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Editor

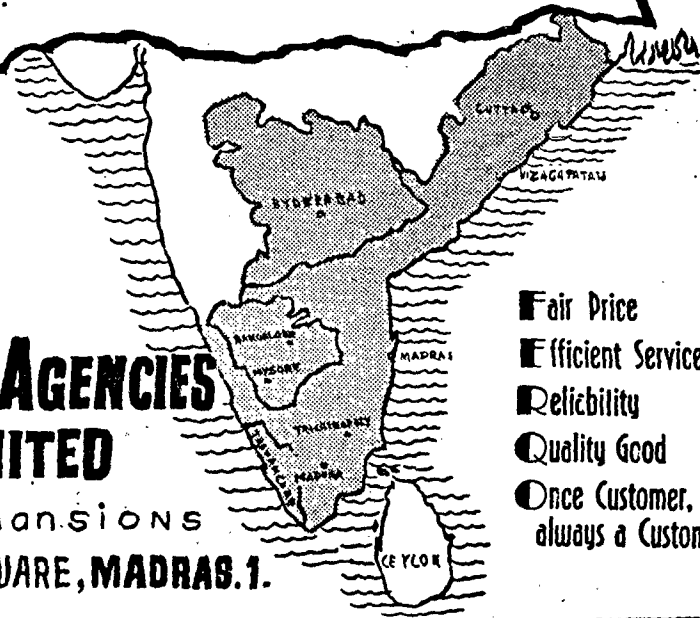
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Tempo

(INDIA'S TEMPESTUOUS ENGLISH MONTHLY)

Vol. I

July 1947

No. 2

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SUSPICION

Tempos Monthly Tempest

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"SHRAPNEL"

PREPARE THE COUNTRY FOR FREEDOM

A contemporary journal of Bombay takes the lead by sounding the suggestion that all monuments of British tyranny should be wiped out of the face of India. We whole heartedly agree with the view and say with all the force at our command that we should forthwith prepare the country for freedom which is shortly to be ours.

Let every patriotic Indian remind himself when he rises at dawn that he's free, free to choose his destiny and his country's. The British are quitting; the hard chains of white imperialism lie shattered around us to be swept off by the first breath of a Free India.

Now then let's wipe out the last vestiges of 150 years of British misrule and malcontent. Remove then all those statues of the great persons that had held up the "Empire" and in their place erect statues for those that had been martyred to the cause of shaking it and to those that had put India on its legs, head erect, eyes aglow and soul afresh. Let Boses and Bhagat Singhs; the immortal heroes of the R I N and the I N A: the unknown hundreds that worked in silence and perished in the prison cells in the struggle for their country's freedom—let these now shine where those that had crushed and crippled them yet glitter.

But then Britain was not all Churchills and Dyers, for it also had Annie Beasants and Andrewses and Allan Humes. Let not the hatred for men from Britain that tyrannised us blind us to recognise the services of the brave, just and good-hearted sons and daughters of that Isle who had come to our land, fired us with the breath of freedom and joined our ranks and fought against their own kith and kin, induced by the love of justice, fair-play and right.

It's now time that the voice of "God save the king" is hushed for ever; it's time the voice of a Tagore and a Bharathi rings through the free air of a Free India from all public theatres, restaurants and resting houses. It's time that the pompous "By appointment to His Excellency the Governor of—" is pulled out from our business houses and a patriotically fitting placard is put

in their stead. It's time that from the aristocratic snobs-ridden mansions the insulting term "Memsahib" is ejected out and the respectable expression "Maji" is ushered in. It's time that history is rewritten on the debris of the flasehood and untruth history hitherto taught to us was, and the future generation, the men and women of the morrow are taught what their fathers were denied at schools and colleges but had learnt in life, by experience, suffering and sacrifice. In short it is time that every Indian, high and low, sheds off the slough of slavery and trots the streets with pride and greets the Englishman with a sense of equality and respect.

Let our people's Governments rise to the occasion and prepare the country wholesale for freedom, for the preparation of the country for freedom is as important as the freedom that will be ours in a short while.

Socialism is for me not merely an economic doctrine which I favour; it is a vital Creed which I hold with all my head and heart

—NEHRU

THE FUTURE OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

By

KHASA SUBBA RAO

Editor, Swatantra, Madras.

"Parting of the ways between socialist Nehru and Rightist patel is now but a question of time," observes Sri Khasa Subba Rao, Editor of Swatantra weekly, in the course of this sensational article.

The future of Jawaharlal Nehru is being weighed in the balance in the changes now rapidly taking place in the shape of the country.

Nehru has been a product of conflicting influences. The pull of Gandhism forced on him the strain of a constant struggle between his own natural impulses and the dictates of philosophy to which he could not give spontaneous inherent loyalty. A tremendous love and respect for the Mahatma made him put in cold storage the most impetuous of his inclinations and adopt courses fundamentally opposed to his own convictions. This bending of Nehru before the will of the Mahatma is part of a wider phenomenon that was being demonstrated on the stage of our politics since the Mahatma came into the leadership of the Congress.

The secret of Gandhi's influence with Nehru is also the



NEHRU

source of his vast power over millions of other people in the country. The compelling part of the allegiances extracted by the Mahatma has lain in the terrific power of his own flame-like sincerity. He practised what he preached, which was a feat no other politician was ever equal to, and the uniqueness of it compelled first attention, and then conversion. The supreme

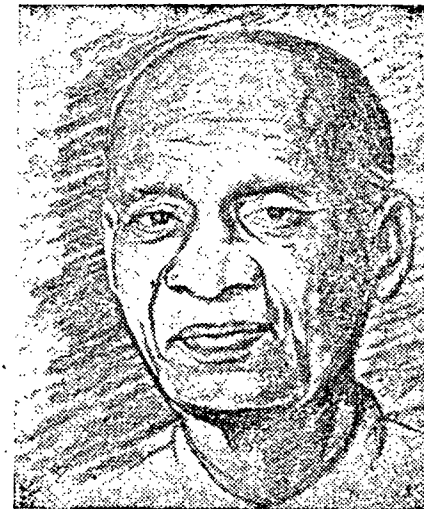
ingredient in the greatness of the Mahatma lay in the abandon with which he pursued ideas that appealed to him in utter indifference to all considerations as to how they would appeal to others. They led him to the primitiveness of the loin cloth that challenged a whole world of conventions comprised in modern civilization.

While he stood as on a rock on his beliefs, the Mahatma grew from strength to strength, and no opposition mattered, and nothing could shake him, because even from ridicule and derision he could draw and develop power. Diminution of influence set in only when he wavered in the pursuit of what he taught. Every leader in the course of his work attracts to himself an intimate circle of lieutenants on whom he comes to depend as they propagate his faith. It was the misfortune of the Mahatma that when the results of his leadership became convertible into political power, the closest of his associates could not continue their adherence to principles which they had found it possible to uphold with glorious devotion and sacrifice in the

days of struggle preceding the acquisition of power. There are always more fish in the sea than come to the surface. If the Mahatma had disowned his unfaithful disciples occupying the next immediate rung of leadership below him, he could have more than replenished what he might have lost from the vast reservoir of mass support that belonged to him in the country. Instead, he let go just that which had made his leadership unique in order evidently to avoid a breach with them. This could not be done without letting down the faithful. The whole of the quarter century-old battle for Khadi, with all that was comprised in the charka economics that formed the very basis of the Gandhian drive, was lost when, without moving one little finger, the Mahatma allowed the Prakasam Ministry in Madras to be torn to pieces. The speciality of Sri Prakasam lay in the fact that he took the economic teaching of Gandhism seriously and did not abandon it when the opportunity came for implementing it on his change-over from non-official status to the premiership.

The pattern of the new State taking shape under Congress direction is very different from what might have been expected from the pledges and policies associated with Congress ideology in view of the Mahatma's part in developing it. They are building Hindustan on the wreckage of Khadi, nonviolence and the like, and Nehru, as one of the architects of the new structure, finds himself for the first time armed with executive initiative divested of Gandhian pressure. What sort of Nehru will the new situation reveal?

Next to Gandhi, Nehru is the most popular of Indian leaders. In one sense his political position is better than that of Gandhi, as it is refreshingly free from religious jargon of any kind and derives no sustenance from mysticism. I do not recollect his having dragged God once into his speeches or writings. Having taken secularism for his sheet-anchor, he is never pre-occupied with the soul's salvation in the next world, and all his energies are bent on tasks connected with the material life on this planet and the welfare of people inhabiting it. His



Steely Rightist PATEL

humanitarianism, devoid of any flourishes of spirituality, makes him a good companion to people of all climes, and he is today one of the true internationalists with enough culture and civilised refinement to be justifiably classed as citizens of the world. If only intense affection (perhaps) had not led him into the clannishness of assigning to the Nehrus and their cousins a place apart from the rest of creation, he would have shone as a veritable saint, the more lovable for his complete freedom from moral poses and the ways and habits of institutional piety. A man of vast study, energy and

social charm; proud without being arrogant; high tempered and tempestuous but unspoiled by wealth, popularity or success; uncommercial, non-acquisitive, and endowed with a cosmic mind given to spacious movement and incapable of being drawn into narrow, crooked paths, Nehru the darling of the multitudes is the hero of the hour and seems as though expressly made to be tomorrow's man of destiny in free India. And so indeed he would surely be but for one fact—there is Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel to reckon with.

All the capitalist wealth of India is ready now to pay toll to the Sardar. Immeasurable are the financial resources at his command. He has a towering position in the Congress organisation with a mastery over its keymen that is not likely to be affected by any changes in the personnel of the High Command, or whoever might come or go as President in the shifting fortunes of annual elections. No breath of a breach with the Mahatma has ever tarnished his standing as a politician. Without any laborious striving for an impressive example, all the prestige of the garnered moral strength of

the Mahatma is his to exploit. All these assests make the Sardar the most formidable of the Congress leaders being gathered to the helm of Hindustan's affairs.

Parting of the ways between Socialist Nehru and Rightist Patel is now but a question of time. The brewing conflict is comparable to the historic struggle for power between Stalin and Trotsky on the termination of the unifying incentive of Lenin's leadership. Patel has all the tenacity and ruthlessness of Stalin and as much if not more of organisational skill and capacity for party consolidation: While Nehru is unversed in this art. But Stalin's party had at its back the might of all the fresh vitality of a roused proletariat, whereas the forces comparable to Stalin's party are in India preparing now for a fight with the branch of Congress leadership represented by Patel. The eventual victory of Socialism is certain in India as much as everywhere else in the world. Nehru's role would be that of determining whether that victory would come quick or would be reached only after years of prolonged suffering and intense popular distress.

The Future of PAKISTAN and HINDUSTAN.

By K. PUNNIAH

EDITOR: "Sind Observer"

In this exclusive article, specially written for the readers of TEMPO, K. Punniash, the distinguished editor of "Sind Observer", Karachi, doles out many bitter facts about the future positions of Hindustan and Pakistan which should awe any Muslim left with an iota of independent judgment. "It is then that the Muslims of Pakistan will open their eyes and realise that Pakistan is going to be a curse instead of a blessing," says the author. When? Read this article, and know it for yourself.

Partition of India is now a settled fact. It is no use kicking against the pricks.

On the whole partition is good to the soul of the people of India, as Hindustanis and Pakistanis, will now be put on their trial to do their best for the moral and material development of their territories.

The Indian Union (Hindustan for the sake of simplicity) has enormous resources in men, money and material, and secession of Pakistan will affect it no more than the separation of Burma from India.

Three hundred fifty millions of industrious and law-abiding

people, and eighty percent of a vast sub-continent, will become one of the most powerful and prosperous nations in a decade or two.

The Indian Union and the seceding parts will be bound by economics, commercial and social ties, in spite of their being two independent administrations. The surplus wheat, rice, cotton, jute and hides of Western and Eastern Pakistan find a ready market in Hindustan, in return for which the latter will supply textiles, sugar, cement and other industrial goods and also coal.

Trade never travels one way. To the extent you sell you buy



"If the transfer of power is to be effected in a peaceful and orderly manner, every single one of us must bend all his efforts to the task. This is no time for bickering, much less for the continuation in any shape or form of the disorders and lawlessness of the past few months. Do not forget what a narrow margin of food we are all working on. We cannot afford any toleration of violence?"

—The Viceroy in his broadcast to India.

You can't allow your rice and wheat to rot.

I take it that by mutual agreement Communications of the whole of India—of the two Dominions—will be under one

single authority, so also customs and currency. Trams run from Paris to Constantinople in Europe through different territories and the accounts are properly adjusted between the



"The India of geography, of history and tradition, the India of our minds and hearts cannot change."

—Nehru in his broadcast to the nation.

various countries by a Central Co-ordinating authority.

As to the defence of the country both the dominions are likely to be ill at ease if it is placed under one single authority and in all likelihood there will be two separate defence systems.

Hindustan should welcome this step, as thereby she will be saving nearly a fourth or fifth on the defence expenditure, nearly 15 to 20 crores of rupees.

In future every able-bodied citizen in Hindustan will be trained to arms; the country is big enough and rich enough to maintain large defence forces, five times those of Pakistan, to ward off any possible invasion from Pakistan, which, with about fifty millions of people, as against 350 millions and with poor and attenuated resources, can be no match to an awakened and virile Hindustan.

Pan-Islam is a bogey that has been too much worked to create unnecessary fright in the Hindu mind. The Muslim Countries of Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Egypt and countries upto Tripoli in North Africa have no navy and

air forces and transport ships to invade Hindustan or to save Pakistan in case of need. Their armies are primitive. They have hardly any Communications worth speaking of to march their forces on land through Pakistan to invade Hindustan. They have no large scale and developed industries for manufacture of armaments, which modern warfare demands and which Hindustan has. It is not Hindustan at any rate that should be afraid of Pan-Islam. It is a bogey, pure and simple.

Moreover there is a vigorous movement in Asia and Africa for elimination of the Western imperialisms and for it, freed and independent India's valuable help is needed by those countries. Therefore those countries are bound to come closer to her and not antagonise her.

It is true there is the danger of Soviet Russia developing ambitions to march on India through Afghanistan and Persia, in the event of Pakistan opening its doors to the U.S.S.R. In that case, there will be a third world war in which Non-

Soviet countries of the world like America, England and the monarchist Arab countries (including Persia and Afganistan) will oppose Russia. I doubt if Moscow will be prepared for so daring an adventure within the next twenty years.

We have in Hindustan over two hundred districts as against forty five of Eastern and Western Pakistan; While Western Pakistan is a distinctly separate territory running over 1,200 miles of contiguous land from Peshawar to Karachi via Rawalpindi and Lahore, Eastern Pakistan is sandwiched between Western Bengal and Assam. Eastern Bengal's destiny lies in being with United Bengal and with the Indian Union as it has no resources to maintain separate defence forces, costing about eight to ten crores of rupees immediately after separation. With the loss of Calcutta and the industrialised West, East Bengal will be financially an empty shell.

The greatest advantage of immediate separation is that it will induce cool thinking in the protagonists of Pakistan in the West and the East.

The fretful fever of Muslim League agitation having subsided and even disappeared, Pakistan patriots have to sit down to cast accounts. Eastern Bengal's revenue with its teeming millions will be hardly sufficient for its day to day civil administration. It will receive no subsidies from the Centre as at present, nor can it draw from the provincial revenues supplied by Calcutta City, which will go to Western Bengal. Besides, it will have to maintain armed forces. There will hardly be any revenue for development and nobody will advance loans on the security of this Eastern Pakistan, which is a deficit area. About 400 crores of rupees is the amount estimated for material development of this region during the next twenty years. Nobody will advance a cowrie for this work, and stagnation is inevitable. None of the millionaire Muslim friends of Jinnah will come to its rescue, while they may be ready to invest in Hindustan on account of its impregnable financial position.

In Western Pakistan, Sind with eight crores of revenue, and western Punjab with about

fifteen crores will pay their way in maintaining the present civil administration. But they will have to pay four crores annually for the deficits of the N.W.F.P. and Baluchistan, bear the losses on strategic railways to the extent of four crores in the event of division of Communications, pay the interest on their share of the national debt which today is rupees 1,200 crores, and maintain an army, navy and air force which will cost any sum between 25 to 30 crores an year.

Pakistan will have the present Central sources of revenue, excluding to itself namely its share of the income-tax, customs duties and central excises. Those will not provide more than twenty crores of rupees at the highest and therefore western Pakistan will have immediately on separation to raise at least twenty crores of fresh taxation.

It is then that the Mussalmans of Pakistan will open their eyes and realise that Pakistan is going to be a curse instead of a blessing.

It will not be surprising if within two years of separation there is a reunion on Hindustan's own terms. Jinnah will be hoist with his own petard.

It has been suggested by a writer in the newspapers that Pakistan will not only be self-sufficient but also a surplus province and after separation it will flow with milk and honey. The question is not whether it is able to feed and clothe its people and have an exportable surplus

but whether its governmental revenue will be sufficient to bear the additional burdens of defence, deficits and development.

