

TEMPO

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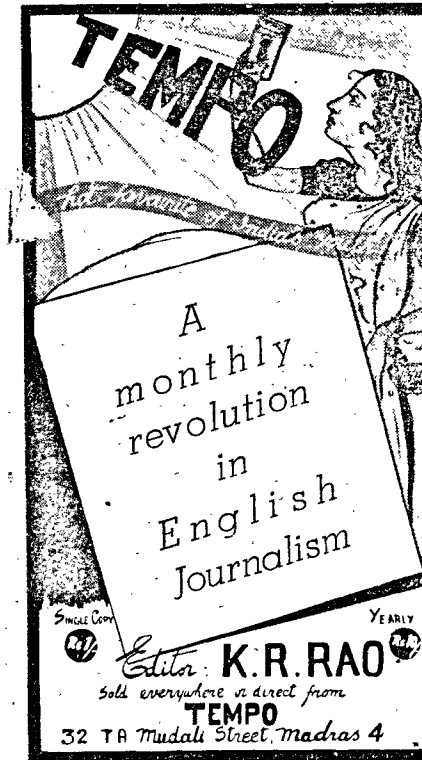
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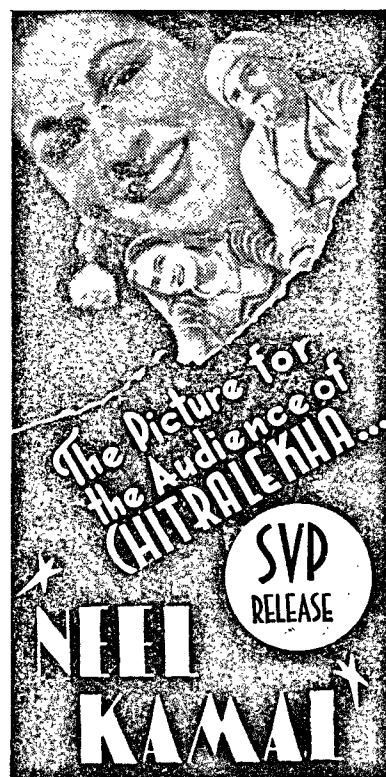
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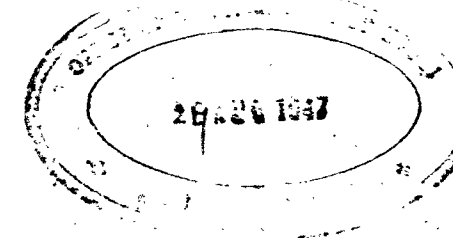
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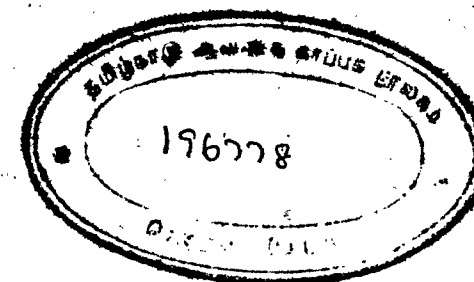
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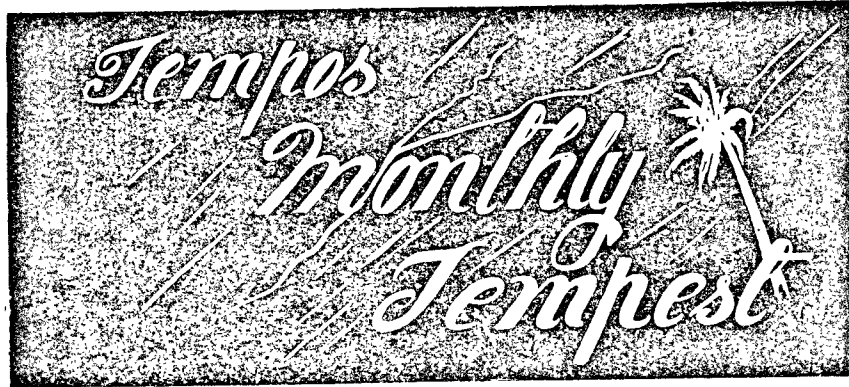
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SCRAP THE CONGRESS

—BY—
EDITOR TEMPORAO

In recent times no other party has fallen so much into disrepute as the Congress. Once the Congress had been a mount of inspiration to the enslaved people of India. Under the saintly guidance and guardianship of the Mahatma the Congress inspired the masses, awakened their political consciousness and made their hearts blaze up for freedom. Now freedom having been won, the Congress stands as a party that has fulfilled itself, as hytaa partt has tired itself in the achieve-

ment of swaraj which has been its goal.

Congressmen in office are vastly different from Congressmen out of office. Today the whole Congress organisation is infested with power politics, job hunting, political manoeuvres and caste feelings. From top to bottom, this organisation has degenerated so much that one is justified in shouting: "Scrap the Congress".

The fight for "dravidistan" is the inexorable sequel to Congress politics. South India,

which has played such a glorious part in the struggle for Indian freedom, seems to be absolutely neglected in the assembly of the top-men of the Congress. Dr. Pattabi and C. R., both of them giants in their own way, could never ascend to the heights to which Shanker- rao Deo and Kripalani easily



Jai Prakash Narain
He appears the most promising to the common man

soar up. Prakasam, the chosen and the most beloved leader of millions of Andhras is brushed aside, as if the support of the people has nothing to do with the leadership of the province. The whole show, from Delhi to Dindigul has been one of sly game and secret wirepulling and nepotism.

Today on the eve of India's freedom, Congress faces a chal-

lenge, a challenge from the awakened people of India. The common man who has hitherto placed his mute trust in Congress today turns back disillusioned and asks: What sort of democracy is this Congress going to achieve? What will be life like in the new free Union of India? Will the Congress devote itself to a wholesale rehabilitation of the country, will



"Scrap the Congress!" — roars
Andhra Kesari
Prakasam

it step-up production, will it find food, clothing and shelter for the teeming millions whose existence hitherto has been a horrid tale of starvation and sorrow? Or will the whole country fritter away its energies, the Muslims and the Hindus stabbing each other, the States taking sides and the

British continuing their ghostly game?

The top-ranking leaders of the Congress, after their many years of sacrifice and prison life, have secured for themselves a sense of reverence in the hearts of the people. The reverence the people extend to a great, glorious personality like Nehru whose life in



Nehru today is a conflicting person, swept in the maelstrom of confusion and poetical sentiments, often dramatic and lyrical.

full has been a dedication to the betterment. The evolution of rise to freedom of his mother-land should not be harnessed to the future India depends to a great deal on the evolution of lead the people into channels Nehru's personality. Today he is a conflicting person, swept in



Aruna Asaf Ali

She is always ahead of the elders in saying and doing things.

the maelstrom of confusion and poetical sentiments, often dramatic and lyrical. He is a socialist at heart, his system yoked to the spiritual burdens of elders to whom he subjugates himself rather too easily. The possibility of Nehru asserting his socialism and upholding the interests of the common man looks rather miasmic face to face with Patel who is out to fight for the interests of the moneyed and big industrialists. Today the wealthy industrialists of the country have already caught the Congress by enlisting Patel as their saviour and leader in the future free India.

The Congress, sooner or later, is bound to split and the present stalwarts will have to part. And in its wake a new party shall rise, wedded to the interests of the man in the street, with a specific economic programme and socio-political aims. It is here that the name of Jai Prakash Narain springs up to the mind, as one showing the greatest promise to the common, untitled men of the country. He is out and out a Socialist to his finger-tips, and under his inspiring leadership, the Socialist

Party has acquired a vast following. He it was who first showed to the British the might of an awakened India, he it was again who showed to them that India too could fight back and win its freedom, when it came to that. Today as the prestige and following of the Congress is dwindling, the prestige and popularity of the Socialist Party is correspondingly ascending. And it would indeed be a crowning glory to the Socialists and the country as a whole when Nehru sheds of his pliability and asserts himself and his ideals and his heart-interest socialism by falling in line with the Socialists as their esteemed leader. When Nehru and Narain join hands then the voice of the multitudes will find expression and their will prevails. The cooperation and support of crores of nameless specks of humanity existing on this continent will flow to them as spontaneously as it hitherto flowed towards the Congress while it had been waging the noble fight for the complete independence of the Indians. In their union there is a bright future for India, in their union is history, a new history that will reshape the whole of Asia into something powerful, independent and bright.

LEST WE FORGET

By

K. RAMA RAO

Formerly Editor of "The National Herald"

"The 1942 found Gandhi the most determined, the most adventurous revolutionary in India. Oldest among the leaders though he was, he was the most swift-footed, the most difficult to keep pace with. Nehru fumbled. Azad groped. Others wore blank faces. Pray what is this "Quit India?" Observes the Lucknow Hallet-smasher Rama Rao in this very thrilling exclusive article on the historic movement of 1942.

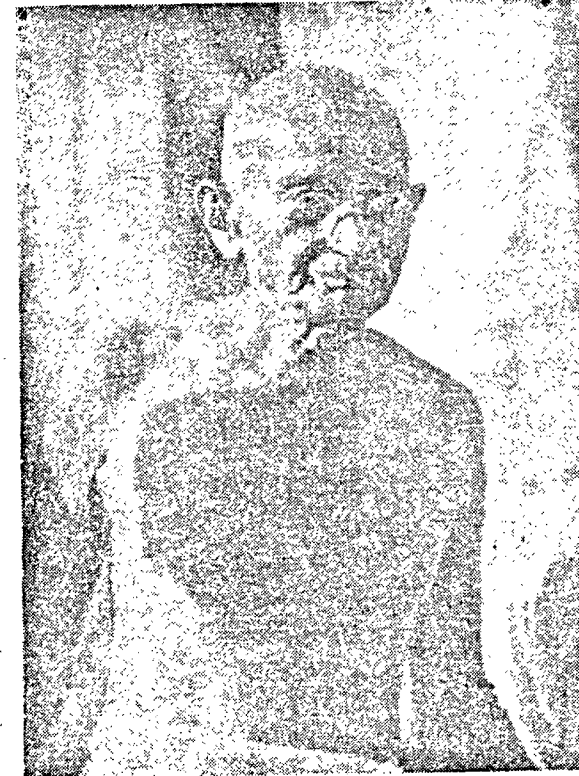
Will August 1947 justify August 1942? August has always been a famous month in Indian history for good or evil. And this August will be the most famous of them all, with the setting up of Dominion Status. In a different sense also, for the setting up of Pakistan. India has achieved distinction somewhat rapidly in recent months and the India that remains will achieve more on the status of freedom. A republic, a president. a dominion premier, autonomous provinces, elected governors and the whole paraphernalia of self-government make a reality of the conquest of power. India is sending ambassadors to Moscow and Washington, and others will

follow. India has become the hub of the Asiatic universe and New Delhi will soon be the Washington of the East.

We can study by comparison the march of events. Throughout the war period the British did their best to put us off with glittering but false promises in the sure knowledge that they will not either be accepted by Indians or if accepted will mean nothing either to them or to the British. It was a dishonest game throughout. There were no fine words and subtle nuances which Amery did not employ to fool the people of India. There were no ruses and stratagems which Linlithgow did not employ to land unofficial India morally

and ostentatiously on the side of the Allies in the war. When these processes failed and "Quit India" put on a definite, active shape under the magic of Gandhian leadership, Churchill threw off the mask and made the menacing pronouncement, with the heavy thud of the voice of doom, that he would not preside over the liquidation of the empire. Minor devils and de-

mons like Hallet rained fire and brimstone and swore that never, never would they allow the hated Congress to raise its head again. The empire was to flourish for ever. The Halletts and the Linlithgows are gone. Churchill, who was till recently discharging a few inoffensive broadsides at the Indian freedom movement has preferred discretion to valour wisdom to vanity, safety to



He was the most determined, most adventurous revolutionary of 1942. He dazzled people with his "Quit India"

pyrotechnics. He has seen new visions and believes evidently that in the very process of emancipation of India the empire will be strengthened. The Independence Bill passed through the houses of Parliament with the speed of lightning and the thunder of acclamation.

Friend and foe alike have been paying warm tributes to the maturity of British political genius, its enormous capacity for compromise and adjustment, its endless aptitude to sail from headland to headland at one time and to navigate creek by creek at another. It has never lost sight of the main objective of self-preservation and a healthy expansion and timely somersaults. The United States, manipulating the strings from behind the scenes, has shown that it is more progressive now than during the war, and pedestrian Truman could achieve what platitudinous Roosevelt could only haltingly promise and measmouthedly pronounce. And so when we look back from the days of Edwin Montagu to the days of Clement Attlee, we find the British chameleon putting on all kinds of protective coloration

that the range of its natural artistry could produce. Is it not amazing, speaking by and large, that within thirty years we have skipped the stages from a mere promise of progressive realisation of responsible government at some unknown date to the substance of self-government if not self government itself?

It has been said that Mr. Jinnah has obtained his Pakistan without a crease of his pant being disturbed. The sartorial simile admirably suits the perpetual dandy; but may we not say that Gandhi has also got away with his loin cloth pretty well? Anyway, I think it would be right to say that we have got our Swaraj rather cheap. My assertion can, of course, have only a comparative meaning, but I am making it in the background of historical experience. Have we paid the price, the real effective price of Patriotism and Swaraj—Swaraj of the kind we are going to have on the continental scale of its application? Have we fought a War of Independence like the Americans? Have we dyed the waters of the Ganges, the Brahmaputra and the Indus just as the French

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dyed the waters of the Seine and the Danube in Europe? Did we like the Russians put the Czar before the firing squad? Did we fight a desperate battle like the Boers?

Till Tilak came on the scene, no one in India since 1857 had had the slightest conception of political strategy or political warfare. This inheritor of the rich renown and the unfulfilled ambition of the Peshwas lighted a new torch. He suffered intensely in prison by incarceration and gave a new Gita to the land, but so dominant where the Christmas season politicians of the immoderately Moderate Congress that the few "Extremists" were driven into exile. No one had heard of the "Extremists" till Annie Besant brought about the Lucknow reunion. The only party that was active in another part of India was the party of the Bengal revolutionaries with their occasional bomb and dagger and pistol. Another was the Ghadar Party, which was exterminated like vermin. Where even the Bengal policemen failed to suppress the revolutionary elements, Gandhi's non-violence

succeeded. After 1920 Non-cooperation came with non-violence. Gandhi, like a political Brahma, created a new world of mystery and miasma for Indian and Englishman alike in which all floundered, and occasionally himself too. According to a Governor of Bombay, Gandhi was within an ace of victory then. He suddenly missed the vision and the inspiration. Swaraj did not come at the end of the year. He found himself in jail as a result of a trial like Christ. Many others preceded and followed him and the movement soon touched bottom. Mock parliamentary battles followed with the entry of the Swaraj Party into the legislatures, their walkouts being more famous than even their sonorous speeches. The Dandi march of 1930, a fine gamble in the initial stages, soon enraptured the vision of the people and rallied the country strongly enough to force the signatures of Gandhi and Irwin to a pact of peace. The second Round Table Conference failed, and so the third Satyagraha movement that followed later. The solace of the legislatures was sought again.

but there was little balm in that gilead. Gandhi was sedulously planning action once again and the war quickend the tempo of events. It brought hopes and promises of a new world to all but India. Destiny decreed that political India and Britain should sail apart. Symbolic Satyagraha was a harmless trage-comedy. It "neither broke the stick nor killed the serpent," which was no doubt irritated a lot. The experience of Symbolic Satyagraha however, provided a valuable rehearsal for 1942, more valuable to the British than to the Indians.

July 1942 found Gandhi the most determined, the most adventurous revolutionary in India. Oldest among the leaders though he was, he was the most soft-footed, the most difficult to keep pace with. Nehru fumbled, Azad groped. Others wore blank faces. Pray, what is this Quit India?

There was never a movement so foolish as that, and all the same so fruitful of results as that. By every known law of seasoning and experience it was a movement for which the

Congress was not yet all prepared. Gandhi repudiated everything that was done in his name by his so-called followers only less strongly than the "leonine violence" of the British. As the movement progressed and the British got it by the throat, the bluff and the make-believe of it became painfully obvious. At one time India appeared to slip from British hands, but that was not for more than a week or two. Churchill's Britain was in no mood to surrender. Linlithgow was determined to mix up in himself the roles of Changiz-Khan, Nadar Shah and Hyder Ali.

Never had been kept in India, ready for use a white army so vast and so well-equipped, and never was the ostensible need to attack an emergency so liberally used for the ruthless suppression of a rebellious people. "Mutiny horrors" were repeated.

Did our people show anything in 1942 that could be called patriotism, once the Congress was put in jail? Youngmen that could have gone into a patriotic army of revolution, got into the British army for any pay they got or went into any

country to which they were sent. The black-marketeer made hay while the sun shone and received honours wherever he went and made profits whenever he could. The people were prostrate and helplessly looked on while every atom of the country's resources was being exploited for the advancement of Britain's war effort. He was a fool who did not bask in the sunshine of official favour and earn by the ton.

The Working Committee of the Congress has been put into jail like a gang of conspirators, were so hermetically sealed off from the world that nothing could have prevented the aged men from ending their life's journey at Ahmadnagar fort if with the advent of victory, promise of a new world had not dawned and the ruler's mind changed. The Simla Conferences, the Cabinet Mission's statements, the parliamentary speeches and pronouncements, the disappointments and the truces and finally the treaties have since followed.

When one reviews the events since 1942, one will be justified in

remarking that it could not have been the sum total of Indian effort and endeavour that would have brought about the present consummation of events. Judged by the yardstick of practical achievement, of August 1942, appeared to have been infinitely worse than all the failures foregoing, between 1920-42 and in fact it appeared to have made a colossal fiasco and an interminable muddle of the nationalist movement of sixty years. I do not think we deserve Swaraj merely on the strength of our record of 1942 and yet we are in measurable distance of it if we are not already in it. How is it?

The truth is the Gandhian technique could not have functioned differently and could not have resulted differently. Perceptibly and imperceptibly it sapped and mined the foundations of British rule by everything that it did, by every movement that we lost, we actually advanced in the direction of the goal paradoxical, as it looked. Like all good generals, Gandhiji has maintained that it is only the last battle that settles the fate of a war and the

last battle was in 1942. He is a great expert at exploding the subconscious. He knew that in 1942, the country was ready for an explosion and when the time came he pressed the button. Our preparations were almost non-existent in the material sense, it is true, but what do the people of India trained by Gandhi required in the battle line except to be ready to receive blows and to go to jail? We bare our back and the thing is just done. Psychological wars have no visible battle lines to the eye that lacks faith and hope. The violence of the people that followed, not expected by many of us proved more clearly to the British than to the Indian that even if Britain won the war against Hitler and Japan, Britain would not be able to retain India against Gandhi. The Prime Minister of Britain has openly admitted that India could no longer be ruled by the British. It was the rebellion of 1942 that made possible Subhas Chandra Bose's Indian National Army, the grandest achievement of the Indian mind and the most signal triumph of the Indian soldier since 1857. That in its turn

meant something more. Events were marking in the trial of the war. The Indian army was turning Nationalist and would no longer be a convenient instrument of British imperialism. Once that army was gone, India could not be ruled.

