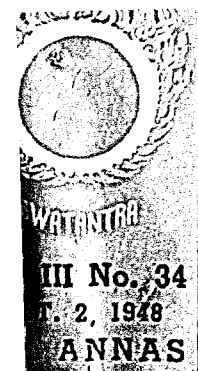


SWATANTRA

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SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 34

(SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1948)

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SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 34

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

COMMUNISM IN S. E. ASIA

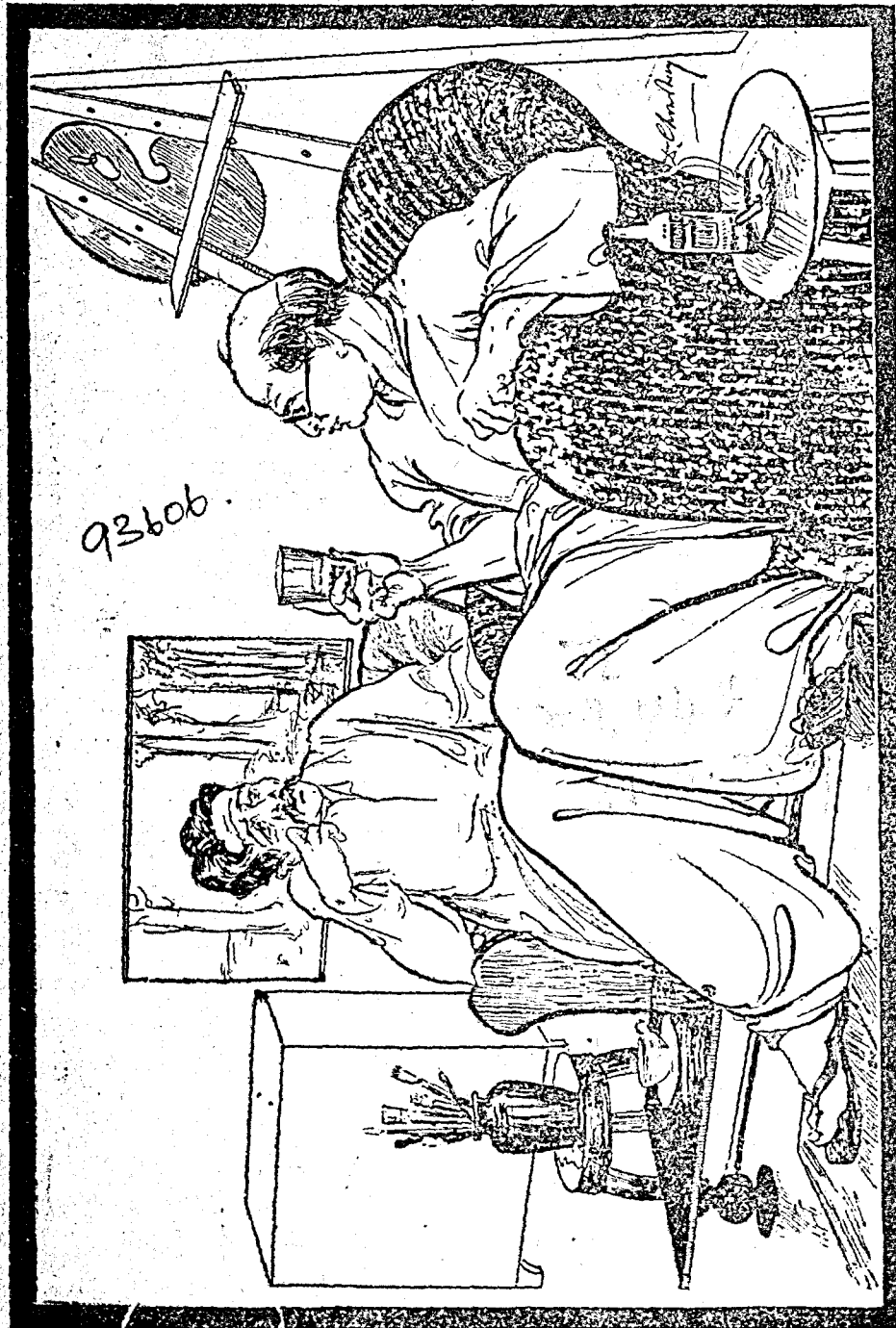
VIOLENT action to secure political ends is an undemocratic procedure, always deplorable. But when such action is undertaken to enforce the claims of social justice against an obdurately tyrannical regime itself sustained by force, any exercise of moral preference becomes impossible. A case in point is present-day Malaya. A bitter struggle is being waged there between a discredited colonial ruling class and an armed band of rebels under Communist inspiration. It is difficult to endorse the methods of the one or the other group; both are making for bitterness and economic chaos, both are destroying the chances of peaceful progress being achieved by Malaya's inhabitants. But if blame had to be apportioned for the unhappy state of affairs there, liberals and democrats will have no hesitation in placing the greater part of it on the British die-hards than on the rebels.

Communist insurrection in Burma and Indonesia is of an altogether different character. In both these countries the Communists are up in arms not against the forces of an alien imperialism but against national Governments which are striving to preserve and strengthen their recently won freedom. This freedom is, in the case of the Indonesian Republic, precarious in the extreme. It is yet to win full international recognition. The frontiers of the Republic are liable to be contracted or even effaced by the hostile Dutch forces itching to carry out a second police action. That the Communists should head a rebellion at this crucial juncture is

unfortunate and shocking. They could not have chosen a more appropriate strategy if they had wanted to act as agents of the Dutch in annihilating the Indonesian Republic. Burma is only slightly better off than Indonesia in this respect. No hostile foreign armies surround its borders but the stability of the national Government of Burma is not much greater than that of Indonesia. Internal forces of disruption—tribal insurgents, freebooters and political malcontents—have been undermining the strength and prestige of the central authority at Rangoon until it stands today in a perilous position subject to attack from a promiscuous conglomeration of rebels.

If the Communist revolt in Indonesia in effect (whatever the intention) facilitates the total conquest of the Republic by the Dutch, continued turmoil in Burma will drive the Burma Government to seek foreign aid if it is to continue to exercise its rule over the country. Except that it will give them the opportunity of damning the Government as a 'foreign stooge', it is difficult to see what advantage such a development will bring to Burmese Communists. It will certainly bring no happiness or prosperity to the people of Burma whose fate will be exactly the same as that of other unfortunate victims of civil war in Greece and China.

A decade ago, in a situation similar to that in Indonesia today, Chinese Communists acted quite otherwise. They placed country before party, national freedom before their own



THE EVE OF OCTOBER 2

tions of the times. Hitherto the poor bore the bulk of the burden of running the State, and the rich, being in enjoyment of political power, let themselves lightly off. With adult suffrage in the offing, the numerical strength of the poor is beginning to count as a factor for elevating them to a more favoured position. Many burdens hitherto borne patiently by the poor will hereafter be transferred to richer shoulders to the accompaniment of arguments to the contrary which wealth can bribe brains to prepare and set up by way of defence for its vanishing status of privilege. Much of the noise made by the

instruments of publicity which belong to the rich and play tunes of their setting can be ignored in all questions involving real benefit to the poor who do not possess newspapers to plead their cause. It is quite fitting that the luxury of solvency drawn from exactions at the expense of the poor be now given up and the whole basis of our taxation be changed so that the economic strength of the State may be brought into a sensible relation with the welfare of the masses. Prohibition has to be welcomed as an advance signal of this impending change.

Sotto Voce

The Complete Hedonist



THERE is, or would be, if they were newspaper readers, which fortunately for them they are not, great trepidation in monkey-land. The export of our humble kin to America has been resumed. From Calcutta hundreds of them are being shipped every week. An official of the exporting firm, asked why they

SIDELIGHTS :

If any man seeks for greatness, let him forget greatness and ask for truth, and he will find both.—HORACE MANN.

LESS than a year after Mahatma Gandhi's death the things he preached and stood for seem to have ceased to be of much account in the land of his birth. Khadi was the starting point of the Gandhian revolution. It used to be the badge of patriots. But now it has become an umbrella of protection for the blackmarketeer. Imagine my surprise the other day when a once vehement Khadi-devotee who used to equate homespun with all the virtues, appeared clad in mill cloth, and offered an explanation for the change. "Every scoundrel's head is adorned with a Gandhi cap nowadays", she said. "I do not mean that all that wear Khadi are bad, but few that are corrupt fail to seek its shelter. I do not want to be in that company and have left it for good. The average of honesty among the non-Khadi-wearing is now definitely higher."

The greatness of the Mahatma is measured with the output of his achievements which are splendid and striking, but it lay in reality in his inflexible will which clung without deviation to a chosen path irrespective of the jungles and the frightening phenomena through which it led. His pursuit of the principles of his choice all of which revolved round Truth was unwearied and unwavering. There are few that are not actuated by a general sense of the excellence of Truth which Gandhi proclaimed to be his God—"God is Truth". There is no widespread preference for untruth as such corresponding to the universality of the departures from it as exemplified in the lies that are everywhere and fill the world. People do not elect falsehood in preference to truth with any deliberate choice in situations admitting of the acceptance or rejection of the one or the other as between definite alternatives confronting them for at-

tention and decision. A good deal of lying is by way of refuge from difficulties bound up with the pursuit of truth.

Gandhi saved himself from ever being led into any such refuge on account of the extreme sensitiveness of his nature to the insidious poison of the untrue. He fortified his zeal for truth with the vigilance of a conscience that never relaxed in its effort to discern and reject alternatives that presented themselves in tempting guises. Everything in conflict with truth was rejected at the very moment of the beginning of the conflict. If fear came in conflict with truth, Gandhi suppressed the fear and not truth, contrary to the common practice of people of suppressing the truth, yielding to the fear.

Fear is connected with some form of concern for one's own self. The self is an exclusive entity. We cannot be afraid except of something other than ourselves, and in order to shed fear completely, the consciousness of duality itself has to be burnt out of one's self. If there is no duality, there is no urge for self-protective urges such as the acquisition of property. So Gandhi's pursuit of truth led him on the way to non-acquisition of property. It led him to treating all as he treated himself, to non-violence and to universal love.

The integrity of his pursuit of truth imparted to the Mahatma a character unique among leaders. The difference between him and others is that he sacrificed everything to truth, whereas they sacrifice some aspect of truth to something else held dearer. To some money has become dearer. To some office. To others power. To some others pomp and importance. To others still, more than one of these in varying blends. The mantle of the Mahatma has not fallen in the full splendour of its humanising

potency on any one leader yet. Shreds and patches of it have been acquired by the more prominent of his political descendants. But the best among them have not made

out of their new dignities any synthesis of true Gandhian culture for applying power, money and the prestige of big offices in loving service of their fellowmen.—SAKA.

AMENDING THE INDIAN CONSTITUTION

by P. KODANDA RAO

(*Servants of India Society*)

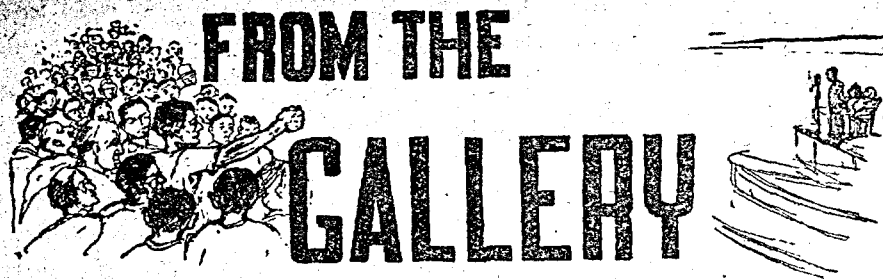
IN his illuminating article on the Draft Constitution for India, contributed to the Independence Number of the *Hindu* of Madras, Sir B. N. Rao, the Constitutional Adviser to the Government of India, admitted that the amending procedure in the Draft Constitution was illogical. "It seems rather illogical," said Sir B. N. Rao, "that a Constitution should be settled by a simple majority of an Assembly elected indirectly on a very limited franchise, and that it should not be capable of being amended in the same way by a Parliament elected and for the most part elected directly—by adult franchise." The present Assembly was not elected in common constituencies directly by the mass of voters on adult franchise. It was elected indirectly by the Provincial Legislatures and other bodies; the franchise was limited; the electorates were separate and communal; some of the members were not even elected but nominated. The new Union Parliament will be elected directly mostly in general constituencies and on adult franchise. As Sir B. N. Rao said, it certainly is illogical to say that the present less representative Constituent Assembly is competent to enact a brand new Constitution for India by a simple majority of members present and voting, but that the more representative Union Parliament can amend it only by special majorities and ratifications.

