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TEMPO

Independence Number

SEPT. 47

The Magazine that hits

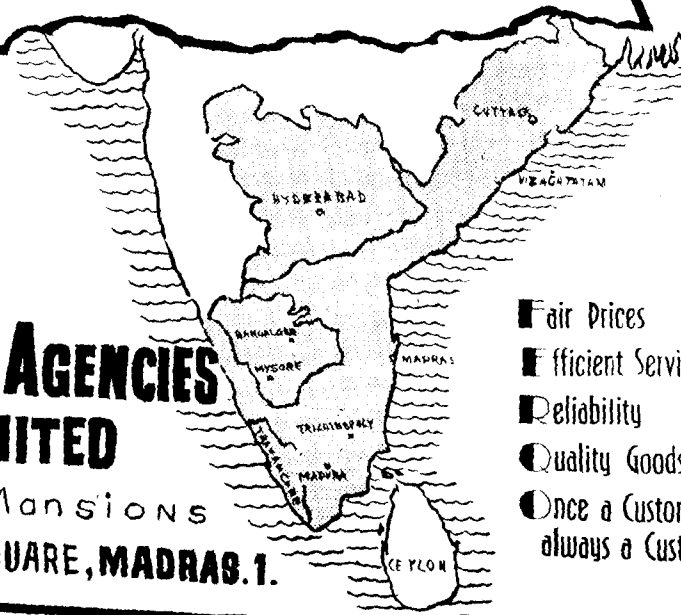


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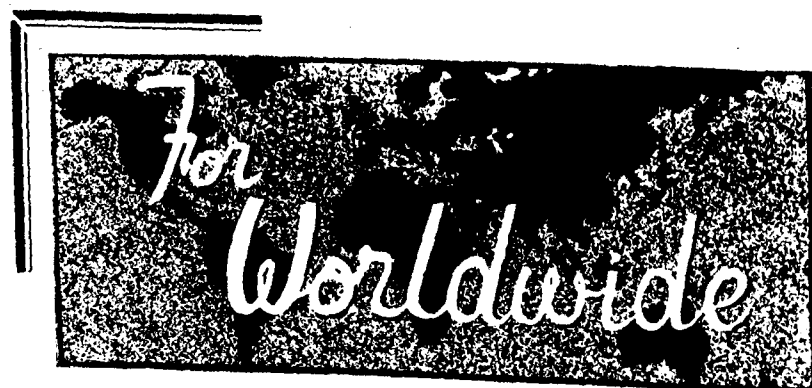
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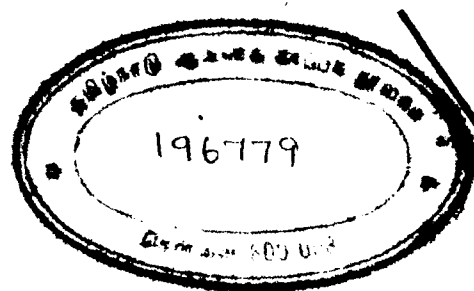
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Vol. I

September 1947

No. 4

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Editor & Publisher

K. R. RAO

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Editorial & Executive Offices:

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Now we are free——
But where's the bread for me?



—BY—
EDITOR TEMPORAO

The electric bulbs shone bright at Connemera. It was the night of 14th August, and in the words of lyrical Nehru, "At the stroke of midnight when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom." It was past nine.

Men and Women fled past on the fine, glistening floor in soundless steps. Glasses clicked. Coins rumbled. Smoke spread out. And laughter rent the roof. There was activity all around you there was activity in you too. India in a few hours, in just three hours more, would rise to life and freedom.

On the breast of every living being lay the national flag. Englishmen took a peculiar pride in wearing it with a greater gusto than many of the Indian brethren. It was an inspiring flag. It was the flag of freedom.

Freedom for one and all, to every nation, small or big. It was the flag that waved majestically on the plane that had flown Vijaya-laxmi Pandit to Moscow. It was the flag of a New India, just born, but prodigiously wise with the culture of a thousand years and endowed bountifully from Manu to the Mahatma.

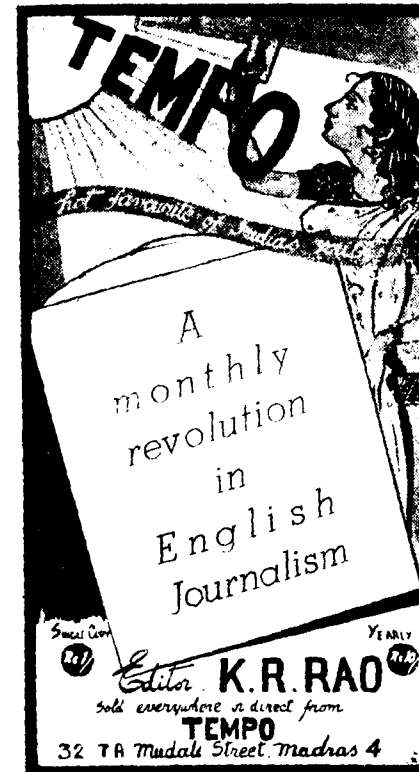


The father of
Pakistan and
the first
Governor
General of the
Dominion of
Pakistan
H. E.
M.A. Jinnah

In the spacious secluded room on the first floor of Connemera, a fellow patriot unfurled the glittering silk flag. We all stood up and saluted it. I was one of those 350 millions of men, women and children that saluted it. We all bowed to it, for there was something of you and me in it. It was ours.

We shouted "Jai Hind". We rivalled one another in smiles.

But as I looked away from the flag, down the balcony, across the shadowy lawns that were dimly lit whereon sat mute couples smoking pleasantly, out of the gloom rose and stood on the screen of my mind an endless cavalcade of men, women and children that had died to see the birth of this flag. Salute the flag! But salute those shapeless patriotic ashes from which rose the flag of our country, of our Dominion.



What
They
Say
of
TEMPO!

* "We gladly bid welcome to this new venture from Madras, edited by Mr. K. R. RAO and we have no doubt, with a better understanding between what is intelligent and what is merely clever, the magazine will soon find many discriminating readers."

— *Bombay Chronicle.*

* "K. Rama Rao has a readable article on India's constitutional developments of the future. The issue also includes several other contributions on economic, cultural and artistic themes."

— *The Hindu.*

* "And other articles on current topics and short stories provide interesting reading."

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* "The articles which cover a wide range of subjects are by writers with close knowledge of their theme..... These together with some fiction make TEMPO very interesting reading."

— *Swatantra.*

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Let's not forget that this freedom has grown on the graves of a thousand brave hearts, of a hundred martyred souls. It needs an Emile Zola to unfold to the world the terrific saga of the battle for freedom, initiated, conducted and steered to victory by our leaders, past and present.....

Thrilling pictures flitted rapidly through my mind, as I viewed back the freedom struggle in retrospect. The Rani of Jhansi, the heroic and momentous battles of the 1857 at Cawnpore, Gwalior and Lucknow; Queen's Victoria's pompous proclamation; The rise of orator Surendranath who thrilled one and all with the force of his tongue; The birth of the Congress and the arrival of Tilak; Annie Beasant's Home rule movement; The shameful Rowlatt Act, arrest of the Mahatma; The never to be forgotten horrors of the Jalinwala Bagh when men were hanged to the trees and pregnant women were made to crawl along the roads; The Simon Commission and the "Go back, Simon" cries of the millions; The non-co-operation movement of Gandhi, the historic Dandi March; The occasional splits in the Congress, C. R. Das and his



His power is increasing day by day.

Swaraj Party; The Round table Conferences, the journey to England of Gandhi and Malaviya; The World War II, Gandhi's individual satyagraha, The Cripps offer, and the immortal deeds of the heroes of '42 August, September and October when the country was strewn with the smashed bones of its youth; When all the great sons and daughters were shut behind prison bars... and the birth of the Interim Government...



Members of the cabinet of Indian Dominion.

All these memorable pictures paraded in my mind. As they faded in their places rose the heroes of the day those distinguished men and women that have borne the brunt of the struggle and are yet living with us, that are yet with us at the dawn of freedom...

Nehru, the jewel of India, the hope of thirty five crores of Indians, the rising beacon light of the Asiatic nations, a zealot that had spent the major portion of his lifetime behind prison bars and yet could sing that hard, iron bars did not make a prison house.....Nehru, the architect of free India and the first Premier of the Indian Dominion, with a population about one fifth that of the whole world.....

Patel, steely and unflinching Patel, with that frightful, zig-raged and wrinkled face of his, with the halo of Bardoli around his seasoned visage... Rajen Babu, the mild gentleman whose strength is as immense as the plains of Hindustan, C. R. with his dark glasses, and his unassuming smile, Prakasam, with his sparkling dress, thunderous like a lion,...and Sarojini, with whose



Leader of the Asiatics, and the first premier of the Dominion of India.

poetry the down of freedom way-ed and soared in the firmament of fantasy, freedom and music...

Yes, these are all there with us, unfurling flags, unveiling portraits of fallen heroes, singing madrigals of the thousands of brave comrades that had been martyred to witness this dawn of full fledged freedom....

And above all these, there was yet that old, toothless man with his eternal smile. Mahatma Gandhi, a great saint that stalked across the excretion heaped fields of Noakhali in concrete human form and carried to every home, hamlet and heart the message of the Nameless, the Shapeless... Gandiji, the soul of India in flesh and blood...

I turned back, back into the brightly lit room of Connemera on the first floor. On the table in front of me swayed the flag of freedom, of free India. And my whole being surged up in a spiritual salute to that flag, and something murmured from within my depths: "I, one of the thirty five crores salute this flag of my land. I bow to it. Let it be the flag of freedom, not for us alone,

but for everyone breathing on this earth. Let it, wherever it goes, carry with it the torch of light, sprinkle out the aroma of freedom and splash out the doom of slavery and bondage.

The lambs flickered. Hands clapped. Faces glittered with flaming bites of laughter. Eyes sparkled brighter than lights. Some old long crippled spirit of man seemed to have been liberated, and around you and in you there was the dance and rhythm of those emancipated from the gripping chains.....

"Long Live The Indian Dominion"

"Inquilab Zindabad"

"....."

FREE INDIA WAS BORN
WE ARE A FREE NATION.

* * *

Emergency Modesty—"Men in a fire are more modest than women."—William Fitzgerald, American Fire Chief.

Only a Shave Needed—"London seems to me like a big fine man who is not ill but needs a shave."—Philip Barry, American playwright.

TEMPO

Interviews

UDAY SHANKAR



UDAY SHANKAR

Many years back, I remember, it was at Benares that I had first seen him dance. He had come down then from his school of dancing at Almora with his troupe in which were such sparkling dancers like Simkie. He had danced before a packed house and thrilled it by his expressive sequences.

Uday is a charmer *par excellence*. He charms you with the looks in those thoughtful eyes of his, his modest appearance, his golden sheened body. Dressed in a silk *khurta* and a *shurwal*, he is a glorious sight for the gods.

At forty seven he commonly passes for a cultured boy of less than twenty-five. His physique, so finely developed and maintained seems to have won over age.

"Kalpana is a psychological study, a back to nature theme that contains about 83 sequences of dances," said Uday. Its length

would be limited to 12000 feet and it would simultaneously, for the first time, be released in fifty theatres of India. Kalpana's production cost has shot up abnormally and shooting has been going on for the past three years. At last now it has been completed.

If you ask him how he has come to love dancing so much, Uday Shankar just laughs and says he does not know it himself. Son of an ex-Minister of Udaipur, young Uday had gone to England where he finished a four years course at the Royal College of Arts in two years and secured his R. C. C. degree. It was there in the West that he took to this dancing. And his return to India culminated in his becoming a full-fledged dancer.

Uday toured extensively. He had toured Europe and America, but did not visit Russia because he could not. Though he was

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September 1947

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not a politician, he was refused passport to visit Russia with the arresting remark: "You may be a dancer, interested in spreading art and culture. That is exactly the reason why you should not go there." He had given numerous performances in America, and feels that he knows more about America than the Americans themselves. "In art, culture and drama we are far more advanced than America and there is nothing that we have got to learn from them. If people say they are to go to America to learn it is only to bluff their own brethren," said Uday.

Uday speaks German, French, Italian and English, his mother tongue being Bengalee. He finds Tamil rather difficult to learn and his attempts at mastering the language did not go beyond *Inga va and Aunga po*.

"What do you think of the English dancing?"

"There is absolutely no comparison between our dancing and theirs. Their dancing is the result of their culture, as ours is the fruit of our culture. We should not sneer at their dancing for as world citizens it is our

duty to understand and appreciate their art as well."

Though Uday to the casual observer looks apparently out of from the political activities of his country, Uday takes a very live interest in the progress of his motherland.

"Do you think we have gained real freedom?" my query.

"Real freedom can be attained only through a proper system of education and by the creation of a proper atmosphere. The whole basis of the present system of society should be altered and a thorough reformation should be brought about. Our society must become essentially natural. No doubt it will take a long time. Mahatma Gandhi, Nehru and many others are conscious of it and are working for it. Perhaps our grand children might attain real freedom," observed Shankar with alacrity.

Uday looks upon the South with respect. For here was born *Kathakali* and *Bharatnatyam*. In the South the arts are still held in veneration and artistes are still held high, and what's more in the South you have a comparatively abiding peace, in

which atmosphere one could cultivate the fine arts.

India, in spite of the now shattered chains that once tied her up, produced many great personalities. In the field of dancing, it has given us such stalwart-like Uday Shankar, Gopinath and Ram Gopal and the late Menaka, who in her days was hailed India's Pavlova. Uday's school at Almora became a sort of pilgrim centre for all lovers of dancing.

But for a while his school has to be suspended. And now all eyes are on the coming international dance classic "Kalpana".

To end with the words of Gopinath, another great devotee at the altar of dancing: "Uday is one of the greatest dancers of India. He carried the name of India overseas and secured for her a place topping those of the other countries."

Our Front Cover

The two angels that decorate our front cover this time are the talented Travancore Sisters.

For an exclusive interview with them, see the next issue of TEMPO.

REFLECTIONS On Independence

By

K. RAMA RAO

*Formerly Editor of
"The National Herald"
Lucknow*



I am no poet, though I attempted a lot of indifferent Telugu and English versification in the exuberance of youthful fancy. I am a prosaic citizen, a careless Hindu and an undistinguished journalist. Yet these being the times that stir men's souls, I feel I must reflect on the consequences of the changes, vast and momentous, that are sweeping over the constitutional landscape of India.

To begin at the beginning, I had never expected this freedom so soon, though any student of history could have foreseen Britain's fall as the calamitous consequence of a Saturnalia of six long years. Watchman,

what of the night? We used to ask once. Friend, what of the day that has dawned? We ask now.