The Sind and Punjab Muslim zamindars in this purely agricultural country will be quite reluctant to pay taxes to the extent of 20 or 30 crores and then the movement for reunion will start. There is no question of the nationalisation of land and industry as the rich and powerful Muslim zamindars, who hold 70% of the seats in the Legislatures, will not allow themselves to be heavily taxed.

Taxation will be shifted on to the shoulders of the Hindu and Sikh minorities and urban areas and even here there is a limit to taxation.

Western Pakistan will require a thousand crores of rupees for agricultural and industrial development within the next fifteen years. The Pakistanis cannot raise this money; neither Hindustan, nor impoverished England will give the money on loan; and as in Eastern Pakistan so in Western Pakistan there will be all round stagnation for want of the wherewithal.

It is no paradise that the Quaid-e-Azam is going to create for his brothers in faith. It may well prove to be a striking pit. And those who are praising Jinnah today as their saviour may yet remain to pray to save them from him and his Pakistan.

The Backbone of Better Living in Rural India

By N. V. ESWAR

Exactly in eleven months now, India will be a free country. Now more than ever before, every one is talking of a better living in rural India. What should you do to attain it? The peasant in the village is badly in need of agricultural help. Who is to give this help? This lucid article by the distinguished author Mr. N. V. Eswar brings to the forefront many things that should receive the consideration of every right thinking Indian.

The betterment of rural India is receiving greater attention today than it did before. But in all these discussions, the problem of skilled agricultural help to the peasant does not show up anywhere. This question has never even been thought of as having any importance whatsoever. Indeed, it has been ignored almost instinctively. Yet the absence of agricultural help to the peasant has contributed a lot to retard the progress of rural India and now threatens to undermine the very fabric of it. It is therefore essential that any scheme for better living in rural India should give this factor the highest consideration.

Agriculture is the mainstay of more than 75% of India's popu-

lation. It can be said that agriculture forms the very backbone of rural India. All the same agricultural knowledge and skilled labour with a full knowledge of cultivation remain locked up with a few peasant families. Agriculture being not a paying proposition, these peasant families normally never employ any outside labour. They cannot simply afford this luxury. They therefore mobilise the assistance every member in their families could render. Even a toddler in the family was drafted to do work at the fields or on the threshold. This meant that outside labour got no opportunity to derive any agricultural knowledge. Consequently there was not a single soul outside these

narrow margin of food we can afford any toleration of violence?

—The Viceroy in his broadcast to India.

peasant families who could boast of possessing the elements of the science of cultivation.

Quite naturally, on occasions of emergency and scarcity, agricultural labour could not be increased and agricultural production stepped up in line with other industrial materials. That the recent "Grow More Food Campaign" initiated by the Central Government and the provincial Governments did not produce the anticipated results was due more to the lack of skilled agricultural labour than to any other single cause.

On top of this, the last two world wars did all they could to disrupt the peasant families and thus dissipated the available agricultural knowledge and help along fruitless channels. World War II, More than World War I dragged away most of the able-bodied members of the peasant families of rural India. Parenthetically, it should be mentioned here that a majority of these able-bodied persons of rural India had in recent years come to despise the life they led and begun to look on cities and towns with hungry eyes. So whatever feeble assistance these

could render to the peasants in cultivating the land was taken away from them.

Of course, now that the war is over, these persons of the peasant families have been thrown back on the villages. But then, because they have had an opportunity to taste life in the cities and towns, their contempt for the peasant life, with its occupation of tilling the land, has increased a hundredfold. They refuse to adapt themselves to the old agricultural occupation and literally strut about in the village lanes, doing nothing, but adding to the worries of the women folk. And the intensification of the industrial tempo of the country in general has kept back an appreciable number of these in towns and cities, so that, in essence, what was taken away from the land has not been put back in its entirety.

Thus rural India has been denuded of even the limited skilled agricultural labour it possessed before the War. Indeed it must be said that, because no outside casual labour got an opportunity to acquire any agricultural knowledge, with the passing away of the present

peasant generation, rural India may become a vast barren tract of land for want of hands to till it successfully.

The giving up of the "Grow More Food Campaign", though unsuccessful in itself, has added to the problem in that whatever little interest it created among the educated in the art of cultivation has been allowed to die off. If this Campaign had been kept up as a permanent measure it is quite likely that the interest of the educated middle class could have flowered into a sort of Agricultural Renaissance. At least there would have been some interest left in the art of cultivation.

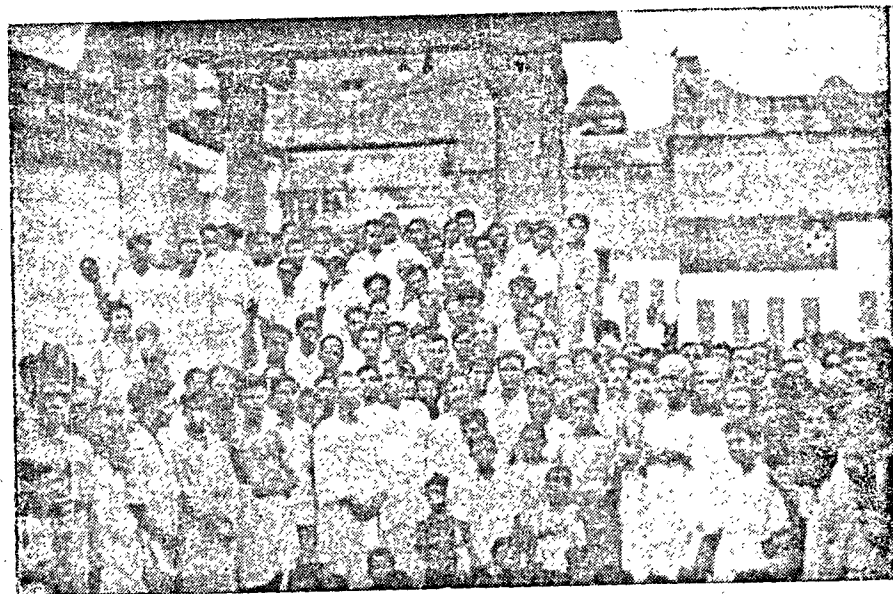
It is idle to hope that rural India could be highly industrialised overnight. This would be an impossible feat for centuries to come. So, with all agricultural knowledge and skilled labour taken away, rural India has no other prospect in a view than dying a slow death. But India, however much she may be industrialised, cannot live without rural India. So, if rural India is to live not only its own life but a better life at that, we have to see that its backbone agri-

culture is strengthened by creating a steady flow of skilled agricultural labour and help to the peasant.

Of course, Agricultural colleges are doing something in this direction. But a few colleges cannot impart the necessary stimulus and life into rural India. Something on a larger scale has to be done. The only course that suggests itself to me is that the science of Agriculture should necessarily form part of the studies in Indian schools and colleges, so that an appreciable number of the educated population in particular may turn to agriculture as an honourable lucrative occupation, and the educated population in general may render valuable agricultural help in times of stress and necessity.

I would even suggest that all the students should be compelled by law to spend their vacations in the fields, helping the peasants in cultivating the land, so that, while prosecuting their studies, they may not find themselves cut off entirely from the land and thus ultimately come to despise the agricultural life, which is still, despite all progress,

the basis of existence the world over. The students also get a healthy diversion which will make them take a greater interest in their studies. Thus the higher interests of education and the land will be safeguarded at the same time. As such this proposal is well worth the consideration of all those who are interested to see that rural India leads a better life than the one under which she groans today.



On 5-6-47 Sri Parthasarathi Swami Shrine was thrown open to Harijans Group Photo taken on the occasion when a batch of Harijans lead by Mr. V. Kurmayya, Minister for Rural Development, accompanied by the members of the Triplicane Youth Congress and the Caste Hindu residents of the locality entered the historic temple.

Tempo's Skit :

By H. NAGASUBRAMANYAM

From the Land of the Dead!

Congratulate me, if you will. I am returning from the Land of the Dead.—I was knocked down by a Military lorry!

Many should have had the privilege of being knocked down by a military lorry during these long war-years. (Only they may not remain with us to tell the story). If any of my readers has not, he should note it is not the fault of the lorry driver! With a recklessness only characteristic of him, he 'dashes' through the high roads and by-lanes. Being essentially attached to the war-machine, he knows human life has no value. If his own life has lost its value for him, how cannot be yours: that is logic, pure and simple. And then, think of the thrill that comes out of sending a created thing out of existence!

H. N. The well known side-splitter of Bombay returns to the pages of Tempo from "The land of the Dead!"

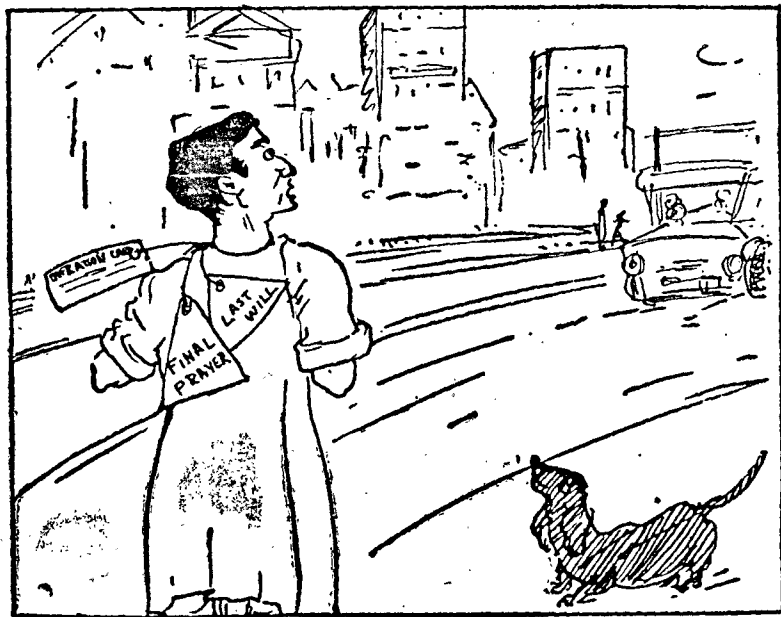
There is a further reason. All that impedes war effort should be crushed out of existence. People are aware of the existence of the all pervading and all powerful Defence of India Rules (Still alive?). Whatever be your motive, whatever be your act, if that motive or act is calculated not to further the prosecution of the war, you deserve to be punished for it. Extend the logic a bit. The military lorries have a destination. They are working for the successful prosecution of the war (and persecution of men I may add.) As such they can bear no

impediments. They do not stop to invoke the saving grace of the Defence Rules. They take the law into their own hands and blitz every impediment on the way.

The lorry drivers seem to do

that it looks common place and not worth the attention. So they lead you to your ultimate fate which, by the way, they cannot alter!

You are paying for your carelessness (or is it another



It is good that while you trot the streets of Bombay you carry with you your ration card, your last will, your parting message and final prayer.....

it with a vengeance. They just do not care what they crush. They do not look back to see their achievements. Being knocked down by a military lorry the drivers have been so used to it in places like Bombay

man's?). Perhaps the easiest thing to kill is man. Death is natural. So is this being knocked down by a military lorry. For, one is allied to the other. You may argue: May I not be shown some sympathy? Your

argument is right but the premise, is wrong. You have to face facts and not be lost in arguments. Sympathy is a rare commodity in a capitalistic society. Secondly, you are sentimental in expecting sympathy. As a student of psychology, you may know the value of sympathy and you may yourself give it to others in pots. The same psychology requires of you to expect none from others! Sympathy goes hand in hand with humanity. While man gloats over denying his very manhood, to others why talk of humanity? What is man here if not a lever, a fulcrum in it, to achieve some mundane ends? I fear I am running at a tangent. Even thinking this way is risky. In Bombay, you should not think. It means you occasionally run into a trance. The lorry runs over you and you are hundred to one 'finished'!

In America, it appears, the speed-maniacs are shown the ghastly spectacle of mutilated humanity lying in a morgue and the photographs of those whose faces have been smashed. They are also invited to talk to young

men and girls who are doomed to spend a life time on beds of pain from which they will never rise. The results are said to be gratifying. I frankly doubt. Such measures cannot impress those who have been eye witness to the torturing agony that is naked war.

It is good that while you trot the streets of Bombay you carry with you your ration card or visiting card, the address of your nearest kin, your last will, your parting message and your final prayer. Else nobody will know whether you are dead or alive, whether you are 'missing' or gone insane.

A month back I was a shuddering witness to an old man who, I later ascertained was bringing 'ration' home being nearly done to death. The lorry dashed head long down the Sion Road and sought to escape the clutches of the law which, now that war is over, has been revived. What happened to the driver later on is not our concern. The old man was—let J. C. Furnas describe for me—doubled up like a broken stick and thrust half way through the nar-

row back window of the wreck, his head between his knees. They did not dare to try to unbend him till they reached the hospital. He was still alive and conscious.....He knew his back was broken and he would better die at once before they did anything about it" Of course, the old man died in a couple of hours. As usual, it took forty eight hours of worry, anxiety and vexation before the relatives could claim the trisected body. That looks digression only looks. It is a story by itself.

I was myself a victim, not a mortal one!—a week back. In spite of Leela's fond wishes the fact remains I have no eye on my back or on the *medulla oblongota*. Even of what is happening in my immediate presence, I have a poor idea, thanks to my soda-bottle glasses. Such a mistake on the part of the creator or the author the lorry driver cannot excuse.

The road was broad. The way was clear. Unless the driver had a design on my life, I saw no reason why he should drive close to the footpath. If the engine had gone out of control he could

have warned me, either by the horn or by his throat.

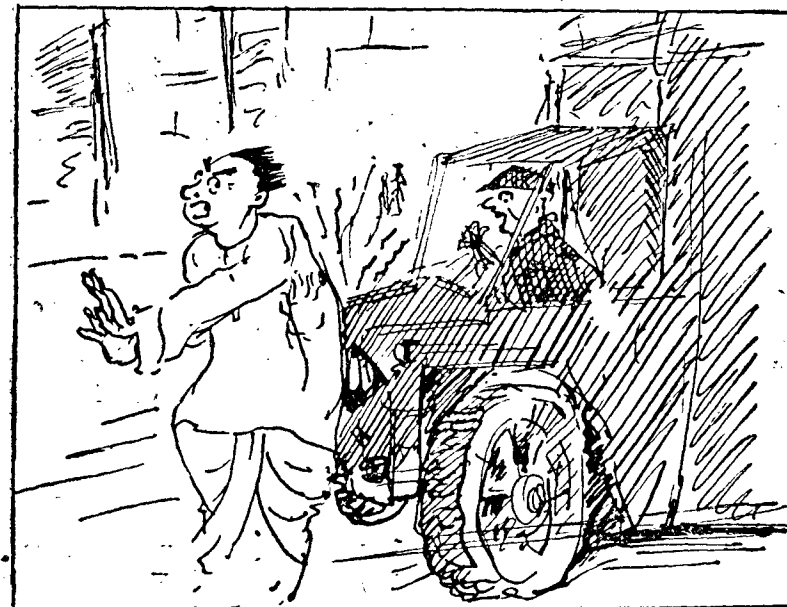
The lorry driver could plainly see that I was on a sacred mission. The mission was really important. Else, how does he account for the half a dozen raiments on my person on a blistering summer day? I was measuring my steps lest some dust should settle on my bright 'panama' boots. I was avoiding the company of all and sundry lest they should spoil the crease of my suit. It was plain as a pikestaff that I was on the holiest mission—to slave in a hell-hound factory to silence my belly-cry.

There was an.....ush. Immediately followed a thrust at my buttocks and a hit at my forehead. In a couple of seconds, I was on the ground flat. Accident coupled with my flair for somersault left me safe with a hard knock. I was not crushed to death. By the time I could look at the hero of the day, the lorry was a furlong off.

Like young children who have paid heavily for their mischief, I was looking around me to see whether anybody had witnessed

the 'tragedy'; not that I was canvassing for sympathy. I simply did not want anybody-known or unknown—to stare at me. To my good comfort I was left severely alone. Nobody did look at me fully. How could they? They too utter like my-

would refuse to be convinced by reasons. Clock is their only guide. All that they could therefore do is to shoot a sympathetic glance at me and go their way discussing how lorries are a menace to public safety and narrating the various in-



An u.....ush and immediately a thrust at my buttocks.....

self: Bread and butter first; all else next. They were going towards their office. If they attended on me, they would have to forego a day's pay or leave. Atleast they would be late to the office and that they could not afford. Their 'bosses'

cidents they had witnessed till then. They know Bombay is a place where people die in hundreds everyday. Individual deaths cannot be mourned. After all, everybody should die knocked down by a military lorry or a financial breakdown!