In spite of the suppression of the war days, Indian nationalism shot up its head and added to the burdens of empire-keeping. A victorious Britain was a tremendously weakened Britain unable to run empire for safety and profit. International events have shaped adversely to Britain. Whatever was lost this Empire of India, must not be. Well, then why should not Britain cut her losses while the going was good? The inherent weakness of alien imperialism would have meant a just tottering towards the inevitable end under the shock of external war and internal intransigence, if Britain had not in the plenitudes of her genius, invented the present formula of compromise. Why should she rule by autocracy when she could rule by the way democratic? Why should she not buy off independence into Dominion Status? Why should she make a

(Please turn to page 108)

WHY SHAW ?

BY

J. VIJAYATUNGA

Shaw now is ninety one. He has been till now an unsolved mystery and an abstruse enigma. J. Vijayatunga, in this very eminently written article, explodes the myth of Shaw, throwing into play double the Shavian wit and force. Vijayatunga, this distinguished writer from Ceylon, is very well known throughout India for his popular books. This by far is one of the best articles that has ever been written by one from the East on a Westerner like Shaw who proclaims himself to be nothing short of an oracle.

Why is Shaw? That militant institution of the twentieth century known as George Bernard Shaw provokes frequent analysis not so much because the institution is militant but because an individual becoming an institution provokes curiosity in the same way that public buildings do. In a strange city the commonest question asked of the local citizens is "What is that building?" We shall know what Shaw is when we answer why Shaw is—Shaw.

Those who have read the lucubrations that Shaw fondly calls "dramas" and his essays,

Fabian and otherwise, and his articles against doctors, vaccination and capital punishment and on behalf of vegetarianism, and euthanasia, and, then have seen the man would be better able to understand why Shaw is. Just as there is not a drop of blood in anything he ever wrote, so one notices an utter absence of rich, red blood in that beard-hidden visage of his and an absence of the milk of human kindness in those restless eyes each of which seems to shrill at you "I am George Bernard Shaw" much as the cuckoo popping from a cuckoo clock makes its shrill announcement.

I don't think in all his travels—and he has gone to Russia and Japan, to the Dalmatian coast and to Greece—those eyes of his ever lighted upon anything more imposing or more important or more worthy of look-worship than George Bernard Shaw. Nothing else, nobody else, has ever been a more inspiring sight to Shaw than Shaw. Isn't it curious that this man who has travelled so much has not written a single line praising any place? This is what he has to say of the Acropolis and Athens: "I am at least quit of Athens, with its stupid classic Acropolis and smashed pillars." Never has he had a kind word to say (in print) of any of his contemporaries. Nor has he shed a tear at the suffering of these many geniuses who adorned the 1890's and the early years of this century. The Earnest Dowsons, the Aubrey Beardsleys, the Oscar Wildes, the Lionel Johnsons—they flung their roses, went with the wind, loved and lost and found early graves; while Shaw, by masticating every mouthful 36 times, by sleeping with his windows open, by wearing wollen next to the skin, has outlived them all.

But to what purpose, one asks? And even if he lent five pounds to a hard-up friend like Frank Harris (who gave him his first job) be sure he has put it on record. Contrast the generosity of other writers! Chesterton once praised his voice, Rothstein said that Shaw's secret idol is Shakespeare, and Mozart. Anatole France kissed him on both cheeks at a public reception!

Observe the mock-humility, the self-flagellation, the giving of oneself a character by being the first to damn himself—observe all that nursery behaviour in this advance self-introduction which Shaw gives himself when writing to Ellen Terry whom he had not met then:

"Up to the time I was 29, actually twenty-nine, I was too shabby for any woman to tolerate me. I stalked about in a decaying green coat, cuffs trimmed with scissors, terrible boots, and so on. Then I got a job to do and bought a suit of clothes with the proceeds. A lady immediately invited me to tea, threw her arms round me, and said she adored me, I permitted her to adore, being intensely

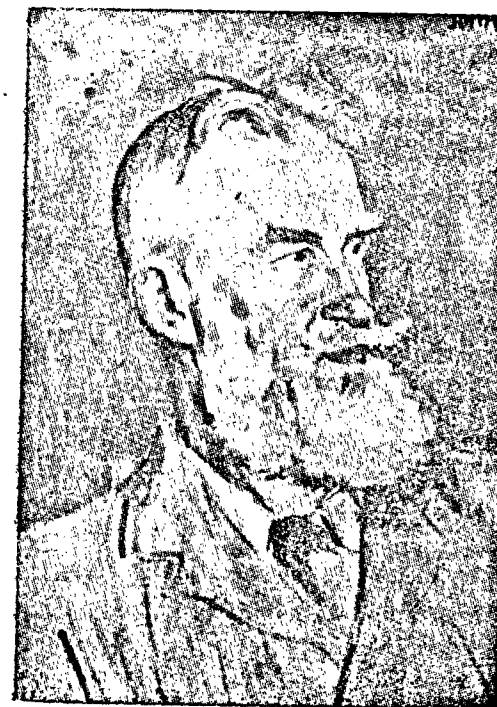
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curious on the subject. Never having regarded myself as an attractive man, I was surprised: but I kept up appearances successfully. Since that time, whenever I have been left alone in a room with a female, she has invariably thrown her arms round me and declared she adored me. It is fate. Therefore beware. If you allow yourself to be left alone with me for a single moment, you will certainly throw your arms round me and declare you adore me; and I am

not prepared to guarantee that my usual melancholy farbearance will be available in your case."

Could any exhibitionism be more sickly than this of a man, who as child must have done everything to arouse pity and attract attention, trying in his fortieth year to arouse mother pity (which was all that he ever wanted from any woman) from Ellen Terry!

And, what awful language. Shaw, though a musical critic, has never been guilty of having



George
Bernard Shaw
The 'popular leg-puller
of the 20th century.

an ear for words. In all his books there is not one whole sentence which can be called 'haunting prose.' "With the proceeds" indeed! Only a person who lacks the feel for words would be so keen a champion of phonetics as Shaw is. This is what he wrote recently: "I can scribble the word 'bomb' barely legibly 18 times in one minute, and 'bom' 24 times, saving 25 per cent on time by dropping the superfluous 'b'! As if it mattered one bloody brass button!

To come back to the passage quoted. Shaw fans might like to tell me that it is pure Shavian leg-pulling. I do not think so. That is not the tone of badinage. If a writer has had an unhappy, poverty-stricken upbringing he usually invites understanding and sympathy by inventing characters with similar handicaps as Wells, did remembering his 'draper days', did in "Kipps" and other stories. And the readers are not only enchanted by the new character in fiction but they also learn to like the author for being so objective about his own early sufferings.

Not so Shaw. He must squeeze the last ounce of pity and admiration. That letter was written in 1890. He was then forty. Nearly a year later he was still thumping his weedy chest and inviting attention to his parlour tricks. He writes to Ellen Terry: "I make it a habit when I get restless over my work to seize the nearest woman and squeeze all the breath out of her stays. She does not feel neglected under these circumstances, nor is she much scandalised after the first few shocks. And when she does anything for me I always have a stock of fantastic complaints to make of it which are much more interesting than if I insulted her with delicate acknowledgements. It is not the small things that women miss in me, but the big things. My pockets are always full of the small change of love making; but it is magic money, not real money."

While mis-using a beautiful word like 'magic' (instead of saying 'false') he at the same time betrays his ignorance of the fundamental nature of woman. In the eyes of a woman the small things are ever the big

things and it is those things both big and small, that women missed in Shaw. He was secretly chagrined to see all the beautiful women, all the vibrant, red-blooded women being carried off by his luckier, less boastful, more impecunious but more adventurous contemporaries. He was supposed to have been in love with William Morris' daughter, May; but nobody, not even the young lady knew of the "mystical betrothal" except Shaw, and she married someone else. Actually it is to be doubted whether Shaw ever put his arms round a woman. He washed and scrubbed his skin regularly and advertised the fact among his lady friends but he should have known that soap and chemical cleanliness are no recommendation in the eyes of a woman. While he reads "Candida" to his ladies ("Some day when you have two hours to spare you must let me read *Candida* to you. You will find me a disagreeably cruel-looking middle-aged Irishman with a red beard.") and wrote letters full of "I's", his rivals made real love and got their women. Shaw looked on, helpless, biting his lips secretly, vowing to take his revenge by outliving all his con-

temporaries. He has succeeded, but no man in the public eye, has been more unhappy, I think, with a secret, unfulfilled ambition—to be loved for his brains—than Shaw.

He was to blame. With all his unmasculine characteristics, women might have liked him had he had a moment to spare from his Narcissism. He had not, and so he never understood women, and he never came to grips with life in terms of the butcher and the baker and the grocer and the maternity ward. None of his woman characters speak as a real woman would. Lilith, Ellic, Louka, Raina, Mrs. Hushabye, Hesione, Ann Whitefield—they are all Shaw in a kind of Shavianly feminine attire, the attire differing only according to period. He makes his 'women' run after their men, who like Shaw himself pretend to be scared by this man hunt. Shaw cannot for the life of him build up a character. That is why if we want to recall his women characters we must dip into his books to refresh our memory. Even their names do not live in our memory. Contrast this with the characters of Dickens, those rich, loveab

men and women who were for ever looking for pitfalls to fall into.

Having costumed his characters direct from the wardrobe room and not from his imagination Shaw brings them on the stage and makes them do a strip-tease. But the costume being many-layered it takes time to strip. When the baring is done the play is ended, and Shaw is happy. Nor are his "men"—his Sergiuses, his Bluntschlis, his Reebucks, Ramsdens, his Shetovers, and his Aubreys—anything but Shaw duplicated. Can this be anything else but Shaw speaking:

"My gift is divine; it is not limited by my petty personal convictions. It is a gift of lucidity as well as of eloquence. I can explain anything to anybody; and I love doing it. I feel I must do it if only the doctrine is beautiful and subtle and exquisitely put together. I may feel instinctively that it is the rottenest nonsense. Still, if I can get a moving dramatic effect out of it, and preach a really splendid sermon about it, my gift takes possession of me and obliges me to sail in and do it." (Aubrey in "Too True to

be Good.") His indictments against collective hypocrisy, prostitution, against censorship, against modern superstitions regarding astronomy and medicine, and against human stupidities in general, have, for all his earnestness, neither effected reform nor convulsed humanity as much as he expected. Always it was he who led the cheers for himself and who enjoyed his posturings and lucubrations most. In the preface to *Major Barbara* he writes:

"Here an I, for instance, by class a respectable man, by common sense a hater of waste and disorder, by intellectual constitution legally minded to the verge of pedantry, and by temperament apprehensive and economically disposed to the limit of old-maidishness: yet I am and have always been, and shall now always be, a revolutionary writer, because our laws make law impossible, our liberties destroy all freedom; our property is organised robbery; our morality is an impudent hypocrisy; our wisdom is administered by inexperienced or malexperienced dupes, our power is wielded by cowards and weak-

lings, and our honour is false in all its points."

All honour to Shaw for saying what many others have said before him, and with more emphasis, and with, perhaps, even more sincerity. Such things of course, cannot be said too often. But that does not make one a revolutionary. If you dislike the hypocrisies and standards of a capitalist society you can call yourself a hater of those laws, or a hater of that society or an anti-humbug. A true "revolutionary" is one who hates from the core of his being the paradox of word and deed as practised by mankind from the time of Creation and will be practised until Doomsday. A revolutionary is one who has no use for values as set by Society and by Insurance Companies and the Neighbourhood Community. A Revolutionary is one who either already practises or is ready to practise at a moment's notice, the Sermon on the Mount. Such a one was Shelly. Shaw was never a Revolutionary in that sense. Writing letters to the *Times* about the Smoke Nuisance does not make one a "revolutionary." All his life

long he has done everything in the most conventional manner. No "outcast's grave" such as Oscar Wilde has in La Pere Chaise cemetery in Paris will be his. He has paid in advance his fees to the Cremation Society. He is a monument of respectability. He is a monument of Samuel Smilesism. Did he not say in "The Irrational Knot" that "a sufficient income is indispensable to the practice of virtue; and the man who will let any unselfish consideration stand between him and its attainment is a weakling, a dupe, a predestined slave." Did he not say: "I did not throw myself into the struggle for life; I throw my mother into it. I was not a staff to my father's old age; I hung on to his coat tails. I steadily wrote my five pages a day and made a man of myself (at my mother's expense) instead of a slave."

Oh, he has earned his rewards and dividends. He should be satisfied. But let him not try to throw dust in the eyes of his contemporaries by pretending that at heart he is very sentimental, that all these seemingly hard-boiled confessions are the

betrayal of a very sensitive soul. His has been a timid soul. He never ventured. He never walked on the highway except according to the rules of the high-way code. Contrast, for instance, a man like Gissing with his poverty and unending grind. "It would be," wrote Gissing, "a strange sensation to look forward with easy confidence for a year or two." But whereas Gissing's prose would live as long as there is a vogue for English literature, Shaw's sermons would only serve as museum curiosities to be pointed out by professional guides much in the same way they would point out the earlier "bone-shaker", the "penny-farthing" cycle in a museum.

Though he invited Ellen Terry to hear him read "Candida" for two hours, the actress was wise enough to defer the pleasure for eight years and it was after he had written "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" specially for her that she consented to meet him. It was a fortunate day when he met with that cycle accident. It gave Miss Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend an opportunity to nurse him

back to health. She married him.

In the last analysis Shaw's case is pathological. He has always suffered from a frustration-complex. There is also that possibility of a throw-back to remote Androclean ancestor whom the lions refuse to touch and who was therefore denied martyrdom. When a man gets his inhibitions out of his system he has the look of one whose soul is filled out even if his body might be lean and spare and not quite well-fed. This has not been the case with Shaw. Of intellect Shaw has a goodly share but an intellect with a Freudian twist. As for his being a genius and comparing himself with Shakespeare—Shaw himself must do the advertising. Once both Anatole France and Shaw then unknown to each other were members of a party who were being shown round the church of St. Paul in Rome. When the guide referred to a statue as being that of "Constantine, the first king to embrace Christianity" France had exclaimed: "Constantine, the apostate!" Shaw was the only member of the group who was amused by

this remark and Anatole France having noticed it introduced himself and said: "I see, Sir, you are one of us." "Yes," replied Shaw, "I too, am a man of genius." (The story is credited to the late Granville Barker.) If it be true how much better taste and wit Oscar Wilde showed when he said god-humouredly to the Customs men at New York, "only my genius to declare!"

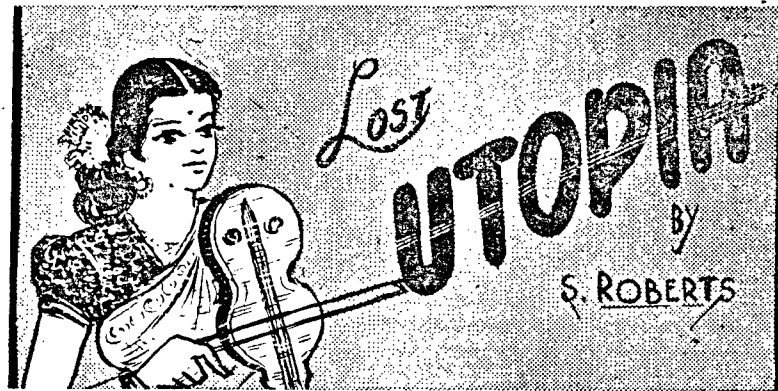
Shaw, who always expects the rebound of his words to redound to his credit once summed himself up thus: "I am a bachelor by heart, but a married man by ring and book; and atheist, a teetotaler, a fanatic, a humourist, a playwright, a social democrat and a fluent liar." Comment is unnecessary.

A man without a grain of humour of the kind one would associate with a Chesterton, Bernard Shaw has been a star turn and has given the world a good run for

its money. That, is the kindest thing that could be said of him. As a borough member of St. Pancras he effected some municipal reforms. He was also one of the founder-members of the Fabian society. He was a good pamphleteer. As "Corno-di-Bassetto" he was supposed to have written well-informed and lively musical criticism. He perfected his style by writing love-letters to famous actresses like Ellen Terry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. As a dramatic critic he might have made a mark but less money. Himself he had no sense of drama because he could never be interested in anyone other than himself. As a pulpit preacher he would have found his *metier*. He lived in an age which paid well to be amused. Why, Shaw? It has, I hope, been answered.

(Copyright: From the Author's forthcoming book of essays entitled, "What I Think".)

TEMPO'S SHORT STORY.



It was sheer chance which drew me into the Jayashree Hall where a musical performance was being given. I was wandering idly of an evening when the strains of a lilting melody came floating to my ears. I am not very sensitive to music but there was something so pleasing about the piece that it compelled my attention. The cheaper seats were filled to capacity and I took a balcony seat which was the only class available. The performer had drawn a crowded house. Before me was the stage and I could clearly see the violinist who was playing solo.

She was seated on a mat and there was a wild grace about her. Her face was attractively

moulded and her fair features were set in an expression of entranced absorption, as though the swaying rhythm which she drew out of the responsive instrument had lulled her very self into a swoon of ecstasy. In front of her, stretched crammed rows of people drawn from all sections of the population, a vast representative gathering, as it were, fused into one by the magic of music. The audience sat with bated breaths, engrossed and bewitched by the art which was the common heritage of the land.

The violinist's hand jerked faster, the tempo of the music mounted as though on wings, it soared to a crescendo and linger-

ed for a minute as though poised on empyrean heights. The audience had fallen into a trance, the celestial music had lifted them out into another world, severed them from human bondage, lulled them into an opiate dream. And then the melody came drifting earthwards, growing softer and slower, till it became a wail, a lament that pierced the hearts of all listeners, a hurt and wounded cry of disillusionment that shattered the web of fantasy woven about them. It was a beautiful piece seeking to express the heart-throbs of one who had dreamt of and tasted the joys of paradise for a few fleeting moments,

only to awake to the disillusionment of a cold, bleak dawn, when the vision vanished into the caverns of night, leaving him desolate and pining.

The piece ended and pin-drop silence held the audience for a few moments. Then a thunderous ovation greeted the performer, the enthusiastic applause of an audience who were not slow to appreciate the talent that had entertained them. I sat on in my seat, captivated by the echo of the music ringing in my mind and it was only after the hall had almost emptied itself that I realised that the performance was over.



I ventured to put an arm round usha's slender waist and she did not draw away....

It had aroused something in me that had hitherto remained dormant, some slumbering emotions that now tingled within me. I felt as though I had not lived till that divine music had awakened me. I was also intrigued by the personality of the violinist.

I waited at the exit, resolved to cultivate the acquaintance of the violinist. I met her as she was stepping out of the hall accompanied by a few admirers. I told her how much I had enjoyed her music, vowed that I would never again miss a performance of hers. She smiled in acknowledgment of the compliment and I suddenly became alive to her intense personal charm. She let me converse with her for a few moments and deep within me, some chord vibrated.

In the ensuing weeks, I followed her programme avidly, even neglecting my work where they clashed with my musical engagements, and when the performances drew to a close, I would be awaiting her outside to express my sincere appreciation.

Soon I began to live merely for these few moments when I could listen or talk to her and the periods that intervened between my meetings with her became interminable æons of emptiness. Our relationship grew warmer till the time came when I could regard her as a personal friend. We became very attached to each other and the buds of friendship blossomed into the flowers of love.

