. That is clear. But why does he go back to Mr. Gladstone and the Armenian atrocities for a parallel? Hitler and the Sudetan will do just as well.

—VIGNESWARA.

TIT-BITS:

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

A famous English doctor, looking over the charts in a London war hospital, was especially interested in the system of abbreviations: S.F. for scarlet fever, T.B. for tuberculosis, D. for Diphtheria, etc. All diseases seemed to be pretty well under control except one, indicated by the symbol G.O.K. "I notice," said the eminent physician, "that you have a sweeping epidemic of G.O.K. on your hands. I am not familiar with that particular symbol. Just what is G.O.K.?"

"Oh, that", one of the staff doctors replied. "It means we can't diagnose it—God Only Knows."

Once the German detective police raided three farm houses. They first questioned the first farm-owner:

"What do you feed your ducks with?"

"Rice" came the reply.

"Rice is used by people; so you are under arrest."

When the second farm-owner saw this, he wanted to escape. So he said that he is feeding the ducks with millet.

The police said that millet is a rationed article. "So you are under arrest."

The third farmer wanted to escape by some other means. When questioned by the police, he said that he would give money to his ducks and they will buy and eat whatever they liked.

Two women in a railway compartment argued about the window and at last called the porter as referee.

"If this window is open," one declared, "I shall catch cold and will probably die."

"If the window is shut," the other announced, "I shall certainly suffocate."

The two glared at each other. The porter was at a loss, but he welcomed the words of a man with a red nose who sat near. Said he:

"First open the window. That will kill one. Next, shut it. That will kill the other. Then we can have peace."

SIDELIGHTS ::

The kingdom of happiness, like the kingdom of beauty, is not to be taken by storm, any more than it is to be purchased by dollars. Hence millionaires and society leaders range the world in vain and restless pursuit of that instinctive satisfaction which comes to artists, workers and some tramps unsought.

—C. E. M. Joad.

Among books written to teach people how to be happy is one called *The Science of Happiness* by Dr. Dearden. The doctor is the discoverer of what he calls the doctrine of the Morning Beam. It is meant for the benefit of the dejected in much the same way in which the drug penicillin is meant for the benefit of the sick. The doctrine is couched in these words: "On rising from your bed go to your looking-glass and force yourself to greet with a beaming smile that curiously complex fellow who is yourself. It is perfectly true that you cannot be happy to order, but you can pretend to be happy at any rate. Let your Morning Beam include every possible gesture of face and body which you can devise and accomplish to express your elation at the moment."

A more ancient authority, Aristotle, advanced what came to be known as the doctrine of the mean. Do nothing overmuch and everything in moderation, and you will be happy, he said. Moderation being a virtue of middle age, the Aristotelean recipe for happiness raises an interesting issue: are the old happier than the young? Equanimity, no doubt, belongs to the aged to a degree not attainable to the young unless it be the extremely young, like babies, whose resources for maintaining themselves in a state of high enjoyment is tamely described by the term, happiness, oscillating as it does, between ecstasy and beatitude. Babies have their moments of intense misery too—which is of a kind far sur-

passing in intensity anything of a like nature within the experience of grown-ups.

In the swing of the pendulum of emotion, a moderate motion does not seem conducive to richness of experience. Moderation is negative in content. It robs happiness of positive emphasis: sterilises it, as it were. Aristotle reduces happiness to mere avoidance of trouble through the safety device of moderation and insults its quality. Dearden insults it even more by turning it into a mechanical thing, a fruition of laboured poses and forced smiles.

For all the cocksureness of scientists and thinkers no sure recipe for happiness has yet been found. There is in fact no direct approach to happiness. It comes, and is felt, as an after-effect of the pursuit of other things. The acquisitive find their happiness in piling money and property, the generous in giving away what they have. The vain are happy when they are flattered—they flatter themselves when others fail and feel happy if there are people to listen. I know of one who derived a strange happiness when he regaled others with accounts of his supposed intimacy with the Governor. He lived for moments when he could tell others of the telephonic talks, most of them imaginary, that he had had with His Excellency. Some peculiar people are very happy when they contrive to take photographs of themselves in company with the eminent and see them published in the newspapers. In the pursuit of happiness even grief is not excluded as a contributory aid. Many bereaved people pay very heavy advertisement fees now-a-days merely to enjoy the happiness of publicising their bereaved condition to the world.

Elections play an important part in the pursuit of happiness. At election time the struggle for happiness is intensified. Apart from the happiness of winning success, there are other varieties of joy such as

come from intrigues, wirepullings and simulations of tremendous personal importance vis-a-vis the ordering of government and public affairs. The smaller the men the greater the joy of victory, the more vigorous the gusto of ousting movements so that the paradise of the moment may not be spoiled by the advent of betters.

* * *

The worst about happiness is that it is a fleeting state that refuses to endure for long. It is often found that the effort and the struggle and the price far exceed the value of

the happiness achieved, and the things we have longed and laboured for, give when obtained, no more than a thrill that is extinguished at the very moment of possession. The sages are therefore wary about spending their energy too much in quest of happiness. Bernard Shaw says that "we may spend our whole lives in pursuit of the things that are thought to make men happy and it will avail us nothing"—"the secret of being happy is not to give ourselves enough leisure to wonder whether we are miserable or not", but to have "a full life and a manifold of duties."—S A K A.

PLANNING THE NATION'S HEALTH NEW ERA OF SOCIAL MEDICINE

By T. N. Jagadisan

Man seldom if ever controls a situation which he does not understand. The four volumes of the *Report of the Health Survey and Development Committee* give a revealing picture of India's sore needs in health, the vastness and complexity of the problem, and present eminently practical proposals. Not only the medical man, but the educationist, the legislator, the administrator and the leader of society should study the report, for by understanding the situation they bring the recommendations of the Committee within reach of fulfilment. It is the essence of the Bhole Committee Report that it considers the evolution of the community's health organization as "a joint effort in which the leaders of thought in the medical world and among the people fully participate".

New View Of Social Medicine

The report fully recognizes that so far health organization in India has been preoccupied with disease to the exclusion of health, with cure or palliation rather than prevention. The medical man has largely been an attendant on the individual ailment or the catastrophe of the moment. Sir Joseph Bhole and his colleagues are happily animated by the new view of "social medicine"

and would have the doctor go beyond the disease processes and the diseased parts to the human being (with personal and social needs) and his environment. Let us hope that when the Government carry out the recommendations, the flame of this vision will remain undimmed and what is conceived in principle will not be defeated in detail. "We desire to stress the organic unity of our programme and feel it should be accepted and executed in its entirety. We would strongly deprecate any attempt on the plea of lack of funds to isolate specific parts of the scheme and to give effect to them without taking into consideration the inter-relationships of the component parts of our programme."

The Committee rightly claim that the financial implications of their scheme are not heavy. During the first ten years of their execution they expect an expenditure of Re. 1-14-0 per head per year. They suggest that there should be a statutory obligation on every Provincial Government to spend at least 15 per cent of their total expenditure on the requirements of health. At present about 4 per cent is the total health expenditure and the per capita expenditure is about 6 annas.

The number of medical and ancillary personnel now available is woefully inadequate. The magnitude of the task we have to face in increasing the number to meet the needs of the plan proposed by the Committee will be clear from the following table:

Class of personnel	Number available now.	Number required in 1971.
Doctors.	47,500	185,000
Nurses.	7,000	740,000
Health visitors.	750	74,000
Midwives.	5,000	100,000
Qualified pharmacists.	75	62,000
Qualified dentists.	1,000	92,000

The figures speak for themselves. The startling inadequacy of the nursing services is particularly lamentable. We require leaders like the late Mr. G. K. Devadhar to combat the popular prejudice against the nursing profession so that girls of all classes may take to this noble profession and help us to reach the target proposed by the Bhole Committee. The type of the future doctors is defined by the Committee—it is "the basic doctor" whose training includes education in the community and preventive aspects of medicine. Medical education naturally takes the highest priority in the programme.

Dark Shadows

The report emphasises the dark shadows in the health picture of the country, and if read aright must startle and awaken the public conscience to a deep sense of the avoidable waste of human material and lowering of human efficiency through mal-nutrition, under-nutrition and preventable morbidity. In drawing up their health plan, the Committee insist that suitable housing, sanitary arrangements and a safe drinking water supply are prerequisites of a healthy life. "The provision of adequate health protection to all covering both its curative and preventive aspects, irrespective of their ability to pay for it, the improvement of nutritional standards qualitatively and

quantitatively, the elimination of unemployment, the provision of a living wage for all workers and improvement in agricultural and industrial production and in means of communication, particularly in the rural areas, are all facets of a single problem and call for urgent attention."

Centre And Provinces

The Committee have drawn up their plan in two parts, one a comprehensive programme for the somewhat distant future and the other a short-term scheme covering two five-year periods. The plans include special health services for mothers and children, school children and industrial workers as well as for dealing with the more important diseases such as malaria, tuberculosis, venereal diseases, leprosy, mental diseases, and some others. The three important subjects of nutrition, physical education and health education have been dealt with in separate chapters in Vol. II of the report.

The Committee envisage that the development of the national health services will be a co-operative effort in which the Centre, acting with imagination and sympathy, will assist and guide a co-ordinated advance in the provinces. But they have suggested provisions enabling the Centre to intervene on special occasions in provincial health administration.

The Physician Of To-morrow

The great merit of the report is that it is calculated to usher in the new era of social medicine in which the physician of to-morrow will conform to Professor Henry E. Sigerist's definition:

"Scientist and social worker, ready to co-operate in team-work in close touch with the people he disinterestedly serves, as friend and leader he directs all his efforts towards the prevention of disease and becomes a therapist when prevention has broken down, the social physician protecting the people and guiding them to a healthier and happier life."

KALPANA DUTT

Kalpana Dutt whose photograph adorns the cover page of this issue of *Swatantra* is one of the remarkable women of India. While a student at college she came under the spell of Surjya Sen, the leader of the Bengal revolutionaries. Surjya Sen was known as Master in the circle of his associates. So great was the influence that he exerted on Kalpana that describing it years afterwards she said, "I felt as if I could do whatever he wanted me to do at a moment's notice."

Surjya Sen had a sneaking distrust of women whom he judged unsuited for the rigours of a revolutionary's life. Kalpana seems to have completely cured him of his scepticism. She became the most valued and trusted of his lieutenants. Both of them with two others were arrested and tried as terrorists in the wake of the repressive campaign that followed the Chittagong armoury raid. Of the four accused in the case three were hanged. Kalpana was spared the death sentence because of her youth and sex, as the judge announced in awarding sentence. She was convicted to transportation for life, and was released after seven years in prison, in May 1939, partly as a result of influence exerted on Government by Mahatma Gandhi and Rabindranath Tagore.

On her release Kalpana Dutt abandoned terrorism and became a Communist. Many ex-terrorists like Jaidev Kapur and Ananta Singh are now Communists. In point of actual personal suffering endured for a cause they believed in, there is perhaps no class of political workers in India to compare with these. This is a point that needs particular stress now, when it has become customary to equate detention in 1942 with evidence of revolutionary zeal. Politicals in detention nowadays are accorded amenities that make jail life for them comparatively easy. It was a much tougher experience for Kalpana Dutt and her fellow-terrorists. Their bravery must extort the admiration of all.

They often looked death in the face without flinching, and like Kalpana Dutt herself, escaped hanging by the narrowest of margins. In any evaluation of Communist policy, the character of the Party as revealed in its power of curing so many terrorists of their terrorism and attracting them to its fold, deserves to be given due and proper allowance.

Since her release Kalpana Dutt has been in the forefront of every social and political activity in and around Chittagong conceived for the benefit of the poor. Her record in famine relief has been a glorious one. Recently when the military raided and burnt the village of Kasaipara, she was among the first to rush to the terror-stricken village, organise relief to the people, cheer and rally them, revive their morale and help them to rebuild their houses and restore the shattered economy of their lives.

She runs a children's home in Chittagong. All her time and energy are given to political work and social causes. The love and devotion that women generally give to the family as part of feminine duty, she has idealised into a culture of service for country and humanity. To such persons, experiences like marriage do not delimit the scope of public work. Hence, though Kalpana Dutt is married to P. C. Joshi, she continues to live in Chittagong in undisturbed devotion to the local work that had commanded her interest all along. This is a situation brimful of opportunities for scandal to the petty-minded. And in the recent elections a regrettable use was made of it by opponents who could find nothing else to advance against her.

A highminded idealist, an indefatigable worker, a brave patriot, a friend of the poor and a mother with tireless patience to orphaned children, she is one of the great women of India though for the time being, seeing her through the fog of anti-Communism, many do not realise the full extent of her worth.

Short Story

THE SAVIOUR

By D. Narayanan

Ding . . . Dong . . . Ding . . . Dong . . . rang the bell in the Holy Church.

From the congregation emanated a prayer in unison from hundreds of throats and evoked a sound as peculiarly unmusical as the humming of a thousand bees. Everyone assembled had eyes fixed on Rev. Martin's holy and saintly person. The reverend Father wore a spotless white coat of great length, over which he had tied a dark red belt which encircled his waist. About six feet tall; an equally good girth; deep penetrating eyes; broad forehead; long sharp nose and a neatly cut beard and moustache—these gave Rev. Martin an arresting personality. When he gave the service, with arms outstretched, not a few of his admirers really felt that they found in him a close resemblance to the portrait of Jesus in their own homes.

Those who knew him closely were not surprised at his outward charm. The noble Father was an emblem of purity and perfection; and of that great kindness and compassion which were the most outstanding qualities of the Lord. His was a life simple and unostentatious; his character and conduct were high above reproach. But, above all, what struck one most was his high sense of duty and his great love of his religion. No wonder that the people of the place in general, and Christians in particular, had great regard for him.

II

Almost at the same time when Service was going on in the Church, Paul Venkataraman was busy in his study, writing: "You lower yourself; you subdue yourself to Him; crave His pardon for all your sins; He will save you; A sinner you are! A sinner I am! Sinners we are all!"

Venkataraman was in charge of the local Mission Hospital, which, again, owed its existence to the

munificence of Rev. Martin. In fact that was the crowning glory, the *magnum opus* of the Mission, and the living symbol of Rev. Martin's selfless service.

The missionary wanted to make the best use of the changed situation due to the threat of war. There could be no better occasion to preach to the people about the transitoriness of life on earth, and the consequential necessity of everybody getting 'purified' before the worst happened, so as to enjoy the eternal tranquillity and solace. It was only as part of this proselytization scheme that Paul Venkataraman was preparing himself for a propaganda lecture, under instructions no doubt, from the head of the Mission, Rev. Martin.

I shall now introduce Paul Venkataraman. He was the first born in a humble Brahmin family. While studying at the Medical College, his father was entangled in a nasty criminal misappropriation case in consequence of which he lost his job and was subsequently imprisoned. At the moment it seemed as though Venkataraman's studies would have to be discontinued. Added to this, he felt that he could not endure what seemed to him to be a great shame that had befallen him on account of his father's bad record. It was at this hour of crisis that Rev. Martin came on the scene and readily promised him a helping hand. He asked Venkataraman to continue his studies and paid his tuition fees from the funds of the Mission. A couple of years later, Venkataraman emerged from the College as Paul Venkataraman, M.B., B.S.

The rest of his family, of course, still stuck to its old faith.

This fact suddenly flashed on him now. It seemed highly ridiculous for him to go around and preach conversion of faith to the people at large when his own people—parents

and relatives—remained Hindus still. That was paradoxical. Venkataraman dropped himself in serious meditation. After a while he got up, cleaned his face which was perspiring and came to the verandah outside.

It was just getting dark. The street lights had not been lighted yet. The landscape in front glittering in the golden twilight of the evening sun afforded a pleasant relief; a spacious ground with a sprinkling of boys scattered around playing an odd game was visible just in front, and there, still farther away in the horizon, stood the Holy Church, the tapering end of whose summit seemed to touch the sky, providing, perhaps, proof of the Church's link between this land and the other.

Venkataraman was looking vacantly before him, when a boy from the Hospital came with a small chit on which was scribbled: "Two new delivery cases. One Christian and one Hindu. Only one bed available. Which to admit?" "The former one," wrote Venkataraman on the back of the chit and the boy retired after a formal salute.

Venkataraman came inside and began to write notes for the meeting over again, but could hardly proceed. There was something wrong with him, he felt. The time-piece opposite seemed to make the 'tik-tik' sound a little too fast and together with it his heart beat fast too!

"A bad omen!" he exclaimed. But the next moment he dismissed the idea as foolish.

III

There was a sudden knock at the door. "Venkittu!" called a voice from without; the voice sounded feminine; that was his mother! Venkataraman shivered, he knew not why. It was about eight months since he saw his mother; why did she come there now, and at that untimely hour?

He opened the door; his mother stood in the glare of the street light. Beside her stood his sister, Chellam, her hands locked around her mother's neck. She was faltering beneath the heavy weight she bore—

she was pregnant! That was evident. There was no reason also to doubt the groaning sigh she intermittently heaved.

Venkataraman stood for a minute completely absorbed in the scene, within which time his mother again muttered "Venkittu!", eagerly looking at him. Chellam's eyes showed the extent of strain on her body. She hung down her head keeping it resting on her mother's shoulder.

"Why did you bring Chellamma here now? She doesn't seem to be alright" asked Venkataraman getting closer to them.

Tears poured from his mother's eyes.

"Venkittu," she said. "I came here relying on you. . . . She felt pain all-on-a-sudden. . . . The nurse came. . . . She warned us that we should get her admitted in a hospital, this being her first delivery. . . . And I came here confidently because of you. . . . They now say there is no bed free. . . . Look, how she suffers!"

Venkataraman escorted them into his room and ran to the Hospital straight.

IV

"Extremely sorry, doctor!" said the matron. "Another case has just been admitted."

"This is an urgent case," persisted Venkataraman, "the other, the nurse says, would pull on for two or three days."

The matron would not agree. "I don't know all that, doctor," she said, "better ask the Father!"

V

Rev. Martin was in his study with the Holy Bible in his hand. He had just returned from Service.

"She is my sister," put in Venkataraman.

"All are His children. All of them are our brothers and sisters!" retorted the Father.

"Admitted. But this really is more urgent than the other."

"May be; but that is a Christian and our Mission is solely for the well-being and convenience of the Christian population."

A few minutes elapsed in silence.

It was again Venkataraman who broke the silence.

"Revered Father!" he began, "My sister belongs to a different family and we don't have any hold on her. I shall make my mother embrace our faith."

Rev. Martin spoke not a word; but wrote on a piece of paper "Admit immediately" and handed it over to Venkataraman, his face still without any slight change.

Venkataraman's mother showed signs of relief and joy, evidently unaware of the grave implications involved in the affair and she left the place with her daughter, with the most contented mind.

Hardly had she left the place, Venkataraman approached Rev. Martin again and burst out, "Revered Father! Excuse me. Please accept my resignation!"

There was an unusual determination in his voice and his face showed what he meant.

And bowing down once respectfully to the Father, who was all-perplexed, Venkataraman stepped out, hat in hand, head hung down, and merged himself in the vast concourse of devotees that was coming back from the Holy Church after prayers.

ON ACCOMPANISTS

By Our Music Critic

I make Saturday nights interesting by inviting a friend or two to have pot-luck with me; we usually talk shop, discuss politics and society scandal of the mild variety and sometimes indulge in musical criticism. We have a lot of fun when my old aunt finds time to join us. Surely, you remember her, the octogenarian, about whom I mentioned a few weeks ago? Last Saturday she was with us and in great form too. She was full of beans when we mentioned to her a few peppy anecdotes about one or two gay young larks in the City. The conversation then turned on to musicians, and a thoughtless and tactless member of the company described one violinist as a good accompanist and another as a poor one. And, lo and behold, my aunt stood up and shouted, "Stop it, you young idiot, you know as much about music as a cow knows about astronomy! How can you use a word like 'accompanist' to describe a creative artist when the word connotes everything subordinate, merely mechanical, and nothing but constant practice and application? Living together and singing together may be good social virtues but do not constitute artistic excellence. Either a man is a good musician, judged by the abstract standard of the art and technique, or he is a bad one. If you yoke him in a performance to some one whose tradition and technique is different, and, therefore, he behaves like fish out of water, surely the fault is not his?"—and my

poor friend looked extremely sheepish and was about to say something in explanation when my aunt silenced him with a wave of her towel and began again.

"Listen, brainy boy, your present day musical world is extremely cock-eyed. Your music is a democratised, publicised, advertised, exaggerated, amplified and mechanised product of a group of commercially minded music vendors who have neither the time nor the patience nor the tolerance to sit, listen, sift, appreciate and enjoy. Your musical world is a democratic caucus. Your musical criticism is therefore based not on individual appreciation but on collective applause. To you a musical soiree is defined as a *katcheri* consisting of a vocal musician, accompanied by a violinist, a *mridangamite*, a *kanjeeraite*, a *ghata-mist*, and if possible, other noise producers like a *konnakolist* and a *moharsingite*. A grand synthesis of musical noises is your idea of a perfect performance! You like to see the players behaving like circus acrobats, and, unlike as in a circus, you like to see some accidents too, and, at any rate, you feel pleased when you see most of them sweating, with their tufts dismantled, their caste marks washed away, and all of them drinking various concoctions after each round of acrobatics to allay their fatigue! You then feel that you have had your money's worth.

"Have you ever had any experiences of any memories that a few, at

DEADLOCK AT THE CAPITAL

(From Our Correspondent)

least, of the music *katcheries* that you have attended, have left behind for you? I am sure you have painful memories of slaps in the back and crushed toes, but I doubt if any of the imageries created by artists have lingered in your imagination? I should think not! I expect that like the Scotchman 'you sits and thinks outside music halls and simply sits inside them'. How can you help doing so? Your modern music vendors are mostly surrealistic in their technique of splash of noise and timing. The result is that the *ragas* which you hear in modern *katcheries* refuse to assume proportionate shapes and forms, and are comparable only to, say a person with a small head, a couple of huge posteriors and tiny legs, or one with a dolichocephalic head, a vast expanse of chest, and no arms or legs and the like. If by chance, the merest chance, a musician does succeed in creating a *raga* with a shape and form, the result is something like what you look, sunken cheeks, hollow eyes, cockroach eaten scalp and pigeon chested front! Fancy, you talking about music!"

My friend was almost inarticulate with anger but my aunt went on relentlessly.

"Your modern front rank artists may be very good musicians, but bad technicians. They are not artistic, they have no introspective appreciation of their music, and they are very very unreal! They have helped in creating a non-existent demand for music, making it the handmaid, not of art, but of advertisement, exhibitionism, charity, politics and community eating! Your *vidhwans* vend music with the raucous publicity of a street hawker, and your music *sabhas* are comparable only to the market places where our edibles are sold, with their stale odour and accumulated filth, so that I do not blame you for being a veritable cloth-head in your conception of correct musical assimilation and enjoyment! You are unlucky, my boy, not to have had a composite existence when Amma was alive! You know who I mean by 'Amma'? Yes, I was referring to Veena Dhanam! If you had listened to her even during the last days of her existence, you would have known the difference between real chamber music, and the modern exaggerated deliveries of music which have produced nothing but plenty of mass hysteria. The difference between

your generation and mine is fundamental in outlooks on matters connected with any form of artistic appreciation. The way in which you enjoy music cannot after all be very different from the way in which you enjoy your eating. You love to get into a restaurant and eat the stuff that is mass-produced to fill your stomach in the company of a lot of noisy young gluttons, whereas I like to sit at home near a slow fire, take my delicacies straight from the frying pan and peck at them. I enjoy the aroma, my tastes are limited and my appetite excellent. You are fond of large marriage dinners and huge big parties and greatly appreciate the cuisine arrangements of the head *chef* who, you think is a connoisseur! I detest him and despise him for his inartistic extravagance and indelicate preparations. I like my little cook boy who can make an excellent four course dinner for me spicing it with delicious pickles and delicately fried *kichodies* and stands by me while I eat, to watch my appreciation and hear the smack of my tongue. I live for the artistic enjoyment of a few moments in select company with limited fare, both in music and at dinner! You revel in a vulgar display of extravagance to the accompaniment of fan fare and trumpets underneath a shamiana flooded with arc lamps. In the result my senses are alert, my appreciation artistic and my criticism individualistic; your senses are deadened, your appreciation is vulgar and your criticism cock-eyed".

After this my aunt stopped for a few moments, had a long drink of water, got up and went out of the room fanning herself with her towel which serves her as an article of comfort in addition to being a weapon of offence in argument.

I had to appease my friend, the victim, although I was not going to apologise for my aunt's forthright views, most of which I had inherited from her. I told him that my aunt was annoyed that good violinists like Dwaram Venkataswamy Naidu and Papa Venkatarama Aiyar were not being given their proper places in the musical world because of their reluctance to play second fiddle, and that consequently the word "accompanist" was very offensive to her! How could anyone blame my aunt for being forthright in a correct way?

New Delhi: The Cabinet Mission seems to be assuming a completely non-partisan pose, from which each side has inferred that they are favouring the other. In fact, from the type of questions they put to Indian leaders it is reasonably certain that they are trying to pull Congress and League towards accepting in broad outline the British plan as the only way out. For example, one of the questions they put to some Indian leaders was "If Congress and League don't agree and we suggest a solution, how do you think they will take it?", to which I understand one of the leaders of the Opposition replied, "They will take it because they can take nothing else." It seems quite clear now that the Mission will offer the bait of an interim Government to pull the Congress towards accepting the British final solution and offer a separate federation as a final solution to the League to push it towards an interim Government. The recent statements by Congress and League leaders are intended to oppose this silent pressure by the Mission.

From high-ranking official circles the game behind this has come to my knowledge. They believe that in view of the mass upsurge and the rising spirit of revolt in the armed forces they cannot continue to rule in the old way and that an interim Government is absolutely necessary. But even here there are two trends. There is one section that wants an interim Government with or without the League. They argue that a complete breakdown will mean chaos and intensification of anti-British feeling both among Hindus and Muslims, whereas in interim Government without the League would, at the worst, lead to serious disturbances which can be easily put down resulting in more anti-Hindu not anti-British feeling. The other wants both Congress and League to come into the

interim Government, for then it could be prolonged almost into a permanent one, i.e., say for five or ten years. Their argument in support of this is that if Congress and League work together the bitterness will gradually disappear. The idea behind it, however, is that if Congress and League both agree to the British solution, then Indian defence and economy could be planned under British leadership and the new form of slavery could be passed off as 'independence'. I understand that Wyatt, a member of the Parliamentary Delegation, is in Delhi meeting Indian leaders and trying to induce in them a mood of reasonableness so as to result in a settlement along these lines.

The Princes have now gone suddenly national and 'progressive'. They declare that they will not stand in the way of Britain granting freedom to British India, but vigorously resist any attempt at interference in their internal administration and say that they alone will decide to what extent the States' peoples should be permitted to 'associate with their Government.' The sinister game played by them is clear from the memorandum they submitted to the Mission. I reliably learn that they are willing to come into an All-India Centre, provided they are given satisfactory representation and are quite unwilling and even oppose any treaty being negotiated between Britain and the new India Government without their being consulted adequately. This means that not only are they resisting any progress inside their own States but are asking for the right to play the same role at the behest of the British in a settlement of the Indian question.

The Sikhs, led by Master Tara Singh, take up the same non-partisan pose. Master Tara Singh says to the Congress that he is opposed to Pakistan and tells the League

The way you fellows take in new ideas without ever thinking of throwing out the old ones makes you public dangers.—Bernard Shaw.

that he will not oppose it if he gets Sikhistan. However since the Sikhs are not a majority in any part of British Punjab he is simultaneously playing the Fatiala game by trying to secure more territory for that Prince.

Both Congress and League leaders are searching for new allies, abusing unstable ones and glorifying even the Princes who, they think, are potential allies. Mr. Jinnah broke a long-established personal convention when he went and met Master Tara Singh. Pandit Nehru at the Press Conference on April 5 forgot his age-long hatred of the Princes and believe it or not, said that some of the Princes seem to have realised that Indian independence should be supported. He called it very

encouraging. Inevitably Nehru lost his temper and found his tongue against Tara Singh for carrying on secret negotiations with Mr. Jinnah. The more Congress and League find that the Mission is not yielding to the demands of each the more they hit out against each other. Mr. Jinnah declared that he was not an Indian at all and lawyer-like thinks that this is the most effective argument against an interim Government. Sardar Patel pounces on it to declare not only that the Pakistan demand should not be examined but also that Mr. Jinnah should not be permitted to take part in the negotiations. Prejudices blind these leaders and instead of fighting against the British game they are fighting one another more and more.

THE WEEK ABROAD

A Survey of Foreign Affairs

Persia has notified the U. N. O. of the withdrawal of her complaint against Russia. The manner in which this has been done suggests the predominance of Soviet influence. It used to be said of Hitler that he would send for the heads of neighbouring States, and then bully them to toe the line. M. Stalin is in the more fortunate position of bullying his neighbours at long range! The attitude of Britain and the U.S.A. is not yet officially determined. It is open to them to retain the subject of Persia on the agenda in spite of the withdrawal notified by the complainant. But whether such a course would serve any useful purpose is highly doubtful.