I wanted to make sure that the same lorry driver was not bent on 'finishing' me. I very carefully got up from that self-pitying posture. Meanwhile I felt the smooth shaven chin oozing. My kerchief informed me that blood was running not merely through the veins but even outside them. I loosened the tie knot. I felt a choking sensation. I grew giddy. I could not stand erect. The only consolation was there was none to witness my 'misery,' to hear my tales of woe, to pity me. I had a good mind to greet another lorry driver—he would have done the trick!

Thinking of Leela, I reached my way towards my office. My office-mates were very considerate indeed. They were more particular about how it all

happened than about the pain and anguish I suffered. In their larger wisdom, the elders chided me for my rashness. The doctor that applied some aqua-tincture assured me that a little rest and fomentation would do the rest.

I took it into my head not to divulge the news to Leela. I brushed the dust; had a shave at the "King's Own Saloon" on the way and a toilette. Even as I was entering the house, there was a scream: "Damned be your self respect. I have got money that will keep us, our children and our children's children trim for life. Yet, you choose to go your way and be run over by military lorries!"

I stood stunned.

Gracious! Who said women have no intuition!

A Request

When you have finished
reading this journal
please pass it on
to your friends

== Tempo is tempestuous ==

Prohibition and the Economic Welfare of the Masses.

BY

PROF. R. V. RAO, M. A., B. T.

"If democracy means securing the welfare of the common people, we cannot imagine a reform more calculated to achieve that end than total prohibition," say the learned author of this instructive article.

The fact that people are very enthusiastic about prohibition and are very anxious to have it introduced throughout India as can be seen from the demand for the immediate introduction of total prohibition throughout the Province of Madras shows its intimate connection with the welfare of the toiling millions. With the advent of the Congress Ministries in the various Provinces, this question has acquired a new significance. Bihar, Bombay, U. P. are introducing partial prohibition with a view to extending it throughout the province ultimately. The whole credit for its introduction goes to the First Congress Ministries and the success they achieved

may really serve as an encouragement now.

Two issues are involved in this question. One is the weaning away the poor man from the evil and secondly the Government should cease to be the abettor of the sin of selling liquor and making money out of it. In other words, this revenue may be called "tainted money". After all, if the Government follows its policy with courage and determination, it is bound to achieve success at least in ten or fifteen years. The difficulties of enforcement cannot be exaggerated because the existing excise staff can be employed with advantage in these works.

Let us not forget that the evil of drink has ruined the poor worker and his family. The excise revenue comes from the poorest of the poor as can be seen from the type of people who take toddy. We must know that, their income is very low and they are paying for it by denying the essentials of life to their family members. No Government which calls itself civilized can obtain revenue by ruining the economic lives of our teeming millions. The present food crisis in the villages can be solved because cocoanut juice, palmyra juice etc. go as auxilliary foods, provided they are not used for making toddy.

Several economic journals have begun to argue that the Ministries should not proceed in a hurry because the expenditure of the various provinces has increased enormously, the difficulties of finding alternative sources of revenue are many and finally the need for implementing the various reconstruction plans involving an expenditure of several crores is more pressing. It is argued that the enforcement of total prohibition will bring in its train a number

of problems. The following figures are generally given to show why we cannot neglect income from excise.

Provinces	1937-38	1945-46.
	(Provincial income in lakhs of rupees).	
Madras	387.05	1652.58
Bombay	312.69	789.17
Bengal	137.00	799.86

It is presumed that when the expenditure has so much increased, it is no use introducing prohibition throughout the provinces of India. It is also generally argued that the resources of revenue of the provincial government are inelastic. Therefore a majority of provinces had to take recourse to a general sales-tax, employment tax, entertainment tax etc. It is also argued that the majority of these taxes did not satisfy the cannons of taxation. It is feared that if we lose excise revenue which is next to land revenue in importance it would be very difficult for the provincial governments to balance their budgets and implement their plans for the economic development of their respective provinces.

Argument of Finance exaggerated.

It is unfortunate that the argument of finance is exaggerated. For the matter of that the total expenditure of a province like Madras was twenty crores before the war and now it has gone up to more than 56 crores. Prohibition goes a long way to meet the problem of food shortage because the raw materials used for their manufacture can easily be converted into auxiliary foods. Similarly we can develop cottage industries in order to provide employment to the toddy tappers. We can also provide alternative attractions to the addicts. The reserve fund of the various provinces can easily be used for prohibition because in several provinces like Madras they have been built up from the sales tax which was meant to help the Ministry to further extend the prohibition programme. After all, prohibition is in the nature of investment which brings about moral and material improvement in the life of the people. If the sale of liquor is stopped, we can automatically bring about the economic uplift of our people. The

various provinces can easily augment their resources as a result of the improved economic conditions of the masses and particularly through nationalisation of industries, agriculture, transport etc. India can never forget the valuable services of Sri C. Rajagopalachariar, who as Prime Minister in 1937, introduced prohibition for the first time in four districts of the Madras Presidency.

We have also to consider whether we should attempt prohibition by stages or bring about total prohibition all at once. The difficulties of the latter are a number of districts adjoin Indian States and unless the States also agree to this programme, they cannot prevent illicit consumption in the border line. This means time and things, therefore, cannot move in a hurry. Similarly there should be inter-provincial co-operation to help in reducing costs. It is argued that this prevents the provincial governments from considering the advantages of an expansionist economy.

Conclusion

If democracy means securing the welfare of the common

people, we cannot imagine a reform more calculated to achieve that end than total prohibition. The economic advantages of prohibition are many because it will release purchasing power for expenditure on necessities and comforts. After all, finance is only our servant and financial consideration alone should not outweigh the ends in view. With the introduction of prohibition, we can show to the world that we can manage our affairs without the use of "tainted money". We need not be afraid of the loss of revenue because it will be compensated by the greater prosperity of the people. From this brief analysis, it will be clear that it is desirable that prohibition is introduced throughout the country or at least in the Congress Provinces. It is hoped that public opinion will assert itself.

"HAY DAYS"



—Ramakrishna



Tempo's monthly Poem :

THE MUSE

In this dry river of the universe,
To let the pleasant stream flow
In own voice thro' the stringed *veena*
Sweet airs to recite, I come.

In my eyes the winter moon
Coolness conveying came
And then thro' the humming *veena*
Sweet songs to recite, I come.

Hearing the bees sweet humming
To play my *veena* — I come
In own voice — to the world
Sweet tunes to recite, I come.

A dazzling light lighting
to spread the rays thro' the world
Fresh flowery garland bedecked
Sweet hymns to recite, I come.

In feeble autumnal garden
Fair flowers to blossom forth
Exhibiting life's dance
Sweet symphonies to recite, I come.

(Translated from Amarendu's Hindi poem,

by

SARASAVANI DEVI)



"Oh, heavens, my weight is zero!!"

— Nath

★ TEMPO'S SHORT STORY



To this day my blood curdles within me when I go through her last letter, my sister Rupa's. It was short, as all last letters are. Rupa had spoken out her mind openly in it. She was cruelly frank. She said: "For whom is it you are taking such vast pains in your life? Your working day long in the hospital as a nurse; your moving about the city in the nights winking your eyes at men.....Oh, I shudder to think that you are doing all this for me, for my education. What if I don't get my M.B.B.S. degree? Sister, you are a great soul, you are. You've completely eliminated yourself, body and soul. Your sacrifice is immeasurable. Why are you wasting away your

life for me? What joy do you expect if I tomorrow take my degree and begin to shine as per your hopes? No, sister, no. I can't see you anymore in this state. But try however much I would, you would not hear me. You would say: 'I am a wasted soul. Let it waste itself further for your upliftment.' But now I have decided to make you hear me. There is only one way of doing it. That is by putting an end to my life. Which I have decided to do. Sister, farewell, forget me. By the time this letter reaches you, I will be gone. To where I go after death I know not. Perhaps it may be to a world better than that of ours. Henceforth you will be



I put on my robes and sauntered into the streets in the nights.

alone. You have none to feed. Go back to that old life of sunshine and forget the dark chapter in your life. Good bye!"

Now I am under forty. She was eighteen, Rupa. At that tender age she had ended her life. Here I am in my small room in the city suburb surrounded by the diaries filled in by her in her flowing long hand. These are the only precious things that had been dispatched to me by the college authorities.

Ever since the death of my parents, I had been both a father and mother to her. When I was in the prime of my life, Rupa was just a little tot of two years. We had none else in the world. We lived together in a flat. I was young. I loved my sister greatly. For she was the very picture of my mother whose memory I recall now with a sense of reverence. Unlike me, Rupa was fair in colour. She was exceptionally beautiful. My sole desire in life had been to see



"Life is but a small semi-colon in the eternal flow of years without us..." said a note in her diary.

that she would come up in life. I was ready to stake anything on that score. Nothing was too great for that purpose. At this time there came into my life a man. He was a very rich guy, Shetty was. Shetty literally wallowed in wealth. But his physical features were anything but attractive. His person had the appearance of a huge partly filled up gunny sack. Little hunks of flesh crept loosely down his cheeks. In the first days I ought shy of going out with him.

Wherever we would go, social eyes would impugn us. My friends used to jeer at me, saying: "Where have you caught that rolling bag of flesh and bones?" But I gave myself heart and soul to Shetty. In him was that humility which appealed to me. He was a lively soul. Shetty, in spite of all his riches, was rather a diffident man. He looked upon himself as the ugliest human specimen walking on earth. I put myself completely in his hands. I hoped that

we would go ahead. That my life would soon assume an aspect of brightness when we would sign on the dotted line and put ourselves in the social archives as legal man and wife. But..... but.....he, so healthy and so lively, suddenly burst like a bloated bubble. When I had gone to see him for the last time, he lay on the floor a dead being. His heart ceased its beating; the "human gunny sack" fell to the ground a crumpled mass of cadaverous flesh.

Years rolled on. Rupa was growing. I followed her growth from the bud to the blossom with motherly love. Shetty was a bleeding wound in my heart. But for her sake, for Rupa's sake I could forget him. My affection for her had grown so large that her picture ever predominated on the mind's screen, completely obscuring from my vision everything else on earth. I worked as a nurse. I gave tuitions. I made money, as much as I could: in fact, as much as was wanted. And Rupa went to school. From school to college for her Inter; then on to the M.B.B.S. I was getting old. Yet I rejoiced

in her successes. Her education was a costly affair henceforth. I put on my robes and sauntered into the streets in the nights. Let the body, my body be eaten up if need be so that she, Rupa, the apple of my eye, should rise up.

This day I wonder why all this sacrifice of mine had only driven her to suicide. Just before she took that draught of poison she had written two letters; one to her classmates and the other to me. She began to vomit. She was rushed to the hospital. And her eyes closed, those small black eyes that had so many a time twinkled in my face and recalled to my mind my kind, departed mother.

As I go through the leaves of her diaries, my eyes are filled with tears. I had never dreamed that this feminine bud would be nipped so soon. The following excerpts from her diaries would give one a dip into the workings of her mind. One could perceive from these tiny residual manuscripts that many worries had been assailing the author, day in and day out.

July 1947

For the past three months she must have been thinking hard about ending her life. For a note in her diary inserted at that time says: "What's this life, this unceasing flow of time which vain man tries to count in terms of his insignificant birth-days? Of what avail is my life that flourishes on the total annihilation of my sister? This education, alas, at what a stake is it being bought?"

Again she says, after some days: "Sister tries to keep her life shut from me. But she has failed. I know her inside out. I know with sadness the methods pursued by her in making the money she is sending me. Cruelty could be withstood, but how can one withstand so much love, so much of sacrifice? The utter sacrifice of herself at the altar of my education and advance drives me mad. O God, help me to stop it."

Elsewhere she says: "Today the postman has brought me a money order for two hundred rupees. A big sum. How she should have collected all this to send me here? Here are the proceeds of her unselfish corrup-

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ted life. How can I spend it? How?"

"My friends invite me to the theatres. But I refuse. I have money, yet I refuse. Everytime I spend a rupee of my sister's earnings, I feel as if I were drinking the drops of her blood. I must put by much of what she sends me."

Perhaps jotted a few days before her death is the note: "This day I have come back to my hostel from the college running. A little newsitem in the paper has swept me off my feet. O, sister, why are you so lowering yourself into the gutter to see me rise? She has been caught by the police; tried by the Magistrate and has been fined for the crime of solicitation. Having come to my room, I have wept without an end. And in every tear I shed I have seen her fighting for bread and money..... fighting for it by every means in her power."

Here is the last half finished note in her diary: "Life is but a small semicolon in the eternal flow of years without us. You pause for a while and move on....."

I live on in my small room in the city suburb. All around me is the vast city, where thousands of humans hurry from spot to spot, throbbing in an ocean of activity. I go out to the nursing home in the mornings. I come back. I lie down on my bed and dream of my blasted dreams. The past seems very unreal. Shetty seems a phantom. Rupa a chimera. The whole past is nothing but a fragment of a dream in another dream. When I walk out along the streets towards the marina, I feel the air a trifle misty; and the people moving around appear unnaturally coloured. My soul finds an anchor in the bosom of the vast sea before me. The song of the sea waves faintly reminds me of some old song that I had sung once, revives some old, half-buried memory which I attempt to clutch but fail utterly. Gazing into those enormous depths I lose my atomic self in them. My life takes wings losing its mundane tangibility. On the still waters far off I mingle in a sprightly rhythm with those I had held dear and near to my heart. And so goes the cosmic dance till Time comes to a standstill.

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M A D R A S I

Towards A Real Civilization

Renaissance—A Survey (No. 1)

By M. GOVINDAN

"The military defeat of Fascism has, to a very great extent, blown up its political and social structure. Even though this is an admirable and worthy achievement, it must not drag us to self-complacency and consolation. For the superstructure that this barbarian social order built, the ideas and ideals, which it professed and propagated, still remain practically intact and have therefore to be demolished. The pre-condition for the reorganisation of European nations on a sound democratic basis is a revaluation of positive values; a new wave of Renaissance that must ultimately clear away the debris left by the degenerated and rotten system of past era and to prepare our minds for the reception of the inspiring ideas of Humanism and Democracy," says Govindan in this brilliant article, which is the first of a series of three articles to be published in the succeeding issues of Tempo.

"Renaissance evolved out of the cultural forces and intellectual faculties seen at work in the late period of the Middle Ages, newly fertilised by the rediscovery of the classics", observes a historian of European culture. "It was a period and process of transition, fusion and preparation." role of the past. "It brought into existence with its new conception of philosophy and religion, its reawakened arts and literature, science and culture, a firmer grasp on the realities of human nature. In fact, Europe had been prepared for a long thorough-going metamorphosis before a new ideal of human culture which the revival of learning brought to light had been made to manifest. It had recovered from the confusion consequent upon the dissolution of the Roman Empire which

Etymologically the word Renaissance means rebirth. It is often referred to as the Revival of Learning since it discovered the positive values and creative

*Encyclopaedia Britannica.

released the forces of cultural progress."

Rediscovery of the classic past gave a new inspiration for men to slave after spiritual freedom and released the continuity of history and the identity of human nature. Petarch, the Italian poet and philosopher inaugurated a new method of scholarship and enquiry and revealed what we mean by humanism.

The medieaval Europe was plunged in the darkness of superstition and bigotry, unparalleled in history. There prevailed the reign of Satan who ruled in the name of God. The vengeance of the Church in the shape of notorious Inquisition loomed large over the heads of the heretics like the sword of Damocles. The only means of winning over nature were sorcery, magic and such other black arts. The pursuit of knowledge was strictly prohibited by the 'custodians' of religion. The masses were terror-stricken; imaginary heaven and hell always haunted their conscience like an endless nightmare.

It was in this background of mysticism, obscurantism and

heresy-haunting, that the spark of modern knowledge was kindled. The spark became a flame, thanks to the martyrdom courted by the men of the Renaissance, whose courage of conviction still inspires mankind. It was from the ashes and blood of these heroic fighters the flowers and fruits of freedom and progress blossomed; it was they who forged a most powerful weapon to emancipate the world from the worst type of barbarism.

The pioneers of the Renaissance movement were the Italians. The intellectual forefathers of modern man developed in the womb of Roman Empire already in the process of dissolution and disintegration. As genuine truth-seekers and path-finders they questioned everything they found irrational—the claims of the Church, the divine right of monarchs etc. The Italians inherited the rich patrimony and resourceful heritage of the Greek learning, the principles of Athenian democracy, atomism of Democritus, Epicurean ways and views of life, the political and philosophical ideas of Socrates, Plato and

Aristotle, through their contact and social intercourse with Islam. Armed with these new ideas and inspired by a craving for more and more knowledge, the vanguards of enlightenment marched forward. Dante, Galileo, Bacon, Leonardo da Vinci and others were in the forefront of this epic intellectual battle. The orthodox Church with all the weapons at her command, moral as well as spiritual, and reinforced with the wholehearted support and cooperation of the feudal chieftains endeavoured to stem the tide of progress, but met with a miserable failure. Mr. Draper writes in his famous book, "The Intellectual Development of Europe": "Never can moral interests stand against intellect-enforced truth. On this ill-omened question the Church ventured her battle and lost it."