What are our new duties, our responsibilities, even as we have got our new rights and new privileges? Let us shake off the fears and agonies of centuries. The Hindu mind requires the inoculation of a new philosophy. Let us roll up the *sastras* and *puranas*. They will not fit into the new age. Why are we celebrating our emancipation with creeping feet and blinking eyes? Fear, again fear. Fear of the past, fear of the unknown. The tyranny of dreadful experiences benumbs our mind and intelli-

gence. The paralysis of inaction has been with us too long.

Why are we afraid of Pakistan? Why has it diluted the wine of our enjoyment? This hobgoblin is really a little thing. We can account for it in five years. I predict—either reunion or disappearance is its early fate. A strong India is but the enemy of a Pakistan that can never be independent in the real sense of the term and can never be financially or militarily strong to overrun us or sustain itself.

Turning to the foreign field, I would follow a policy that will commit this country to nothing that will not make for peace. Give me twenty years of peace and I shall make India great. This means we shall do all we can to ensure world peace. Not that I believe it is ever possible. I see UNO crumbling before me; I see the Truman doctrine's mischief spreading in a futile way. I see Russia mighty and puissant, spreading now her tentacles all over the continents. We are not a capitalist country, neither are we Communist. So we shall have to cut it rather

fine between the differing ideologies and systems. It is difficult, delicate and colossal task but we must succeed. We shall do nothing to precipitate Armageddon, but once we are in it, we shall go through it till we are on the winning side.

What does this mean? This involves that we as a people share in the fruits of freedom equitably. We rectify the wrongs and correct the angularities of our social economy, partly of ancient designing and partly accretion of ages. Half the battle is won when the mind is rid of the manifold tyrannies that are oppressing it. We want justice, justice for all; not man's law which the British have revelled in giving us. We have had enough of faith; we want the reign of reason. We take too much as established and pre-ordained. We shall no longer do it. We shall break down all that is vicious. Social opinion is a lame dog that cannot negate the stiles of ancient usage. We have to legislate daringly and execute boldly. If a thing is evil and against the general good why wait for a hundred vested interests, a thousand pandits and

a million sluggards to express their opinion? We shall legislate ourselves out of ancient anarchy and morbid and sterilising custom. Manu was splendid in his day. After centuries the Hindus are once again free to have their own parliaments, mostly homogeneous. We want a new Hindu Code, which will make caste illegal, marriage laws more reasonable, property rights less easily inheritable, wealth more widely distributable. The laws ordaining women's present lot shall go. There shall be no double standard of morality.

The economic problem of India is the problem more of production and less of distribution. There must first be enough to distribute. I would try out the present apparatus of production before I condemn it. I would not plump in straight for Socialism unless I am sure that the national conscience has been quickened to the required level, unless I am sure I have the rightly trained bureaucracy which is the steel frame of Socialistic functioning. Produce wealth first; right distribution will follow. I however immediately get about four things: food for all. Cloth for

all, houses for all, and education for all. This is not really full blooded Socialism. Most capitalist countries have accepted these four cordial principles of State policy. England before the war, used to pay fifty million pounds a week to stave off the social revolution; and England was not a Socialist country at all, not even now with Labour in power. Are these difficult ideals to achieve? We have the material resources, we have the man-power, all at the door. If the choice is between the execution of this four-fold programme and social revolution most of the have-nots will agree at once it will be a mercy for them to be let alone at this stage.

In good old days Independence meant mere political independence and very little beyond that. If a country was left to govern itself, it was free. That is to say, if an Englishman ruled over an Englishman (even if he were a naturalised German prince) he called it self-rule. If you call that the full content of independence to day, you ask for the sneers and contempt of mankind. What does it matter to me if I

(Continued on page 32)



Awast
BHARANI'S

Ratnamala

BHANNIMATHI, C.S.K., D-SUBBARAO
ANANI NAGESWARARAO, NEMALATHI

NEW TONE

Devotion JAMAKRISHNA, *Devotion* Subbarao, *Devotion* NEMALATHI, *Devotion* SUBBARAMAN
Bharani, Nageswararao

Tempo's Skit:

FLAYING THE FLAG

BY
"ZEEVI"

What, flying saucers here too! The 'resting' Add-Hawk Committee of the Gone-Assembly, set up to design the National Flag of "An-Idea" was taken aback. It had hawked its wares already, and was counting the coins calmly for the bosses. But, good God, no time left to think over and settle down! The Committee must be disturbed always! 'These mass-asses' the members of the committee grumbled.

The way out closed, they tramped out of the airy room and stood in a disciplined row on the verandah of the Cant-tuition Club, staring into the sky soulfully. Their eyes caught gradually more specks dangling loosely in the air. Aided by 'constructive' gusts of wind, the dots danced down their way into the airy room. They were eleven in number as they settled sedately on their table.

The Add-Hawk Committee members, spellbound, rushed in

and found paper envelopes instead of 'atmospheric' saucers to their utter dismay. They sat in their respective chairs; the red-tape tapping at the nape of their necks, they got down to brass-tacks and grabbed the envelopes. All the eleven were addressed to the committee. Who the hell could be the senders of these non-violent rocket bombs? The question mark quizzed their brains. But the next moment they realised their responsibilities—'Theirs is to do, or die; but not to question why' So, here we go with the letter contents.

LETTER I

Dear Sirs,

This letter may not hit the bull's eye. We failed that way during the last twenty-five years. But believing as we are in dummy-ocracy, we urge you to consider our claims. A country's flag without its constituent part represented in it is as good as a man with one of

his limbs cut off. To mark our freedom, please put in a corner of our National Flag, the figure of a mango fruit. We hope you know why we stick to this symbol. That red-hot mango pickle keeps us fit to be on the crest of emotional waves always. It is our humble present to friends living in other parts of the country.

Yours, etc.,
Sd. Dr. Patt-Abbe,
for Andra-Pro-inns.

LETTER 2

Dear Sirs,

We are fully aware of this question. Our backstair, oily newsagency in 'Led-hi' city has informed us already. Go ahead and place prominently, or better write in the centre of the flag a plate full of delicious sambar with a couple of iddlies floating in it. We lawfully and loyally ask you not to ignore us. The repercussions would be disastrous. No stenographers, no clerks and no hotels.

Yours etc.,
Sd, Thiru-Nath-Vaidya I-err.
for Till-man-add.

LETTER 3

Dear Sirs,

You know we don't cover our shame in well-pressed suits. We are simple folk doing our little jobs diligently. Today our friends from Till-Man-add province are literally killing us with their jealousy. We hope our case will not be set aside on account of their false propaganda. The cocoanut is our hall mark. It sustains us in our hard lives. So take note of it while designing the flag. If by hook or crook you dismiss us from your mind, we warn you the country will be deprived of roving ambassadors, Lt. Lakshmis, Over a Cup of Tea editors, and tea-shops.

Yours, etc.,
Sd. Cha-pees-Na-air.
for Ma-a-la-bar.

LETTER 4

Dear Sirs,

Now that our country is a damn-union, naturally our stock has gone sky-high. You know we are the backbone of the Can-grease party. We wish to be so in the future too. We are glad the party leaders are amenable to the idea. This free-doom we

are enjoying now is entirely due to our bank balances; to put it in our nationalist jargon 'bundies, iron-safes and goddess Lakshmi. So our contribution to the flag will be an iron-safe. We don't prefer the rest as they smack too much of medieavalism. Iron-safe is the banner of our patriotism. We warn you to implement this in the flag immediately; or else disturbances, strikes and riots subversively engineered by anti-social elements might root us out. Make hay while the sun shines.

Yours, etc.,
Sd. Ambal-bad Bhair-sire,
Sd. Beset Hear-law,
for (1) Jug-Rat; (2) Wars-Mar.

LETTER 5

Dear Sirs,

Our counsellors were kind enough to bring to our notice that you are bent upon ignoring us and our traditional claims. We will be pleased to enter the Gone-Assembly and the new An-Idea-Union, only if our sacred symbols, the sun and the moon, find a proud place in the National Flag, you are designing. Or else be prepared to live in darkness. We do or die!

No dangling please. We are independent after all!

Yours, etc.,
Sd. Raja-Rap-tap-Singh,
for Stay-Put-Anna-Raj.

LETTER 6

Dear Sirs,

It pains us to note that the Gone-Assembly is interfering in our out-door work unnecessarily. We were glad that our loyal ministers have patched up the matter. But authoritative reports confirm our suspicion that you are scheming to side-track the real issue. Our rightful place in the National Flag is a matter of life and death to us. We hope you know how we relish horse-flesh'. Please make note of this. If not, no Mr. A.'s, race horses and waitress-Ranis.

Yours, etc.,
Sd. Maharaaj call-Pahara-at
Haremji, for Mar-at-a-Rai.

LETTER 7

Dear Sirs,

Calumny cannot be easily conquered. You know how the Can-grease party suffered during the war days in Hamerica. My country and my king are now

going through the same trials and tribulations. Now let us talk business. My declaration of independence can be nullified if only you straight away place in the centre of your National Flag the holy figure of Lord Padmanabhaswamy, the incarnation of sovereignty. I know I am giving you exclusive news. That way, I have got a sensitive nose for news agencies. Mind you, they pay us well in the future.

Yours, etc.,

Sd. Sir Sip-Ram-Swamy,
for Try-van-cure.

LETTER 8

Dear Sirs,

We are insulted, ignored and defeated, but we maintain we are not dishonoured. You may be able to torture our physical frames; but how can you lay your hands on our spiritual souls, the precious results of ancient traditions today. The country is drifting into unholy touchability. We have resolved to run to its rescue with Swastika in our hands and Ram Nam on our lips. Lest chaos blot us out in its righteous fury, open your atheistic eyes

and paint with pleasure the sacred Swastika on the National Flag.

Yours, etc.,

Sd. Sreeman Seer-Very-care,
for Kahand Industan.

LETTER 9

Dear Sirs,

The polute-borough of the Calm-you-nest-party has watched with love and irony, tears and laughter, the Don-Quixotic adventures of the Can-grease party. We lived in the hope that the only patriotic platform eventually will grease on the right side. But now entrenched in power, it is emitting a sorry scent. Now, not for it, the sacredness of Car-Reach fundamental rights are hell-action manifesto. We fervently hope it will get back into 1930-spirits and embroider the sickle and hammer on the National Flag. And so organise National unity for National defence.

Yours, etc.,

Sd. Com. P. C. Joe's-He,
for Red-villa-age.

LETTER 10

Dear Sirs,

Today I have a letter from an angry sister who rebuke

me for my consistent inconsistencies and Himalayan blunders. Obviously she is a poor artist. She forgets life becomes stale when bereft of any change or blunder. In constant change, brought about by force of circumstances, lies the pleasure of life. All these days we are having Charkha in the centre of our flag. Now as it is getting old; we want to replace it with Okasa's Wheel. As a mark of our attainment of independence, I suggest to the higher authorities to include in a corner of the flag the You-neon-Jack. This is only to gain a moral victory over our enemy. This suggestion comes straight from the horse's mouth, the Hinder-voice.

Yours, etc.,

Sd. Karma-Das Gone-the,
for Pure-it Social-ist.

LETTER 11

Dear Sirs,

We are glad to learn from authentic circles that you are contemplating to include in your National Flag our You-neon Jack. We are deeply grateful to you for this. We can assure you that Bit-rash's love of An-Idea and her desire to serve An-Idea are stronger

than ever. We only ask for more opportunities.

Yours, etc.,

Sd. Lord Last-of-owls,
for Bit-rash Mock-man-wealth.

The last two letters sent the Add-Hawk Committee into a fit of flurry. Immediately before their mind's eye the National Flag of An-idea fluttered majestically in the air. In the true red-tape style, the secretaries to the committee placed the eleven letters 'for information and orders.' They summoned the chaprasi; and he with eagle-like agility flew post-haste to Lord Bat-on-Mount, the 'peoples' Governor-General of An-Idea Dam-Union.

And this is what the Governor-general remarked with 'constitutional regrets':—

Sorry pals! Open a new file for these 'flying' letters. Please make fitting arrangements to place them in our National Museum. Immediately telegraph to the senders that your letters were not suppressed as in totalitarian countries, but were heard and honoured in humble silence.

Jai-Ind!

Japan	...	...	74
U.S.A.	...	...	196
India	...	...	35

But here one point may be mentioned, namely, that in India the birth rate and death rate are the highest in the world. As Dr. Gyanchand says, "if our net increase every year is about 35 lakhs, it is being secured at the cost of 40 lakhs more deaths than would occur in the U.S.A." Rational control of birth is certainly necessary but to pose it as the problem that demands priority is to "ignore the effect of a higher standard of living on the growth of population". After all population problem has to be considered in the back ground problems like health, nutrition, etc. We have no doubt that one of the essential parts of the national planning is population planning.

Magnitude of Problem

The magnitude and nature of the problem can best be appreciated when we refer to the growth of population or 'Population pressure' as it is said, in recent years. A study of the problem shows that the growth of population has been faster than that of the food supply. There has been

a consequent reduction in the per capita area of the food crops. Since the nineties of the last century, our population has been tremendously on the increase.

The table given below gives the movements of the population in India from 1881 to 1941:—

			Variation Percentage since the last census. Nominal increase.
1881	254 Millions.		
1891	287	"	13.2
1901	294	"	2.5
1911	315	"	7.
1921	319	"	1.
1931	352	"	11.
1941	389	"	15.

At this rate by the time the next census is taken, our population may reach 450 millions.

Need for an Adequate Population Policy

Taking the demographic factors as they are, we can draw some inferences on the trend of the growth of population. We have of course to consider the rural character of the population,

married state of the adult population, decreasing proportion of women to the total population, relatively smaller number of women at reproductive stage, large number of widows, and last but not the least high birth and death rates. These features do not reveal a desirable state of affairs and every possible attempt should be made to remedy the situation. In other words, we should have a population policy.