Rumours of disturbances in the southern provinces of Persia, of an attempt at a revolution by the Rightists to overthrow the Government and similar scarifying items emanating from mysterious sources in and out of Persia are routine diplomatic attempts to throw dust in the public eye. What is curious is that many voices speak for Persia, and that some of the voices change

their tune every now and then. Like inexperienced actors who have not mastered their parts, the Ministers look for guidance from prompters hidden behind the side-screens. The next stage might well be marked by incidents which are localised in the area of British occupation.

The Foreign Ministers' Conference at Paris scheduled for April 25 is expected to adjourn, soon after meeting, for want of business. For the cleavage between Russia and the Democracies is seen to extend to many other topics of urgent and common concern to Europe as a whole. Common peace treaties are as difficult to evolve as it is dangerous to permit separate peace treaties. Priority is claimed by Italy by virtue of its strategic position. But as Russia has made large claims on the defunct Italian empire, and the grant of them would bring the Soviet to the Mediterranean shores as a first class Power, the prospect is anything but pleasing to Britain. On the other hand, an indefinite postponement of peace is likely to be ruinous to the Demo-

cracies; for it involves the continued maintenance of standing armies to police the countries of Europe. The economic and ideological consequences of such a policy might well recoil disastrously on the heads of the victors themselves.

There is a further mistaken notion that the absence of a settlement need not bother the victors, for the defeated nations are being called upon to pay for their defeat in a multiplicity of noticed and unnoticed ways. But the effects of instability are bound to have long-range repercussions. We already hear of complaints from the Russian side that the Western Powers have not carried out fully the 'de-Nazification' plans in their zones. The fundamental divergence between the Soviet and the Western Powers is best studied in their treatment of the vanquished Germans. Russia stands for paying the road smooth for the spread of Communism. The British are anxious to preserve a bastion of the vanquished Germans in the West to hold up the advance of Communism westwards. France stands in between, hoping to capitalise the fears of both her neighbours with a view to promoting her own expansion at the cost of her ancient and hereditary enemy. In the light of these wide disparities, it is little to be wondered at if the Foreign Ministers should meet only to adjourn!

Communists and Nationalists are said to be at each others' throats in Manchuria. The latest news concedes all the honours of war to the Communists who are reported to have obtained practical control of Changchun, the capital of the northern Chinese province. The military operations are accompanied by a running fire of propaganda in which each side accuses the other of perfidy. Two items of news bearing on the Chinese question indicate a determination of the American State Department to keep the China incident within the domestic level. These are that General Marshall is returning to Chungking almost at once to resume his mediating offices between the contending parties; the

other is the semi-official announcement that the Chinese question will not be brought up before the U. N. O. It should be remembered that the withdrawal of Russia from Manchuria can only be described as symbolic; for Russian technicians and small contingents are still said to be in control of the factories and mines which had been exploited by the Japanese during their occupation. Their presence in one way or other introduces an element of complication which cannot be lightly brushed aside. It looks as if the Chinese question is being 'vetted' into an alternative bone of international contention against future contingencies!

General MacArthur has expressed himself as extremely gratified with the results of the general election held in Japan. The definite swing in favour of monarchy is being singled out by the General with special satisfaction; the oddity, if not irony, of an orthodox Republican approving a vote in favour of a system of monarchy has not been noticed or commented upon. But the true inwardness of it will be evident if it is understood that the alternative of monarchy to-day is Communism. If Japan were to go Red, it would clearly prove the futility of the atom bomb! Japan must not only be saved from itself, but it must be saved from Communism. Such is the divine mission of the American army of occupation which has taken Japan in hand.

Mr. Bevin speaking of empire showed a mystic faith in its survival which sounds odd with one Cabinet delegation sweating in Delhi, and another Cabinet delegation on a pilgrimage to the Pyramids to arrange for a voluntary liquidation of the empire. If the problem in India is to placate the Muslim, in Egypt it is the question of Sudan. Whether the dissidents are to be placated or bypassed, the situation remains delicate in almost every part of the world for that empire whose alleged powers of survival have inspired horny-handed Labour's representative to poetic utterance.

WHO SHOULD BE PRIME MINISTER OF MADRAS?

NO CONTRADICTION BETWEEN MANDATE AND RECOMMENDATION

THE Congress Working Committee has backed Mr. C. Rajagopalachari for the Madras premiership. Sometime back, disgusted at the unscrupulousness of the "clique" against him, C. R. retired from the political field. It was only under pressing invitation from the Congress President that he emerged from his retirement and proceeded to Delhi to participate in the confabulations of Congress leaders there over the selection of a proper person as Premier. At Delhi, C. R.'s attitude, according to all accounts, was one of impersonal detachment. He did not put himself forward as a candidate for the leadership. He wished to be let alone to occupy himself with such service as he could still render, freed from the atmosphere of controversy in the retirement of his choice, away from the rough and tumble of political strife. But being a disciplinarian he did not make his inclination the paramount consideration. It would appear that he was willing to be persuaded out of his original decision of leaving the field, not however as a competitor, but as a servant of the public interest called upon by the Congress High Command to shoulder responsibility on a critical occasion.

A Desperate Bid

DR. Pattabhi, on the other hand, is reported to have made a desperate bid for the premiership. The clamour of self-interest never looks so cheap and ugly as when it is cast against the background of another's dignified equanimity. While C. R.'s unaggressive attitude of accommodation to the Congress High Command's wishes vulgarised Dr. Pattabhi's eager suit for personal seizure of a powerful position, the latter's unashamed abandonment of the purport of all his earlier pontifical announcements on the subject would seem to have exposed him before them in a far from favourable light. What Dr. Pattabhi lost C. R. must undoubtedly have gained in the esteem of the High Command.

CONFLICTING reports are in circulation about Mr. Prakasam's intentions. On his way back to Delhi he broke silence at Bezwada to state that the High Command's direction in support of C.R. was not mandatory but only recommendatory. The distinction between the two types of direction may well be overdone. It is no part of statesmanship to carry authority with subsidiary agencies to the point of exhibiting them in public in a condition of tendering obedience under disciplinary pressure, with every vestige of free choice plucked out. The whole force of the direction lies in its having emanated from a quarter quite competent to give a mandate. The restraint responsible for the non-assertion of the mandate deserves to be welcomed for the opportunity it affords to all concerned to act with grace and voluntary acquiescence in the spirit of the High Command's wish. Exposition of the supposed difference between mandate and recommendation is therefore not relevant by way of support for any flouting design. It has its place as a cover for dignity when a retreat has to be made from doggedly held earlier viewpoints.

Strange Somersault

THE Working Committee's direction has been the signal for a strange somersault on the part of many supposed devotees of Congress discipline. Till the other day they swore by discipline which they exalted to a very high pinnacle of sacredness. But now that discipline enjoins on them a course not palatable by urging the election of C.R. to leadership, its votaries of yesterday are blossoming into incipient rebels to-day. In this situation the archpriest of disruption is one who already has worked much mischief to the ruin of peace and harmony in the province and was only recently sternly warned by Sardar

MINISTERIAL MESS

(From Our Correspondent.)

New Delhi: During the week Congress Premiers and others interviewed the Cabinet Mission, but one remarkable exception was Madras. There the lustful factional struggle for power had made it impossible for the Congress M.L.As. to choose the Premier. Almost everyone of the top Congress leaders and over 70 M.L.As. were therefore in Delhi to get the Congress High Command to help them out of the mess. Sri Prakasam who had fought for the premiership against both Dr. Pattabhi and Rajaji found in Delhi that his long struggle had not solved the problem, for here Gandhiji, Maulana Azad and Sardar Patel brought up their names.

After three days of repeated discussions the matter has been referred back to Madras legislators to choose their own Premier keeping in mind the fact that as far as possible the old Ministry should be revived, and the Premier should be like Caesar's wife above suspicion, and strong and able enough to run the Ministry efficiently through this period of famine, "disturbances", etc. Madhava Menon who had done a lot of anti-Rajaji activity in private conversation with some Keralites in Delhi frankly admitted that Rajaji alone could efficiently lead the Madras Ministry, but he and others, I understand, have tied their hands so much with anti-Rajaji campaigning that they dare not vote for Rajaji now.

As for Pattabhi and Prakasam they both attended Ram Navmi celebrations in the Andhra Club here but everyone marked the fact that when Prakasam came Dr. Pattabhi made a wry face and left the place.

Vallabhbhai Patel not to go on monkeying with local politics. Discipline has thus become not only a blunted tool but a joke in the hands of the anti-C.R. clique. Another principle against whose supposed violation hands of horror are piously raised to canvass feeling against C.R. is that of provincial independence. But its foremost proclaimers in theory to-day are its greatest violators. Neither C.R. nor any of his supporters has rushed frantically to and fro between Bombay and Madras for the enlistment of influence from on high for the advancement of personal political ambitions as these traducers of his leadership have done in recent days. If the principle were to be honoured in spirit the most active of them all should go packing to his native desert in Marwar. We cite these arguments not in approbation but for revelation of their ridiculousness. The Congress has, for over sixty years, knit all-India affairs into the keeping and direction of a single central national organisation. When persons who owe 99 per cent of their present status in public life to the power, influence and prestige of centrally exerted Congress leadership, put on all on a sudden the role of champions of separatist integrity, they not only betray pitiable inconsistency, but rank folly. Slogans like "hands off provincial affairs", "an Andhra for the premiership", etc., that are now inscribed on the banners of the anti-C. R. crusaders insult the whole tradition and outlook of the Congress and sadly illustrate the tragic fact that into the Congress organisations in the province and the ranks of Congress legislators many have somehow crept in who have no business to be there and whose proper moorings are in "Justice" and other similar communalist political bodies.

WHETHER these words would reach in time the fateful men—and women—in whom rests to-day the power of determining the character of the Government to be, is doubtful. If for petty personal ends they install in supreme administrative power anyone not fit, not capable of bearing the burden adequately, they would be guilty of a grossly unpatriotic act for which they shall deserve at the bar of history the same fate that has overtaken the world's notorious traitors like Laval and Quisling who, fancying themselves safe in the delusion of temporary power, betrayed at critical moments the people they professed to serve. Who in his senses can fail to be impressed by the overwhelming superiority, from every conceivable point of view, of Mr. C. Rajagopalachari over every one of the rivals standing out in the public arena to-day daring to dispute with him the right to the premiership? Mr. Prakasam, though for his age amazingly young physically, has become mentally incoherent. Of Dr. Pattabhi the less said the better. He cannot start even a small concern with others' share capital without planting his nearest relatives in the key positions. He lacks the impartiality inseparable from political trustworthiness. With his own utterances he has proved himself to be a double-faceted being with non-violence reserved for imperialists and violence held threateningly over the heads of political opponents inside the country. All other possible candidates for leadership—Kamaraj, Madhava Menon, Gopal Reddi,—lack, apart from other personal disabilities, the knowledge, skill and experience needed for converting political opportunity into the reality of administrative power. It is a very grave responsibility at this moment for anyone to be concerned in any step likely to deprive the province of C. R.'s services as administrator, and presently it may prove to be an extremely dangerous one when its after-effects begin to gather momentum in popular wrath.—K.H.A.S.

NATIONAL DISUNITY INVITES IMPERIALIST AWARD

Russian Bogey Comes in handy—Public service or strike-breaking? Factionalism inside Congress—Indianizing the Indian Army

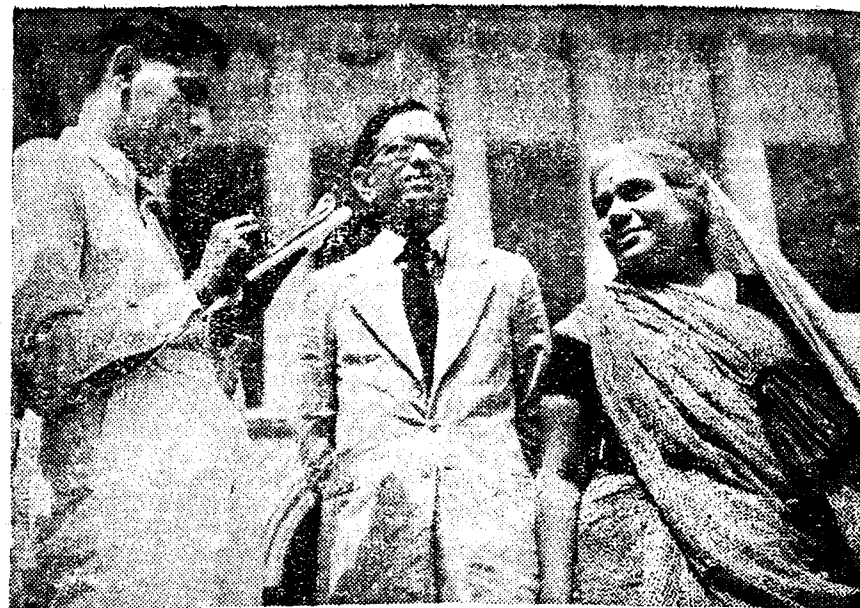
The appalling state of suspicion and hostility between the two main political organisations of our people was demonstrated at the Muslim League Legislators' Convention held in Delhi. They pledged themselves to "undergo any danger, trial or sacrifice" which might be necessary for the attainment of Pakistan. The carving out of a Muslim State with the six provinces with their existing boundaries, was restated as "the latest demand", not necessarily the last, of the Muslims. This negates the very principle of self-determination on which the claim for sovereign Muslim homelands is based. Communal passion was roused and plentiful references were made to the readiness of the Muslims to take up the sword and rebel against the imposition of a single Constituent Assembly. No attempt was made at all to come to a friendly settlement with the Congress on the basis of a concrete and democratic programme.

If the League is holding out threats of violent opposition to the creation of a united India, the Congress leaders are openly relying on the British Ministers to disregard the demand for separation. They are convinced of British sincerity 'this time', and sincerity is equated with support to the Congress attitude. Instead of making any offer to the League on the basis of the just principles of freedom and self-determination, some Congress leaders like Kiran Shanker Roy are indulging in counter-threats of civil war in the event of the establishment of Pakistan. The majority of the Congress leaders are however supremely convinced that the Congress enjoys the favour of the Cabinet Mission and that they would help it as against the League.

It would be well to remember similar optimism at an imaginary change of heart in the British rul-

ers during the Simla Conference, and how Lord Wavell pronounced at the end of the discussions that he "could not recognise the claims of either party." That the situation is in fact heading towards an imperialist award is borne out by a study of the British Press. Both Tory and Labour newspapers are indicating the inevitability of a British Award, in a tone of patronage with an undercurrent of hardly-veiled contempt. "The disposing of an Empire is scarcely less troublesome than the building of one," says the Observer and concludes that Britain "though it would be distasteful to her, may yet be forced to arbitrate between the conflicting claims of the great Hindu and Muslim communities." Identical in substance is the attitude of the Labour Party. "Britain will have to render one more service to India by, for the last time, taking a decision which Indians fail to take for themselves. To put it bluntly, we cannot agree to go on indefinitely governing India because Indian leaders cannot agree on how India is to govern herself," declares the Daily Herald, organ of the Labour Party.

These views of the British Press should serve as a warning. The faith of the Congress leaders in the British Government's sincerity might receive another rude shock. Mr. Bevin, the British Foreign Secretary, is trying to be worthy of the Churchill-Eden mantle which has fallen on his shoulders: "Nothing will ever prevent the Empire from surviving because I believe it has an extraordinary mission to fulfil. It is one of those strange phenomena in the world", he goes on in a mystical strain, "it is an intuition. We cannot explain it." It will be Bevin and his colleagues whom the disunity between our parties will allow to become the arbiters of our national destiny.



Miss Maniben Kara, interviewed after visiting the Cabinet Mission.

Apart from reliance on British support, the Congress has given no definite exposition of the extent to which it will concede self-determination. The statements of the leaders, who themselves are not unified in their views, bristle with contradictions. Sardar Patel told Palme Dutt, the Daily Worker correspondent, that "the Congress cannot under any circumstances think of partitioning India in any shape or form," and also in the same breath that "the Congress does not think in terms of forcing any area to remain in the Union against the declared wishes of its population." Maulana Azad says he is prepared to meet League representatives for discussing an agreement, while some other leaders have decided that "there is no room for compromise with the League." Congress and League leaders are however expected to meet each other, not out of a mutual desire to arrive at an agreement, but under the direction of the British Ministers.

In the bargaining, cajoling and threatening being practised by British and Indian politicians, Russia's name is being bandied about freely. British imperialist statesmen are busy circulating hair-raising stories

of Russian 'designs' on India. They hope to get the Congress to agree to the retention of British troops for purposes of 'defence' and the dilution of the freedom about to be conferred by dangling the "sword of Stalin" over the head of the future free India. This imperialist cue has been taken up by some Congress leaders, including Dr. Pattabhi, who find this British-manufactured bogey a convenient weapon in their attempt to discredit the Indian Communists as Russian agents. They agree, with Mr. Amery, that India does not wish to exchange British for Russian domination. They also advance the danger of Russian aggression as an argument for keeping India united.

Since it now suits the British rulers to attempt to settle with the Congress on the basis of transfer of limited power, with the hope of canvassing support for its anti-Soviet policies, some British spokesmen have started a rumour that the movement for Pakistan has been inspired and is financed by Russia. This has given Sir Feroz Khan Noon a bright idea. Notorious until yesterday as one of the foremost favourites of imperialism, he has

suddenly threatened to turn Communist, along with his brother Muslim landlords of the Punjab! This is an obvious attempt to frighten Britain into accepting Pakistan. This young bogey (it was born hardly twenty years ago, when the Soviet Union became a strong power) seems to have an infinite capacity for varied but universal employment.

An important development in the progress of ministry-making in Madras took place when Maulana Azad and other members of the Congress High Command advised the revival of the old Congress Ministry, with Rajaji as Premier. But it has been made clear that though this suggestion has been offered "in view of the difficult and trying times ahead and in the larger interests of the province and the country," the Provincial Legislature Party will be completely free to make its own decision. The final issue of this unfortunate and prolonged conflict is expected on April 18 when the party will meet to elect its leader.

Intrigues and jockeyings for power inside the Congress are not confined to Madras. Bombay witnessed some shocking incidents recently when supporters of rival candidates for election to the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee indulged in physical assaults and destruction of ballot boxes. An appeal to the High Court by one of the candidates to declare the elections invalid was the tragic-comic sequel to this factional strife.

Sweepers everywhere are the section of workers who are miserably paid, wretchedly housed and forced to do menial service in the most unhygienic conditions. Their position in Bombay is very unsatisfactory and attention has been repeatedly drawn by newspapers and social workers to the need for immediate improvement, particularly with regard to wages and housing. Thousands of them recently went on strike in order to secure their minimum demands. The Municipality refused to meet the just claims of this traditionally ill-used class. It was in these circumstances that large numbers of Congress volun-

teers and members of the I. N. A. were drafted to take the place of the strikers and clean up the city. This raises an issue of first-rate importance on the question of the Congress attitude to the workers. A procedure which deprives them of their only weapon for enforcing their demand for a living wage is bound to be resented by the workers. No one doubts the spirit of public service which animates Congress volunteers or the ex-I. N. A. personnel. But public service must not become the cloak for their utilization for the purpose of breaking strikes and nullifying the workers' protest action. There is scope enough in all conscience for public workers to render service from day to day in other ways. They must not become agents of vested interests who desire to continue their exploitation of the workers. It is unfortunate that the Congress Ministry in Bombay did not tackle the situation more energetically. Ministers who are going to increase their own salaries to Rs. 2,000 "in view of the high cost of living in Bombay" should surely have appreciated the demand of the workers for the modest basic wage of Rs. 30 per month. In spite of the opposition of S. K. Patil and other Corporators, the workers have won most of their claims and are returning to work.

A resolution asking for a time-limit for the complete nationalisation of the Indian Army was debated recently in the Council of State. The fact that it was defeated in this unrepresentative Council is neither surprising nor important; but the reply of the Commander-in-Chief Sir Claude Auchinleck to the motion is significant. Shorn of its platitudinous professions of anxiety to remove British control, his speech is a refusal to Indianize the top office-ranks of the Army under the plea of "efficiency". His plea that the 'rank and file' is for all practical purposes already hundred per cent Indian, is childishly naive and will deceive none. Britain is blaming Indian leaders for not letting her Quit India immediately, but seeks to retain the reality of control of Indian affairs behind a facade of transfer of power to Indian hands

CABINET MISSION AND THE CONSTITUTION

NO WAY OUT UNLESS CONGRESS RESOLVES SOME OF ITS COMPLEXES

The first impressions of Mahatma Gandhi have invariably been his best. Many people to-day will recall his press interview on the declaration of war in 1939 and regret that Gandhiji's first published reaction influenced the course of our history so little. It is essential that his advice on the eve of the arrival of the Cabinet Mission should not be ignored. He has frankly advised sincere co-operation though as in the past and because of it, he has felt obliged to explain that the path of Satyagraha has not been finally renounced. Assuming the sincerity of the British negotiator is the first step in negotiation. The next is to be sincere and constructive ourselves, which is even more difficult, because we are not prepared sufficiently for it.

Need Of Immediate Advance

Since the Round Table Conferences, the country's time and attention have been engrossed by agitation for independence and discussion of federal structures, and it is a very long time since we arrived at the great deadlock. An immediate advance can be made if political leaders agree that Britain is ready to start an orderly withdrawal from the Government of India. It is hard for our leaders to believe that the British are willing to quit; it is much harder to persuade the common man, who has been taught to distrust Britain and all her works, that the situation is different now. The British Government can help to dissipate feelings of hostility and frustration, if it can, jointly with all the important political parties of the land declare a near enough date on which British control of and responsibility for the Government of India will cease. This involves mutual trust, the Indian leaders trusting the date will be kept and the British trusting that Indians can meanwhile fashion a Government capable of taking over the administration. We cannot look to history to justify such a trust; peaceful political change of such magnitude as we anticipate has nowhere been effected as a logical result of historical evolution. We must base our trust on a hopeful reading of the future and a wise

oblivion of the past. A literal act of faith is needed and the faith is as great and as hazardous as any that sustains more glamorous acts of political heroism. The leaders should overcome their natural reluctance to close an old chapter or to admit that the end of the chapter is not the end of the book.

Assuming a final date for independence is fixed by common consent, the nature of the interim Government and the procedure for shaping the initial Government of independent India have to be settled. An amicable settlement of these two thorny questions is as urgent as it is apparently impossible.

Past Blunders

As far as the interim Government is concerned, it must now be patent that the rejection of the Cripps offer was disastrous for the country. The abandonment by the Congress of executive power and responsibility in the provinces soon after the outbreak of the war, cannot be defended in the light of later events. Perhaps it can also be now allowed that the failure of the Simla talks was not solely due to Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League. It is well to recite these errors because the Congress has to play a decisive part in the next few weeks and it must be aided, if possible, to steer a more promising course. The British have long been blamed; the Muslim League, the Hindu Mahasabha, the Communists, the reactionaries, the revolutionaries, in fact every politician uncertified by the Congress High Command, all have been blamed on sundry occasions. The Press has been always telling us that some one is to blame; it has also made us believe that the Congress alone has managed to be blameless and that it is always right in everything it did or proposes to do. Leaders of the Congress, too, by constantly propagating this doctrine have come to take the attribute of infallibility as a matter of course. What is splendid puissance in the eyes of the faithful may appear intolerable arrogance to the unconverted. Unless we can get the Congress to resolve some of its complexes, we can

never hope to find a way out. In pursuing its mission of rousing mass consciousness, the Congress since 1919 had to over-simplify issues, fight and discredit the Government and anyone who supported Government for any reason, suppress dissent in its own ranks, centralize party authority, exploit personalities, attract to itself all the sentiments and feelings that normally sustain domestic and social life, in short to absorb all serviceable energies and sterilize the rest.

The Blank Cheque To Jinnah

The Congress makes no idle boast when it claims to speak for the country. It has an undeniable monopoly in that business and therefore the responsibility of the Congress for a happy solution of our constitutional difficulties is almost undivided. We would be glad to have an indication that the Congress realises the nature of the impending test, that it has assessed the situation correctly. An interim Government at Delhi composed of elected party politicians commanding the support of the legislature could have been set up any time. What prevents it is not the bureaucracy but the failure of the biggest political party to make a deal with the second biggest party or to call its bluff if it is only bluff. The excessive solicitude of the Congress for the few Muslims in its ranks should not have stood in the way, when otherwise the Congress was willing to accept 'parity' in principle. The Congress cannot afford to pour public contempt on the League when it has offered Mr. Jinnah 95 per cent of Pakistan, when it agreed to parity in the Executive Council, when it has an unbroken record of continuous appeasement. It is quite practicable to ask nationalist Muslims to stand down and give all places of political power to League Muslims, especially in view of the greater sacrifice demanded from the Hindus who for the sake of the nation must be satisfied with a very much lesser share of power than their numbers warrant. So far as its past history can determine its conduct, the Congress is committed to go far and fast in accommodating Muslim demands. Mahatma Gandhi, before he himself got the post-dated cheque, had offered a blank cheque to Mr. Jinnah. The time has come for Mr. Jinnah to fill it and the Congress to honour it. Even the Sapru Committee endorsed parity. Therefore, an Interim Government

can easily be formed with half the Executive Councillors nominated by the League and half by the Congress. Others can be safely left out at present. To hope to by-pass the Congress and the League and establish an interim Government based on the support of provincial legislative leaders is to expect a disintegration of the League and Congress machines which is extremely unlikely. A League-Congress Executive Council may be an ideological come-down, but that is the only conceivable interim Government and it requires the surrender by the Congress of the right to nominate Muslims which it claimed during the Simla talks.

Form Of Government

If this problem is solved, the future form of Government too can be decided amicably. It is foolish and mischievous to start a controversy on the number of constituent assemblies. Perhaps we may not require a constituent assembly at all. The interim Government can frame a Constitution and have it endorsed by a plebiscite. Many responsible Congressmen have advocated a very loose federation, composite cabinets, statutory safeguards, separate electorates, weightage in legislatures, and in administrative posts, and every other concession that would perpetuate a favoured position for Muslims. If Hindus can be made to agree to these large and suicidal concessions, in the hope that Muslims may learn better and not demand all they have been promised, is not that hope sufficient to persuade Hindus to agree to Pakistan as Mr. Jinnah finally defines it? The question really is whether it is essential to have the shadow of unity along with the substance of independence. The fictitious unity imposed on the land by the British may well disappear with their departure. The Congress stands for a linguistic division of the land; the League wants a religious division. It is not impossible to "Balkanise" the country in a way that would suit both. If one reads Mr. Jinnah's statements carefully, he cannot fail to observe that the Muslim leader is more anxious about the sovereign autonomy of the Muslim region than about its exact boundaries. A confederation of small States with a small central Congress of appointed delegates would meet the political needs of small provinces, Native States and Muslim and Sikh regions. Each unit may be allowed to

write its own constitution in any manner it finds suitable. If the excellence of a constitution is measured by the satisfaction it affords to a people, by the opportunities it offers for active political life, then the most excellent constitution for India will be one which reduces the size of the political unit. The Congress with its known tenderness for village communities and its admitted aversion to large-scale economic and political organisation can try constitutional experiments untrammelled by the prejudices of Western political and economic theorists. And, the common man may be happier, certainly he cannot be worse off, in the confederation of small States, than he is now

or can be under any other dispensation. People who talk of vast and well-integrated political units as ideal for defence and for economic progress are the unconscious victims of a militarist chauvinism which cannot take root in India. Nor are methods of mass production possible in a land which has little admiration for capitalist or Communist success in drilling huge hosts for purposes which have no meaning for the common man. If the Congress remains true to its doctrines of non-violence and village self-sufficiency, and the League remains stout in its opposition to the emergence of a Leviathan, India may become really free of the western incubus and its native successors.

DIVORCE NECESSARY FOR WOMEN

By "Hamsa"

I have read with much interest the thought-provoking discussion in *Swatantra* on the subject of 'divorce' among Hindus. Because a thing is old, because a condition of things was suitable and good enough for the old days and was even exalted judged by the standards and ways of living of the ancients, I cannot bring myself to approve of it when it does not fit in with present-day life and environment, and what is worse, it is instrumental in ruining the life of many an individual, mentally, morally, physically and spiritually and ultimately the morale of the community itself.

I have read the article of "K.S." in *Swatantra* and your well-reasoned reply to his arguments against divorce. I do not think "K.S." will change his views—but I feel sure many will and must change their conventional views against divorce and that everyone interested in the well-being of society will help solve this difficult problem in a manner which will be just and fair to the sufferer, the sufferer being the fair-sex, mostly. I say mostly because in the Roman Catholic Christian community divorce is taboo for both men and women alike, unlike in Hindu society where woman alone suffers, man being free to do things as he likes without let or hindrance and is further treated as quite honourable. I would appeal to those who are opposed to divorce to think over the lot of hosts of innocent young girls and women who have been discarded by their husbands for

no reason whatever or for reasons which will not stand examination for a moment and are allowed to spend their lives in misery, humiliation and mental torture. I will relate a few instances taken from actual life and known to me personally.