The present Constituent Assembly is also the Central Legislature. It is absurd to suggest that the same body of people can enact a Constitution by a simple majority and without further ratifications, but

cannot amend it without special majorities and ratifications! There is absolutely no justification for the presumption that the present set of legislators are constitutionally wiser when enacting a Constitution, but less wise when amending it. By the same token, it is not only absurd but also impertinent for the present Constituent Assembly to presume that it is constitutionally wiser and more competent than all subsequent Union Parliaments brought into being by the very Constitution it enacted. If the present Constituent Assembly can be trusted to frame a Constitution wisely by a simple majority, subsequent Union Parliaments can be trusted to amend it equally wisely without special majorities and ratifications.

When the amendment of the Constitution requires a special majority larger than the simple majority, it gives the veto to the minority. If the tyranny of a majority is an evil, the tyranny of a minority is a greater evil. According to press reports, the present Australian Government secured the passage

se



*"A chield's amang you taking notes
And faith he'll prent it."*

THE contumacy of the 'representative' of the Nizam in defying the directive of his master has a comic side to it. For, the reason which he advanced for the retention of the subject on the agenda was inexpressibly puerile. If he had doubts as to the bona fides of the message, all that he had to do was to make a trip to Hyderabad and find out from Gen. Chaudhry the truth. One of these days, he will have to make that pilgrimage. But the Security Council has stultified itself by truckling to such levity. It has proceeded on the basis of the death of Count Bernadotte. And yet there was no proof before it of that melancholy fact. How does the Council know that there is a crisis in Berlin or a civil war in Burma? Perhaps it may be the victim of an imposture. Indeed, it might also take up for very thorough investigation whether Queen Anne is really dead. There is no end to the possibilities of such mare's nests being explored.

The Security Council is proving its ineptitude at both ends. It adopts the Nelson touch where recognition of inconvenient facts weakens its prestige; it offers pin-pricks to the smaller fry only to incur their just odium. Between these two extremes, it is lost when it is faced by an actual threat to its power or prestige. South Africa threatened to walk out of the show if the Indian complaint was taken on the agenda. This world organisation shook in its shoes, ate humble pie, and placated the spiritual successors of the Nazis getting into their stride

he had no beard. The Ancient Mariner who stopped one of three, was credited with a long grey beard, but he was described by Coleridge as a greybearded loon afflicted also with a glittering eye.

Syed Kazim Razvi had a glittering eye when I met him some time in the month of March. I had already heard of his dreamy looks and his beard, but when I shook hands with him, I was convinced that *minus* his beard, he was bound to look unimpressive. Half the secret of the awesome personality of the late Vithalbhai Patel lay in his beard, and in his young days he had capitalised and enhanced the gravity of his untameable expression with the habit of wearing a black frock-coat and red Fez-cap which would have given him honorary-membership of the All-India Muslim League whilst Mr. Jinnah was still sporting his white hat.

After Vithalbhai resigned his Speakership of the Indian Legislative Assembly, he underwent the tonsorial operation of a shave at Lahore and he looked an absolutely different man with no trace of authoritarianism in his manners. Along with the beard disappeared his masterful exterior and his style of referring to himself solemnly as the "Chair". He next

with the permission of the Raya got up from his seat, advanced a few steps forward, and took Kshetraiya by his hand and having taken him to the place intended for him, resumed his seat on the throne.

There was some talk between the Raya, Vijayaraghava, Chokkanatha and Kshetraiya on music. Kshetraiya was asked to narrate the story of his victory over the famous court musicians of Tanisha. Then Kshetraiya composed a pada in praise of God Sriranga in language which might apply to the Raya also—next another pada and then another. Expert dancers were then asked to perform abhinaya. By common

courage into your craven heart. Well, we shall meet again. My servants will meet yours, if you have any, and arrange the time and place." Then they resumed their way and walked side by side to the durbar as if nothing had happened.

Next morning, at dawn, in the small open space in the centre of Govinda Dikshit's mango garden outside the capital, a number of people divided into two groups were standing facing each other watching two men measuring the ground in the middle. They first of all marked a central point called *pullati* and measured ten paces on either side of it. Then they produced two swords of similar make—weighed them in their hands, measured them to see that they were of equal length, tested their texture and temper. One of them took one of the swords, and walking up to China Vengama who was in the centre of one of the groups handed it over to him,—and the other with the other sword walked up in the opposite direction and handed it over to Muttu Alagiri. Then both the duellists advanced to the *pullati* (centre), stood there for a minute back to back; walked ten paces each in opposite directions. Then turning round, they advanced towards each other with drawn swords, holding a shield each to ward off the rival's blows. Taking advantage of a slight slip on the part of Muttu Alagiri, China Vengama made a lunge—but Muttu Alagiri having recovered received the thrust on the shield. Though the force of the blow sent him back staggering, he escaped injury. China Vengama charged again; but Muttu Alagiri with a dexterous flourish of his sword, knocked the weapon off his enemy's hands. The seconds stepped in. It is a convention that a disarmed person should not be attacked. They gave China Vengama another sword. Infuriated by what had happened he rushed on Muttu Alagiri impetuously; but the latter stepped aside; but when China Vengama rushed on him again, Muttu Alagiri received him on the point of his sword; and the blade passed clean through his right shoulder.

The news of the duel was bruited about. It was an incident which created a stir in the city. The personages involved in it were the noblest in the whole of South India. One was the descendant of the Rayas of Vijayanagar, the other was the son of the heir-apparent to the throne of Madura. It was really astounding that they should fight for a girl of no social standing. No doubt she was beautiful

and accomplished, but would sensible people fight duels for women of her class? People of all classes of the city hastened to the place to witness the duel. Niyogis representing noblemen with instructions to send accounts of the duel every moment through special messengers, persons whose only business in life was to seek amusement and pot-bellied surgeons with bags of medicines hanging from their shoulders and servant women in the employ of high dames of royal and noble families, all hurried to Govinda Dikshit's garden.

King Vijayaraghava was seated on a low throne, with two maids of honour, one on either side. His preceptor, Tatacharya, was seated on a silk carpet expounding the doctrines of his creed. A servant maid with a silver staff in her hand entered in great excitement. All turned towards her with eager looks. "Your Majesty", she said, "they are fighting, fighting a duel." Vijayaraghava was both annoyed and astonished, that without his knowledge and permission people should dare to fight a duel. He turned impatiently towards the maid. "Calm yourself, girl. Tell me who are fighting and why." The girl recovered her equanimity and said, "Madhura Muttu Alagiri and Anegondi China Vengama Raya—for that Tupaki girl who sets good people by their ears—Mangamma, with whom everybody seems to be infatuated."

"Announce at hajara that we, accompanied by our acharya, are going out."

China Vengama was disabled. His seconds advised him to admit defeat and retire but he wanted to fight with his left hand. There was an argument with the seconds of Muttu Alagiri. Just then the royal palanquin, accompanied by another and surrounded by the chief *talari* and his retinue was seen coming hurriedly to the place. There was confusion among the duellists and their followers. The duel was unauthorised. When the palanquins approached the scene, Vijayaraghava and Tatacharya alighted. With a face flaming with anger, Vijayaraghava turned to the duellists and said, "Sirs, what is the meaning of this? You are the greatest nobles of the empire. You have broken the law of the land, and insulted me, your host. What explanation can you offer?" China Vengama, on account of loss of blood, fainted, and was saved from giving an answer. Muttu Alagiri remained silent. Getting no answer for his questions, Vijayaraghava turned to the chief

talari and commanded him to arrest them and keep them under detention in their respective quarters.

Vijayaraghava's fondness for handsome young women was very well known and Mangamma was a dainty morsel. The duel between China Vengama and Muttu Alagiri whetted his appetite. He surveyed her with his eyes from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes. She appeared perfect in every limb. He contemplated her fair oval face lighted by a radiant smile. He nodded his head in approval. He paced up and down for a while, and sat down with determination. He fully resolved to make her his own, and summoning

a *rayasam* he dictated a *nirupa* to Lingama Nayaka informing him that he was pleased to appoint his daughter Mangamma as the chief maid of honour in his court, and that he should send her to the court without delay to join her duties. When the *nirupa* reached Lingama he was very much pleased; he repaired to his wife's apartments and announced the good news. Though she was also delighted to hear their good fortune, she advised her husband to be cautious as their daughter was wilful and inclined to follow the dictates of her own mind rather than be guided by others.

(To be Continued)



NEW ERA IN HYDERABAD

by R. SHANKAR RAO

THE police action of the Government of India has ushered in an era of peace, security and freedom for Hyderabad. The State Congress, as the spear-head of the popular urge for the establishment of responsible government in the State, is now called upon to divert its energy in constructing a new facade of harmony and prosperity. The people of Hyderabad are desirous not merely of living in integrated harmony with the people of the rest of India but long for the effacement of all artificial barriers and traces of isolation. It devolves, therefore, on the State Congress as the most representative people's body, to marshal public opinion in regard to the various problems that affect the people.

The State Congress on whom the mantle of raising the new edifice rests will now have to attend to tasks of nation-building with the same zeal which it displayed during the stormy days. Close study and careful planning are necessary to resolve the ticklish problems that confront the State. It is desirable that a number of committees be set-up to examine all aspects of the diverse problems. Future of the State, its constitution, land-revenue, education, re-organisation of services, transport, industry, food and production are some of the vital

matters which must be dealt with without any avoidable delay. The influx of about five lakhs of so-called refugees and the unfettered freedom enjoyed by them to loot unarmed people have accentuated the economic disorder. These issues and the necessity of making recompense to the unfortunate victims of Razakar atrocities must be considered immediately.

The Ittehad press and the Hyderabad radio carried on, full blast, a crusade against India. They preached, most assiduously, rancour and the doctrine of hate. It is time the gutter press is consigned to the gutter. Publicity in the State has to be re-orientated and radically changed.

Unstinted and unqualified co-operation of all citizens of the State, regardless of caste, will alone expedite the restoration of normality and the dawn of a new era for which the people laboured and longed. The State Congress President, Swami Ramanand Tirth, emphasised recently the non-comm

NETAJI SUBHAS BOSE: A NATION'S DARLING

by M. S. SRINIVASAN

FROM Sivaji to Sun Yat-Sen there has not been a more picturesque and audacious leader in the East than Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose. William the Silent, Bismarck, Cavour and Garibaldi embodied in themselves the strength and weakness of their native countries: they were militant and aggressive in a militant and aggressive Europe. Netaji was exotic to the non-violent India of Gandhi. In Asia he stands alone.

History is something more than the biography of individuals. Circumstances and events more often make or mar them. Mr. Asquith predicted of Mr. Winston Churchill: "I regard his future with many misgivings. I do not think he will ever get to the top in English politics with all his wonderful gifts." But World War II has made Churchill as famous as his ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough. It has also transformed the self-willed leader of the Forward Bloc into the Patriarch of the I.N.A. Subhas Chandra Bose in the home of his forefathers was one among a galaxy of eminent politicians; Subhas Chandra Bose in exile was the Netaji, the founder of a sacred band whose records and exploits are proud additions to the Indian Saga.