That is why it is rightly said that an adequate population policy consistent with our food supply must necessarily form an adjunct to an adequate economic plan for the country. Truly, a 'population policy and economic plan can only be looked upon as an integral part of the comprehensive socio-economic planning.' The Bombay plan has, indeed, made provision for increase of the population and that is why the authors observed that a trebling of the national income would really mean no more than doubling capita-income within 15 years. They, of course, made provision for all amenities of life so that the death rate may be reduced, but the real problem is

the birth rate. If we do not consider these factors, our economic plan would stand in peril of being wrecked. Our birth rate is about 48 per thousand. If national minimum is assured by the social security plans, etc. the masses will have better food, clothing, and shelter, and the rate of mortality may go down to perhaps 15 per thousand. True, the birth rate will tend to fall, but only after a time lag, viz, after the masses reap the results of education, etc. The survival rate may, therefore, increase to 30 per thousand. Instead of having an increase of 5 millions per annum we may have an increase of even 20 millions per year. We have, therefore, to make provision for this population pressure and devise a concomitant population policy so that our economic plan may not stand the peril of being wrecked. What is emphasised here is the need for planning for our population growth in such a way that everyone will have two square meals per day. In the interest of social economy and national planning, family planning and limitation of members is necessary and the State should

adopt a policy to encourage these. A moral eugenic programme, raising of the marriage age, maintenance of vital statistics and carrying out of periodic demographic surveys are suggested. Appropriate machinery should be devised for the purpose. A national register of our population is also necessary. People should be allowed to migrate from more populated to less populated territories. The Famine Enquiry Commission unhesitatingly recommends the colonising by Indians of areas in the common-wealth that are sparsely populated.

FAMILY LIMITATION

There must, indeed, be that social consciousness which can understand the essentials of the situation and devise ways and means of dealing with it from the point of view of national well-being. It is therefore suggested that 'an educational campaign to counteract social and religious taboos which prevent family limitation should be recognised as an essential part of the efforts to raise living standards in regions where over-population threatens. Whereas in England, 76 per cent of the population is literate,

in India only 9.5 is literate; unless people are literate no amount of instruction on birth control will be of any help. The quicker comprehensive educational plan is put through, the greater are the chances of population planning.

Several people however say that it would be foolish to urge a national policy of birth control for India, to raise our economic production and increase national income without first considering our economic resources and possibilities. It is pointed out in the League of Nations pamphlet "The future population of Europe and Soviet Union" that the reproduction rate in the U.S.S.R., if maintained would result in an increase of more than 60 per cent per generation. The Soviet Government not only desire to maintain the rate but under a recent law, steps have been taken to encourage motherhood. Determined planning and a radical overhaul of the social structure have made increased living standards possible and the Government put no check on population growth in Russia. It is claimed that a developed

Indian economy would result in voluntary birth control. Further we must realise that population problem is not purely an economic problem. It requires a great vision for its comprehension than any other aspect of planning. It is really a paradox that in richer countries inducements are given to parents to rear larger families and in poor countries like India there is a feeling of helplessness and depression. Economic analysis has shown that a declining population will not alone solve the problem of unemployment, thus paving the way for a higher standard of living. Much depends upon the proportion of money saved and invested to that which is spent. That is why it is said that a declining population by itself will not ensure a higher standard of living because the national income cannot be a constant factor. The sovereign remedy, therefore, is education. With more education may come a sense of population control since parents become conscious of their responsibilities to children. It is also argued that even though we may say that there is substantial growth rate in the population,

there are some who say that quantitative predictions on the basis of crude birth and death rates are not possible and that there are signs that fertility is falling rapidly due to changing age composition, raising age at marriage, etc. Further the growth of industry will itself help us to solve some of the thorny problems such as population pressure. It is therefore essential that we should have a balanced economy. That is why it is rightly said that the population problem is primarily that of under development of our resources. Since there is close relation between industrialisation, urbanisation and low fertility, every effort should be made for the economic development of the people. According to this view, India can advantageously support even a larger population if the best known means of production distribution and consumption are adopted. In other words, economic problem would *ipso facto* solve the population problem of India. In this connection Mahatma Gandhi says that by a proper land system, better agriculture, and subsidiary industries India is capable of supporting

twice as many people as are in it today. Further with women taking increasing part in social life, children do not fit in the extra domestic pleasures.

CONCLUSION

The obvious symptoms of over-population are high birth and death rate, high infantile mortality, low average expectation of life, etc. There is of course a great need for controlled production of human beings. It is no use preaching birth control alone: it is better we modify the outlook of the people. What India needs is a considered national policy regarding economic development, and the size of

the population. Let us hope that the committee recently appointed by the Government of India to enquire into the population problem of India will make useful recommendations. We have therefore to plan our economic and social life. It is hoped that this problem will not develop into a snare. As the National Planning Committee rightly observes "while measures for the improvement of the quality of the population and limiting excessive population pressure are necessary, the basic solution of the present disparity between population and standard of living lies in the economic progress of the country on a comprehensive and planned basis".

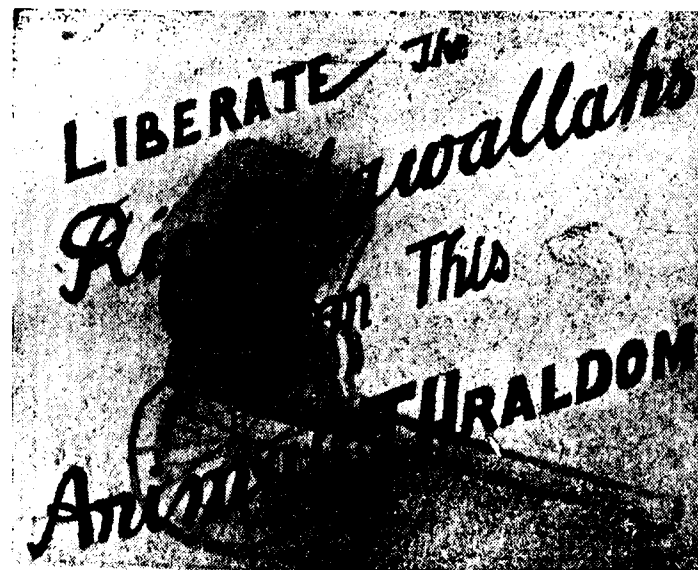
(Continued from page 19)

am governed by an Indian and not by an Englishman if Independence does not bring the bliss and joy of life, to all alike, to the cottage and palace alike, to the prince and peasant alike.

Toil or moil? Yes. But also leisure and pleasure. The content of independence has

broadened to economic independence as well, in other words equality of economic opportunity, work, enjoyment and heritage. So that we see that India's Independence has set us a goodly bunch of new problems in its wake. The Communist is knocking at the door. Steal his thunder, or he will smite you.

Humanity In Shackles Series No. 1.



Here TEMPO presents you the sad tale of your brothers, of your countrymen that have been enslaved, not by foreigners, but by their own brethren, by their own comrades. Here they are, the rickshawallahs, their lives devoid of a sense of humanity, lives steeped in the depths of animal existence, the whole day and night a tunnel of drudgery and travail through which they wade through under the spell foul toddy. Here they are abused by every one with a silver coin in the pocket, harassed by every constable with a red turban on the head, kicked by every soldier with a pair of gumboots on the feet. Here they are, these rickshawallahs, who are your countrymen, pulling greater loads than the oxen do. Meet them if you are not a highbrow or a snob and read their horrid story.

—TEMPORAO

I saw these rickshaws as a child. Now I am well grown up, but the rickshaws are still there, still there just as they were when I had seen and gone in them while a child.

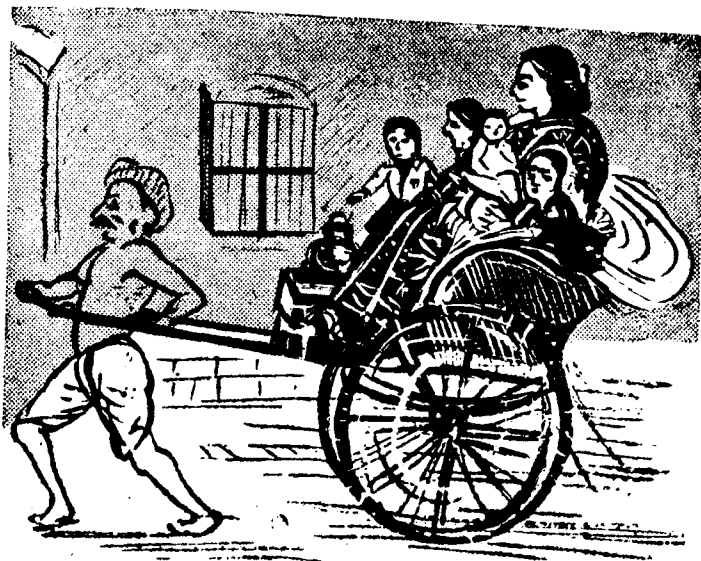
As a child I wondered at this queer mechanism. I wondered at this frail, bony man dragging a weight of two hundred pounds seated behind him, for no other reason than that the man seated

behind has a purse that has coins in it. Now I no longer wonder, I now resent. I now rebel. These rickshaws, the barbaric relics of an era when man rode on man, when man reduced a part of his fellowmen to the stature of brutes, they must go, go down the cycle of time, and change.

The tall talks of Nehrus and Narains boil no water so long as we see men pulling men in hot summer, sweating all over like pigs in a stinky pond. For heaven's sake stop this chatter of Socialism and all that rot in

India! For have we today the necessary background for the incoming of Socialism? What's Socialism but a mockery in a country where man still uses man as a medium of transport? What's Socialism in a country where you still make your fellow men do duties which the bullocks are fast giving up?

When I think of the rickshawallahs, that old, wrinkled face of Armugam flashes through my mind. I have known him for years now. He's too old a guy to do any serious labour, much less to drag a rickshaw. But he



pulls the vehicle as he has been in that line ever since his twenties. There are men wanting to ride; there are people hailing him, and he bears them on, irrespective of his age and strength. Perhaps his old bones ache at the inhuman labour. He also should be feeling breathless as he drags the living load through roads and gulleys while the sun rains down brands of fire as it were. But the beastly labour gives him food, gives him the wherewithal to sustain his wife and his five children. And

he sticks on to his job.

Take your stand somewhere on the main road, reader, and look on. You will be surprised when your eyes catch an old fellow dragging a vehicle in which a fat woman will be sitting, dumping all around her her half a dozen children. Is it a weight to be borne by a man, by a fellow man?

You will be shocked still more when you see an Anglo-Indian guy fondling in full angle his lassie and causing all sorts of inconveniences to the poor fellow

running, straining his soul to balance the vehicle, and all the while behind him high up on the Fort. St. George flies gloriously the tricolour flag of a new born Indian Dominion, with the unmistakable Asoka wheel of *dharma* and justice.....

Watch him dragging the fattest man on earth who apparently mistakes the rick for a cushioned cot of his private bedroom and stretches out his legs, the tips of his shoes piercing the back of the puller, while he leans back throwing half his weight backwards while the puller brings all his body-mind-soul power into exercise to keep the rick to the ground.....

Stand and watch, readers. And think for yourselves on this most ignoble and the most wretched and poignant profession of this century.....Will it ever end? Will man ever cease to use his brother to carry him?

And the fruits of all this labour, to whom do they go? Ask Arumugam, he will tell you. More than thirty percent of the day's collections now-a-days go to the holders of these rickshaws, who hire them out. A widow in Washermanpet buys up fifty

rickshaws, hires them out to these poor pullers.....And they labour, day and night, dragging and dragging putting the very devils to fright, writhing and groaning, so that the widow may enjoy her matinee at Casino.....

I recall now a particular occasion. It was a rainy day. I was standing, and was getting drenched.

Arumugam eyed me relishingly and pulled the vehicle near me.

"Get in, Sir," he said.

"No."

"I'll take you to your home. Your dress is getting wet."

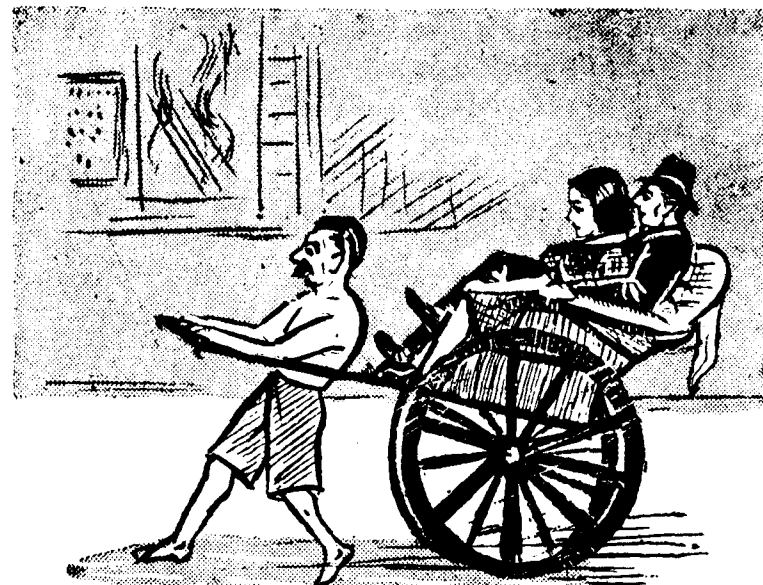
"Let it. I'll go by tram. By bus. By anything. But not on a rick."

Those old eyes of his looked blankly at me. He evidently was unable to understand my words. So many were going in his rick? Why shouldn't I?

"Why do you stare at me like that?" I questioned.

"How can we live if you don't go in our rickshaws sir?"

"You had lived when rickshaws were not there. You'll live if tomorrow they go. There are other ways of living, other



ways more human, and less beastly....."

But he would not agree. He believes that he could live only on his rickshaw. If you were to take a poll of these ricksha wallahs whether rickshaws should be abolished or not, most of them would certainly shout "No! No!" It's their sheer fright of living by the other walks of life, I opine, that gives them the ghostly strength to stick on to their trade.

Today all around us the bells of freedom ring, the flag of freedom sways in the air with all the

nascent pride of glorious birth. And the speeches of Jawaharlal Nehru throb through the radio stations stirring a million hearts, setting hopes in a million homes, but what has Nehru to offer to these lanky, lean, famished and down-trodden rickshawpullers? Will the Socialist Premier of India keep his eyes blind-folded towards this inhuman and unsocial atrocity which is one of the stumbling blocks in the march of India towards full-fledged Socialism? Or will he open them and look around and stop this

(Continued on page 43)

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Tempo's short story

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

BY
M. GOVINDAN

"You ask about my life? Oh, it was hellish!" said Mr. Charles Johnson. "Those Indians! Primitive, that's the word for them. Their pagan ideals and barbarian habits. Don't you know that I was there for more than a decade, in fact twelve years? Pretty long time for any sane man!"

"Now they are going to have independence. How absurd is the whole affair!" he continued. "Take it from me, friends, these Indians will never attain independence, no matter how much the chicken-heartedness of our Labour will help them. I refer to that pig-headed Atlee and the Bulldog Bevin. Remember the bloody scenes at Bombay, Calcutta and Lahore. Those two legged beasts bite each other and suck blood."

To the utter surprise of those well-meaning friends assembled at the "Midlands", Mr. Johnson was giving an emotional oration.