The first case is that of a girl of about 21—a girl of personal charm and beauty, fair, slim and healthy. She is a girl of culture and education, the daughter of a high-placed gentleman. She was married in her 17th year to a young man, a graduate, and was endowed with a dowry suitable to the rank and status of the two families. After a happy life for just six months, came the mother-in-law and picked holes in the culinary abilities of the girl and found points for such puerile complaints as only mothers-in-law of the proverbial kind are capable of and magnified them to such an extent as to make life in the house intolerable for the young girl. Father-in-law took the side of mother-in-law. The husband felt it his duty to stand by his parents. The girl, for the past five years is in her aged father's house and all the attempts of the girl's father to induce the young man and his parents to take her back have been in vain. The girl is too modest and sensitive to speak of her misery to others, but one sees it in her face. What does "K.S." think she should do, what do you, reader, think we should do, to end such misery?

Another case is of a girl now 21. She is an educated, well-mannered,

religious-minded and thoroughly domesticated person, fair, good-looking and modest. She was married in her 16th year to an educated member of her own community of equal rank and status, a young lawyer. Just because the son-in-law felt he did not receive from the girl's father presents of the quality and quantity he had expected from him for the Deepavali festival, he refused to take her and demanded that certain conditions should be fulfilled by the father-in-law before he would condescend to reconsider the situation. The father-in-law treated the ultimatum with contempt. Result? The girl was not taken back. Her husband married another girl. How will "K.S." solve her problem?

Yet another. The father of a girl, an educationist of spotless character, very popular with students and the public, after a long search for a suitable bridegroom, pitched on a young man, who he thought was a very good match for his daughter. The young man was very pleased with the girl's appearance, manners and address. The marriage was duly performed, with dowry, presents, etc. The girl's father further undertook to defray the expenses of the boy's higher education and duly fulfilled the undertaking. Within a year after her going to live under her husband's roof, the girl had to be taken back by her father following brutal treatment by the young husband and his old mother, the mother-in-law. The girl's father received a telegram from his son-in-law asking him to go at once and take his daughter, who was dangerously ill, to his house. When he went, he found her almost unconscious in a dark room, shivering and trembling, with bruises all over the body and

too weak even to speak. She had been mercilessly kicked and beaten by her husband and mother-in-law. Both of them had got terribly nervous lest the girl should die and they be charged with murder, and hence the telegram. The girl is devoted to her husband whatever wrong he might have done to her and is only too eager to rejoin him. How will "K.S." solve the problem of this girl?

Provision for divorce is the only remedy that will stop this cruel exploitation of woman by man. The ideal is for a man and a woman to think well before choosing one another in marriage and a union once effected must be kept up through thick and thin by both parties to the arrangement in a spirit of love, regard and respect for one another. But when the union is actually broken up by either party, by proved faithlessness, cruelty and debasing treatment and all prospects of a return to the normal have been blasted, then the only sensible, just and fair course to be followed in the interests of both the parties is to separate and leave one another to pursue his or her own independent life freed from all obligation to the old union. That means divorce. It does not mean that a girl or a woman who gets a divorce will re-marry—she may or may not. But she gets her freedom from "living widowhood", from humiliation, from bitterness. Freedom will make her perhaps a valiant woman, enthuse her to serve her God, country and humanity with all her heart, soul and body and in dying leave the world with peace and happiness and a consciousness of her having done her bit for the world in which she was born.

Those who are sexually starved almost inevitably find compensation for frustrated desires in the abuse of authority and the tyrannical exercise of power. They are driven by an urge to feel important, to throw their weight about to make themselves felt. Often they are sadists moved to cruelty by unconscious envy of those whom they believe to be sexually satisfied.—C. E. M. Joad.

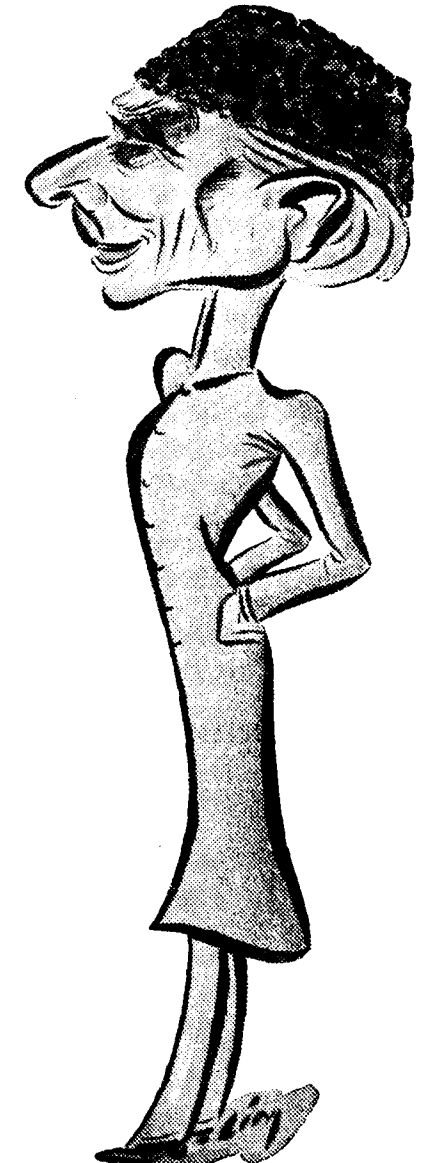
If we take in hand any volume of Divinity, or school metaphysics, let us ask, does it contain any abstract reasoning containing quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.—Prof. Huxley.

INSIDE THE LEAGUE LEGISLATORS' CONVENTION

(From Our Correspondent.)

New Delhi, 13th April: Third week opened with Muslim League Legislators' Convention and Sardar Patel's "not for the Press" conference. Having mobilised nearly 450 representatives of the Muslims, Mr. Jinnah and other League leaders proceeded to abuse the Congress and Hindus, appealed to the British not to yield to them and solemnly asserted through a resolution and a written pledge that if an interim Government is set up by ignoring the League or against its wishes, the Muslims of India will fight to the last ditch and see that such a government will not last for 48 hours. Suhrawardy and other League leaders were repeatedly cheered when they abused the Congress and the Hindus. I was reminded of the last A.I.C.C. meeting at Bombay when powerful anti-Jinnah anti-League utterances by Sardar Patel and Pandit Nehru were cheered by Congress followers. The whole purpose of the Convention was to demonstrate the unanimity of Muslim opinion behind the League, to publicly lay down conditions for League participation in interim government and last, though not least, to give proof of Muslim readiness to fight. The average age of the Legislators was about 45 and the majority of them were drawn from the trading and professional classes, not to speak of a number of Nawabs.

Inside the Subjects Committee, however, Mr. Jinnah was faced with unmistakable proof of the way things are developing and will develop inside his Muslim nation. I learn that the resolution drafted by the Working Committee laying down Pakistan as "a Sovereign State" was sought to be amended by Abul Hashim. He insisted that this was incorrect and that the Lahore resolution envisaged at least two sovereign States, mainly North-West and North-East. Mr. Jinnah declared in anger that Abul Hashim was wrong, but when reference was made to the Lahore re-



M. A. Jinnah.

solution, it was found that not Abul Hashim but Mr. Jinnah was wrong. Mr. Jinnah, thereupon, probably said that it was a mistake in the Lahore resolution and he would change it immediately. Abul Hashim

not so gently reminded him that only an annual session of the League could change any part of that resolution. Later, I learn that Mr. Jinnah appealed to Abul Hashim to temporarily put aside such controversies and said, "You are here to strengthen my hands, not to weaken the League case." In view of the Congress barrage and Cabinet Mission's presence, Abul Hashim is supposed to have said, "I shall yield temporarily on a point of discipline, but Bengal will not be satisfied with this attitude. In fact I reliably learn that in the camp of the Bengal delegates there was very outspoken criticism of Mr. Jinnah's dictatorial attitude. This incident by no means indicates an anti-Jinnah revolt or a split inside the League. All that it shows is that like the Congress leaders, Mr. Jinnah is completely blind to the multi-national character of the Indian problem. He in common with the Congress leaders regards the claim to sovereignty by constituent units as a blow to unity.

The same day Mr. G. D. Birla invited Pressmen to meet Sardar Patel at his palatial residence on Albuquerque Road. The strong man

of the Congress, Sardar Patel, at the very outset disappointed us by saying that nothing that he said was for publication, but he would answer any question put to him. I am not at liberty to report anything he said; but it was clear enough that the whole purpose of the "not for the Press" conference of Pressmen was to lay down the official Congress line which the Congress papers should toe. It was the most uncompromising attitude in respect of the League and an amazing faith in British sincerity. Like the League leader Sardar Patel wanted that in order to strike a good bargain you must look severely unyielding in the first terms you offer. Mr. Jinnah, too, in the Subjects Committee, behaved in a similar manner. When an amendment was sought to be moved that the predominantly Hindu area of Ambala and Assam should not be included in the Pakistan demand, Mr. Jinnah shut them up by saying, "You are bad politicians. You will never make good businessmen." Instead of taking a just, equitable and clear stand, our leaders seem to think that the way to get a good bargain is to make thoroughly bad and unjust demands.

AUTHOR AND TRANSLATOR ARE TWO DISTINCT PROFESSIONS

(By A British Officer)

These remarks are addressed in particular to authors, dramatists, and other Indian writers in the English language. In no country in the world do men of letters aspire to literary skill in a foreign language as in India. Some writers consider it beneath their dignity to write in their own language. They prefer to write badly in English, rather than write well in their mother-tongue. But outside of India the author and the translator are two distinct professions. The former's writings reflect the influence of generations of novelists, dramatists, poets and others who together make up the culture of a nation. His literature has been enriched by a Bharathi and a Tagore, a Shakespeare, a Tolstoy, and a Goethe. He is born and bred in an environment which conditions his political outlook, his style and his language.

But the translator's work is entirely different. He is a specialist who projects himself into the culture of an alien language. Steeping himself in its age-old traditions, he must weave a work of art, he must copy faithfully the pattern from the loom of his adopted language on to the loom of his own language. His skill is judged solely by his ability to portray the feelings and associations, the richness or simplicity of the writer's style.

Let me give an example. Supposing the authorised version of the Bible, which is one of the finest examples of English literature, and the works of Tennyson, are to be translated into Tamil, for the Bible, the translator must choose a simple and direct style of writing to obtain the right atmosphere, whereas a translation of Tennyson must be rich and sparkling, overflowing with colorful adjectives.

How rarely nature endows a man with these two gifts is shown by the few names of famous bi-

lingual writers one can remember. Tagore's is the only name I can immediately call to mind.

Most famous translations of foreign classics into English have naturally been executed by Englishmen, and the translations of such authors as Leo Tolstoy and Dostoevsky are rightly prized as fine examples of English literature. Does it mean that there are no Englishmen with the necessary knowledge of the Indian languages capable of making satisfactory translations? It will require someone better acquainted with Indian literature circles to answer this question, but if the answer is no, then it indicates a serious deficiency.

It is a common criticism of your Beverly Nicholsons and other birds of passage that India is producing little or no literature of lasting value. While in no way accepting this statement, I will say that the failure to make use of the services of a capable translator adversely affects Indian literary output in two ways. Firstly, it results in inferior English works being produced, as some Indian authors write execrable English. Secondly the capable author wastes years of potential creative work vainly attempting to perfect his knowledge of English.

By all means let the author devote sufficient time to his English studies to be able to converse freely, and to read intelligently any English works. But such knowledge does not necessarily equip him to write English which will be an inspiration to his readers, or have any literary value.

Journalists and editors writing for English newspapers and periodicals are in a different class. Their work necessitates a first class knowledge of the language, and they must be as fluent in English as in their mother-tongue.



George Merrol, American Commissioner and Sarojini Naidu leaving Harijan Colony after seeing Mahatma Gandhi.

India is at present on the front page of world affairs. In all countries people are anxious to learn of Indian history, and the social and cultural background to the present historic deliberations.

Now is the time to recognise the important position of the translator. Not only must there be new and ca-

pable translations of modern Indian novels, but also translations of Bharathi, Iqbal and the classics, which are at present unknown or hardly known to the English-speaking world.

In this way the English language will be enriched by India's great contribution to world literature.

THE SANYASIS SACRIFICE

By C. R. Ramaswami

Tiruchengodu is a small village town seven miles from Sankaridrug on the Madras-Mettupalayam rail route. You can go to Tiruchengodu from Sankaridrug station by bus or jutka.

The scene of our story is a hill situated on a side of the town. A flight of regular steps leads to the Ardhanariswari temple three or four hundred feet above the ground. It is the chief God in the hill. To the right of the temple two-hundred feet higher, a rock rises perpendicularly six-hundred feet above the ground and is reached from the main temple by climbing irregular steps and inclined surfaces. On the top of the rock is a small image of Siva's son, Vigneswara, called Uchi Pillayar by the people. Superstition credited it with the power of bestowing motherhood on those who went round the small rock on which the shrine was built—a perilous task considering the little amount of space available on the narrow edge round the platform and the absence of wall or fence by which you may save yourself from falling to a depth of six-hundred feet if your foot slipped. In spite of this, young girls, even girls carrying, went round the platform. Not a month passed without report of someone or other having fallen from the rock and having been dashed to death on the ground below, reaching the ears of the people in the town and the villages round about.

The villagers were unmoved. Life had ceased to have value for them after centuries of war, famine and pestilence, but the Sanyasi who had renounced the world, but who

still profited by the blind devotion of the people who placed fruits and milk and curd before him could not get rid of the few invisible bonds of affection that bound him to the hearts of the people round him. He thought: "I shall die soon. The pain in my stomach and my failing appetite tell me that I am developing cancer. It will finish me in about a year. India never lacked great and brilliant philosophers who could interpret the wonderful truths of the Upanishads to the world. But it lacked men who were ready to relieve the material, mental and moral sufferings of the people round about them by teaching them letters, knowledge of hygiene, co-operation, sense of independence and courage to fight against fate.

"The Almighty God does not need my worship. But these poor people have to be awakened from their superstition."

Next day they found the Sanyasi missing. Later his broken body was found on the ground six hundred feet below. There was a letter in his right hand.

It requested the temple authorities, with all the authority a Sanyasi could command, that they should erect a wire-fencing round the perilous shrine of the Uchi Pillayar if they wanted his soul to rest in peace. His last wish was gratified. You can see half a dozen iron posts with wires going through them and ladies going round the platform with confidence and gaiety. I hope the God Ganesh did not value their *pradakshina* less than before because it was safer.

THE TWELVE POINTS: A REPLY TO "APEX"

APEX asked questions on the communal problem. My treatment of the problem is, I admit, from an angle which is unfamiliar, but I believe it may be helpful. Our elders and betters in the various parties from Maulana Azad to Master Tara Singh are not yet tired of repeating themselves and they walk round the problem strewn with flowers of speech on the way. Peaceful settlement will soon be past praying for; yet a little plain-speaking will not hasten catastrophe.

1. A Hindu is not a Muslim, nor a Muslim a Hindu whatever he or his ancestors had been and the circumstances of his change of faith. If a political conglomerate or mass calls itself a "nation", it is futile to quarrel over the word. If the administrative unity and common subjection imposed on Indians can make them all one 'nation', groups within the country who seek autonomy for themselves and even domination over other groups have a better title to the appellation. It cannot be denied that Hindus and Muslims are different. That they should feel a sense of unity is an aspiration of the same order that would unite Britain and the United States or the whole of mankind into a human brotherhood.

2. Genuine coalescence has never occurred in history; one group within a State dominates and in time absorbs another or fails to do so. The pretense of voluntary amalgamation is a face-saving device. The alternative is for the groups to maintain themselves separately and fight or befriend each other as occasion serves.

3. It has become too common to attribute Hindu-Muslim antagonism to the economic superiority of one or other group in this or that part of India. It is equally common to attribute it to the mischievous job-hunter. These explanations are unsatisfactory because they explain too much; economic causes can be found for every political and social disease and personal ambition after all prompts every human activity. Communal hatred, like many other things, often gets beyond the control of those who consciously or unconsciously engineer it; still it is an inevitable political consequence of our history which no

one can now rewrite. The Government which takes the line of least resistance, the selfish politician who wants to get power quickly, the patriot panting for immediate independence, the merchants and the professional men who wish to down their rivals, all contribute to and draw upon the resources of communal suspicion and bitterness. Moneylenders, landlords, cultivators and labourers are not as such prone to communalism, and a real sense of oppression is rarely sharpened by the oppressor professing a different religion.

4. A radical change in the economic order can at best substitute communal conflict by class war; a less radical change will merely extend communalism to other planes. And in any case economic change is impossible before the political issue is settled.

5. Even if the Hindus and Muslims may not for ever continue divided as they are at present and even if one group alone demands separation it is best to separate and be ready to welcome as many separate sovereign States as can continue to emerge. India is not and has never been one and indivisible, which is not to say that it is wrong or undesirable to strive for a puissant and united Indian State when the British have left and we have the time and opportunity to make an Indian nation.

6. When two or more separate States are formed there will be guarantees and safeguards written into treaties and constitutions, but the minority in each State will have to seek its salvation in its own way till co-religionists from across the frontier intervene. Being a "normal citizen", it should be remembered, is often worse than being a "tolerated foreigner."

7. Hindus in Pakistan will certainly have the dubious blessing of a separate electorate unless they definitely petition against it.

8. The smaller the minority, the more readily is it assimilated or rendered politically harmless. Hindus in Pakistan and Muslims in Hindustan had better be few and get fewer.

9. The new boundaries should be drawn with an eye to keeping down the number of the minority. Exchange of population is a first class remedy

but prevailing democratic humanitarianism will not abide the extreme though temporary cruelty it involves.

10. Pakistan will be meaningless if predominantly Muslim provinces can stay out of it and non-Muslim islands within Muslim provinces can contract out of it. Boundary-making has, after the first world war, become an established science and once the principle of Pakistan is admitted there is no insurmountable difficulty in determining its shape.

11. Whether Muslims, Sikhs or Hindus anywhere are made to submit to a dispensation they dislike will depend upon factors which cannot be compared over a common ethical denominator.

12. The religion of the ruler, i.e., the Government, will determine the religion of the State. It is for the people to achieve the right to determine their Government and, if they succeed, the religion of the Government would be the religion of the majority of the people. To appeal over the heads of the Princes to the State's peoples is about as businesslike as appealing from Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League to the conscience of Islam, from Mr. Amery to the good sense of Britain, from the U.N.O. to the bar of humanity. Practical politics is the art of making as profitable a deal as possible with one's opposite number. Endless examination of the other fellow's credentials is a waste of time.

"B".

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT: SOLUTION MUST BE ECONOMIC

By T. C. Sankaralingam

Anent the letter by Anax in *Swatantra* on "The Twelve Points", let me deal with them in a general way.

India is a geographical unity and it is good to preserve that unity for the general economic good of the people as a whole. But the people who are inhabiting the country unfortunately are as much different from one another in race, language and customs and ways of life as the people of the nations of Europe. The task of the Indian politicians to-day therefore is to reconcile these irreconcilables. Of these, the two broad and most important divisions are the Hindus and Muslims who are certainly different from each other in race, religion, culture, language, customs, manners and tradition, which do entitle them to separate nationhood. The weak point in the Muslim case for nationhood is that they are not, all of them, confined to any particular portion of India. They are spread all over the country. Barring that they must be said to possess all the qualities of nationality according to the definition of nationality by the world's greatest political thinkers like Locke, Hobbes and Rousseau. I do not agree with the contention of *Swatantra* that the "present day Muslims are to a very considerable extent sprung from

Hindu ancestors and hence no duality of nationhood can be predicated of people tracing their origin to a common stock." The fact that a large number of them are descended from Hindu ancestors does not make them Hindus now and they are for all practical purposes to-day, Muslims, and I think we are concerned only with what they are now and not what their ancestors were in some by-gone days of history.

The whole problem between Hindus and Muslims is economic, and not religious as many seem to believe, and as some foreign writers are deluded into thinking. It is a mistake to say that Mr. Jinnah demands separation on the basis of difference in religion. The truth is that Mr. Jinnah and the Muslim League appeal to that in the Muslims which is most appealable to them, viz., religion, only for the purpose of drawing them to their organisation. Beyond that the religious colouring has no purpose. Does not the Muslim cry, heard often in the legislatures and elsewhere, that they do not get a proper share in appointments and services, denote that their demand for separation is based on economic consideration?

If it is only a question of religion then it is no problem at all. Do not people professing different religions

live amicably in other countries? Do not the people of England, Protestants, Catholics and Anglicans unite together for a common purpose? It is identity of economic interests alone that will bring about unity among a people and infuse in them a sense of sacrifice when those interests are sought to be jeopardized by an outsider. No amount of platform orations will bring about unity and never is there one instance of unity achieved by a people through public speeches. Does anybody preach unity in England? It comes automatically as the night follows day because the basic requisites are there, because the interests of the people are one and the same. And that is possible only in a society where there is free interplay of social and marital relations. The days when religion divided people are gone and now among civilised men it is only the material values of life that count. Hence from the historic point of view it is obvious that the demand for Pakistan also has as its basis in the contents of Marx's theory of "Materialistic Interpretation of History" and no sweet words like "sons of the soil" and "brothers in Islam" can conceal this fact.

If Pakistan is agreed to, Muslims in Hindustan and Hindus in Pakistan must be treated as specially favoured minorities because it is they who do the real sacrifice to make the scheme feasible and to enable their countrymen to live in peace. And hence as a compensation they have every right to claim special treatment at the hands of the Government under whom they have consented to remain. If they are to be treated as specially

favoured minorities then there is no need for separate electorates to ensure their rights. It is not desirable to reduce the number of Hindus in Pakistan and Muslims in Hindustan forcibly. But voluntary migration must be allowed after the people are given to understand that they are doing so at their own risk. Certainly Pakistan should contain areas needed to sustain it economically. Hindus in Bengal and Sikhs in the Punjab will have to make some sacrifice if they want this problem which is agitating the minds of 400 millions of people to be solved once for all and they must be adequately compensated for their sacrifice. As regards the rulers of the States, as education spreads and the forces of democracy advance, people will have no difficulty in choosing their rulers and the rulers themselves will come to terms with the people.

This problem of Pakistan will never be solved by pure economic theories or by percentages and averages. It can only be solved by goodwill and tolerance and above all by a certain amount of sacrifice by one side or the other having in mind only the common good of both Hindus and Muslims. The only motive that should guide the people in solving this problem is to raise the standard of living of the common man, to promote the maximum happiness of the greatest number, to enable all to see life in all its glories—in short, to see that India's millions, whether Hindus or Muslims, get good food, leisure, health, houses, and that none of them walks barefooted.

An "eye" that can penetrate 15 miles of darkness was invented by a group of chemical researchers under Dr. Donald H. Andrews at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, Maryland. Developed too late to be of use during the war, the "super-conducting bolometer" distinguishes itself by showing, with the help of infra-red waves and a scanning device such as cathode ray oscilloscope, the actual outlines of the object viewed. Previous devices using infra-red rays only registered the presence of an object on needle instruments.

Peace-time use of the bolometer is said to range from fire warning to iceberg detection and cancer research.

HAZARE: India's Foremost Cricket Puritan

An over-wise saw holds that the world is a tragedy to him who feels, and a comedy to him who thinks. On this count, an innings by Vijay Hazare is one long, painful process of feeling, from which all traces of thought are rigorously excluded. Wealth of runs does not obviate poverty of spirit, and nothing will persuade the intelligent spectator that this Baroda batsman will ever set the Narbada on fire, however heavily he may score. Mr. Neville Cardus has infallibly divided batsmen into artists and artisans, and nothing can hide the fact that Hazare is a prominent, honest, and dutiful labourer, but only an artisan in the vineyards of cricket.

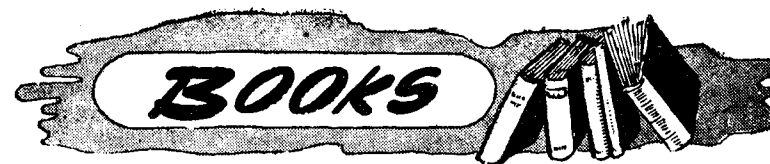
For the fact is that Hazare holds with Malvolio that because you are virtuous there will be no cakes and ale. He is not content to be upright in the ordinary worldly way; he insists upon an exaggerated self-righteousness that alienates him from those who have the spirit of the matter in him. He is India's foremost puritan; there is no life, no laughter in his innings. It is a drab and colourless mentality which he displays, for cricket, like murder, will out.

That he is among the most proficient of the practitioners of the science, it is foolish to deny. Though like Ulysses in his old age, he has not strength "which in old days moved earth and heaven", the slaughter which he inflicted on the bowlers of India two or three seasons ago will act as a pertinent reminder. Horace Walpole said that in the early days of the eighteenth century, it rained victories for Britain. Such profusion was the fortunate portion of Hazare, who vied with Merchant who should score the larger number of double centuries. The world duly applauded these performances, but it failed to take account of the soul-destroying methods which he invariably adopted. Ungenerous doubts

have since been expressed whether he could be so prolific on grounds other than those which cricket administrators in West Zone have, in their wise dispensation, ordained should give no quarter to the bowler. But these sneers are not to be encouraged. Though the cardinal fact in Hazare is that he has a dry-as-dust soul, it is undeniable that he is not unacquainted with the elements of his craft. It is unfortunate that he should set about it, not in the spirit of a poet composing a madrigal, but in that of a physiologist cutting up dead bodies.

It is in no spirit of self-gratulation that the present writer, who has for a long time been a member of cricket audiences in Madras, says that they are the most well-mannered and even reverent of crowds in India. When in a moment of high spirits at the sight of their country methodically getting the upper hand of Australia last year, many members of this audience entreated Hazare, who was fielding at long-on, to "smile", this player's response was characteristic. There are two courses open to an individual in this predicament. He can comply with the good-natured request; this would seem to be the best policy. On the other hand, if he cannot feel himself impelled to risibility at this peremptory demand, he can avert his face and address himself to his task. But Hazare chose to do neither; he glowered at the stands so ferociously that they fell into an uneasy silence, which however later gave place to contemptuous laughter.

He has now been given the opportunity to demonstrate that he can bat also on grounds which give some encouragement to the bowler. There are times when what is wanted is not so much artistry as just runs. It is unlikely that Hazare will fail in England or Australia.—N.S.R.



For the Final Bid for Power : By P. C. Joshi. (People's Publishing House, Bombay. Re. 1-4).

The leader of the Indian Communists presents in this book the programme of his Party for the immediate realisation of freedom for the country and justice for each section of the people. It is at the same time an important contribution towards an understanding and solution of the Hindu-Muslim problem.

Explaining why "at a moment when our powerful freedom movement stands at the threshold of the opportunity to make the final bid for power, we find it sharply divided into two hostile camps," Mr. Joshi makes a succinct survey of the history of Congress-League relations. British popular representation is "on the vicious principle of restricted franchise based on property and education." Hence joint electorates, though they are truly democratic, failed to give adequate representation to the Muslims who were far behind the Hindus in economic and educational advance. Since no united demand was made for joint electorates with adult franchise and proportional representation, the British rulers gave us separate electorates, which only perpetuated and intensified communal division. Mr. Joshi then describes the temporary unity between the two Parties after the Lucknow Pact and during the Khilafat agitation, and how it broke down during the Nehru Committee's proceedings. The Congress and the Hindus insisted on a unitary constitution with a strong Centre, whereas the Muslims demanded a federal union with fullest autonomy and residuary powers for the provinces. The British Premier was asked to arbitrate and the result was the Communal Award of 1932 which satisfied neither Hindus nor Muslims but kept decisive power in European hands—this is seen most clearly in the case of Bengal. After Pakistan resolution of 1940 passed by the Muslim League, the situation has steadily worsened. Both the Congress and the League have been turning their faces away from each other, and looking towards the British for a unilateral settlement. Characterising

this attitude as a continuation of constitutionalist illusion, Mr. Joshi sounds the warning that it will only result in continued British domination.

Holding that the League's demand for the existing six provinces is as unjust as the refusal of the Congress to apply the principle of self-determination to the nationalities inhabiting the country, the Communist Party suggests that real and complete sovereignty should be given to the seventeen distinct national units in the country (like Pathanland, Bengal, Andhra, Tamilnad, Kerala, etc.) "These seventeen peoples are much more than cultural units," says Mr. Joshi. "They are growing nations. They consist of our peoples as they were till the British came and conquered and disrupted them." The present artificial and fantastic division of these peoples in the different British provinces and Indian States will have to be scrapped, and they should be reconstituted into their natural homelands. These units will elect their constituent assemblies by universal adult franchise, and delegates from these will voluntarily join together to form an Indian Union. Each national assembly will enjoy the "unfettered right to formulate and decide its relations within an independent India on the basis of complete equality." This solution, says Mr. Joshi, would be democratic, non-communal, and would satisfy the Muslim urge for free development and at the same time create conditions for voluntary association. The entire problem is presented in an easy, understandable manner and the book offers an excellent background for following the controversies raging at present in Delhi. It is written with vigour.