At the Tripuri session of the Congress in 1939 Subhas was considered a flamboyant showman and a self-hypnotised egoist and had fallen low in the estimation of the front rank Congressmen including the Mahatma. But in the light of later events it is evident that he had studied the European situation with uncanny insight and planned a gigantic struggle in India when war would, as he was assuring friends

the Far East met at a conference at Tokyo. Owing to the Herculean efforts of Rash Behari Bose, N. Raghavan and Col. Mohan Singh the I.I.M. was formed and the I.N.A. organised. Another conference at Bangkok elected R. B. Bose as the first President of the movement. He was to be helped by a Council of Action of four members, N. Raghavan, Col. Mohan Singh, Col. Gilani and K. P. K. Menon. The quarrel between the Council and the President, who was suspected to be a 'stooge' of Japan, and the policy of the Nippon Government of using the movement as a catspaw in its game of Indian invasion led to the collapse of a grand project. At last, it was Subhas by his dynamic leadership, marvellous patience, subtle diplomacy and superior organising ability that gave strength to a disheartening cause. He was the pilot who weathered the storm.

When he arrived in the Far East he summoned a conference at Syonan on 4th July, 1943 and assumed the Presidentship of the movement with R. B. Bose as the Supreme Adviser. He was also the Supreme Commander of the I.N.A. He did not suspect the *bona fides* of Japan and disarmed the suspicions of those who took him to be her tool by the weighty retort, "If the British Government could not demoralise me after persecuting me all my life nobody else can do so. And if cunning British politicians should neither cajole nor deceive me, no one else can hope to do so."

Within four months he wrought marvels. His frequent appeal was "Give me total mobilisation and I promise you a second front, a real second front for the Indian struggle." He aimed at the target of '3 lakhs of men and 3 crores of dollars'. When the poor sacrificed their all and followed him and the rich tarried and stinted, he spoke words of biting irony, especially in his famous "We cannot spare the rich" speech: "I would ask these people who are speaking of percentage whether we can tell our soldiers to fight and spill only 10 per cent of their blood and save the rest...."



Inaugurating the Forward Bloc

If you are not self-sacrificing enough to offer your lives, I cannot understand why there should not be even a few among you who could say, 'Spare only our lives but we give everything else'."

With Syonan as the headquarters he established new organisations. He reformed the I.N.A. or Azad Hind Fauj and gave it the slogans 'Freedom or Death' and 'Onward to Delhi'. He established the Provisional Government which was to be transferred to the Indian capital after the defeat of Britain and was its Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was helped by a Cabinet of twelve members in which the army predominated. His other creations were the Azad Hind Dal, the Azad Hind Bank, the Azad Hind newspaper, 'Young India', the Children's Army and the 'death-defying' Jhansi Regiment under Lt.-Col. Lakshmi. Japan, whom he chastised later for inability to provide sufficient offensive tempo in the Arakon front, handed over to him the Nicobar and Andaman islands and the Burma estate of Ziawadi.

On October 22, 1943 at 12-55 A.M. the Provisional Government declared war upon Great Britain and the

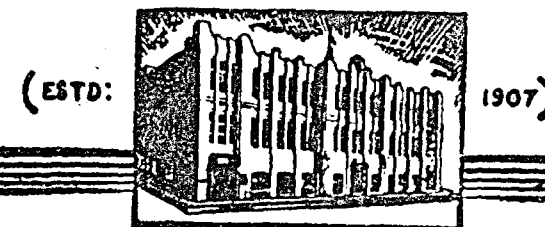
U. S. A. The I.N.A. consisting of five divisions performed extraordinary feats of valour, drove back the British forces and captured by 18th March, Marai, Kohima and other villages. Soon the tide turned. A cruel winter, treachery within the ranks of the invaders, and the sweeping victories of the Allies resulted in the heroes of the I.N.A. bleaching the terrain of north-eastern India with their bones. It was India's misfortune and yet Netaji has taught us, by precept and example, the lesson of unity, of rising above communal differences and managing our own affairs in our own way.

On 24th April, 1944 Netaji left Rangoon with a heavy heart and started off for Bangkok. In his last appeal he said: "Cherish the same optimism as myself and believe like myself that the darkest hour always

precedes the dawn. India shall be free and before long." His prophecy has fulfilled itself. Dead or alive, he has left behind epic memories which nothing can efface and the martyrdom of the warriors whom he led is the brightest chapter in the annals of India's struggle for independence. His name is carved in all our hearts and he is Mother India's Darling, for he

*"...When the frantic crowd
amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting
rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest
gain'd,
The pride, he would not crush,
restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier
cause,
And brought the freeman's arm,
to aid the freeman's law."*

I hold that companionship is a matter of mutual weaknesses. We like that man or woman who has the same faults we have.—
George Jean Nathan.



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SPOTLIGHT ON THE



THEY called him poet. Whether or not he was really a poet is for coming generations to decide. But it is certain that he wrote poetry or, to put it less romantically, verse. He lived in the "City of Peace" and he believed in the old text that the Jews were the people 'chosen' of God and that Jerusalem was the home of the Jews. His hatred of the British and all that they represented was so fierce and intense that it gave the resistance movement he started the religious character of a crusade. He was a member of the Irgun Zvai Leumi and was considered extremer than its violent extremists. And when in 1939, at the beginning of the Second World War, the Irgun made a truce with Britain with the promise of the restoration of Palestine as the home of the Jews in return for military aid he walked out of it in disgust. They killed him later—the British—while he was "attempting to escape" and his fanatic soul at last found peace in death. His name was Abraham Stern.

He has left a rememberable heritage. A group of a few thousand Jews have adopted as their creed his austere and ruthless conception of action as a means to achieve their end. They call themselves the Stern Gang or Fighters for the Freedom of Israel or more familiarly

the truce was forced on both parties. Bernadotte said with feeling, "If we hadn't got help from God Almighty..." But hardly had the ink dried on the agreement, when each side began to charge the other with violations of it. The Zionists, failing in their attempts to open the Tel-Aviv road to Jerusalem, hacked a trail through the hills and supplied their beleaguered brethren in the city. The Arabs raised a hue and cry. This first truce was a failure mainly because the Jews, though they professed a desire for peace, felt that the mediator was trying to impose upon them a modified form of the U.S. trusteeship plan. Bernadotte refused to give up. "Being by nature an optimist," he said "I haven't become a pessimist."

Late in June, Bernadotte left for Rhodes to arrange a long-term settlement between the Jews and the Arabs. With infinite care and with an eye not only on the demands of the two parties but on the interests of outside powers he drew up a series of proposals. The Arabs promptly rejected it as did the Jews though the former had less reason to do so. An interesting point in the plan was Bernadotte's attempt to put the clock back and to treat Palestine and Transjordan as one entity. He omitted reference to Israel and gave Jerusalem to the Arabs. He exchanged Negeb and West Galilee providing direct contact between Egypt and the Arab States. Finally he picked out Haifa and Lydda and made them free ports. That was a bow to imperial Britain.

Having failed in getting his proposal accepted and seeing fighting begin again the mediator in July called desperately for another truce. Jews and Arabs wearily agreed, but other things kept cropping up. There were the refugees for one thing. Israel refused to take them back. Bernadotte appealed to the Security Council and then turned to the world and asked for help. Money and material came pouring in. But objective consideration of the problem as a whole was lacking. Bernadotte, however, laboured on

and was able to say in August, "When I began my negotiations I said there was one per cent chance. Now I think the chances are better, perhaps two per cent." All over Palestine the effects of Bernadotte's unwearied mediation could be seen. The second cease-fire was more strictly observed. Neutral zones were set up under the Red Cross. The Government of Israel had relaxed its militant attitude and was paying attention to the task of setting things right at home. It separated itself from both the World Zionist Organisation and the Jewish Agency and allotted to them the task of settlement of emigrants. The Irgun was being persuaded to disband its army and incorporate it in the Haganah. The Arab leaders, for their part, were trying to persuade their followers

to realise that Israel had become an established fact and that the best thing they could do in their own interests was to accept it too. The moderates among them began even to talk of compromise.

What exactly turned the tide in September is not clear. But suspicion suddenly raised its ugly head. The Jews asked themselves what Bernadotte was going to decide about Jerusalem. A new Freedom Party was formed with ex-Irgunists in its executive posts. The cry was taken up again, 'Jerusalem for the Jews.' The Government of Israel decided to resist restriction on emigration and demanded the immediate evacuation of the Jewish camp in Cyprus. The Stern Gang paper threatened to assassinate U. N. officers if the Government was weak enough to agree to a compromise. The position of the mediator became increasingly delicate. He could not agree to the evacuation

of the Cyprus camp for the simple reason that the entry into Palestine of 8,000 men of military age would be nothing less than a breach of the truce. The assassination surprised few Palestinians though it shocked the world outside.

It has been said of Count Bernadotte that though he had not precipitated great events or moulded them, great events had "a way of seeking him out and making him their witness." Perhaps in his martyred death twenty-four hours after the setting up of the first Jewish Supreme Judiciary since the Biblical Sanhedrin two thousand years ago, he offered himself as a crucial test to the new-born State of Israel to integrate itself as a unified body cleansing the land and her peoples of anti-social elements, for truly might it be said of him:

*"So well thy 'works' become thee
as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both."*

PLEA AGAINST PLEBISCITE

Listen, my comrades, both Aryans and Tamils,
To the tale of a true democrat,
Of an Elephant who has swallowed some camels
Straining with fear at a gnat!

Nawabs and Gaikwars and Nizams in plenty
Gaily and smoothly he gulped;
Holkars a hundred and Thakores a twenty
He has digested and pulped.

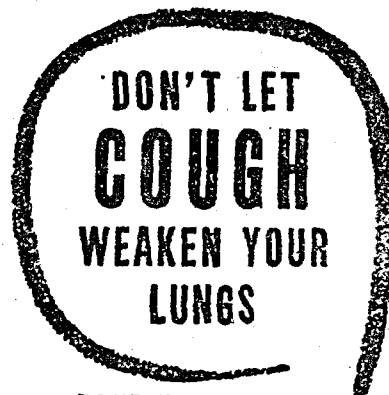
Coming at last to a soft little berry,
He doubts the strength of his throat.
And trembling he pleads that P—cherry
Be sliced by a popular vote!

He broke the might of the lion B—t—sh
And drove him from our jungles.
At the hiss of the Gallic cat he is skittish
And like a baby bungles.

Don't blench at the French, O Elephant-Uncle,
And do not behave like a moron.
More perilous far than a septic carbuncle
Are bases and pockets foreign.

Rich boot-leggers and low boot-lickers
Would buy and sell their brother.
Save him from their lathis and liquors;
And save, Oh save, our Mother!

—APEX



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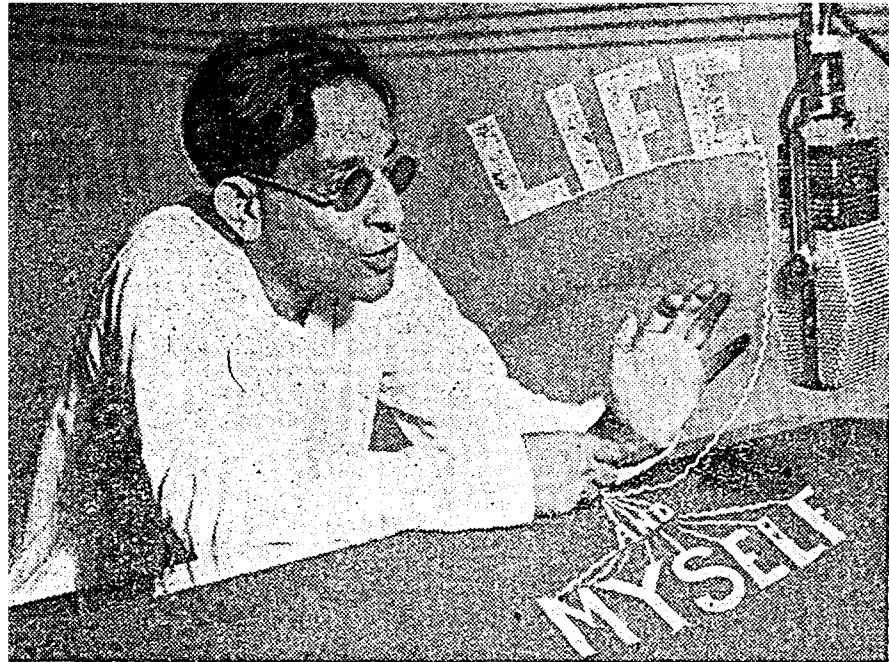
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*Harundranath
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THE STRUGGLE :

I DRANK by fits and starts—and the spell which intermittently came over me very rarely lasted for more than four days, all told. And then for a month or two I was as sober as—what shall I say? Really speaking, nothing in the world is sober—everything is drunk

SINGAPORE TODAY

by M. A. FRIEDERICH

(The writer who is a well-known journalist has been closely associated with Singapore for several years. In this article, she describes Singapore as it is today.)