They all knew Charles from his early childhood. But they never expected such a venomous attack from him. He had a record of more than ten years' service in India as an I.C.S. Officer.

"You had a very bad time there, I suppose," sympathised Lady Masterfield. "But I wonder why my grandson Stephan prefers to stick on there. Don't you know him? A good boy he's with ideas and enterprising spirit—somewhere in Assam...Where's the place.....er.....Dar.....ling... ..eh?"

"Darjeeling," corrected Miss Rita.

"Oh, it's near Calcutta," enlightened Johnson with an emphasis in order to exhibit his superior knowledge about India, "where you find the cross between Mongolians and Aryans."

"Excuse me, friends!" intervened Uncle John, "It's a secret. Emily told me. You know she's the secretary to one of them, high

up in the Labour Party. Well, keep it under your hat. Lord Pethic Lawrence gave independence to India on the advice of his wife. You have heard about her, a co-worker of Mrs. Pankhurst. Even now Pankhurstism lingers in the minds of Lawrences."

"Empires are built by heroes but are ruined by stupid women. It happened like that in France, Russia and everywhere else. Now it is the turn of the British. What a pity!" Johnson concluded his research in history.

"Well, no use crying over spilt milk. Now an Englishman must mind his own business and not interfere in other peoples' affairs," consoled Lady Masterfield, with a view to wind up the tiring debate on India. "I've to go to Church. Au revoir, Mr. Johnson, will be seeing you within a day or two. Hope to have a few more pleasant evenings with you. By the by, how's Lucy? Heaven help her! She's the most goodnatured lady of our place. Please let me know if there is any news from the hospital."

In the wake of the callers, Johnson too went out. He got

into a taxi and directed the cabmen to the Queen's Hospital. In India he had a car of his own and a driver too. He did not like Doraisami much, but he was obedient and duty-conscious. Now look at this chap! He sits like a lord and drives the car. No respect, no reverence. How overbearing he was compared to Doraisami! Here it is all impossible. Britain has changed. Tories and liberals are no more in power.

He wanted to talk with the cabman, he was feeling irritated. But how to begin? If he volunteered himself it would be *faux pas*.

"Hey, you, Mr....." Johnson called the driver.

"Mr. George Humbleton," corrected the cabbie. "Here we are just in front of the Queen's Hospital. Going to be a father, eh? Good luck to you," and the car stopped.

Johnson alighted from the taxi and gave him a few coins. The cabman took it and nodded slightly.

"I'll not be waiting for you. Have to attend a workers' rally," said the cabbie. This chap

Humbleton, must be a Red, thought Johnson.

A nursing maid greeted him at the verandah of the hospital: "Good news for you, Mr. Johnson. A boy. But don't be in a hurry. They would not let you in now."

"What?" Johnson could not suppress his angry feeling. "They would not let me in. Who? I am the child's father."

"May be or may not be," the maid retorted. "Rules are rules. They have to be obeyed. No matter, what you are."

And she went back to her duties.

Look at the nurse? These nurses—they are notorious; they think they are queens, hum! Had it been in India, he should have seen this stupid nurse got a sack at that very moment. Just ring the phone, well, the thing is done. But this was England. And he had no guts.

He sat in the visitors' room feeling "creepy" irritation and anxiety. After all fate had been kind to him. At last there would be one to carry on the family tradition. He could lead a happy life from now on. The only thing

he and his wife cherished was the birth of a baby. How often they had quarrelled because the lack of a child had made them unenduring to each other! The pious Christian that Johnson was, he had not hesitated to make offerings to Hindu Gods; he had even entertained Swamies to bless him with a son. But that sort of thing did not help him at all.

Lucy and he put the blame on each other for the misfortune. Oh, Lucy was a real wild cat when mentally upset. She was a bit hysteric even. And the stinging words she had once mouthed: "You ruined my career. You stone-hearted bureaucrat! You beguiled me into marrying you. You have entangled me in a spider's web of your own. My Lord, why did I marry at all..... Oh, are you a *man*?" Then she would bang her head on the table and cry aloud. He recollected that scene. He could not say anything then except that she was not made to bear a child. Now let her come from the hospital. He would have his vengeance.

His eyes caught sight of the portrait of the Virgin Mother and

the Son. He stared at the beautiful, divine face. How happy Joseph should have been! But, he was not Joseph's son. Lucy's baby was his own. All of a sudden he saw new horizons blossoming before him. Everything seemed to be novel and brilliant as in a Disney landscape. Whom would it take after: Himself or Lucy? Johnson's family always inherited paternal beauty and elegance of carriage. No doubt, the baby would be like himself; a plumb red, very finished product, with a stock of golden hair and minute dark brows and lovely lashes.

"Like yours, Mr. Johnson!" everyone would say. His baby was born with a silver spoon in its mouth. He would bring it up like a prince. Lucy had wealth, though he had little of his own, thanks to the Insurance business of his father-in-law who amassed a huge fortune and left it in the hands of Lucy. What if India went out of the Empire! No matter if England went Socialist. What did it matter if a tomato slipped out of the salad plate?

And the zero hour came. The ward boy enquired: "Mr. Johnson, Mr. Johnson!"

"I am Mr. Johnson," he jumped up.

"You can have a look at the baby. Room No 17, third floor." Humming his usual ta-ra-ta-ra-la, Johnson ran up in the lift. There she lay Lucy alongside the.....

He stood thunderstruck. Carefully he scrutinised the baby. Not like him, no, not in the least. It was huge...enormous...like a monster...pale too...black...dark brown...with dark eyes...not like his, nor like Lucy's. It reminded him of the little baby gorilla he had seen a year back at a zoo in India. And Lucy clasped that dirty thing to her breast, shameful, horrible.

"It's the limit" he exclaimed. Lucy looked strangely calm. She expected this, but was anxious to avoid a scene. She was too weak to stand a scene and it was a hospital. It was not the place to wash all the old dirty linen. Besides the nurse was standing at her side,

Johnson recollected the incident which occurred 10 months back in India. Dead of night. Jimmy, his dog was barking. A movement in the garage. Click of high-heeled shoes and some,

thing more. He understood now who the real father was. Disgusting. But it was all over. How foolish he was to have allowed this nasty affair, under his very nose. "Lucy," Johnson thundered. "It isn't a personal injury to me. A whole nation is insulted. You've polluted an entire race," "Your prides and prejudices," Lucy retorted, "I don't care two pins for them. Listen Charles. What if an Indian is black, isn't he better than an impotent white man? You do whatever you like. But there is one thing you cannot do. That's to deny me the pleasure of motherhood. My father has

left me a huge fortune. I can look after the baby. That's clear enough, Charles!"

She kissed the baby with the fond affection of a mother.

When she looked up, Johnson was not there.

"Whiteman's burden once again," exclaimed the nurse when she saw Johnson running like a mad man.

"Whiteman's hell!" cried out the ex-I. C. S. "That's what it really is."

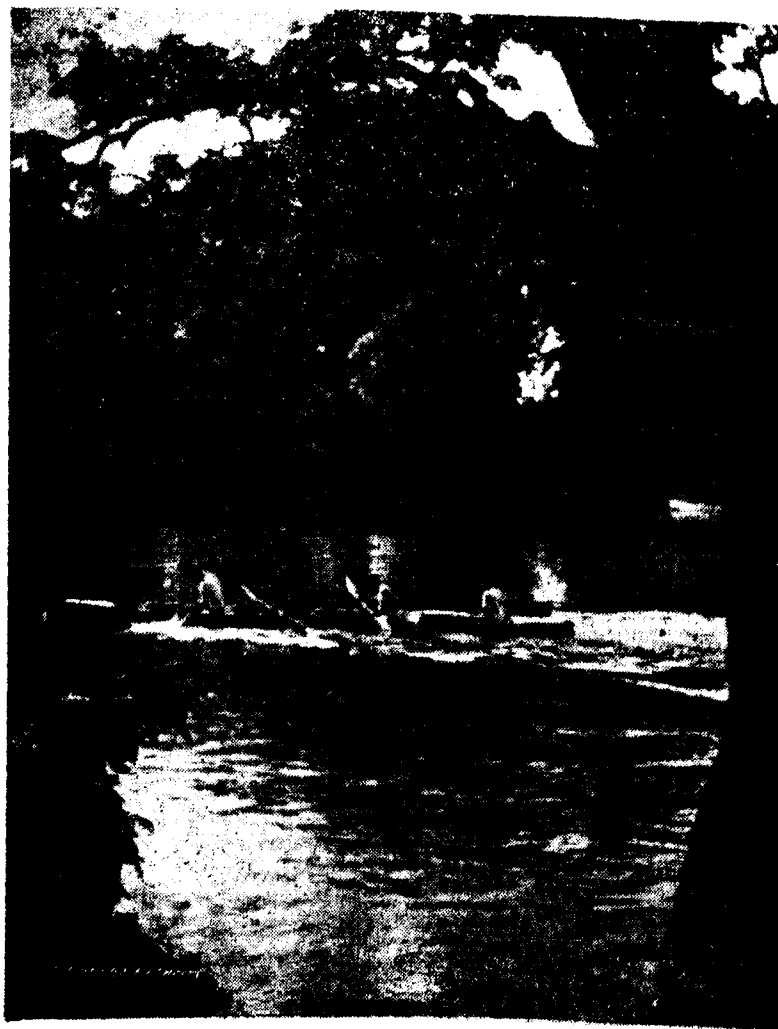
(All the characters in this story are purely imaginary and any resemblance to persons, living or dead, is sheerly coincidental)

(Continued from page 37)

right away and thus help to put man on a sane and just pedestal from where he could work heartfully and soulfully and give his best to the country and the nation?

For long many have been in India, those rich platitudinous pundits, that have preached kindness to animals. But let us put a stop to these foolish preach-

ings, for has man learnt to be kind to his fellow men to be kind to animals? It is time the Government take immediate steps to abolish this inhuman vestige of past feudal barbarism in planned timely stages, and thus set the rooms in order, fully rid of this profession which is the cause of many evils like drinking and debauchery.



Recreation

—N. Ramakrishna



Sonny's Spray Bath

—N. Ramakrishna

EDITOR'S PAGE

The Editor himself replies (any question on any subject which the readers may put in this section. If you have anything up your sleeve, send it on to us addressed "Editor's Page, Tempo."

N. V. RAMAN, Perambur.

Who's this Tara Chaudhri whom you have boosted so much in your June issue?

Don't task it aloud. Go through the June issue again. This time at least I hope you will succeed in understanding who she is.

Why do you call your monthly tempestuous?

Because it creates a tempest wherever it goes, and has done so already everywhere it has gone.

SUDHIR KUMAR, Calcutta.

Do you approve Rajaji's appointment as the Governor of West Bengal?

I don't. But my disapproval even as that of the West Bengalees themselves does not seem to count much with those high up in Delhi doling out these munificent Governorships.

Is Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose alive?

Cry his name aloud. If he is alive, he should respond.

Miss. KANTI DEVI, Karachi.

I am a College student. Now that India is free what's your advice to me and to lady students of my like?

Attend your college regularly and pass your exams.

I am very much interested in journalism. Do you think that ladies have good prospects in this field?

Ladies have good prospects in every field except in the field of domestics. Further talkative by nature, you make often better orators than writers. But since orators unlike in America are unpaid in India, you may well choose journalism. If your interest in journalism is genuine, and if you have any merits inherited, or cultivated, well, you may go a long way in becoming a miniature Berta Ruck, if not Pearl Buck.

K. S. MURTHY, Cocanada.

In a free India, what duties will you give, if you had the power, to

eminent men like Gandhi and Prakasam?

I give no work to them. I will just ask them to go back to their legal profession, which has sustained unreckonable loss, due to their leaving it in the cause of the country's freedom struggle. If Gandhi and Prakasam once again take up law and set up practice, they will be setting indeed very good examples to the thousands of idlers who are today masquerading in the guise of patriots and martyrs and thus feeding their palates.

I. SEETHRAM, Vizag.

I like Dancer Menaka very much. Why don't you publish an interview with her in Tempo?

Madame Menaka is dead, dear reader. She's dancing in the other world of fantasy. Let not these journalists go and harass her there. Amen!

L. THIRUMURTY, Tanjore.

Your article "Scrap the Congress" is very forcible. How do you write so vigorously?

By dipping the pen in blood instead of in Skrip.

In your opinion who's the greatest actress of the South?

Banumathi, as bright as the sun.

K. M. NARAYAN, Travancore.

I want to start a children's monthly magazine. What type of contents should I give to make the journal a success?

Just the sort that appeal to the parents' minds.

L. P. RAU, Mangalore.

Why has Y. V. Rao gone so far away to Calcutta to produce his pictures in Hindi and Tamil?

I don't know. Ask Y. V. I guess anyway he believes in the virtue of distance which lends enchantment to even mediocre productions which nearness denies.

Is Kumari Rukmini beautiful?

Yes, when you look through the eyes of Y. V. Rao.

C. S. RAYADU, Kurnool.

Have you celebrated the day of Indian independence? How?

I haven't. I was never in bondage. My mind has always been free. Freedom does not thrill free men.

I am regularly buying and reading Tempo. Why don't you thank me?

I shall, if you make your friends also buy and read Tempo.

What's the greatest service I can do to Tempo?

Buying it and not lending it to your neighbour.

TEMPO's announcements:

1. Copies of Tempo can be had from
Messrs. BOMBAY BOOK AGENCY, Dadar, Bombay,
who have been appointed the sole distributors for
Bombay.
2. Messrs. RAJA NEWS SERVICE, International News
Agents, Post Box 62, Coimbatore
have been appointed the sole agents of TEMPO for
the districts of Coimbatore and Nilgiris. Enquiries
regarding yearly subscriptions and advertisements
may be sent to them also.
3. Messrs. NEHRU NEWS MART, Mylapore, Madras
(Proprietor, Paramasiva Nadar)
have been appointed the sole agents of TEMPO
for Madras City.

and

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GULAB SINGH & SONS, Lahore.

BIRTHDAY OF FREE INDIA

SRI AUROBINDO'S DECLARATION

August 15 is the birthday of free India. It marks for her the end of an old era, the beginning of a new age. But it has a significance not only for us, but for Asia and the whole world; for it signifies the entry into the comity of nations of a new power with untold potentialities which has a great part to play in determining the political, social, cultural and spiritual future of humanity. To me personally it must naturally be gratifying that this date which was notable only for me because it was my own birthday celebrated annually by those who have accepted my gospel of life, should have acquired this vast significance. As a mystic, I take this identification, not as a coincidence or fortuitous accident but as a sanction and seal of the Divine Power which guides my steps on the work with which

I began life. Indeed almost all the world movements which I hoped to see fulfilled in my lifetime, though at that time they looked like impossible dreams, I can observe on this day either approaching fruition or initiated and on the way to their achievement.

