

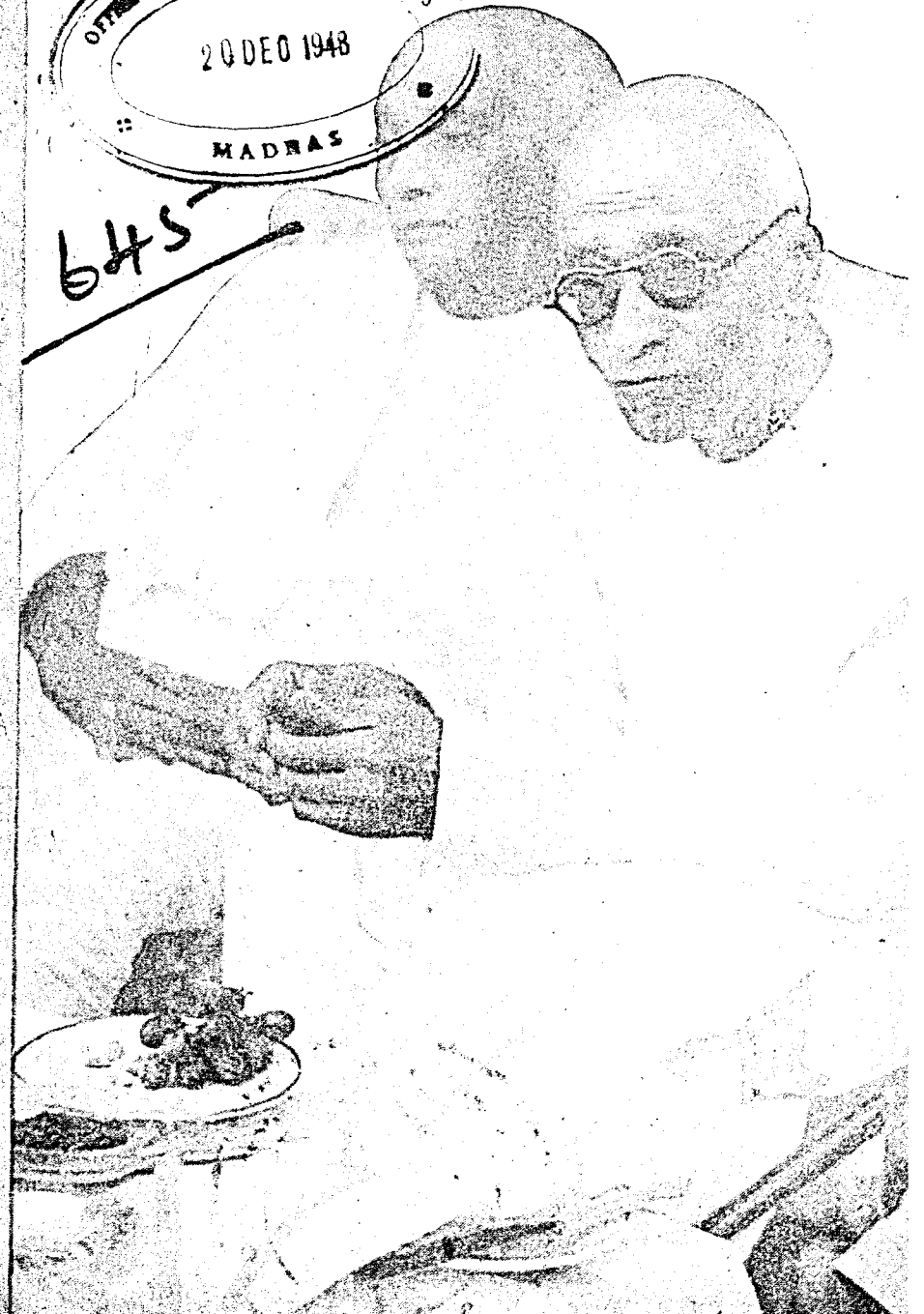
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SWATANTRA

EDITOR: KHAZA SUBBA RAU



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MADRAS

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from **3rd** DECEMBER

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MYSORE ...
PRABHUDEV TALKIES
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TRICHY ...
GAIETY TALKIES
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KARAIKUDI ...
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ZAMINDARI ABOLITION BILL

WITH the passing of the Zamin-dari Abolition Bill by both houses of legislature, we have arrived at an important phase of the preliminaries to the liquidation of a system that had, by common consent, long ago outlived its *raison d'être*. There are many more hurdles to be overcome before the measure is enrolled in the statute book. There is the intervening right of the Governor-General through his Law Department to veto or modify or amend the provisions as they now stand. Vested interests may be expected to exploit to the full the *loci penitentiae* that are implicit in legal processes and in the terms of the Bill as now passed.