* * *

Her name was Usha and she occupied a small two-room flat in one of the line of modern houses that face the Chowpathy beach. From the balcony of her house, one could see white horses riding the rolling waves and creeping across the sandy surface of the shore. In the evenings, gay throngs of promenaders could be seen clustered here and there along the beach, enjoying a brief interlude of relaxation.

Usha's mother had died in the former's early years, leaving but a faint impression on the memory of childhood. Usha's father had been killed in a traffic accident when she was



"It's I," throbbed the voice. "It's I, my love, come back to you."

seventeen. Thrown upon her own resources, Usha had found a livelihood and a fulfilment in the expression of the talent that was hers, of inducing celestial melodies out of the taut strings of her violin.

She had found it difficult in the initial stage. She possessed talent but there was no one to boost her up, except lustful theatrical producers whose price she would not pay. But she had triumphed over obstacles by sheer worth and application and had become something of a celebrity. She gave musical performances, taught a few pupils her art, many of her melodies had been recorded, and the

broadcasting company had often put her on the air.

And then, I came into her life, a young lawyer, rendered cynical and materialistic by my profession and experiences, whom her music lifted out of an embittered world into a wonderful Utopia of spiritual values and transcendent rapture. It was as though deep within me she had lit a candle whose steady flame warmed up and flooded my being.

I was escorting her home late one evening after one of her magnificent performances. The sky was a deep, cloudless blue and the Milky Way glowed overhead like celestial illumination.

The sea softly rippled against the shore and a cool breeze fanned our cheeks. The Marina was deserted except for a few stragglers and, here and there, pairs of lovers completely engrossed in their own mutual selves whose whispered conversation came buzzing in the breeze.

I ventured to put an arm round Usha's slender waist and she did not draw away. I spoke to her of love, of the mad yearning she had whipped up in me, of my dreams and fears and hopes. I told her how she haunted me during all my waking hours; how I would toss restlessly in bed, tortured by a tremendous craving for her company, till my tired nerves at last yielded to the inducement of sleep; how dull and bleak the world was when I was away from her and how her entrance would chase away the gloom and it would be as though the sun had emerged through leaden clouds radiating warmth and light.

It seemed to me as though the whole universe was palpitating to the wild throbs of my heart. In that breathless night of love,

I learnt she reciprocated my feelings.

We planned our marriage and decided in favour of a quiet civil affair late the following month. The court would be in recess then and I would be free to snatch a few weeks to devote myself entirely to her blessed company.

It was on the fourth day following our marriage that the material world burst in upon our newfound heaven of happiness. Usha had been indisposed since the previous evening and was resting in bed. I was seated in the outer room, wading through a novel. All on a sudden, a fit of violent coughing rent the air, culminating in a loud moan. I threw my book aside and rushed to Usha's bedside.

She had fallen back among the pillows and her eyes were closed as though in sleep. Blood oozed out of the corner of her mouth, coursing down her cheeks and staining the pillows. She was only half-conscious and there was a grating noise as she breathed. I hurried to the phone and dialled the first doctor whose number I could trace in the directory.

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Soon the distressing truth was out. Usha had been suffering from tuberculosis since a long time, had indeed been under treatment. Sensing how much the knowledge would have disturbed me, she had kept the truth hidden from me. Out of the doctor's jumble of technical words, I understood that she had an hemorrhage. Her condition was serious though the bleeding had been stopped. Only an x-ray could fathom the extent to which the disease had advanced.

A couple of days later, she had escaped immediate danger but the doctor considered it imperative that she should retire into a sanatorium and undergo protracted treatment. She demurred, vowing that she would prefer to die in my arms than live in exile but she yielded to the pressure of my persuasions.

The sanatorium was a good distance away from the city in which I practiced. I was thoroughly dependent on my job for my living at a time when all my resources would be required to finance Usha's treatment, I could not afford to neglect my only source of income.

Life became an agony after her departure for the sanatorium. Every breath became a sigh, every minute an infinity of anxiety and longing. We wrote to each other frequently and the postman's double knock at the door was to me the sweetest sound. I rejoiced to hear that she was getting better, lived in anticipation of the day when she would return to me, cured. I was tempted to take a few days off and pay her a longed-for visit but work lay heavy on my hands.

I was sitting late one evening in my room, trying to concentrate on building up the defence of an accused who was going on trial the next day. Usha's face kept flitting in and out of the papers that lay on my desk. That day's post had contained no letter from her and I was devoured by a unwarranted anxiety. I sank back into my chair and tried to soothe my tired, jaded nerves with a cigarette.

A knock sounded on the door, jerking me on to my feet. I wondered who it could be at that late hour. I pushed back the doors and pulled the door open. I stood rooted to the

spot, staring at the caller with a mad fixity, while a hurricane raged in my mind. I drew my hand across my eyes. Was my sight playing me false, or had my brain snapped under the strain of anxiety that weighed upon it?

The next minute, a pair of arms were embracing me, a hot cheek was pressing against mine. Was it imagination, echo of a dream voice in my demented brain, or was it Usha's voice that spoke to me?

"It's I," throbbed the voice. "It's I, my love, come back to you."

"Usha, Usha," I cried through tears of joy. "Is it really you? For a moment, I thought I was imagining things, thought I had become insane. You here?"

"Yes, yes", she breathed. "I am well, my dear, and have come back to you."

"Usha", I said my joy almost choking me. "Why didn't you write to me? I would have come up and brought you here."

"I wanted to surprise you," she explained softly. "I wanted to see the play of joy on your loved face as you saw me. And

besides, it would have meant a short delay and I couldn't wait."

She had returned to me, my wildest hope had become a reality. And that one realisation crowded all other thoughts from my mind. Before the incontrovertible fact of her living presence everything else paled into insignificance.

I studied her features in the light. She had grown thinner perhaps, the breadth of her shoulders had shrunk, her neck become a slender stem. But she was alive and her face glowed with animation. How often had I dreamed of her glorious return and now that the mad reality had come upon me I could scarcely credit it.

A little later she was playing to me on her violin, a mad vibrant melody that sounded like a paeon of exultation, as though her spirit had triumphed over her flesh and soared to happy heavens. The immediate past seemed just some horrid nightmare that was over and did not belong to the pattern of our lives.

But the next morning, she felt too weak to stir from bed and I

presumed this was because she had taxed her convalescing constitution overmuch and the joy of reunion had proved too much for her. With a pathetically childish attachment, she insisted upon my staying at her bedside, as though she were afraid to let me go from her sight.

Evening came and her condition registered no improvement. She indeed seemed to be slipping back. She was feverish and she coughed continuously.

"You must sleep," I urged her, "We have a whole lifetime left for enjoyment"

And suddenly something snapped within her. Her body was convulsed by silent sobs, by some secret sorrow that issued from so deep within her that there was no audible expression of it. Tears streamed down her cheeks. I was momentarily bewildered and then the truth flashed upon me like a jagged fork of lightning, searing my brain.

"Usha, Usha," I cried brokenly. "Tell me the truth. You have not been cured, have you? You have run away from the sanatorium Usha, tell me."

She nodded, looking at me through eyes that were two wells of utter despair. Words, faint and almost unintelligible through the sobs that interspersed them, issued from her mouth.

"Yes," she admitted. "The doctor said I was getting better but he lied. I overheard his whispered conversation with the nurse once when they thought I was asleep. I knew that my days were numbered and no medical skill could help me. I couldn't be alone under the shadow of death. I wanted to make the best of my last days on earth, live with you in a magic Utopia of love."

How can I portray the sorrow of the next few days, sitting by her bedside, watching the shadow of death creep over her loved face, knowing that she must die any minute and I could do nothing to halt the decline, watching, watching helplessly for the doom. How short were the hours that we could spend together! We couldn't lose a moment of it. We kept awake till the dim hours of dawn, afraid lest death should creep upon us in the night as we slept.

The shadows crept faster around, her condition rapidly deteriorated and one bleak morning, the end came. It was the dark hour before dawn. Her eyes had become glazed. She was suddenly attacked by a cough and as suddenly I saw the blood ooze out again from the corner of her mouth. Her breathing grew almost inaudible

and the colour receded from her cheeks.

Life slipped out of her and faded into the dimness of the beyond. Her breath merged into the quiet of eternity. In the light of cold, grey dawn, I was left with her empty shell and my desolate heart.

:: :: ::

Jai Hind!

THE NEHRU NEWS MART

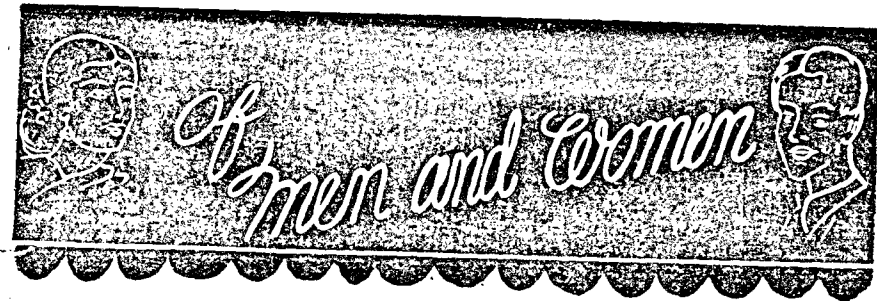
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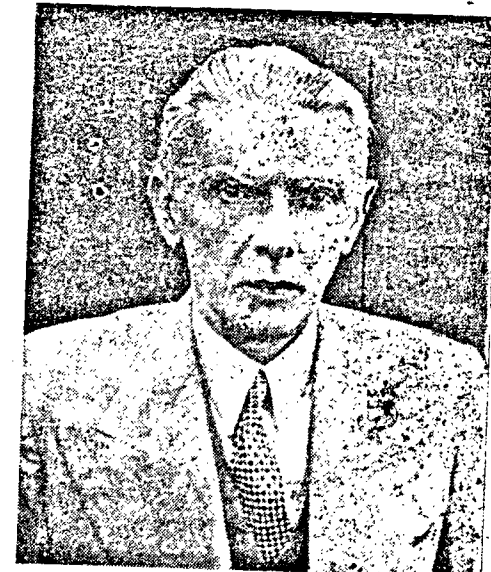
MOHAMED ALI JINNAH

BY

R. JAVANTHINATHAN

Jinnah has to-day achieved in deed what hitherto everyone was brushing aside as a fantastic dream. The Pakistan Dominion has come into life and Jinnah is the first Shah-in-Shah. Here we present an impartial sketch of his life, for Jinnah has well proved to one and all that he is the most intelligent politician living in India to-day.

"My loyalty to the Moslem League and the Moslem interest would in no way and at no time imply even the shadow of disloyalty to the greater national cause to which my life is dedicated", said Mohammed Ali Jinnah, at the time of enrolling himself as a primary member of the Moslem League, when he had been approached by Moulana Mohammed Ali, the veteran leader. That such a devoutly nationalistic hero of whom India might well be proud, should have



M. A. Jinnah
The self-proclaimed Governor-General
of the Pakistan Dominion

turned into a rank communalist and proved an obstacle to the country in its advance towards freedom, is really unfortunate and sorely disappointing to the major bulk of the Indian population who brand him obdurate, intransigent, retrograde and uncompromising. The two-nation theory of the Moslem League is as inexplicable as it is un-understandable.

How, once the best ambassador of Hindu-Moslem unity, Jinnah has belied his history and has been hailed the leader of a section of the community, should prove an interesting study to every Indian whose duty it is to inform himself about the life of a distinguished personality of our country, a doughty hero of the Moslems. If Mahatma Gandhi guides and Pandit Nehru holds, Jinnah can be said to shape the destiny of this vast sub-continent. Despite his egregious blunder of the Pakistan demand and the national crime of inciting communal passions, history cannot ignore the elegant record of his services to the country and the magnificent career of his crowded life.

Born in Karachi, on a Sunday in 1876, Jinnah was the first son to a business magnate of Khoja family. Had he been initiated to the traditional business by his speculative father, India would have lost a stout politician, the Moslem community a devout champion, and history an interesting personality of far-reaching diplomacy. Fortunately his father put him to studies with all comforts that money could command, and in his impressionable age of 16, he was sent to England to prosecute further studies. The Moslem lad was lucky enough to come into contact with the veteran leader, Dadhabai Naoroji, the President of India Society in London, who fired the youth with the spirit of nationalism. Jinnah qualified himself for the bar with his assets of vigilant outlook and shrewd intellect and returned to India only to find his father involved in a heavy financial ruin. The undaunted youth, though confronted with poverty at his tender age, boldly set out to conquer the world with his unassailable intrepidity and robust ambitions.

Starting his life as a reader in the chamber of the Advocate General of Bombay, Jinnah exhibited his amazing skill for debate which piloted him through the stormy sea of misfortune and made him one of the greatest lawyers that India has ever produced.

As a speaker, Jinnah is endowed with the qualities of magnetic presence, an impressive delivery and a voice low in volume, but of an arresting timbre. Thus gifted with a unique and characteristic style of intonation, his small mannerisms with stirring eloquence have the cogent force of a brilliant advocate than the glowing fervour of a fiery orator. His full powers of persuasion, luminous exposition and searching arguments can find fuller scope at a round table conference than on a public platform. It is this fact that justifies his notoriety as a "Parliamentary juggler".

Besides Naoroji, Jinnah had the fortune of the association of Gokhale, a great son of India, who was a mighty source of inspiration to the Moslem hero, who in one of his unguarded

moments said, "It is my ambition to become a Moslem Gokhale". Gokhale however, predicted that this youngman would turn out to be best ambassador of Hindu Moslem unity and it, of course, proved to be wholly untrue.

Later, Jinnah whose heart was fired with robust patriotism, had the proud privilege of working as a private secretary to Naoroji in the Historic sessions of the Indian National Congress at Calcutta. When the famous sessions of All India Moslem League were held in Lucknow in 1913 under the blessings of the Aga Khan, Jinnah was associated with Congress and pledged himself to the greater national cause with his effulgent independence and scrupulous honesty, keeping himself aloof from the sectarian movement. And Jinnah now brushes off all this with the remark: "I once belonged to a preparatory school".

The anti-nationalist and staunch communalist of today was then considered an ambassador of Hindu—Moslem unity for which cause, he devoted heart and soul, and worked

ceaselessly day in and day out. The tragic death of Gokhale in 1915 was a deep loss keenly felt by all alike, and the common sorrow brought the communities together and made their friendship stronger than ever. The year also witnessed a most touching incident, when as a result of Jinnah's efforts, both the Congress and the League sessions were held in Bombay during which the heroes of the Congress went in a body to greet the Moslem brothers. This was a supreme event in India's national history worth our memory.

To add more feathers to his cap, Jinnah argued the historic case of Tilak, the tribune of India. This was a grand achievement in his career as a lawyer.

When Mrs. Besant was interned in 1917, Jinnah felt it was his duty to join the Home Rule movement and accordingly, he took the leadership and piloted the vessel through the stormy sea of ruffled waves. Bonds of friendship between the communities grew from strength to strength as a result of the humiliation that India suffered in the

Jalianwala Bagh and the inhuman crawling orders. The Congress and League fought shoulder to shoulder for the combined causes of Khilafat and national freedom. The highlights of the unity were seen in the Moslem League sessions which were held in Ahmedabad in 1921, and which were attended by Mahatma Gandhi and Patel.

Fate was jealous. When Mahatma Gandhi came into limelight with his matchless Satyagraha, Jinnah was thrown overboard. The echo of the non-co-operation was the Chauri Chara happenings culminating in the communal riots everywhere which irreparably damaged the Hindu—Moslem unity.

The ambitious hero, the sensitive champion, Jinnah was drifted towards the Moslem League to take charge of that vessel which badly seemed to cry for a captain. Since then, the nationalist hero became the trusted Leader of the Moslem League and is now its supreme dictator. It may also be suggested that Jinnah, having lost his wife, found himself buried in domestic calamities which caused a great amount of dejection which result-

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ed in the outcome of the separatistic tendency in him.

The course of events went differently thereafter and Jinnah failing to see any prospect in reposing confidence in the All Party Conference held in Delhi in 1926, dissociated himself from the Nehru report and advanced counter proposals for separate electorates. He studied well

the art of prevaricating and unyielding which has now made him a hard nut to crack. In the words of poetical Mrs. Naidu: "Never was there a nature whose outer qualities provided so complete an antithesis of its inner worth. Tall and stately, languid and luxurious in habits, his attenuated form is the deceptive sheath of a spirit of exceptional vitality and endurance."

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* *Tempo's Monthly Poem***THE SONG OF TIME**

Sing not, poet, sing not
Of the beauties of the moon,
But learn you must soon
To sing of the empty pot.....

Of the empty pot
And the faded fire
And the millions that are brought
To famine, drought and despair.

These famines that are created by men
The destroying devil's greedy henchmen,
That hoard lots and lots of food
While millions are buried for want of wood.

Sing not of the glorious set of the sun
Or of the still more glorious dawn,
But sing of the countless women and men
Of hunger that die ere their span.

Sing not of the bird that chants
Charming songs to wearied bands,
But sing of the painful pants
Of men in the enslaved lands.

Sing not of those damsels and queens
That moonshine amid their retinue of peons,
But sing of the woman that smiles
Collecting roadside cowdung, covering miles;
Sing of the way she makes
Out of cowdung her cakes.

Sing not of the grotesque rich that die
Their gold bags safely stored nearby,
But sing of the child that goes to rest
Putting civilization to the acid test.

Paint not those few spots of light
Those glowworms that catch your eye by night,
But paint the vaster, fermenting gloom
That shall soon flare up tolling the glowworms' doom.

Sing then, poet, sing
Of humans in the lowest ring
That work for hours and hours
For a couple of coppers.

Sing of those men and women
And their ill-fed children
That squat along the highway
Breaking stones, the day away.

Sing of them laying the roads
For the richman's promenades;
Sing of the blood-curdling peals
Under the richman's vehicle's wheels;
The peals of unwritten history:
The small man's neglected story.

— by "THE PEOPLE'S POET".

A Request

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

Tempo is tempestuous

Warring To the Princes

By N. V. ESWAR

In this article which is a veritable literary dynamite, Eswar indicts the Indian Princes-cum-British hirelings and advises them to sit up and take note.....

The idea has been trotted out that with the withdrawal of British Power from India, some at least of the Indian states would assert their Independent status and establish separate kingdoms of their own as of days of yore. What a beautiful dream! Some of the Diwans of these States have even gone *diwana* with the wildest dreams of rattling their tin swords, to strike horror into the hearts of the hordes that would surge in upon them. Why, the mere twang of their whips would send the hordes flying like darkness before the sun!

Gentle Princes, it is all a show. The people have suffered long enough. They have tolerated the show for centuries now. They have no heart in it. Their patience is at its lowest ebb today. They are mighty disgusted with this show of yours. Already they are untying the ropes on the periphery and in a short time, the tent would come falling down on the heads of the ring masters on the stage. So fold up the tents, when there is yet time to save yourselves, Princes!