The Italian Renaissance lost its original vigour and glamour on account of the political changes and reactions which made progress difficult. But in course of time other nations came forward to take up the torch of enlightenment left by the pioneers.

The Renaissance introduced the concept of nation, a powerful weapon in the hands of the rising middle class. In fact, it was with this 'atom bomb' that it blew up the moral and spiritual foundation of the feudal edifice. But the movement took various shapes and had to pass through several stages in accordance with the specific social and political conditions prevalent in different countries. In certain countries where the bourgeoisie came to terms with the nobility and the priesthood, the movement had only a mild effect. Historians and social anthropologists maintain that the origin, growth and the development of Fascism in Europe was primarily due to this haphazard accomplishment of the philosophical revolution. "Had not the Renaissance been superseded by the Reformation, Europe might not have to go through the excruciating experience of Fascism. As against the libertarianism of the Renaissance, the Reformation provided moral and metaphysical sanction for authoritarianism." (M. N. Roy: "The Problem of Freedom") The resistance put

up by Savonarola, Luther and Calvin contributed to a very great extent to this cultural reaction.

But in spite of these willy nilly ways of the Renaissance in some European Countries, the intellectuals of the pre-revolutionary France took up the torch of enlightenment seriously and carried it afar. * "The young bourgeoisie, hemmed in by the stultifying feudal structure, had to conquer its historical 'lebensraum,' and the conquest was only possible by blowing up the feudal totems and taboos with the dynamite of 'independent thought.' The first modern intellectuals were the Encyclopaedists of France and they entered the historic stage as great debunkers and iconoclasts." The rising bourgeois elements in France had to deal with a foe, formidable and ferocious. They had to strike at the very basis of the system—the moral, spiritual and philosophical sanction behind the divine right of Kings, the embodiment of which the French Emperor Louis XIVth claimed to be. This situation led them to seek how divine phenomena

operated in the mundane affairs of Kings and commoners. The net result was an all-embracing cultural advancement which did the spade work for the huge revolutionary upheaval, historically known as the great French Revolution.

The French Revolution not only caused the spiritual liberation of the French people, but provided a fountain-stream of radical ideas and ideals to other European nations. The ruling classes were frightened and shivered in their shoes; many of them prostrated at the feet of the bourgeoisie begging protection and refuge; the church promised to retire from the realm of day-to-day politics and administrative functions. Theocracy was replaced by democracy, theology by philosophical empiricism. The era of democratic revolution was heralded by the Renaissance and the resultant upsurge of the downtrodden masses. Commenting on this era of progress and complimenting the capitalist class for its achievement, Marx and Engels observe in

* Arthur Koestler: *The Yogi and the commissar.*

"The Communist Manifesto": "The bourgeoisie historically has played a most revolutionary role. Constant revolutionising of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast-frozen relations with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions are swept away, all new formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into the air, all that is profane, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses his real conditions of life and his relations with his kind. And as immaterial productions so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creation of individual nations and narrow mindedness become more and more impossible and from the numerous national and local literatures there arises a world literature."

The capitalist used the Renaissance movement only as a ladder to climb into seats of power and privilege; he rejected it when he reached the cherished goal to prevent the unprivileged

masses from sharing power with him. The descendants of 18th and 19th century rationalists and democrats became mystics and conservatives. Freely and liberally they distributed 'opium' to the people through the reorganised and recognised agencies of resurrected priesthood in power, the bourgeoisie wanted the maintenance of the Status quo.

History and human nature have their own logic. Once you arouse the spirit of freedom and kindle the spark of enlightenment in the hearts of the people, they grow and gather momentum and force. During the latter half of the 18th and 19th centuries, the burning torch of freedom was used by the proletarian masses to a far reaching end. The appearance of Karl Marx and Frederic Engels on the horizon of history as the heralds of a new ideology opened up a bright prospect (and perspective) before mankind. Both these apostles of proletarian revolution came to the conclusion after exhaustive and detailed study and examination of the natural and human phenomena: "It is not the

consciousness of man that determines his being, but it is his being that determines his consciousness." This fundamental principle of historical materialism, differing from the very basic ideas of the bourgeois conception of materialism, raises the mystic curtain and throws a new light on *mise en scene* of the past, present and future. Marxism maintains that "if man had the power to advance from savagery to civilization, to-day he had immensely great power to advance from capitalist civilization to a real civilization."

According to Marx and Engels history of society is the history of class struggle. The existence of slaves in the ancient world, feudal lords and serfs in the Middle Ages, the capitalists and the proletariats in the modern era amply proves the validity of the statement. A particular class at a particular phase of history frees itself by freeing the entire society. In the Marxian scheme of things, the proletarian class is the revolutionary class with such a liberating mission since they have

nothing to lose but their chains, and a whole world to get.

Marxism represents the second phase of the Renaissance. It opened the era of Dialectical Materialism and Socialist revolution as the earlier Renaissance released the forces of bourgeois national democratic revolution and machanical materialism. The emergence of the Soviet state as a most formidable factor in the modern world vindicated the prophesies of Marx; at the same time it provoked the capitalist nations. As a counter-poise against the threat of the impending upheaval of the masses, they created a barbarian system. The decaying capitalism put on the cloak of Fascism not only because it suffered from economic bankruptcy but also because it was facing a cultural crisis. Even some eminent Marxist thinkers and propagandists forgot this, when they analysed the causes that led to the advent of Fascism. Mr. John Strachey, in his admirable and informative treatise, "The Menace of Fascism" flatly denied

that Fascism had anything to do with philosophy at all.

The philosophical and cultural foundation of Fascism was laid long before it emerged as a socio-politico-economic system. The ideas of Fascism were there round the corner, when Mussolini and Hitler were in search of them. The ideas of Sorel and Bareto gave plenty of raw material for the Corporative system of Italian Fascism while the evil genius of Nietzsche, Fichte, Schopenhauer and the Nordic theories of Gobiniaux, and H. S. Chamberlain contributed to Nazism a sound cultural basis as well as guiding principles and practical ideas.

The military defeat of Fascism has to a very great extent blown

up its political and social structure. Even though this is an admirable and worthy achievement it must not drag us to self complacency and consolation. For the superstructure that this barbarian social order built, the ideas and ideals which it professed and propagated, still remain practically intact and have therefore to be demolished. The pre-condition for the re-organisation of European nations on a sound democratic basis is a revaluation of positive values; a new wave of Renaissance that must ultimately clear away the debris left by the degenerated and rotten system of past era and to prepare our minds for the reception of the inspiring ideals of Humanism and Democracy.

FOR

DIAMONDS & JEWELLERY

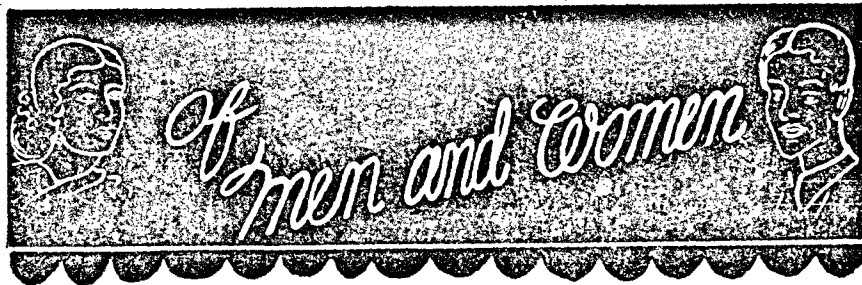
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— VISIT —

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INDIA'S REPRESENTATIVE IN CEYLON

Sri V. V. Giri is shortly proceeding to Ceylon where he will take up his new post as the Government of India's representative in Ceylon. Here we present a thumb-nail sketch of Giri to the readers of Tempo.

V. V. Giri, India's representative in Ceylon vice Aney, rose to wide popularity as a labour leader. A barrister that had had his educational career at London and Dublin, at the later place he had first known trade unionism and had even cut a notable figure in the Sinn Fein movement. And when he had come back to India, his first interest was naturally labour.

Early in life he had become the President of B. N. Railway Union. The B. N. R. Union under the guidance of Giri was unique in this that it had achieved many victories, and had showed how well Giri could



V. V. Giri

organise trade union movements among the Indian labour.

His popularity as a labour leader rose and long before he had taken up the Ministership of labour under the C. R. regime, he became a world figure. He was General Secretary of the All India Railwaymen's Federation, and President of the All

India Trade Union Congress. He had attended the League of Nations representing the Indian labour. He was, it should be mentioned, one of the first conveners of the National Planning Committee.

His present appointment in Ceylon should be much welcomed both by the Indians and Ceylonese. For Giri is the right man; he would do well as an envoy overseas than he could in a province infested with power-politics and political passions and prejudices. It was rumoured that Giri had been asked to go to America as India's ambassador. One would not know why he had not accepted the offer. Perhaps Prakasam's ministry was so dear to his heart that he could not contemplate leaving it to blaze a trail of glory in the land of Truman.

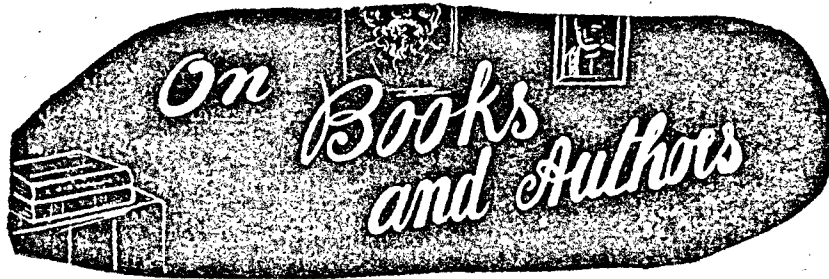
Of the many Congressmen of the province of Madras, Giri stood aside the current of political controversy. His name was without a blemish. His speeches were never vituperative or villifying. He knew that Madras had become the rendezvous of political gamblers and opportunists, but never did he vent his anger. A sense of philosophy

entered his rich soul. With his unstained character and his stout heart, he still hoped for the best, while prepared for the worst. Giri was an optimist to his fingertips. Defeatism was something alien to his nature.

Giri would go a long way in forging new ties of friendship between Ceylon and the newly born free India. He has a clear mind that judges things objectively, without any personal bias. What is more, in him, in spite of all his victories and triumphs, is that humility, that striking humility, which is the hall-mark of all genuinely great persons.

Giri, as a person, is a charming gentleman with sweet manners. Endowed with a wonderful physique that could permit him to work all the twenty four hours of the day and night if there be need, tall and fair, he would cut a remarkable figure in any assembly of distinguished people. He dresses neatly, but simply. His wants are few. He does not smoke, he does not chew pan. He does not eat meat and is a teetotaler.

The relations between India and Ceylon under the guidance of Giri should take a happier shape.



KARAKA IN AMERICA!

The thousands of admirers of D. F. Karaka in India, Burma and Ceylon should welcome the latest work of his, *I'VE SHED MY TEARS*, which was published in New York by D. Appleton - Century Company, and for which Higginbothams of Madras are the sole distributing agents in India, Burma and Ceylon.

During the war, Karaka had served on various fronts as a war correspondent. He had gone to Europe, Burma and America. This new book of his, well printed and well got-up, as all publications are that emerge from the land of Uncle Sam, may not receive the appreciation of the Indian reader so much as it may elicit the appreciation of an American. For in

the book same parts have been culled and sorted out from those of his previous works with which the readers are already too familiar. And Karaka is not a writer whom one would like to read twice or thrice.

Karaka portrays with dramatic effect the change of India from a loyalist state to that of rebellion. Through the own workings of his mind, through the changes that were shaking his own parents he gives glimpses of the changes that were sweeping the country, changes which none could shrink away from. With the usual Karaka anecdotes on women in brothels in every part of the world, with humorous tit-bits about men and women in limelight, the political drift of India takes place, rendering the book

at once autobiographical and objective.

Karaka gives some fine pen pictures of the Indian leaders. To quote a few:

"Gaffar Khan was tall and well built. His hair was closely cropped and he wore a short gray beard. Even at his age he was a picture of a man, physically fit and mentally alert. There was a kindly look on his face and though his skin was sunburned, his eyes were soft and gray."

"Azad was and looked a scholar. He was the counterpart of Gaffar Khan. If the latter had been the Duke of Wellington, Azad could be likened to the elder Pitt. The Maulana had the gracious manner of the old world. He had a strength of quiet personality and a measure of kingliness about him. He kept a short Poincare beard and had a thin, twisted Mephisto mustache. He wore the long Moslem coat and a black cap of Persian lamb. In appearance he was like a Moslem nobleman with his courtly manner, his dignity and his poise."

"He (Jawaharlal Nehru) should never have been in the Congress, for its orthodox element cramped his style. But, born an Indian in the hour of his country's greatest struggle, and sensitive to the humiliation of being unfree, there seemed to be no other role for him."

"He (C. R.) had a clear mind and uncanny grasp over every problem he tackled. His approach was analytical, systematic and positive. His mind moved from premise to premise. He was always well armed with facts and figures, never badly informed and never vague or hesitant in his arguments."

Karaka is no blind glorifier of his country. He paints the good as fearlessly as he portrays the bad. But his cosmopolitan outlook tells him that the bad is not something particular to India alone but is there wherever men are living.

On the whole *I'VE SHED MY TEARS* is an interesting and informative book which one must read for enjoyment and education.

"K. R."

"That's one of the ways of crossing the canal," explained Bimal. Presently the buffalo reached the bank, when the boy hopped up and caned it up and drove it away towards the village.

Again silence reigned around them. The mango leaves fluttered above their heads and grey, sweet-smelling mango flowers flew down at them. The smell of the mango blossoms pervaded the air.

"Bimal, now let me tell you something about my project!"

"Begin."

"I've specially come to our village to start a good hospital here. I want to take care of the public health of the village. If you and I, young men, sit down, how will India go up? The one defect with our youths and students is this: They become active politicians, with party labels on their backs. A very sorry state indeed. What a great service they will be doing to the country, if instead of striking work shouting slogans, they go to the villages in their vacations and turn out some solid constructive work!"

"You are right," exclaimed Bimal.

"Bimal, my object in opening a hospital is this; I want to see that the people living here are hale and healthy. Disease is a terrible thing and is the root cause of umpteen other evils. How I wish that every village in India had a good doctor and a couple of nurses!"

Sundar paused for a while and thoughtfully gazed across the canal.

"Bimal!" he called.

"Eh, what now?"

"I've made the necessary arrangements. In about a fortnight, the hospital will be fully equipped. I wish it were formally declared open by some person that, in a large measure, enjoys the trust and goodwill of the people over here. Will you declare it open?"

"Me, O God!" Bimal shouted with a blush. "Don't ask me to do all that, Sundar. I am too young to put my hand into such big affairs. You had better go in for an older man than I, whose words will be taken more seriously by the public."

"Suggest some names?"

"No need to suggest names. Invite Boopal to throw it open. He's past sixty. Also he's rich. So he's doubly respected by the people. But he wouldn't be able to give a speech on the occasion. For he's as stupid as he's old."

"Then you must give a speech, Bimal. It doesn't matter if that old fellow can't unroll his tongue. We'll just put him for a show. We'll do every thing."

"Sure. Go tomorrow and invite him."

"Alone? No. I don't know him so well. I've lost my contact with him for the past four years."

"Then we shall go together. He'll be very pleased to do it. He's a jolly old man who ever jaws out many reminiscences that unfortunately seem too fictitious to believe. He takes us often to those far off times, when you and I weren't yet out on earth. Boopal, the grand old jester of the village!"

"So settled! Tomorrow we shall go and call on him. Now let's go back to our homes."

They rose up and retraced their steps along the bank. The sweet odour of the mango flowers lingered in their nostrils and in the air far behind them.

CHAPTER 7.

For many hours in the night, the picture of Sundar haunted her mind. How manly and cultured looked the doctor! Over there in the city where he had studied, a good many women must have fallen to his charms, O Sundar! What a dear!

At once a fresh current of sorrow rushed through her being: Sundar with all his brilliance, what was he to her? Nothing. Less than nothing. She was a widow...a widow, damned for life. "Usha, you've no place on earth. Widows don't live; they simply vegetate." She heard a million tongues shout around her. But why? What had she done to deserve all this cruel punishment of society? What a shame that a girl of her age that hadn't slept at all with her husband, should now breathe on in cursed singleness? A girl is married off. If her husband lives, she's happy. If he dies, she must jog on, ever shedding

tears in sorrow or helpless anger. That's India—her motherland.