SINGAPORE with its opium dens, smugglers and beautifully dressed women is often considered as the paradise of the East where one can buy everything one wants.

That you can buy everything in Singapore is true—provided you have plenty of dollars. You can even buy Chinese girls—if you know the addresses. Small Chinese girls are bought for ten Straits dollars in China. They are sold in Singapore for one thousand dollars to Chinese families who keep them as slaves until, at about the age of twelve, they are old enough to be sold to houses of ill-repute.

Even today, the white men and women who rule Singapore stick closely together in their exclusive clubs and follow each other's doings in the society columns. They know little of the ways of life of the Asian majority of the place and therefore condemn them as a whole or completely ignore their existence. Recently the British announcer said over Radio Malaya: "There were no casualties today, except for five Chinese killed."

Singapore is the meeting place of countless races. Some patent medicines are sold with the labels in ten languages. The four main "worlds" that meet here are the Europeans, Chinese, Indians and Malays. Although the 9,000 Europeans make up less than 1% of Singapore's population, they have the top positions in government and business. Three quarters of the population are Chinese who handle a considerable portion of the city's business. In addition there are Arab house-owners, Indian shopkeepers and lawyers, tall, bearded-and-turbaned Sikhs as watchmen and policemen and Malays as gardeners and drivers.

richest member of the community, a great capitalist and landlord, whose temple was a great bank making advances of seeds and plough-animals to cultivators, leasing fields to tenants and paying wages to brewers, boat-builders, spinners and other employees. In Egypt, though dynasties changed, the idea persisted throughout the old kingdom that the Pharaoh was a god with magic power to guarantee the prosperity of the land. The Jewish State in the Patriarchal Age was a typical theocracy. The Homeric king was at once priest, commander and judge; in Rome, to start with, the king combined magisterial and priestly functions and the members of his family helped him in the latter; even after the growth of a fully developed hierarchy of pontiffs and augurs with guilds of their own, the *rex*, by virtue of his position, continued to be the chief expounder of the rules of divine law (*fas*), a law which had hardly any limits and ran parallel with civil justice (*jus*) but far beyond its bounds.

While these primitive and undifferentiated tribal notions tended everywhere to give place to other ideas born of new experiences and growing specialisation of institutions and functions, the advent of Islam in the seventh century A. D. brought about a full-scale revival of the Hebraic tradition, which, owing to the whirlwind militancy of the early Muslim State, came to command a much wider vogue than it had ever done before. "At the end of the first century of the Hegira", writes Gibbon, "the Caliphs were the most potent and absolute monarchs of the globe. Their prerogative was not circumscribed either in right or in fact, by the power of the nobles; the freedom of the commons, the privileges of the Church, the votes of a Senate, or the memory of a free Constitution. The authority of the companions of Mahomet expired with their lives, and the chiefs or emirs of the Arabian tribes left behind, in the desert, the spirit of equality and independence. The regal and sacerdotal characters were united in the successors of

Mahomet; and if the Koran was the rule of their actions, they were the supreme judges and interpreters of that divine book. They reigned by the right of conquest".

In mediaeval Europe the memory of the Roman empire and the spread of Christianity gave rise to the idea of the Holy Roman empire. The Christian world was conceived of as one polity which had the emperor and the people respectively as its temporal and spiritual heads. Ambitious Popes set up a claim for the precedence of spiritual power arguing that 'as the soul was nobler than the body, as the sun outshone the moon, so was the spiritual superior to the temporal power'. This 'theocratic philosophy' says Fisher was 'as menacing to the nascent State life of the eleventh century as in our own times is the Communism of Lenin to the capitalism of Wall Street'. The claim was challenged and the long-drawn struggle be-

tween the Empire and Papacy ended in the discomfiture of both the protagonists and the emergence of the National State. The Renaissance, Machiavelli and the Reformation co-operated in the creation of a new order in which the multiplication of religious denominations brought the problem of religious freedom to the fore. This problem was solved tentatively in 1555 by the peace of Augsburg by which every prince was entitled to determine whether his State should be Lutheran or Catholic; and neither Catholic nor Lutheran prince was expected to tolerate the rival creed within his State; such people as were unwilling to conform were to be permitted to migrate to other States. This is the celebrated principle of *cujus regio, ejus religio*, which guaranteed freedom of choice to the prince and the political unit under his charge, but not to individuals or lesser groups. This principle, as we shall see, was never accepted in Hindu India where no prince ever sought to impose his own personal faith on his subjects. But in Europe, it was confirmed nearly a century later in the treaty of Westphalia in 1648 and was extended so as to include the Calvinists also within its operation.

Speaking generally, in all monarchical States, even when the king did not affirm his divine right in so many words, he was endowed with an exceptional claim to reverence from his subjects which tended to differ little from the homage paid to a deity, and the palace had much in common with the temple. A radical change occurred in this respect only after the declaration of American Independence and the French Revolution when democracy and the sovereignty of the people became the accepted foundations of modern political life.

III

The Hindu State had only very limited functions and is best described as a police organisation calculated to ensure the conditions for the free functioning of a pluralist society. It was expected to maintain the internal peace and orga-

nise defence against external aggressions; but it generally made few laws, and was much more a guardian and enforcer of the law than its maker. The law of the land was coeval with the State, if not prior to it, and had its independent roots in the *Veda*, the *Smriti* and ancestral custom as represented by the practice and judgement of the *elite* of society in every generation. Each caste, clan, guild, village or other group, territorial, professional, religious and what not had its own constitution and customs, and it was the duty of the State, i. e. usually the king, not only to respect these constitutions and customs himself, but to protect them from violation by others. In fact the nature of the Hindu State was but a reflection of the Hindu religion which has struck a keen student of Hindu culture, Sylvain Levi, as 'an amorphous religion without chief, without clergy, without orthodoxy and without programme'. It is more a confederation of faiths than a single faith, and in its tolerance of almost everything except intolerance, it offers the most distinguishing contrast to the credal intolerance of Semetic faiths. It is a broad-based synthesis which embraces many diverse forms of religious practices and culture, and provides a *modus vivendi* for the whole range of religion and philosophy between animism and the highest reaches of idealistic monism. In some way the authority of the *Veda* and the ethical ideal of *Dharma* have served as the bonds of unity among the different schools, but the extent of mutual accommodation among them can be realized fully only if we contemplate the significance of such facts as the Buddha rejecting the *Veda* while enthroning *Dharma*, and the recognition of Buddha as an avatar of Vishnu. Hinduism alone of all the religions of the world can afford the luxury of letting its god aver in so many words: 'How-ever men approach me, in that same way do I show them favour; my path, men follow in all ways, O son of Prtha'. There was no clear-cut division between politics and religion, much less a conflict between



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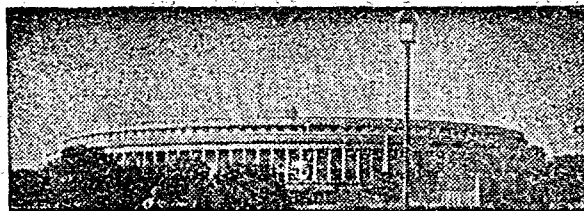
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BLAVANKOT MALABAR

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

SARDAR PATEL'S weakness is for Princes. He seems to like them too much. The Prince of Hyderabad could not owe his continuance to anything else. Swami Ramanand Tirtha told me that the *de facto* position is that the Government of India controls Hyderabad today. The Nizam has *de jure* existence. He will continue there if he is not deposed.

As far as the State Congress is concerned, my impression from talks with Hyderabad leaders is that they are dead opposed to the Nizam. The Government of India has, however, got that well-known soft-corner for him as for other feudal vestiges. They are now trying to create the impression that the Nizam was a mere prisoner in the hands of the Razakars. The State Congress leaders however cannot accept this view. Their pity is for Kasim Razvi, who was but a tool in the hands of the last (we hope) of the Asaf Jahis. This does not mean of course, that they are inclined to be soft to Kasim.

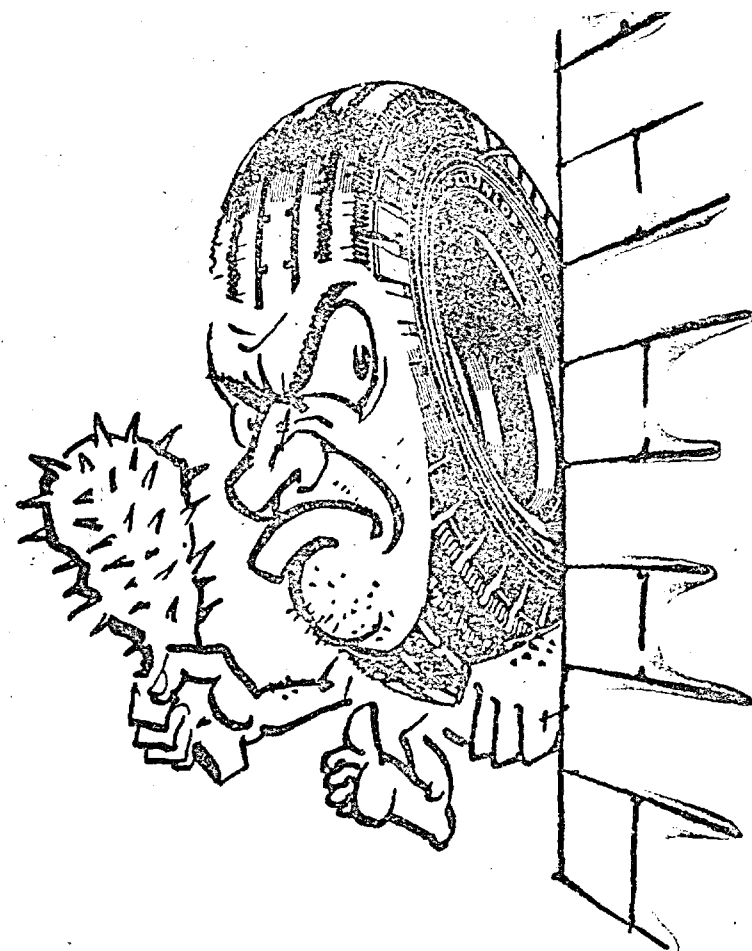
This divergence of outlook between the revolutionary State Congress and the Central Government at Delhi is mainly responsible for the prolongation of the consultations between the two.

Nor is this the first time that a Prince has been let off so easily. The Prince of Baroda made good his escape only last month. The Baroda State Legislature passed a resolution demanding the abdication of the Prince. But the States Minister took the matter into his hands and patched up the differences between Dr. Jivraj Mehta, the Prime Minister of the State, and the Prince. The

Prince was charged with defalcation of the funds of the State. I was disappointed that Dr. Jivraj Mehta swallowed the defeat. There should have been a public enquiry into it, but the award was that the Prince should make good the difference in the cash-box. R. K. Laxmanan, the cartoonist who used to draw for SWATANTRA, took up the theme of "He came, he saw, and he conquered," and drew the Prince as having come and having seen, but the Sardar as having conquered.

It is difficult to imagine how that interpretation could be put on the situation. The Prince of Baroda conquered, if you ask me. There is no use our kidding ourselves. When someone asked V. P. Menon why the Prince should be allowed to continue, his reply was that if he was made to abdicate, there were half a dozen other Prajamandals which have also asked for the abdication of their Princes. Their demand would become irresistible, once a precedent was established.