Tales of Four Friends. By Prathama Chaudhuri. (Viswa-Bharati Bookshop, Calcutta. Re. 1-8.)

Presented in the form of a conversation between four friends, these tales present an enquiry, from different points of view, into the nature of love between man and woman. The book opens on the familiar key of club-room stories. Sen, Suresh, Somnath and Roy are detained at night in their Calcutta

club by the driving rain and wind of a storm. In the weird atmosphere created by the weather, each begins to relate the story of his most significant experience of love.

As a young bachelor, Sen was oppressed with a vague yearning after an ideal and imaginary heroine. One bright moonlight night he finds the incarnation of his vision in the form of a young and beautiful English girl. He is overjoyed at the tenderness which she evinces for him, but within a few minutes their intimate companionship is rudely broken up. The poor girl was mad and had escaped from a lunatic asylum; the warders who were searching the place soon dragged her away forcibly. Sitiesh's disillusionment was similar. Once in London he had lazily stepped into a bookshop and was joined soon after by a lady with smiling eyes in whom he recognised his ideal of the eternal feminine. She turned out to be a common cheat, and relieved him of some money for all his adoration. Somnath's intermittent intimacy with 'Rini' lasts for a few months, only to end in his getting jilted. Roy was loved truly, by an English servant girl who worked in his apartments at London but the social barriers between them prevented him from knowing her feelings. She became a nurse and was killed ten years later in the war; she tells Roy of her love over the telephone, speaking from the world of the dead!

The lives of the characters in this book do not have their roots in any soil native to themselves. Most of the incidents in the lives of these Bengali youths take place in London or in the English country-side. Inevitably the conversations are essentially intellectualized, and deal largely with concepts. The element of the improbable, especially in the case of the nurse's tale spoken from 'the other world', is another reason for the general air of unreality which pervades the stories. Nevertheless, they successfully portray the character of love as "both a mystery and a joke". Indira Devi Chaudhurani has translated the stories into chaste and easy-flowing English, rendering states of intense mental consciousness and emotion into fluent des-

cription. The language stands at a consistently high literary and artistic level.

And All That. By K. Iswara Dutt. (Kitab Kutir, Allahabad. Re. 1-8.)

This collection of charming essays provides a needful and refreshing humorous reliefs to a reading public fatigued in mind by life's many and complex problems. The subject-matter of the dozen sketches comprising the volume is varied. Mr. Dutt begins with a description of the 'pleasures of unemployment' which would tempt the employed to throw up their jobs, though it might not allay the pressing anxieties of the unemployed. He then takes up a subject treated by all essayists from the time of Bacon—the problem of marriage and parenthood: "The parental journey is a funny affair; some make a reckless start, some a belated beginning, and in several instances there is no question of progress at all." Among the smaller matters of daily life, a clean-shaven chin has become an essential part of modern man's 'make-up'. The discovery that the safety razor has all the attributes of the adjective but few of the qualities of the noun, leads to the philosophical conclusion of God's avowed partiality for the rival sex. The South Indian "tuft of hair" is an outrage to aesthetic sense and rouses the author into an impassioned demand for its abolition, since the respect due to us from other nations is not a little impaired by "the prevalence of this oscillating symbol of Hindu conservatism." "In praise of Lady Nicotine" is a plea to the puritans to recognize that "like truth, tobacco has triumphed at last and that like the sun it is universal in its blessings to humanity." There are also accounts of the Karachi and Tripuri Congress sessions, bearing witness to a mind quick to perceive the lighter, paradoxical aspects of our national institution.

The style of all the essays is lively and vigorous. The "imperishable Alpha-Lynd tradition" is the declared ideal of Mr. Dutt; these light sketches show that he himself is no mean exponent of it.

A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which Humanity is always landing. And when Humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realisation of the Utopias.—Oscar Wilde.

LETTERS

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

Tradition

My note on Tradition, to which Mr. Choudhuri makes a rejoinder, had nothing to do with "the place of tradition in art," but with his declaration that tradition is history. I showed this to be a fallacy. Had I set out to make an exposition of the relationship of art and tradition, my approach would have been in the opposite direction: It would not have been on "the place of tradition in art," but on "the place of art in tradition," that is, the relationship of forms and appearances to the continuous creative impulse that initiates and sustains them. It would not have sought to show how it's (tradition's) "preservation could be effectively pursued in (the) present-day cultural movement," as Mr. Choudhuri phrases it; but, on the contrary, would have tried to show how cultural movements may be preserved from the freakness of irresponsibility and self-conceit (euphemistically called individual freedom) by the antiseptic of tradition. Art does not preserve tradition: tradition preserves art. Some day, when the heat is less debilitating, I may tackle this big theme—though, on second thoughts and remembering etymology, I may think twice or even thrice before doing so. Tradition, in verbal tradition, is "the handing down of opinions or practices to posterity unwritten." The tradition of tradition would appear to be as indescribable in words as life. So I shall leave it at that; with the dialectical postscript that there is no such thing, even round about Egmore, as "freedom of expression," in art or anything else. To escape from "beaten tracks" is not to find freedom: it is merely a transfer to or addition of other beaten tracks.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

"Cheyyar Rioting"

While agreeing with the views expressed by Mr. M. S. R. Chari, under the above heading in your esteemed weekly of 23rd March, I wish to point

out that it would be good if a constructive suggestion was given instead of merely criticising the action of the Government.

These are days when every one is bent on earning, as they can make hay only when the Sun shines. Businessmen and producers, big and small, have fattened themselves under the aegis of the War. It is only the poor, daily and monthly paid wage-earner that has been hit hard. His war allowance of about 30 or even 50 per cent of his pay cannot make both ends meet when compared to the 300 to 500 per cent increase in the cost of the essential commodities. A servant whom you could get for Rs. 10/- to 12/- per month in pre-war days demands not less than Rs. 35/-. This is because all and sundry were organised and absorbed into the military and the A.R.P. with good pay, free clothing and food facilities. When such is the state of affairs there is no use blaming anyone for the inferior quality of rice. We have to put up with what we get, taking into account the case of some of those in much worse localities where they could not get any rice at all!

Quality can be improved if the Government arranged the supply through co-operative societies where there are such societies, and at other places through other village organisations giving those organisations the necessary aid. The Government can secure a supply better in quality than that of individual contractors. It is also a point for consideration that only the surplus is exported from a village leaving enough for local consumption.

T. K. S. RAGHAVAN.

Congress-League Conflict

Apropos of the twelve points raised by "APEX", the recent elections have demonstrated that the question no longer is whether Hindus and Muslims are two different and distinct nations or nationalities. The question really is

whether or not the conflicting claims of the Congress on the one hand and of the Muslim League on the other can be reconciled without substantial sacrifice to the essential demands of either party. Given the will to succeed and goodwill on both sides there is no reason why a multi-national State committed to the economic emancipation of the masses should not materialise.

In our zeal to preserve the administrative unity of India we are apt to overlook the potential danger that an unwilling or dissatisfied partner may constitute in times of national crises. In the light of this, should the division of India into *Hindustan* and *Pakistan* be insisted upon, the situation must be squarely faced: the redistribution of the provinces on cultural and linguistic basis should precede a general plebiscite to ascertain the will of each unit either to remain in the Indian Union or break away from it. No wholesale exchange of population, apart from encouragement to voluntary emigration, need be attempted. After this it will be rather too much to expect any privileged status for either the Muslims in *Hindustan* or the Hindus in *Pakistan*.

In the Free India of to-morrow the ruling heads of Indian States either survive as constitutional monarchs or not at all. With the development of a rational outlook the religious persuasion of a constitutional monarch, though different from that of the majority of his subjects, is not likely to create any special difficulties.

C. A. PADMANABHAN.

The Punjab Coalition

I read with interest and surprise your article under the caption "A Puppet Premier" appearing in *Swatantra* of 16th March and the letter of Sri D. Narayanan of Bangalore. Your criticism on the formation of a Coalition Ministry in the Punjab was unsympathetic. The coalition between the Congress, the Akalis and the Unionists was thrust on the people of the Punjab by the intransigent, unreasonable and undemocratic attitude adopted by the Muslim League which is the largest single party in the Assembly. When you describe Malik Khizar Hyat Khan as "a puppet Premier" you are very unfair both to Khizar Hyat Khan and to the three parties which coalesced to form the Ministry. Though the Unionist Party was routed in the elections, Malik Khizar Hyat Khan himself has been returned by three

Muslim constituencies and as such he is as much a representative of the people of the province as any other member of the House under the present electoral arrangement and so he has as much right to become the Premier of the province as any other member of the Assembly, provided he commands the confidence of the majority of the members. Further he has not become the Premier of the province in the capacity of the leader of the Unionist Party which was routed in the elections but in the capacity of the leader of the Coalition Party whose members constitute an absolute majority in the House. No canon of constitutional propriety can impose restriction on the free choice of a leader by the members of a party—in this case, the Coalition.

It has become quite clear that it was only the Muslim League Party, especially the League President, that was responsible for the situation in the Punjab. If the Muslim League Party is prepared to enter into a coalition with the Congress Party, it has no right to dictate to the Congress Party as to the individuals that would be nominated to the Cabinet on behalf of that party. It was exactly this right to dictate that the Muslim League claimed. The persistent but pernicious claim of the League has always been that no non-League Muslim can ever be the representative, not merely of the Muslims but of anybody and such a Muslim is a Quisling. Mr. Jinnah made this very clear when he said: "The Muslim League had adopted the only course open to it and refused to have a Congressite Muslim nominee because, firstly, he would have played the role of a Quisling and we want to do away with Quislings". If the Congress President surrendered to this demand he would have repudiated not only himself but also the fundamental basis and character of the great organisation which he represents with such great distinction and would have also repudiated the whole band of valiant and gallant Muslims who suffered and sacrificed so much for the cause of Indian Nationalism, undeterred by the cruel persecution and frantic fanaticism of their co-religionists. In such circumstances the Congress President adopted the only course open to any self-respecting individual or organisation. Maulana Azad went to the farthest limit—he accepted the formula submitted by the leaders of the League Assembly Party even without altering a single comma—to concede all their reasonable demands. So long as the League Party

did not reject the Congress offer, he did not make any commitment to the Unionists or Akali parties. Maulana Azad himself admitted that "the best solution would have been one in which the Muslim League would have joined in the responsibility of office". But when the Muslim League Party failed in its negotiations with the Akali Party, refused to approach the Unionist Party unless its leader unconditionally and absolutely surrendered to the League and imposed impossible conditions on the Congress Party, the only way open to the Congress President was to advise a coalition between the said three parties. Otherwise, Section 93 would have been the only alternative. Your criticism of the Congress President betrays a lack of proper understanding of the constitutional position and a full appreciation of the unique significance of to-day's political atmosphere and climate. The present Punjab Ministry cannot also be impeached on the ground that it is headed by the leader of a so-called reactionary party, for once the Coalition was formed, the constituent parties got merged into the Coalition on the basis of a common agreed programme, and in this particular case Maulana Azad has publicly stated that he had told Malik Khizar Hyat Khan "that the way in which things have been going on in the Punjab for the last eight years must come to an end. He (Malik Khizar Hyat Khan) should now work for a new world—the Congress world." Subsequent events have illustrated and justified the truth of this. Instead of condemning the Congress President for his alleged violation of democracy and constitutional propriety, we must congratulate him on his political sanity and sagacity and his genuine zeal for communal harmony for which he is so admirably striving with such noble courage and statesmanship. Sir C. R. Reddi said recently: "I have come to regard Maulana Azad as one of the greatest leaders that India has ever produced. The sobriety and strength of his statements contrast most impressively with the high flown language and sentiments of other leaders."

MIMI.

Democratise Factory Management

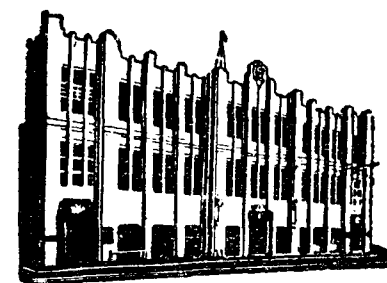
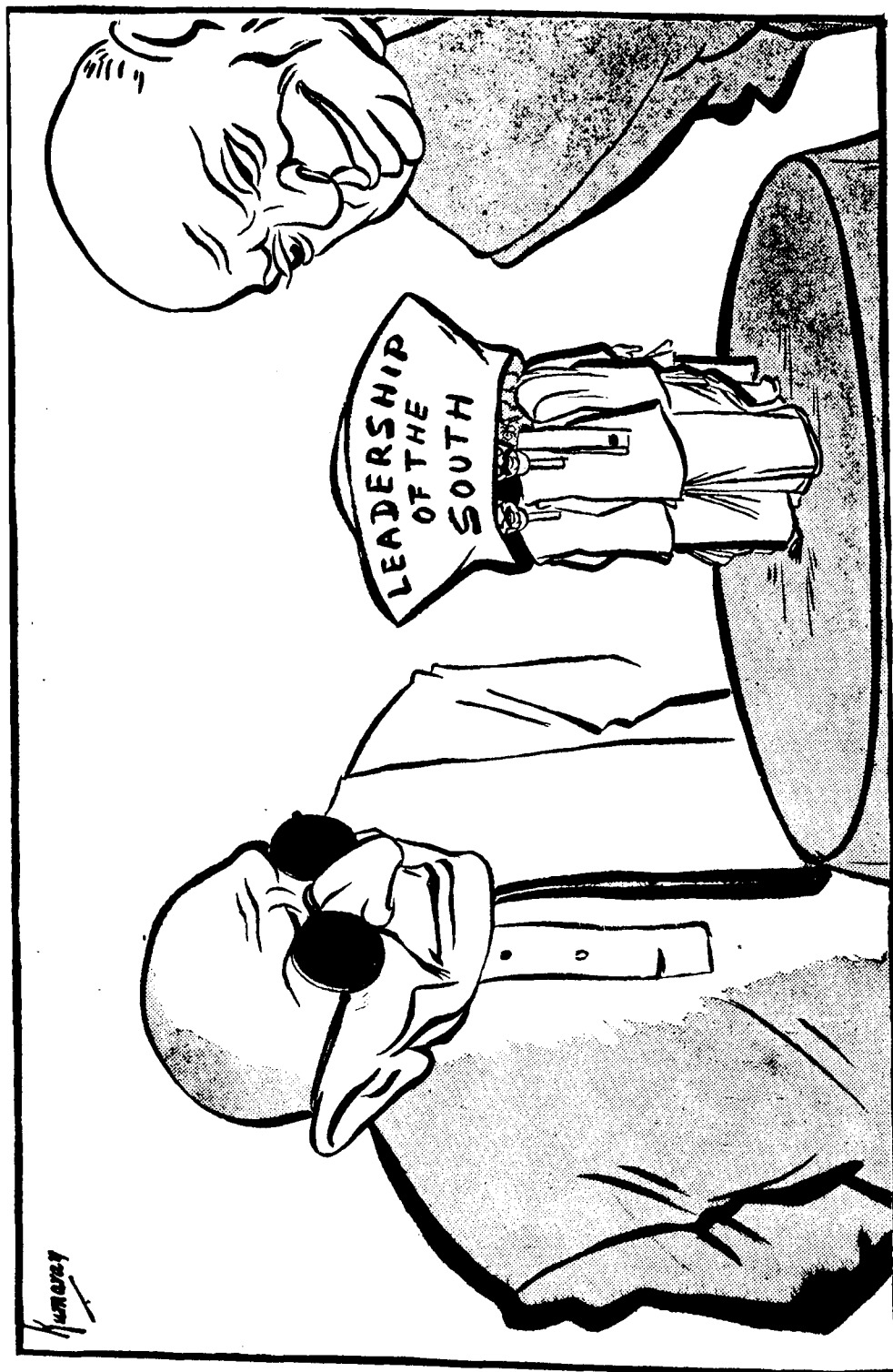
Of late clashes between employers and employees are becoming more frequent. Indian Labour is now in no mood to continue the status quo. The

workers are becoming more and more conscious of their rights, and the dissatisfaction with the existing state of affairs is so much that at the slightest provocation they are resorting to strikes and hartals. Needless to say these strikes and hartals impair production and industrial efficiency. The only way to arrest this rising wave of strikes is to democratise industrial management.

Co-operation between employers and employees has always been essential for full efficiency. It will be all the more so if a state of substantially full employment is achieved. It is the fear of being "sacked" that is now helpful to the employers in maintaining discipline and enforcing their will on the employees. In a state of substantially full employment employers will not have this as a weapon as they will not be able to drive the workers as an inanimate machine. The workers will have to be treated with a human spirit.

In India we are now at the outset of a new era when industrial relationships should be bettered both from the interests of the worker as well as the employer. Good material working conditions are the main arms of industrial welfare. Every worker must feel that he is not a mere cog in a machine but that he is regarded by every member of the administrative staff as a colleague engaged in the task of creating wealth for the benefit of all. This is possible only by democratising factory management, when workers will have the power to frame rules and for appointing those who will administer those rules, and will have the liberty to express their views without any fear and the right to justice and fair play. Factory rules should be drawn up by the workers and the management jointly, the workers should be consulted before anybody is appointed to any position overlooking the claims of any particular worker, and an impartial committee consisting of the elected representatives of the workers and the executive on a parity basis should be set up which will settle all disputes between the workers and the management. The grievances of every worker should be investigated by this committee. If some drastic action could be taken on the lines suggested above the discontent that leads to strikes and hartals and consequently to a loss of man-hours could be minimised to a great extent.

N. HARIHARAN,
Bombay.



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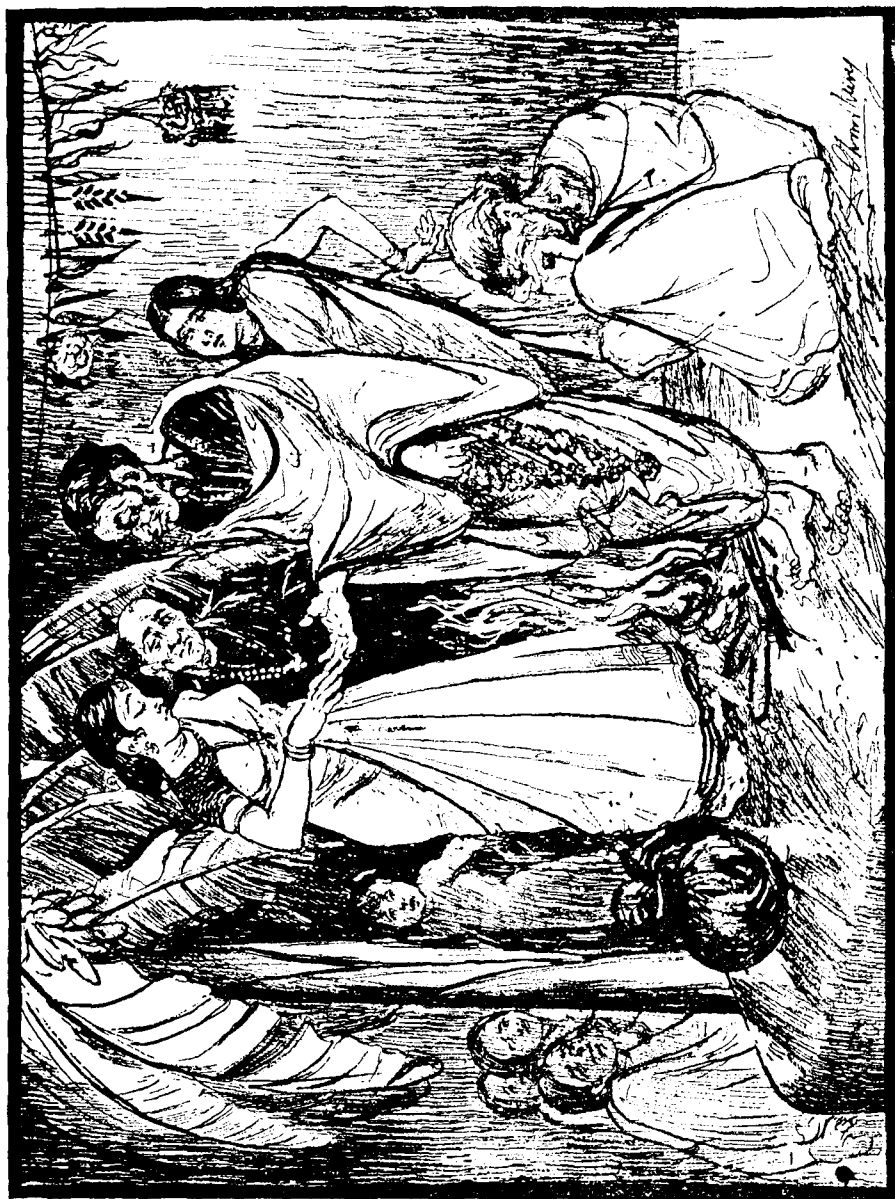
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Half-dead imbecile seeking the hand of a healthy young girl. Drawing by Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury. In the marriage ceremony there is no lack of blessings: "SAVITRI SAMA BHAVA"—"May she live as pure as a virgin." The blessings are likely to prove too true.

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

URGENCY OF FOOD

MR. HERBERT HOOVER, a former American President, has arrived in India for the purpose, it is stated, of returning as quickly as possible, to the United States to tell the American people about the situation here and "encourage them" to save food. Some quick mode of inculcating the sort of courage and fortitude that Mr. Hoover has planned for his countrymen would seem to be already more than overdue. For, the time factor is all important for meeting the immediate emergency of the world food situation. The plight of India with famine conditions imminent and to all appearances unavoidable, is but a part of that emergency though it is the part that affects us more directly and painfully. In the case of Europe it is reported by competent observers that 23 million people are faced with mass starvation in the coming weeks in the British zone of Germany alone. Disaster due to shortage of food threatens likewise the peoples of Greece, Italy, Yugoslavia and Poland and of China, Japan and vast tracts of thickly populated territory in East and South Asia.

Common humanity cries out to the better placed countries with surplus food stocks to rush rescue to the famishing millions of the famine-infested parts of the world. "It is intolerable to eat decent meals," says the *New Statesman and Nation* "while other people, whoever they are, die of starvation." But precisely what is intolerable is what continues still to prevail in U.S.A., the richest of nations, propagandised vigorously as also the most generous. American consumption of food per head is far in excess of the pre-war level

for all the "cuts" advertised. It is the highest in the world. Also, wheat and other cereals are by American farmers reported as being fed to livestock extravagantly. At the same time, the farmers are by knowledgeable people charged with holding back urgently needed stocks in the hope of an increase in the present price ceilings. So far as Britain is concerned, the most favourite form of emphasising the urgency of famine relief would seem to consist in resentful appeals to Americans to spare some crumbs from their rich larder for the feeding of starving Europe and Asia. Meanwhile the British Government have sought refuge in the parliamentary recess from any immediate liability to act.

Mr. Hoover's mission has sprung out of this background. He is wasting time here. No investigation is needed for proof of the imperative urgency of relief in countries like India visited by Mr. Hoover. It has been authoritatively stated by Mr. Hoover's own spokesman that the purpose of the Famine Emergency Committee of which he is the chairman is to survey the problem of relief "on a scientific basis." But hustling is not scientific surveying. However mighty an intellect the ex-President might carry in his head, it is scarcely to be believed that in the couple of days or a week that he will be spending in India, he will be able to harness anything that deserves to be called "science" to the study of the food problem of so vast and complex a country as India.

The earlier therefore Mr. Hoover returns to the U.S.A. to fulfil his objective of encouraging the American people to save food, the better

for the millions in desperate need of it elsewhere. Mutual Anglo-American evasion, each country challenging the other to take the lead in generosity, will only steal further precious time while the starving die. Commonsense should appeal to both of them to get going with immediate measures. At the point at which essential nutrition ends and luxury-eating begins, the cut should be applied, and all the stocks of food saved in consequence should be given priority of transport for being rushed to the parched areas. This task is worth all the organising skill and administrative genius that men like Mr. Hoover can muster for its swift and efficient fulfilment.

In any assessment of relative urgencies, India should be prepared to concede priority in the matter of relief to worse-off regions. Of Poland which Mr. Hoover found to be the worst-affected country of all he had visited, it is revealed that that situation was due to "the disorganisation of the administration and the elimination of experienced people from the administration by the new Government." Succour from outside apart, Poland's condition should be an eye-opener to all about the value of competent personnel and a sound internal machinery of government for ensuring the welfare of the governed. In India, maladministration is a graver evil than shortage of foodstuffs. Corruption, the pampering of black-marketeers, the association of anti-social elements under disguised masks with the work of public bodies and Government, the perversion of control measures themselves to the advantage of cliques, these have been the root cause of people's sufferings, and they do not look like being stamped out by the replacement of the Adviser regimes with popular ministries. This because the very elements that deserve to be stamped out have been let into the legislature and look like being smuggled into the executive. The purgatory into which people will be cast by bad handling of the food problem must make aspirants to office and power quail

before the consequences that it is apt to let loose if any but the best brains are rashly allowed to meddle with the Government. Real patriotism and public spirit on the part of men in key positions now demand that they should not be exploited in the stereotyped way but should be utilised as an opportunity for getting the best and ablest of available talent into harness.

Party Control Over Legislators

The situation that has arisen in Madras as the result of the legislators elected on the Congress ticket declining to abide by the advice of the Congress High Command in the choice of a leader for the Congress Party in the legislature gives rise to problems of more than passing interest. The importance to be attached to any advice tendered by the Central Executive of the Congress will to a very great extent depend upon the angle from which the legislative work of the Congress legislators is to be viewed. Is it to be merely viewed as shouldering the responsibility of Provincial Government for the time being, or as a part of a wider programme in the struggle for freedom in which the Congress, as the supreme organ of the national will, is at present engaged?

From the latter standpoint the assumption of office and the adoption of a parliamentary programme are to be regarded as but one phase of Congress activities until the attainment of freedom as the result of such activities. With the realisation of the goal of independence and the completion of the task of formulating a constitution, quite a different set of problems will emerge and face the new administration. There must then be necessarily a realignment of parties and party organisations.

At present the Congress is engaged in the supreme task of winning freedom; that is its main objective. With this end in view, it might decide upon the Congress legislators undertaking the responsibility of Government and devoting their energies for the relief of

distress, famine, and the promotion of agricultural prosperity and so on. At another point the Congress might subordinate this objective to its fundamental aims and call off legislators from taking part in legislative work. In another phase of its activities the Congress might decide upon the legislators functioning merely as an opposition. Again even when it decides upon assuming the responsibility of government it may depart from conventional constitutional standards and form coalition Governments with groups and parties in the legislature which will normally function as opposition.

Further, in the present stage, even in the matter of normal work of Government in the provinces, there might be the necessity of different provincial Governments following a single line of policy in regard to various legislative measures undertaken by the different provincial legislatures and Governments. There cannot be any uniformity in the legislative policy pursued in different provinces unless there is a central directing agency. Otherwise fissiparous tendencies, linguistic, local and communal, will assert themselves in Congress polity generally and may lead to an inevitable weakening of the Congress organisation.

To argue, in the circumstances, that any interference by the Congress High Command is against the principles of the working of democracy may not be a correct mode of approach.

Party organisation, selection and rejection of candidates by the Party Executive, the branding of a person as disloyal to the Congress if he persists in standing as a candidate after the rejection of his candidature, might all be conceivably urged as anti-democratic. And yet no exception has been taken to the different spheres of control exercised by the Congress Executive in regard to most of the matters alluded to and the average citizen has reconciled himself to the feeling that the party system is a normal

feature of the working of democratic polity. If the Congress Executive has a right to select candidates, to veto their selection, to restrict the choice in a particular manner, it would equally have the right to tender advice to persons elected on a Congress ticket in the matter of the choice of a leader, an advice which is obviously intended to be followed.

There are no set rules or formulae in regard to party organisation and discipline or the policy to be pursued by the Central Executive. It is all a question of adopting a device to suit a particular exigency or situation. Even in England, with an established constitution and party Government extending over many years, with no problems of Provincial and Central Governments to tackle, it is common knowledge that the same principles are not followed in the Conservative, Liberal and Labour parties. The local freedom that is allowed in the case of the Conservative and the Liberal parties in the matter of selection of candidates is not permitted in the case of a new and growing party like the Labour Party. With a view to maintaining solidarity of the party the Central Executive of the Labour Party exercises a greater control than the two older parties.