Her little mind was filled with big thoughts. Sundar! Doctor Sundar! The man that had bathed in the showers of life and mirth, why had he come back to this wretched village, this tunnel of gloom and disease and death? How beautiful he seemed! His whole person lay projected on the screen of her mind. The fair oval face; the long authoritative nose, beneath which lay those two lips ever compressed as if with intention, the corners hinting of a man of decision. And those big, watchful eyes, black as jet with a flicker of sadness counterpoised by a flare of smile. Those hairs that receded up the head in marked, well formed waves. Indeed he was beautiful. No doubt. It would be childish to say that he was ugly. He was beautiful, very beautiful. Far above all his beauty was that aura of culture that shone around his person. And they had thought of marrying her to him. Why hadn't they? Had destiny intervened and willed otherwise? Had destiny ordained that she should be married to

a man who was half dead and was well nigh in the grave? Where was this mysterious destiny? Which higher Force guided this destiny? Was it God? Was it the devil? Which was it?

"Usha, how are you?"

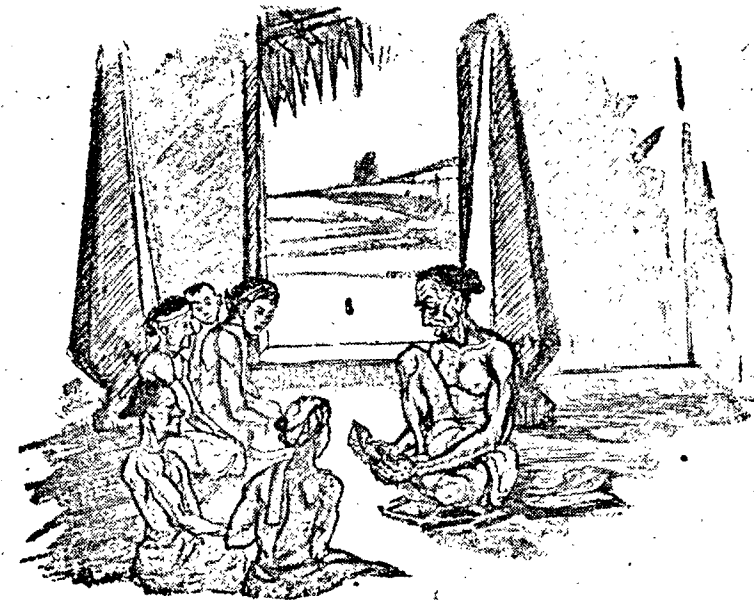
"Usha, how are you?"

These words rang in her ears. How sweet was his voice! Oh, I was a fool to go in, shedding tears. I ought to have replied to his question. O Sundar! Forgive me. Forgive me. Yes, I wept... I wept, for when I had looked at you, it had brought to my mind something that was denied to me, denied to me for ever. If I were to meet you once more, I would weep again. Or wouldn't I? I don't know. But these tears ease my grieved soul like a spiritual purgative. O Sundar!

Gradually her emotions cooled down. And she sat down on a boulder in the backyard of the house. The picture of Sundar hovered in her mind. It refused to exit. Oh, if only she could talk to him! Only once. But how! What would her people say if they saw her speaking to him, all alone? Oh, let them say

what they would. I don't care, I'll speak to him. I'll. No one can stop me. I'll be courageous. I would rather end myself than live on in this infernal cloister in mute submission to the stupid injunctions of the ignorant fellows around me.

these lines chimed in her ears. And she uttered to herself in a murmur: "I am all right. I know you, Sundar. Very well." Yes, that was what she ought to have said last time they had met. How stupid that she had kept mum, like a shame-faced



"Oh, those days, my dear fellows!" he mused aloud.

Yes, this evening, I'll stand on the doorstep. He'll be going for a walk. I'll hail him, greet him. country lass! But she would say it this time. She would surely.

CHAPTER 8.

"Usha, how are you? You know me?"

A smile came to her lips as

Over a mattress on the street verandah sat Boopal rolling tobacco leaves into stout,

lengthy cigars. All round him were some four or five young men, most of them engaged in a similar job: cigar making.

"Oh, those days, my dear fellows!" he mused aloud. All stuck up their ears and sat in rapt attention, out of sheer respect to his purse and age than of any innate worth in his words. "They are gone, gone for ever," he continued. By those days, he meant forty years ago. Now he was past sixty.

"Had we cars then? Had we trains? Whoever had dreamt of all these modern things? None, believe me, none. Not even Jangam, the celebrated prophet of the village!" The cigar being ready, he placed it aside and began rolling another pair of leaves. Only five more cigars had to be rolled. That would bring the total to twenty: that was the number he smoked a day.

"How did you travel then, grandfather?" asked a young man.

"Travel!" spouted Boopal, giving the finishing touches to the cigar under production. "Few went out in those days.

I mean few went out of the village. Everyone worked in the fields during the day and came home and slept with his wife in the night. Life was good..." He paused suddenly. Across his wrinkled face floated a distinct cloud of melancholy, obviously rankled up by the memories.

"Anyway let the past be past," he sermonised in a feeble tone. "Why rake it up and despoil the joy of the present? Of course, I had had my days, I had lived. I had enjoyed." A flicker of a smile lay silhouetted over his arid, fallen lips. He abruptly plunged a cigar right over half into his mouth. He glanced around and said: "Jumbo, open your fire works!" Jumbo, a squint-eyed youngster laughed boisterously over the old man's joke and held a burning match stick before Boopal. "Thank you, Jumbo. Thank you," said Boopal. Once again he was busy rolling the tobacco leaves into cigars.

Just by the verandah ran the main road of the village, along which walked past men and boys, all of them greeting the old man at his post of duty.

"Grandpa Boopal, good morning!"

Boopal replied to all of them in the same tone and almost in the same words: Get a long, boys. Take my blessings. Don't waste your time talking to me, an old man." And he laughed out. The young men around him, his underlings, mechanically echoed his laughter in a chorus.

Outside the sky shone grey. A variety of birds breathed out melodious tunes. The night's dew slowly dripped down the tree leaves. The smell of tobacco permeated the air.

Boopal took in a deep breath of smoke, and with a sigh of contentment poured it out. By now the cigars required for the day had already been made. So he placed back the remaining tobacco leaves in a wooden box. He leant back against a pillar and looked on at the people walking by along the road before him. Those people! He knew all the faces by heart, as it were. He had known them as children. Now they had grown and were in the early periods of their lives. A sense of pride filled his aged heart; an expression of unusual happiness crept to his

face. He had lived for sixty years and would yet live on; perhaps he would complete his century. What invaluable experiences these long years of existence had yielded him? He pondered. He smoked on. Smoking, he pondered. Boopal, the Grand Old Man of the village, the distinguished jester.

Presently two men approached the verandah.

"Good morning, Grandpa Boopal!"

"O you Bimal, Good morning!" greeted back the old man. "Come on. Sit down on that mat. What brings you here?" Suddenly Boopal scrutinised the other man and cried, out with a laugh: "O you Sundar! Sarala's son! When did you come down here from the city? Oh, you've grown into a man!"

"How could you recognise me so easily?" cried Sundar, with apparent amazement.

"Did I ever forget anything, my dear fellows?" replied Boopal and threw a glance at the young men sitting around him.

"You've a prodigious memory!" complimented one.

"Wasn't it I that had admitted this Sundar in the High School in the nearby town? It was, I think, twelve years back. Yes, twelve years back, I remember aright. His mother sent word for me. She said 'You must take my son and admit him in school. His father's dead. You must look after him.' And what did I tell her? I said: 'Well, daughter, don't worry. I'll admit him in the school.' I took him the next day and had him admitted in the school. Then you were a young lad, Sundar, very young. You used to stammer in those days."

Bimal coughed out and turned to the old man.

"We've come here on a certain purpose, Grandpa," began Bimal.

"Of course, I've guessed," replied Boopal. "When did you come here without some business? Now tell me. What's it this time? For which poor institution are you collecting donations now?" Bimal was a terrible extrovert, who rarely sat idle. He always dived into this affair

or that. The plight of the peasants was bad. He would start a fund, go from door to door and help the famished peasants. Or the village school was in a rotten condition. He would take up the duty of reclaiming it on himself. There was nothing in the village in which he wasn't interestead. Boopal, the old man, knew all this rather well. For Bimal usually called on him chiefly to sponge out some coins from his aged closed fist.

Bimal answered with a hearty laugh: "Not for donations, this time grandfather!"

"Oh, good! Then what's it?"

"Sundar has come back to serve the village. He's starting a hospital here, with all the modern equipment. You should declare the premises open."

"Me, good heavens! Isn't there a better man than I in this village of two thousand heads? What a joke?"

And the old man burst into a guffaw.

"It's no joke. We are very sincere," intervened Sundar.

"You are one of the oldest members of this village. With

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your blessings, I am sure, the hospital—the child of my fancy—will grow in time. Please agree..."

"Agreed, my dear Sundar, agreed!" cried Boopal. "But you must tell me what I am expected to do? I've never entered a hospital. And I am sixty. How can I declare it open? What should I do?"

"Just a little function," explained Sundar. "First there will be tea. Then a little speech by you and Bimal....."

"Speech! I've never addressed a meeting!" interrupted Boopal.

"Just a few words. A short speech."

"That Bimal will write for me. Won't you, Bimal?" Boopal turned towards Bimal, as he uttered the above words.

"There's no need to write, grandfather. You can just pour out a couple of your jokes and make the assembly laugh," suggested Bimal.

"After the speeches," continued Sundar, "you just open the locked up premises and declare it open in public."

"All right, gentlemen, I'll come. But, Sundar, why are you starting this hospital? Had we hospitals in my days? No, not even one. We had never been ill. You young men always complain of some bodily trouble or other! What curse has fallen on you?"

"Perhaps the curse of civilization," replied Sundar, with a ring of sarcasm in his tone. "But the human body is liable to fall ill, now and then. It's natural. Hadn't you quack doctors in your days?"

"Look at Lingam, the barber. He fell down from a cycle. His leg bone was dislocated. He went to the hospital in the Metropolis. The doctors up there took away his leg and sent him back, giving him a wooden leg. It isn't medicine but murder!" argued Boopal. "How could it be murder?" protested Sundar, with all the latent zeal of an incipient doctor. "Perhaps his state was such that he could not have lived, without having his leg amputated. So the doctors rescued him from the claws of death by removing the leg. In fact the doctors have given him a new lease of life..."

"But what's life worth, if the limbs are cut off? Isn't it better to die than jog on with a wooden leg?"

"The choice is, of course, left to the patient. Lingam, probably wanted to live. So he had his leg mutilated."

"But Sundar wouldn't be cutting anybody's legs here, grandfather", assured Bimal.

"That isn't enough. He must provide a new leg to that poor barber Lingam," Suggested Boopal.

"Science hasn't yet advanced to that extent," Sundar replied in a matter of fact sort of way.

The discussion stopped suddenly. Boopal was busy lighting his cigar. Silence reigned all round. Sundar sat on, curiously gazing at the old man. This old man. How ignorant and stupid he was! So was the whole village but for one or two. Only Bimal was there, who possessed some common sense, at least. The vast bulk of them

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

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were just a mass of uneducated, ignorant beings. And he was to serve them! Would he succeed? Or wouldn't he?

Presently they rose up. They took leave of the old man and walked away, chatting to each other about the impending function.

Boopal sat on over the mattress, smoking endlessly, and splashing out his anecdotes, his beloved reminiscences, into the ears of the idle, youthful men that lounged around him in mute attention and silent adoration.

CHAPTER 9.

Like a beautiful maiden lost in meditation lay the village wrapped in the shawl of a resonant twilight. The last hues of the departed sun had faded away. The sky once again reverted to its age old bluish tint, but for a white rag of cloud here and there. Some mysterious bird, perhaps, perched on the branch of a tree, filled the air with its throatal orchestra.

Sundar slowly skidded along the street. Far ahead of him, a battalion of children were playing in the sandy streets.

Boys and girls, their clothes besmeared with dirt, their skins dark, as though unwashed for months together. These children, they were playing in the dust. And by nightfall they would go back to their respective homes and sit down to their meals, even without caring to clean their hands and legs. Presently his thoughts took a different turn. These children, boys and girls, how they played on together. He wished that they would continue this play for many more years. But it wouldn't be so. The elders wouldn't permit the girls to sport with the boys, when they cross the deadline of ten summers. By the time the girl acquired the age of ten years all sport was stopped and she would be kept confined in the back regions of her home. Mankind would no more enter her life. Her companions would be members of her sex or old, boring hags. And she would be married. Then a life of blind devotion to the husband, bearing children by the tens, growing old, feeble in mind and muscle.....and dying...That was life, life in his motherland. Indian women!

Just a flock of slaves to men! It couldn't but be so, as long as they remained in their prison cells, burying their faces behind veils, vegetating day long in the back rooms of the houses and serving in the nights as the mediums of quenching human, masculine lust..... It couldn't but be so. These girls, they ought to come out into the sun from their hidden catacombs, move with men; move and play, even as they were playing now in the street before his eyes.

He stood by watching the children at play. He saw them running hither and thither; yelling and jumping, and crying and shouting in spasms of wild merriment. After a few minutes, he walked past them, and on and on along the sandy street he paced away.

Abruptly he stopped. There by the doorstep stood Usha. He felt enervated. What he had uttered before her sometime back entered his mind. He impulsively admonished himself. On second thoughts, he wondered if there was anything improper in what he had uttered be-

fore her. After all what had he said? He just had asked of her welfare; asked her if she could recognise him. Weren't they friends when they had been as old as the children playing behind him? Hadn't they played too? There's nothing wrong in what I said, he assured himself. Yet he felt a strange, unanalysable fright as he neared her. His lips quivered. He felt the earth slipping away from beneath his feet. He thought he might even collapse in the street in a swoon. No, not it was ridiculous. He mustered up his courage and mobilised all his will power, having determined that he should conduct himself with utmost propriety. He walked on at snail's pace. Usha in her drab white borderless sarree was getting nearer and nearer still.

As he was passing by her, he looked straight across the road lest his eyes might meet hers. Oh, how he wished he had gone on his evening walk along the other street, instead of coming this way! Then he wouldn't have been in this awkward situation... "Doctor Sundar!"

He turned round and looked her right in the face. There she was, Usha, her face wreathed in smiles, her eyes bright with a strange charm. And only a few days back, she had shied in his presence and had gone in shedding tears. The same girl, Usha!

Usha gazed down at him. She was waiting for his query; "How are you?" The reply for this was ready up in her throat. But he was silent.

"I am grieved to know of your present state, Usha," he said.

"I knew it through my mother. Last time when we met, I didn't know it. I am very grieved that your life should have been reduced to darkness and misery."

It was something, most unexpected. She hadn't foreseen that he would speak these lines. She had thought he would ask of her welfare, if she remembered him and all that.

"Usha!" he called.

"Sundar!"

"I've come back to our village. My education is fini-

shed. I don't go away again," he said.

"What will you do here?"

"There is so much work here for willing hands. A lot of it I should say."

"What sort of work, you mean?"

"I am a doctor, you know. I am opening a hospital here."

"So the people here will be more healthier and happy?"

"If they take care of the selves ves they will be."

Suddenly his face became grim. He looked right into her eyes for a couple of minutes. He said in an undertone: "Usha, when I stand in the street and speak to you, I feel a trembling all over my body. In spite of myself, I've that subconscious fear of social opprobrium. I want to destroy this social order. I wish I had the courage to do it." He paused for a while and went on: "We had been good friends while children. We'll be friends again, won't we?"

His feet fled past the doorstep where she was standing. She had talked to him. She was happy. She would talk again.

direction in which he had disappeared.

"Usha, come here, at once," again came the call in a firmer tone. Usha pouted her lips and dived inside.

CHAPTER 10.

On the inner verandah, over a cot, she slept. A woman young in years but rather old in appearance. Ever forced to lie on for years, she envied nothing so much in life as the facility of movement in other beings. And her envy had gone to that extent, when she wished that the whole world came to a stop, that all men and women were made to sleep on like her. Shanti was a physical wreck; a pitiful cripple. She had even lost the affections of her husband, Ranjan, Usha's brother. Of course, it was inevitable. For he was filled with nausea when he approached her. There she was, his wife Shanti, on the bed, feeble in body, periodically coughing out and spitting out grey mucus into a plate placed beneath the cot. A big doctor had warned that she was suffering from tuberculosis; it was an infectious disease. But Ranjan let days slip

by doing nothing. Tuberculosis was a horrible disease, and getting it cured meant a lot of money. Was it worthwhile to spend his all on a woman, for whom the little affection he had had was already blasted out? Ranjan who had been a proverbial spendthrift in the early days of his life turned up a closefisted miser by his middle-age. He had squandered so much that now he wanted to retain whatever was there.

Usha stood beside the cot, her eyes on the invalid recumbent on the cot. Shanti sent a look of contempt at Usha. This widow, she pondered! She was talking to somebody in the street. To whom? Who was that guy? Here she was, Shanti, neglected by her own husband, neglected by every man in the village as if she was the synonym for ugliness. And her unrewarded heart burned with ire when she had heard Usha, the little widowed imp, chatting to a man in the street. How could she tolerate such scenes in her house? "Usha!" she called in a terrible tone of unmistakable malice. "Yes, sister-in-law, what can I do for you?"