Names of State	Part of revenue spent on Ruling Families
Kashmir	1/5
Bikaner	1/5

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Nizam	1/13
Baroda	1/13
Travancore	1/17

In addition, there are some States which appropriate 1/3 and even 1/2 of the total revenue to meet the expenses of the Ruling Families. The Princes spend all this on themselves and for giving a jolly good time to their foreign white masters and mistresses.

That the people of the Indian States never get their interests looked after by the Princes is well illustrated by the fact that Jamnagar spends a little over 1.5% of the revenue on education and 0.9% on medical relief. 0.9% of the revenue on medical relief! This shows how lightly human life is treated in Indian States. By no mistake does this 0.9% for medical relief indicate the ideal healthy conditions in which the people live. It is not the absence of any disease that accounts for this utterly negligible expenditure on this item. It is the callous indifference with which the health and welfare of the people is looked after. And remember this is not an exemption. This is the general rule. This is more or less how life goes

on in almost all the Indian States.

To highlight the enormity of this plunder from the people of the Indian States, I add below another table showing the portions of revenue some of the foreign Rulers spend on themselves:

Country	Part of revenue spent on Ruling families
England	1/1600
Belgium	1/1000
Italy	1/500
Japan	1/400
Denmark	1/300

Who would tolerate such plunder? Certainly not the people who have come of age. When there was little of political consciousness among the general masses, things were allowed to take their own course. Now people everywhere in the Globe have realised that it is in their hands to shape things. They know that things will go against them if they do not set their hands at shaping them according to their particular requirements and wishes. This lesson has gone so deep into the mind of the people that they

would no more sit by and watch things take their own course. The docility of their heart is gone for ever.

The sense of awe and loyalty born of the deep feeling of gratitude for affording them protection has gone for ever from the hearts of the common people. They know now that they are being protected against nothing but themselves. They now know that the States Governments are only protecting themselves—protecting the vital necessities of a decent human life from the very people. What a treachery. This is too much of a joke to be played on the people for all times. The joke is highly resented. It will not be allowed to be repeated.

Can the frail Indian States stem the tide? When they assert that they would establish their own separate kingdoms in their present seclusion, they necessarily take it that the people are at their back, to take up arms and be always at their beck and call. They are sadly mistaken. The days of brother fighting brother are gone. There are today no people so treach-

erous as to indulge in the past-time of the dark ages.

The recent "killings" practised elsewhere should not lead our Indian States to think that their people can be easily led to fight their brothers across the border for them. They are no longer dupes. They have their eyes opened fully. They know what they would be fighting for. And there is absolutely no comparison between what happens today in some parts of the country as the internal setting up of brother against brother that the Indian States are pinning their hopes on today.

And what are the Indian States after all? They are but the branches of that vile poisonous tree of Imperialism. They are but the symptoms of the Virus of Imperialism that has been eating into the very vitals of India all these years. Now that the tree itself is being uprooted from the Indian soil, the virus itself being neutralised by powerful remedies, what hope has the Indian States to live longer than is their appointed time? When the tree itself dies, how could the branches

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ever hope to live? When the virus itself is removed, how could the symptoms hope to ever manifest themselves?

There are 563 Indian States in India with an area of 712,000 square miles and a population of 81 millions. The ridiculousness of the Indian States' claim to a sacred existence would become plain from the fact that, while Hyderabad has a population of 14 millions, the smallest Indian State, Lawa, with an area of 19 square miles, has a population of just 68 souls. I quote the figure from memory. The 68 may be 28. A kingdom with a population of 68 souls. What a ridiculous thing, indeed.

All these 563 states are of varying sizes and importance. And with a few minor exceptions, they are all the creation of the Imperial Power that has been lording over India all these years. They were created as mere buffer to absorb the general Indian struggle for freedom. Here is what Lord Canning wrote on April 30, 1860, about the Indian States:

"It was long ago said by Sir John Malcolm that, if we

made all India into zillahs (British Districts), it was not in the nature of things that our Empire should last 50 years; but that if we *could keep up* a number of Native States *without political power* but as *royal instruments*, we should exist in India as long as our naval supremacy was maintained. Of the substantial truth of this statement, I have no doubt; and the *recent events* have made it more deserving of our attention than ever."

The "recent events" refer to the Indian War of Independence of 1857. Mark the words in *italics* in the above quotation. They show clearly that British Imperialism created most of these so-called Indian States for the sole purpose of keeping the Empire from breaking up. The Indian States are literally the paid agents of British Imperialism. When the principal goes way, the Agents should also be withdrawn. If there is no withdrawal, no one need recognise them.

I give below one more quotation from another Authority,

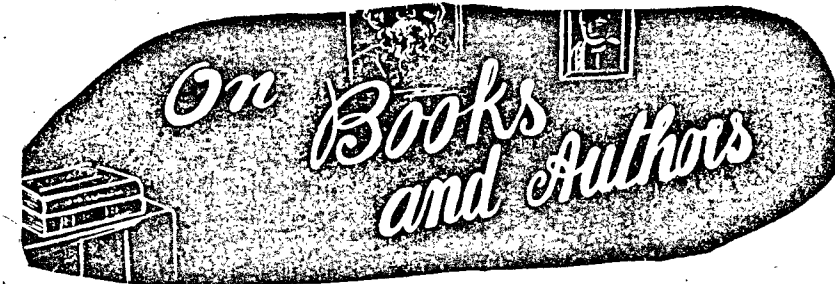
L. F. Rushbrook-Williams who writing in the Evening Standard for May 28, 1930, says of the Indian States :

"The situation of these *feudatory* States, checkerboarding all India as they do, are a great safeguard. It is like establishing a vast net-work of *friendly fortresses in debateable territory*. It would be difficult for a general rebellion against the British to sweep India *because of this network of powerful loyal Native States.*"

What more proof is required to explode the theory of sovereignty and even Divine Right so shamelessly advanced by the Indian States? The above quotation clinches the point that the so-called Indian States are only the points of defence built up by British Imperialism to protect itself against the onslaught of nationalism. They are thus no more than mere weapons of war in British Imperial hands. And when the Imperial Power retreats from the Indian soil, the fortresses fall with it. It is then for Indians to decide whether they should keep the fortresses as possible curios or demolish them outright as unseemly

sights on the Indian landscape. They have no greater "right" to exist than the inheritor allows an ancient structure to stand, considering its utility. It is for the inheritor to adjust and alter it according to his taste and needs.

It is well that the Indian Princes realised this truth in time. The average Indian does not think of the Indian Princes as mere *instruments*. He will truly regard and admire them so long as they have the larger interests of India and her people at heart instead of their personal interests and vanities. If they will but show that co-operative spirit to make India regain her lost glory, the average Indian would certainly be willing to allocate to them a fair share in the affairs of the nation. If on the other hand, they show intransigence and try to assert their distinct "right" to set up independent kingdoms of their own, he will treat them for what they are—"royal instruments" of Imperial Britain and brush them aside as so many hurdles, when the Imperial Power, which has put them up, quits the land. Let the Indian Princes then sit up and take note. It is time they did.



"TELUGU CINEMA" breaks new ground in Telugu journalism! (Edited by C. Sambasiva Rao & published by C. Venkataramayya.

TELUGU CINEMA SOUVENIR, a copy of which we have received, has broken a new ground in the Telugu journalism and has done it grandly. Hitherto there is not a single film journal in Telugu worthy of mention, and TELUGU CINEMA is soon emerging out as a regular monthly magazine and is certain to be welcomed both by the producer and the cinegoer. The SOUVENIR is excellently brought out, the get-up is something which none of the present pompous conductors of journals in Telugu could ever aim at; it is sedulously edited and the matter is well displayed to the taste of any connoisseur. Compared to the paper used, the get-up, the stuff and pictures,

the price looks rather appallingly low.

We hope that this journal will strive for the betterment of the Telugu cinema as the name indicates. Today the Telugu screen world is in a rotten state. A set of nincompoops with some money in their pockets are rushing into the Telugu filmland and are producing worthless films which in countries like America even if freely shown every sensible guy would refuse to attend. If the present Souvenir is any foretaste of the coming monthly issues, we can well be certain of its playing a very dominant role in shaping the Telugu film industry on more sensible and worthy grounds.

THE MADRAS DIRECTORY AND WHO'S WHO

True as the publishers say, a mine of information is contained

in this Directory. From the school student who wants to know where to buy a pencil and what pencil to buy, to the industrialist worrying himself about the plants he should buy, this well-edited and very efficiently

brought out Directory will be of inestimable use. Mr. V. Balakrishna, the brains behind this unique publication, deserves the thanks of the people of the whole Presidency for his invaluable gift.

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TEMPO Interviews

Glorious GOPINATH

The classes were going on at Natana Niketan. The shafts of the night were shooting fast; the sky hung low heavy with blackish clouds. It had rained the whole day; it would perhaps rain again. But the classes were going on here at Natana Niketan irrespective of rain or shine.

I sat in a corner of a cosy sofa and watched the small girls flit

about the hall, the bells on their ankles beating in rhythm, their hands expressing in gestures a melody that floated in the moist air in beautiful, metallic notes. It was a delight to sit like this and watch the budding angels fleet by—the Menakas, the Simkies and the Thankamanies of the morrow.

And as a few minutes elapsed,

he came towards me. He was a trifle tired. It was no joke to coach these kids. But he loved his job, and that gave him the strength to bear any amount of strain involved in his job. TEMPO greets you Gopinath!

To join the company of Gopinath is a sort of bidding goodbye to all your sorrows and sufferings. In him is a dynamic life; all around him is sunshine.



Srimathi
Thankamani
as
"URVASI"

His lips wear a rather disarming, fraternal smile, hinting of a Socialist at heart; his eyes have the glint of a great dancer to whom the expression of human emotions has become an inevitable course of life.

He has endowed dancing with a certain credit and dignity. In this world where the vast bulk of mankind assumes dancers to be a set of idlers holidaying life.

Gopinath
as
Pururavas



long in a realm of no work and no responsibility, assumes them to be fine human forms with loose hearts, lost morals and forfeited souls, Gopinath's life is a glaring challenge to the popular, though misinformed, assumptions. In swaying, swarthy Thankamani he has a partner, a partner in life and his *metier*. He leads a very happy, contented and mirthful married life. the ties

of which are cemented by an enchanting daughter, Vasanti, the fruit of their love.

Gopinath is one of those whom you meet a minute back and feel you know each other since 1857. In his presence you don't feel you are a stranger. Time seems to melt and vanish into the back-rooms of oblivion. You glory in his smiles, you laugh at his jokes, he laughs at your jokes and both

of you laugh at Life which is God's another divine joke.

"What do you think of Uday Shanker?" I set the ball rolling. Quick came his reply: "What should I think of him except that he's a very great dancer? He carried India overseas and secured for her a place topping that of the other nations."

"Should an Indian dancer take the foreigner's appreciation seriously? Don't you think they applaud and shout, knowing rather little about our dances?" I questioned.

"You are right," he conceded. "The Westerners are mostly dazzled by our costumes, by our make-ups. If a Pillai from Palghat goes to America and jerks his hands there, sure as you are sitting before me he will be buried in praise, and all the leading newspapers will flash steamer headlines of his 'incredible and inimitable performance!'"

"Then why our dancers hunger so much for the Westerner's few words of praise?"

"You know our India," he replied. "Somehow we Indians refuse to take note of a dancer

that has not previously been acclaimed by some Erskine of England or Goebbels of Germany. The slave mentality has unfortunately become a part of our national heritage. Now that we are free, this malicious mentality must be wiped out. Anyway that is your domain, the journalist's job." I could not but wholeheartedly agree with him.

"What do you think of that now broken pair, Ram Gopal and Tara Chaudhri?"

"Ram Gopal is one of the greatest dancers of our country. He has learnt the many dances with keenness and care and added something of his own to them. What's more, Ram Gopal is the most beautiful man today living in the danceland. His body is perfect without a single flaw, it is enchanting and mystifying. Tara Chaudhri is rather lucky in being his partner for a while. For that has rocketed her to name and fame. Ram Gopal introduced her to the Indian spectators, specially to the Southern Indians. He put her in the forefront, himself standing in the background.

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The credit for Tara Chaudhri's fame now goes surely to Ram Gopal."

At last, I told myself, here before me was an artiste that had little to say ill of persons in his

doing their best to renew and refurbish the dance treasures of India that have been handed down from generation to generation. Rivalry and jealousy are absolutely alien to Gopinath's nature.



own field. He is all praise for those to whom praise is due, but he seldom condemns anyone. To him all dancers are one, all of them are endeavouring to reach a certain ideal, all of them are

Gopinath by now has grown from an individual into an institution. One of the greatest living exponents of Kathakali, under his direct supervision he is now conducting Natana

Niketān which is a model school of Kathakali dancing. To those that visit Madras from far off places, the banyan tree at Adyar is as worth-seeing a sight as the Natana Niketan and Gopinath.

Let us, readers, have a dip into those many bygone years of his life, for that surely would yield us the right perspective to understand the Gopinath of today.

Born of a Nair family in a small village of Travancore, surrounded by eminent dancers all around, Gopinath took to dancing early in life as a very natural course of his life. Then after some years came the inevitable voyage to the Kerala Kala Mandalam of Poet Vallathol. It was here he had met Ragini Devi, the well known American danseuse, who had been much impressed by his achievements that she had become his dancing partner. Together they toured the country, every corner of India, from Kashmir to Camorin, and for the first time the message of Kathakali reached every part of India and has been much hailed and admired.

"That was all nothing. I don't know why so many Indians at Bombay and other places cheered Ragini and me then so much. For I sincerely felt I didn't deserve it. I was not satisfied with my art then. I thought I had to learn yet much and perfect it," says modest Gopinath today when you ask him of his brilliant achievements in those youthful days of his with Ragini. Read what a world figure says of him: "Gopinath is a real artiste and there are not many who could rightfully take their stands by his side either in India or abroad. He brought to my mind glimpses of a great past when dancing was one of the most treasured arts in India and not as today, a mere device for whetting up the jaded appetite of the idle rich, and now that dancing is again coming into vogue amongst us, his style should give us a correct lead, for in want of it we are yet groping in the dark." Gurdev Tagore said that when Gopinath had given a performance then at Santiniketan. Yet all these tributes from the great meant little or nothing to him.



Gopinath and Thankamani as Radha & Krishna

And the historic and triumphant tour of India culminated in the return of Gopinath and Ragini to the Kala Mandalam, the fount of Poet Vallathol.

It was twelve years of experiment and error, of trial and success, of sore pain and sour result, of rigid training and right grasp that went to build up the glorious Gopinath of today whom now one and all await to cheer, applaud and lionize. After these years of hard labour came a period of easy success and quick ascent. Invitations were pouring to him from all unknown quarters. He had gone to Ceylon and umpteen other places. For over a long time he had been the Palace Dancer of

the Maharaja of Travancore. His has been no small role in renovating the Kathakali and spreading it through a larger portion of the world.

Today as the founder and head of Natana Niketan Gopinath resides at Madras. This school is a noble venture, undertaken by him at the requests of numerous friends and admirers, and hundreds of boys and girls are being coached up there. From the ballrooms of Natana Niketan, Gopinath may one day give to the country a dancer of magnificent merits that would carry the message of Kathakali and the art of Gopinath to all corners of this wide world.

(Continued from page 64)

ponse? It is high time we develop a sense of economic realism and proceed in a realistic manner.

OUR SHIPPING

India like other maritime countries must adapt a dynamic policy with regard to her shipping policy. The purely coastal trade should be entirely in our hands while 50% of our distant trade should be controlled by us.

Prof. J. C. Kumarappa, a member of the Indian Shipping Delegation to the world Conference did well in emphasizing that, till yesterday, the overseas trade was entirely in foreign hands. With the British quitting India, we should see that ships provide proper value to regulate the inflow and outflow of goods and give employment to our teeming millions.

The Demand For Pathanistan

By

K. PUNNIAH

Editor: "Sind Observer"

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, the Congress and Red Shirts leader of the N. W. F. P. has given his first serious headache to Mr. Jinnah and he will continue to give him many headaches until the N.W.F.P. is allowed to join the Pakistan State on his own terms or it is constituted into an independant State.

The same Hitlerian tactics adopted by the Muslim League to obtain partition from India are going to be adopted by the Pathans in claiming their own independence. On the eve of Pakistan, it is faced with a rebellion that will spread like wild fire in that extremely excitable territory.

The same weapons which the Muslim League has used will be turned against it in Pathanistan. Nemises may not be far distant because Mr. Jinnah is a very stiff and obstinate person

The evil genius of Sir Olaf Caroe suggested the referendum "To make it impossible for a Pathan State to be formed, and to make a present of the N. W. F. P. to the Muslim League. Here is British imperialism once again at work. Its new plan to keep British armies in Pakistan and the N. W. F. P. to protect Mr. Jinnah on his throne with British bayonets, to watch Russia, and make preparations for an eventual conflict between the U.S.S.R. and Anglo-American imperialism," says K. Punniiah. Editor, "Sind Observer" this exclusive article specially written for TEMPO.

and treats his enemies with contempt and scorn. Being an autocrat he has very little of the spirit of accommodation.

The trouble in the frontier arose like this :—

To placate Mr. Jinnah on the question of dividing the Punjab and Bengal, to which he was opposed and demanded six provinces to be presented to him on a silver plate, Lord Mountbatten accepted a referendum in the N.W.F.P. on a narrow register of five lakhs of voters whereas the population here is 35 lakhs. Those voters, a good proportion of whom are Punjabi Muslims domiciled in the frontier province, with full sympathy for the League, have been so inflamed by League agitation ever since its defeat in the provincial elections of last year, that the province has become a hotbed of League propaganda for the last eight months. Governor Caroe displayed open partisanship, backed up the League, and made the maintenance of law and order by the Khan Saheb ministry impossible. His evil deeds were so many that he had ultimately to be sent away on the eve of the referendum. The Premier Dr. Khan Saheb refused to resign in spite of all the provocations created by Caroe and his men to make it easy for a Muslim League Government to come to power here five months ago.

Governor Caroe did enough mischief before he left.

The Khan Brothers have decided not to allow their Congress party to take part in the referendum on the ground that the whole pitch was queered for them. Their Muslim followers and the Hindus and Sikhs have boycotted it. It is now a one-sided affair and the Muslim League has come out with flying colours having no opponent to contend against.

If the Red Shirt leaders had taken part in the referendum and lost it, the League would have triumphantly proclaimed it as the defeat in their very homeland of the Khan Brothers and the Congress organisation. By boycotting it they have made a strategic retreat.

The N.W.F.P. is now divided into two warring camps and there is danger of wholesale murders and rebellion as the Pathans are not accustomed to settle their disputes in a non-violent and peaceful manner. The Zalme Phaktoon or the Pathan Youth's Organisation is not wedded to the Gandhian creed of non-violence, though

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the Red Shirts are for the time being. They will indulge in reprisals for all that the League had done in creating a communal hell in the Pathans' province. More militant organisations are springing up to face the League's zulums—its methods of torture and terrorisation. The Frontier tribes' sympathies are with the Pathans and not with Pakistanis and any spark here may set the powder-magazine ablaze as soon as the British quit. The Afghans too across the border are taking a hand to assist the Pathans.

On the occasion of what may be called a great Idd festival the inauguration of Pakistan, though truncated and moth-eaten this State shows symptoms of developing cancer in the stomach.