I have been asked for a message on this great occasion but I am perhaps hardly in a position to give one. All I can do is to make a personal declaration of the aims and ideals conceived in my childhood and youth and now watched in their beginning of fulfilment, because they are relevant to the freedom of India, since they are a part of what I believe to be India's future work, something in which she cannot but take a leading position. For I have always held and said that India was arising, not to serve her

own material interests only, to achieve expansion, greatness, power and prosperity—though these too she must not neglect—and certainly not like others to acquire domination of other peoples, but to live also for God and the world as a helper and leader of the whole human race. Those aims and ideals were in their natural order these; a revolution which should achieve India's freedom and her unity; the resurgence and liberation of Asia and her return to the great role which she had played in the progress of human civilisation; the rise of a new, a greater, brighter and nobler life for mankind which for its entire realisation would rest outwardly on an international unification of the separate existence of the peoples, preserving and securing their national life but drawing them together into an over-riding and consummating oneness; the gift by India of her spiritual knowledge and her means for the spiritualisation of life to the whole race; finally, a new step in the evolution which, by uplifting the consciousness to a higher level, would begin the solution of the many problems

of existence which have perplexed and vexed humanity since men began to think and to dream of individual perfection and a perfect society.

Partition must go

India is free but she has not achieved unity, only a fissured and broken freedom. At one time it almost seemed as if she might relapse into the chaos of separate States which preceded the British conquest. Fortunately there has now developed a strong possibility that this disastrous relapse will be avoided. The wisely drastic policy of the Constituent Assembly makes it possible that the problem of the depressed classes will be solved without schism or fissure. But the old communal division into Hindu and Muslim seems to have hardened into the figure of a permanent political division of the country. It is to be hoped that the Congress and the nation will not accept the settled fact as for ever settled or as anything more than a temporary expedient. For if it lasts, India may be seriously weakened, even crippled; civil strife may re-

main always possible, possible even a new invasion and foreign conquest. The partition of the country must go—it is to be hoped by a slackening of tension, by a progressive understanding of the need of peace and concord, by the constant necessity of common and concerted action, even of an instrument of union for that purpose. In this way unity may come about under whatever form—the exact form may have a pragmatic but not a fundamental importance. But by whatever means, the division must and will go. For without it the destiny of India might be seriously impaired and even frustrated. But that must not be.

Asia has arisen and large parts of it have been liberated or are at this moment being liberated; its other still subject parts are moving through whatever struggles towards freedom. Only a little has to be done and that will be done to-day or to-morrow. There India has her part to play and has begun to play it with an energy and ability which already indicate the measure of her possibilities and

the place she can take in the council of the nations.

Unification of Mankind

The unification of mankind is under way, though only in an imperfect initiative, organised but struggling against tremendous difficulties. But the momentum is there and, if the experience of history can be taken as a guide, it must inevitably increase until it conquers. Hence too India has begun to play a prominent part and, if she can develop that larger statesmanship which is not limited by the present facts and immediate possibilities but looks into the future and brings it nearer, her presence may make all the difference between a slow and timid and a bold and swift development. A catastrophe may intervene and interrupt or destroy what is being done, but even then the final result is sure. For in any case the unification is a necessity in the course of Nature, an inevitable movement and its achievement is as sure as the dawn. Its necessity for the nations is clear, for without it the freedom of the small peoples can never

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be safe hereafter and even large and powerful nations cannot really be secure. India if she remains divided, will not herself be sure of her safety. It is therefore to the interest of all that union should take place. Only human imbecility and stupid selfishness could prevent it. Against that, it has been said, even the gods strive in vain; but it cannot stand for ever against the necessity of Nature and the Divine Will. Nationalism will then have fulfilled itself; an international spirit and outlook must grow up and international forms and institutions; even it may be such developments as dual or multi-lateral citizenship and a voluntary fusion of cultures may appear in the process of the change and the spirit of nationalism losing its militancy may find these things perfectly compatible with the integrity of its own outlook. A new spirit of oneness will take hold of the human race.

The spiritual gift of India to the world has already begun. India's spirituality is entering

Europe and America in an ever-increasing measure. That movement will grow amid the disasters of the time more and more eyes are turning towards her with hope and there is even an increasing resort not only to her teachings but to her psychic and spiritual practice.

The rest is still a personal hope and an idea and ideal which has begun to take hold both in India and in the West on forward-looking minds. The difficulties in the way are more formidable than in any other field of endeavour, but difficulties were made to be overcome and if the Supreme will is there, they will be overcome. Here too, if this evolution is to take place since it must come through a growth of the spirit and the inner consciousness, the initiative can come from India and although the scope must be universal the central movement may be hers.

Such is the content which I put into this date of India's liberation whether, or how far or how soon this connection will be fulfilled, depends upon this new and free India.



With the dawn of freedom in India, a time has come when we have to consider the basic problems and solve them in a realistic way. Problems of poverty and economic inequality, which reign supreme, have got to be given a top priority. While the Congress till now has been able to lead the freedom movement, with the help of vested interests, which it could not help it, we have now come to a stage, when we have to eliminate their grips over the people. Unless we are able to tackle the problem courageously, the independence that we have won at such cost will have been in vain.

Dr. John Mathai, the member of the Interim Government did well to emphasise this point at a speech delivered at the Delhi Rotary club. Even though, he

is connected with the Tatas, still his speech was marked by a certain amount of plain speaking. There is a great economic task before us. There are two sides of it. First is the need for the removal of poverty. Second is the need for the removal of gross economic inequalities, that disfigure the life of our people. If we compare our average income per head with that of a few other countries, the figures are startling, as can be seen from the estimates given below :—

Income per head in rupees.	
U. S. A.	2053
Canada	1268
France	636
U. K.	1092
India	65

Commenting on the national income of Great Britain, Prof. Pignon says that, as things are,

it is literally impossible to provide for all its citizens a really high standard of living. If this is so for a country, with a per-capita income, about fifteen times as large as our own, no words are needed to say about the extremely unsatisfactory economic condition of our people. A given magnitude of national income can afford greater satisfaction to the community provided it is distributed in an equitable manner. The prosperity of a country depends as much on equitable distribution as on efficient production. Even though the urgent need is that of stepping up production, we cannot ignore the problem of distribution. According to Prof. K. T. Shah, more than a third of the wealth of the country is enjoyed by one per cent of the population, about 35% of the national wealth, is enjoyed by 33% of the people, while the remaining 66% of the population have to be content with the remaining 32% of our national income. Thus, we have to consider this important problem of poverty and inequality of incomes before the situation deteriorates. The actual economic condition is much worse

than what is suggested by the figures.

Since our per capita income is low, our standard of living is also low. The richer classes are able to command luxuries and comforts which are beyond the reach of the poorer classes. The majority of people have to be satisfied with the bare means of human existence. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that our economic efficiency is low. The standard of life and productive efficiency act and react on one another because the former powerfully affects the standard of activities. Poverty degrades human life. While we may take steps like removal of illiteracy, extension of medical relief, to improve economic efficiency, we must remember that, unless there is distributive justice, we can do nothing to raise the standard of living of the teeming millions of India. Great inequalities of wealth are economically as also ethically undesirable.

It is very easy to talk about these things. The real problem is : How to achieve it. If you ask an economist for the solution, he will say 'Let there be a

policy of full employment.' He will also advocate a policy of industrialisation and development of large scale industries. Here again, as Dr. Mathai rightly emphasised, the need for the development of agriculture and cognate domestic industries cannot be over emphasised. This alone can secure that employment on a wider scale which is necessary if we are to banish want. But this alone does not give the necessary purchasing power to the masses.

This leads us to the conclusion that, there should be a certain amount of equality. The state as an organised instrument of the community, should see that the 'surplus products' which are at the hands of the few, are placed at the disposal of the community. This involves control of some industries, management of some industries, ownership of some other industries, and the devising of appropriate methods of taxation on the principle "the largest brunt should fall on the broadest shoulders".

Dr. John Mathai holds the view that we can retain the

profit motive which can have its scope within a particular range of incomes. While immediate nationalisation of industries may not be feasible, we can at least see that there is a fairer distribution. We must remember that, increase in the number of millionaires is no index of the economic prosperity of the people. If we allow a large part of the wealth to be monopolised by a few, then the amount of the purchasing power that is released throughout the community is less. The great need of the hour is more production and an equitable system of distribution. After all, production is for use and not for profit. It is hoped that the National Government will give immediate consideration to this problem.

Increasing Corruption

The latest Report of the Central Board of Directors of the Reserve Bank of India refers to the all pervading corruption which is destroying the vitals of our public life generally and administrative machinery in particular. The most urgent problem is a drive against corruption. The causes are scarcity, in-

flation etc. These unsocial practices have been tolerated till now. A time has come where we should take determined action. While we should speed up agricultural and industrial production, we should also consider the problem of wages and prices which are chasing each other. We may say that strikes are no better than stabbing society at the back and, therefore, a danger to the body economic of the country. Let it be remembered that if the cost of living is not reduced to reasonable levels and further deterioration in the standard of living of the fixed income groups, is not checked, plans for the economic development of India become impossible of achievement. With the whole of economic outlook bleak, we should lose no time in this task. The A-1 task is to check corruption and anti-social activities.

Salaries of Public Servants

The Indian National Congress some years ago decided that in a free India, the salary of the highest official should not be above per rupees five hundred month. It also used to criticise the British Government for giving

gubernatorial salaries to public servants. There was the charge that its administration was fabulously costly and shockingly extravagant. A report says that the congressmen appointed as governors will be paid Rs. 6000 a month, which is bound to be a shock to the public. The ministers also have been getting more on the plea of inflation and increased cost of living. One really wonders why a Governor should be allowed to get so much. It appears as if the Congress High Command forgot the old resolutions of the Congress. We can no longer say "Do as I say; do not do as I do." The public have now become critical of its actions; be there be no power-intoxication. The High Command should help the common man by rigid economy in public expenditure. It is hoped that public opinion will assert itself.

Whither U. N. O.?

India has scored a triumph in the U. N. O. by asking the Dutch to cease hostilities in Indonesia. Dr. Lanka Sunda-ram, speaking at Bombay observed that, it is better we pro-

ceed cautiously before entering into the vortex of International politics. It is difficult to enforce sanctions; further we do not have a large army to defend our coast-line. In the meanwhile, the position of our Nationals in South Africa has not in anyway improved where General Smuts has refused to reconsider the Pegging Act and his other anti-Indian measures. He is now refusing to take cognizance of the U. N. O. resolution which made a vigorous plea for mutual understanding between South Africa and India. This issue will come up before the General Assembly in October. In the meanwhile, even diplomatic relations have now broken between both the countries. The unyielding attitude of General Smuts is reprehensible and he can be charged before the bar of

world opinion. We do not know if he even wants to defy the authority of the United Nations. A time has come when the Asiatic countries should enter into a federation and see that justice is done to them. India should take such a stand that either our rights are vindicated or the U. N. O. will go into voluntary liquidation. Let us hope that, it will profit by the experience of the now-defunct League of Nations. Nations are now talking of peace; and arming themselves; if this is so, all our sacrifices in the hope of making the world safe for peace will be a mockery, and we can expect one more war which will only mean the suicide of the human race. It is higher time we signed the peace treaty and proceeded to build a new world order based upon justice and fair play

A scientist was giving a lecture to members of a local society.

"My calculations lead me to believe that the end of the world will come in three hundred and fifteen million years."

A little man sitting in the front row jumped up in alarm. "How many years did you say, sir?"

"Three hundred and fifteen million," replied the scientist.

The little man gave a sign of relief "I thought you said fifteen million," he said.

A small boy was taken out to tea with neighbours. In the middle of the meal he turned to his hostess and asked her in his best conversational manner: "Did you enjoy your holiday, Mrs. Brown?"

"My holiday?" said Mrs. Brown. "I'm afraid I don't understand. I haven't been away."

"Oh," said the boy, "I thought you had. I heard Mummy say that you and Mr. Brown had been at Loggerheads for the past fortnight."



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Stray Thoughts from My Garret by "DABOO"

GLASSES, LASSES AND ASHES!

"Hey, boy!"

The bloody scoundrel! "He's always away. I wonder where he goes. But why should I wonder? Let the fellow go to Indonesia and help the Republicans, what the heck I care?"

"Hey, boy!"

This mild calling is of no avail. In a bar-room no one responds to your calls and greets. You should scream, shout. You should pound the table. You should break and shake the glasses. Shall I? I shall. I must. Then here you are...

"Hey, hey, hey, boy... damned boy!"

Oh, what's that streaming towards me?

"Sir! Sir!"

"Oh, you've come, my foot!"

"Orders, Sir."

"Whisky! Black & White; Scotch whisky. Red & blue. Seograms! Canada! Currency in flames! Coffee in the sea!"

"Sir."

"Gin... girls... Rum... Raja-ji... Good God, prohibition! Boy, is there prohibition here?"

"No, sir."

"Where's it?"

"In the town sixty miles away from here, sir."

"Will it come here?"

"It may, sir."

"Then what will happen to you, and me?"

"Drink to the success of prohibition, sir."

"That's good, boy. You are wise, boy, wiser than our Prime Ministers. You tip your clients with wonderful ideas..."

"...eh-eh-hey... what's this?"

"You've vomitted, sir."

"That means there's nothing within me. The drunkard Earth has swallowed the thing for which I've paid the bill... the parasite planet!"

"Yes, sir."

"Get me, boy, get me something, then. Whisky with portwine and soda. Get."

He's gone. The fellow is gone.

Friends, good friends, come along here. There don't for devil's sake brand me a drunkard. "Why the dickens you drink?" that's a good question, friends. Why do I drink? What do I know? Why should I know? I drink, perhaps, for the love of drinking. It's so happy to drink... to dance... to look through coloured glasses at misty lasses. It's so happy to drink and stage a huge laugh with all your face in the bigger face of the world.

My good friends, my heart is cleansed of its hypocrisy by the drink I have taken. My heart is now pure, untarnished... I tell you what I mean. With every peg I take my selfishness is blasted out, tooth and nail. A drunkard has no monopolistic tendencies. Look at me, I am a drunkard... a Communist... I wish you all drink... you all drink and dance with me. Why not you? Come along, friends. Let's drink, drink and dance, dance... sing... sing...

Open the door, Lucy,
Open, open, my sweetie,
Let me in, let me in
Your heart to win. . . .

*

So many faces! All feminine. Womankind crowded and crumpled up here in my garret. Awake, women, and vanish. Just a moment...