The award about the Baroda ruler reminds me of what happened regarding the use of Bombay Government stationery by the Indian National Trade Union Congress. N. M. Joshi had raised this question on behalf of the All-India Trade Union Congress. The reply which Gulzarilal Nanda gave was that the I.N.T.U.C. would return the stationery used to the Bombay Government. Several clerks have been in the past caught when the money in the cash-box was missing. But when they pleaded that they intended to replace it on Monday or Tuesday, they were nevertheless sent to the lock-up. This kind of use of



for Tough jobs

DUNLOP



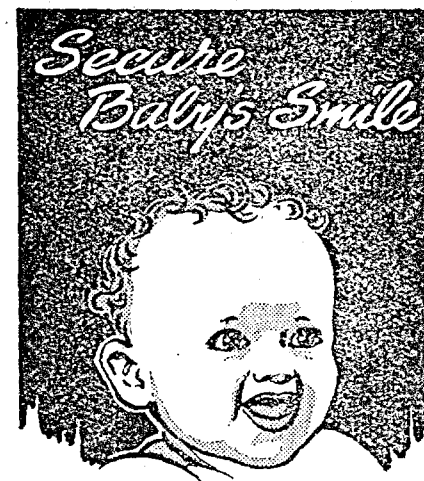
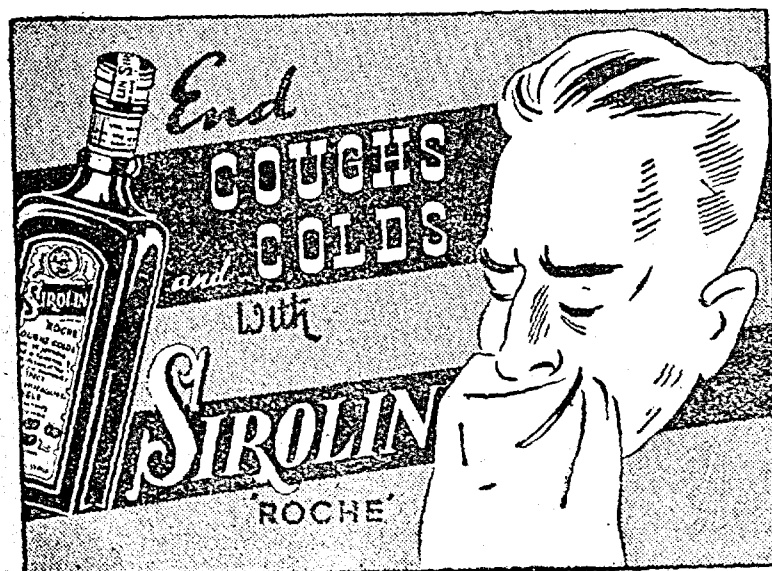
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SWATANTRA

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(SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1948)

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PROFIT-SHARING AS VIEWED BY INDUSTRIALISTS AS VIEWED BY SHANKER IN "SHANKER'S WEEKLY".

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 35

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

FIGHTING INFLATION

THE Government of India's long awaited communique about the measures to be taken to tackle inflation has at last been issued. It has perhaps the merit of being unoriginal and non-revolutionary. The immediate effect on the share market must be to the advantage of the investors. The promise the communique holds out to new investors in the industrial field would more than assuage the exaggerated fears of the capitalist class who felt that the Government's statement on its industrial policy issued last spring required to be heavily underlined before it could attract the investing public. But as a possible solution to the economic malaise now prevalent in the country in an acute form the proposals contained in the Government's communique are bound to fall far, far short of the actual needs of the moment. The intense activity in Delhi in the month of August 1948 at a time when the Indian Parliament was in session, the numerous conferences held in that city of economists, industrialists, bankers, labour leaders, provincial Ministers and others gave rise to the hope that the Government meant business this time. The Government had before them a plethora of cures, some drastic, others mild but all of them by and large pedestrian, and the sequel to it appears to be that the Government have not been able to frame a definite policy with a long-term application to deal with the matter. The economic situation in the country has

not improved. It has rather gone on deteriorating since August last. Prices of food commodities which showed a slight tendency to ease up have hardened in their upward trend. The indices showing the cost of living of the working classes are steadily though slowly mounting up. The floods in the rivers in the Gangetic plain have converted the United Provinces from a surplus province in the matter of foodgrains into a deficit province. On the monetary side there does not seem to be any visible improvement. The yardstick of confidence in the Government, which is usually the demand for Treasury bills, reveals a disappointing situation. A brisk demand for Treasury bills during four weeks in July-August last, at reasonably favourable rates, was not fully taken advantage of by the Government and their advisers. The position in this regard since the end of August has been highly disappointing and a raising of the rate of interest by 1/16th per cent has left the market cold. There was change in the headship of the Economic Directorate of the Government in the middle of August last. The powers that be were not sufficiently alive to the importance of filling up the vacancy with a competent person and left the stop-gap arrangements to go on for over five weeks. Then they made another change. Even this change does not carry conviction as to its permanence or adequacy.



SHANKAR

INFLATION TACKLED! GOVERNMENT OF INDIA PLAN AS PICTURED IN 'SHANKAR'S WEEKLY'.

SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 36

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

COMMONWEALTH PREMIERS IN CONFERENCE

SPECIAL significance attaches to the Conference of Commonwealth Premiers now going on in London. The meeting itself has, outwardly at least, all the marks of casual improvisation so dear to the heart of the Briton. But it is undeniable that it has been well-planned in advance. The further announcements that it is a purely informal affair, and that its conclusions, if any, are not binding on any of the component parts are intended to quieten and disarm if not win over dissident opinion in almost all parts of the Commonwealth. But the present series of meetings have a special importance to us which we think it needful in the public interest to discuss at some length.

There are two links that knit the various parts of the British Empire in a workable, if not organic system. These links are sentiment and self-interest. Of these, sentiment is a seemingly diminishing factor so far as South Africa is concerned. Next to South Africa, Canada is likely to feel irked by an appeal to emotional factors. In both cases, the limiting factors are the persistence, from the beginning, of strands in the national consciousness which drew their inspiration from Holland and France respectively. The Australians are thus left alone to perpetuate parental piety and filial grati-

tude, undiluted or undisturbed by extraneous factors. The Statute of Westminster conferred on the self-governing units of the old empire the theoretical right of secession which has given rise to the fiction of 'nations' inside the British Commonwealth. The secession is a reality imposed by geographical necessity, wherefore union is enforced by sentimental and emotional factors. But the sway of them will naturally depend upon the pull of economic factors which would condition the very existence of any one of these units. For instance, Canada has long since been drawn into the orbit of American economics and American politics, and is for all practical purposes a satellite of the U.S.A. So long as America and Britain pursue a common course of action, the position of Canada will not create any special problem. In the case of South Africa, however, the rift is already apparent; and there is an ostentatious impatience with the slender vestiges of colonial status which is bound to promote a break sooner than later. Remains alone and afar Australia, able and willing to exploit both factors to the utmost extent possible. But in view of the distances involved and the paucity of resources, Australia's contribution to the stability of the Commonwealth is more prospective than present. That is why, Australia

The City Assembly split up and non-Communist members held meetings in the British sector, while across the street in a building in the Russian zone their Communist colleagues assembled and Herr Litke their leader reiterated the intention of their party to cut themselves off from the Assembly which was, he said, just a "colonial dependency of a foreign imperialist policy." The Communist siege of the Stadthaus where the City Assembly was time and again prevented from holding its meetings, and its counter-offensive, the anti-Soviet rally when the Soviet flag was torn down from the Brandenburg Tor, were interludes in the post-war peace of Berlin. This pursuit of two policies by the Soviet Government, one in Moscow and its antithesis in Berlin, was baffling, to put it mildly, and the Western Powers were more certain than ever that the "Russians may have peace on their lips but it is not in their hearts."

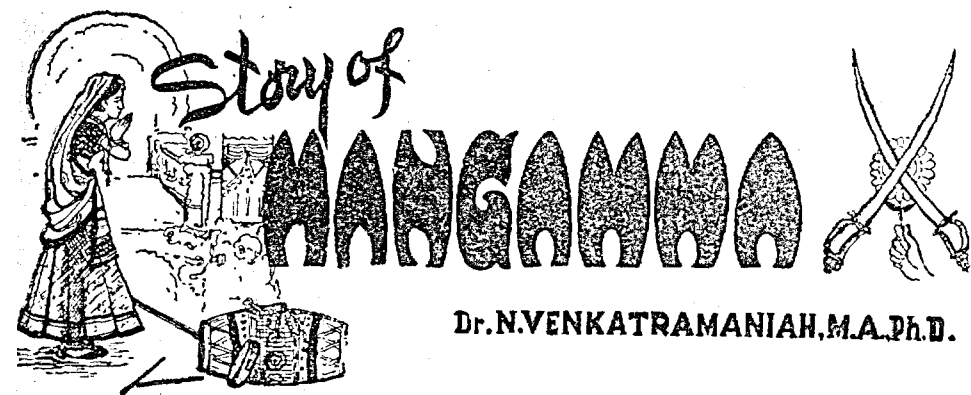
Towards the end of August, the centre of the Kremlin discussions shifted slightly. Currency was no longer the bone of contention. It was replaced by a new demand, first put forward by M. Sokolovsky, Soviet Military Commander in Berlin, that all commercial and passenger traffic to and from Berlin by road, rail, water and air—especially by air—should be under Russian control. That, of course, was the Russian move against the air-lift. Stalin and Molotov who had been friendly and pleasant so far suddenly froze and backed up the new demand. The Western Powers refused. A frantic exchange of regret notes was followed by a complete break-down of negotiations. Enter Security Council. After one week of procedural wrangle through which, Russia maintained, there was no breach of the peace in Berlin, the Council finally decided to take the subject on the agenda but postponed discussion *sine die*.

Diplomats are not allowed to have commercial affiliations, or to stand for Parliament. They can be sacked for incompetence or negligence (for example, leaving important papers lying around). Men must resign if they marry unapproved foreigners. Women must resign if they marry.

Meanwhile the Berliners in the Western sector plodded on with their faces uplifted to the sky in the west from where come the C-47s and C-54s and Martin Mars flying boats bringing them food and coal. But the situation is deteriorating. The closing down of thousands of industrial concerns due to lack of fuel has resulted in unemployment on a large scale. The efficacy of the air-lift during the coming winter months is being questioned. It is even feared by some that if the blockade is prolonged, a section of the population might have to be evacuated by air. Special arrangements are already underway against the cold and cheerless winter. But the most important factor, is food. Berliners would have to go on subsisting on powdered potatoes, dried eggs and tinned milk while right across the road Soviet counters will be heavy with fresh and delicious food ready to be sold to anyone who might like to go and buy it. It will be a bitter fight for the Berliners.

But the blockade is not the only problem, though it is by far the more important. Berlin has to be put together again, its various divisions patched up together into one capital. Now it has two currencies, two police forces, two food organisations and a dual administration. The Russians have postponed the elections in their sector but the Allied Powers are sure to hold them, which will only mean two separate City Councils.

How will the deadlock end? Will the Security Council be able to do anything? Will the Allies quit Berlin? Or will the miracle happen and the East and West get together? These are hard questions. And world reaction is aptly summed up in the wry statement that the Luxemburg Premier, Pierre Dupond, made: "I don't want to find out if the Russians are willing to go to war," he said. "I would like to know but I don't want to find out!"



Dr. N. VENKATRAMANIAN, M.A., Ph.D.