The Frontier Gandhi never looked with favour upon the invasion of his province by the more nimble-witted Punjab is of he plains, whose language and ways of living and thinking are entirely different from those of the Pathans, and who exercise at present a great deal of political authority in his province.



He has given many headaches to Jinnah and will continue to give many more.

The Pathan hates the Punjabi as much as the Sindhi does, as both are the victims of the Punjabi invasion of their provinces.

The Khan Brothers' ideal is to establish a Pathanistan within a United India; to invite the capital, the technical skill and the services of Indians for the economic development of their province, to wipe out its deficits, and make it a solvent, democratic and autonomous province based on socialistic lines. This province though hilly, has mineral resources and fertile valleys whose water power, if conserved and harnessed, will make it

good pastoral, agricultural and industrial country like Switzerland. The British have served it and kept it poor for a century with a view to make the people depend upon their doles in the pursuit of their imperialistic aggression. They governed the province as irresponsible despots and created tremendous feelings of hatred by their innumerable frontier wars in search of scientific frontiers against Afghanistan and Russia.

Pakistan's financial position in the early days will be itself so unenviable that it will have hardly anything to spare for Pathanistan.

Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan thinks that the 3½ millions of people in the settled areas of 20,000 square miles, and 3 millions in the tribal areas can be induced to live together under one government with full regional autonomy and modern amenities as soon as British imperialism vanishes. Communications with Baluchistan will be developed and that country too may be invited to join Pathanistan or to live independently like a good neighbour.

Badhshah Khan believes that such Pakhtoon unity is not difficult to achieve on the morrow of the disappearance of British Imperialism from India with a sympathetic and helpful Federal Government at Delhi. When these dreams of his are coming nearer realisation a civil war has been created by Sir Olaf Caroe, whose evil genius suggested the referendum, to make it impossible for a Pathan State to be formed, and to make a present of the N.W.F.P. to the Muslim League. Here is British imperialism once again at work. Its new plan is to keep British armies in Pakistan and the N.W.F.P., to protect Mr. Jinnah on his throne with British bayonets, to watch Russia, and make preparations for an eventual conflict between the U.S. S.R. and Anglo-American imperialisms.

The carving out of Pakistan is done deliberately to have a foothold on the Indian soil for Anglo-American capitalism to flourish in South Asia. Hindustan will not give any such foothold.

The Frontier Gandhi visualise the coming danger when, like

Burma, his country will be trampled under foot by foreign armies in a likely war between rival imperialisms.

Afghanistan has made a demand that the British Government should leave the Pathan land to the Pathans without forcing them into Pakistan or to return the territory to itself as it was originally its owners. As between the Pathans and the Afghans there are many indissoluble ties that do not exist between the Pathans and the Punjabis.

Mr. Jinnah proclaimed the two-nation theory and created bitter hatred between Hindus and Muslims and the chickens of his Pakistan agitation are now coming home to roost. The Sindhis and the Pathans do not claim ethnical affinity with the Punjabis in any way; and the East Bengalees will one day find it easier to live in a United Bengal than to be strangers in strange federal union with West Pakistan separated from East Pakistan by 1,500 miles of land & 3,000 miles of sea. The germs of disunion and disruption of Pakistan are already there and

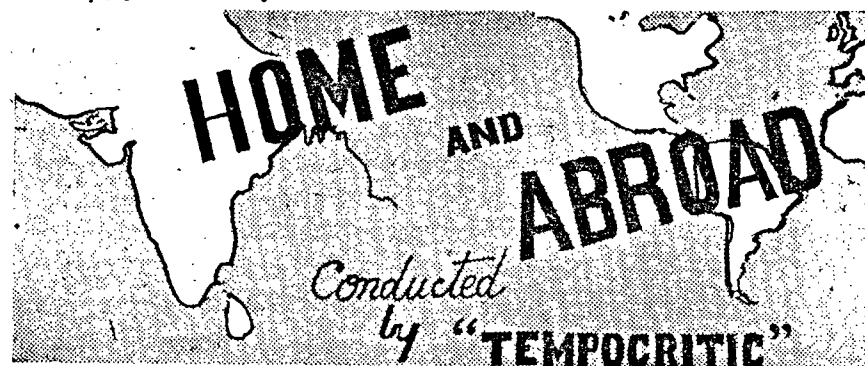
it will not take more than a few years for them to become active and pestilential.

The hope of the Frontier Gandhi and his brother is that after elections based on adult franchise under the new Pakistan constitution take place within two years, they will sweep the polls in all the rural and partly urban areas of their province, and then sail to power. It is then that they will demand either an independent Pathanistan or entry into Pakistan on their own terms. The India Independence Bill, unlike the Cabinet ministers' statement of 1946, does not make provision for the opting out of any province; but it is impossible to force the N.W.F.P. under the Pakisthani yoke against its will in the event of the Khan Brothers winning the general election referred to above.

That will be the beginning of the end of Pakistan. And the end will be like that of Solomon Grandy.

Born on Monday; christened on Tuesday; married on Wednesday; took ill on Thursday; worse on Friday; died on Saturday; buried on Sunday; and that is the end of Solomon Grandy.

* *Tempo's commentary on the events of the month*



August—1947!

August 1947 goes down in Indian History as a red lettered month in view of the decision to partition the country. Indeed, it was hoped that, we will be able to succeed in our desire to have "Akhand Hindustan" but the inevitable has happened. The country is going to be partitioned and that is the parting gift of the British to India. If we recollect the history of communalism in India, we can at once say that the Muslim Deputation led by the Aga Khan in 1906 for preferential treatment to them was but a "command performance" and the then Viceroy not only agreed to the grant of separate electorates but also admitted the principle of

representation, not on the accepted principles but on the basis of their importance and services to the British Empire. It was nothing but the veritable opening of the "Pandora's Box" which has now culminated in the political dismemberment of India. Economically, the country stands to loss as it is no longer possible to plan for the whole country. Practical difficulties in the matter of transport, currency, customs etc., are bound to arise and even now, it is not too late for one to realise that a united India alone can command respect from the outside world and play its legitimate part in the awakening of Asia.

Similarly, there is a move on the part of some States to de-

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clare themselves independent. Indian India and British India are the same and the princes as the servants of the people, must note that sovereignty rests with the people. They should, therefore, consult them before taking any irrevocable decisions. Let it not be said by the future historian that the princes did not behave gracefully and wisely.

ECONOMIC PROBLEMS OF INDIA

It has become common place to agree that economic planning will solve all our ills. I have to say that, planning has burst upon the country with the fury of an influenza epidemic. It may mean anything or everything or even nothing. Mr. C. H. Bhabha, the member in the Interim Government in an address in Bombay pleaded rightly for a new outlook. He advocated bilateral or even multi-lateral agreements with other countries and made a vigorous plea for the development of a sense of economic realism as a necessary counterpart to the growing sense of political realism to make the best use of political opportuni-

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ties. Our problems are essentially economic in character. We have to raise an A-3 nation to the level of an A-1 nation. What with a *per capita* income which is the lowest in the world and expectation of life which again is appallingly low, we must have a new mental outlook towards the country's economic problems. In the past our economic thinking was warped by the over-hanging shadow of our political bondage. Now that these clouds are lifting, we require a new tone and a new quality. We can no longer keep the ghost of foreign exploitation alive. More than ever before, collaboration with other countries is a matter of increasing importance to India. We require technical ability and organisation for the development of our natural resources on a scale and in a manner hitherto unknown in India. We need not feel shy of foreign assistance, if it really helps us to rebuild the country's economy.

Even in the domestic sector of our economic life we require a realistic plan. Here we should have the right type of attitude. In concrete terms, economic

realism in this sense means prescription of the various targets and predetermination of the priority as between the various targets, which should be achieved as early as possible.

The fundamental problem at the present time is stepping up production. Otherwise not only shall we be able to bring down high prices and profits, but there will be a steady worsening of our economic position. We must have a more equitable distribution of the national income so that there can be a vast measure of social justice. The point is what we have been able to do in the matter. Will the national Government place before the public a concrete plan on these lines before it is too late?

THE FOOD CRISIS IN MADRAS.

The horrors and sad tales of the Bengal famine are still fresh in our memories and one really wonders if public memories are often too short-lived. What have the Governments done to step up production? In Madras for the matter of that, some of the people who have been growing food crops have now taken

to the cultivation of non-food crops like tobacco, because the range of profits is high. The cultivation does not at all get a remunerative price for his food crops. We need not give sermons on the Mount and plead for the consumer who lives in towns. 90% of the people depend upon agriculture and it is a pity, agriculture is still a depressed occupation. Again, I would like to ask what these deficit provinces have actually done to speed up production.

They should, indeed, issue statements giving an account of the work done, instead of talking much loose chit-chat. They are sending representatives to the various International Conferences to plead for more food supplies. A lot of money is spent upon these delegations and the result is not commensurate with the cost. Even Dr. Prasad had to say that we have to depend upon self help ultimately. If really we have to evoke tears from others, and make them sympathise with our lot, why not we send the "poor Madrassi beggars," ill-clad and ill-fed, who need not speak at all and who automatically evoke res-

(Please turn to page 56)

Tempo's Serial Novel *The Voyage Through Warm Blood*

By
A.R. Rao

Story So Far:

Sundar returned to his village Kantipur, having taken the M.B.B.S., degree, his mind intent on opening a hospital to serve the villagers. He soon met Usha, a beautiful widow with whom he had been much in contact in his childhood days.

Sundar contacted his friend Bimal and told of his scheme to open a hospital in the village. Encouraged by good-hearted Bimal, Sundar went ahead. Boopal the richest man of the village was invited to throw open the doors of the hospital. In the meantime Usha and Sundar came together again, and in her heart at once rose that inevitable love. Sarasa, Usha's sister-in-law, came to know of the young widow's talks with a man in the street, but since Sarasa was a life-long invalid she could hardly keep Usha tied up in the house.

NOW READ ON.

CHAPTER II.

The street in which Sundar lived wore a festive appearance. The opening ceremony of the

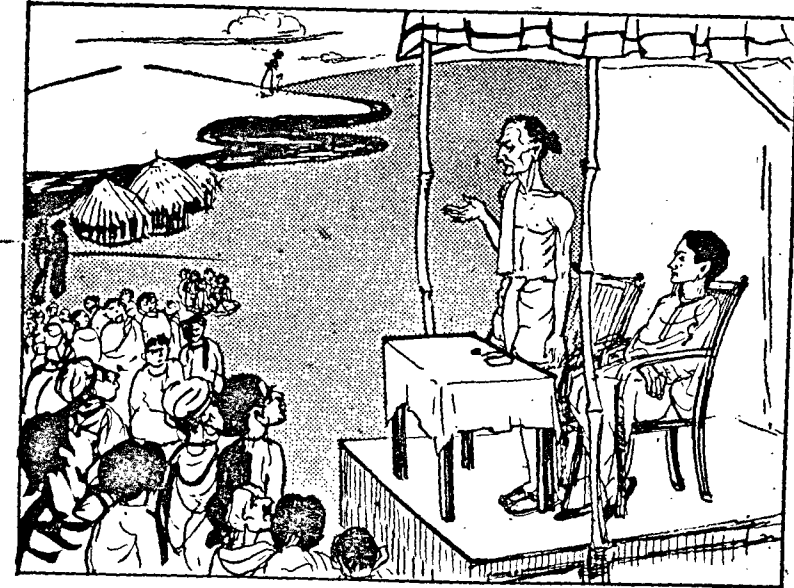
hospital was an event of much importance, especially in this village where few functions of like nature occurred. Long

before the announced time lots of menfolk pulled up to the spot, very few really interested in the function, but most of them rather enamoured of the cup of tea that would be doled out to all the visitors.

The whole street was beautiful, extravagantly embellished with festoons and flags. Posters were attached to the village walls. Come, one and all, they said. Witness the opening of your hospital. Take tea. Listen to your revered leader, Boopal. Five o' clock in the evening. And a good many other posters with umpteen slogans. "Are you ailing? Then consult Doctor Sundar of your village," posters bearing these words lay on the breasts of the walls.

The visitors sat down on mats spread over the vacant space facing Sundar's home, now converted into a hospital, only two rooms in the rear serving for the household. The gathering was large and was most unselected. People of all classes and of all ages gathered there. From the honest, God-fearing men to the most ruthless brigands. The assembly automatically broke up into groups according to the

castes. To the right of the dais sat the brahmins, the members of the priestcraft. Just in front of the dais, the non-brahmins. Far to the left the untouchables and other looked-down children of the Indian soil. And in a little enclosure, roped all around but for an exit cum entrance, sat a few adventurous women of the village. Very few in fact. Less than five. The important invitees were provided armless chairs. Boopal gloried in a fine wooden chair, all along pouring out his tales of those bygone days, when life had been "good and lively". Bimal and Sunder were busy running hither and thither, giving instructions to a set of school lads. An young school boy had been specially instructed to sit down by a gramophone, changing the records. And the music flowed in the breeze through a couple of loud speakers, skillfully installed under the direct supervision of Sunder. Indeed it was a pleasant occasion. Every one was happy. Even those that had arrived with grieved faces showed distinct changes in their countenances that now shone with life and mirth.



"My dear male and female children," Boopal began his address.

Presently tea was served to all by the school lads in small earthenware vessels. A man drank off the tea and broke down the vessel. There was no need for washing it. Of course just tea and nothing else. Tea flowed liberally. You could drink as many cups as you liked. No rationing. And most of the visitors didn't fight shy of taxing their stomachs to the utmost.

A school lad just returned after serving tea to the ladies. Sundar beckoned to the boy to come near him.

"How many ladies are there?"

"About five, Sir."

"Only five!"

"Only five."

"And how many women are there in our village?"

"I don't know sir," replied the boy with a painful face.

"They haven't taught us yet at school, sir. Perhaps next year....."

Suddenly Sundar looked at the boy and smiled. Foolish of him to ask a boy about the census of women in the village. Wasn't it? "Get along boy

"Go to that lad by the gramophone and give him some tea. He must have been dead tired changing the records and keying the machine up," said Sundar, waving his hand towards the gramophone boy. And the young imp strode off.

The silver lock of the frontal entrance was opened and the hospital was formally declared open by old Boopal. After some minutes of friendly talk, Boopal was led back to the dais to his central seat, to speak a few words to his disciples. Boopal stood up amid a salvo of applause. For a while he silently looked around the assembled people. He scraped the stubble of white hair that bristled over his chin and cheeks.

"My dear male and female children!" he began his address. There was perfect silence. All people's eyes were fixed on the old man; their ears were all attention. "My dear children," he called again. Boopal didn't seem to imagine it was a meeting. He just felt as if he were talking to them from the verandah of his house.

"You are indeed fortunate in having a hospital now. In my days we had no hospitals. But then there weren't diseases too. We were more healthy and hard-working then. But now all you youths look a bit withered. I don't know why." He paused for a while, coughed and scraped the unkempt hair on his chin and cheeks. He continued: "Sundar is your great doctor. He is your friend, not your enemy. He will help you all to his best. You all must make full use of him. I only wish that he would use the surgeon's knife as rarely as possible. I don't wish that any of my children in this village should roam about with their limbs mutilated by their doctor, whatever might be the disease." And abruptly he sat down, followed by a chorus of applause. Some had thought that the old man's speech hadn't yet ended but would soon continue. But Boopal didn't rise again from his chair.

Bimal now uttered a few words of kindly advice. None of the villagers should hide their diseases but should at once consult the doctor and get them cured. The village, with mutual

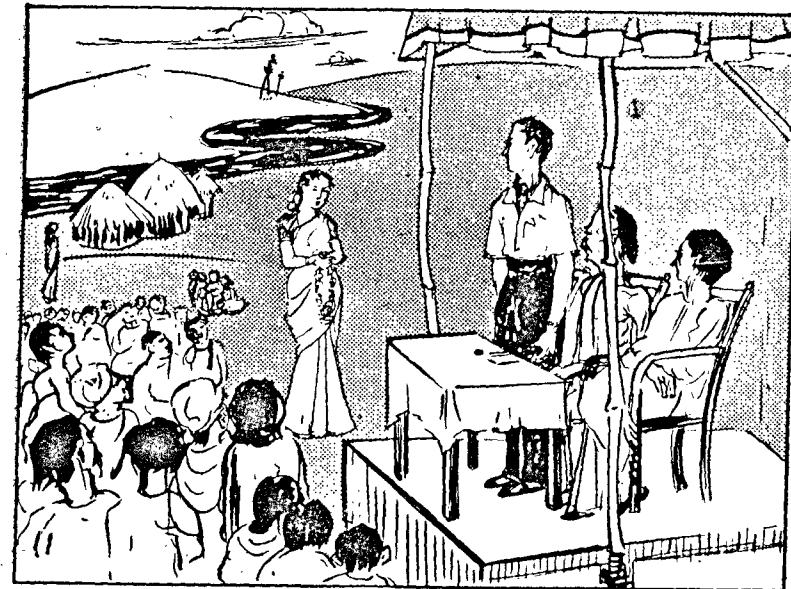
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co-operation, should be transformed overnight into an ideal spot of enviable public health. Then he announced that Doctor Sundar would be addressing them.

— Sundar stood up. The meeting was tense. There was tremendous quiet in which the sound of a pin dropped could be heard. Presently there emitted the trot of little footsteps. All eyes turned in that direction. And at once a chorus of exclamations of wild surprise warbled through the crowds. For they

saw a young woman emerging out of the ladies' gallery and she was heading towards the dais with a garland of roses in her hand. Where was she going? The little girl! Perhaps the first time when a woman of the village dared to go to this extent. She walked slowly, and with a smile, put the garland around Sundar's neck. Sundar himself was flabbergasted. If this had been done elsewhere, it wouldn't perhaps, have surprised him. But in this village which he had thought was so backward,



.....They saw a young woman emerging out of the ladies' gallery and she was heading towards the dais with a garland in her hand.....

this village where the women he had thought were just a flock of locked up weaklings, here, it indeed staggered him. He looked at her. He wanted to say, "Thanks, madam". But he couldn't. She receded to her stack among the ladies. Hisses of disapprobation on her conduct died down in time. Once again there prevailed ample silence.

"Brothers and sisters," began Sundar. "This hospital is yours. This hospital is for your benefit and will thrive by your support. Nothing undermines the morale of a nation so much as ill health. It's upto every individual to take care of his or her health. Then only there will be a general improvement in the public health. Medicine by itself can't cure any disease. But it will if it is administered with the full, implicit co-operation of the patient. A diseased man is not only a nuisance to himself but a burden for others. One of the aims of everyone here should be to give as little trouble as possible to the fellow men. That's the only way to make the collective burden of life light enough to be borne without any groans."