"Who are you, lassie?"

Oh, her lips shrink in coyly. Her large tortoise eyes sparkle brighter than the drops of Champagne.

"What's your name?"

"Jayalaxmi."

"Jaya—Vijayalaxmi You here... You should have been in

Moscow...drinking vodka..."

"Jayalaxmi...Jayalaxmi."

"I am glad you are without a V. You are beautiful. Come near... come near."

She smiles. Her eyes twinkle. Her breasts heave from beneath the folds of that transparent yellow *satin*.

I don't know why women recede when you ask them to come forward. They go back, back, and come forward like the surging waves of a sea and beat against the shore of your heart in foamy, silvern globules.

"It's so happy, Jaya, we two sitting here. So mystifying. With my tight hand over your shoulder, and in my left the cigarette, the smoke rising up the skies, and we both looking far, far through the window, into some distant, miasmic vacuum. Into what abyss are we looking? You know that song?"

"What song?" her mild query.

"That song...that song of the dying poet in his squalid garret... that throbbing song of a dying heart..."

I do not ask for the sun
I do not ask for the moon

But I ask for the woman
Whose heart I've won.'

You remember the song, don't you?"

"I hadn't heard it before."

A stupid, meaningless life this, friends. Where am I going to, to which Utopian isle, sitting hours and hours in the arms of these luscious lasses? Omar's woman has made a wilderness his paradise, but I am no Omar. These women make of the paradise of my life a wilderness, a wilderness of mists and lost aims and forgotten ideals.

Not a day there when a dozen faces do not smile at my frail frame. Not a day there when a dozen bangled arms do not cling to my person. Life's brief moments rush up in spasms of joy; the heart rides hot and the blood warms up and the eternal soul ceases its struggle and sits down to rest on the shores of Time.

As we sit here, up in our sky-near garret, from below the hovels of the earth floats up a song, a song of the unadorned children of the soil:

Ye, men, lazy asses,
Call the lasses,
And very soon

We'll dance in the moon.
"Am I lazy, Jaya?"

"....."

Silence. A smile. A twinkle in the eyes.

"I am not. Let's get up and dance. But where's the moon? In which part of the heaven?..."

Oh, friends, foolish of me, you say. The moon is right before me. Stupid of me not to know it.

"Jaya, you are the moon!"

"....."

Silence. A blush. A star-glitter in Jaya's eyes. And the land of fantasy. Dreams. Journey's interval.

* * *

Fools, stark fools, are they that seek to stab Time in the nose and live by eternally. Life's sweetness lies in its brevity. Heaven long endured is accursed hell.

Life's story is a endless novel. Births and deaths are but chapters. A long, novel.....to be continued—*ad. infinity*.

Down the jaws of monstrous age rolls out the ghostly tongue of death to lick off the ashes of humanity, singed in the blazes of decrepitude.

If die I must, let me die friends, with a mark of joy. Die in a festival of lights. Let this bright life march into the abyss of doom, gloom through the glucose tracks of lamps and neons.

Perhaps to those that are up and about, I am a sorry sight. The sight of an age that is fading. The sight of a generation that is three-fourths buried deep. The sight of a soul that has had its turmoils and tumults and is in the last, flickering hushes of eternity. But friends, pity me not. Let not your sympathies sadden me. Let not your tears drench my way home. Let not your mourning echo through the silents paths of my journey to be. Let the star go, unsung, unhonoured and unwept.....Let it go and refuge in the sawdust and be washed away with the broomstick of the generation that has crawled out of your loins, that has been shaped of your blood, that has been fired with the breath of your life.....

Ashes! Ashes! The ashes of a virgin's dreams. The ashes of a nation's youth and aged beings on which grows the freedom edifice of the generation that follows, the ashes of crumbled empires, fallenkings, stabbed politicians, assassinated Aung sans, the ashes of blasted humanity in which is regnant the seared seed of countless generations that dawn.

Ashes! winds. Gale. Storm. And quiet. Journey's end.

STROKES & SHOWERS

This is the readers' section. You can write to us here on whatever you like, daringly and fearlessly. If you have anything up your throat, tell it here and Tempo will shout it to the world.

Dear sir,

You will be shocked to hear that India's dancer Tara chaudhri, who has been holding many shows in Ceylon, and been trying to hoodwink the public by posing as cultural ambassador from India, disgraced her motherland, when on Indian Independence Day she ignored the invitation of the Hon. Mr. V. V. Giri, the Indian High Commissioner in Ceylon and disappointed 400 guests by being absent from the great function that marked a new era of Indian life in Ceylon and the world over. The Sinhalese people were shocked. Where is the loyalty, they thought. It left a very very sour taste in the mouths of 400 of Ceylon's officialdom and elite. The next day *The Times of Ceylon*, the most influential paper in the Island brought out the enclosed Editorial, which I am enclosing for your information. Your

magazine is great and bold and does not have fear. If Indians who are trying to come on the top of the world behave like this, India at a critical juncture will be DISGRACED.

For publicity the Chaudhries adopt gangster tactics. The Governor Sir Henry Monck—Mason Moore and his Wife Lady Moore were asked for their patronage for the *premiere*. This request they very kindly obliged. When Tara was doing her last number, Mr. Chaudrie brought lady Moore a bouquet of flowers and asked her to give it to Tara Poor Lady, she was too confused, but rose up and very graciously gave Tara the flowers. Just then Chaudrie had a photographer ready, and he took a photo. And next day there appeared a photo in the Ceylon Observer: "Lady Moore presents Tara Chaudhri with a bouquet". If this is the way

Indians behave in a foreign land much damage will result.

In Ceylon it was all PRESS BALLYHOO for Tara, as this instance will clearly show.

A Reader of Tempo

Colombo, 20th Aug. '47.

The Editorial of "The Times of Ceylon" enclosed along with the above letter is reproduced on the right for the information of the readers of Tempo. The Editorial is from "The Times of Ceylon", dated 16th Aug. 1947.

Excuse My Absence

Prima donnas are accustomed to wave numerous farewells, but stars in their prime are less generous with their performances. A well-known Indian dancer who is on a visit to this island disappointed some four hundred guests at the Indian Independence dinner yesterday by being absent, due, so her impressario explained, to illness. Less tactful was his announcement, made immediately after, that the dancer would be giving a public performance this evening. The titter which greeted this statement suggests that the audience understood its implication. There is something to be said for professional artistes being reluctant to demonstrate their art whether in song, dance or music to potential patrons free of charge. But to seize the opportunity to remind them that the dancer is visible *via* the box-office is to turn the tables a little too demonstratively. Advertising, like art, has its place.

NON-STOP

"I have come to join my husband," said Mrs. Smith, arriving at the Golden Gates.

"Delighted to meet you, ma'am," replied the Keeper. "What was your husband's name?"

"Joseph Smith."

"I'm afraid that will not be sufficient for us to identify him. You see we have quite a lot of Joseph Smiths up here. Are there any other means by which I can identify him?"

"Well, before he died he told me that if I ever kissed another man he would turn in his grave."

"Oh! I know the chap. Up here we call him Whirling Joe!"

Tempo's Serial Novel The Voyage Through Warm Blood

By
A.R.FAO

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. Presently he met Usha, a beautiful widowed girl, with whom he had been much in touch in his boyhood days.

Encouraged by his friend, Bimal, Sundar went ahead with his scheme. Boopal the richest man of the village was invited to throw open the doors of the hospital, and he did it. But in the meantime, Usha who in the beginning looked like a side attraction, became the major attraction of Sundar. They were dangerously in love with each other. Sarasa, Usha's sister-in-law, came to know of the facts. But Usha easily won over her, by inducing her to consult Sundar to cure her T. B. disease. Sundar and Usha fixed up an engagement to meet in his house the same evening.

NOW READ ON.

The screen & publication world rights of this novel are strictly controlled by the author. Any publisher or film producer interested in securing the aforesaid rights may contact the Editor of Tempo.

wounded. Now the job was over. He turned to the two men standing beside the wounded. They obviously seemed to be the leaders of the fallen men.

"Hey, what happened?" he asked.

"There was a fight, sir. We were beaten. And the cowards ran away," replied one.

"Run away, my foot!" shouted the other in uncontrollable malice. "They won't see another dawn. This night I'll see they are mutilated and buried under the village lake."

"But why did you fight at all?" asked the doctor.

"We fought, sir, because we had to."

"But why?"

"There, sir, we've a small plot of ground. We require water to sow seeds of rice. And the water has got to come to that plot through those scoundrels' lands. But they say: 'No, we don't allow.' And we say: 'You must.' They become hot. They spit at us. We lose our temper. And we charge at each other with our clubs. They attack us all, and take to their heels, afraid of being killed by us. Here lie my men, bleeding and panting with cuts on their bodies."



"Here lie my men, bleeding and panting with cuts on their bodies."

Sundar sent a quizzical look at the man that had uttered the aforesaid words. These men! When would they learn to settle these nasty disputes in a peaceful way? Would they ever learn at all?

"Do you know, my dear man, that there are courts of law to settle disputes like this?" asked Sundar.

The man bit his lip and muttered: "Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you go there? Why do you like this practice of breaking one another's heads till no heads remain? Excuse me, dear brothers. These brutal fights take you nowhere."

"But we've every right to demand water through their fields, sir," said the man.

"Then naturally the court would have decreed in your favour, if you had gone there. But you chose the other unworthy alternative: You wanted to uphold your right by the power of the muscle. I don't appreciate it."

"It takes a lot of time there in the courts of law, sir. Also it means money."

"What if? That means money. And this means blood, broken ribs and fatal wounds. You prefer shedding blood to shelling some rupees, do you?"

There was no reply from the man. There came a blush into his swarthy cheek. Sundar went on: "That little plot of ground! It's yours. Why do you want it! Because by what it gets you by way of crop, you wish to live more happily. You are of more importance than the plot of ground that is yours. Aren't you?"

The man nodded his head in assent, unable to say anything.

"Is it worth while that you should try to keep that land alive at the stake of your life? This day these men are wounded. And you sent that young man to me. Why? Because I am a doctor. So also when you find that some injustice is being meted out to you by your fellow men, send your petition to the court of justice. Please don't again repeat these acts, which are barbarous." Now Sundar turned to the second man. "Hello, sir, you seem to be burning with a sense of vengeance!"

For heaven's sake don't try to bury them in the village lake. Your reprisal, if executed, would not only rob the villagers of their valueable drinking water, but will soon place you deep down the Bay of Bengal. For they will wreak their vengeance on you. This goes on and on like that without an end, till all of you die and other beings feast over the fruits of your fields for whose sake you will have given your lives." Those two men, in fact, didn't like what the doctor had said. Why should the doctor interfere in their affairs? But they kept mum. For wasn't the doctor rather kind enough to go over there to the fields to aid the wounded?

Dr. Sundar rose up. He smiled at the two men.

"Now, my dear men, there's a horse cart on the road in which I had come. You had better put your four wounded in that and take them home."

"But, you, sir?" asked the young man, who had called on him at the hospital.

"Oh, I'll walk on. Anyway they are wounded. They need a cart more than I," said the doctor.

The doctor and the compounder marched on across the fields. The men from behind looked on at them.

"He's a good man," said the youngster.

"The doctor is rather frank."

"But you can't say he isn't kind-hearted?" shouted another.

Again their eyes looked for the two men walking on across the fields. They were tawdling on leisurely, the doctor, his hands in his trouser's pockets, and the compounder with the leather case making him bend a little to the right with the weight of its burden.

"Now to the horse cart! Now to the horse cart!" cried the man from behind.

CHAPTER 16

Sundar had been tired by his midday walk homeward. And having swallowed his food, he had gone to sleep. He had rarely walked over there in the city. There they had trams, buses and umpteen other means of transport. Man unused to walking, after the advent of the modern power-driven vehicles of transport, soon forgets his walking

potentialities. You may wonder if the man in the centuries to come, will ever be able to move an inch. The world by then will have progressed to such an extent that any movement of man is purely unnecessary. Perhaps he'll be going from room to room in a wheeled power-driven cushioned chair. He will go up in an escalator. He will dash along the roads in unjerk-ing cars. And he will fly in the air, and plod across the seas. Everywhere machines, more and more machines! What a strange contrast will be this man with his forefather, the primitive man that dug into the earth with his nails, that walked miles and miles in search of prey. Perhaps in the centuries to dawn, there will no more be swimming races but only submarine races. No running races but only motor car races. No high jumps into the air; only aeroplane feats. Inventions will be pouring in, day in and day out, till man has reached the highest limit of his mind. And then perhaps, comes a total dullness of both the body and mind. Then, perhaps, begins the era of the soul. Seeing it still further, the soul activity

too much wither in time. Then comes the total and entire dullness of man in full. A universal lethargy that will merge back into the supreme idleness that's God, out of whose womb perhaps emerged the primitive activity of man, bird and beast. The circuit will have been completed and the world will have come to a standstill.

When he woke up, his mother was standing by the bed. "You slept rather long, sonny," she addressed him, with her toothless smile. He yawned out, and sat up on the bed. "Yes, mother I feel giddy. I also have a little headache," he complained.

"Oh, get up and wash your face. You slept for long. I'll get you some sandal paste. If you smear it to your forehead, your headache will go to the winds," the doctor's mother advised the doctor. He was a doctor that allayed other's pains but when he was troubled by something he went to his mother for her advice.

Suddenly the picture of Usha crossed his mind. Oh, fool I am, he chid himself. Hadn't he asked her to go over to him in the evening? And here he was

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giddy and drowsy, squatting on the bed. He got down and took his towel. He turned to his mother. By any chance, had Usha come and gone?

"Mother, anyone called for me?" he asked.

"No one else but Bimal. I told him you were sleeping. He said he wouldn't disturb you. He went off."

He paced out of the room right to the well in the backyard. He threw the bucket into the well, and pulled it up. He splashed a couple of tumblers of cold water over his face. It was pleasant. The cold showers of water relieved his giddiness in a large measure.

He washed his hands and legs, using ample soap. He towelled his skin and went back directly to the consulting room.

"Sonny!" came the call from within.

"Yes, mother!"

"Shall I ask the boy to prepare tea for you? It's high time. I were in the Worship Room."

These old women, he pondered how they go after God when they are too old to go after a man? She would be in the

Worship Room twice a day, once in the morning and again in the evening, for more than an hour. She wouldn't allow anybody to get into that room, that dark room lit with little pieces of cloth soaked in oil poured into earthen plates. Not even Sundar could get into that room. It would be shut. She would be inside lost in deep meditation. If God were to come in answer to her prayers, even He had got to wait at the doors till she had finished her prayers and opened the doors.