IT was the ninth day of the Pagal-pattu festival in the temple of Sriranganatha at Srirangam. The rangamantapam was beautifully decorated and brilliantly lighted. A large concourse of devotees of both sexes assembled in the hall to witness the festival, and listen to the nagasvara of Kanchipuram Tirumala Pillai, the famous piper. Tirumala Pillai was a great artist whose renown had spread all over the empire. Emperor Peda Venkatapatiraya was so pleased with him that he honoured him on one occasion in the open court by presenting him a golden pipe set with gems. Muttu Virappa himself was expected to grace the festival with his presence; but he had to march at the head of his army accompanied by his brother Muttu Alagiri and all the important noblemen towards the northern frontier to oppose the advance of Emperor Srirangaraya by the commands of his father. At the time of his departure to the front, he deputed his son Chokkanatha to take his place and honour the famous piper in a suitable manner. The prince, in obedience to his father's commands, arrived with a small retinue of the palace servants, and sat in front in a seat specially arranged for him. The festival commenced with a dance. Then came forward Tirumala Pillai with his melam. He was indeed a unique piper. He was like no other artist who played on the instrument. He transported his audience to a world of bliss and held them spell-bound. When he finished there was a spontaneous outburst of applause. Prince Chokkanatha rose from his seat and advancing towards the great piper placed around him a necklace of pearls. The assembly showed signs of breaking up; and the prince was ready to depart; but the venerable Ramanuja Mahamuni, the spiritual preceptor of Muttu Virappa,

stood up leaning on a staff and addressed the prince thus: "I have to submit to Your Royal Highness that our function is not yet over; there is still one more item. I wish to introduce a young Vainika, one of my disciples; and I request Your Royal Highness to remain in our midst a few moments longer." The prince sat again in his seat; and the audience followed his example.

The Vainika was a young man of dignified appearance. He began the alapana of bahuli, and proceeded after a while to sing to the accompaniment of the vina in a soft melodious voice.

Karuninchi Nivugaka Gachitivi Gaka a well-known kirtana of Tallapaka Annamayyanga, to offer, as it were, thanks to the Almighty for protecting him from some danger which threatened to destroy him. As the song progressed, the voice of the singer sank lower and lower until it became a mere hum. With the gradual sinking of his voice the instrument seemed to have found its own. The metallic twang of its strings lost all traces of its natural harshness, and melted into a melody which entranced the mind and ravished the soul.

Chokkanatha was an adept in music himself; it was rarely that he came across an artist who had such perfect mastery over his instrument. He knew that the Vainika would add lustre to his court if he could be induced to accept service under him. So at the end of the festival, he asked the Acharya to give him an account of his disciple. Ramanuja Mahamuni had not much to tell. One of the doctors working in the Garudavahanabhata's Arogyasala at Srirangam, while returning from Gingee, found a person lying in a pool of blood in front of a Brahman house at Singapuram; and on enquiry he was told that on the

previous night a band of Muslim sepoys fell upon a parsha camping in the village and plundered them; and that the person who was lying wounded and unconscious on the ground was one of the victims of the attack. The doctor had the wounded man carried in a litter to the Arogyasala, cleaned and dressed his wounds, and tended him carefully until his wounds were completely healed. As he showed, on his recovery, an inclination to devote himself to religion, the Acharya took him as a disciple, and instructed him in the bhakti-marga of Sri Ramanuja.

Chokkanatha then solicited the help of the Acharya to persuade the Valnika to stay at Trichinopoly and accept service in his court. The latter hesitated a little, as if in doubt whether it was proper to introduce such a pious young man into the corruptive atmosphere of the court; then summoning resolution he beckoned to the young artist to approach the prince. When he came near, the Acharya said, "Narasappayya (for it was he), His Royal Highness is pleased highly with your performance, and he desires that you should remain here at Trichinopoly and adorn his court." Narasappayya turned towards the prince and said, "I am indeed thankful to Your Royal Highness for this great honour; but I must be pardoned for daring to go against your wishes. I am unworthy of this honour; moreover, I have no interest in the world and what little gift God bestowed on me must be devoted to his service." The prince was not put out by this reply, and being determined to enlist him in his service, observed, "You are still too young to be satiated with the pleasures of life; and what reason have you to turn away from the world?" Narasappayya replied, "I beg to submit to Your Highness that a single experience is enough to show the instability of life, and the ephemeral character of our happiness. A treasure which I valued dearly was entrusted to my care. I was waylaid and robbed; I was saved only by a miracle. I have realised that Providence does not want me to waste my life in search of worldly goods, but to devote it to his service."

"Did you lose much?"

"Very much."

"In cash and jewels."

"No, my lord, I never had any money."

"What then is the treasure which you said you had lost?"

"My soul."

The prince who was curious to know the character of the loss sustained by Narasappayya pressed him with questions; and gathered from his answers all the incidents of his early history, specially the events connected with his journey from Tanjore to Singapuram. He persuaded Narasappayya to stay at Trichinopoly sometime longer to give him a few lessons in vina, and then left the temple accompanied by his entourage.

That night Chokkanatha lay in his bed unable to close his eyes in sleep. The incidents related by Narasappayya passed unconsciously through his mind and disturbed his peace. The picture of a small charming young girl dancing with exquisite grace by the side of a grown-up lady presented itself before his mental vision again and again. What became of her? Was she really abducted by the Muslims and taken to some strange unknown land? Was she alive? These questions insistently demanded an answer; but he was unable to find any. As he lay rolling in his bed unable to find answers to his queries, certain facts which were hidden under the threshold of his consciousness, impelled by some unknown process of thought, emerged from the dark chamber of his subnormal self and indicated the direction in which he should look for enlightenment. His half-brother, Muttalagiri fell in love with Mangamma just before her flight from Tanjore, and fought a duel with China Vengama of Anegondi for her sake. When the parsha with which Narasappayya and Mangamma were travelling was said to have been attacked by Muslim sepoys of Bijapur at Singapuram there was no Muslim army in the neighbourhood. Moreover, Muttalagiri was involved in a brawl with some mysterious enemy near the northern frontier about that time and was seriously wounded in the fight. He had also in his possession one of a pair of pistols presented to his father by one of the French padres of the Madura Mission. Taking all these facts together Chokkanatha came to the conclusion that it was his half-brother who had waylaid the parsha at Singapuram and abducted Mangamma disguising himself as an Afghan captain in the service of Bijapur. He felt so certain about the correctness of his inference that he resolved to test its truth. He called a maid of honour who was keeping watch over his apartments and commanded her to bring at once to his presence the captain of the guard who was on duty

at the gate of the palace. The maid departed and returned a little later with the captain. As soon as they entered the apartment, Chokkanatha dismissed the maid, and addressing the captain said, "Timmaya, we intend to set out on a hunt early in the morning. Make all the necessary arrangements, and be ready at the palace gate at dawn." Then he asked the captain to withdraw; and the officer saluted and retired from the chamber.

A fortnight later, at about nine in the morning, Chokkanatha who had returned from a successful hunting expedition in the neighbourhood of Dindigal was seated on a cushioned swing-cot in his private audience chamber with a look of expectation constantly directing his glances towards the door. A vina lay on his lap. Unable to bear the suspense of waiting, he began to hum a tune; his fingers instinctively touched the strings; and he started to play the pada,

'Nelata na nenjeli dirpava.'

A door from an adjoining chamber silently opened; the head of a lady with a bewitching smile peeped in. At the sound of approaching footsteps the head disappeared, and the door was closed softly. The door on the opposite

side opening on the corridor opened and a maid carrying a silver mace in her hand entered and cried, "Deva avadharu." Chokkanatha who was startled from a reverie into which he had fallen by the loud voice of the fair mace-bearer shot an angry glance at her but without noticing his annoyance she said, "Vakili Timmaya awaits the pleasure of Your Highness at the hajara, and desires to have an interview."

Chokkanatha nodded assent. The mace-bearer retired but she returned almost immediately with the captain of the guard and Narasappayya, and having ushered them in, withdrew. Chokkanatha rose from his seat, and advancing a few steps towards Narasappayya took hold of his right hand and led him to the swing-cot, on which he was sitting. They took their seats opposite each other, and between them lay the vina with which Chokkanatha was toying at the time. The captain of the guard who knew that his presence was no longer needed saluted the prince, and retired with his permission from the apartment.

As soon as the captain left the room, the prince by way of beginning a conversation observed, "We regret much that we could not begin our lessons



He warily surveyed from head to foot.

on vina earlier, as we had to go urgently on a short expedition to Dindigal. We hope that during our absence your stay here had been comfortable."

"How could it be otherwise, my lord?" replied Narasappayya. "Where can darkness remain when the sun shines in all his glory? Providence brought me here, and left me under the shade of a Kalpa tree; and how could I have felt want or discomfort?" A sharp exclamation which burst from one of the neighbouring apartments interrupted their conversation. They both listened attentively. Nothing more was heard; there was perfect silence. They began to talk once again. After the exchange of the usual banalities, they launched on a discussion of the respective excellences of daru, pada, and javali. In the course of the discussion Narasappayya, to illustrate a point which he was trying to explain, took up the vina, and began to play the pada,

'Marachithivate Nannu Maguva' which was then very popular. Before he could complete the pallavi, he laid down the instrument, sprang up from his seat and turned towards the door leading to the adjoining chamber with a look of astonishment. The prince also got up from the spring-cot, and soon discovered the cause of the excitement of his companion. The door was flung open; and in walked Mangamma, as if drawn by some unseen power with irresistible force. The prince who had found her at Dindigal brought her with him to Trichinopoly where he promised to entrust her to the care of her relatives, and lodged her temporarily in one of the rooms of his suite of apartments. When she heard that morning the voices of two persons in conversation she was startled; for she recognised in one of them the voice of Narasappayya who had fallen a prey to the Afghan's bullet at Singapuram while attempting to defend her. She could not however feel certain that it was indeed her friend's voice which she heard, for, she had seen him falling apparently dead at her feet at Singapuram. Could dead men speak? It was not impossible that another should have a voice similar to that of her late companion. When, however, she heard the strains of the vina a little later, all her doubts were dissipated; and she was convinced that the owner of the voice could be none other than her friend. Impelled by an overmastering desire to join him, she rushed to the door, and flinging it open sped up to him impetuously crying in a tremulous voice "Praised be the Lord of the Seven Hills, you are alive! I

thought,—I thought—" she could not finish the sentence. A hot wave of emotion swept over her; a lump rose in her throat; her eyes closed as if in sleep; her legs sagged; and she would have fallen to the ground, had not the prince who was watching her caught her in his arms and deposited her gently on the cushions of the spring-cot.

Narasappayya was so stunned by astonishment that he could not move from where he stood. Was he in a dream? How could he otherwise see Mangamma who was carried away by Muslims to some far-off country? Or, was it a cruel joke of the prince who was amusing himself at his expense? This thought angered him, and he turned to the prince with a look of enquiry; but the prince hardly took any notice of him. All his attention was absorbed in the prostrate form of Mangamma; and he was engaged with the help of two maid-servants to revive her. One of the maids thrust wads of cotton containing camphor in her ears; and taking up a fan of peacock feathers, began to fan her; and the other undid the golden belt which was around her waist, and having loosened the knot of her bodice began to spray rose water on her face from a leathern bottle by squeezing its pouch-like belly. As the cold spray descended on her face the skin quivered and she showed distinct signs of returning consciousness. Freed from anxiety, the prince turned to Narasappayya and said, "Guru Swami, pardon us for our inconsiderateness. We hoped to give you both a pleasant surprise. Though you never expected to meet her, you knew that she was alive; but she believed that you were dead; and we did not tell her anything to dispel this belief. The shock caused by meeting you here suddenly was apparently too much for her. However, by the grace of Sri Ranganatha, she has recovered."

"All is well that ends well, but I don't understand how she escaped from the Mussalmans, and managed to find her way here."

"She was never captured by the Mussalmans; we found her at Dindigal and we brought her here with us."

"Not captured by the Mussalmans! and Your Highness found her at Dindigal! How?"

"Our good brother, Muttalagiri who was in love with her followed you from Tanjore to Singapuram, and taking advantage of the scare caused by the Satu, he and his followers disguised as Muslim soldiers attacked you, and

carried her away to Dindigal of which he is governor."

"I am indeed happy that though I failed to offer her protection, she managed with the help of Providence to reach a haven of safety; but could she remain here free from the attentions of Your Highness's brother?"

"We have taken the lady under our own protection. We intend to marry her; and she has graciously accepted our suit."

"I am glad that she found favour in the eyes of Your Highness." Then turning with a smiling countenance towards Mangamma who had by now recovered fully, said, "I beg you, madam, to accept the felicitations of a poor Brahman whose life was, for a few days, most intimately mixed up with yours by a lucky chance."

"You are very kind", she replied. "The memory of those few days when you exposed yourselves to danger for my sake will always abide in my heart. How can I ever recompense you?"