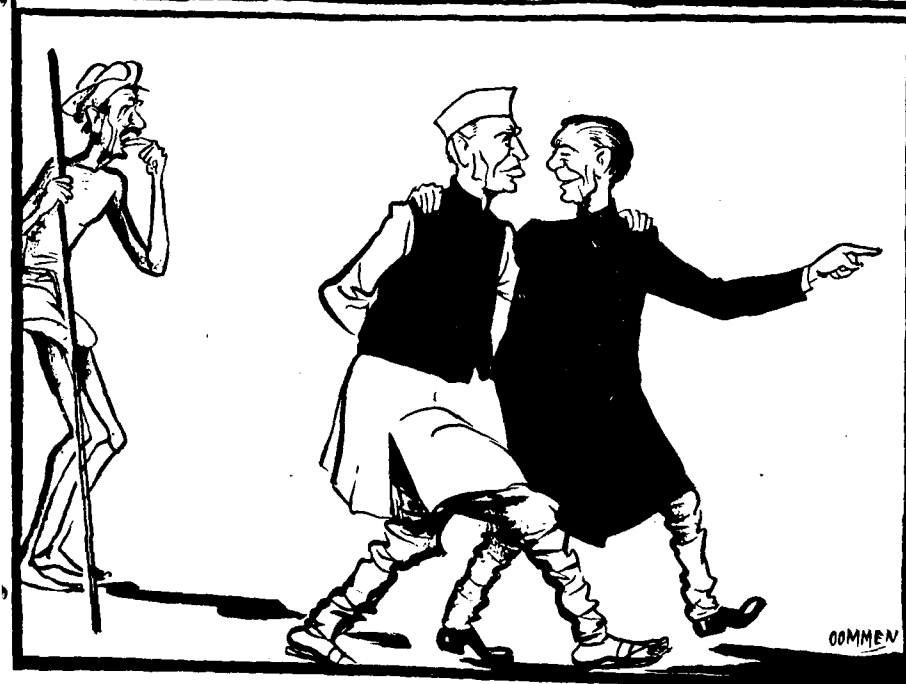
With due regard to the political conditions of India in the present stage of the national struggle, a rigorous control is reserved by the Congress Executive.

It is to be hoped that any decision reached will not lead to the weakening of the Congress authority in the different provinces and will not mar the relations between the Central and the Provincial organisations.

Lord Keynes

In the death of Lord Keynes the world has lost an eminent economist-statesman. Brought up in the traditions of the Classical Political Economy built up by Alfred Marshall, he enriched them by his own teachings at Cambridge. In all his writings one can find an intuitive understanding of all the economic

THEN

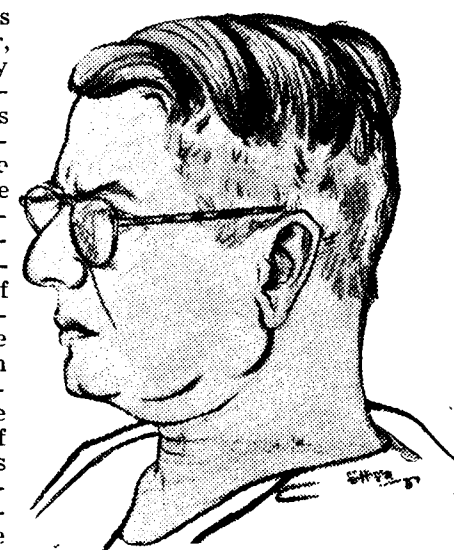


NOW

maladies of the world and a prophetic vision of the shape of things to come. But unlike his master, Lord Keynes was regarded till very recently as a heretic; he was engaged in the task of persuading his generation, but with very little success. The Peace settlement in the twenties and the deepening of the Great Depression in the thirties resulted in the publication of his 'General Theory' which was a path-breaker not only in the world of academic economy, but also of British financial capitalism and the Conservative administration which sought unwillingly Lord Keynes' assistance in the reconstruction of the imperial economy. As a Director of the Bank of England, and later as the brain trust of the British Government, he did the financial planning of the war and planned the post-war reconstruction of Britain and indicated the bases of world economic stability and expansion. His international monetary plan is a work of art; but it was the first victim of the power politics of the post-war years" and has now evidently to be sacrificed at the altar of Anglo-American financial capitalism. His attempt to draft Marxism on the Classical Political Economy, revealed an irreconcilable conflict between his intellectual integrity and his loyalty to the class he belongs to. It was a tragedy, of good intentions self-defeated.

Vendetta

Reports reach us, from more than one centre, of the exclusion of candidates for election to the Tamil Nadu P. C. C. on trivial and flimsy grounds. It is evidently no accident that the excluded ones happen as a rule to be followers of Rajaji. At the time of the registration of Congress members, there were grave complaints of denial of enrolment forms to applicants disapproved of by top officials. The same spirit seems to have now found another fresh incarnation. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari is one of the victims of the new vendetta. He was ruled out of the P. C. C. election on the score of carrying on trade in foreign goods. Buying is as much trade as



Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari

selling, and if the objection raised is to be honestly applied, it is to be feared that none that can claim to escape its implications would be left in the Congress. Even the Mahatma has not been able to go completely *Swadeshi* or avoid using a thing or two of foreign manufacture. Actually, T. T. gave up for good selling goods of any kind when he took to Congress politics. The renunciation of gain involved in the act is comparable to the giving up of a lucrative practice at the bar (now increasingly rare) which used to be the key to high political status in the initial years of the N. C. O. movement. But T. T. never got for it the recognition he deserved at the hands of provincial or central Congress authorities. That one like him should be excluded from opportunities of service while notorious profiteers, war contractors, toddy shop bidders and the like are warmly welcomed and even rewarded with Congress tickets to the legislature is a scandal not to be tolerated in any decent institution. This matter needs looking into by the Congress President and the Working Committee if the Tamil Nadu Congress organisation is not to be turned into a pocket borough of the present set of office-holders.

MUSICIANS TO THE BENEFIT PERFORMANCES



Ariakudi Ramanuja Aiyangar

GRATITUDE is not an uncommon human attribute and it need not surprise anyone if a member of that most human amongst the professions, journalism, feels that he should find a place in the columns of his paper for a short account of the galaxy of musicians who last week so generously helped to make the dream of a club and a library attached to it for his fellow journalists, a near possibility. Hence what follows:

Ariakudi's Music.—As a first step in collecting money for this estimable purpose, the Tamil Nad Journalists' Association had arranged for five benefit performances one each day commencing from Monday last. Ariakudi Ramanuja Aiyangar who began the series, and appropriately too, is the most outstanding Vidwan in South India to-day. He is the living link with much that was the best in the field of music in the past. If all that one has heard is correct, the golden age of Carnatic music which flourished in all its glory for a century came to an end in the early teens of the 20th century, though one of the most outstanding products of the age survived till very recently—I refer to Veena Dhanam. To many of the



Ramdoss Rao

musicians of the present day, the brilliant past of Carnatic music is a mere matter of history. Ariakudi has, however, had the good fortune of living amongst some of the giants of that age. He was a disciple of Ramnad Srinivasa Iyengar, familiarly known as Buchi Iyengar. As a young man he was reputed to have been very ambitious and eager to escape from the state of nonage, picking up as much of knowledge as came his way and weaving it all into the peculiar pattern of rendering Carnatic music that remains uniquely his own. It would not be correct to say that Ariakudi represents faithfully the tradition of Buchi Iyengar. His music is an amalgam, and particularly during the times when Ariakudi could be made to sing off his guard, one could



Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer

AID OF JOURNALISTS FOR PRESS CLUB AND LIBRARY

detect in it the influence of Tirukodikaval Krishna Aiyar, Veena Dhanam and Govindaswamy of violin fame. But it is a feature of Ariakudi's music that the amalgam is so delicately blended that it leaves no trace of hybridisation. It is in itself complete and the effect of it to the hearer is singularly pleasing, while it remains, from the point of view of technique, almost infallible. Ariakudi emerged as a vocalist in the days of the First World War, but the entry of a comet in the musical field, Madura Pushpavanam Aiyar, allowed no scope for other new entrants. But practically from the early twenties Ariakudi has been maintaining his present position of supremacy in Carnatic music.

A Very Good All-Rounder

He is essentially an artiste and a pleasure-merchant, and his main object in a performance is to please and he knows the art extremely well. He has a voice, soothing to the ear, which has the volume of a bass and the timbre of a tenor. A curious thing about him is that, as he grows old, the volume produced by his voice has been steadily increasing in its intensity. Ariakudi is a complete master over himself and occasions when his voice rebels or he has indifferent accompaniments cannot deter him from producing his best. With quick variations of the ragas and the tempo of the Krithis, he manages to recapture his voice before the end of the performance and captivate the audience with a few brilliant pieces before they leave the hall. It would be wrong to say that Ariakudi is good only with this type or that type of music. He is a very

good all-rounder. Equally facile in raga alapanas, niravals or swara manipulations, his rendering of light music is captivating while he can hold the audience gripped when singing the soulful krithis of Dikshithar.

Maharajapuram's Come Back

The second day's performance was by Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer. In point of years he is near Ariakudi. He made his debut in the musical field about the same time and he likewise suffered an eclipse because of Pushpavanam's advent. His early performances



Rajamanickam Pillai



G. N. B.



Sir S. V. Ramamurti, Adviser, who presided on one of the days.



Chittoor Subramania Pillai

were reputed to be very promising as being quite upto the standard of high-brow musicians like Konerirajapuram Vaidyanatha Aiyar and as being more easy and free. But by a curious trick of fate he vanished from the musical horizon either perhaps through loss of voice or for some other reason which the public do not yet know, and like most other disappointed suitors at the temple of music he migrated into the cinema field for a time. But at present Maharajapuram has staged a come back. In January 1944 at Trivadi during the Saint's Festival I heard Maharajapuram singing *Mohanam* in a manner which would have done credit to any of the outstanding musicians of the century that has passed. He followed it up with a *kirthanam* of Thyagayya in *Harikombhoji*, a piece which has gone out of vogue (*Undayathi Ramu-Duokadu*) which was brilliantly sung. His strong point is usually his *raga* and *swara* singing, where his creative imagination takes him to great heights; but like all true artistes he is a man of moods and never produces the same form in two performances in succession.

Chittoor Subramania Pillai who followed the next day represents a different tradition from the other vocalists that are now eminent in the field of music in South India. He was a disciple of Naina Pillai of Conjeevaram whose tradition in music, while ostensibly that of the Conjeevaram Dhanakoti school carried with it the impression of the influence of Nattuvanars.

Naina Pillai, fighting against an indifferent voice and presumably lacking that profundity in *raga* conception that is born out of frequent mingling with great savants, had by dint of his inimitable knowledge of *laya sastra* and the easy facility with which his tongue could manipulate *swaras*, developed a special technique in *kirthana* singing which he polished and embellished by careful attention to detail. As a musician Chittoor Subramania Pillai is perhaps superior to his master in his handling of *ragas* which he does with greater ease than Naina Pillai. He maintains the tradition of his master by not merely singing the *kirthanams* which his master had made popular but by constantly adding to and enriching his repertoire. Connoisseurs who exercise a partiality for the mathematics of music greatly delight in hearing Subramania Pillai.

A New Type

The fourth in the list is G. N. Balasubramanian who represents a type of musician unknown hitherto. A product of the university, he has not had that traditional *gurukula* atmosphere generally enjoyed by the professional vocalists. His father was a well-known musical critic and must have assuredly provided the atmosphere for his son. His success in the musical field has been a challenge to traditionalism in music. With his voice rising above that of a tenor, perhaps artificially kept at that level, he is able to execute musical feats beyond the reach of musicians with a bass voice. That he must be good goes without



Mr. Justice C. N. Kuppuswami Aiyar who presided on another day.

saying as he is perhaps the one musician who attracts the biggest box-office collection in South India barring Srimathi M. S. Subbulakshmi.

Semmangudi Srinivasa Aiyar who sang on the last day is an intellectual amongst the living vocalists. His musical tradition is great, he being a nephew of Tirukodikaval Krishna Aiyar and a cousin of Semmangudi Narayanaswami Aiyar. While he was perhaps too young to appreciate and assimilate Krishna Aiyar's music, he has had a large share of it handed to him, though secondhand, through Semmangudi Narayanaswami Aiyar. Reputed to be a disciple of Maharajapuram Viswanatha Aiyar in his early days, Semmangudi as a performer has moulded himself more on the pattern of Ariakudi. But it would be wrong to say that Semmangudi is only imitative and no more than that. He has a passionate fidelity to his profession and has practically no other interests. His capacity for absorbing the best in others, testing it by his own intelligence and by his ear and rendering it as his own is something infinite. He continues to be an ardent student in the field of music and it is to this attitude of his that one must attribute the refreshing excellence of his *raga alapanas* and the wide range of his *swara* singing. He has developed the faculty of setting new pieces to music to an eminent degree and South India owes to him the innumerable pieces of Subramania Bharathi's songs set to music which are sung to-day and



A member of the audience, whose reaction is shown in the face

the rapture which the compositions of Sadasiva Brahmendram, when sung, give to the hearers. It is undoubtedly due to this special capacity of Semmangudi that he attracted the attention of the Travancore Durbar where he is now engaged in popularising the compositions of Swathi Tirunal.

The five represent perhaps the best in South Indian vocal music that exists to-day and the only person outside this field, so far as the vocalists are concerned, is Musiri Subramania Aiyar.—ARISTIDES.



Sotto Voce

Dusty Death



The days of the grand gesture are gone. Ouida whose pasteboard heroes had so great a vogue in the closing years of the last century is now forgotten. The Scarlet Pimpernel and the brawny Legionaries of P. C. Wren no doubt hold sway over the escapist world of the silver screen, but they are like fish in a glass case; we see them in a sub-aqueous twilight moving like ghosts. There is no heart left in us for a swagger at life. We like to hide our self-consciousness under a patchwork quilt of trivialities.

The League of Nations has been formally interred. President Carl Hambro, presiding over the obsequies, conducted himself as casually as might an auctioneer who was anxious to dispose of a scrap lot before going for his afternoon snack. "He rapped the table with his gavel tonight and stated: 'I declare this meeting of the 21st and last Assembly of the League of Nations as closed' ". That was not the way the great renunciations of the past were staged. Who, who read his Washington Irving as a school boy, can forget the stately pathos of the scene in which the last of the Moorish Kings of Spain bids farewell to the halls of his victorious forefathers? Why, even the exit of the British Governor from Massachusetts after the surrender of Cornwallis had a melancholy dignity about it which seemed to sober our satisfaction at the victory of the Republican forces.

"We lacked courage", Lord Cecil has mournfully confessed. What a tragic epitaph for a world organization projected by the inspiration of one of the greatest idealists of modern times! Courage is the

one thing that men cast in the epic mould do not lack. Ravana saying that he might break but would not bend—"so was I born and there is no use weeping over it"—Vrittra telling Indra, from whose nerveless hands the dread Vajra had fallen, that he must not develop qualms but should pick up his weapon and kill the enemy, thus fulfilling the Dharma—the corridors of human memory still resound with the footfalls of these Titans. The League lacked courage—and faith in Dharma; rather, it lacked courage because of that incapacity for faith. And so, though the League lived on paper for 26 years it was really still-born; the Caesarian operation that removed the Sanctions extinguished the vital spark at the same time.

The modern world puts its trust in institutions, looking upon them not as instruments to work the will of good men and true but as substitutes for them. The more acutely we feel our individual emptiness and futility the more we like to fuddle ourselves with the belief that there is some mystic virtue in numbers. We offer to the Collective Unconscious more abject worship than did the Philistines to Dagon their fish-god. The supreme poets of the human race knew where to look for the power that moves the universe. Valmiki's favourite word for authentic bigness is 'mahat satvam'; and supreme 'virtue' of that sort is to be found only in man and not in the work of his hands, however impressive that may be.

It is the men who failed us at the end of the first world war. And the men who are helping to raise

the imposing structure of the United Nations seem no better than those others; they have not the root of the matter in them. I am not thinking so much of the politicians. It is the intellectuals who clothe the petty intrigues of the party hacks with a mantle of respectability that must be arraigned at the bar of world opinion. In his famous book on the "treason" of the intellectuals Julien Benda did not go sufficiently far in his analysis. The spread of irrational and "mystical" doctrines may have paved the way for the dictators. But these doctrines were themselves a reaction against the smug self-complacency of orthodox science and Humanism its stable-companion.

Gilbert Murray, Lord Cecil, Norman Angell, Bertrand Russell and a

whole host of lesser lights seemed to think that "intellectual co-operation" would in the long run persuade the lion to lie down in amity with the lamb. But a series of episodes from the Manchukuo 'incident' to the rape of Ethiopia showed only too plainly that where Reason (with a capital R) came into clash with brute power its end was as sad and sudden as that of the lady who rode to Riga on a tiger. And the intellectuals, wise in their generation, swallowed the principles of a life-time when the Bavarian house-painter threw a spanner into the works. The Murrays and the Cecils were dumb and the Russells and the Angells went out-Blimping the Blimps.

VIGNESWARA.

FASTS UNTO CAPACITY

By C. Srinivasan

Any good custom may, in course of time, corrupt the world if there is a tendency to abuse it. Does not one feel so when one turns the pages of a newspaper and finds that fasting by someone somewhere for some 'cause' has become a regular feature of the daily news? Mahatma Gandhi, we all know, was the first to conceive fasting as a means of non-violent resistance. He was the first to resort to this method of protest to fight social and political injustice and since then, fasting has been occupying an honoured and high-ranking place in the armoury of non-violence. Very recently, however, fasting has fallen into much disrepute owing to its abuse by all and sundry. If somebody is not satisfied with the selection of candidates by the Parliamentary Board, he decides on a fast unto death. If some gentlewoman feels that a greater number of women should have been made to stand for the elections, she decides on hunger-strike. The idea of fasting is not confined to the Congress camp alone. Some Muslim Leaguers fasted before Syed's house in order to bring him back, on bended knees, into the League fold. The latest instance is

from Lahore where twelve M.A. students of the Punjab University started a fast unto death as a protest against the refusal of the University authorities to postpone their examination. I will not be surprised if I find in to-morrow's paper that somebody has undertaken a fast unto death as a protest against the Weekly Holiday Act being applied to coffee hotels. O, this fasting has become a farce and a nuisance. If society is to be afraid of fasting, any cause may triumph if only it has a devotee who can pull on without food for a number of days. This would be a sad state of affairs. The fairest means cease to be fair when the end sought for is unfair and as Gandhiji pointed out in a recent sensational fasting case, to fast unto death for an unfair cause is nothing short of suicide and must be severely condemned. I honestly feel that to accept fasting as an irresistible argument irrespective of the end in view is to accept the supremacy of the belly over the heart and the head. It must, however, be conceded that in these days of food shortage, fasts unto capacity should be encouraged as an effective way of famine-fighting.

SIDELIGHTS ::

With devotion's visage, and pious action, we do sugar o'er the devil himself.—Shakespeare.

In the heyday of the 1942 movement, a would-be saboteur asked me for moral support. He said it was the one thing needed for translation of his patriotic resolves into actual action.

We had, I recollect, an interesting discussion that strayed far beyond the confines of the topic that started it. Here is the substance of it.

Myself: If you have a strong conviction about anything, others' support or lack of support would not affect the situation. In a case in which all the consequences are endured by you, I should not tender advice. Whether a thing is right or wrong, each man should decide for himself. If, by any act of yours, innocent people are likely to suffer, then you should not proceed with it, even if you feel that it is an act that ought to be done.

He: Innocent people are always suffering in the present regime, irrespective of what I do or don't do. How can I prevent it? All political activity must come to a stop if the mind is allowed to go on this track. Protection for innocent people will emerge eventually when we succeed in replacing the present system of Government with a better one.

Myself: You are not responsible for all innocent people that suffer. You are responsible only for such of them as are thrown into trouble by your acts. Supposing, for something you do, another is hauled up before a Court and is about to be punished, would you have the courage and fairness to go and own that you are the real culprit and no one else should be punished for it?

He: You are a baby in politics. You do not know the police of this country as I do. If I did what you suggest I should do, they would hang both me and the innocent man.

Myself: That might be. But if they did like that, your responsi-

bility for injury suffered by another would cease. In each locality people somehow know who is innocent. If the innocent are brought into trouble by supposed patriots sneaking in the background while others paid the penalty for what they did, the movement sought to be served would not advance, it would stand damaged and discredited.

Actually, the contemplated act did not come off. That did not however prevent the man who at one stage contemplated it, from getting paid for it. He must have made a small fortune. This man has been of late among the most violent of the denouncers of C.R. He has been charging C.R. with having fled from the battle of the country's freedom on a most critical occasion.

In 1942 there were instances of glorious courage and martyrdom. It was a period of appalling tyranny on the part of many an official charged with responsible public duties. From the atmosphere of persecution, the common people imbibed the quintessence of the Gandhian preaching of over 20 years and in many cases rose spontaneously to heights of heroic behaviour. Some were hanged. Some were subjected to gross maltreatment. Others, condemned to long periods of imprisonment, have just been released in consequence of successful pressure on the authorities exerted by the Mahatma. One or two were saved from the gallows by able organisation of legal defence resources by extremely competent brains, as for example, the Kulasekharapatnam accused were saved as a result of the handling of their case by C.R.

It is not possible to think of these sufferers without deep emotion. Sympathy for them is converted into pride on account of the national significance of the ordeals undergone by them. They command the love of the country.

The same however cannot be said of another class much in the limelight these days.

In this class must be included those who from a safe background urged others on to unsafe courses from which they themselves kept very carefully away. Some of them even made money out of the opportunities of the situation. When it became safe they emerged from the background to cash in on the sufferings of others, assuming the role of heroes, which they were far from deserving.

The Congress High Command blundered by failing to put this class in its proper place. Not only that, they pampered it by giving it a very generous representation in the list of Congress candidates for the legislature.

A huge stampede over irrelevant issues was permitted to obscure the actual realities of the political situation. No clarification over principles was attempted. In Madras province, all through the election period, the keymen of the provincial Congress organisations had no higher aim than using their

position for strengthening an anti-C.R. campaign.

This would not have mattered very much if C.R. had stood for discarded doctrines. Churchill was rejected, notwithstanding his great war service, because his inveterate anti-Socialism was out of harmony with the general spirit of the times. His exit therefore reflected an essential constitutional propriety which was further illustrated in the fact that representatives of the acceptable outlook were ready to take his place in the leadership and replace him in the Government. C. R., unlike Churchill, happens to be the exponent of a victorious viewpoint denied its proper due by a High Command not sufficiently imbued with a sense of fairness.

There is to-day no nearness between C.R.'s opponents and the Congress justifying his being treated to disparaging treatment on grounds of policy. Assumptions to the contrary reveal no loyalty to any principle dear to Congress tradition, but provide merely a cover for exploiting the name of loyalty for attainment of personal power and position.—SAKA.

CONGRESS AND LABOUR

By V. Bhuvarahan

Now that the elections are over, we have time to discuss some important organisational problems. Recently, due to political differences among the leaders of the Labour movement, much confusion has arisen in the ranks of Labour and among many sincere public men interesting themselves in the cause of Labour, factory and field alike. It is commonly conceded that the Trade Union movement should not be drawn into the vortex of party politics. The Congress, as the premier national organisation, has with its multifarious programmes for national regeneration contributed greatly to the growth of the Labour movement. Now, unfortunately, some who have so long helped to build the Trade Union movement in this country find at the moment points of disagreement between them and the majority of Con-

gressmen, to the detriment of the larger interests of the wage-earner and of Trade Unionism. The average Congressman who might so long have been working on the Labour front along with workers of other or differing political views, now thinks it improper on his part to continue to do so. Attempts are also being made to break up the present Labour organisations where there is a joint leadership of Congress and other parties. In consequence, many sincere Congressmen with experience of Labour problems are confused and require a lead from the Congress High Command. The High Command must give a clear lead about Congress participation in the Labour movement in association with other parties and avoid conflicting directions by subordinate Congress bodies.

STORY OF A TAJIK GIRL

By A. Sivakov

A photograph of Stalin with his arm around a little Tajik girl is known throughout the Soviet Union. It was taken in December 1935 during a meeting at the Kremlin between members of the Soviet Government headed by Stalin and delegations of outstanding agricultural workers and collective farmers of Tajikistan and Turkmenistan. Among the delegates was a little Tajik girl of eleven named Mamlyakat Nakhangova.

Ten years have passed since then. While travelling through the Tajik Republic not long ago I decided to pay a visit to the home of Mamlyakat Nakhangova. Mamlyakat's mother met me at the door of their cottage.

"I am Kurbanbili Nakhangova", she told me. "Please come in".

We had a long conversation.

"How did Mamlyakat happen to be in the delegation that met Stalin ten years ago?" I asked.

"Well, she went to school at the time", replied the mother, "and when the harvesting time came, Mamlyakat, who was on a vacation, asked me to take her along to the fields to help gather in cotton. I let her come once and then again and again. After a while we all noticed that our little Mamlyakat was gathering more cotton than grown-ups. She had her own method of gathering with both hands. Pretty soon even veteran cotton pickers began to copy her method.

"Summer drew to a close and the school was about to open. One day the collective farm chairman came

and said "Your Mamlyakat is our best cotton-picker and we want to send her to Moscow where outstanding agricultural workers of Tajikistan will meet members of the Government. Stalin himself may be there". And so Mamlyakat went to Moscow with the best representatives of the Tajik collective farms. A few days later a neighbour of mine came in with a newspaper in her hand. You can imagine my joy and surprise when on the front page I saw a photograph of Stalin and my little girl. Well, she came home soon afterwards. On her dress she wore the Order of Lenin bright as a mountain tulip and there was a gold watch on her left wrist.

"The Order of Lenin", said Mamlyakat, "was presented to me by Kalinin himself and Stalin gave me the watch—he even put it on my hand". She could not stop talking about Moscow and the Kremlin and Stalin—indeed, about everything she had seen in the capital".

"Do you hear from her often?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. At first she went to the textile institute in Moscow and, upon graduating, decided to study further. She is now attending the Institute of Foreign Languages where she is studying English. I received a telegram from her not long ago. Perhaps you would like to see it? Here it is."

And the mother handed me the message.

"Good news, mother", it read. "Going to London with the Soviet South Delegation to attend the World Youth Conference. Leaving by plane to-morrow."

—Tass.



Short Story

THE HAND OF FATE

By Gora Sastri

And so on years rolled by and that night, after fifteen cold Decembers, I was happy handling the ticket tube as a railway booking clerk. The month was again December and a cold east-wind was making even the electric lamps shiver with chill. It was one of Lord Jagannadh's festive seasons and we felt as though the world's cities and towns emptied their population into this town of Puri, the abode of the Lord of the Universe. The air was thick with the din of the multitude, the thundering peals of temple bells and the wailing of engines in the railway yard.

A steaming cup of tea, a strong cigarette and the chatter of my colleague about the artful ways of squeezing tips from passengers had made me dizzy, giving rise to waves of strange emotion in my heart, making me imagine that I was a Don Quixote, a Sir Galahad, a Casanova or perhaps an unhappy blend of all the three. I felt important and had grown like a formidable giant in my own estimation. There lay humanity 'horizontally' wakeful amidst universal dimensions, successfully coming out of a global war, only to find itself cruelly sandwiched between two devastating famines, and I was one of that humanity!

"These thousands of people, that are assembled here, do you think they are urged by a strong devotion to Lord Jagannadh? Granting even that, do you feel their devotion morally justified?" asked my colleague.

"One never knows. Reason and moral calculations have never been the urge of my life, my boy; humanity is still led by strange dark emotions and furious instincts," I said.

There was a tapping at the booking counter. Some voice said "Tickets, please". Cursing the fates that had conspired and landed me in the job of a booking clerk, I opened the window, to encounter a pair of liquid black eyes peeping through and a cherry-blossom mouth cooing "What's the fare from here to Moghulserai, please?"

I felt as though struck by lightning. Staring at the face for a second, I cried in a frenzy "MALATI!" I jumped from my chair, rattled my colleague by his shoulders crying madly, "Look here, old boy, you mind the cash, the

tickets, the booking and all for the night: I am off" and shot through the room.

Yes, she was Malati standing there in her white saree, her profile bathed in cool moonlight. There she was as I saw her fifteen years ago, with the same bewitching smile, the same bodily contours, the cherished dream of artists. I felt thrilled. Drawing nearer to me, affectionately clasping my hand, she said in a droll voice: "I have come to know you are here, Gopi. Your sister told me. In fact I have made this thousand mile journey only with the hope of seeing you. Oh Gopi, you will never know how happy I feel now."

We walked down the platform corridor, passed the waiting halls and came into the street.

Suddenly I discovered that speech failed me. Like dim, distant street lamps flickering through a mantle of fog, memories of the past shone languidly before my vision as we walked hand in hand with two aching hearts pressing heavy within us. I felt I was a stranger to myself, walking beside a stranger girl unknown to me before. Who indeed was Malati and what did she mean to me at all?

* * *

It was a cold December night when I last saw Malati fifteen years ago. She was dressed in white and standing beside a dim yellow lamp. She was smiling. The Eternal Woman smiling. To me then she was the goal of a journey, the reality of a long-cherished dream. I knew her so clearly, I thought I knew nothing else better in life. I recollect saying to hear that night: "The sky cannot cherish the stars more surely and eternally than I do your memory, Malati. They say I am a dreamer, but to me only dream-life is real; I always hitch my hopes to the farthest of stars. To lead a life of ice-cold sanity is simply revolting to me. You are my life's fulfilment."

"Gopi, our lives go different ways. For me life is not a romance but a reality and is much stronger than our inclinations. If you really wish me well, please go away, far away from me and try to forget me. Please, I beg of you. I am weak and need your help to make me strong enough to forego you."