"Mother, you can go into your Worship Room. Just ask the cook to come here to me," he cried across the rooms.

"I am sending him," she said. And presently he heard her stentorian call: "Chandu! You, Chandu! Hey, Chandu!"

Chandu was a foundling. He was a lad of ten plus two summers. Somewhere, perhaps, a man and woman had met, looked at one another and thought that they were meant for each other. So they had raised a tent, lived together finding warmth in one another's flesh. Then perhaps he had gone, gone

for ever. She had become pregnant, borne the child for nine months, and when it had come out of the womb left it in the fields to die. Perhaps, she thought it was hurting to feed the child, the image of that traitor, on her breasts' milk. But the child didn't die; it lived and grew in the cottage of, perhaps a sinner who had discovered it on his strolls, and had thought that God had thrown in his path a babe of hapless innocence, so that he might feed it and thus atone for his numberless sins. But when the child reached ten, the man had thought he had fed it enough for his sins and so he said: "My dear boy, you are now ten. I fed you long enough. Now you go out into the world and find your bread." By a mysterious chance he had come to work in the house of Sundar, who had engaged him after his arrival in the village. This, in a nutshell, was the story of Chandu, the foundling.

In a trice, a boy entered the room and stood before Sundar. He was dark, rather bony of built. In those small eyes of his there was a look of quest, as if

he were scanning all around for his missing parents. He was practically naked but for a small half-pant that covered the middle portion. His head was rather too big for his narrow shoulders; if you saw him you would have thought he looked intelligent, and he could as well have run for a ministership if only he were provided facilities of education and sound environment.

"What have you prepared for tiffin now?" asked Sundar.

"Poori and potato curry, sir."

"Good. Now, go and make tea for two. Get them all here when I ask for them."

"Yes, Sir," responded the boy and his bare feet trotted into the inner rooms.

Sundar rose up from the chair and walked to the open window through which he gazed into the street. The shades of twilight were just falling around in silence. She must be coming. It was time up. And he heard the street doors open with a creak; in a moment through the swing doors passed Usha and stood in the room. He turned back, smiled at her. They both

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sat down in two chairs. And Sundar called for Chandu. The boy entered the room, was asked to get the tiffin. And he went away.

From the dispensary there occasionally reached their ears the tinkling of glasses.

"Who's over there?" asked Usha.

"It must be the compounder," replied Sundar.

He rose up and took her hand "Get up. Let us go to the backyard. We can sit in the garden."

"But....."

"No one is there. My mother is in the Worship Room. She'll be there till nightfall. Get up."

They both walked in towards the garden in the backyard. Sundar stopped at the kitchen, hailed the boy cook and said: "Chandu, we'll be sitting in the garden. Get the tiffin over there."

"Yes, sir." came the reply of the boy.

It was indeed very pleasant over there in the garden. It was very shady; a number of trees spread all around: Mango trees, pomogrenate trees, cocoa-

nut trees, neem trees. In fact, a variety of trees. They sat down in a cement sofa, one beside the other, their shoulders touching. Presently Chandu arrived, with that inevitable look of quest in his eyes, placed on a small stool before them. He came back again, placed two cups of tea on the stool and departed.

"I asked him to prepare poori because I know you love it," he announced proudly.

"Who told you so? Not me, I am sure!"

"You women love to grind your teeth at the sight of men. And this poori, as it has got to be chewed well, it affords you a huge opportunity for grinding your teeth. I am sure, you must be loving it!"

She just laughed, and quietly nibbled the poori.

Suddenly he looked right into her eyes. There came a peculiar smile over his lips. He put down the plate in his hand on the stool before him. His hand went on to her right shoulder from behind her neck. She was nibbling the food slow

ly without the least sound of the teeth. And in those eyes of hers lolled the smile of mingled charm, dignity, innocence and mischief.

"You've finished your tiffin rather soon," she giggled. "Here is some. Take it." She held before his mouth a pinch of the poori mixed with potato curry. She put it in his mouth. He pulled her nearer, on to him, but abruptly let her go. He had half a mind to embrace her, he had half a mind to sleep by her side.....But no. Something rose up from within him and killed the incipient desires. Why hurry at all? This beautiful girl, Usha, would be his, if not today, surely tomorrow. She would be his. And he would be hers. He would live with her for many years, through many a summer and winter. They would grow together, get aged; and they would love each other. As he thought of all this, his heart was filled with a queer veneration towards her. She wasn't just a common lass whom you met on the road, kissed, embraced, and cohabited and departed. No, not at all. he was the sunshine of his soul.

And he didn't like to darken that sunshine so early at dawn with the clouds of his animal passion. He looked on at her his hand on her right shoulder.

She handed him a cup of tea and took another herself. And they drank the hot liquid in silent sips, all the while gazing into each other's eyes. In a few minutes Chandu came in response to a call and cleared away the things left behind.

They sat on. The leaves of the tress above their heads fluttered, and a fine, exhilarating breeze lashed their skins. Half dried flowers of the neem tree wafted in the air and landed on their clothes, filling the space around with their pungent odour. All was quiet around them, but now and then a squirrel tried in vain to force out a melodious sonata through its narrow throat, leaping up and down the mango tree.

CHAPTER 17.

The western sky was aglow with the last smiles of the dying sun. But it already grew dark in the garden where they were sitting on the cement sofa. It was so peaceful over here. An through the bosom of the quietued

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flowed the sharp notes of a folk-song like a warbling river flowing through the heart of a vibrant forest. Yes, Chandu was singing. He always sang as he cooked the food in the kitchen.

*"Richly dressed and bejewelled
She sat in the palanquin,
And behind her swaggered •
Gaily her kith and kin...."*

The notes of the song flew in the air, filled the garden. The squirrels that played among the branches of the mango trees appeared to echo Chandu's song with their feeble but sharp squeaks.

Sundar turned to her, took her hands into his.

"Usha, you know why I asked you to come here?"

"I wish I knew!"

"I love you, Usha. I love you. I don't know what your inner feelings are towards me. But I know from what I've seen of you yet, that you surely must be having a little soft place for me in the core of your heart," he spouted.

She smiled; her lower lip shook in glee. Let him go on. And he continued: "I've come to this village, because I am

burning with a desire to serve the villagers. My object in life isn't to make money, save it and pass it on to my offspring. So you must remember one thing. If you come to live with me, I place everything of mine, at your disposal, and I expect you'll place yours at mine. What's this queer word love? You may ask me. I feel that love, in truth, can thrive only in a state of equality, mutual understanding, freedom and mutual respect. There's nothing like one-sided love. Some believe there's, but I opine it's stupid to call that love. Love is fed by response from the other quarter. Love, in my view, always has two ends. If one end is neutral or antagonistic, nothing will flow down the other end. both the ends must be live, vibrant with life, and free from ignorance." He stopped for a while. His eyes sought hers. From the kitchen came the notes of Chandu's song:

*"They were new to each other,
The 'groom and bride,
Yet their hearts greeted each other*

With joy and pride".

"Let's set up a small little home over here," he said.

"Here, in this village!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, why not?"

"Not here, in any case," she answered. "Here the people are yet steeped in ignorance. Their minds think not, but are hung to the billhook of false, obsolete religious customs and social habits. And everyone hereabout knows you and me. Your dream of serving your people will turn out to be a chimera. For who'll visit the hospital when they know that you are keeping home with a widow? Widows marrying isn't yet sponsored in these little hamlets. Not here, in any case!"

Instantly India flashed through the doctor's mind. How could these very primeval customs still stay on in this country? India so civilized and cultured in certain aspects, how could it at the same time wallow in the slime of rugged superstitions, foolish conventions and tyrannical fetishes? If the Government had given ever a thought to these malodorous affairs, it could have put a stop to them in notime. India socially would have been revolutionized. But the Government never seemed to hurt the social or religious susceptibilities of the

people whom they were ruling. It would be putting themselves unwantedly in the focus of the social wrath, which, in its turn, would jeopardise the political stability. The Government ruled on, interfering with naught of the social and religious customs of the people, and the customs, absolutely out of date, prevailed as a tribute to the rulers. Indians might think of having a Kemal Ataturk for completely overhauling the social wardrobe, and clearing out the unhealthy cobwebs, but they should realise he must be a Kemal in an independent India. In a subject country, even a Kemal would be capable of doing nothing but ply the spinning wheel and practise non-violence and hail the Mahatma, as the greatest man that graced the earth since the times of Buddha. "What you say is true!" he echoed her utterance. "But why should we think at all of living in this village? Let's leave it and go to some other village, another in the ocean of seven lakhs of villages that lie across this huge subcontinent. The desire to serve this village, because it's my land of birth, is just born out of a narrow sentimentality. We can as well

serve any other village. Let's leave this place, run away to another village, some hundred or two hundred miles away and start a fresh hospital there. There no one knows us. We can live there happily."

"But what about your mother? I am afraid it might break her heart!"

"So many hearts are broken everyday," he sneered. "We aren't on earth to stop hearts from breaking or remake what's broken. My mother's old. She just jogs on for a few years more. She may disagree to our union. But just to make her happy, I can't and shouldn't sacrifice my whole life. We hope to live for many more years than she, for we are young. For the two or three years of her existence, isn't it foolish and stupid that we should barter away our whole lives? Whether or not she nods her head in assent, we will be one. We'll leave this place, like two free birds, and find our nest of hope, joy and bliss." From the kitchen again floated in the air the musical notes of Chandu's song:

*"Arm in arm they gaily
dawdled Beneath the sky*

*Towards the river bed
Glowing golden near by."*

"I am ready," Usha answered. "Take me where you will. I'll follow you like a child."

"The sooner we leave this place the better, Usha," he rejoined.

"My mind won't come to its peaceful state, unless I see you ever by my side, unless your smile like a star lights the mundane path. You must be there, assuring me, as it were, that I am alive. You must always stand before me as a mirror, reflecting the pangs of my body, the leaps of my heart and the tumults of my soul."

Suddenly she rose up. "Now I'll go back to my house. Your mother will be coming out of the Worship Room."

"Oh, let her come, Usha," he said blandly. "What do we care?" But instantly he said: "Go away. We'll meet again. I don't wish you should be seen by my mother now, at this moment." They both walked out of the garden, and through a series of rooms she descended into the street. He saw her walk on along it. At once, as though goaded by a strange inexplicable instinct, he

scudded his way to the garden. Once again he sat down in the sofa, where a moment back, they had been sitting together.

The shades of night had fallen. The garden had become a tunnel of gloom. A set of insects screeched from beneath the folds of the foliage. A fragrant wind swept the garden, and grey, half-dried up flowers dropped down on his head from the tree tops above. The peculiarly pungent odour of the neem flowers mixed in his nostrils with the sweet smell of jasmine, the smell of almond merged with the dulcet

odour of the mango blossoms. He felt the empty spot by his side with his palm, and instantly in his mind rose a woman, with well pronounced contours and her fine reddish lips beat down into his heart a madrigal of truthful love and limitless dedication. From the dark, dimly lit regions of the kitchen floated in the air the last, feeble notes of Chandu's song:

*" Agreeing they would meet
again.*

Parted the lovers train.

*Along opposite paths they crept
And in a dream they met when
they slept."*

—:o:—

Self-Criticism.—"No American writer has enough education to be allowed to write books."—Philip Wyile, American novelist.

Hollywood Adorables.—"There aren't any very interesting men in Hollywood. Broadway, or anywhere else I've been in America. Hollywood men are so keen on themselves they don't take a minute off to talk about you. They adore themselves."—Angela Lansbury, British film star.



CONDUCTED

BY

Miss Surekha

The birth of a free India has finely blended with the elevation of Woman to her previous status. Don't be surprised when you look at the picture of Sarojini Naidu supervising the oath-taking of Pandit Pant, her thumb stuck against her lips, in the usual feminine fashion, as some men may say. I would not have been surprised if she had been made the premier of the Indian Dominion. Why should I? For that matter why should anybody?

Look through the pages of history. Women played such important roles in days of yore in the ruling of a country and the nourishing of a nation. They had been wise counsellors, good comrades and infallible guides. In many ways they had been the

This feature is the monopoly 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.

last props to men that often hasten and falter. Women by nature are cautious. They stand by, they weigh and proceed. Ignorant man mistakes their discrimination for vacillation or laziness.

Yet I feel that men in India have yet to learn much in their behaviours towards ladies. The degeneracy that has overtaken many of them through the hundred and fifty years of British misrule must go in the new conditions set up by the

creation of an Independent Dominion of India.

There are hundreds of men living all alone by themselves. We have never disturbed their peaceful lives. Can't we also live all alone by ourselves? Why should cruel man deny us the peace and quiet which we have always bountifully showered on him? Sometime back a letter fell into my hands. It was from a sister of mine, somewhere resident in the city. It was a long letter. It told the poignant tale of her life.

Says she: "I am a woman like you. I am alone on this earth. My parents died long, long ago. Not having any paternal or maternal uncles to protect me or provide for me, I came to this city. Since then my sole aim has been to learn something that will give me my bread. I have been a dancer, a steno, a private tutor. I have been managing to make enough money for my sustenance by these independent jobs. But am I happy with all this?"

"Sister, I very often wish I were a man! Somehow women that seek to live alone seem to have no place over here. I had

to struggle for two years to get a habitable room. The landlords would not rent their rooms for young girls of my like. Who are you? Why are you not married? Why haven't you some menfolk to look after you? Oh, what a volley of questions! I told them I was a steno. I was having a job of my own. I could pay the rent for the room. I could get my bread with my sweat. I could live, without seeking anyway the aid of August Adam. No. They wouldn't believe. I must be of the bad sort, they conclude...

"And then see me while I go about. Watch me sister, and you will know how rakishly these young men, that so often mutely sit at Gandhiji's prayers with obvious expressions of chastity and culture and morality, behave. I go to a hotel to take my food. Even the men servers there take undue liberties when the customer is a female. You sit in a bus. From the conductor to the hen-pecked advocate *en route* to High Court to plead, perhaps, some lost causes, makes it his solemn duty to stand as near to you as possible, and every jerk of the vehicle will be giving you a masculine kick on the knees. And then there are

young men, looking rather decent and innocent, who straightaway tread on your foot as by accident, and when you keep mum, ignoring their first venture, they would bravely go ahead making unholy vibrations on your toes, indicating some bloody down to earth flesh mission.

"When I go to the beach, it is not to hear the song of the sea waves or to bathe in the ozonic air of the seaside but only to hear the flippant remarks of young men that stare and ogle at me...

"When I attend a cinemahouse, my neighbour, who inexorably happens to be a man, would not let the darkness go unharnessed. As your eyes are fixed on the screen, you feel the warmth of a hand creeping over your shoulder. You wonder what it is. You look before and behind. You look right and left. And then you watch him pulling it back, slowly, steadily but with pressure.