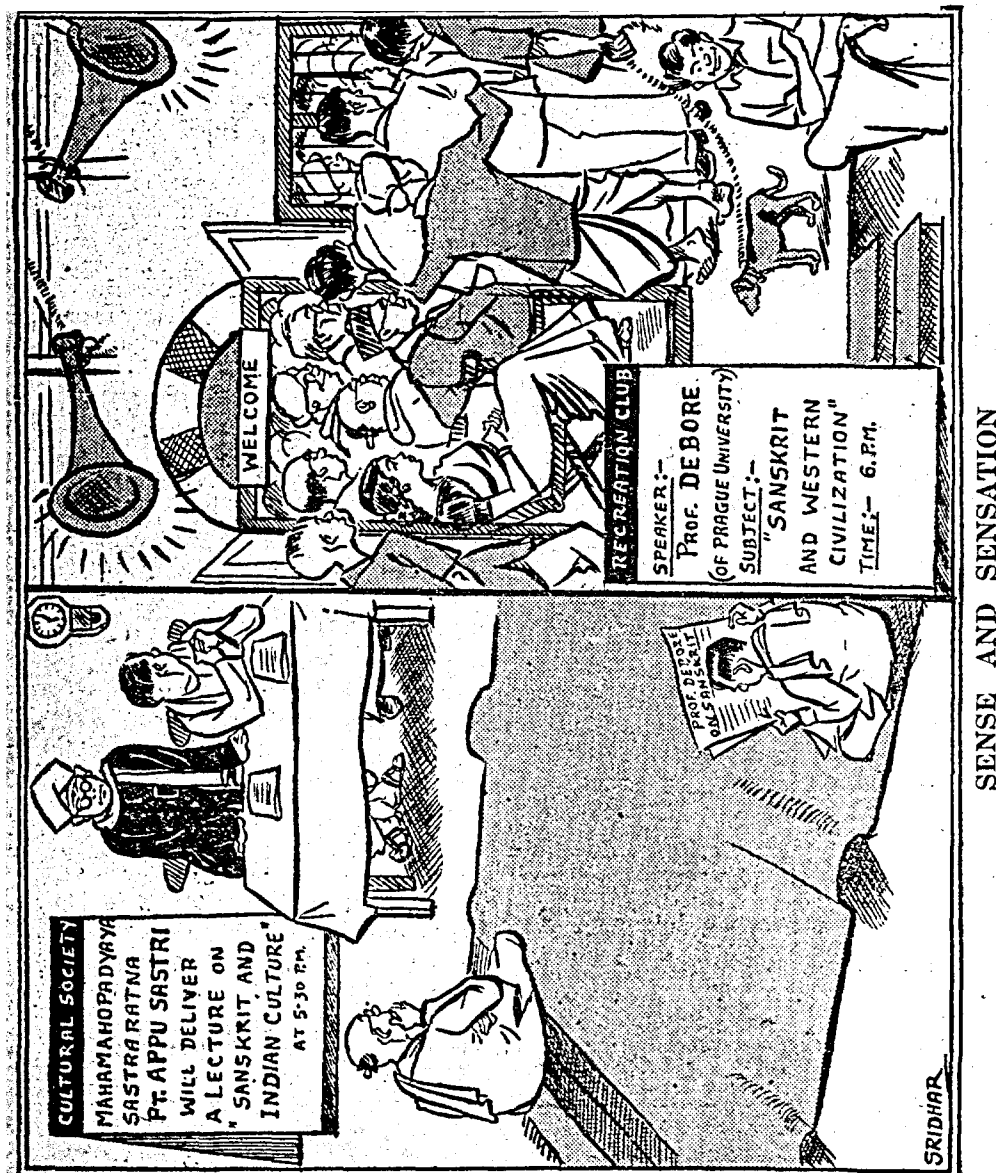
But even without reference to these limitations that might well deprive the measure of what little utility it may now possess, there are certain broad aspects of it with which we are not at all happy. It is to these that we now propose to invite public attention.