He gazed across the people sitting before him. His face acquired an expression of severity intermingled with a discernable patch of sadness. He went on: "The whole world is marching ahead. Why should we remain behind? I ask, why should we? There can never be any salvation for us so long as we continue what we are today. No one is made so irresponsible as a slave. I admit we have been enslaved by the British for over a couple of centuries. But now haven't we proclaimed our desire to be free? Haven't we been fighting to wrest the substance of Independence from the ruler's hands? So hereafter we must feel ourselves responsible for our lot and should endeavour to better it." He stopped for a while; his eyes inexorably turned towards the ladies portion. Yes, she was there... the girl that had garlanded him obviously hearing every word he uttered with an unnatural attention. Yes, she was there... He went on: "One thing more. That in a village of so many women, only five women should have come to this meeting is in itself enough proof that our

women haven't yet said good bye to their veils. Man isn't superior or woman inferior. Both are equal. We ought to treat even women as we treat men. You should all give them full freedom of movement, give them freedom to come out into the sun. They must be permitted extensive social intercourse, for then and then only will their minds broaden and their souls spread all around. Otherwise they would just be rotting in their homes as a flock of narrow-minded, ignorant, fanatical weaklings that could be equated to those that are dead and lifeless." Two hands clapped in the ladies section... clapped with hesitation, in mild strokes... A few more hands soon joined. Presently the whole assembly rent the skies with thunderous shouting, that lasted for full five minutes. Sundar ended his speech with a distinct change in his tone. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have very little more to say. I once again repeat: Please make full use of the hospital. And I pray for your wholehearted co-operation without which no institution can thrive on earth. I thank you

very much for your patient hearing." He sat down in his chair. Much clapping, Vociferous greetings.

And the assembly slowly dispersed. Boopal stayed for sometime more, while Sundar and Bimal took him round the hospital rooms, enlightening him on the intricate developments in modern allopathy. The preliminary function ended. There might not be any more functions. Henceforth there would only be work, plenty of work. The monotonous duty of examining patients, writing out prescriptions and so on.

"Oh, this meeting!" shouted Boopal at Sundar. "It has given me an headache. So many people sitting together for hours, my God! We never sat like that in my days except on certain rare occasions when the rains failed, when we all assembled and prayed together to the Power above,"

"Don't worry, Grandpa Boopal. You have a doctor here, don't you?" Bimal muttered.

"Oh, that reminds me! Hello, Sundar; get your medicine, sir!" Sundar with a smile went in and

came back with a couple of Aspirin tablets. The old man swallowed them with a glass of water.

"Your headache will go to the winds!" exclaimed Sundar with the practised pride of a doctor, while the old man arranged his turban and made his exit.

Sundar made his way to the back portion of the premises. He walked towards his mother.

"The function is over, mother!" he said.

She acknowledged his utterance with a smile.

"You ought to have attended it. But you wouldn't. You said: 'How can I come there, sonny, when so many men are there?' But some women too came there, mother. Some women!"

Her eyes expressed surprise.

"Really, mother. About five ladies."

Yet her face said that she didn't believe his words.

"One lady actually came to me and put a garland round my neck."

"Who's she?"

"Usha, the widow!" he replied, his eyes lowered a bit.

His cheeks blushed. And to his mind came back the picture of Usha throwing a garland around his neck.

CHAPTER 12.

They were together, Shanti and Usha. As usual Shanti, the invalid lay on the bed, while Usha sat by the edge of the bed. It was one of those moments, when Shanti was flowing with a huge current of love towards the beings breathing on earth. Her face wore a veil of calm; there blazed in her sunken eyes a flare of iridescent love.

"Sister-in-law!" addressed Usha.

"Yes, darling!"

"How long will you suffer with this T. B? There must be a cure for this disease..."

"Oh, cure, my God!" Shanti interrupted, "It's destiny, my dear, my bad lot. There's no cure for destiny but death. What can the poor doctors do."

"It's no destiny, sister-in-law. It's just a disease. We must consult able doctors. They will I am sure, bring you round. The other day..." Usha hesitated.



"Why do you want a man for this simple job? Isn't it just a woman's job?" asked Usha.

"The other day... what happened?"

"The other day they opened a modern hospital here. Very near to our house."

"Who opened?"

"Doctor Sundar."

"Where?"

"In his own house, that's the third house from ours."

"You don't mean I should consult him?"

"You must. He's very well educated. He'll destroy the disease and make you well. He's a great doctor..."

"How do you know that he's great?"

"He came down here from over the city. There he had studied for about seven years. Don't you think he must be really great?"

"But do you believe that he can cure my disease?" asked back Shanti with the inexorable self-centeredness of the invalids whose sole concern in life is nothing but a means of escape from the clutches of the eating disease.

"Why not, sister-in-law?" Usha queried. She continued:

"It isn't for us to discuss whether or not he can cure you. You must be examined by him. He'll do his best. And we await the results, That's all."

"What if he says he must out off my ribs? Oh, God, I would rather weep on an invalid lifetime than face his knife!" Shanti exclaimed with a twitch of pain curling her mouth, her eyes half-shut.

"Oh, don't fear, sister-in-law. They do everything without subjecting you to any unbearable pain," Usha rejoined.

"Let your brother come. I'll ask him to go and bring him here. He'll come here, won't he?"

"Of course, he'll surely, when the patient is too ill to go over to the hospital. But brother is out. He won't be coming back for two or three days. Should we wait till then?"

"I have waited for years, darling. Two or three days are nothing."

"But the doctor is so near..."

"Near he is. But which man is there in this home to go and fetch him?"

"Why do you want a man for this simple job? Isn't it just a woman's job?"

Shanti curiously gazed up at Usha and asked: "Can you go there?"

"I can. If you want me to go there, I'll bring him down here in a couple of minutes."

"But you are a woman! No, you shouldn't go."

"Oh, sister-in-law, leave that talk! Here you are spitting out blood the whole of last night. Yet you say I shouldn't go there and get him here. How can I sit here and see you suffer, when he's so near?"

"Go, darling. Go, then," assented Shanti, patting on Usha's cheek.

"Get him soon. Let us see what he says. Oh, how I wish he would say: 'There's no danger, madam. You'll be cured in about two months.' Oh, how I wish it!"

And Usha got down from the cot and made her way to the doctor.

CHAPTER 13.

The hospital was in the fifth day of its birth. The doctor sat

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in a chair in the consulting room, going through the pages of "The Hindu", the reputed 'Nationalist daily. There wasn't yet much work to do. Very few patients yet turned up at the hospital. Just a moment back Doctor Sundar had taken his cup of coffee. And it was indeed heaven-like to sit down in the consulting room reading the newspaper. For the newspapers now-a-days were so full of sensational news, so very interesting. There was a war on, a vast global war, the effects of which were already being felt even in India. This man Hitler, this power-drunken corporal! The bachelor seeking to enslave the many nations, and wanting to establish the hegemony of the Aryan race. Oh, what a foolish dream! He had read Hitler march on, trampling low countries under his jackboots, adding victory to victory in quick succession. The mighty France of Hugo and Anatole fell in a couple of weeks. Norway and Denmark groaned on under the Nazi bullets. Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg were laid low, Hitler the power-mad corporal was indeed going ahead, exhort-

ing his soldiers to spare no blood for the survival of the fatherland, for the perpetuation of the Aryan race that was destined to rule the earth! And at this time, when thousands of soldiers were dying at the front, here he was in an obscure village, seeking to help the villagers. Oh, stupid, wasn't it? Of what use was his specialised knowledge if he didn't go to the war and serve the sick and wounded? This little village after all, what was it before such mighty destructions in Europe he was reading in the papers? India was a subject nation, yes. But of what use was independence when the world had gone to mud, was going to mud? No, no. The destiny of India was surely linked up with the destinies of many other subject nations. Narrow chauvinism wouldn't do in these days. One's outlook must get broader.

"Doctor!" came a call from outside the swing doors. A call in a smooth, feminine voice. He darted out of his chair, for the voice was familiar. He had heard it previously and remembered it distinctly. He jumped to the swing doors, opened them,

"You, Usha!"

He just looked on at her in amazement. Yes, Usha, with that irresistible smile on those crimson lips.

"Good morning, doctor," she greeted him. "I've come to consult you."

"Come in."

She came in, followed by him. The swing doors were banged shut behind them.

"Take a seat," he said. She sat down. He walked round the table and sat before her on the other side of the table in his chair.

"I've come to consult you, doctor," she said again.

He looked right into her eyes, his chin hoisted on the table. There she was in front of him. Not even a bit shy. No, not at all. That oval face, those large blackish eyes, that pretty nose and those two well chiselled reddiah lips... and the fine yellow-brown complexion of the skin, the eternal twinkle in those eyes.... Usha, the widow, the innocent look in those eyes, that inexplicable smile tapering on her lips,.... what unknown joy was parading within her

subconscious depths... Usha, the widow.. "Usha," he began. "I thank you for your beautiful garland; I thank you. And I like you. For you are brave. You aren't afraid of the prattlings of the people over here. Yes, you are brave!" Instantly a blush invaded those brave, ripened cheeks, a quake crept over those two lips that were yet chaste but for the seething kisses of the village winds.

"Oh I am sorry Usha," he rejoined. "Now tell me. What can I do for you?"

There was no reply.....

Beneath the table his right foot struck against another, against another that was bony, smooth and a wee bit warm. His body was thrilled. He pressed that foot with his. He kept it like that waiting to see if it would recede. No, it didn't.. That small alien foot didn't move a bit, but throbbed under his heel. Sunder looked right into her eyes from across the table.

"We've spoken enough beneath the table," he exclaimed with a smile. He stood up. He went round the table and on to her side. He took her hand..



"Love begins in poetry, plods on in prose and ends in an elegy."

Suddenly the swing doors were pushed open, and the head of a middle-aged, squint-eyed man peeped in.

"O compounder, what's the matter?" asked doctor Sunder.

"Nothing, sir, nothing. I just..."

"Just what?"

"Nothing in particular, sir".

"Go out. I am examining a

patient. Come later for your "Nothing in particular?"

"Yes, sir." The doors shut behind the compounder.

Once again he took her hand into his, and pressed it tenderly. He rubbed those fragile, lithe fingers. She raised up her face.

"Usha, you are beautiful!"

She blushed.

"You are an angel!"

She was largely amazed, not because he had called her an angel.

She hadn't not expected all this. She had never dreamed that her visit to the hospital would culminate almost at the summit of her desires. It was a very pleasant surprise.

"Doctor, now please come along once to my house. My sister-in-law is suffering from tuberculosis for the last two years. You should examine her....."

"You talk very sweetly Usha," he complimented.

"Shall we go?"

"Your very question will draw the mountains towards you!" he replied with a smile.

"O doctor, so you are also a poet!"

"Everyone is a poet, when one is lovelorn. Love begins in poetry, plods on in prose and ends in an elegy."

She stood up. He went close to her. He sent his arm round her waist, and looked into her eyes, looked at her quivering lips!"

"Usha I want to kiss those small moist lips".

"Why?"

"I love them."

"You love my lips or me? What do you mean?"

"Those lips are a part of you. So in loving them, I am loving you."

"So why should you kiss?"

"Because kisses are the roses on which lovers feed,"

"I am afraid you are getting mad!"

"I am in love."

"But you are a doctor. You must be rational..."

"A love-stricken doctor is the maddest of all lovers on earth." His mouth drew towards her. His lips pressed against hers, and lingered on. The positive joined the negative and a current of bright ineffable bliss splashed through their systems for a moment.

And they looked on for a while at each other. Their lips met again.

"Now, may I go?"

"If you must, yes."

"When will you come over there?"

"In a moment. Stay on, We'll go together."

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"No. I have been here a long time. I'll go away and await you."

And Usha made her way to the swing doors. She stopped for a while. She looked back at him. In those dark, wide eyes of hers there now shone a new light of fulfilment of a strange oft dream-ed desire.

She shot out and the doors shut behind her.

And the doctor, examination over, by habit now made his way thoughtfully to the water basin

CHAPTER 14.

Doctor Sundar arrived and was welcomed by Usha, who was standing at the frontal entrance. Usha stood on for a while, stocktaking his features. Yes, he was charming, extremely charming. This young man, that stood five feet and nine inches in his shoes, clad in those white trousers, white full sleeved shirt and a greenish-brown woolen tie, without a coat on, was indeed charming. The village had just taken off his coat. Yet he retained much of the usual dressing to which he had been used when he had been over there in the Metropolis. Trousers, a shirt



Srimathi Vijaya Laxmi Pandit, India's distinguished Ambassador in Soviet Russia.

and a tie to match was enough, and very convenient. And the Bata shoes gave a firmness to his tread. In a tropical country like India, was it necessary that one should wear all these garments? Most of the Indians were so simple: They just wore a small loin cloth upto the knees, and their chests were practically bare; their heads were beturbanned. That was the dress of the true Indian. Indians had no huge wardrobes. They just possessed a couple of clothes that served them for the whole

year, sometimes even to a longer period. After all each man on the average used about 15 yards of cloth per year. In the villages there were hundreds of youthful girls that wore no jackets; they just covered their breasts with the ends of their sarees. Most of the Indians struggling to get the bare necessities of life in food, housing and clothing could hardly think in terms of Parisian fashions and American embellishments. Sundar, for himself, had an aversion for the Indian dress. The dhoti and a shirt! That might be good, when you sit down at home, plying the spinning wheel and practising non-violence. But it was the worst sort of dress when you were on active service. Somehow in those loose dhoties and shirts, you felt your limbs heave in lethargy; but the Western pant, shirt and tie and the inexorable shoe, added a strange energy to your system and gave you a gait in walking. Sundar liked the dress.

They went in. By the cot there was a chair. "Please sit down, doctor," suggested Usha. And the doctor sat down. Before him lay the woman. Shanti,

the invalid. Her face now grew a trifle pallid. Her nerves were on their ends. She felt largely excited. O what would the doctor say? O, God, save me! Shanti was always very much afraid of the doctors, especially of those doctors that visited her in Western garments. She wasn't scared of the indigenous doctors. For they never talked of the knife but administered only pills or ointments for every disease under the sun. But these doctors! These showy, pretentious fellows that came down from the cities, they almost always prescribed an operation. The bone must be scraped. The abdomen must be cut open. O, God, save me! Shanti gazed on with trepidation at the doctor. But he was not at all visible to her eyes; in his place she saw a burnished knife pointed towards her, drawing nearer and nearer, perhaps, to push through into her lungs..... Oh, God.....

Having examined her for some time, he looked her in the face. Those two pale eyes glittered half-shut with a mortal fear.

"How long have you been bedridden?"

"No, doctor. Not, not for long.....not for long....." she said, her voice quivering in excitement. Who would tell him that she had been lying like that for the last two years? If she said that, he would confidently blurt out that the disease had grown beyond the normal means of cure, that an operation of a big sort was imperative.....and the surgeon's knife glittered before her eyes.....

"She has been like that on the bed for the last two years,

doctor," announced Usha from her station. Instantly the eye of the doctor sought for that of Usha. Presently he turned towards Shanti, his fine lips widened in an assuring smile.

"What's your name, madam?"

"Shanti,"

"Tell me the truth, lady.

Don't hide anything from me.

It won't help you; on the other

hand it'll ruin you. I am a doc-

tor. I am here to cure you of

your disease, putting you to the

minimum pain necessary to

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effect that cure. Please don't be under the illusion that doctors are sadists, that they take a pleasure in inflicting pain on the patients. You must be frank and truthful. You must let me know where you stand. Then I'll tell you of the treatment required to remedy the disease. If you approve my treatment, well, then only I'll begin to put it into execution. So why should you fear? The doctor does little without the consent of the patient. Lady, now tell me, all about you."

"Oh, no, doctor. I am not afraid!" cried Shanti. She turned her eyes to Usha.

"Usha, you tell him on my behalf all about myself. I can't tell. I am loosing my breath. And look, Usha, don't tell him here. I don't wish to hear my disease spoken of. Oh, I can't. Oh, God, save me!"

"Don't worry, madam. You'll be all right," said Sundar and rose up.

From the verandah they walked into a large room, with a single window opening at the street. The house was of rather an antique build, perhaps erect-

ed by the great grandfathers of the present dwellers. In those days they had not thought of ventilation and all those odd things. Rooms must be secure against thieves. The fewer the windows, the stronger the walls. Originally when it had been built, perhaps, it hadn't possessed even a single window. The present window might be, in truth, a new development, effected by the present tenants who were less afraid of thieves and more scared of suffocation. The window doors were open. The sun liberally poured in its shining beams into the ample room. An old wooden chair was pointed to the doctor, in which he established himself.

"Now tell me all about her," asked Sundar. Usha walked near him and stood by the chair. He took her hand. He held it in his grasp, pressing it delicately.

"She has been lying like that for nearly two years now," said Usha. "She always has temperature. Now and then after taking food, she vomits what she has eaten. Some blood also comes out. She was examined

by a doctor almost an year back and he said she's suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs. That's all. She has not been taking any regular medicine till now except for a few pills given her now and then by a homeopathic doctor in the nearby town. The disease has been neglected, and for long. Brother never takes her seriously. He isn't also interested in spending his money on her. He says: 'Why should I waste my money on her when she is four chasms already in the grave?' She just eats, sleeps on the cot in that verandah, the whole day long."

"Anything more to say?"

Her hand lay warm in his. Her heart was pounding within her. She had half a desire to take him into her arms closely and touch those youthful scarlet lips of his with hers. But, no, this wasn't the time for that. No, not now.

"Nothing more."

He looked on thoughtfully at the ceiling, his fingers beating rhythmically against her hand. What was he thinking? About whom? Was he thinking of

Shanti, the invalid, groaning on the verandah without? Or was he just thinking of the fragile palm that lay pressed in his?

"What have you to say of her, doctor?"

He queerly looked at her. A peculiarly sweet smile tapered on his lips.

"Don't call me doctor, Usha. A doctor's name is linked up with disease. Whenever I hear the word doctor, dirty images of humans in horrid ailments crop up before my mind. I don't like it always. Call me by my name."

"What have you to say of her, Sundar?"

"Now that's right!" he exclaimed and raised her hand to his lips.

"She's in mortal dread of the knife. So the best way is to send her away to some good sanatorium. She must live there for some years. There's a fine sanatorium at Madanapalli. There's a doctor by name Mr. Thomas Woodpeck, who's an expert in T. B. His guidance will be invaluable. I know him well."

"Is it absolutely necessary that she should be sent off?"

There was a ring of anxiety in her tone as she had uttered the above words. Usha in her heart always loved Shanti. She loved her because she was a cripple; because living, she shared so little of the pleasures of life. She was anxious not because Shanti had got to be sent far away, but because her brother might not agree to send her off, for it meant money. Usha loved Shanti. So she sincerely wanted that Shanti should be cured completely, that she should once again come back to life, healthy and lustrous. What she loved she couldn't see it bedridden a lifelong cripple. But would brother agree? She gazed at Sundar. "It's absolutely necessary, if you want her to live and recoup. She must live in a place where there's plenty of fresh air and a suitable climate. Here in this house your health will be ruined. She must be sent," he replied.

"Will you tell my brother what you told me now? You must convince him that his wife must be sent to the sanatorium,

You must somehow make him accede."

"Where's he?"

"He's out of the village. He'll be back in about two days."

"I'll tell him, Usha. I'll do all I can. You may rest assured on that score," he assured her.

"Is her condition very bad?"

"Not very; anyway not beyond recuperation. I am sure she'll come round. But it'll take time. The disease has taken much time to grow. It can't be washed away in an hour or a day. It may take an year or even too. But one thing; She'll most probably come round, and will be back here in the pink of health." He rose up from the chair, and stood before her, face to face.