"These men! Would they ever allow a poor lassie to remain and live on earth alone, all by herself? Why should these fellows be allowed to behave in this fashion? I am writting this long letter to you, because, I sincerely believe

you are a woman of guts and can blastingly expose these wretched mal-practices and make proud, prudish men lick their feet."

Any woman worth her hair-do should flame up with resentment as she reads the above letter, which, for lack of space, I could not reproduce in full. This is not just the tale of a single girl, but it is the story of thousands of girls like her living in our country. From my experience I feel that many of our Indian brothers, even those that are termed educated and cultured, lose all their equilibrium when their eyes fall on a fleeting feminine figure. I have known myself many of these young men who wirepull and do nasty things in the background but when face to face with a girl they pitifully grow nervous and blabber infantile nonsense. Once when I was sitting in a theatre cloaked in darkness while the reels were unrolling, the man behind me made undue and unmanly gestures behind me. I felt him putting his leg behind me and touching my flesh with the tip of his shoe. I waited. And soon the man advanced, mistaking my silence

for consent, and went ahead pulling my hanging plait with his knee. It did not take more than a second for me to put him to fright: When I just turned back and shouted a few words, the *brave* man shivered in quiet and in the interval, I could not stop a laugh when I found him sitting two furlongs away from the seat behind mine.

Now with the incoming of freedom, I keenly watch the novel and resurgent social reforms which the new Government is going to usher in. The top men ruling the country now have already exhibited their appreciable recognition of the Indian women by installing two members of the popularly called fair sex in two creditable posts. But the common fry do not seem to have changed their age-old notions about the women. They yet cling, desperately though, to the phantom that women are weak, fickle and delicate. There is tremendous need to-day for a

thorough overhauling of the mental make-up of the common man. The mind must be rid of these silly notions, and man should learn to extend an equal status to a woman in an atmosphere of cordiality and cheers. We, the Indian women, in the days to come are certain to play a very vital role in shaping the destiny of this independent nation. Somehow our men seem to have been too much tired out in the arid deserts of political chicanery, digging, digging for over a century for the oasis of freedom which is now ours. But to-day there is a startling awakening among the Indian women. They have come out, out of their catacombs, and are filling most of the posts at which formerly only men stood twirling their moustaches. Eve is invading every field and her conquests are resounding with the peals of her bangles and flowing with the honey of her smiles.

WOMEN OF INDIA, MARCH ON!

• Tempo's Industry Section

Trichinopoly Cigars

BY
"NAMBS"

If you have not yet smoked a Trichinopoly Cigar, go to your nearest stall and smoke one immediately. You relish it vastly. Here then is an article that throws much light on this industry of the South.

Sheffield cutlery, Lancashire textiles, Brazilian coffee. Burma Potrol, Trichinopoly Cigars—they are all famous combinations. Trichinopoly cigars are famous not only in India but all over the world. Though Trichinopoly of the South is the centre of the cigar industry in India, its inland market is the northern towns of Bombay, Calcutta, Lahore, Delhi and such places. It employs about 1500 labourers in nearly two hundred factories in an area no bigger than a portion of the town.

The cigar industry has been for ages and still is a cottage industry. Excepting for about sixty manufacturers who employ twenty to hundred labourers all the others are proprietor cum-labourer manufacturers. The verandahs of the living

quarters form the necessary working places. It is a matter for admiration that with so little education the cigar manufacturers of Trichinopoly have made these cigars famous all over the world. Woriur, forming a part of the town, is the live centre of the industry.

The implements of the cigar manufacturers are not many. Each of the cigar rollers has a plank of wood, a wooden roller, a scissors and an empty deal wood-lid less box. The rest of the general equipment of the factory are the presses, the moulds, the packing frames, the cutting machines. The manufacturer will have elaborate packing paper, boxes, rings and other materials which make the cigars attractive and anciful to the smoker.

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The manufacturing process is simple enough to be described. A cigar consists of three parts. The inner dry stuff that burns is called the filler; the binder is that which wraps and holds the filler together. Over this comes the wrapper leaf that gives the final shape and appearance and flavour to the cigar. The tobacco that is used for the filler and binder is the country tobacco grown in adjacent belts in Karur and Dindigul taluks of Trichy and Madura districts. The wrapper tobacco leaf was imported from Java and Sumatra in the pre-war days. The war cut off these imports and the manufacturers were forced to take to the indigenous Sumatra, Java & Manila wrapper leaf grown specially in Rangpur in Bengal Province. Except for a few manufacturers and for a few superior qualities the manufacturers had to use only this indigenous variety during the war. The writer is glad to say that the same was found quite good; in the interests of the Indian tobacco grower this needs greater encouragement.

On the day previous to manufacture the filler and binder

country tobacco is wetted in jagery water which is also scented: it is then rolled up in a gunny bag and left overnight. The wrapper tobacco is wetted in plain water next morning. The country tobacco is then stripped—the midrib of the leaf is removed. The broken bits of the leaf is put in the sun to dry completely as it forms the filler. The more complete portions of the leaf is dried in the shade only and form the binder. The wrapper tobacco is stripped and the leaf is rolled up in rollers and left as it is. After the filler is fully dry it is bound with the binder which will be a bit moist and will hold it together, and we get what is called the inner cigar or 'ulleduchurutu' (Tamil). It is rolled into the shape required. Corona, Planters, Kanalanga, Cortado, Dampi, Five minutes, are some of the main shapes. Corona being the most popular. This inner cigar will not look a finished product. In the case of certain shapes, like Corona for example, these inner cigars are put in moulds to give a uniform shape. Except for this the shape is attained by the skill of the hand alone; and not by moulds. After this, the wrapper

leaf is put on and the cigar is complete. The cigars are cut to correct size in the cutting machine which is a simple hand operated affair. In the case of cigars having both ends open one side is trimmed with the scissors. The cigars then do to the packing section.

It is in the packing section the ingenuity and the intelligence of the cigar manufacturers is manifest. The variety of brand names, the variety of packings, the variety of presentation methods are simply amazing. Cigars are such a fancy trade. Ordinary plain packing, cellophane paper packing, oil paper packing, gold paper packing, silver paper packing, aluminium foiling of cigars are some of the varieties. A beautiful variety of rings, and coloured printings on these wrappings is also adopted. The cigars are then packed in 25s, 50s or 100s in red cedar wood boxes. The cedar wood is got from the West Coast district of Malabar and there is a trade in these box manufactures itself in Trichy as a subsidiary to the cigar industry. The rings, labels and other packing material used to be imported

chiefly from Germany in the pre-war days. Since the war broke out and even today these are mainly supplied in India itself. The cigars are ready for despatch once they have been packed in the cedar boxes.

The wages in the industry are on the piece work basis. The lowest is Rs. 1-4-0 per 1000 cigars of Five Minutes shape and the highest is Rs. 5-0-0 per 1000 cigars of Corona shape. These basic wage rates have not been changed in these years: only the dearness allowance has been successively raised and today it is hundred percent. Cigar rolling is a skilled job and the way in which the weight, the colour and the finish is got up is really a credit.

The cheapest of cigars today cost Rs. 1-4-0 per 100 while the highest prices have been found to be as high as Rs. 200 per 100 cigars. The quality of tobacco, the fancy brand name, the manufacturer, the customer's tastes, the get up are all factors in settling the price.

In the pre-war times the industry was not as flourishing as it is today or it was during the war

Excepting for a small foreign market and some inland sales the manufacturers had not much to stand by. The war gave a boom and the large presence of the foreign troops in India was very helpful to this premier industry. The peak production was recorded and in 1945 it went up to over 60 lakhs of cigars a month. In 1943 the Government of India introduced a central excise duty on tobacco and it has been a good source of revenue: at the same time it has introduced some amount of organisation and disciplined development into industry. The

end of the war caused a great slump in the industry and the present inland cigar market is not enough to keep the industry in full swing. Some recent exploitations of the market in England, Africa, Arabia, Egypt, Aden, Malta, Greece, Singapore and countries are bearing fruit and the mainstay of the future seems to be the development of these foreign markets. Government help to withstand competition and develop this outside market will be very useful to this important Indian industry.

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Film News

Seth Brothers Productions

"Tohfa" is said to be just completed by Agha Jami Kashmiri. Veera (who by the by is a sort of mushroom growth on the Indian screen). Anuradha (of Unknown fame) and Nawab of old, are acting in this venture.

Protima Dasgupta Productions

Thousands have watched this Protima rise from an ordinary star to the rank of a producer, and most of them with admiration. She's rather a sedulous being, too wise to be towed into filming worthless themes. Her present film "Jharna" is

already making the curiosity in humanity run riot. Starring the screen's most lovable, active and dynamic Begum Para, and directed by Protima Dasgupta herself, "Jharna" may well give a quake to the newly born Indian Dominion.

Hindustan Kalamandir Ltd.

Their present film unfortunately is producing much confusion as it is being advertised in many journals under a plethora of names like "Azadiki rah par" "Swatantra ki path par" etc. Many great names that entertained the people in those days of British hegemony are there, but you do not know if these stalwarts can yield you any entertainment now in a free

India, for those of free India view films from a different angle.

Diamond Pictures Ltd.

They have purchased the distribution rights of "Doli" produced by Arora. The cast includes Sulochana chatterjee and Madhuri.

Dotara Pictures

"Middle fail" featuring a team of absolutely unknowns is their first social. The producers should have chosen a more attractive name.

Vijayananda Films, Madras

Unfortunately "Neel Kamal" is being delayed for release, the above firm securing the rights of distribution. With Begum Para in the steller role, it undoubtedly will elick monstrously at the box-office.

Ranjit Movietone

The demise of Seth Dayaram Shaw cast a shadow on the Ranjits. But Chandulal Shaw coolly resigned himself to the laws of Time, and is making arrangements for "Bela,"starring Jairaj and Nigar Sultana. The



Obviously a tense situation between Hiralal and Azurie in Gitanjali Movietone's "FAISLA"



Janis Carter is warming up Glen Ford for a murder in Columbia's "FRAMED"

songs for this are written by D. N. Madhok.

South Indian Screen

Bharani Pictures

Bharani's "Ratnamala" is fast progressing and will be ready for release soon. Starring Bhanumati, the Ingrid Bergman of the South, and supported by many reputed artistes, especially in these days of "Bhanumati

craze", it should prove a smashing box office hit.

Swatantra Films

Swatantra's maiden offering "Drohi" is being rushed through in Sobhanachala. Prakash Rao is confident it will be ready for release before December, this year. The cast includes Prakash Rao himself, Varalaxmi, Lakshmi Rajyam, Siva Rao (the Chaplin of the South) etc.



After many years of futile film career, Nazir at last seems to have chosen the role that suits him best in Hind's "YADGAR".

More screen hits of Maugham's works.

Darryl Zanuck is reported to have purchased Maugham's story "Neil MacAdam", a Borneo story.

It is also said that the novel *The Painted Veil* which was once a Garbo picture will be rebrought to the screen starring Greer Garson in the new version.

* * *

"Temperament", Betty Hutton says, "is a lot of hooey. There ain't no such thing: In most cases it is just an excuse to do what you want and not get the blame for it."

Shukumar Pictures

"Deyadasi" is said to be getting the final touches, for quite a long time now. When the final touches will finally be finished is something that keeps the readers of Tempo baffling.

Allied Pictures Corporation

Allieds are releasing "Grihapravesam" at Deepak, Bombay on the 18th of September '47. for regular matinee shows. The same film is also being released at Gadag by 4th September.



Para who has of late lost her charms for men seems to be trying them on snakes in "Jharna"

"She doesn't think of men all the time, but when she thinks she thinks of men only."—Studio Joke.

IS IT TRUE ?.....

That ever since the release of Biaram Khan at Wellington, the demand for the pain-balam "Amrutanjan" has shot up incredibly ?

That Subbulakshmi's camel ride in "Filmindia" has appealed very much to the dry sense of humour of Northern Indians, and they are crowding to the theatres to witness the pace of the camel, if not to look at the face of the rider ?



Shobha looks so in Filmstan's Lela



That's Ismat Sultana in Rasik's "Laparva"

That many topnotch intellectual congressmen and women have been elevated to Governorships and are driven out of Delhi by Patel, just by way of paving the field at the Centre for his supremacy ?

That Y. V. Rao recently came to Madras and had his Tamil Ramdass projected before a select gathering of the staff and friends, and the projected eight reels were highly praised and applauded ?

That the Independence day at Madras was celebrated with glittering national flags on every wall and pole with the inexorable "Madman" sprinkled across it lavishly ?

For the reference and use of the film producer, exhibitor and distributor, we give below the average percentage of entertainment tax in prevalence in all the provinces of the Union of India and Pakistan.

Bombay	...	Average	...	25%
Madras	...	"	...	33½%*
Bengal	...	"	...	25%
Punjab	...	"	...	25%
Central Provinces...				
& Berar	...	"	...	25%
N. W. Frontier	...			
province	...	"	...	50%
Sind	...	"	...	25%
United Provinces...				
Bihar	...	"	...	25%
Assam	...	"	...	10%
Orissa	...	"	...	15%

* Proposed, not yet fixed

That Suryakumari, whose name in South India, is the synonym for failure, has got another chance to assert her fitness for filmic survival in Star Combines "Samsar Nowka"

That Ram Gopal is still lingering in London, with a last minute cablegram thrown across the seas to Tara in Ceylon ?

That Tara Chaudhri, after the biting editorial of The Times of Ceylon, is wondering whether

she should stay any longer in the Isle ?

That Lakshmi Rajyam today is the happiest film star of the South going about in a beautiful automobile creeper, and many are wondering how she has been making such huge fortunes in these days of economic uncertainties and close-tight markets !

That R. K. Shumugam Chetty's inclusion in the Dominion Government is a gift of the



Veera is a medicore shot up to stardom. That's how she looks in "TOHFA"

Congress dominating Birlas to their fellow partners in south?

That Mangaldas Pakvasa, the newly appointed Governor, was so charmed by the looks of a luscious extra at a dance set of "Geet Govind" that he missed a step and had to join a hospital to recoup from the fractured foot?

That with her home-coming from the trip to the realm of

John Bull, petite Snehaprabha has grown doubly confident of her divine mission in Free India?

That some year's sojourn in jail incredibly sharpened the wits of N. S. Krishnan, and that now Mathuram herself is splitting her sides with laughter at his jokes?



Now-a-days Producers seem to be running mad after Siva Rao. The latest ~~ge~~ Suryakalas that succeeded in booking him for their mammoth "Bhatti Vikramarka"

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