"Human memories are short. We forget our past in the midst of present happiness." Mangamma felt the veiled bitterness of her old friend's words. She knew that it was due to the wound in his heart caused by her promise to wed the prince. Her love for him which lay dormant in her bosom was stirred up afresh when she saw his mute suffering. She wanted to throw herself at his feet, and tell him her inmost thoughts. She requested the prince to leave her alone with her benefactor so that she might offer him thanks and tell him unreservedly all her trials and tribulations since the time of her abduction. The prince left the room as desired by her; and as soon as she was alone with Narasappayya, she turned affectionately towards him, and asked, "My friend, why are you angry with me? Is it because I promised to marry the prince?"

"No, madam, I am not angry. You misjudge me. I am, on the contrary, quite happy that you have secured the hand of a prince in every way worthy of you."

"No, I am not mistaken. Your words are brave; but your afflicted heart speaks to mine."

"May be. The cry of the wounded flesh cannot be smothered. No wise

man ever listens to it. Be that as it may. Mutual sympathy binds hearts together. How can your heart which is given to another respond to the cry of mine?"

"How do you know that my heart is given to another?"

"That is quite obvious. Your promise to marry the prince speaks for itself."

"Almighty God, could men ever understand women? There is no reservation in a woman's heart, either completely surrendered or not at all. Once given, it can never be taken back."

"Am I to understand that you still love me and yet marry the prince?"

"That is even so. On that night when you fell down struck by the bullet of Muttalagiri's pistol, I thought that you were lost to me for ever. My heart broke; and the world suddenly changed into a desert. It no longer mattered where I was and what might happen to me; I lived only for one thing, to avenge your death. That was why I agreed to marry Chokkanatha. I cannot retract my promise though it was made in the false belief that you were no more."

"I believe you. It seems to me that fate is against us, and wants to keep us apart. It is folly to persist. I must follow the path pointed out by wisdom

THE FALL OF JINNAHISM

by Dr. P. C. ALEXANDER

MR. JINNAH died at Karachi last month, Jinnahism died in Hyderabad a few days later. Luckily for Mr. Jinnah he did not live to see the death of Jinnahism.

The Quaide Azam was one of those who believed that any means would be justifiable to achieve political ends. He entered the political field at a time when patriotism had gained the respectability of almost a holy creed. But when he found that patriotism would not help him to realise his ends he forged a new weapon—communalism—which was to become a substitute for patriotism. He cleverly shifted the emphasis from loyalty to the state to loyalty to the community and soon proved to the world that communalism could be a more powerful force than patriotism. Political idealists were shocked at this, and called it a moral crime to place community before country. But Mr. Jinnah knew that patriotism among the Muslims was the greatest hindrance for the achievement of his political ends and he had no qualms of conscience in strengthening a weapon which was sure to yield him quick results. Many opportunist politicians in India who used to trade on 'minority interests' fondly hoped that they could make common cause with Mr. Jinnah. Dr. Ambedkar made many diplomatic overtures to Mr. Jinnah, but Mr. Jinnah politely and cleverly evaded them. Even the 'Dravidians' of the south looked up to Mr. Jinnah as a crusader for a common cause but Jinnah refused to be lured by the temptation of being the leader of all the minorities in India. He did not want to water down Muslim communalism by taking up the cause of any other community in India and sternly refused to be the leader of a united front against the 'caste-Hindu-Aryan tyranny'. Muslim communalism was a safe and dependable plank in his political crusade and he did not want to take any risks by widening it.

It is a well known fact that Mr. Jinnah depended more on the weakness of his opponents than on his own strength. Jinnahism had no inherent strength of its own. Mr. Jinnah knew very well that even if he could command the undivided loyalty of the entire Muslim community in India he could not succeed in his aims unless his enemies were weak. His success lay in the fact that he knew how to exploit the weakness of his opponents to his best advantage.

Jinnahism has a special technique of its own. It largely thrives on promoting and keeping up an oppression complex. The observance of the Deliverance Day when the Congress Ministries resigned was only intended to create this complex of oppression in the Muslim minds. Even after the formation of Pakistan Muslim communalism is being fed and sustained by this complex of oppression. One would wonder why the Muslims in Pakistan should still talk of 'the machinations of the enemy' when the so-called enemy is not there. But the promotion of this fear for an imaginary enemy is the very essence of Jinnahism, as Jinnahism is primarily a negative force. The propaganda about an enemy anxiously waiting for an opportunity to swallow up Pakistan is not only the sustaining force of Muslim communalism but also a convenient excuse for anything going wrong in Pakistan. If police-men strike work in Dacca it is the result of enemy machinations! If the Muslims in East Bengal agitate for the recognition of Bengali as a national language it is the work of enemy fifth columnists! If the Red Shirts agitate for Pathanistan it is because they have become the stooges of the enemy! It is doubtful if Mr. Jinnah has ever made a political speech without frightening his followers about the alleged foul designs of the enemy.

Another technique of Jinnahism is to pitch the demands always higher than the real objectives. The

advantage in doing so is that when there is a settlement as a result of a compromise you would not lose much. Compromise is not in the dictionary of Jinnahism. Thanks to the solicitude of the British Government for 'the interests of the helpless minorities' in India, Mr. Jinnah had always occupied a position of vantage from where he could effectively block the progress of his opponents. By becoming a stumbling block in the path of the country's freedom he could always ask for the highest price from his political opponents. Mr. Jinnah never worried whether his demands had any correspondence to his legitimate rights. He would boldly ask for a fifty per cent share of the civil and military services. He would demand the inclusion of the whole of the Punjab, Bengal and even Assam in his proposed Pakistan. In every negotiation for a settlement he would wrest some concessions from his opponents and subsequently make use of them to strengthen his further demands.

Jinnahism has no scruples about violence and non-violence. Political rowdiness is an important weapon in its armoury. 'Direct Action Day' celebrations when gangsters were given a free license for loot, murder and arson by the custodians of law and order, and other such organised exhibitions of goondaism were intended only to frighten the opponents into submission. Of course Mr. Jinnah learned from experience that

gangsterism is a game which both parties could play.

Kasim Razvi who imagined himself to be the Deccan Quaide Azam was encouraged by the triumphs of Jinnahism in India to practise it in Hyderabad. But events have subsequently proved that Jinnahism is no infallible weapon. Jinnahism failed in Hyderabad not because Mulki fanaticism was less intense than Muslim communalism in India. Razvi had very faithfully followed the technique and tactics of Mr. Jinnah. But Jinnahism triumphed on the weakness of its opponents and this time the Congress leaders refused to be weak with Hyderabad. On several occasions it looked as if Jinnahism would succeed in Hyderabad when the Government of India showed an unjustifiable anxiety to arrive at an agreement with the Nizam almost accepting his terms. The favourable terms offered to the Nizam, if accepted by the latter, would have meant a real triumph for Jinnahism in Hyderabad. But Razvi, unlike Mr. Jinnah, did not know when to stop. This great platform field-marshal who was indulging in fantastic bluff played his game too fast and too far and thus virtually compelled the Government of India to take up the challenge. The fall of the Razakar movement in Hyderabad has been the fall of Jinnahism in free India. The fall has been so complete that historians can now write the obituary on it.

A morning paper sub-editor to relieve his feelings, used to take off his boots and bang them on the floor of his diggings. "Thank God," he would say, "another night's work is over!" The lodger underneath besought him to be less noisy. After banging one boot on the floor he suddenly remembered that appeal, so quietly removed the other boot and crept into bed. An hour later came a thunderous knocking on the door, followed by the plaintive cry, "For God's sake, take off the other boot, and let me get to sleep!"



The Rev. G. Vale Owen was a famous spiritualist highly praised by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. After Lord Northcliffe's death, Vale Owen insisted that he was in constant communication with his spirit, and that in the first message that Lord Northcliffe had sent over from the other world he had expressed regret that he had not got his cheque book with him.—BERNARD FALK.

THE PACIFICATION OF HYDERABAD

RAZAKARS AND COMMUNISTS

(From A Special Correspondent)

WITHIN twenty-four hours of his entry into Secunderabad, Maj-Gen. Chaudhry had secured the arrest of Syed Kasim Razvi, whom General Rajendrasinghi had described as "the author of all this trouble." The circumstances of Razvi's arrest have not been fully told. A story current on Sunday that Razvi had shaved his beard and was making preparations to escape at the time when the Nizam's troops arrested him, later turned out to be incorrect. Razvi without his beard would have had none of the fascination which he exercised over large numbers of men and it would not have been in keeping with his theatrical past if he had slipped away at the moment of his debacle. The story which credits him with having expressed the intention to stick it out at his Darus-Salam headquarters and face a trial is probably nearer the truth.

During the first three days of the Indian troops march Razvi apparently regarded himself as a man of destiny. It appears he was seen poring over maps and giving instructions regarding strategy and tactics. He was busy sending thousands of Razakars to the front, most of them being beardless young men with the most rudimentary notions of modern warfare. It seems some of them had been told that they could stop the Indian tanks by thrusting crowbars into the caterpillar chains of the tanks or blow them up by hurling bottles filled with petrol at them. As India did not lose any tank it must be presumed that the lads who tried these experiments did not survive to tell the result. By Thursday evening it was clear that nothing could save the situation. Razvi was at Darus-Salam when some of his most intimate associates approached him and said they were

ready even at that moment to carry out his orders. Razvi's answer was: "It is all over. There is now no Razakar left save one and he is Kasim Razvi. When the State forces lay down their arms you cannot fight the Indian troops."

To a messenger sent by the police chief, Nawab Deen Yar Jung, to find out how Razvi was, the Razakar leader is reported to have said: "I am well. They have made fools of me. I have been deceived as Tipu was deceived." It is not clear whether Razvi's bitterness was against the Nizam and Edroos or against the Pakistan leaders. It may be that Razvi felt he had been double-crossed by the Nizam's Commander-in-Chief who was said to have generally kept the Razakars in the front line and the regular troops in the rear and withdrawn the latter in time.

Razvi's advice to his followers was to burn their uniforms and secrete whatever arms they had. He ordered the burning of all the records of the Razakar organisation at Darus-Salam. He is said to have remarked, "I gambled for the independence of Hyderabad and I have failed. I take the fullest responsibility for the Razakar organisation." He seems to have discountenanced a suggestion for starting a general massacre of Hindus in Hyderabad and Secunderabad cities with the remark that if anything was done to the Hindus there would be no Muslims left in Hyderabad for five generations. Whether out of concern for the future of the Muslims or on the persuasion of the Nizam, Razvi broadcast the next day (September 17th) an appeal to Muslims to be calm and tolerant. Thus another Bartholomew's Fair, which was dreaded by many both inside and outside Hyderabad, was averted. It may be interesting to recall here

that once or twice previously the Razakars had published posters in the two cities threatening a general massacre (Khataliyar) of Hindus on a particular date but nothing happened on that date, except that Hindus kept indoors and there was some exodus before the dreaded day. These threats seem to have been deliberately designed to bring about a mass exodus of Hindus from the State.