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"I want you to do nothing for me. I heard you talking in the street."

She paused and sent a sardonic gaze at the young girl.

"Talking to a man," she continued. "Who's he?"

"You don't know him."

"Of course I don't know him. I know no other man than your brother. How should I know? But you seem to know a good

many men around here? Am I right?"

"I might be knowing many men, sister-in-law. For I've been living in this village all my life."

"And I don't know, because I've lived double the number of years? Not in this village, I suppose? For I don't know another man, apart from your brother!"



"Usha, you know what you are?" asked the invalid.

Usha grew sullen. Down sped the reply from her lips with unusual alacrity: "If you don't know any, it is not my fault. You've been lying on that cot like a corpse all these years. Who will come here when they are afraid of your tuberculosis infection..."

"Enough, shut up, you demoralized bitch! I don't anyway aspire to move about like you, getting molested by every masculine dog. I would rather lie on like this faithful to my dear husband..."

"Faithfulness!" Usha sneered. She could barely contain her feelings. Wasn't it atrocious of this invalid to talk all this nonsense? She hurled a fiery look and hurried away.

"Usha, come here!"

She stopped and turned back.

"I order you, come here."

She came back. She stood in silence.

"Who's that man?"

Yes, she must be courageous. She had decided to defy the whole world. Wasn't it childish to fear this feeble, dying invalid?

"A friend of mine," replied Usha with courage.

"His name?"

"Sundar. Doctor Sundar!"

She told frankly. She wasn't afraid. Come what might, she would face it, with fortitude.

"What were you talking to him?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Usha, you know what you are?"

"I know."

"What are you, then?"

"A widow."

"And a widow isn't expected to go out; much less to fall into flippant chats with the passers-by. You know that too?"

Yes, you've told me now."

"Stop your impudent replies. I can't bear them any more. From today don't stir out of this place. You must sit always under my nose. No more lowd parades are allowed in this house." She shouted and looked up. But Usha was no longer there. She had disappeared into the inner rooms.

Presently Shanti burst into virulent whooping. She coughed and coughed, holding the sides of her stomach with her hands,

Yes, the disease was eating into her vitals. How it had weakened her! What a huge suffering this tuberculosis meant! And how criminal of her to wish that others too should succumb to the disease! For a while the divine in her sprang up. The vicious in her sank lower and lower. Here she was, a life-time invalid that would soon kick the cot and fly away. Death was so near. She ought to be kind towards her fellow beings. She ought to love them.

"Usha!" she called.

There was no response.

"Darling Usha!" again.

Darling Usha, she pondered. Poor girl! How her life was ruined just like hers! The young girl needed human solace but not brutal admonishment. The benevolent mood continued and fine, altruistic thoughts cropped up in her mind.

"Usha, come near, dear..."

Suddenly her whole system swayed in an ack-ack of coughing.

"What can I do for you?"

It was Usha's voice. She had come back, the darling.

"Thank you, Usha dear" replied Shanti. She looked softly at the girl for a while with those row sunken eyes that now burned with universal love. "Will you kindly fetch me a glass of cold water?"

"In amoment."

She came back with a glass of water. She paced to the cot and poured the water in little premiums into the invalid's mouth. "Enough, dear, enough," Shanti said. "Excuse me, darling, for what I had said sometime back. Excuse me, will you?"

Shanti took the face of Usha into her hands and lovingly looked into those broad, bewitching eyes.

Take "rest sister-in-law, please rest. You needn't apologise to me," replied Usha.

"But I must. I was rather cruel to you a moment back, very cruel. I behaved like a brute. Oh, God, forgive this weakling..."

And she burst into tears. Salty water rolled down her sunken cheeks. She wept, the woman past twenty five. She

wept like a child. Usha was touched. Shanti, what a peculiar creature! A lion now, a lamb the next minute. A tigress now, a tamed cat the next instant! She could be cruel beyond imagination. At the same time she could overflow with love and kindness beyond description. That was Shanti! The capricious sister-in-law, more moody than the moon.

"Please don't cry, sister-in-law, Usha tried to assuage the invalid's grief. "I love you. Whatever you may utter, I know, that in your heart of hearts you've a reservoir of love for me. So I didn't mind that you said."

"Thank you, darling. You've relieved my soul. Thank you.

Now take your food and go to bed early. Last night you had no sleep. The whole night you were attending to me, my young dear," exclaimed Shanti and kissed the right cheek of Usha and left stains of tears on it.

The surrounding air was alive with the music of birds. Night was descending fast, throwing its shafts of darkness, deep and deeper into the measureless bosom of space. And there on the cot, they were together, Shanti and Usha, in complete fraternal harmony as if a lifelong quarrel had been made up and forgotten and a fresh lease of good relationship signed a new with the faith that it would never be broken again.

(to be continued)

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Congress After

Independence

By

BH. VENATARATNAM.

There is no magic in the word 'democracy'. A democratic state will not come into being by just shouting out 'we mean to establish a truly democratic government' and oft repeated expressions like 'government of the people, by the people and for the people' will not create the democratic framework of any government if the basic condition for the success of democracy is absent; and that is a well-informed electorate composed of citizens who are alive to the responsibilities of citizenship. Otherwise, there is always a tendency for a group to dominate and exercise power in the guise of democracy and sway the masses by a few catch phrases. The masses hang on to those slogans and become utterly blind and refuse to think on matters, which require consideration by the citizens if the government

Hitherto men and women of various shades of political opinion have joined together in the Congress to oust the Britisher. But now independence won, there is bound to be a terrific flare-up among the many forces that had struggled together for national freedom. The Congress leadership under the rightist Patel & Co., is marching into the pit of stagnation, and in the words of the brilliant author of this article, "infusion of younger blood with new ideas and better vision to suit the rising generations is the crying need of the hour."

is to reflect the will of the people, and leave them to be handled by professional politicians in any manner they like. This tendency of indifference is all the more conspicuous in the so-called 'educated' classes of India who pass out from the portals of

To them the Congress has become too inadequate to meet the needs of an Independent India. What India wants is economic advance, with the help all that modern technique can provide, on a planned socialist basis. They are sceptical about the ability of Congress to offer such a forward programme. The attitude of the Congress leaders towards the Socialists in the Congress bears ample justification for the scepticism of the people with wider outlook.

For what we know of the Indian temperament and Indian conditions, the Congress may come out successful as the majority party in the elections held under the new Indian Constitution. The electorate is not sufficiently educated to think and decide on what they really want. Political consciousness and the capacity of citizens to give the 'instructed judgement' on matters political, however much they may be affected with political events and the policy pursued by the party in power, can only be developed slowly. Indian electorate has not reached a stage at which they can readily choose parties to power

on the basis of their programmes in the context of Indian conditions. This is because the fight for freedom has eclipsed the importance of all other problems so far and it is argued that the party fighting for freedom should be in power to strengthen it to carry on the struggle. So the possibility for the rise of new parties with definite programmes for the development of the country, both politically and economically, is not bright.

But with the attainment of independence the position will be different. Then the problems to be tackled are quite different. New parties are bound to make their appearance. There are already signs of the rise of a more progressive party even within the Congress ranks, namely, the Socialist Party. But we cannot expect in India in the near future—unless the political parties devote much time in educating the electorate in their party programmes, the government carries through a programme of widespread literacy, and the people themselves understand the programmes of parties without any loyalties to personalities—a change

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of party in power, once it ceases to be of any use to meet the nation's requirements, as has happened in England immediately after the recent war. The personal loyalties of the adherents of Congress are too strong to make them think in terms of party programmes. Again, besides the Congress, the other parties like Socialist Party will be still in an organising stage and so will have to depend for their success on the appreciation of their programme by the electorate. In the first flushes of Indian independence, Congress may come to power. Already its popularity has considerably been affected by its sacrifice of the unity of India, a principle which has been fundamental to Congress cause so far. And if it continues its other programmes in future India, it will be only a Conservative Party of vested interests and will not have much chance in the long run in the face of more progressive parties. If the Congress wants to hold its own, it is time for the leaders to frame a programme and policy which shall have wide support among the old as well as younger generations and that certainly

must have a definite socialist trend. It is time for the leaders to face the Socialists in the Party and broaden the outlook of the Party before it is too late. The break-up of the Socialists will be a great blow to the strength and prestige of the Party. Any party is likely to maintain its strength and popularity so long as the elderly counsels are of moderating influence on younger spirit and not curb and put down the younger spirit. Otherwise it will become reactionary and conservative.

Hereafter, the Congress also must think less in terms of personalities and more in terms of party programme. This means that it is as much the duty of the Congress as any other party to pay great attention to one aspect which Congress has neglected so far; the education of the electorate. Only when the electorate is made to think on right lines on the problems before them and act according to their 'instructed judgement' can true democracy be established. To quote Laski: 'The education of the citizen is the heart of the modern state...The defects of



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democracy are most largely due to the ignorance of democracy; and to strike at that ignorance is to attack the foundation upon which those defects are built. Is it not better to benefit from the experience of other countries?

CONFUCIUS

(GREATEST TEACHER OF MANKIND)

By

V. G. NAIR
Visvabharati-Cheenabhavana

China is the cradle of a great civilization. On humanity she has bestowed the imperishable benefits of numerous discoveries and inventions. To mention a few—silk, tea, gun-powder, porcelain wares, printing, paper, compass and locomotive—are discovered by China. In spite of all these marvellous contributions for human welfare, China is better known to outsiders as a land of opium-addicts, where armies headed by bandit chiefs marched over blazing towns and wasted lands; where famines, pestilences and revolutions were frequent; where women bound their feet and where the 'foreign devils' namely, Westerners of the olden-day Chinese played the dual role of peace-makers and war-mongers.

But underneath all these surface explosions lies the China of

V. G. Nair of Visvabharati-Cheenabhavan presents to the readers of Tempo an interesting record of the work, teachings and life of Confucius, one of the greatest sages the world has known.

unsurpassing beauty and tranquillity, the China which has been moulded by her ancient sages. This hidden China will be discernible only to those who are keen to know the secrets of her mysteries. Here is something of Confucius, the unrivalled Master of the Chinese. About the same time of Buddha (Buddha's Nirvana dates back to 480 B. C. according to many European scholars. Buddha preached the same time in India, when Confucius died in China) and nearly one hundred years before Socrates (Socrates died 400 years before Christ) preached

their Gospels of Universal Peace and Love, and long before Karl Marx, Hegel and other European philosophers taught us their theories of historical philosophy and communism, Confucius, China's greatest teacher unveiled to mankind the mysteries of universal harmony and the ideals of State Socialism based on his eight principles. These principles are: 1. Investigation of Things 2. Extension of Knowledge 3. Sincerity of Thought 4. Rectification of the Heart 5. Cultivation of the Person 6. Regulation of the Family, 7. Governing the State 8. Bringing Peace to the World.

Confucius was born in B. C. 551 at Chu'ufu in the Lu State the modern Shantung province. The Kung family has an unbroken genealogical lineage and is known to be the oldest nobility on earth. A direct descendant of the Sage lives today in China and another member of his family is Dr. H.H. Kung, former Finance Minister to the National Government of China.

Confucius started life as an Inspector of Fields and Herds in the Lu State. He later took

up teaching and rallied to himself three thousand disciples. He was made a Minister of Justice in the Lu State, where he introduced some notable reforms. It is recorded that crime became almost non-existent. People were turned into loyal citizens, truthful, reliable and honest. Even jewels dropped on the high-ways were left untouched by the travellers. Women became well-behaved, modest, good tempered and chaste. But after a few years, the Reforms of Confucius abruptly came to an end. Through the connivance of the Duke of Wei, a neighbouring State, who became jealous of Confucius' influence, the Duke of Lu neglected the sage and his moralisings. Confucius and his disciples left the State in despair. He wandered through different States preaching his Gospel of 'JEN', the sum total of all virtues, the source of all goodness, filial devotion, brotherliness, loyalty to a cause, honesty, truthfulness, justice, forbearance and above all he lectured on his Socialistic principle of 'Tatung' or universal harmony based on

social, economic and political equality.

For about twenty years, Confucius preached his socio-political philosophy and according to his own account became a disappointed man. No where in China, he could find a ruler or people to follow all his teachings. His last days were rather sad. Discouraged at his apparent lack of success, Confucius told one of his disciples: "The great mountain must crumble, the strong beam must break, the wise man withers away like a plant,"* and he wept. This great teacher of mankind passed away seven days after he uttered these memorable words, that is in B.C. 479, at the age of seventy-three. He was buried at Chu-fu.

During his last days, the Master wrote a chronological record of events in China covering a period of about 240 years beginning at 722 B. C. This record is known as the Spring and Autumn Annals, or the Chun Chiu. He also compiled a Book of Poetry known as the Shih Ching and thus laid the

foundation of Chinese literature. After his death, his sayings and doings were recorded by his famous disciples in the popularly known Confucian Analects (Lun Yu), the Great Learning (Ta Hsueh) and the (Chung Yung) know as the Doctrine of the Mean or the Conduct of Life.

Confucius represented the common man. All his sayings and doings were intended for his welfare. He spoke for humanity and died for humanity. During his lifetime, he did not command so much respect in China as after his death. All his teachings and theories were based upon the conscience of man, or rather, on his plain human nature, which could make him a superior man. By cultivating both the body and the mind through the Six arts, Propriety (including rites and rituals), music, archery, chariot driving, writing and mathematics, the final aim of a 'perfect man' may be reached. His views on Government, diplomats, wealth, production, consumption and distribution had also much

* A similar Confucian parallel could be traced in Gandhiji's utterings, See Harijan dated Sunday June 8, 1947, Front Page Column 1, under the heading 'Delhi'.

in common with the tenets of Socialism. The wider aspect of his teachings is to create a perfect member of the family, of the State and of the world. His ideal is one of universal peace attained through the movement started from the individual to the community, from the inner harmony of oneself towards the realisation of world peace.

An illustration of Confucius' views on Governments is worth mentioning here. According to a Chronicler of the later WEI dynasty, the Master, during his travels met a woman in loud lamentation. He asked the cause of her grief. The woman replied that in that very spot her father-in-law, her husband and her son had been in succes-

sion killed by tigers. Confucius then told her to go back to her native place. But the woman said that in her native place, there was an oppressive Government. Turning to his disciples the Master said: "Remember my children an oppressive Government is more terrible than man-eating tigers".

Rise and fall of States and Empires, deaths of mighty Kings and Emperors, the discovery of Atom bomb and destruction of Hiroshima, all these may fade away into the dim history of the past, but the sweet voice of Confucius will reverberate throughout the Ages reminding us of our duty towards family, community, country and the world.

Stray Thoughts From my garret

BY

"DABOO"

Now as I type these lines, my dear friend, I hear a lilting melody. The voice is familiar, very familiar. It's hers, my neighbour Ramgopal's wife's. Oh, how sweetly she's singing! And now when my Swiss-made Record shows 2-30 P. M., now when her hubby must be vegetating in his office, nailed down to his clerical chair.

She seems more a born songstress than a trained one. I've never heard her singing in the presence of her husband. Perhaps he has grown callous to music. I am afraid his continued drudgery has killed the subtler emotions of life, those finer traits that lend a charm to an otherwise awkward empty play we call "life". But I am sure he had heard her sing, long ago, when he had gone to

interview her before marriage. But now? Alas, what a useful, monotoneous existence is his?

Ramgopal! He'll be a veritable scoop for any painter or sculptor hounding for models. For he symbolizes the collectivized frustration of this century. He embodies the sum total of thwarted hopes and blasted dreams of humanity as a whole. A graduate of an Indian university, he was once a free bird; his lengthy collegiate life passed away paradise-wise. And now imagine him snagged within the arms of a chair before a table, with huge ledgers on it! What's he getting? Forty rupees plus the usual fifteen rupees dearness allowance. This same Ramgopal who's now dull and fatigued and automaton like, I understand, once had been a

bustling volcano of activity. His spirits were volatile and his soul danced in unadulterated liberty. Alas, now shackled and mana led—he's a little insignificant screw in the mammoth machine of Capitalism.

How different is his wife! She's about twenty five. She had given birth to three children, who successfully achieved *moksha* down in the very cradle. She does look beautiful. She more appears a vestal virgin waiting to be touched by the wings of man than a mother of three children and a wife of ten years standing. She has a very fine body whose fecundity corresponds with her stature; and a smile on those red lips that isn't merely provocative but maliciously raping. She never walks but in a dancing gait; never talks but in songs and verses. Before the old ore her husband is, she's a flickering flame of youth and flamboyance. Whenever I watch this couple, a strange comparison suggests itself to my mind. I visualize a flame and an old, inert metal that refuses to yield to any amount of heat—a metal that never melts!

That charming woman, I must admit, gives to me now and then electric thrills. She's older than I by a couple of years. But of what consequence is age, when you deal with those desires that are created in the ageless heart? I like her. Her name's Parvati... Parvati...Parvati...