"Now I'll make a move, Usha' And when shall we meet again?" She just gazed at him enquiringly. He went on; "I've a lot up my sleeves to tell you. Indeed a good lot."

"Tell me now."

"No, not here. Will you come to my house, I mean my consulting room? There we can sit and talk together,

undisturbed by anyone. Will you?"

He looked down at her. Her eyes said "yes", and she asked; "when?"

"This evening,."

"I'll."

For a moment, they crept into one another's arms, their lips glued together in a warming kiss. Sundar took his leather bag, smiled at her, and began his pace to the doorway.

"Sundar!"

"Yes, what's it this time?" he asked, having turned back.

There was a twinkle in her eye as she said: "Won't you take some cheese? You love it so much!"

"How do you know?"

"Who doesn't know in this village that you love cheese?"

"No, not that. Liking cheese or disliking is absolutely a private affair. How has it leaked into the public ears?"

"Don't worry, No one is discussing it on the public platforms yet. Everyone might be talking over it in the private bedrooms."

"Oh, it's outrageous! I love cheese, but I hate others to know that I love it."

"But don't waste time. The cheese is getting cold. I am off to get you some."

He darted and took her hand and stopped her.

"Thank you, Usha, But I can't eat it now."

"You must. I won't let you go unless you eat it."

"Most girls love to feed their men too much and kill them of indigestion. A culpable homicide!" He spouted out, but Usha wasn't there. She had gone in.

He went back to the chair and sat down. Thoughtfully he looked up at the ceiling, his fingers beating against the arms of the chair. In a couple of minutes he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. Usha's. And the plate in her hand forced him to burst out into a hastily-composed couplet;

What on earth is so sweet
and fine,

As the virgin-cooked cheese
of the village kine?

Promoting an Industry-The Scientific Way

BY

K. V. SUBBA RAO B.SC. (ENG.), A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.E.,

To all those hundreds of young men who are genuinely interested in doing something big by themselves and for themselves and their country, in this crisp short article K. V. Subba Rao, an industrialist that has been responsible for the promotion of a dozen companies, gives very valuable tips.

When an industry is decided to be promoted, a substantial amount of preliminary work has to be done. The person who is the first Promoter should make a thorough study of the industry in all its aspects. A few suggestions are given here as to the nature of preliminary work that has to be done.

The selection of the type of industry that has to be started is first decided on the knowledge that the first Promoter would have gathered. Then a market survey is to be made as to the number of Factories already existing in the Country producing the same variety of goods and their cost of production; the total demand in the Country and also the total supplies met by the existing fac-

ories in the Country and the extent to which Foreign Imports are meeting the demand, have to be studied and facts and figures have to be collected. It has also to be seen whether the supplies are more than the demand and whether there is heavy competition. Prices of the commodities at different centres at the time of starting the industry and also the average pre-war prices over a period of 10 years have to be tabulated both for the finished goods and the raw materials. From such facts and figures, a market report has to be prepared, from which the commercial aspects of the industry could be closely studied.

On the basis of the market reports, if a decision is reached

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that the industry should be pursued, it is then time for preparing a technical report. If the first Promoter is himself not an expert technical man, he should contact suitable Consulting Technologists either within the Country or abroad and obtain all the technical information as regards the type of machinery that is to be installed and the capacities of each unit from the point of view of developing an economic factory, and the consumption of water, steam and electricity, type and number of skilled personnel required, have to be obtained. Such Consulting Engineers are very few within our Country, but are available in well advanced Countries like England and America. The Technical Report has to be carefully scrutinized and after further discussion with the Technologist on consideration of the location of the plant and the availability of raw materials, suitable changes may be made in the machinery, plant and equipment.

Based on the technical report, quotations should be obtained from various firms manufacturing the particular machinery all

over the world. The Consultants will be able to advise from which firms quotations may be obtained. All the said quotations may then be scrutinized and an economic plant from the point of view of quality, efficiency and price may be selected.

A financial report has then to be prepared based on the commercial and technical reports. The total capital investment required for the industry can be judged from the technical report. The rest of the expenses such as preliminary expenses, brokerage, development expenses, administrative charges etc., can be estimated. A financial forecast for the operation of the industry has to be worked out, and the paying capacity of the Company has to be evaluated. The capitalization of the Company will then depend upon the paying capacity of the Company. In certain industries where the turnover is less than the capital investment, the paying capacity may be low. In such an event the capitalization in share capital may have to be reduced and alternative sources of financing the Company for the balance amount required have to be

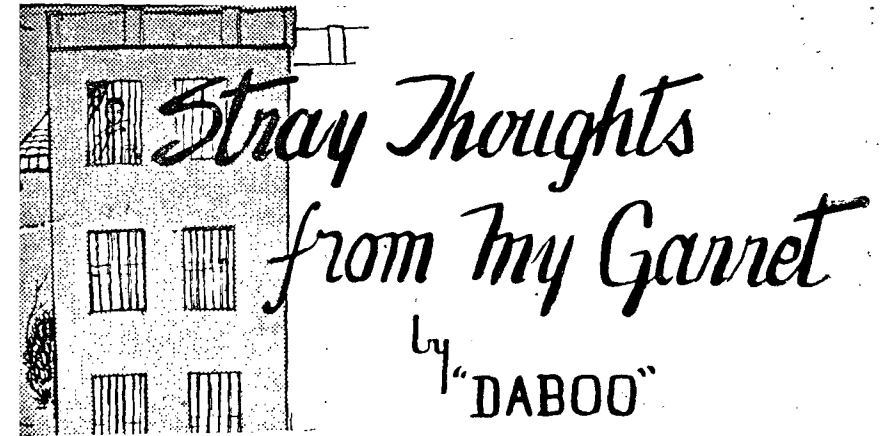
thought of. Towards this, a financial expert may be consulted and appropriate type of capitalization decided.

These three reports namely, Commercial, Technical and Financial Forecast will form the basic preliminary work for commencing the promotion of a Company. It will then be time for deciding upon the first Directors and proceed with the registration of the Company. Before the publication of the Prospectus, it might be advisable to purchase the necessary site for the location of the Factory, place orders for the machinery and also get subsidiary facilities conducive to the promotion of the industry so that by giving such facts in the Prospectus, the Promoters can gain the confidence of the investing public. Administrative expenses have to be cut down to the minimum till the Factory comes into operation. For the success of the industry, knowledge is as important as the machinery. As such, towards gathering the necessary knowledge for the successful operation of the industry, finance should be set apart liberally.

It may be noted here that it would always be found advisable and helpful if the key technical personnel are taken at the time of placing the orders for machinery so that mistakes may be avoided. Practical points in operation are of supreme importance and the technical personnel who actually operate the machinery will be better able to point out such important points than the high level consultants. It may mean a little extra expense, but it should be found well worth it considering that when once the Factory is erected, it will be extremely difficult to effect changes.

The first Promoter who is usually the administrative head of the industry has to prepare himself to shoulder the burden of managing the industry. He should have the necessary knowledge and ability to co-ordinate the various personnel and towards this, he should have a general idea of Company Law, Law of Contracts, Accounting systems, Office Organization, Factory Organization, Banking, Trade and Commerce as applicable to the

(Please turn to page 92)



Here I am, my dear friend, with the girl of three summers in my arms. I don't know why I like this child so much. I wonder what mysterious affinity drives me to fondle it. Perhaps you love the children of those whom you love. Perhaps my love for its mother makes me love it in a way. But am I really in love with its mother? I can't say as I don't know it for myself. Somehow the disease of love has never entered my vitals till now. I have never been love-struck or love-lorn. Cupid may be eternally shooting his proverbial arrows, but they pass me by. I stand unaffected by them.

Love! This word has always appeared a queer phenomenon

to my mind. Love on earth is temporal; its pleasures are transitory, its anguishes fleet by. Yet so many hunger for it, hanker after it. Thousands run mad in quest of this coquettish mirage that's love. The greatest love tragedies in literature have never touched my heart. Romeo and Juliet, Leila and Majnu—I greatly pity these popular lovers. What has been the result of their love but total, mutual extinction? If extinction be the end of love, then let me bid adieu to it. Love must create, it should sustain. Poor Romeo, ever standing under the window of his Juliet! Pitiful Majnu following his Leila through jungles and deserts, beating his chest and crying out her name like a lunatic! What

a huge waste of time and blood! I feel that he dies cheap who dies for a woman. Woman is the last thing on earth for which a man should die for.

Then what's there between me and this child? Why do I go in to raptures as I gaze at her shimmering eyes, as I catch the radiant smile that flits along her lovely baby lips? Strange as it may look, dear friend, I feel I love this girl because I couldn't love its mother. Or perhaps it is just that commonplace love which every human has for little children. The sight of Gandhi with a posse of children around him has always to my mind looked inspiring. Deep within us all is a child. We may grow old, toothless and outworn, but the child within us knows no growth. It continues the child it is through countless aeons of time. It fills us with the sport of life, it lets loose a fount of mirth and merriment and innocence.

When I think of a child, my friend, I cannot but recall what you wrote me sometime back. You said: "Insanity is creeping over your system. Otherwise how to explain your un-

natural longing for a child, when you so blatantly refuse to be a father, when you so rudely refuse to marry? Dear friend, I have seen many bachelors in my life. I have heard them asking for wives. But I have not seen any bachelors asking for children. The paternal instinct is a post-marital craving. When it takes hold of a man ere his marriage, either his instincts are misplaced in order or he's a lunatic." While I deny myself the oft-boasted pleasure of having a wife, why should society deny me the pleasure of having a child? I consider it unjust in the extreme. All my life I have been wanting a small girl of three summers, not an year more, mind you, nor less. I often, very often visualize myself going about the city with a child by my side. A small child sitting before me, smiling into my face; lisping words like a modern surrealist, which unlike the surrealist's words, fall sweet on our ears. What greater joy can we think of than this?

When I hold this child in my arms, I can't help thinking of its mother, of its father too. Hers was a fine name, Kusum

A woman just a little over twenty, she bubbled with youth. Hers was a life of dreams, dreams of serving her people, of putting her being in the service of the country. Sometimes very brief moments give rise to great events. History is full of them. It was one such brief moment that had thrown her in my path. We looked into each other's eyes. Our eye-lids jerked. Our hearts beat fast. And something rose from within, that primordial urge to meet and mate. And we met. We met now and then. We were together for a while. And now Kusum is no more before me. She is gone, far, far away to resume her duties.

As I hold the child in my arms, I think of Kusum. I ponder over the vast distance that separates her from me. I value her friendship greatly. She is a gay soul, full of purposeful talk, endowed with a pair of eyes that glitter with sincerity. What's more, in her presence you feel a human, the beastly elements leave your flesh and you tell yourself that ove Platonic is not as absurd as t is described to be by some ex-thirsty scribblers. Ever since

the first meeting, I wanted her. My system craved for her company, which being denied for sometime, dulled my senses and crippled my emotions.

I wonder today what after all has come out of our few days contacts. We talked; we told each other what each of us knew. We smiled, laughed and sauntered about. In the coolness of the night we used to chill the passions this flesh is heir to only to wake up at dawn into a world of rigid social laws and stark dogmas. Life couldn't go this way forever. Perhaps Kusum loves me. Perhaps I too love her. Perhaps I could have loved her. But somehow I feel our love could not blossom, could not grow because it was not fed when it much needed its quota of fare. Love is born of deep feeling. Deep feeling springs from intense interest which in its turn rises from constant contact. We did not meet enough to come nearer. We did not speak enough to creep together. We did not because we could not. And the thing went the other way. Feelings grew, and unfed at the ripe moment, they dulled, and the seeds of

love were forked up from the human soil and scattered ere they had germinated. Our love was nipped in the bud. It was nipped, cruelly, ruthlessly, with the monstrosity which humans alone could perpetrate.

In one of her letters said Kusum; "Today I am away. But my daughter is there behind, whom you can see as oftener as you wish. Greet her kindly. Take her into your arms. Let something of your affection flow towards her." And in a softer tone she continued: "My dear, I am alone in this world with that little kid. I don't know what the future has in store for her. I sometimes get

awfully worried about her. May I request you to do what all you can for my little child, so that she may grow up into a brave daughter of India?"

The child is there before me. It is a dynamic bundle of mischief and mirth. It lisps meaningless phrases, it laughs wildly and runs riot before my eyes. As I watch its innocent sport under my nose, the words of Kusum's letter crowd into my mind. I wonder what I should do for this tiny tot, and in sheer spiritual helplessness raise my hands and heave heavily at this eternal enigmatic miracle of life that persists, that moves and marches on.

(Continued from page 88)

particular industry and a general idea of the processes involved in the manufacture and the manipulations to be made on the machinery. Technical books and magazines dealing in a general manner on such subjects

are—available and could be secured and studied. Some time spent in studying these subjects, would be found very useful for the administrative head in successfully managing the enterprise.

* Tempo's Industry Section

THE MODERN LAUNDRY

By

S. V. ROW

S. V. Row, Managing Agent of The Madras Laundries Ltd., gives to the readers here an interesting peep into a modern laundry.

If we analyse the history of the peoples of the world, from the Stone Age to the Atomic Age, we find that it is nothing but a record of the struggles and achievements of the human race, to better the standard of living of mankind. As a result of these struggles, people in some countries made rapid progress, while others lagged behind. There was a time, when civilisation in the East was far superior to that in the West. But, as years rolled on, the West has taken the place of the East. So, we in the East of the present day, have to copy and learn many things from the West.

Under the existing conditions, if we take a look at our country, we cannot but come to the conclusion that our salvation lies in raising our standard of living. To bring about this change, a great

many things are required which are now engaging the active attention of our leaders. Chief amongst them—call it by whatever name you like—is that process or operation which minimises labour and gives you maximum efficiency and comfort. It is foolish to hope that we can have better living, if we ignore this basic fact. For instance, we made use of the antiquated bullock carts for all our transport purposes in olden days. If we continue to make use of them even now, in and out of place, for all purposes, refusing to use modern transports like the Railways and the Airways, can we ever hope to keep pace with the progressive nations of the world? Surely, we have to pay very dearly for this lack of progress, some day or other! This fact applies to every sphere of human

1947

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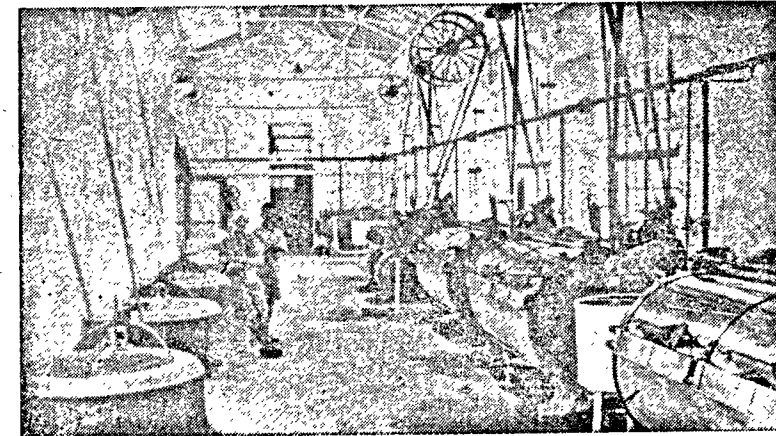
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activity, much so to the everyday necessities of life like food and clothing. Therefore the aim of the progressive people in our country should be directed to harness all resources at their command, to step up production of the necessities of life and make them last longer, by providing the requisite amenities. To achieve these ends, we have to make a judicious, systematic use of scientific methods and machines, with an unbiassed mind.

In India, it is really disconcerting to note, that scientific methods and machines, are least used for the prime necessities of life like food and clothing. This

lapse has been attributed to various causes; but be it as it may, the fact remains that our country has made little progress on scientific lines to improve the position of food and clothing. Now that India is coming into its own, it is time we start about arranging things in their proper perspective, in the future set-up of the country.

In the order of priority for future planning, cloth comes only next to food, which tops the list of necessities of life. To clothe the people in the country, properly, there must be adequate production of cloth and also provision for ways and means of making it more useful and last



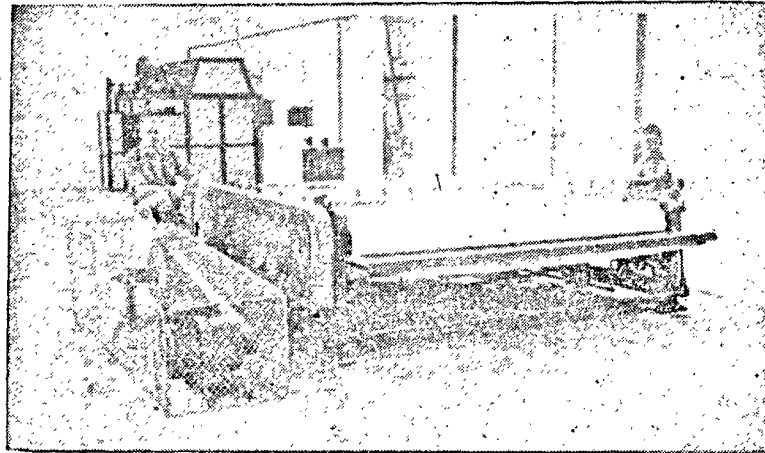
Washing Machines and Hydro-extractors.

longer. In this connection, the subject of the utility of modern laundries in India, butts in.

The Modern Laundry

The modern laundry consisting of a few machines, is designed to take care of soiled and contaminated clothes and clean them under hygienic conditions, in the shortest possible time by a series of mechanised operations, saving a great deal of tiresome labour and time. This scientific cleaning prolongs the life of the cloth and eliminates all chances of spreading infectious diseases through the channel of clothes. It is a common sight in our

country to see washermen beating clothes against stone slabs; washing in dirty pools of water; subjecting them to all kinds of strain and temperatures while wringing out water, drying and ironing; and storing in un-hygienic surroundings. All such operations which affect the life of the cloth and its wearer, are systematically and scientifically eliminated in modern laundries. The quickness with which cloth can be cleaned and made ready for use once again, has its own advantages, specially when cloth is scarce in the country. Above all, cleaning by modern laundries is comparatively



Roller ironing machine with a small drying room in the background.

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cheaper than the old, out-worn methods.

Knowing that the modern laundry is one which does one of the essential services in the country for its people a proper understanding of the subject is bound to make it popular, sooner or later.

The process of washing: The process of modern laundry washing and cleaning as has been said before, consists of a series of mechanised operations. Firstly, clothes are placed into the washing machine and the machine is set in motion. Inside the machine, the clothes are thoroughly washed in a solution of soap. Sometimes, a little disinfectant and washing soda are also added to the rinsing solutions. After a few minutes, the dirty water is drained off with any sediment that may be present. Again the machine is flooded repeatedly by soap solution and fresh water, twice or thrice, as occasions demand, until the washing operation is completed. The machine possesses mechanical devices which also ensure a steady stream of water and steam impinge on to the surface and penetrate

through the clothes. The clothes next go into the Hydro Extractors, where the water from the clothes is taken out without wrenching or wringing them. This process prevents any damage being done even to delicate fabrics. Then the clothes are passed on to the drying room, where they are made to hang and travel along a slowly moving conveyer inside the room. The drying room is provided with apparatus which enables an even regulated temperature (according to requirements) to be maintained inside and ensures a current of dry air emanating from steam heated grill radiators. The humidified air is continuously changed by means of pressure blowers. The dried clothes are automatically delivered at one end of the room. They are next fed into scientifically designed roller ironing machines for flat ironing. Those requiring special forms of ironing are taken to different unit machines. At this stage, some garments require the human hand for ironing some parts. Lastly, the finished and folded clothes are given to

(Please turn to page 103)

LOVE'S SWEET INTERLUDE

My heart is linked with Thee . . .
 Ever since that eve . . .
 That divine law of coincidence
 When winged Cupid cast his arrows
 The lucid mind is wandering,
 Steal not my heart-noble . . .
 Oh! Love that binds noble minds
 Why hast thou immersed me?
 The throbbing heart beats wild
 Torture not, sweet moonlight!