Don't make it a tragedy for both of us."

We were so near then and yet so far off. Oceans stood between us.

I found myself walking beside her again, after fifteen years. I said to her: "It is cruel of you to walk straight into my path again like this, at a time when I am spiritually weak and unable to withstand any storms. Other hopes and other desires beset me now, hopes which have obscured you but which could not have done you any wrong. Are you now happy, Malati? Have you made a success of yourself? Tell me all, if you can."

Bathed in moonlight, white-robed, she made me feel that to look at her then was to believe in God. Yet she was no more to me than a broken memory. Suddenly I saw tears trickle down her cheeks. She was weeping silently.

"Are you miserable, child?" I asked.

She broke into violent sobs. "Compose yourself, silly girl, weeping is unbecoming of you and I cannot bear it. We are no longer kids and have grown sufficiently spiritually to look back and reckon things for ourselves."

She spoke in a low colourless tone, as if muttering to herself. "I am a fool, Gopi, I am miserable. Fifteen years ago I drove you away cruelly from me and you can never know how bitterly I wept for my folly on many a dark rainy night. Fifteen years ago the gods offered me nothing except a cheerless home, poverty and a husband that could never make me happy. To-day I have everything I want in life, wealth, luxuries, flattering friends and a husband that loves me in his own way. But I am wretched, I feel terribly lonely, still groping in the dark for something which I haven't got so far. It has taken me fifteen years to realise that you alone can make me happy and that I can discover my personality only through you. And I have come to claim you back."

I was sorry for her and myself too. We acted with the best of motives and still we made a mess of our lives. I expressed the same thing to her and added: "Life is full of compensations, my dear. The world we had known and experienced crumbled around us, and to-day, when humanity is loudly arguing with atom bombs and global wars our individual miseries and search for happiness sound hollow and appear very small. Time there was when I based my life on faith, hope and love. To-day I stand bewildered, too feeble for anything and too late. I wish to be left alone and undisturbed."

She pleaded. She and her husband were going to settle down there, she said, in fact they had planned everything at her instance. Would I like it, she asked.

A beautiful dawn unfolded and we parted, promising to meet in the evening.

Reaching home in a stupor, I told my wife: "Look here, Srimati, we are taking to the road again. We are moving this afternoon. Make everything ready like a good gypsy spouse."

She could understand, as she did always. "Where to, this time, dear?" she asked.

"Anywhere, anywhere. The world is wide and varied. Still beautiful dawns are unfolding, children are smiling."

"You are mistaken", she said. "The dawns are red with the anger of the mighty, nature is green with jealousy over man's powers of self-annihilation and children are starving. The world is no longer young, my dear, and neither are you. But let us go now that you have decided."

We moved the same afternoon, saying farewell to the city of Lord Jagannadh. The Lord of the Universe had no room for us to spare in his native abode. To-day, I do not know where Malati is nor do I care to know. But I cannot help feeling that I am a mean sneaking fellow, accepting defeat at the hands of fate. But it matters nothing.

Every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only silent.—Longfellow.

THE EVE OF A SHOWDOWN

(From Our Correspondent)

New Delhi, April 20: Frantic informal meetings at the end of the fourth week reveals that the Cabinet Mission has failed in the two-fold purpose set out in its announcement dated 11th April. How frantic it was can be seen from the goings-on that marked the close of what the Mission called "the most important phase of the negotiations," a phase that called for the utmost efforts of leading Indian statesmen and the Cabinet Mission "to arrive at a solution acceptable to all sides." Congress President Azad met the Cabinet Mission on Wednesday evening for two hours. Cripps meets Jinnah the same night for over two hours, meets Gandhiji early morning and proceeds to meet Nehru after breakfast. In the evening, Gandhiji goes and meets Pethick-Lawrence. These meetings have "failure" writ large on them.

The original purpose as given out in the announcement was clearly two-fold. One was to effect agreement on a solution acceptable to all sides; the second to initiate decisive consultations among the parties themselves. These are only two aspects of the same aim, the aim with which the Cabinet Mission arrived in India, namely, narrow the gulf between the respective stands of the Congress and the League and the plan of the Cabinet Mission.

Jinnah's Attitude

From all the information that I am able to gather, it appears that Cripps placed the British alternatives before Jinnah. They were, firstly, a scheme of two federations of Pakistan and Hindustan each with their own centre, but subject to a confederal centre. This centre is to be in charge of the most essential subjects of common interest such as defence, external affairs, communications and currency. I reliably understand that under this arrangement the Pakistan federation would consist of the full Muslim demand for existing boundaries

and provinces. The second scheme was two completely separate states of Pakistan and Hindustan, with no common centre. In such a case, the League could have only the Muslim majority areas with boundaries re-demarcated. It is also said that in this scheme of complete separation, defence will be safeguarded through a general staff set up by mutual treaty. I understand Mr. Jinnah rejected both schemes but kept the door open by saying that he was quite prepared to place these alternatives before his Working Committee. It is pretty obvious that the British plan with respect to a final solution is nearer the League stand than that of the Congress. It is for this reason presumably that the Cabinet Mission put their plan first to Mr. Jinnah.

Having failed in this attempt, the Cabinet Mission's discussions with Congress leaders seem to have been mainly on the question of an immediate interim Government, its form and functions. After Azad's return from his talks with the Cabinet Mission on Wednesday, there was a spirit of subdued anxiety in the Bhangi Colony where Gandhiji is staying. In the absence of any definite statement the only reasonable inference that one can draw is that though no scheme in respect of a final solution might have been placed before the Congress President he was nevertheless given an idea of the trend of talks with Mr. Jinnah.

Cripps' Talk With Nehru

Cripps' talk with Pandit Nehru was, I understand, mainly on the question of an interim Government and how far such a Government could be set up without any basic change in the present constitution. It is said that such an interim Government would be assured complete powers though no constitutional change would take place, even the Viceroy's veto will remain but will be held in abeyance by a

sort of gentlemen's agreement. From all these indications the inference is irresistible that what is being glorified as an interim Government by the Cabinet Mission will be nothing more than a re-constituted Executive Council with the Viceoy agreeing to effect a change of heart. I have met two or three gentlemen here who in the guise of 'Independents' are actually functioning as the eyes and ears of the Cabinet Mission. They are quite categorical in saying that agreement seems to be very remote but that an interim Government will come soon. The Cabinet Mission also failed in its purpose of initiating inter-party discussions and thus saved India at least during this week from the shameful spectacle of the leaders quarrelling, with the British Mission holding the ring.

Communist Memorandum

On Wednesday Mr. P. C. Joshi, leader of the Indian Communist Party interviewed the Cabinet Mission. The Party's memorandum seeks to cut the Gordian knot of Congress-League differences by a direct reference of the whole issue of separation or union to the mass of people on the basis of adult suffrage. It also indicates the only way by which Indian politics can be rescued from its disruptive religious and communal form. It therefore suggests that the multi-national character of India must be positively recognised and the sovereignty of each national unit be assured without equivocation.

Joshi's straight-from-the-shoulder talk that the Mission's sincerity is still unproven and his demand to quite India within a stated period of six months was probably the first breath of reality in these, month-long discussions. While other leaders talk of the Viceroy's veto, its continuance in law and its abeyance in practice, Joshi told Pressmen that in a free India the Viceregal Lodge with its long corridors and extensive lawns would be converted into a palace for children.

Meanwhile the bitter wrangling and sabre-rattling of the leaders at the top has led to quiet and grim preparations for the inevitable showdown between the Pakistanis and the Akhand Hindustanis. The two camps of Muslims and Hindus are arming themselves with feverish rapidity. Lathis, heavy sticks and knives have all been bought up. Nationalist papers rub hard the need for drastic punishment of the rowdyism by Aligarh students. "Dawn" almost daily headlines Hindu atrocities over Muslims. With weapons at arms' length and hearts filled with hate for the brother, Delhi and I dare say large parts of the country are on the verge of a most appalling catastrophe. Most educated middle class Hindus and Muslims have already reconciled themselves to a civil war. Some even say, "A little blood-letting is good." Meanwhile leaders are issuing statements counselling not brotherliness but courage in facing a civil war.

Locusts, dreaded in the East, can show some ghoulis features. They have been known to hide the sun and create darkness, flying as they do in millions and very close together. When they pass through a cultivated area, they create "scorched earth" eating up all the green vegetation. Here is a wonderful fact: If the head of the locust is cut off, it still can walk about and fly; the legs and wings are controlled by subsidiary local brains!

Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri

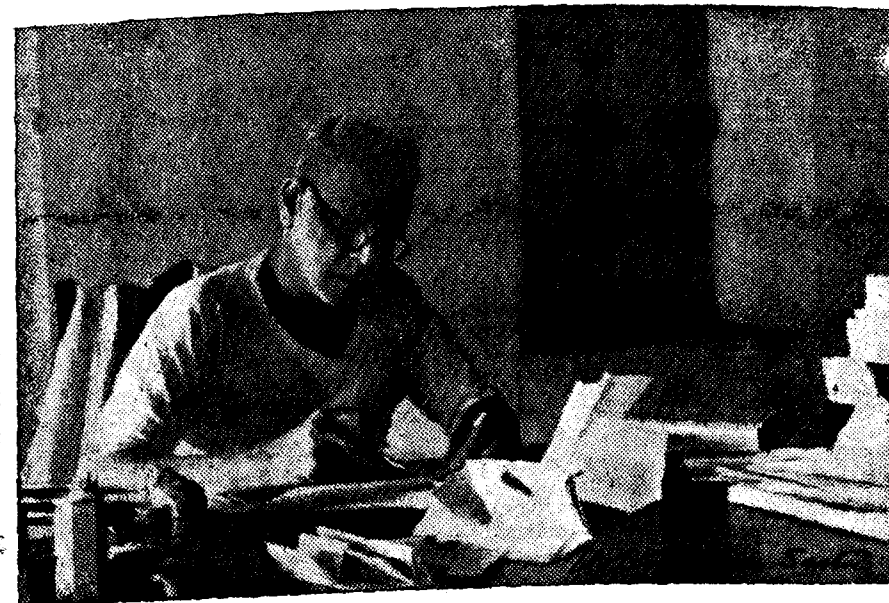
BY THE EDITOR

I had occasion to meet and speak to the late Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri only once. It was in *The Hindu* Office, at the time of Mr. Asaf Ali's visit. After the company had dispersed and the formality of introduction was finished, he blessed SWATANTRA which had then not yet emerged into being but was just a name known to a few as an impending newcomer in the world of journalism. It is not given to all to be able to bless. Though the prerogative is by tradition assigned to the elderly, age alone does not suffice to invest the act of blessing with power and force. A certain opulence of the heart's goodwill and benignity of demeanour are needed if it is to be indulged in with dignity. Sastriar had both. He had the appearance of a perfect patriarch.

Before he became a politician he was a teacher. Love of teaching clung to him through all the ex-

citements and pre-occupations of political life. It found splendid expression in his famous Ramayana lectures. They were a treat. The Ramayana does not easily lend itself to expoundings in English. But Sastriar's instinct for propriety in speech was equal to any situation that could be tackled by choice phrasing excellently delivered. It was as if he built a whole body of harmonious sound structure with materials drawn from the English language expressly to suit the inevitable Sanskrit words that had to be used in each lecture. His very silences and every pause between sentence and sentence and parts of each sentence conformed to a pattern of diction peculiarly his which combined great vigour and force with agreeable melody.

He was one of the masters of oratory of his generation. Loudness is the banal vice of would-be producers of effect in speech. A high



The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

pitch of voice and rapidity of utterance is the common way of indicating emphasis. Sastri, like some of the great masters of the histrionic art, slowed down under profound emotion, and his most forceful perorations were those delivered with extreme deliberation, almost in a whisper. He had a very pleasant voice which by long practice in public speech had acquired a musical timbre. For however long a duration he spoke, he always produced an impression of regret that he had ended so soon.

I became conscious of an unsuspected turning point in Sastriar's politics when I read (in the cell which I then inhabited in the Vellore Jail) the report in the papers of his magnificent oration to the Madras session of the All India Newspaper Editors' Conference. I felt then that he had grown young in spirit while he aged in time. The glamour of British institutions had been paramount in the outlook of the earlier years of his political career. Out of it had grown a sense of the importance attaching to imperial recognition, which soon developed into a limitation. All his political judgments were for long years coloured by it. So at times, as I felt in an earlier estimate, national robustness appeared to him like a political misdemeanour.

Artificial light fully as brilliant as that of the sun has come within the range of possibility. In experiments recently disclosed, a microscopic source of light—not more than the three one-thousandths of an inch in diameter—produced one-sixteenth of the sun's brilliance; the rays emitted could be viewed only through extremely dark glasses. The inventors, W. B. Buckingham and C. R. Deibert, in presenting their findings to the Optical Society of America at a recent meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, called the new "concentrated are lamp" the means for hitherto impossible exactness in optical work and for great improvements in motion picture projection and in photo enlarging.

That was years ago. The Sastriar of more recent time was a completely changed being. I believe the reactions of his fine and sensitive conscience to his own previous strictures on the Gandhian movement set him on a path of reparation and readjustment until he became steeped in admiration of Gandhiji against all the valiant efforts of his struggling freedom-loving ego to resist the onrush of the enslaving influence. It was no use to resist. In the last years of his life the Mahatma became an over-powering influence in Sastriar's life, an ever-living presence in his political consciousness. He overcame one by one the inhibitions of his earlier years and followed political events with the ardour of a youth and the burning passion of a revolutionary. Physical stamina could not keep pace with the vigour of his political excitements and he broke down under the strain much earlier than might otherwise have been the case.

The Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastriar never did a mean thing and made no use of his vast influence for securing personal benefits. His public and private life were clean. The extent of his influence on affairs is not generally realised. But it exists as an unseen power for good in the hearts of many admirers all over the world.

THE METROPOLITAN OF INDIA

He May Be The Last To Hold That Post

The Rt. Rev. George Clay Hubback, Metropolitan of India, Burma and Ceylon, is sailing home this summer for a change. He will be visiting the Archbishop of Canterbury and will have no doubt discussions with him on the future of the Indian Church. It is stated on reliable authority that the support the State accords to the Anglican Church in India will be terminated in another five years' time. It is stated that the Metropolitan himself does not see any justification for the continuance of the State support accorded to the Anglican Churches, since conditions in the India of to-day are not what they were once.

The decision to end State support to the Anglican Church in India came in for consideration recently as a result of outspoken speeches by an Indian Christian Doctor of Divinity, Professor Paul Devanandan of the Bangalore Theological College. He is at present in Europe after visiting America to lecture on problems relating to the Indian Church. At a recent meeting of the clergy held in Geneva, where even the Archbishop of Canterbury and Pastor Niemoller were present, Devanandan declared that the Indian Church should become free of control from the hands of the London Clergy. Devanandan said that Nationalists suspected the Indian Church to be anti-patriotic on account of its being controlled by Western religious interests. The Archbishop of Canterbury took up this question immediately and came to the decision that the hold of England on Indian Churches, should be relaxed soon.

The Rt. Rev. G. C. Hubback, Metropolitan, who is sixty-six now, started life as a civil engineer having had his education at Liverpool.

He was twenty when he embarked on his engineering career. Six years later, he gave up that calling to get himself ordained as a priest. He was chaplain in an army hospital in Bombay during World War I. He became Bishop of Assam in 1924 and early last year he was elected Metropolitan of India.

He is the first elected Metropolitan of India. Up to the time of Dr. Foss Westcott, the Metropolitan was nominated by the Viceroy. Perhaps Dr. Hubback, who has been elected for the first time, will also be the last Metropolitan in this country.

The Metropolitan is a brother of Sir H. L. Hubback, Member of the Secretary of State for India's Council in England and one-time Governor of Orissa. Very pious, the Metropolitan has a charming personality. The milk of human kindness flows in him. Like his predecessor, Dr. Foss Westcott, he is very sympathetic towards India's political aspirations.

Recently, a group of Indian Christian students approached the Metropolitan asking him to preside over an I.N.A. meeting. But he was hesitant, as to a priest this must have been a very irksome task. Immediately, the students who were enraged, started a picketting campaign in front of the Metropolitan's house in Chowringhee. In the course of the campaign, the Metropolitan was seen driving from Seal-dah station to his house. The students began picketting in front of his car. Immediately, the Metropolitan got out of the car and walked nearly a couple of miles and reached his house. The Calcutta Press took no notice at all of this incident, but it throws much light on the ways of the Indian Christian community towards the freedom movement in the country.—P.

A successful marriage starts in the way it means to go on, takes all its obstacles light-heartedly, with a couple of inches to spare, and ends on its toes, still smiling.

PRAKASAM AT THE HELM

MR. PRAKASAM has made a gallant fight for the leadership of the Congress Legislature Party—and won.

Even on the morning of the day of election the odds seemed to be heavy against him, though a prominent business magnate is reported to have offered bets of 100 to 1 backing Mr. Prakasam as victor.

The most formidable of the forces ranged against Mr. Prakasam was Gandhiji's alleged opposition to his leadership.

Dr. Pattabhi is reported to have carried tales to the Mahatma impugning the integrity of Mr. Prakasam. Of some of the charges he easily cleared himself while at Delhi. On one issue however it would appear that Gandhiji was adamant, and would not be dislodged from his unfavourable judgment on Mr. Prakasam, by anything said by him in his defence.

It might be recalled that, after his release, purses were presented to Mr. Prakasam in several districts totalling some 50,000 rupees. Gandhiji took the view that the money should have been made over to the Congress as Mr. Prakasam happened to be the President of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee.

It was Mr. Prakasam's contention that the donors of the purses expressly required him not to part with them for any public purpose but to keep them for his own use. He was prepared however to make good the amount of the presents and hand it over before the end of the month to the Working Committee for such disposal as they may feel called upon to make of it after due consideration.

Gandhiji's scrupulous regard for rectitude seems to have overshot the mark and landed him in this case into what looks like unfairness to a wholtime public worker who should have fared better at his hands.

Many Congress leaders who gave up their professions in response to the Gandhian call for non-co-operation have all over the country found admiring patrons to relieve them of their financial embarrassments in recognition of their political worth and importance. Morally



there seems to be little difference between private contributions of this kind from individuals and presentation in public in the form of purses from the proceeds of collections from a number of people. It does not stand to reason that the latter should be condemned while the former is condoned.

Mr. Prakasam is known to have thrown up a great practice at the Bar and spent a large fortune of his own, it might be not very wisely, but at any rate quite unselfishly. He is regarded by people as a man of sacrifice who renounced his all in service of Congress and country. If some of them out of concern for his comfort and as a token of regard shower on him money according to their means, what is wrong about it?

Mr. Prakasam is entitled to take from the people what they voluntarily choose to give him, and Gandhiji's enormous influence should not be turned into a bludgeon to injure him when he does no wrong beyond exercising such a right.

I wish however Mr. Prakasam had not offered to make good what he had received by way of purses. For one thing, it indicates weak faith in the right asserted. Secondly, it involves recourse to further obligations, from which a Prime Minister (as he will presently become) ought to be immune. When large sums are raised on credit by Congress Prime Ministers having no property of their own Gandhiji as the custodian of Congress morale is certainly justified in calling on them to disclose the sources from which they are drawn. Indebtedness and high responsibility in the name of the State ill go together.

Another danger that confronts Mr. Prakasam arises from the character of the political companions to whom he owes his election to the leadership. Some of them have evinced extraordinary unscrupulousness. I gather from reliable sources that one of them, Kala Venkat Rao, occupying the important post of Secretary to the Andhra P. C. C., pledged his support simultaneously to not less than four aspirants for leadership who at one time figured on the scene, apparently by way of



Mr. C. N. Muthuranga Mudaliar, the defeated candidate.

consolidating his chances for a ministerial job whoever might win! Too clever intriguers bring no credit to any Ministry and Mr. Prakasam should be wary of them as well as of the notorious Tamil Nadu "clique" which, having used him to the full in the anti-C. R. campaign, suddenly deserted him and went out promiscuously on a hunt to pick a competitor to pitch against him. The breaking of the anti-C. R. clique provides the real test of character for Mr. Prakasam's parliamentary leadership.

In Tamil Nadu, organisational strategy has for the time being put great political power in the hands of persons who cannot properly be described as leaders of the people. They have been using it mischievously to secure the ousting of the real leaders of the people, so that they themselves may step into their places. Some of these have been poisoning the Congress atmosphere by spreading rank communalism and comporting themselves in fact as though they were little better than Justicites in Congress garb. No camouflage, and not all the varied incarnations of the sedulously pro-

pagated anti-C. R. spirit can disguise the fact that in any free gathering of Tamil public, all opponents of C. R. put together have little hope of combating his influence and the esteem in which he is held. He is the leader of Tamil Nadu no less than Prakasam is the leader of Andhra Desa.

In a composite province like Madras, no Ministry that ignores C. R. can avoid being rickety. Ability to divest himself of every vestige of confidence in the promoters of the anti-C. R. spirit is another test of character for Mr. Prakasam. While he has grit, courage, calm imperturbability in a crisis, fellow feeling for common people, capacity for defiance against dictatorial impositions of authority however mighty, and a certain heartiness of manner and temperament endearing him to people, he lacks the machinery of reliable and loyal lieutenants requisite for effective capture of administrative power. Some of his closest adherents of years have in recent days been offering their loyalty for sale to the highest bidder in every market, and now that he has won, may be expected to rally back to him with pretences of unbroken attachment and corresponding claims for reward. The calibre of Mr. Prakasam's government will depend on how he will immediately prove his ability to resist these importunities.

Out of the forces conducive to disruption and disintegration that infest the new legislature, making it a cockpit of anti-C. R. illwill and a body not reflecting so much as *outraging* public opinion, it is Mr. Prakasam's responsibility now to evolve an efficient instrument for orderly and trustworthy discharge of the duties of administration, not anyhow chaotically, but in conformity with standards of rectitude, a progressive outlook and the urgent needs of the times. The codified substance of immediate requirements may be put in these terms:

No truck with communalists, Justicites (open or disguised) proved opportunists, black marketeers smuggled into the legislature, and members of the anti-C.R. clique of Harijan notoriety.

No pampering of provincial linguistic sentiment. No Prime Minister can indulge in preferences based on linguistic and other affinities without getting excluded from the trust and confidence of other elements excluded by them.

The Rajaji group in the legislature is the only section of it that has acted with dignity. It has honoured the counsels of the High Command and stood above the wrangles and intrigues of recent days. It contains the largest number of men of sterling worth. The valuable contribution it is capable of making to the credit of the Government should be taken full advantage of if poverty of talent is not to devolve on the new Cabinet to be formed.

Services rendered for attainment of electioneering success should not be taken as basis for political reward. It should be treated as the essence of integrity that political reward should go to none but the worthy. All obligations of a personal nature should be ignored, and standards of scrupulous judgment and action conceived solely in the public interest should be elevated to supremacy.

The new Premier should eschew like the very devil all contacts with rich wrong-doers in trouble who want to be pulled out, and powerful commercial and industrial groups willing to pay any price for Government support for their plans of aggrandisement.—KHASHA.

LANDHOLDERS INTERVIEW CABINET MISSION

States' Subjects Ignored—No Coalition Ministry for Bengal

The final stage of Indo-British negotiations has been reached. But no Indian plan has been evolved, which would command the support of the overwhelming majority of the people ranged behind the two main parties. This is not surprising in view of the fact that leaders of the Congress and Muslim League never met each other face to face for discussions. Exchange of views between them took place through the medium of the Ministers. The inevitable alternative is the implementation of a British plan. It is not known whether this would take the form of a compromise which both the parties would be persuaded to accept, or an award imposed irrespective of the wishes of any particular party. In any case, it is clear, after the basically conflicting positions reiterated by the Congress and the League, that their acceptance of a solution, if any, will be on the ground of expediency and will not create the same atmosphere of goodwill as a commonly worked out plan for mutual satisfaction.

In pursuance of its proclaimed object of studying every point of

view, the Cabinet Mission with scrupulous thoughtfulness invited representatives of the All-India Landholders' Association to meet them. The landholders demanded "statutory safeguards against expropriatory legislation" and adequate representation for them on the constitution-making body. One of them, the Raja of Venkatagiri, has in all seriousness expressed the hope that the "sense of fairness and justice of our national leaders" will secure for them the perpetuation of the parasitic zamindari system.

No similar anxiety was evinced by the British Ministers to hear the views of the millions of subjects of the Indian States. In spite of Pandit Nehru's demand on behalf of the States' People's Conference that popular representatives should also be invited for discussion, only the Nawabs, Maharajahs and their *de-wans* 'represented' the States. For the first time the demand has been put before the Mission for the transfer of Paramountcy from the British Crown to the future Indian Government, and for full sovereignty to the subjects of Native States, by the

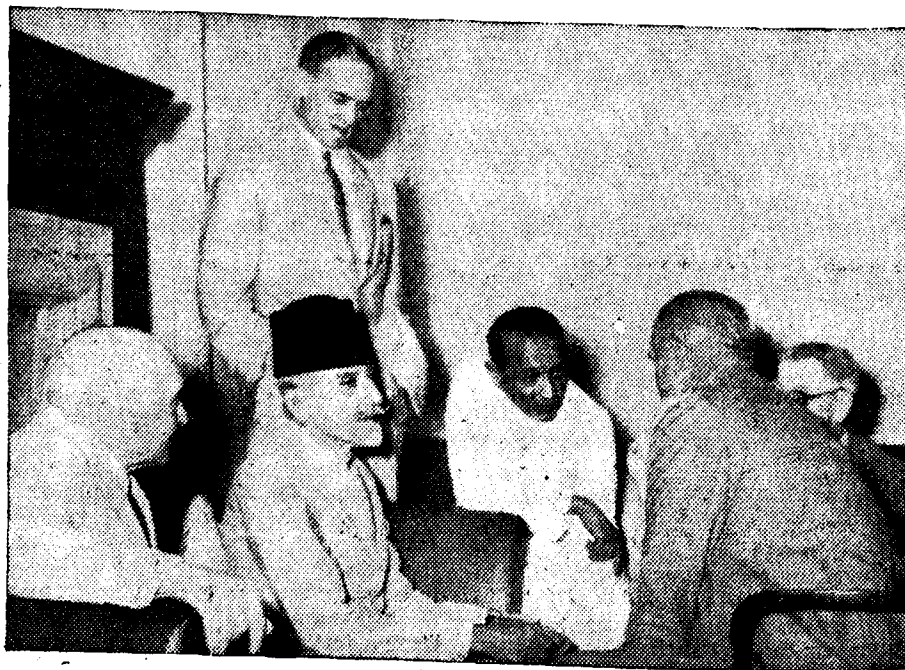
Communist Party in its memorandum.

The organised workers of the country have been similarly ignored. The Indian Federation of Labour, which was for several years the solitary recipient of a monthly subsidy from the Government, was invited to send a delegation. But the powerful All-India Trade Union Congress, which is organised and led by both Communists and Congressmen, was not officially represented by a delegation.

Leaders of the Congress Socialist Party are now free. Immediately after release, endorsing the usual charges against the Indian Communists, Mr. Patwardhan expressed his determination to "oust Communist influence" among workers. Mr. Jai Prakash Narain says: "I consider the Communists to be Russian fifth-columnists and, as such, a perpetual danger to the country irrespective of what policy they may be following at a particular moment. Apart from the fact that such condemnation of any political party 'for ever and ever' is a violation of rational and scientific thought which is expected

of Socialists, the policy outlined by the Congress Socialists will lead not to the strengthening of the workers, but to an internal disruption of whatever organisational unity and strength they have succeeded in building up.

It is a great misfortune that Congress-League negotiations for a strong and truly popular coalition ministry in Bengal should have failed, mainly on the question of the allocation of portfolios between the parties. Thanks to the Communal Award, the number of Hindu and Muslim seats in the Bengal Legislature is such that the Europeans hold the balance between them. The history of the Huq and Nazimuddin ministries has provided abundant proof for the view that only a ministry commanding the confidence of both the Hindu and Muslim legislators can deal effectively with the problems affecting the people. The formation of a weak ministry, dependent on European votes, is a tragedy for Bengal, especially now when its food position is again deteriorating and the ominous trek of destitutes to the capital city seems to have begun.



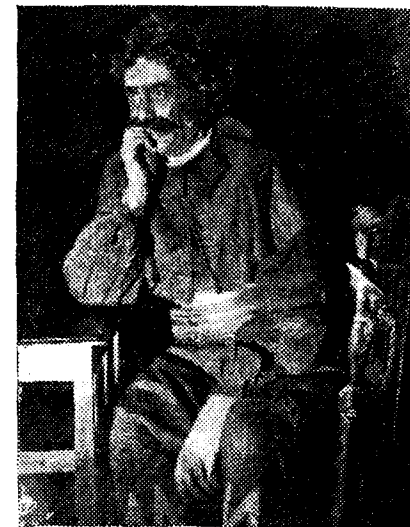
Maulana Azad, Congress President, accompanied by Mr. Asaf Ali, who acts as his interpreter, meets the Cabinet Mission.