News of Razvi's arrest caused no stir in the city. The Muslims, worried over their individual future, were indifferent. It is astonishing how rapidly a dictator slumps in the estimation of his erstwhile admirers. There is no use apparently for a dictator who has failed. He lives on success and the slightest failure is fatal to his popularity and sometimes to his existence. That was the case with Mussolini. And so it was with Razvi. The most general feeling among Muslims was that Razvi had grievously misled them with false hopes and fantastic declarations. They felt they had been led into a morass from which it might be very difficult for them to salvage a future of honour and self-respect. It is significant that there was absolutely no resentment against the Indian Government. On the contrary the feeling was that the Muslims had brought it all on themselves by their own misdeeds. To upper class Muslims, amongst whom there were many who had been opposed to Razvi's and Laik Ali's disastrous policies, either openly or otherwise, the circumstances that had led to the surrender were most humiliating. Many of them had advised the Nizam not to court conflict with India and had urged acceptance of the June proposals. But they were all powerless against the Laik Ali junta. They bitterly reflected on India's continuous anxiety to seek a peaceful settlement and the evil course of the men who had spurned India's offers and forced a showdown. Among those who had been outspoken in their criticism of Razvi were nationalist Muslims like Bakar Ali Mirza and Nawab Manzur Jung, who stood out for union

with India despite the risk they ran at the hands of their fanatical co-religionists. The supreme sacrifice made by Shuebullah Khan, Editor of *Imroze*, in resisting the cataract of vile Majlis propaganda and exposing the barbarous atrocities of the Razakars is well known. This young 29-year old Gandhi-ite was brutally murdered on August twentieth by a gang of Razakars for his fearless exposure of their crimes. His hands were cut, his body was riddled with bullets, and his twenty-year old brother-in-law who was working as his manager and assistant on the *Imroze*, was maimed by the assailants. There is not the slightest doubt that this dastardly outrage was preplanned and inspired by Razvi. And it was his Government that allowed the culprits to get away with it. It is but fitting that State Congressmen should take the lead in concerting measures for a suitable memorial to this heroic journalist who has left behind his aged parents and his wife and two daughters. Shuebullah was a staunch Gandhian, and by a curious irony of fate his end was at the hands of communal fanatics of his own faith, even as Gandhiji's had been.

The Military Governor and Indian troops, assisted by the Nizam's police, are engaged in rounding up Razakars throughout the State. Almost all the members of the Razakar High Command have been arrested but a large number of their prominent supporters and minor leaders are still at large. In the districts, the local people and State Congress volunteers have been assisting the authorities in tracking down Razakars. There have been reports that immediately after the surrender many Razakars went underground. I am not inclined to give credence to these for the simple reason that so far as the countryside is concerned the conditions are entirely against them. The ratio of Muslim to Hindu population in the districts is about one to thirteen—about ten lakhs of Muslims being spread out amongst a Hindu population of one hundred and forty lakhs—and there is hard-

ly any chance for hostile Muslim bands to exist in secret amidst such a population particularly in the new conditions when they cannot expect support from officialdom, which greatly accounted for the Razakar's depredations before September 13. As for the cities, where the Muslim and non-Muslim populations are about evenly divided—ten lakhs of Muslims and ten lakhs of non-Muslims—the former Razakars and their allies are more concerned with saving their skins by living down their past than with continuing their nefarious activities from underground. It is true that the Nizam's administration was honeycombed with Razakars and their sympathisers from top to bottom. The fact that the Indian Government decided to make use of this administration even during the period of the Military Governor's regime did cause misgivings among State Congressmen that some of the notorious elements might be screened by the old officials and thus escape punishment. That the Military Governor is fully alive to this danger is evident from the action already taken suspending the four Subedars (Divisional Commissioners each in charge of a group of four districts), some Taluqdars (corresponding to our District Collectors) and some tehsildars. Some police officers also have been arrested. Doubts have been expressed by some public men as to whether this weeding out has been thorough enough and whether all the top men who undoubtedly backed Razvi and his gang have been rendered innocuous. But there is obviously much to be said in favour of proceeding cautiously in this matter and taking action with the larger interests of the State in mind and eschewing anything that might savour of spite or vindictiveness. India's decision not to interfere with the Hyderabad administration despite its association with the Lalk Ali regime has impressed very much the average Muslim in regard to the intentions of the Indian leaders. He is struck by the fact that the Nizam's army has not been disbanded, the administration has been permitted to carry on as usual and

the India Government have scrupulously observed the proprieties regarding the Nizam.

While I envisage little danger of the Razakars surviving as an underground movement, the possibility of some of them swelling the ranks of the Communists cannot be ruled out. Reports that after the cease-fire, Razakars in Nalgonda and Warangal districts, the main centres of Communist dominance, gave away their arms to the Communists are probably true. It must be remembered, however, that Razakars and Communists fought quite a number of minor engagements in these districts and little love was lost between them. It is possible, having regard to the queer manner in which the Communist mind works, that the Communists welcomed an accession of strength even from ex-Razakars. The Indian authorities in Hyderabad frankly recognise that in the restoration of law and order, the Communists may present a tougher problem than the surviving bands of Razakars. While public co-operation is readily forthcoming

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in rounding up the latter, it has not been found possible so far to arrest even a single top-ranking Communist leader. I shall deal with the Communist problem in Hyderabad at greater length in a subsequent article. The root of the problem, it is widely recognised, is economic and will have to be solved by a radical programme of economic reform. But it would be a great pity if the Communists decide to continue the sort of guerrilla activity they used to carry on against the Nizam's Government for many months so successfully. The Indian Army is determined to restore law and order throughout the State and any kind of Communist action which militates against this aim will be relentlessly put down.

One other aspect of the problem of restoration of order in Hyderabad, which looms large at the moment, is the protection of the Muslim minority in the State from reprisals by nobs or goonda elements. Considering what the Hindus had had to endure at the hands of the Razakars, it is remarkable that retaliatory attacks on Muslims have been very few. There has been some looting of Muslim houses and shops, especially in places which the Muslims had left in a hurry during the days immediately after the police action when there were no police or military to exercise any check on the local population. Almost all the Nizam's officials had left their sta-

tions in the districts and come away to the capital before or immediately after the cease-fire with the result that there was a complete breakdown of the civil administration. Consequently except in places where Indian troops were stationed and were responsible for maintaining law and order, there was nothing to prevent complete anarchy. In the circumstances, the surprise is not that some incidents occurred in a few places but that they were so few. Now that teams of Indian officials and special armed police and the bulk of the former Nizam's officials have taken charge in all the districts it should be possible to restore completely normal conditions in a short time. Hyderabadis are by tradition and nature a pacific lot and before Razvi's advent there was very little communal antagonism in the State. The mere fact that the normal administration is functioning and that those who take the law into their own hands will be sternly dealt with irrespective of their religion or politics will be enough to put down the anti-social elements which may have found, in the uncertain conditions of the past few weeks, an opportunity for their operations. Workers of the State Congress have been sent to all the districts to restore confidence among the Muslim population and to restrain the local hotheads and their peace propaganda should serve considerably to improve the situation.



In the South African Prime Minister Malan's Cabinet are: Native Affairs Minister Jansen who favors uniting the white sections (British and Afrikaners) "against the black menace"; Defence Minister Erasmus, former director of anti-colored, anti-Semitic newspaper Die Kruithoring; Labor Minister Schoeman who opposes Negro and other non-white membership in trades unions; Agriculture Minister Le Roux whose policy is using Negro labor for white profits; Justice Minister Swart, director of a Nationalist newspaper chain favoring white supremacy; Minister of Lands Strydom, violently anti-British, anti-Jewish and anti-color, and chairman of the Nationalist journal Die Transvaler.

Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express has made a first survey of how the Malan administration is working. "You have here a country that is turning harder and more ruthlessly to reaction than anywhere else in the world, one country that has officially written racialism and intolerance into the statute—a policy of political despair if ever there was one," states the survey.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

ACHARYA KRIPALANI has subjected the Nehru Government to a terrific attack in two articles which have appeared in the newspapers of the country. He has traced the fundamental defect of the organisation to its middle-class lawyer-dominated leadership, which fights shy of radical changes. He also condemned the pomp and show of the holders of political office in the Provinces and at the Centre.

Says Kripalani:

The Congress leadership comes mostly from the educated middle class and more especially from the legal profession. It is difficult for lawyers wedded to precedence and convention to alter their outlook and life to the requirements of a comprehensive revolutionary reconstruction of the entire social order..... All that the middle class and lawyer-leadership could conceive was the removal of foreign rule and its replacement by indigenous rule, wherein they would play the role of the ruling class. Whatever revolutionary phrases they may use, they cannot conceive of any radical or fundamental change in the social structure.

Kripalani seems to be the only outstanding Congressman who has not been taken in by the grandeur of Government Houses. He still remembers such things as the dignity of man. He writes:

In the Government Houses in Delhi and the Provinces, the white-gloved guards-of-honour with their lances, still stand at attention in every corridor and corner, immobile and statue-like. It is perhaps thought that they lend dignity to office. It is con-

veniently forgotten that to use human beings like that simply for personal or national prestige and glorification is to lower the innate dignity of man.

When Congress leadership was trying to shape Acharya Vinoba Bhave into a minor Mahatma, soon after Gandhiji's death, I had met Vinoba Bhave and asked whether he approved of the exhibition of Gandhiji's portrait at the entrance of the huge Military Tattoo, giving a demonstration of India's armed might. Vinobaji thought that this was the right thing to do. He thought, moreover, that it would not be right to have the portrait of Satan. In their actions, Government and the military should be inspired by Gandhiji, he declared. They should not be inspired by Satan. And so on. Frankly, I was disappointed with Vinoba.

When Gandhiji's funeral procession was wending its way through the main roads of Delhi, we whispered about the impropriety of carrying the Apostle of Peace in his last journey in a military vehicle. We dared not then find fault with the authorities because of the sadness of the occasion. To add insult to injury, it was announced that the engine of the vehicle would not be worked because Gandhiji was opposed to machinery. What an understanding of Gandhiji's ideas about machinery! Did not the Mahatma point out that the Char-kha itself was a machine? What he opposed was making man the slave of the machine. It was Samuel Butler, I think, who said that in the process of evolution, Man would be replaced by the Machine, just as the Dodo was replaced by Man.

But these Congress leaders, who are now in Government, are never tired of saying, "We have worked with Gandhiji for years and years. So we know more about his message than you do." This is a peculiar and foolish argument. If only they understood the spirit of the message of the Mahatma, they would never have made such claims. When you quote an authority, it means very often that you feel you are pretty thin on your argument.

Let us see what Acharya Kripalani has to say about Gandhiji's funeral:

The height of conventionality was reached when Gandhiji was given a State funeral in the approved style of the West. The hearse of the man of peace, non-violence and the masses, was drawn not by his immediate followers, nor even by the people whom he loved so well, but by the Marines, as is done perhaps in England. Not only this, but the funeral procession was preceded and followed by tanks, armoured cars and other military paraphernalia. Of course, the military had as much right to pay homage to Gandhiji's mortal remains as anyone else, but they need not have brought with them all their instruments of destruction. With all this, we were unable to reproduce the solemnity and the quiet dignity which mark such occasions in the West.

It is common knowledge that practically all the Ministers all over the country are merely tools in the hands of the I.C.S. officials. Pandit Nehru was one of the staunchest critics of the I.C.S. steel-frame. And even Sardar Patel now finds that there are many *ratnas* in the ranks of the I.C.S. He knew because he worked with the I.C.S., he said. Acharya Kripalani has explained the phenomenon as follows:

If one member of the family was a non-co-operator, a few others, his brothers and cousins, by blood and in-law, were in the services. Under such circum-

stances, it is natural that these services should be the mainstay of the Central and Provincial Governments even after August 15, 1947. However much the middle class leaders may have decried the services as unimaginative, wooden, lacking in initiative and action, however its members may have suppressed Congress and Congressmen in the past, it was difficult for them (the leaders) to quarrel with their brothers, cousins and caste-fellows, with whom very often they had been in school and college or in an English University. They recognise, however, unconsciously their kinship and affinity.

Acharya Kripalani proceeds to say some hard things about our Ambassadors, and finally disposes of them by saying "What we send abroad today is not even a faint copy of these (Vivekananda, Tagore and Gandhi), but a second-rate copy of the fashionable West with which it is already familiar, and which it can neither appreciate nor respect."

I conclude with a few quotations from Kripalani regarding our Ambassadors, and finally disposes

When furniture of the proper type is not available locally our diplomats are known to have ordered it from other countries. (Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, who ordered furniture from Stockholm).

It is said that the work entrusted to some of our ambassadors is so important that it cannot be transacted efficiently unless they move about in expensively ugly Rolls-Royce cars each costing more than half a lakh of rupees. (Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon).

Though the Congress is pledged to Prohibition, yet many of our representatives abroad not only themselves drink but serve liquor at parties that they give on behalf of a dry India. (Mr. Asaf Ali as Ambassador in Washington, Dr. Syud Hossain, and others.)

Whither, Government of India?