I am afraid I am getting into close friendship with her. During the daytime, when her man is away, I often knock at her door. Parvati opens the doors, with that raping smile on her lips. I feel an animal thrill, as I go in, she by my side and our shoulders touching.

My dear friend, you know that there's nothing of a Romeo in me. I am the most unromantic creature on earth. To date, I don't remember a single occasion when I've been a little precipitate in my behaviour towards the members of the fair sex. I am sure that no one can find me guilty of any imperialist designs in my actions vis a vis the realms of women. And yet we've come to know each other, Parvati and I. How? The credit should go to her. It's she that has accelerated the matters to

that stage when a man and woman no more doubt that they want each other. I have just been a neutral figure-head. I've neither encouraged her nor repulsed. I've just permitted myself to be acted upon by her.

But now the time has come when I should slough off my attitude of neutrality. I must reach a decision. What behaviour should I adopt towards Parvati? Should I take the hand proffered by her and fall in to her charms as a martyr to the lust of womankind? Or should I tarry a while...and give her my piece of mind? Somehow I dislike to shatter that home. In this huge world of countless beings, after all, there's a Rupa to gladden the heart of Ramgopal. She it is that takes care of him; that lends a colour to his otherwise morose existence. And am I right in weaning her away from him? Is it meet on my part to take away from him the sole joy of his life and the sunshine of his soul? These feelings of mine, you may shout, are sheerly sentimental; nevertheless they ought to be taken account of. I am at a loss to know what I should do. What

sorry figures we become when we succumb to the cult of free thinking instead of keeping the mind hung to the hook of time-old traditions and customs and moral injunctions?

Sometimes I feel happy that Parvati loves me. I plan an elopement with her. Oh, how enchanting will be our lives, if she and I find ourselves in one another's arms, not here, but far away in the moonlit jakes of that delectable Kashmir! Why should I care if this act should break Ramgopal's heart? Every woman must have broken some hearts, nay a good many, as every successful doctor must have killed a large number of patients. But the very next second, I rebuke myself. To run away with her looks rather mean and brutal on my part. Oh, what a cursed life is mine!

My dear friend, you know I am a being with queer ideals. All these days I've been making ceaseless efforts to trace out my original bearings, the cause of my present incarceration on earth (without any trial or charge-sheet) and my final destination. I don't boast of any

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new philosophy being discovered by me. I am still experimenting on everything around and above me, below and in me. These experiments have convinced me that since humanity is inextricably wrapped in the muslin of sex, the road to soul realization (if that be the ultimate goal of man, bird and beast) is invariably through the trammels of sex, and not through bachelorhood and Bhadrinath.

Here let me confess my weaknesses, some of them. Let me lay bare the desires that buzz in my heart and put myself to the utmost shame before you. Look at me. What a barbarous, uncivilized life am I leading? Whenever I see a beautiful girl on the road, or in a car or tram, I wish I possessed her. That's an irrepressible desire. How greedy we men are on the sex plane? Man likes to have all women at his beck and call, all ranging from kisans to the queens.

Suppose, for a moment, that all the born women of all countries and climes were left at my disposal, what could I do with them with my pitifully limited biolo-

gical resources? I would, just perhaps, stand amid them cutting a rather sorry figure; figuratively I would be standing in the midst of a vast conflagration trying in vain to extinguish it with little sprinkles of my meagre spittle. Man dreams of big things. He laments he isn't able to realize them. But you ought to perceive that what the mind dreams of, the body could barely accept. You may lie comfortably on your bed and dream of having eaten all the available food on earth; and once awake, what you will have eaten is always less than what your mother prays you would.

You ought to learn to relish the many in the one woman that falls to your share. A man, I opine, should be proud of his achievements if he could bring himself to look at a young couple without any mean desires in his heart; if he could reckon the couple's joy as his own which he experiences in the bosom of his beloved. These two lines of an obscure poet always ring in my mind:

"Enough the faces around me
are happy and gay,

Men come, live and longer stay."



Suppose, for a moment, that all the born women of all countries and climes were left at my disposal.

Joy that's an attribute of the soul, how can it flourish at the expense of another soul? Meanness is something alien to human nature. It isn't born with man but is engendered by the environment, by poverty, and ignorance. And I do believe it's unpardonable meanness of mine

to take from Ramgopal what's his.

But now let us see this problem from another standpoint. Legally she's his. Man and wife, they really are. But is there even an iota of love between them? Of him I can say nothing. But of her, I can say,

not a bit of love she has for him. Unreserved giving in of oneself to another is the essence of love. I wonder if Parvati has ever given herself to him, body and soul without limitations...No, dear friend, there can't be any love, between them. And without love, their marriage must have been reduced to a dry business contract. She lives with him, cooks for him and sleeps with him, because in return for these he's feeding her with the bread evolved out of his sweat. Ramgopal, a slave in his office, seems to have made of his own wife an yet greater slave. The other day sitting by my side, she said: "I never knew love. Till now I didn't believe that there could be anything like love. But now... when I look at you, talk to you and walk by your side, I feel my cramped limbs expand and my dwarfed soul spread out... It must be love those poets sang of. Surely it's." I sat silent, my friend. Her words like a verbal broom mopped my heart. I found her bare before me. There she was, throwing the cards of her person on the table of my eyes, hiding nothing and

wishing to hide naught. There she was, saying: "Here's all that I possess on earth. I place it before you for I love you. I love you. Let love triumph even if the gods forbid... Let love triumph..."

O Parvati I was a fool...I am a fool, a craven, stupid weakling. What did I do, my dear friend? I left her and ran off to my room. I shrank away from love as if I were frightened by its intensity. I shrank away not in disgust but in admiration. Yes, I retreated...

This brings me again to the same old unsolved question: What should I do? Tell me, friend, please tell me. Here I am dying in that Hamletian dilemma: To go or not to go with her. Here I am at the crossroads of my destiny, at that most crucial spot in the annals of my life when a step any way will raise me to the height of the heavens or catapult me down the depths of hell. Please guide me, my dear friend; show me the path and light it with the fire of your reason.

Let me now dwell on my feelings towards her. I look

"Here is all that I
possess on earth.
I place it before
you for I love
you. I love you!
Let love triumph
even if the gods
forbid,"

She pleaded.



upon myself undoubtedly fortunate in winning her love. I like her, but I can't boast of any superhuman love for her. She's just a plaything for me, an interesting and charming one at that. Nothing more. I am a bachelor. And I've decided not to marry so long as marriages continue what they are in India today. I plead that a minimum of a week days moving together is absolutely necessary for every girl and boy, before they can decide upon the ceremony of matrimony. A week during which the boy would promise to respect the person of the girl left in his charge, merely holding a spiritual contact with her soul. Till now I haven't met even one father who's willing to nod his head to these conditions. But then all fathers are back numbers. They refuse to go ahead in the van of history but would rather hang on to the back bumper, wishfully thinking they would be reversing the gear and make the van of progress run backwards...But this is all by the way.

Now here's Parvati offering her all to me. Why should I pretend maudlin scruples and stop seizing her hand? The cir-

cumstances are such that out of her husband's pain alone comes her fulfilment. I believe that there should be full freedom of love. I wonder why Roosevelt has not added this to his list of four freedoms and made them five. I am unable to see why adultery, like stealing, is condemned as a crime and the man that commits it is punished for. No doubt, the man is found to be guilty of illicit contact with another's wife, but remember, it's only with her consent and encouragement. It may become a crime when the woman as a body becomes the material possession of the husband, which, if it's, smacks of bestial bondage of the womanfolk. What's hers a woman is justified in giving to whomever she likes, whether she's married or a spinster. It's only out of this infinite liberty can true natural selection be possible for the complete, all round development of the *homo sapiens*. In bondage, there's little or no selection. Having this in mind, my dear friend, why should I worry any more about Parvati? There's her outstretched hand...and I ought to take it without any philistine qualms of false virtue or drab morality.

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CONDUCTED
BY
Miss Surekha

To My Sisters in Pakistan!

My dear sisters!

The fateful day has come. The deadline has been set, when we should be separated.

The United India of Akbar and Azad is soon going to be cut into pieces, is soon to be torn to scanty bits among brothers and brothers that had lived on this soil for centuries. The ghastly dream of Jinnah is no longer a misty phantom but a stark reality. Pakistan is no longer an empty name. It has come to stay and is shortly to acquire a face, flesh and blood.

My dear sisters of Pakistan, it is with great distress in my heart, that I pen these lines. But facts have to be faced. If you refuse to face them, they will stab you in the back. You all wanted

This page is the monopoly of Miss Surekha. She writes on what she likes or dislikes in her own way. Her opinions need not necessarily be ours, but yet they carry weight, for the writer knows her job and knows it rather well.

Pakistan. And it is there before you in all its nascent brilliance, a land which, you sincerely and perhaps ignorantly, hope will flow with gold, milk, honey and what not. But we have never wanted Hindustan, but it is there for us. We have never wanted it, for we wanted an India, an India that is united, free and powerful; an India in which the Muslim, Sikh and the Hindu stood beside one another even as they had done during the first war of Indian Independence popularly misnamed "THE SEPOY'S MUTINY". We all wanted an India in which Gandhi, Jinnah and Baldeo

ate from the same table, drank from the same cup and worked in comradeship for the betterment of the 400 millions of the dumb millions whose degraded standard of living is the greatest blot on our atomic civilization. But that India is not to be. Strange that the real India should remain a dream while the unreal dream of Pakistan should acquire an aspect of tangibility.

Any way if part we must, we should, as we are doing now. Then let us part not as enemies but as friends. Perhaps our present separation is only to forge a future union. Time has healed many a rotten wound; it has united enemies, it has also torn asunder bosom friends. Now that we are going apart, Time with its concomitant associate Cool Thinking may bring us together some day in the future. And then perhaps India may rise as a mighty nation of the world and the Leader of the oppressed peoples of the world. India must be in the vanguard of the many small Asian countries that are now fighting for their freedoms. India acquires a world wide significance with its total liberation. But the present vivisection casts a shadow on its role

as the leader of the Asian countries. For free and divided, It would not be able to play as great a role as it would have played if it had been united and independent.

The struggle for a United India is undoubtedly a more thrilling, and worthy one than that for a Divided India. But when a certain community of the people base their whole politics on nothing but racial hatred and religious sentiments, politics surely turns out to be a retrogressive sport. The treatment of the Jews in Hitlerite Germany brought this home to us. Perhaps it is good to India that it should ring its bell of freedom in division. For instead of the Muslims and Hindus living under one roof with doubts and distrusts, it is certainly better they separate and thrive. These doubts and distrusts may in the course of time prove to be but stepping stones to that ultimate faith in the Oneness of India.

The Congress was impatient to see India free. Its compromising spirit could be compared only to the intransigence of the League. The Congress was ready for any thing if only the Britisher quit-

ted the country. The thirst for freedom was too strong to bring in other aspects into consideration.

Pakistan hitherto was raised as a popular slogan. A new name, with an imaginary glory surrounding it, would naturally catch the fancy of any one. But none seem to have thought seriously over the economic and other problems that are going to confront this fair land of the pure. None seem to have thought of its resources and its expenditures in the frenzy of blind shouting. I specially commend to all my sisters in Pakistan the article "The future of Pakistan and Hindustan" by the distinguished editor of "Sind Observer" published elsewhere in this issue which if read well with care and thought might well turn the dream of Pakistan into a horrid nightmare.

Pakistan may be politically free but it will be an economic collapse. The Government is bound to be run by a set of nawabs and zamindars to whom the interests of the common Muslim of the faith will never be above their own interests. The economic problems of Hindustan and Pakistan will have much in common.

If India had been united, there problems would have been settled more easily and to the satisfaction of every party. The resources of a whole country, the mighty man power and all that would have been at the disposal of a single Central Government. And with the new born pride of freedom, the whole nation would have shone among the countries of the world and would have carved out for itself a place suited to its status.

Oh, my dear sisters, look at India today! The country is going to be cut; Travancore and Hyderabad States are soon to declare their independence. The British may be leaving us but they have ignobly left us in a sorry mess from which we may not be able to emerge quickly. You, sisters, have a great role to play in Pakistan. You will be the makers of the Pakistan of which your men have dreamed of. If you have really succeeded in making it a haven of freedom, equality and new life, the people of Hindustan may well commend you and congratulate you. But if the tables are turned against you, Hindustan will not fail to come to your aid.

1947

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July 1947

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Islam, like Hinduism, has the other Muslim rulers, can't be always placed women at a respectable pedestal. In spite of the apparent differences in our make-up, there is a certain uniformity among us. The ties of unity forged years ago by Akbar and

the other Muslim rulers, can't be snapped by the Qaid-e-azam. We may part now, but with the hope and belief that we will unite some day in the not too distant future...some day surely.

SAYINGS OF SUREKHA

Divided freedom is better than united slavery

A man with two wives is a greater social danger than a man with none.

A widower is free, but a widow is in chains.

You can take a horse to the water, but can't make it drink it. You can give Pakistan to the Muslims, but can't make them keep it.

It's more easier to murder a man you hate than murder the hatred in you.

A divided nation fails ; an united nation sails.

**Those that boast of their killing time
are stark fools. you never kill
Time. Time kills you.**

K. Siva Rao, Proprietor and The Management of **Allied Pictures Corporation** offers their hearty thanks to all Producers, Distributors and Exhibitors for their past co-operation and wishes further extension of the same at all times.

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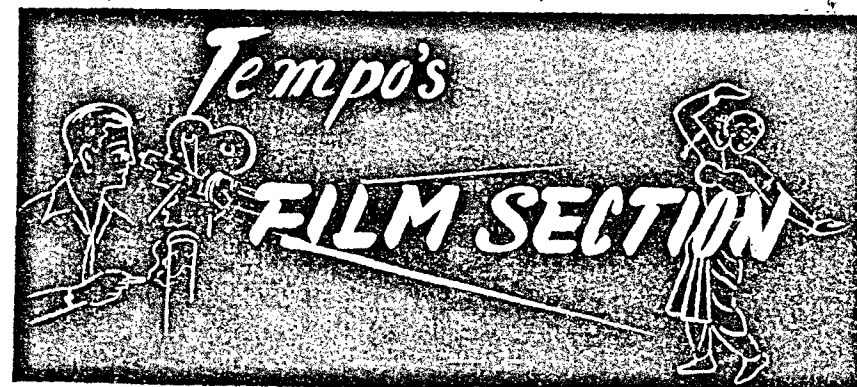
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FILM NEWS

Nav Hind Pictures Ltd.

Shamburao Sirdesai, the well known producer of Bombay, has just completed "O, JANE-WALE" for the Nav Hind Pictures Limited. With Gita Desai in the leading female role, supported by Trilok Kapur, Husna, Pandey, Meher-sultana and Umakant, the above film is said to promise bright entertainment to thousands of filmlovers all over India.

Now preparations are being made to put on sets "Hari Mandir," a powerful story dealing with the burning problem of the day, namely "Temple entry" in Hindi and Marathi. Framroze

will assist Sirdesai in directing this picture which is going to be another smash-hit from the Nav-Hinds.

Neel-Kamal to Madras

Sri Vijayananda Pictures of Madras are shortly releasing NEEL-KAMAL in Madras. Starring the inimitable charmer Begum Para, Muntaz and Raj Kapoor, this beautiful film much applauded at the Bombay trade show, is bound to have a very long run in the city. Begum Para is reported to have soared to new heights in this film.

Doctor Pattabhi's journey to the studio!

Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, President of The All India States People's Congress is reported to

Await these Blooming Box Office Hits.