STAGE AND SCREEN COMPARED OUTRAGEOUS MISUSE OF MUSIC

By the late T. RAGHAVA of Bellary

[Great interest attaches to this article by Raghava which was the latest thing he wrote while alive, on the subject most dear to his heart.]

We are not taking enough of interest in the present-day activities of our stage and screen. Criticism is mostly confined to superficialities. No attention is paid to the dramatic theme chosen and its usefulness in the scheme of mass education or in constructive work for the betterment of our society. There are very few critics capable of realising the outrageous misuse of our music on the stage, and more especially on the screen, and fewer who can criticise the conception of a character and portrayal thereof by the artist. There are exceptions, of course, but very few. The majority of those who are critics are absolutely indifferent to the real purpose of art. The so-called progressive producer bellows about his social play. The social play is like its companion, the *puranic* horror. Under the headlines of a social play we are served with what I have no hesitation in calling pure unadulterated muck. The usual triangle is invariably exploited. Two men and a woman, or two women and a man; that is all. Or else, old grooms and young brides, skirmishing mothers-in-law, and suffering daughters-in-law; the hen-pecked husband and the nit-wit son-in-law. These are calculated to tickle the masses and advertise a glorious umpteenth week. Very rarely do we come across a theme, (stage or screen) which would rouse the lofty ideas and instincts imbedded in the subconscious minds of the spectator. The bigotry of the priestcraft on the one side, the tyranny of the alien philosophy on the second side, the poverty of the educational ideals of the Government on the third side, and the deplorable selfishness of the home-made imperialist on the



Raghava as Othello

fourth side, have succeeded in extinguishing the fire of freedom in us and the fire of true art is dying out on account of the same reasons.

Stage And The Screen

It is the duty of society and much more so of the Government to discover the artistic spark in our millions and revive the same for artistic and cultural progress. The Government can give considerable help to the proper improvement of the stage and the screen. The Government ought to recognise that the stage and the screen are almost as important as the school and the college in promoting education, especially mass education. It is high time that the Government and the people realise that without artistic development education has no value whatsoever. We may grow into

solid and heavy trees, but without flowers and fruits, a tree has no charm at all and is not useful to society.

I shall confine myself only to the histrionic art as I have tried to understand it in some measure. This art has both a subjective and an objective value. The objective value is in developing the mind of the spectator and not in stupefying it. The theme chosen and the interpretation of the author's text must conduce to awaken the thinking power of the spectator and develop his mind. The subjective value of acting is that it awakens the actor's sub-conscious mind and impels it to develop into a powerful factor in guiding the destinies of his life. The English author, Talbot Mundy, once wrote that if a young person is made to act the part of a villain for seven years, he will turn out to be a real saint afterwards. I believe in the great awakening powers of the histrionic art. I have personally felt the change in myself.

If only an actor is sincere in portraying his part and concentrates upon it thoroughly, surely wonderful powers of enlargement and development will be called forth from his sub-conscious mind. They will change him into a lofty human being. This is the subjective value of acting. Here the difference between the stage and the screen is acute. I can even say the screen does not contribute anything to the subjective value of acting. It has so many limitations. It prevents the actor from learning his part in a continuous manner. It gives no room for the actor to act his part a second time in a second picture. Whereas the actor on the stage has got a number of chances to exercise and attain perfection, which will be useful to himself as well as instructive to the spectator.

The second point is that the stage actor has got a congenial environment to draw from for inspiration. The cinema actor lacks this completely.

The third point is about music. The cinema actor is restricted in his freedom of choice. He is fettered with an uncongenial environment of

music and is obliged to sink his personality in that music, whereas the stage actor possesses a certain amount of freedom and can enjoy his own individuality in the field of music.

The fourth point is about prose. Here the stage actor is considerably handicapped by the long speeches which the author writes for him and insists upon being uttered without any omission, whereas the cinema artist is not smothered with long speeches.

I fully believe that the function of speech, song and verse on the stage or on the screen is simply to enhance the glory of the histrionic art and not to usurp its place. Verbosity is not always a virtue, particularly on the stage and the screen. Capacity to produce the best effect with as few words as possible is the mark of culture and also of true histrionic talent. The well-cultured and freedom-loving mind leads to simplicity and directness. A small mind in fetters finds joy in mere words, phrases and garish descriptions. A true artist is more often than not handicapped by words and phrases and in this respect the cinema has a decided advantage over the stage inasmuch as the directors do not allow long speeches and verbose descriptions.

There is another point in favour of the cinema. It is more easily accessible to the poor. The travelling cinemas can go from village to village and therein establish mass contact and promote mass education.



Raghava in the Telugu film "Rytu Bidda"

The scenic arrangements can be made more realistic on the screen. They will have a direct appeal to the masses. With this advantage that it possesses, the cinema can easily become a source of real danger in pandering to the low and vulgar taste of the masses instead of uplifting the masses from the mire of ignorance and superstition.

After all is said and done, the stage actor gets inspiration from the spectators before him. Whereas the

cinema actor has to draw his inspiration only from the camera coolies and the sound producing workmen, the stage play has got a powerful human touch which will galvanise the latent powers of the actor and the spectator whereby society will be benefited. The screen might be a more powerful educational institution than the stage. But for purposes of real progress and culture, the stage is very necessary and important.

THE INIMITABLE T. RAGHAVA

By Devulapalli Krishna Sastri

At the close of a play, when the final curtain drops and our favourite actor leaves the stage, a sort of sadness fills our heart arising, as it were, out of separation: we feel that a personal, endearing something has left us with a farewell. Of all artists, the stage actor is the most endearing and nearest to the hearts of the people. If that be so, how would we feel if an actor, who succeeded in capturing the hearts of millions continuously for a period of over forty years, finally bids farewell to the world's stage itself!

Dazzling Personality

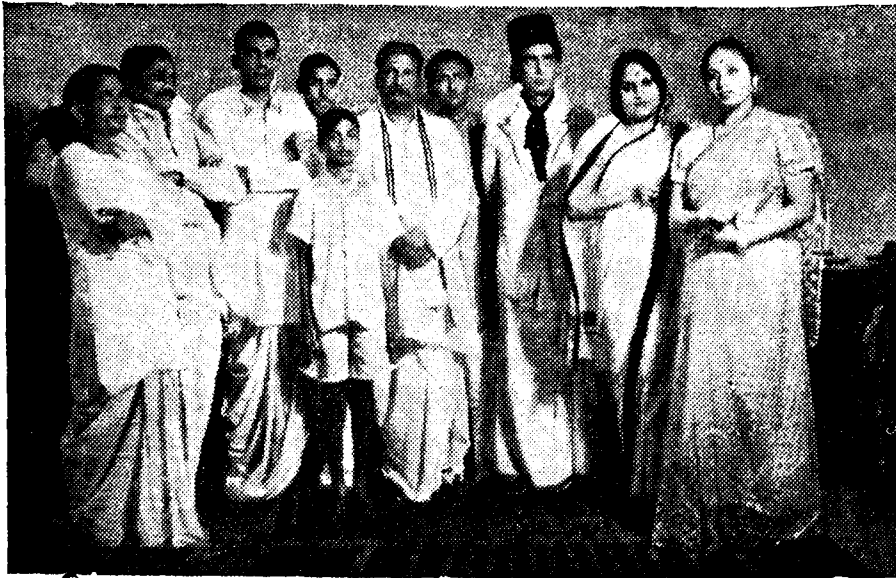
The Andhra stage has lost half of its charm along with Raghava. As it is, ours is a miserable parody of a stage with its ugly curtains, grotesque dresses and insipid dialogues. In the midst of such surroundings, an ordinary actor loses himself while a more talented one presents the appearance of one who has accidentally strayed into it or looks like a sad exile. A Raghava alone was capable, aided by his dazzling personality and unusual artistic gifts, of transforming the ugly stage into a distinctly lovely world of art. That accounts in a large measure for our seeing Raghava in a high-strung emotional frame at the commencement of a play and a terribly exhausted person at its close.

Raghava has given the Andhra stage the two qualities that it sadly lacked—dignity and personality. A happy combination of talent and culture found its way into the art of Raghava enriching it immensely. The best in the centuries-old unbroken culture of our land and the best in the Western culture blended happily in the personality of Raghava and endowed it

with a powerful calibre of mind. Consequently, Raghava's dramatic art, unlike that of other contemporary stage artists, had a purpose. He was gifted with a delightful vision that could comprehend aright the social atmosphere of the contemporary world and perceive the steps that led to the goal of human happiness towards which society had been all along striving. The same vision enabled him to maintain that detached outlook on life so essential to a true artist, while preserving at the same time a broad sympathetic attitude towards it. This explains why his *Hiranyakasipa* was not a perfect manifestation of villainy and his *Ramadas* of saintliness.

Raghava had practised and successfully achieved a system of moderation in his art. A brilliant actor like Raghava would have fallen easily into the folly of flooding the stage with the light of his personality alone, leaving little room for the character he portrayed, had he not been endowed with moderation and perfect understanding. Most artists, whether they be singing, acting or just talking, somehow convey an impression of saying to us "Look, how wonderfully I have done it!" A true artist on the other hand must leave on us the impression of saying "Look, how wonderful is the thing I have done!" To Raghava, art is always greater than the artist.

Spoken words in a way resemble human beings in their nature: words are in themselves sometimes angry, sometimes they console and patronise; also they confide in us and share with us their joys and sorrows. As they emerge from the mouths of most people words are just words; nothing but mere words. A rare actor like Raghava



Raghava with a group of A.I.R. Artists, after broadcasting a drama.

could make the spoken word throb with life. This was a unique faculty that he possessed.

Harbinger Of The Coming Era

In some of our contemporary plays, the characters drawn are nothing but a pot-pourri of preachings and opinions; while in some, the characters are just embodiments of fiery emotions and nothing more. The actors either deliver the words in an insipid manner or cry out with coarse emotion but seldom talk as human beings do. These are the type of artists who have practically little or no contact with the live problems of the society in which they live, let alone understanding or studying them in a spirit of fellowship. An artist needs such a contact more than an actor. I personally feel, however, that we have yet to learn how to think, act and live in terms of social and collective betterment. We are not fully alive to our social problems and as such the requisite atmosphere for the birth of a new dramatic art or a new actor is lacking. Raghava the actor, like the social play, *Kanyasulkam*, was a harbinger of the coming era.

Raghava, with his intimate understanding and fellowship with the society around him, was also capable of remaining ever-young in spirit, like the very society which he loved and struggled to make better. Human society is ever-young, it is ageless, in

fact it is of an age with all. Raghava fortunately was not satisfied with progress up to a point covering a convenient and comfortable distance, and having covered it, looking back on it languidly and complacently. His was a real progressive outlook. Most people's conception of progress is one-sided: while fighting for reform in a particular field, they oppose with all the vehemence at their command all other types of progress. This attitude cannot be called progressive. Raghava's attitude to progress is not compartmental. Those who have known him bear ample testimony to this.

Raghava struggled hard to make the stage a noble and dignified profession good enough for educated and cultured ladies to enter; he took up the cause of Harijans and did immense service to it in his own silent and inimitable manner; no action of his life was ever motivated by considerations of caste, religion or creed; he paid no attention to the discriminatory zeal of some to think in terms of Andhras, Tamils or Canarese. In many of his activities, Raghava had to face the severest of storms, and the vilest and cruellest of punishments in the form of social persecution. In Bellary, Raghava was an Andhra to Andhras and a Canarese to Canarese. This was certainly not the outcome of any diplomacy deliberately practised; it was the result of his spontaneous gentle-

ness. Raghava was incapable of being otherwise than gentle.

His Dreams

In the evening of his life, Raghava used to say, "I have sadly come to the conclusion that these so-called patrons of art, these zamindars and business-magnates will never do anything to help real art to develop. It is a folly to pitch our hopes on them. Personally, I am eager to mingle and work alongside the students and the youth of the country. Truly, they are the builders of our coming society. They are never selfish. My experience tells me that the common people are the real patrons of art. When once the people understand that the real purpose of art is to elevate their lot, they will adore the arts and not merely patronise them with pats on the backs of

artists in a spirit of condescension." And so on.

He would go on fondly dreaming of the construction of a people's theatre and of the plays that would galvanise the masses therefrom. It is unfortunate that Raghava could not succeed while he lived in building the people's theatre which he cherished in imagination for so long. One never knows: the causes for this may be too complicated for analysis. But the unsympathetic attitude of the Andhras is a thing to be taken into account in this connection.

Raghava's personality was as charming as his soul was a thing of beauty and delight. In our time, Tagore alone had the unique distinction of possessing inner and outer personalities of equal beauty. Raghava had been described by Tagore as the greatest of Indian actors. Tagore would not have said it for nothing.

THE WEEK ABROAD A Survey of Foreign Affairs

Persia has announced the grant of 'provincial autonomy' to the people of Azerbaijan. But as the residuary powers are being surrendered to the part, the authority of the Central Government will become more and more titular. The declaration of an amnesty to all those who had stirred up the recent trouble indicates the completeness of the success that has attended the Russian-sponsored autonomous movement in that province. It now remains to be seen how far the Government's new decrees against the Anglo-American oil company in South Persia will tend to constitute a new source of friction between Persia and the Western Powers.

Mr. Byrnes has started for Paris to attend the meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the Big Four to consider the drafting of treaties with Italy and the Balkan countries. He has let it be understood that if there is no agreement, Britain and America will go ahead with separate arrangements of their own with Italy. Another 'crisis' is being looked forward to by special correspon-

dents who anticipate a 'show-down' with Russia.

The labours of the French Constituent Assembly have been concluded with the adoption by a narrow majority of a single-chamber constitution for the Fourth French Republic. A referendum on the proposals fixed for early next month is expected either to ratify or reject the new constitution by a very narrow majority. This is a poor lookout for post-war France. The present alignment of parties makes it clear that Socialists and Communists are struggling hard to combine against the Centre and Rightist forces. But the scrapping of a second chamber is a drift towards the Left which is unpalatable to many sections of the French. Even the U.S.S.R. has provided for a second chamber in some indirect fashion at least. There is, indeed, in the new French constitution provision for two consultative bodies which are supported by the Left as equivalent to a second chamber. But being merely consultative, they are hardly likely to command prestige.

The uncertainty of France's future constitution does not affect the French stand regarding the new peace treaties with the defeated powers. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the Leftist parties stand for an aggressively 'nationalistic' statement of the relations between Germany and France. This trend is also actively supported by Russia; recent press articles from Russia have blamed Britain for applying the economic screw against France with a view to moderate French demands on German territory and economic resources. A later telegram hints at the possibility of France aligning itself with the western powers rather than with Russia on the question of peace treaties with Italy and Balkan countries.

Poland's move against Franco-Spain in the U.N.O. is expected to result in the passing of a dilatory motion or in the appointment of a roving commission to report on internal conditions in that country after a tour. While Franco had invited some such mission to vindicate his own position, it is doubtful if any mission will actually be sent. It is not as if the U.N.O. is unaware of the salient facts. The question as we have already pointed out is one of using force under one pretext or other. None of the powers concerned have any interest in Spain from the altruistic plane. It has just become the spring-board for more daring moves by the bigger powers. That is all!

Reports from Central Europe uncover highly interesting potentialities. In Bavaria and generally in South Germany, there are said to be Nazi guerilla bands getting to be active again. Mopping-up operations against them by the British and American forces are being forecast. Clashes are said to have occurred between American and Yugoslav forces in N.-E. Italy. The Austrian Chancellor has formally put in his claim for the rendition of Tyrol to Austria; he adds the needlessly humorous remark that without such rendition there could be

no peace in Europe! The legend on the labels to be adopted by German workmen is still being undecided. Communists and Socialists are hotly debating whether they should merge or not. Amidst this welter of instabilities, anything may develop in the coming months.

Events in Manchuria continue to be reported in a niggardly fashion. Side by side with the progress of the civil war in which the honours are conceded to the Communists, there is a 'phoney' war also going on the inwardness of which it is somewhat hard to understand. General Marshall has apparently not yet arrived in China; and it is not clear what he is expected to do to ease the situation. There are broad hints that American forces are supporting the Nationalists; it is clear that without American help Manchuria cannot be salvaged for the Central Government.

A wave of pessimism is sweeping over circles in close touch with the leaders of Indonesia. The fear is expressed that the Dutch Government is adopting Fabian tactics to break the back of the Indonesian demand for independence. At one time, it was announced that the substance of independence would be granted to Indonesia with the right of secession from the 'Commonwealth.' There is now an ominous silence; whether it is like the proverbial calm before a storm will be made evident before long.

The death of Lord Keynes removes one of the front-rank economists of the two world-wars from the international sphere. A high-brow intellectual, a brilliant academician and a forensic economist, he had a versatile genius which made him as much at home in expounding the *bhavas* of the Russian ballet as in the exposing of the shibboleths behind the Gold Standard. He, it was who coined the phrase 'unlimited liability' to denote the economics of Britain in the second world-war.

COMMUNISM AND THE MARRIAGE TIE

"DIVORCE IS A REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE"

"Hamsa's" article on the Necessity of Divorce has taken us very far from the starting point of our little controversy on Communism and the Marriage Tie.

Let us now go back. Dr. Pattabhi had attacked—and Saka had applauded—the Communists for loosening the marriage tie.

I submitted that the Communists had not loosened the marriage tie, but on the contrary had given to it a new meaning and purpose and therefore an added element of permanence.

The tragedies cited by "Hamsa" are, I presume, all drawn from bourgeois society and occurred precisely because the parties were not both Communists, or both Gandhians, or both active followers of some common *dharma* leading to *moksha*, but were merely seekers of *kama* and *artha*.

How would "I" solve these problems? If I knew the parties, I might submit the facts to the appropriate *Acharya*, or *Jeer*, or *Swami* of the Ramakrishna Mission, or to a good man like Sir N.G. or Tiru V. K.; and if advised by such referee I might even fast till the offending husband mends his ways or gives a legal release to the unfortunate girl.

Meantime I can only advise the girls concerned to take up teaching, nursing, music, journalism, social service or any other useful work they are fit for and inclined to. Unhappy marriage (like early widowhood), when boldly accepted, may turn out to be a true blessing to oneself and society. The world owes much to the late Mister Besant.

For such exceptional cases there should certainly be provision for judicial separation, just as there are

now special laws for widow-re-marriage and for inter-marriage. But these laws must be recognized as special and be restricted to the few who elect to be governed by them. They should not change our general conception and usages regarding marriage. We may not lightly reject the moral ideal of our race because of a few sporadic "problems". One does not pull out a whole tree by the roots because a few leaves are rotten.

Divorce is a remedy worse than the disease. Instead of preventing, it actually tends to encourage desertion, cruelty and other ills of married life. When it is difficult, it benefits only the rich; and when it is easy, it destroys the spiritual value of family life as a natural and legitimate though not an indispensable stage to *moksha*—which both Hindus and Christians conceive as the sole aim of human existence.

A century ago the "unmarried mother" was as rare in England as she is in India to-day. But in recent years these "unfortunates" are numerous but not at all happy. Hard cases have in England made bad law and a worsening society. Islam, which gives legal freedom, imposes galling physical restrictions on women.

The objection to easy divorce is the same as the objection to easy "conversion". The Hindu is taught to do his duty, not to assert his rights. When things go wrong, he is inclined to blame and reform himself rather than to blame or reform others. Before Islam and Christianity came to India, "misfits" like Buddha and Ramanuja converted themselves (instead of "converting" others or being "converted" by others) and in this

process founded great new systems in which millions of normal people have since found shelter. When the proselytizing religions came and offered easy "conversion", a few dissidents gave up without a struggle a living religious tradition and adopted narrower creeds which cramped potential Aurobindos and Gandhis into spiritual nonentities. And for one such sincere conversion, based on an honest though hasty and superficial comparison of the gifts of the old and the new religion, there were thousands of formal "conversions" due to *kama*, *krodha*, *lobha*, *moha*, *mada* and *matsarya*, none of which is a spiritual urge.

Similarly, with divorce as an easy way out, partners to an unhappy marriage would start finding fault with others instead of themselves and our family life would become

not merely less secure and happy but far less fruitful of spiritual good than it is now.

It is not modern, it is only short-sighted, to regard the normal marriage as anything but a permanent union. The "progress" from Sita or Kannaki as an ideal to that very modern lady, Helen of Troy, is only too easy. If our "educated" classes are allowed to have their way, they would make of our still healthy social life the same sorry mess they have already made of our political life.

Our "conscience", we are told, and our convenience now stand in the way of our following the political prescriptions of Gandhi. Let them not stand also in the way of our following his social prescriptions.

K.S.

WHAT STUDENTS FEEL ABOUT THEIR OWN EDUCATION

By T. N. Ramachandran

(A Student)

I think that educationists should consider what the students themselves feel about their own education, since I believe that only a proper understanding of the students' point of view would help the educationists to evolve a satisfactory scheme of education. It is in the capacity of a student that I write this article and I am sure that most of the students would agree with me on the various points I put forth.

Fortunately I happen to be a student of a technical institution. As I look back upon things that have been taught to me from my infant standard up to the present day, I cannot help thinking that I have been forced to learn quite a lot of unnecessary things which have no bearing at all on what I study today.

Throughout my schooldays, I had to learn the vocabulary and grammar of a foreign language and I was taught very little of my mother-

tongue or the sciences. In the Intermediate class, I was introduced to the masters of English literature and drama and during those two years, I had to devote most of my time to the study of English only, since there is a very wide gulf between the S.S.L.C. English and the Intermediate English. Very little attention was paid to the mother tongue and only elementary portions in mathematics, physics and chemistry were covered.

I think that if too much emphasis is not laid upon mastery over the English language, even in the S.S.L.C. class, it should be possible to teach the science portions of the Intermediate and students will then be in a position to join a technical or a science institution without undergoing the two years' course of the Intermediate class.

Now this leads us on to the question: "What is the standard of English that should be maintained in

the high school?" The answer to this question depends upon the medium of instruction in the colleges. If higher education is going to be imparted in English, then necessarily the high school student (who is going to pursue higher studies) should be equipped with a working knowledge of English. The medium of instruction during the high school stages should, of course, be in the mother-tongue and the students might be taught English as a subsidiary language in the fourth, fifth and sixth forms.

In teaching the sciences in the mother-tongue, I do not see the necessity for a rigorous and literal translation of scientific and technical terms used in English. I think that scientific and technical terms might still be retained in English, not only for the sake of universality but also to enable the student who continues his higher studies (probably in English medium) to be already familiar with those terms in English itself, which would thus save him a considerable time and energy.

Next comes the question of examinations. "Examination is a great botheration to all the Indian nation"—so runs the popular rhyme among students. Besides being a botheration, examination kills the interest in the subject studied. No subject studied for the sake of an examination can ever be interesting. The aim of colleges and universities should be to impart knowledge and not for coaching students for answering an examination and awarding a degree. No doubt, examination seems to be a necessary evil but it can be made less evil by attaching only a minor importance to it. And the practice of judging a man's intelligence or knowledge by a single performance in an examination of three hours should be given up.

After education, the student naturally seeks employment. If after

four years of study in a science course, the student gets employment, say as a clerk doing addition and subtraction, naturally he forgets all about science while employed in a job which does not require the skill of a scientist. Thus a budding scientist is 'killed' and the time and money he spent at the college is wasted.

The tendency for the employer seems to be to prefer a graduate to an S.S.L.C. for a job which can be done as efficiently by an S.S.L.C. as by a graduate. Because of this "phenomenon" the student who passes his S.S.L.C. examination continues his higher studies with a view to get a degree which will give him a better chance of securing a job. So much so, the only anxiety of the student is to get a degree and he displays no interest in the subject he studies. This evil has got to be wiped out and this can only be done by putting an end to the 'partiality' shown by the employers to the graduates. When the S.S.L.C. student finds that he can get an employment easily without fear of competition from the graduates, he will not continue his studies further unless he has an innate interest in the subject.

Hence higher education in science should be given only to those who show an interest in the subject and not to those who just want a degree and nothing more. Further these science students should be assured of jobs that require the skill of a scientist. Research should be encouraged and students who desire to do research work should be given financial aid, for their subsistence.

Higher education should receive as much attention as primary education and the various aspects of the question should be studied seriously, before any reform in education is brought about, especially when freedom is so near and the industrialisation of the country seems imminent.

It is exploitation: it is living off the labour of others, that Socialism abolishes. A Socialist community abolishes exploitation wholly and absolutely, even though it decides to pay its most skilled workers twice or even ten times as much as its least skilled. For it still pays for work and nothing else.—John Strachey.

LIE WITH THE LAMB, RISE WITH THE LARK

By "Gonsi"

To lie with the lamb and rise with the lark may be a way to be healthy, wealthy and wise. But who cares, in 1946, for all that old tosh! In college hostels, the people who go to bed at 8 and rise up at 4 are invariably the tufted ones who sit in front benches and take down all that the teacher utters with an earnestness that even the ancient Greeks could not have shown when they took down on tablets what the Delphic Oracle uttered.

As for my friend Rai, he has no objection to lie with the lamb, if there is no attractive programme in the city theatre and if his friends show a temporary aversion to play cards. He is even prepared to be a strenuous apostle of early lying if there be an examination the next day. It used to be said by the Conservatives of England who could not find any other argument against Marx, that his book *Das Kapital* sent them to sleep. Rai does not need *Das Kapital* to lull him to sleep. Any book will do. Why books! Lectures have that hypnotic quality for many and specially Rai.

Economic history is a subject that generally sets the boys dreaming not by its exquisite poetry but by its soporific quality. Rai used to begin nodding even as the professor entered the classroom. Even before the lecturer unfurled the roll of statistics on the annual production of cowdung in 1860, Rai would be in the seventh heaven of joyous sleep. There were others who copied his good example in varying degrees. The professor too was a noble soul who knew the limitations of the subject and his own capacity in the direction of enlivening the class. He never found fault with Rai or his followers if they meditatively closed their eyes when he was enthusiastically expatiating on the causes of the decline of Indian handicrafts. But there was a limit even to his homage to the muse of sleep. Rai one day actually snored. This shook the composure of even the placid lecturer but only for a moment. He collected himself and pulled up Rai

who woke up in confusion. The studious souls on the front benches stopped their writing for a while and waited for something to happen. Someone even whispered "Beware of the patient man's fury"! But the professor calmly told Rai, "I have nothing to say if you sleep. But you can't snore because you disturb not the class but the other gentlemen who sleep light".

But you see I have strayed from early rising to the professor of economic history. Early rising is a thing I could never manage. I don't believe in getting up from bed at 4, crawling all the way to the switch board in total darkness, stumbling on sleeping children and making them howl. Why all this bother?

People say that by sleeping till 8 I miss the early morning scenes. I am a town dweller. I can't rise early and like Gray meet the sun upon the upland lawn. The so-called early morning scenes I miss are of people who run to and from railway stations; at best I might see the scavengers clearing the streets of refuse. In return I ask the chaps who go to bed with the setting sun: Do they know anything of the midnight beauty? The still silence of the night when there is not the hooting of the cars or the "Guz Guz Guz" of the trams is simply divine. The gentle breeze and the distant vibration of the plaintive song of the cooly who sings in 'full-throated ease' after the day's feverish work, makes even a dull man a poet.

Another thing about those who rise early is they feel so superior morally towards others who sleep after the sun is up. In fact, they look upon us as worms. Why should these who sleep for an equal or (even greater) period of time feel superior to others, simply because they rise up and strut about when others are enjoying their sleep? They quote a lot of scripture besides. If I am not mistaken, I might even suggest that the Cabinet Mission allot a separate area to these puritan early risers. That area might be named "Larkisthan".

N. U. J. GAINS IN STRENGTH

Trade Unions seldom lend themselves to poetry, and the lines which were recited at a smoking concert at Glasgow in 1912 are perhaps not to be considered very lyrical. But they summarise with the characteristic vigour of poetry the position which the National Union of Journalists, the only Trade Union body thitherto in English journalism, had reached during its brief career. The poetaster sang;

If you're doomed to sit and scribble

*With a pencil and a pad
While you hold high aspirations
As a literary lad;
On imagination's aeroplane
You can safely soar away
If you had your pilot's ticket
From the N. U. J.*

The author ended on a propagandist note:

*Spread the gospel of the Union
When you meet with other scribes;
Show them how to face the future,
And you'll silence all their jibes;
For the note is combination
If you want to raise your pay,
And you'll find a handy lever
In the N. U. J.*

The politics of the period are full of the angry passions raised by Mr. Lloyd George's proposal to institute a system of insurance. But as far as the journalists were concerned, it was an unmixed blessing. The Union also profited exceedingly by this proposal. The Act required those who benefited to deal with the Government through what were called "approved societies". This requirement provided the Union with numerous recruits, who otherwise appeared blind to its immense benefits. Even more useful was the revelation effected by the Act that a great percentage of its members were earning less than £160 a year. This uncomfortable knowledge spurred the authorities of the Union to more vigorous action for redressal of the wrongs which were still being inflicted on the great body of English journalists in what

we are now being taught to regard as the "golden age" of journalism in Britain.