Your name is a charming balm
 The very memory is magnetic.
 What's life without you?
 What is joy unshared by you?
 The seed of love planting well
 Deep down in bosom's inmost recesses.
 Where lies the throne of God, for
 It's the poet's heart where chants
 Urania on the viewless wings of Muse
 A radiant Light illuminating universes.

— SARASAVANI DEVI,

LUCKNOW, 1944.



CONDUCTED
 BY
 Miss Surekha

INDIA CRY FOR A LEADER!

Look above. Look below.
 Look around. Everywhere you
 find murder, massacre. Every-
 where you find blood, shining
 red on unsheathed knives and
 swords. Every where you find
 man killing man, brother stab-
 bing brother and mother murder-
 ing the child.

• What has come over the world?
 Young, brave and patriotic Aung
 Sang, the thirty-two year old
 Burman leader, the voice of that
 nation, to-day lies assassinated
 and washed out of the face of
 earth. Nearer home you find
 an attempt on Sir C. P's life.
 Every day the newspapers are
 full of assassinations and attempts
 at them.

This feature is the mono-
 poly of Miss Surekha. She
 writes on what she likes
 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.

After a bloody six years total
 war of tons of blood and un-
 precedented destruction, when
 cities disappeared like house
 flies in the atomic mist of cruel
 science and war time inventions,
 we seem to have landed into an
 era of peace on which has fallen
 the shadow of brutal sadism.
 Everywhere there is a war on; a
 war around us and in us that
 will perhaps never end. A war
 that will never end until proud

man, who has learnt to fly in the air, swim in the seas also knows to walk on the earth. The human hearts seem now to have gone dry and stonish. And mankind has landed in a Eliot-tion desert from which there will be no emerging unless man loves man, until hatred yields place to love and stabbing yields place to salubrious settlement.

Let's take our India. We are going to be free, absolutely free in a few days now. We are all asked by the Congress leaders to celebrate the fifteenth of August, enjoy that day when we become free in word and deed. I liked the news. I recently went about the city of Madras, looking at my fellow men and women. After 150 years of bondage and thralldom, India is free, independent! Oh, what a joy, what an ineffable joy should the people exhibit? How one should expect the forty crores to dance in the streets, to foxtrot on the pavements and greet one another, faces lit with full blown smiles. laughs and guffaws! But, begad, what did I find? The people seem to have gone to widow's weeds. We were surely smiling in slavery. But, alas, with

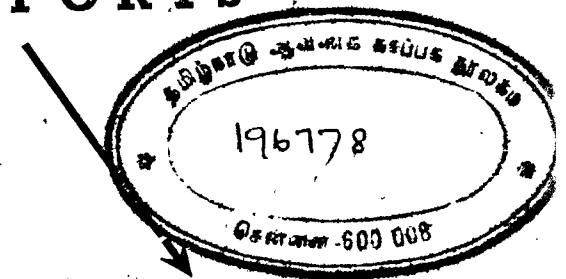
slavery are gone our smiles too. No one seems to be thrilled by the thought of India being free. None of us Indians. Not even the Muslims who have had their Pakistan. Why? Why this mourning atmosphere, when we should all sing gaily, chat merrily and dance daintily? Why this total, national mourning?

We have got freedom. We are unable to celebrate the occasion of our freedom, because it is not the freedom we have fought for. It is not the freedom for which Gokhale and Tilak toiled. It is not the freedom for which Kasturba was martyred in the palace of Agha Khan. It is not the freedom for which countless men, women and children of our Indian soil, suffered and sweated and sacrificed. A divided, torn-up and mutilated graveyard that's India is generously presented to us to rule as we desire. A horrid graveyard! A whole country hacked to pieces and mince-meated to fragments. And in these torn bits are yet going on atrocities, violence is running unbridled. Riots and rapes are spreading from place to place, from street to street, from house to house,



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from heart to heart. Even innocent, ignorant babies are getting infested with the communal virus, getting infested with the virus that fills the elders. Humanity, as the country itself, is getting torn into sections and sects, castes and communities, and is being pigeon-holed accordingly. This fragmented graveyard of India is free, will be free on the fifteenth of August. How should we celebrate that historic occasion other than in the manner in which we are doing now by turning it right into a day of mourning?

No one's voice has in recent times become so much a cry in the wilderness as the voice of Mahatma Gandhi. His cries of love, nonviolence and *Ahimsa* are falling flat on the men stalking this fragmented graveyard. The veil of obscurity is fast falling on the Mahatma. His day of retirement seems to have come, and come very much near.

Our leaders are hardly leading us. They are being led away

into arid deserts of verbiage and power. Today no country in the world is so badly in need of a right leader as India. Will Nehru rise to the occasion and shoulder the responsibility? Will Jai Prakash mobilize the people behind him and go ahead as the maker of a nation? The masses look around, look hungrily, for one to lead them. Who will emerge to lead them? Who will emerge to rehabilitate the free, fragmented graveyard and reshape it into the India of Asoka's golden era? Who will arise to put a stop forthwith to the present all-round violence and bloodshed and stabbings with a greater violence, if need be, and usher in an era of easy civilian life, shrewd economy and useful public service? Who will arise?

The womb of time is too dark to give us a glimpse of the coming leader. But the leader will come as the necessary product of the historic conditions under which India is groaning today.

SAYINGS OF SUREKHA

God makes man. Man kills man.

In America they laugh when they are happy and weep when they are sad. In India today, we struggle between laughter and tears.

A goonda's path is full of blood-red roses.

A leader's path is full of blades and bullets.

The goonda stabs and is safe.

The leader is stabbed and he succumbs.

The world is a slaughter-house and life is a vast slaughter. You murder the others if you are in company, and you suicide if you are alone.

Chappals thrown at Ministers, if collected and wisely auctioned, enrich the Exchequer.

You can spot the blackmarket, but not the blackmarketeer.

(Continued from page 97)

garment presses, for gently compressing them, before finally wrapping in paper to be made ready for delivery.

Treatment of woolen clothes which require dry cleaning, and handling of delicate fabrics like silk for washing and cleaning, are also done in an equally scientific way by different kinds of machines, with which also the Modern Laundries will be equipped.

Thus the whole business of the Modern Laundry will mini-

mise labour and cost of washing and cleaning wearing apparel, while prolonging the life of cloth, under absolutely hygienic conditions.

So, when people realise the necessity of modern laundries in the country, an urge for establishing them all over sets in, and properly trained men who have studied the subject to meet the demand will arise. This is my prophesy and only the future will show, whether it will come true or not.



FILM NEWS

Hindustan Kalamandir Ltd

The film "Azadi ki rah par" is said to be fast nearing completion. It is expected to be ready for release in two months now. While the producers have already secured the blessings of great leaders like Nehru, Dr. Patabhi and Pandit Pant of U. P., they at the moment seem to be keenly and eagerly waiting for the blessings and support of some well known distributors.

Wahab Productions

The romantic life of a gypsy girl played by the Indian screen's most popular star Begum Para is being depicted in Wahab's "Shahnaz". Amir Bai

Karnatki is rendering some wonderful songs for this film. Directed by Shaikh Hassan, the film promises to be a good entertainer.

Kashmir Films

India's struggle for freedom is being brought to the screen in Kashmir Films most spectacular and thrilling film "Ahimsa". Navan Yagnik, the well known star, is one of the Co-producers of the film.

Firdaus Art Productions

Their maiden production "Shanti" is awaiting release in the key centres of the North. The cast in this film is composed of a band of new-comers who do not seem to promise much when

one looks at their faces from the stills published in the papers.

Ranjit Movietone

Ranjits have always been speed-masters. They should drive out of the studios as many pictures as they can in as little time as possible. The quality of the picture does not count with them. So many films are now being driven off to the screen like a pest of locusts. "Lakhon Main Ek"; "Jalan"; "Phoolwari" etc.

Sri Jagadish Films

Y. V. Rao, who is always flaunted out as the producer-cum-director-cum-actor (which often reminds one of fallen Prakasam's Producers-cum-consumers cooperative societies,) is reported to be working like a machine in hastening the completion of the pictures "Ram-dass" and "Jagannath Pandit". While we congratulate Y. V. on his mechanical speeding up of the completion, we only wonder



Looks like a tense scene for Vanamala, Prithviraj and Jairaj in "Azadi ki rahpar"

if any distributors care to run to buy up the films for exhibition. In the past we have known of many films that have been produced which have been stored in the tins, awaiting the foot-steps of a never—coming exhibiter.

• Jani Bros.,

"Khidmatgar" a story dealing with hospitals and hostels is said to be going on, the cast composed of a set of amateurs and unknown and unheard of persons. The director's name too is as unknown as the name of the film itself.

• Tara Chaudhri's Recent performance at St. Mary's

Of late Tara Chaudhri has been touring about the South giving a string of performances. It should be very shocking to the readers of Tempo to hear that her recent performance at the St. Mary's hall turned out to be an utter flop. The spectators were absolutely unimpressed by her dance recitals and one actually felt like leaving the hall when she was rendering into dance a cheap song of the film world "aduvame, paduvame" from the film "We two". Uday Shankar who had come to the



Apparently out to challenge Shukla at sweeping is Geeta Desai in Navhind's "Hari-Mandir"

performance with his wife and child, perhaps at request, shrewdly saved himself from Saridon by leaving the hall before interval time. In the wake of Uday went out the Travancore sisters.

Credit for giving a touch of relief to the floppish show should go to Chellappa, who proved himself to be far superior to Tara Chaudhri or to anybody in her troupe. Chellappa, Gopinath's disciple, did the Snake Charmer's dance splendidly. His Peacock Dance was glorious and mystifying. He verily gave the spectators strength to sit through the boredom splashed out by the other pompous dancers.

SOUTH INDIAN SCREEN

Kamal Productions

Their mythological "Mahatma Udangar" is progressing well. The cultured and the educated have already lost their taste for ridiculous pictures of this like. But the producers hope to hit at the box well as the picture is sure to enliven the front-benchers

Chatrapathy Films

Chatrapathy's "Radhika" is said to be ready for release.

Yet one wonders why it is not being released. Is it because that no one is coming forward to take up its distribution? We hope the producers will shed some light on this.

The Chitrakala Movietone Ltd.

With exciting situations, punctuated with melodious songs is this glorious picture "Thainad" which is soon to be censored. Preparations are almost complete to release the

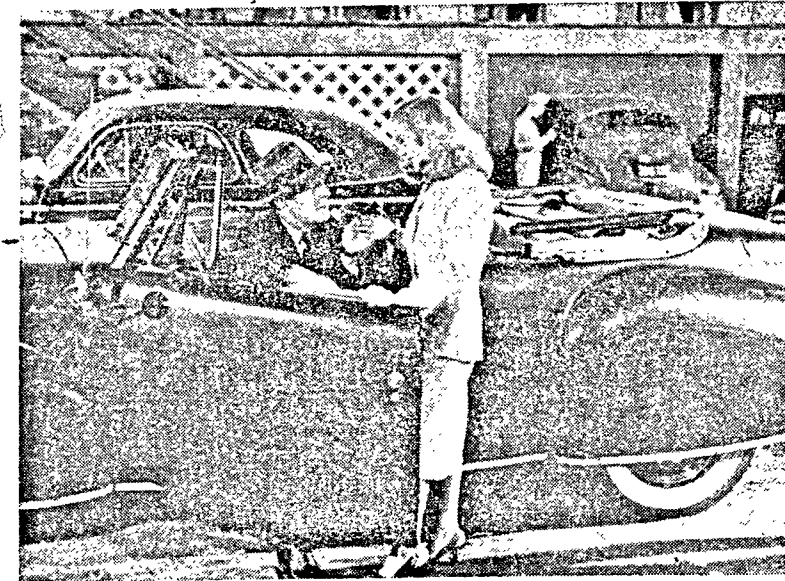


Tara Chaudhari whose recent performance at St. Mary's turned out to be very unimpressive!

(Continued from page 106)

present of India to the men of Moscow? Why should there be a civil war in India if the differing elements could be screened off by partition walls? If Nehru and Jinnah could be made into friends of empire with all their quarrels, the Englishmen could do it after all, the two legs of the pant could hang together and hang separately, provided the management of the buttons was, in the deft British hands. It is the policy of a wisely written new testament of love and confidence effecting compromise between virtue and vice, between idealism and realism, between sentiment and reason, between demand and concession. The Hindu mind is not quite happy, I know. If at the same time as they are getting independence, the Hindus are loosing a part of their country to the Muslim why? It is because they have not done their job thoroughly. They have been forced to compromise with imperialism and let it make compromise for them with its protege of the Muslim League. The Hindu

nation—let me permit myself the use of a phrase of Mr. Jinnah—can still have its revenge through reunion, by force or voluntarily. The sacred urges of sentiment, the imperious needs of defence the inexorable demands of economics, the powerful factors of common nationality now temporarily suppressed by false religion, all will render reunion possible and inevitable. The future is not on the lap of the Gods but of ourselves. But only let us not forget the architect and the Engineer that laid the foundations and fashioned the structure. I quite see that Gandhi's heart is not quite in the present tangled business of extravagant compromise and unreasonable concession by the Nehrus and the Azads, but he is a wise man who bows his head to the passing storm and let us hope Gandhi, who has brought us independence, will also bring us back the union, and let us also hope that it will be by the use of the same well-tried specific of non-violence.



Humphrey Bogart and Elizabeth Scott in "Dead Reckoning"

(Continued from page 107)

picture shortly in all centres of the South and one should well expect this film to be a bumper success.

OUR FILM REVIEW

GOLLABHAMA : Telugu film.

Producers : Sobhanachala

Cast : Krishnaveni, Raghu-ramaiah and Anjali Devi etc.,

Director : C. Pullayya

Released at Crown and Sagar through the Pioneer & Jayakumar Films.

Cucumber-faced Krishnaveni, the resounding misfit Raguramiah and awkward Anjali Devi joined together in making this film as rotten as possible under the Mirazpur banner, and the Pioneer and Jayakumar Films has onerously taken up the task of thrusting this filmic nonsense on the citizens of Madras.

The story is something that is meaningless, the direction does not speak of any merit, the photography is as bad, as the

filmgoers who saw former films of this Studio, are used to.

Krishnaveni tried her best to do something creditable, but could do nothing more than jerking her eyelids countless number of times and had proved that she was beyond all improvement.....A greater misfit than Raghuramiah could not have been chosen to play the romantic hero in this film. His face does not speak of any sense of romance. For all purposes he is one that recedes into the side-corners when a woman looks at him twice. That such a man should have been pitchforked into a very romantic role is



Krishnaveni in "Gollabhama"

something that baffles imagination (of the filmgoers, please; and not the producers!)

Awkward Anjali danced voluptuously, had become the human medium through which the producers communicated the vulgarity to the gutter film fans.

If one is genuinely interested in the improvement of the Indian films, certainly here is a film which one should scrupulously avoid to attend.

IS IT TRUE ?.....

That Tara Chaudhri has decided to pitch her tent permanently at Madras, Lahore being



Anjali Devi in "Gollabhama"

Roller ironing machine with a small drying room in the background.



Just a misplaced kiss between Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell.

too unsafe a place for the cultivation of fine arts?

That she has now ceased to hunger for the applause of the Americans and the Russians, and has been finding pleasure in the clappings of the Chettiars and Mudaliars of Madras City -

That having no serious political role to play, Dr. Pattabhi is well utilizing his leisure by visiting Studios and cinema-houses?

That Prakasam's daily paper is going to visit the readers in a few months and that unlike his previous Swaraj daily, it will be run on more sounder commercial lines?

That promoters of chain-news papers like Goenka or and Dalmia

are much worried over the agility of all famous writers starting their own papers, thereby denying them the opportunity of exploiting the country's journalistic talents?

That Omandur P. Ramaswamy Reddiar, Premier of Madras, had met Mahatma Gandhi at Delhi, on a day when it happened to be a day of silence for both, and both the august leaders were much impressed by the unbroken silence?

That Omandur's activities are now strictly confined to inaugu-



Glen Ford and Janis Carter in Framed

rating hotels and mutts and his address while opening the Nehru Hotels was so inspiring that all the sweets and savouries were sold off?

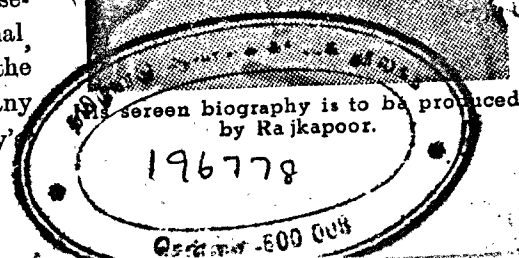
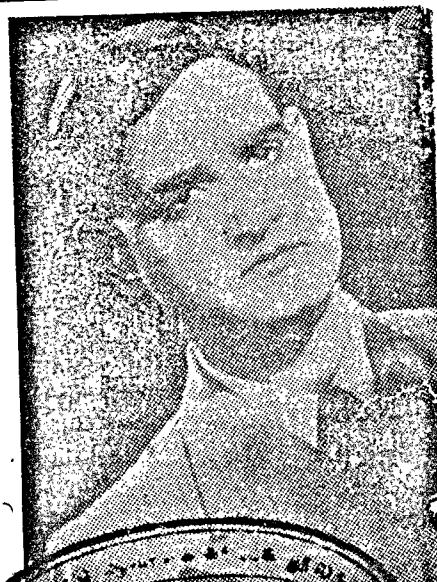
That the veteran, fire-brand Hallet-smasher Journalist of Lucknow K. Rama Rao, has well nigh completed plans to start an English daily of his own at Bezwada and is out to throw a challenge by sheer force of his vitriolic pen to the proprietors of chain-newspapers linotyping smugly on the banks of the Cooum?

That the film stars of "Balaramaju" of Balaramiah brand are worried about the payments of their salaries, which are rumoured to be overdue for some months now?

That many journals have decided not to take and publish any advertisement from the film companies, unless the full charges are paid up in advance, for by the time the advertisement appears in the journal, there is every likelihood of the name-board of the film company being auctioned off by Murray?

That Nagiah has now decided to retire from the screen world and walk back to his village of birth and settle down to a steady life of agriculture and alms-giving?

That ever since the day of Sarojini Naidu's ringing tribute "that Subbulakshmi is not an interpreter of Meera but Meera herself", the orthodox public of the North have suddenly shed off their centuries respect and veneration to that saintly, singing siren Meera Bai?



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