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"HARI MANDIR"

on Set—HINDI & MARATHI

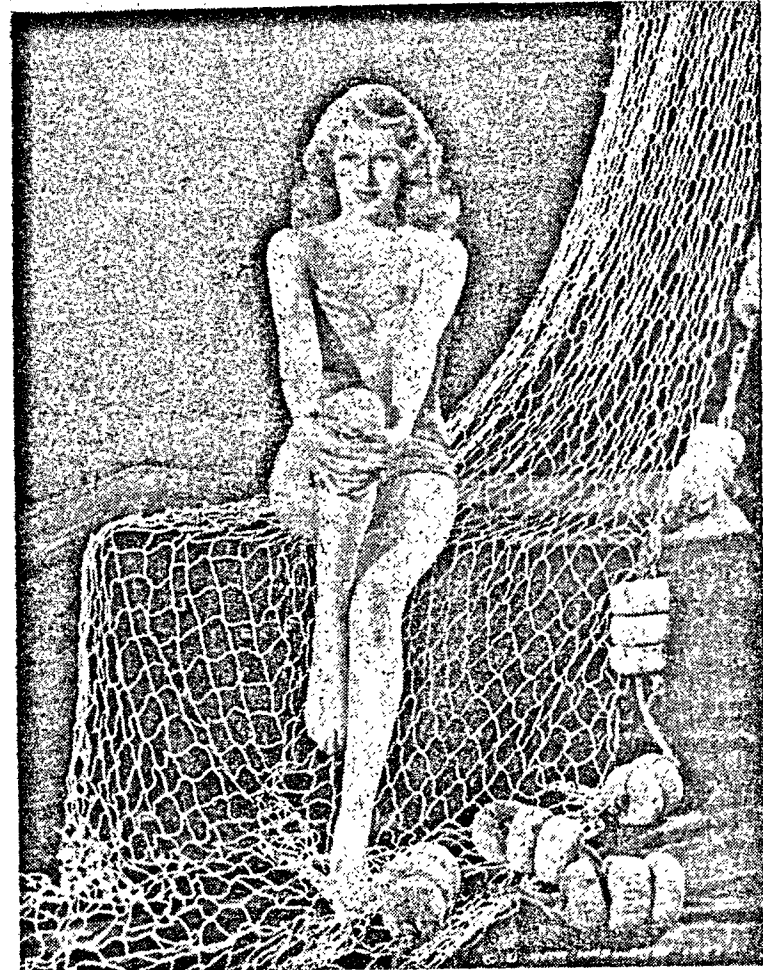
Story By:—**S. SIRDESAI**

Direction: **FRAMROZE & SIRDESAI**

Cast: **GITA DESAI**, with **MEHER-SULTANA**, **VIJAYA**
(Saraswati fame), **PALAV & GULAM MAHAMAD**.

July 1947

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Golden mermaid Rita Hayworth puts on the bathing suit
for columbia's "Down to Earth"

have paid a brief visit to the Hindustan Kalamandir, Ltd., Bombay. Enterprising Kalwantra, the Managing Director of the company, took him round the scene of their maiden production depicting India's terrific struggle for freedom 'AZADI KI RAHPAR' which is being produced at the Central Studios. Pattabhi, as is usually the case with him, left the sets, rejoiced at the tremendous work done by the producers. Starring Prithviraj, and directed by Lalit Mehta, "AZADI KI RAHPAR" well promises to be the biggest hit of the coming year.

Snehaprabha's Antics in London!

Petite, unfortunately-home-obscured Snehaprabha is said to have charmed the Britishers in their own den. She is reported to have given some beautiful demonstrations of the Indian classical dancing, the silly impressions created by which may not easily be wiped out unless India sends out there an Indian Dancing Mission comprised of genuine stalwarts like Tara Chaudhri. Anyway the Britishers liked her classical dancing so much that they taught her their classical ball room dancing. And she is said



Gita Desai finds herself in a row in Sirdesai's titanic social "O' Janewale"

to have confessed to a pressman: "I like it but it would never do in India for a girl to be held in a strange man's arms." Shrewd Snehaprabha should have known that a man is no longer strange when she is held in his arms.

Shahzad Productions Ltd.,

Shahzada Iftkhar is remoured to be quite complacent over his own achievements and progress of the film "VEENA", starring Ashok Kumar, Shaw Nawaz etc

Mazhar Art Productions

Mazhar Khan, tipsy with the success of his production "PEHLI NAZAR", is said to be rushing in seven-league boots with his other productions "Sona" and "Guest House". Of the two, "Sona" is waiting to see the darkness of a theatre, while "Guest House" has gone to the sets.

Golden Pictures.

Their maiden picture "Mangalasutra" is expected to be released shortly, produced by dashing P. R. Patkar, and ably directed by Dada Gunjal, the picture should certainly cutbeat "Rattan" at the box office.

The cast includes scintillating Urmila, Anand (a talented new find) Motibai, chintamanrao Koahatkar and a host of others.

It is said that photography in this picture has set up a new standard in the Indian screen world.

SOUTH INDIAN SCREEN:

Vauhini's Vemana

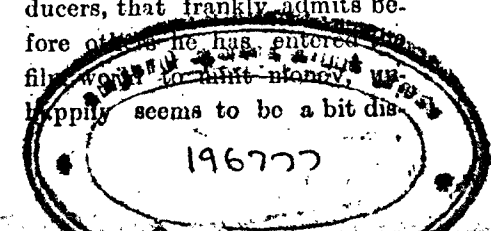
"Vemana" of Vauhini's is running to packed houses everywhere in Andhra. This picture in which Nagiah has given one of his best performances is another proud feather in the cap of the Vauhini's.

Chatrapaty Pictures

Chatrapaty pictures, Madras, have well nigh completed their film "Rahika" which shortly await release in all the key centres of Andhra.

Pratibha Pictures

Producer-Director Balaramiah's "Balaraju" is proceeding rather in slow paces. Balaramiah, who is one of the few right-minded and truthful producers, that frankly admits before others he has entered the film world to make money, happily seems to be a bit dis-



illusioned about the possibility of collecting large harvests without giving to the filmgoers equal big gifts.

Swatantra films

Swatantra's "Drohi", starring the delectable and virile Varalaxmi, Prakash and others is progressing well to the expectations of those interested in the film and the firm.

Bharani pictures.

Bharani's "Ratnamala" starring the throbbing actress cum singing siren Bhanumati is periodically advertised to be coming, coming... Good, God, from where it is coming and to where it is going is not known even to Kamakrishna, the magnificent director, whose historic place behind the megaphone is an incongruous as that of Omandur Ramaswamy Reddiar's place in the "CouumHouse"

Kamal Productions

T. P. Sundaram, one of the leading producers and film distributors of the South, is said to have done a good work in his film Mahatma "Udangar". Starring Vajayakumari, Seenu, Ramachandran etc. it is shortly going to be released.



Glamorous new-find Kanchan who is having her debut in Padmanabha Pictures "Chandravanka"

Venkat Ramana Pictures

Jayamma, the popular South Indian star, is said to have scored new laurels in her latest and Venkat Ramana's proud presentation "B R A H M A RADHAM".

Shukumar Pictures.

SHUKUMAR'S "DEVDAASI" is having the last touches, the new recruits Leela and Kannan are supposed to have done well.

Columbia's bumper offers.

Rita Hayworth will shortly be seen in the wonderful techni-



Glamorous Rosalind Russell and handsome Melvyn Douglas pair for the first time since 1941 in Columbia's "The guilt of Janet Ames."

colour film "DOWN TO EARTH".

"The guilt of Janet Ames" is almost finished starring Rosalind Russell and handsome Melvyn Douglas.

Ellen Drew appears with Larry Parks in Columbia's swashbuckling adventure story "THE SWORDSMAN" which was finished in technicolour.

"THE RETURN OF MONTE CRISTO" starring Louis Hayward and Barbara Britton with George Macready is shortly going to be released in the city. This thrilling adventure in the genuine Dumas tradition has been lustily applauded wherever it was shown. The filmgoers of Madras should keenly await for the release.

Narasu Pictures Circuit

Narasu's have already released their "Vasavadatta" at many centres in the South and it is shortly going to be released at many more centres. With the musical beauty of Vasundhara supported by the wellknown G. N. B., the film is certain to afford tremendous entertainment, in view of the fact that the Narasu Boss V. L. Narasu,

the 3-C King (Coffee, Chemicals & Cinema) of the South has left no stone unturned in rethrashing the film into altogether a new and brilliant one.

Allied Pictures Corporation

Under the enterprising guidance of K. Siva Rao, the Allied Pictures Corporation, is marching through the North in huge strides, distributing the South Indian Films in many



Scintillating Begum Para
in NEEL-KAMAL

parts of northern India. Siva Rao, by himself too wellknown as the greatest comedian of the South, deserves the congratulations of the South Indian producers for this his pioneering job. The Allies have in their tills the names of many popular hits of the South. We hope that this



Vasundhara, the South Indian glamour star, in "Vasavadatta", which has just been released by Narasu's at many centres.

company will in future do greater services in popularising the South Indian Films among the Northern Indian audience. Good-luck, Siva Rao!

IS IT TRUE.....?

That Snehaprabha's London trip has convinced her that her place is not in the film world but among the galaxy of classical dancers, and that she has therefore decided to rush into the vacuum created by the demise of Madam Menaka, the celebrated Indian danseuse?

That Tara Chaudhri's recent two-day performances at Madras have left her wondering when the dancelovers of Madras cease craving: "Give us more of your dancing! Again and again!"?

That the journeys of our producers and directors and stars to the Yankeeland are mere manoeuvres to explain off the inactivity which is their lot had they been in India and not any oft-professed thirst for film knowledge and Hollywood bathing-costume technique?

That the self-acclaimed weeping genius of India, Kishore Sahu, having failed, unlike Shaw, to get his "genius" recog-

nised by the forty crores of his countrymen, has now decided to retire, and the people instead of protesting are posing the query: "when?"?

That a film magnate of Bombay, having accidentally listened to the recent broadcast of Nehru, turned overnight into a patriot of twenty that he has decided to do something, great and big, and is negotiating for the screen rights of the weighty "The History of the Congress" by Dr. Pattabhi?

That ever since Y. V. Rao and his protege Rukmini began adorning the pages of SOUND (including the front cover) SOUND readers grumble: "There's something wrong here. The hammer is not hitting the nail. The nail, in turn, is hitting the hammer"?

The Zabak replies back: "It doesn't matter two bricks who hits so long as one hits hard."?

That the veteran South Indian female star KANNAMBA insists she's young at thirty five, comparing herself with the old hags of Hollywood like Norma and Greta whom peevish youngsters of India idolize and glorify?



Beautiful Ellen Drew appears as heart interest for clashing Harry Parks in Columbia's swash-buckling adventure story "The Swordsman" in technicolour.

That she further wonders why Indian stars alone should be thought to grow old with age unlike the American Oomph girls that grow young with the drift of decades?

That the failure of Thyagiah at the box office has fired Nagiah with the spirit of that old, singing minstrel and has convinced him of the futility of art for art's sake and also art for man's sake?

That Nagiah is rumoured to have stopped singing and begun composing and is greatly worried over the choice of the leaf-

medium on which to render the compositions, written exceptionally in the Thyagiah tradition?

That the leaf-mediums now under consideration are of Plantain, Palmyrah and Palm, paper being left out as unworthy of recording the cravings and turmoils of the *atman*?

That sickly B. Patel is said to be causing much anxiety to the hundreds of lovers of Filmindia who are rushing him communications by post, bookpost, and air mail, that poor Sushila, unable to reply them, is getting sick of them?



"You were listening till now to a talk on the evils of drinking by Sir W. M. Krishna Murty....."

More and Better Theatres

BY

H. N.

The cry of the country is "More and better theatres." This article pleads with the usual Tempo-vigour for establishing more theatres in the country which is a grave need at the moment.

In every part of the world, in every sphere of activity, there is more and more production and less and less of proper, adequate, coordinated distribution. Maldistribution is one of the major causes of world's ills. Blame whom you will. All over the world, there is at once plenty and poverty moving cheek by jowl. Among others, man's insanity (if not inhumanity) deserves caustic accusation.

The demand for pictures is definitely on the increase. The supply, indifferent as it is, is equally on the increase. Pictures, more pictures, are the boast of producers. Every alternate week a film company is being floated; every film magazine tells you of the hundred proud productions our film-lords are busy with. The medium alone stands still.

The THEATRES wherein only the pictures can be exhibited are static, alike in number and state. Once in three years, (and that is a conservative estimate) a 'new' theatre is born in the whole of India.

It is two years since the war is over and initiative in this direction is yet to come into play. A place like Bombay can boast of only 46 theatres. If you exclude Calcutta (with its 49 theatres) and Madras (with its 25 theatres), you find not even a dozen cities that have a dozen theatres. Ten cities with population ranging between 250000 to 500000 come under the second class with theatres ranging in number between 12 and 18. Fifteen towns with population over 100,000 are satisfied with 6 to 11 theatres. This talking of number. If you talk

is something for which you expect no monetary benefit. When would this elementary principle of good citizenship get into their heads? Or would it never? The tragedy is they have been given a sort of blank cheque. Theatre ownership is today a sort of monopoly. The law of demand and supply works in their favour. They can do things with impunity and adopt a take-it-or-leave-it attitude.

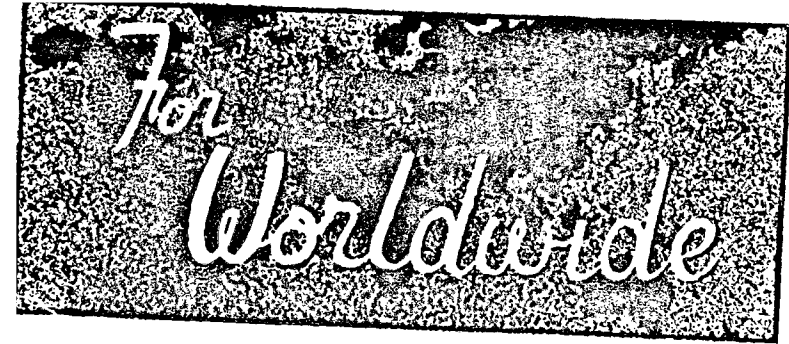
Coming to the technical side of things, the general condition of projection equipment is far from satisfactory. True for the past few years we have not been able to get spare parts or new ones. We cannot therefore argue that we will manage with what we happen to have imagining the same state of affairs continues. We have unhesitatingly to go in for makes that are durable, available and best in the market. We have to move the Government to relax the import and foreign exchange restrictions without further delay.

We cannot spare any effort in overhauling the sound equipment. Much of the obtaining ones are primitive and make shift, worn out and obsolete.

Arc lamps, motor generators and rectifiers are in no better state. Screens may be done locally—if that can be done well and quick. Otherwise we have to bank on imported screens without any false sense of prestige. Where are our curtain tracks and machines? Only one theatre in India uses an automatic ticket selling machine. Why not save us from vexing Qs? Why not have more of those machines? Why not more of air-conditioned theatres? Should all-India boast of five only?

With advantage we can increase the quality and quantity of the portable theatres. We have some four hundred of them in the country—also called travelling theatres. India is a land of lacs of villages and travelling theatres have a special place in village India.

It will pay you to erect more and healthy theatres. There is an increasing demand for pictures from the public. There is an equally ever increasing demand for theatres on the part of the pictures. To talk then of "will not" is unwillingness or stupidity both.



EXPORTS AND IMPORTS

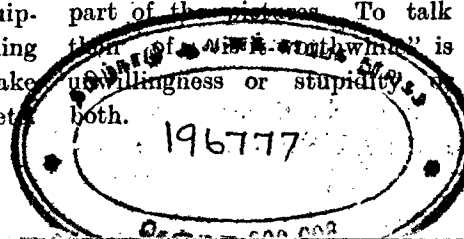
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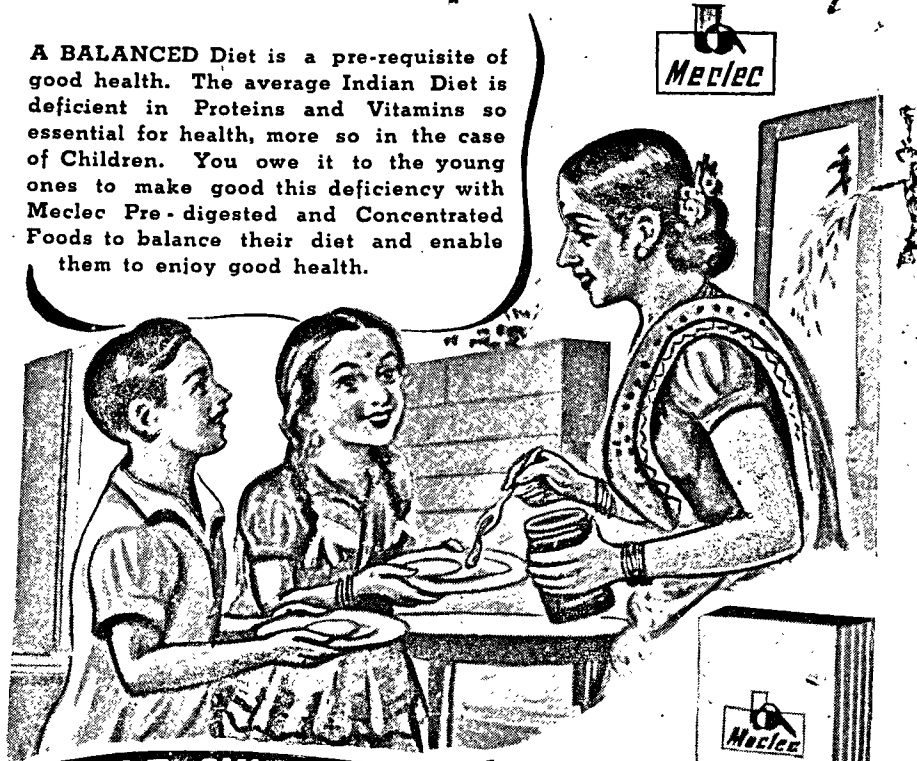
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