The office-bearers decided that this desirable result could be best achieved by some effective publicity. An immense "celebration dinner" was organised at the Hotel Cecil in the latter half of 1912. It is not clear how far it is justifiable to apportion the enormous increase in membership which occurred at this period to the benign effects of aristocratic food, but the fact is that while in December, 1911, 243 members were to be found, a year later the figure had increased to 480. The banquet was notable for another benefit. The Union was proudly enabled to claim that it enjoyed the patronage of no less a person than Lord Northcliffe. His Lordship wrote in a letter which was read at the dinner with great delight that it seemed to him that "a self-respecting society like yours has the opportunity of doing much for its members". The words of commendation sound cold, but the positively revolutionary aspect of the matter is that the virtual dictator of the English Press had bestowed his condescension upon a body which normally he might, as a proprietor, be expected to regard with jealous eyes. But indeed, Lord Northcliffe never assumed an obstructionist attitude towards the Union. Throughout his career, this body could always depend upon the benignity of the Carmelite House.

The Union had surmounted with success the successive obstacles of the hostility of the powerful Institute of Journalists, "test cases", and strikes. But the greatest of them all awaited it as well as the nation at large. The Kaiser's war inflicted a tremendous injury on the body fabric of the Union. It could not have been otherwise, for journalists, like every public-spirited individual, felt the call of "making the world safe for democracy". Many in Fleet Street laid down their lives.

IS MARRIAGE A 'PROFESSION' FOR WOMEN?

The article of "Saka" on marriage under *Sidelights* has provoked a very interesting debate. Various solutions are being suggested for the problem. The one offered by Mr. Padmanabhan is very provocative.

He says marriage is an institution based on certain ideals indicating the aspiration of a community or a race. He further adds, "It cannot be bad simply because people make it so".

This seems to be a contradiction in terms. A community or a race is its people. An institution can be and must become only what its people make it. No question can arise as to the people making a 'good' institution 'bad' for there can be no goodness or badness in an institution as such. Individuals in a community or race can either follow or not any institution at their own risk.

Saka, I do not think, has said anywhere anything good or bad about the institution of marriage as such nor did he ever laugh at or make fun of what K. S. said about it.

The point is whether institutions are eternal in content or form. No institution is so. For example, take the institution of property or State, or any other, for the matter of that. These arise out of the necessities of social life of the race. They take shape and grow according to the needs of society and decay and become extinct when society no more requires them.

Take the institution of 'slavery'. Has it not completely gone out of existence in civilized society? Has not the institution of property taken various forms at various stages of the growth of society in various communities? If any one doubts this, he has only to look back and see how communal ownership of land has given place to individual ownership and how in certain societies at any rate a new kind of ownership of instruments of production has developed and is developing.

The institution of State has again undergone revolutionary changes in history. A panoramic view of English history will show how the State in England from the time of Alfred the Great right up to the Labour Government to-day changed its content and form sometimes gradually and sometimes suddenly.

About marriage no one living in society can say that the institution of marriage is bad or unnecessary. But as a comparative study of the various existing societies in the world will

show, the form and content of this institution has been changing ever since it came into being.

Institutions shape themselves according to historical necessity and as they so shape themselves, women could take their rightful place in society with regard to every social, political and economic institution. But in India unfortunately the unnatural divorce between the State and society has broken the fluidity of the Dharma recognized by our forefathers and its change in accordance with the economic and social needs of society from time to time. This was effectively done in the past by the law-givers perfectly in accordance with the genius of Hindu society. To-day when no one can deny the equality in status of man and woman we have to find new Manus to formulate the new Dharma according to present necessities. The question is how far can our legislators take up and discharge this burden.

Apart from all this, the suggested solution of the author of the letter, that our girls should be educated to consider marriage as a profession, is very strange.

If for anything at all marriage is for social companionship, for satisfaction of certain biological needs and for the propagation of the race. The rules and regulations for the control of the relationship between man and woman in any society will be in the nature of an adjustment between these three factors on the one hand and the economic and social structure of the society as a whole on the other. The sanctions behind these rules will be spiritual or temporal, according to the level of the growth of the society. For example, imagine a society where the propagation of the race is not necessary. It will not bother so much about regulating the production of children, male or female. But in a society where the male population is a desideratum then there will be all sorts of rules and regulations and incentives for production of male children.

At no time can anyone say that marriage should be the only profession or a profession at all for women just as 'property' or statecraft cannot be said to be a profession at all—still less an exclusive profession for men. Marriage can be a 'profession' for women only if one completely ignores all the factors, individual and social, that go to uphold the institution itself.

—SRIVATSAVA.

VINOO MANKAD

Brutus was perhaps being sententious when he informed Cassius that there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. But it is undeniable that Indian cricket has been enriched by at least three such tides. It was during the tour of this country by the M.C.C. under Jardine that Amarnath, to vary the metaphor, grasped the skirts of happy chance. In a lesser sense did Abdul Hafeez succeed in bringing his capabilities to public notice under the kindly impulse provided by the visit of Hassett's Australians. But the most signal example of the flamboyant connection of "the hour and the man" was undoubtedly provided when Vinoo Mankad rose to fame during the tour of Lord Tennyson's team.

"Infant phenomena" are far from uncommon in cricket, though apparently they are on the stage, if Mr. Vincent Crummies is to be believed. Nevertheless, it is a matter for notice that when Mankad successfully and consistently defied the accuracy of Wellard, the hostility of Pope, and the wiles of Peter Smith, he was no more than twenty-two years of age. Such was his precocity that his first season in standard cricket has hitherto also been his most successful.

It would be idle to pretend that this eminence is the reward of genius or even greatness. Mankad is the most outstanding example which contemporary Indian cricket provides of the apotheosis of competent mediocrity. It is given to very few persons to achieve that stage of renown when particular strokes are invariably connected with a player, as when Hammond and off-drives are spoken of together. Of Indian batsmen, it is perhaps true to say that only Merchant will be thought of when late-cuts are under consideration. But the lack of any conspicuous stroke is surprising in such an experienced and capable player as Mankad. Late-cuts, which are the delight of Merchant's batting,

are also the instruments of his downfall. The bowler cannot flatter himself when bowling against Mankad, that a particular stroke, even though it may be fruitful, will yet bring about his departure. However this may be, it is no wilful paradox to say that the secret of Mankad's successful batting is the lack of resplendent strokes.

This characteristic was noted when he appeared for the first time in Madras in the fourth "test" against Lord Tennyson's team. In a season of wonderful consistency this fixture was his most fruitful, for entering at the fall of the first (Hindlekars') wicket, he remained unconquered with 113 runs. But most certainly it was not a century that lifted any spectator out of his dull self and sent him home with a glow. It was a distinctly plebeian performance. There was no colour of life, no bravura of strokes, no happy valiancy of mood in it. The definite impression was gained that while he could present an immaculately straight blade to anything the opposing bowlers could present to him, he could hardly do anything more. He appeared to have one, and only stroke, and even that appeared to puzzle, even annoy the spectators. For, in seeming to drive the ball to the on, he really pulled it to the mid-wicket! Of course, a century accrued to his credit, and he was duly applauded. But, then, it was a most undistinguished performance.

His slow left-hand bowling, however, was even then a more fascinating study. On a wet wicket, it was also successful. But it struck the attention by the methodical accuracy with which it lured the batsmen to their doom. There was a beauty in the inviting curve of the ball and the demoniac energy with which it rebounded to the batsmen.

No fundamental alteration in methods could be observed when Mankad appeared for the second time in Madras, playing for the Indian team on its way to Ceylon. He who had left Chepauk in 1937 a frail and

weak man, returned to it in 1945 with the dimensions of a prize-fighter. But apart from a limited capacity to cut late and an unlimited inclination to hit wildly at the ball pitching on his leg-stump, the proportions of his art were the same. It was not surprising that Ram-Singh should have claimed him leg before the wicket in both the innings.

A curious alteration in this player's status has now occurred. Such

is the wealth of the batting talent in this country that his prowess with the bat is coming to be disregarded. But such is the grinding poverty of the bowling capacity that Mankad is now expected to become a stock-bowler. Though it is true that in Ceylon he performed with the ball splendidly, it is permissible to doubt whether similar success can be repeated in England. The position, however, is that he will be given ample scope to exhibit his destructive talents.—N.S.R.

SAD PLIGHT OF AUTHORS

By Pulipaka Suryaprakasa Rao

In all civilised nations of the world, authors and journalists are given high place in life. Life pensions and old age pensions are also granted to them. Many facilities are granted by the State for publishing their writings. Statutory protection is also given in some countries to authors and their works.

But here in India the position is otherwise. Especially in Andhra Desa the position of individual authors is lamentable. Eminent poets and novelists are starving while their publishers are adding one floor upon another to their houses every year. Many publishing companies have enriched themselves with the work of the poets and authors of Andhra Desa. An enquiry will prove that there are only a few authors who are well off in life.

I have personal knowledge of eminent authors who are lying in darkness for want of encouragement. Some want food and clothing, some want leisure and rest, some want paper and ink and some lack postage expenses. Alas! How cheaply is human thought wasted. Can anybody know whether any writing is good or bad unless it is brought to light? For how long was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* considered useless waste of paper!

With the outbreak of the war and the promulgation of paper-control ordinances the hands of the authors are fettered. Any author, however eminent he may be, however important the subject of his book may be, has to get his work published through a registered book publisher only. The registered book publisher is his dictator. Whatever terms he proposes the author must accept, otherwise his work is worse than useless.

"Sir, the book is written on the basis of S. S. L. C. syllabus and you are sure to have huge profits. Kindly consider the case" says the author.

"That is none of your business. If you want, accept Rs. 50 and sign the bond, otherwise quit" is the reply.

The case of short story writers and authors of articles to magazines and newspapers is pitiable.

The story writer thinks and thinks. He writes—strikes—and writes again. He fair-copies and puts it into the post box. The burden of his brain is relieved.

But neither the learned editor nor the manager of the magazine cares to acknowledge receipt of the article of this nameless writer. Nor do they care to send a copy of the magazine in which the story is published, let alone the question of remuneration.

LITERACY AND ILLITERACY

By N. R. Kedari Rao

When the Parliamentary Delegation came to India, one of its members, the Rev. R. Sorensen, said that there is an appalling degree of illiteracy in India. The official figures are that only 13 per cent of the population is literate; and therefore very many people rush to the conclusion that "over 85 per cent of India's teeming millions is illiterate". The University of Madras in its booklet on Post War Education quotes this statement from the Report of the Central Advisory Board of Education.

But let us see whether there is a lacuna somewhere in the reasoning. It is assumed that the population of a country consists of only two sections—the literates and the illiterates. Now this is true in one way; but it has its own limitations.

Let us take, for instance, the case of infants and babies in arms. Obviously the question of literacy does not arise at all with regard to them. Not only in India but in the most progressive countries of the world, it is impossible to expect literacy from infants and 'toddlers' of the age of 1, 2, 3 or 4. In fact that is the reason why compulsory education is introduced only at the age of five at the earliest. In some countries, it is six, in others it is as high as seven.

The first point then which we have to remember in calculating percentages of literacy and illiteracy is that there cannot be 100 per cent literacy in any part of the world (however advanced it may be) and at any time even in the most rosy visions of our future. For, there will always be a certain number of people below the age of 5 (or 6 or 7) to whom it is ridiculous to apply the 'literacy' test. And statisticians tell us that boys and girls below the age of 5 form

about 15 per cent of the total population of a country.

Then we have the age-group 5 to 10. This age-group also amounts to 14 per cent or 15 per cent of the population. Even granting that all the children of this group are at school, those who are literate at any one time cannot be more than half the number. Literacy has been defined as ability to read and write one's mother-tongue; and it takes nearly four years for a person to become a permanent literate. Children in the first two or three years of their schooling are in process of acquiring the ability to read and write; but they have not yet acquired it. In due course they have every chance of becoming literate, but at a given point of time—as when the census is taken—they are illiterate. This will therefore be about 7 per cent or 8 per cent of the population. If we remember this as the second point to be borne in mind, then for the purpose of determining percentages of literacy and illiteracy, the population will have to be divided into not two, but four sections: (i) children below 5 (to whom the literacy test is inapplicable); (ii) children between 6 and 10 who go to school but have not yet become literate, though they have every chance of becoming literate sooner or later; (iii) children between 6 and 10 who have acquired literacy; and (iv) the population above the age of 10.

The 1941 Census Report for India says that 13 per cent of the population is literate. Items (i) and (ii) will form between 22 and 23 per cent of the population. Therefore the number of illiterates is only about (100-13-15-7 or 8) that is, 64 per cent or 65 per cent of the population (and not 85 or 87 per cent as is carelessly mentioned even by those who ought to know better.





Rolland and Tagore. (Visva-Bharati, Calcutta. Rs. 3-8.)

This is a valuable record of the intimate friendship between two of the outstanding creative artists of our age. The publishers have brought together all the available letters which passed between them; these are prefaced by studies of each other by the artists themselves and a short article on his personal recollections of both by C. F. Andrews.

The spiritual fellowship of Rolland and Tagore began after the last war, "when night had fallen over the continent of Europe." To Tagore, the life and work of Romain Rolland was proof that "the living spark of the human spirit is not yet extinct and that there is hope," while to Rolland, Rabindranath was the "dear great friend" who symbolised the spiritual awakening in Asia "which is both more lively and more pure than in Europe."

Rolland's letters, written during the years 1919-40, reveal deep affection and exquisite sympathy. Their main subject is the creation of a forum for free intellectuals and artists the world over, to take their stand against war and injustice, and to synthesize the culture of the East and the West, "the two hemispheres of the Spirit." In one of the letters is found the famous "Declaration of Independence of the Spirit," bearing the signatures of representative writers and artists of every country, who retained and wanted to preserve their integrity and freedom of thought in face of the egotistic demands of country and class. Rolland was one of the moving spirits behind the Declaration. Tagore visited Rolland in 1926 and was his guest for some time. Extracts from their conversation are included in the volume. Rolland regretted that "circumstances have forced us to devote a large part of our conversation to discussing contemporary and depressing subjects instead of devoting ourselves, as we would both have liked, to things eternal." But his spirit was so sensitive that he could not but register his indignant protest against the

Fascist scourge which threatened Europe, realising the elimination of culture which its victory would involve. The well-known reference to Italian Fascism occurs in one of his letters: "Often I have accused myself for having disturbed your rest when I took away from you the confidence you had in your Italian hosts. However, I had no other interest in my mind but your glory, which I value more than your rest. I did not want devils misusing your sacred name." Greeting Tagore's part in the struggle for Indian freedom, he says: "You know that in the West I take part in the same battles, which are still more desperate. But the awakening (social, moral and intellectual) of the workers and peasants of France is a joy and a great hope for me."

Rolland passed away when France was in the throes of struggle for liberation; Tagore is no more with us as we stand on the threshold of freedom. But they will continue to inspire all mankind in the endeavour to create a world rid of war and devoted to truth and justice. They anticipated such a world in the collaboration of free minds of which the volume under notice is the record.

Notes on the Bengal Renaissance:
By Amit Sen. (People's Publishing House, Bombay. Re. 1.)

This is a concise but inclusive survey, by a Marxist thinker, of the Renaissance in Bengal which played a considerable part in moulding the modern Indian mind. The herald of the Renaissance was Rammohan Roy, who, having worked out a synthesis of the best thought of the East and the West, proceeded to battle for reform in all the walks of the nation's life. With supreme courage he denounced the current perversions of the ancient Hindu religion, organised the Brahma Sabha as a theistic society, initiated the campaign against *sati* and other social evils, and pleaded for the "teaching of useful Western

sciences in the place of the classical lore of grammatical niceties and metaphysical speculations." He took part in the first constitutional agitations in our country, advocated women's rights and gave evidence of his international outlook by his anxiety for the success of the Reform Bill in England. Outraged orthodoxy plagued him with law-suits and insulted him in public.

The middle of the 19th century saw the growth of the Young Bengal movement, organised by the pupils of Henry Derozio, a free-thinking Anglo-Indian. The Derozians were radicals, with a contempt for tradition. Several of them, including the poet Madhusudan Datta, embraced Christianity and took to wine-drinking as a symbol of emancipation! They were brilliant young men who strove to carry the torch of culture to the masses, but "radical politics of a Western type were hardly possible in Bengal a century ago, and the rich promise we see in the Derozians never matured into anything solid. Meanwhile, a steady, moderate reform movement began to gather strength under the guidance of Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar. Hindu revivalism was a potent influence throughout this period. The author points out that "patriotic writers invariably glorified, not merely the ancient Indian culture with its predominantly Hindu structure, but they also began to dwell upon the struggles of the Rajputs, the Marathas and the Sikhs as symbols of the freedom urge—who as it happened, all had as their adversaries the Muslims—and the Hindu trend in the national sentiment was intensified with a not very happy consequence."

The last quarter of the century saw the rise into leadership of Surendranath Banerjee whose "tenacity in political agitation earned him from Englishmen the sobriquet of 'Surrender Not'—in a pun on his personal name." Mr. Sen then gives an account of the fusion of the National Conference, which grew out of the Hindu Melas of Bengal, with the National Congress in 1886. From this on time Bengal played the leading part in taking the Congress message to the masses in liberalizing its policy and internal organization. Bipin Chandra Pal was the figure round whom gathered the nascent extremist sentiment. There was a parallel development of the Muslim national consciousness, which began later, under the leadership of Syed Ahmed. The survey closes with an ac-

count of the successful mass agitation against the partition of Bengal, and the emergence of Rabindranath Tagore as the poet of national freedom and international brotherhood.

Mr. Sen writes with the intellectual clarity and precision of a scholar and without any pedantry. He provides a discriminating study of the cultural heritage which is the country's proud possession. The author and publishers are to be congratulated on this pioneering effort in popularising the results of scholarly investigation into the recent history of Indian civilisation.

Rickshawallah: By Manjeri Isvaran. (The Alliance Company, Mylapore, Madras. Price Rs. 2-8.)

In an introduction which, though liable to be misunderstood by the Philistines, should not be by wiser persons, the author of this collection of stories formulates the theme: "at thin walls divide the poet and the writer of the short story. The generalisation is too comprehensive; for it is legitimate to consider the story of Hawthorne as so many puritanic legends, it is also true that the excellent productions of Bret Harte have no corresponding form in or any affinity with poetry. However this may be, it is undoubtedly true that the stories contained in this volume, the third to be produced by this well-known author, are also expressions of the essentially poetic mood.

Indeed, the parallel goes deeper. The philosopher of Nashipur once heard in the market-place one dusk of day mud pots "murmuring with all their obliterated tongue." This experience of Omar Khayyam is the basis of Mr. Isvaran's *Bewitched*. There is, however, no "fine frenzy rolling" in this author. If he is whimsical, he is never fantastic. If he is rarefied, he is never absent-minded. It is not unlikely that some of these stories will be received into the corpus of what must be called, for lack of a better description Indo-Anglian literature as excellent examples of the short story.

The title piece is the longest, but does not appear to be the most favourable example of this author's powers. He appears here to be breaking a butterfly on the wheel. But there can be nothing but praise for *Passage Money*, a production of rare skill and technique. The reader who takes up this volume can be assured that he will meet with a keen intellect, an experienced writer, and above all, an author who is not gratuitously cynical or offensively bright.

LETTERS

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

Dr. Pattabhi Has A Devotee

In an article entitled "New Vista of Ministerial Possibilities" appearing in *Swatantra* of the 13th April, the following pronouncement has been made by you:

"He (Dr. Pattabhi) has many enemies and no ardent devotees."

To give the lie direct to the latter part of your remark, I for one sign myself.

AN ARDENT DEVOTEE OF
DR. PATTABHI

(Name of writer not given).

Mr. Jinnah

The recent declaration of Mr. Jinnah, which is perhaps stiffer than ever before if not obstinate, did not fail to catch the public eye as usual or Sardar Patel's indictment. The Indian Press, too, especially that part of it which has been consistently opposing Mr. Jinnah and his Pakistan, lost no time in pouring ire on the Muslim League and its leader. The statement is typical of Mr. Jinnah, crisp, effective and provoking. He declared to the Special Correspondent of the *News Chronicle* that he was "not an Indian". This of course lent itself to be interpreted in varying degrees of hatred by the different newspapers. He has been called "foreigner" by some, "traitor" by some others. Sardar Patel went a step further and declared that Mr. Jinnah, being a foreigner, as he made himself liable to be understood that way, should not participate in the deliberations with the Cabinet Mission as those who are not Indians have no business to interfere in Indian politics.

I am afraid the anxiety of some of the people who feel that Mr. Jinnah is an obstacle in the way of freedom made them miss the point in Mr. Jinnah's statement.

Prior to World War I, the Euphrates and Tigris area was known as Mesopotamia and it was not divided into Iran, Iraq and the other States now in existence. Now no longer would

anybody say that he belonged to Mesopotamia. He prefers to be called an Iranian or an Iraqi. Similarly, Mr. Jinnah who never even for a moment allows himself to believe that India is one nation, declared that he is not an Indian, meaning thereby that he is a Pakistanite. India as a nation is not in existence for him.

Critics may quarrel with me and say that mine is a far-fetched interpretation. But there is no harm if one is charitable to Mr. Jinnah. It would lessen bitterness and make settlement possible, which we all know is a pre-condition for peace and freedom.

D. NARASIMHA RAO.
Chicacole.

Whither, Congressmen?

Ever since it was born, the Indian National Congress has been the symbol of India's long struggle to be free. The Congress gave life to a dead nation and showed us how to love our land. Gandhiji has exalted the Congress organisation with his gospel of love and ahimsa.

Yet, alas, to-day our struggle for freedom seems to deviate from the path of duty to society towards the giddy and perilous paths of power-politics, intrigue and intolerance. Even ardent admirers of the Congress like me fail to understand whether it is love of action or love for power that has led our impatient youth to be moved more by anger, ambition and revenge than by love, ahimsa and benevolence.

The Congress has drawn into its bosom all our fighters for freedom and all the most progressive forces of this country. It has been the meeting ground of many divergent views and shades of opinion. It has its roots deep in the soil of this land. In our over-enthusiasm or zeal let us not burn the very roots—love, tolerance and ahimsa.

The course that the internal politics of our province has been taking

cannot help causing anxiety and distress to any lover of the country. Mutual understanding and tolerance of differing views is the crying need of the times. Our patriots should rise above this unnecessary bitterness, slander and mutual hatred.

K. RADHAKRISHNAN

Famine Stalks The Land

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

These famous lines of Goldsmith truly picture the present condition of our country. What do we see around us? Wealth has accumulated into a few hands. Alongside with wealth are to be found scarcity of food, poverty, dirt and squalor. The destitutes have again re-appeared in the city of Calcutta. Our own province of Madras is threatened with famine, and actual famine already prevails in certain parts of it like the Ceded Districts. Famine stalks the entire country. As though this was not enough we have the cloth famine, partly man-made. It is strange that welfare should not be a concomitant of wealth. Scarcity conditions in our country at the present day remind us of the story of King Midas. They present a challenge to our popular Ministers. Will our leaders have the courage to deal with the anti-social elements in their effort to eradicate food and cloth famine and thereby infuse a new life of service and humanity?

V. M. GIRI
Bellary.

In Defence Of Masterji

I am pained to read your remarks about Master Tara Singh and the stand of the Sikhs vis-a-vis the future Constitution of India in your issue of 13th April. Perhaps, Jawaharlal Nehru has provided the inspiration for this criticism, or at least thrown the spotlight on Masterji by his unhappy reference (not true to facts) to his sitting on fifteen stools at the same time. If anything Master Tara Singh and his followers deserve the gratitude of all patriotic people for the firm anti-Pakistan attitude they have adopted in their negotiations with the Cabinet Mission. His attitude is far from anomalous.

The Sikh attitude is this. They are firmly against the division of India into Hindustan and Pakistan. But as men of common sense they say that

if by any remote chance, Pakistan should be forced on India (perish the thought!) they are not prepared to remain within the new artificial nation but demand a home of their own—Sikhistan. In other words, the Sikhs are prepared to remain loyal to a united India but are not prepared to form part of Pakistan at any cost. What is wrong about it? It is a perfectly understandable, logical and, above all, patriotic stand which the Sikhs have taken and as a practical stand it is going to save the country from dismemberment. Mr. Jinnah is an astute politician and the only hurdle that is worrying him is Master Tara Singh's demand for Sikhistan in case Pakistan is conceded. The consequential demand for Sikhistan is going to be the only practical instrument which is going to kill that Frankenstein—Pakistan—before it is born.

Master Tara Singh wants those portions of the Punjab where the Sikhs predominate to be set apart as Sikhistan in case Pakistan is conceded. That means that Sikhistan will be carved, if at all, out of the North-Western zone of the proposed Pakistan. In other words, just as Pakistan would be carved out of Akhand Hindustan, Sikhistan would be carved out of Pakistan and not out of Hindustan. So, if anyone has a right to flare up against Masterji, he is Mr. Jinnah and not Pandit Jawaharlal. And how has Mr. Jinnah reacted? He is cajoling Master Tara Singh. If nothing else, that ought to clear Masterji in our eyes.

Through your weighty columns, then, I plead with Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and all the rest of our patriots, both leaders and followers, to strengthen the hands of Master Tara Singh and the Sikhs by understanding his viewpoint aright instead of driving him and his brave band from the ideal of one India by insults and abuse.

JAGANNATHADAS GOVINDAS

Who Are The Fifth Columnists?

Is the Congress turning into a fifth column for the Anglo-American union? Then why should the Congress leaders be ranting against Communists as the fifth columnists of Russia without one shred of evidence for the accusation, while there is every proof all the wide world over that the Anglo-American union which they court so assiduously is still swayed by the same old desire for racial, political and economical domination over Asiatic peoples? I hope the people of

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India will realise the danger to India underlying this policy for which members of the Cabinet Mission are openly asking Congress to give its support. They must voice their condemnation of it in the open session of the Congress. It is not necessary for any one to be a member of the Communist Party to do this. Every four-anna or yarn member of the Congress can and must do it or be prepared to suffer like China from bloodshed, famine and pestilence as she does under American protection now.

Wisdom has dawned on Persia. I hope it will dawn on the Indian National Congress too. It is funny that that body should have so much faith in the good intentions, armed might or statesmanship of the Anglo-American union when peoples better acquainted have begun to lose it.

DR. C. R. RAMASWAMI.

Communist Policy

There is nothing surprising in the shifting and inconsistent attitude of the Communist parties in countries other than the Soviet Union, because they are moved by unwavering loyalty to the Soviet Union. In India we have seen how the "bloody imperialist war" suddenly assumed the phase of a "people's war" overnight, the moment Germany declared war on Russia.

The Daily Worker which is critical of every other Government but the Soviet Union, sagely declares that the British Cabinet Mission is a device to deceive the political leaders of this country who are presumed to be political babes, and the Indian people who are supposed to be incapable of knowing the genuine from the false. One wonders if it is all provoked by the fear that, in the event of the success of the Cabinet Mission, Russia might be deprived of the role of possible 'liberator of subject peoples.' There is no doubt that if India becomes free as the result of the Cabinet Mission's endeavours, we are not going to permit any imperialist nation (including Russia) to interfere in the Middle East, or exploit the region for its own ends.

Is it not strange that though *The Daily Worker* and the Communist Party of India have been loudly pleading for the immediate need for independence to India, they should now get so panicky? Is it that they are upset over the new British policy because it does not suit exactly the Russian imperialist policy? It is perhaps in some measure due to the

fear of Soviet Russia stealing a march over her that Britain is now so much in earnest to give India political independence, just to earn the friendship of this country.

M. P. BASKARAN.

Federation: The German Model

The success of the Cabinet Mission will depend as much on their willingness to part with power as on our ability and wisdom to devise a constitutional set-up that will be acceptable to the main elements of our national life. In this connection, a careful study of the old German Constitution of 1870 will be of great help to us in evolving our constitutional structure. It may be noted that united and puissant Germany was born in the glow of triumph over her historic foe, France. There existed already the North German Federation, embracing the Protestant States of the North. As a result of the awakened national consciousness the Southern States decided to join the pre-existing Northern Federation, and in 1870 Germany became a single State in the eyes of Europe.

Each of these States obtained its due representation in the Federal Council and Federal Assembly, and each reserved for itself certain powers or immunities beyond those enjoyed by the North German States, Bavaria in particular retaining control over her postal, railway and telegraphic systems and her general legislation which left her comparatively in a position of great independence. German Federation was thus a peculiar one. It was strict to the Northern members, conceding to them few and unimportant State rights, but as regards the Southern States, its treatment was extremely loose. Federation in the case of these States amounted to little more than a close defensive and offensive alliance with a joint foreign policy, a common commercial system and common legislation on a few subjects.

The German Constitution offers us a model. The Indian Federation may be a rigid one in the case of the constituent Hindu provinces, but as regards the so-called Pakistan provinces, it may be loose, leaving them in comparative independence. This kind of Constitution, while satisfying the Muslim desire for autonomy, will provide for a Centre for India's future. Such an Indian Federation may not be to the taste of constitutional pundits; constitutional purism apart, it offers a constructive solution to our tangled political problem.

N. SRINIVASA AIYAR.

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