In the first place, it has been claimed for the Bill that it is a radical and revolutionary measure calculated to do away with one of the greatest disabilities under which the bulk of our people living on the land have been suffering for ages. We gravely doubt if it is as progressive or liberating as claimed. For, what the Government proposes to do in effect is to buy out the big zamindars with the credit of the rest of the community of which the great majority is composed, of the very class whom the Bill ostensibly proposes to free from the shackles of rack-rentism and other concomitants of agrarian tyranny. There is little or no appreciation of the

mischievous potentialities of vesting in a small number of people such a tremendously potent economic weapon as monetary credit to the extent of about 20 crores of rupees. Experts might speak learnedly about the compensation and the terms thereof; but even the man in the street can see for himself that the zamindari element in the social fabric is not only preserved intact, but what is worse, it is provided with a degree of mobility to make its influence felt, in all aspects of the economic life around us by virtue of the crores that are placed at its disposal. In other words, we do not consider that this measure is either liberal in conception or ameliorative in effect.

We concede of course, that there have been instances in history of revolutions effected by purchase. The British have been adepts in this device of state-craft, and the most telling instance of far-reaching humanitarian and economic reform was the abolition of slavery in the British empire early in the nineteenth century. The West Indian planters were paid compensation for the manumission of the slaves in the plantations. The totality of the burden was small, and its eventual incidence on the individual negligible. That was how the British reform was effected with a minimum of dislocation, hardship and profiteering.

With us, however, conditions today are vastly different. An economic system that has been sucked almost bone-dry, a debilitated community which has been exploited by rapacious elements under different labels for more than a generation,



SENSE AND SENSATION

SRIDHAR

a disorganised public life following on the heels of an emotional landslide which has rendered sober appraisal of prevailing conditions well-nigh impossible, these are now called upon to bear one more colossal burden; and it bids fair to be the proverbial last straw on the patient public's back. In our view therefore the idea of compensation renders the legislative enactment as near a political fraud as it is possible to think of; and the quantum of compensation unmasks the so-called radical evangelists in support of the Bill as shrewd calculators and political opportunists who wish to play the ambiguous role of hunting with the hound and running with the hare.

In this view, we have found ourselves unexpectedly borne out by some ex-cathedra reflections of the President of the Council before he adjourned the present session. The length of his speech and the ground covered make us wonder if it was a healthy precedent to set up. For by his very office, the President has to function under a self-imposed ordinance of silence. We fail to understand the urgency or necessity that made our Council President indulge in an address of irrelevant valediction to the members of the Council. But when he proceeded to urge the Government to place the Bill on the statute book with a minimum of delay, and in particular implored that the compensation to the zamindars should be paid at once, we could not help detecting the cloven foot of the reactionary. We mean no disrespect to the Council President; but when he clearly went beyond the limits of his assignment, he was asking for comment. The point to which we would draw public attention is the solicitude of the President to see that the interests of the zamindars were not in any way jeopardised. There was also a veiled reference to the political uncertainties of the future, and of the risks of compensation being denied by a succeeding Government.

This single fact is enough to expose the hollowness of the Bill as it has now been passed.

The salvation of the kisan, the small farmer, the agricultural labourer is still as far off as ever. The zamindari incubus was but one facet of a tyranny that pressed on him in many ways. Far from being liquidated, it bids fair to stay put or but change its spot from one place to another. That the Congress as a whole; and the Congress Ministries in all the provinces are bastions of the Right, if not indeed in unholy league with forces of reaction and obscurantism may be inferred as much from acts of commission like the Zamindari Abolition Bill as of omission like the failure to bring the profiteer, the black-marketeer, and other anti-social elements to book. The period of stagnation close on the heels of our freedom now threatens to be followed by an era of reaction. And unless the forces of the Left could combine and forge a dynamic platform, we are in danger of losing not only the fruits of freedom but also the security of good government.

Power Politics

IT is reported that Mr. B. Gopala Reddy, Finance Minister, Madras Government, has been appointed to officiate as Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University during the absence on leave of Dr. C. R. Reddy beginning from January and that the Madras Premier permitted Mr. Gopala Reddy to accept the appointment while continuing as Finance Minister and also holding his numerous other portfolios including Transport.

The Andhra University Act lays down that "The Vice-Chancellor shall be a *whole-time* officer of the University". How Mr. B. Gopala Reddy can do justice to the office of the Vice-Chancellor while continuing to be Finance Minister and Minister of Transport is incomprehensible to any reasonable person and the

appointment itself is in conflict with the provisions of the Act. The Syndicate cannot take refuge under the provisions of Section 12 which empowers it to arrange in such manner as it may for the performance of the duties of the Vice-Chancellor in the temporary absence of the permanent incumbent. The arrangement it makes should be in conformity with the section which categorically lays down that the Vice-Chancellor should be a *whole-time* officer. It does not say that the elected Vice-Chancellor alone should be *whole time* and that the officiating person need not. If the Chancellor (The Governor of the Province) approves the officiating appointment, as required by the Act, he would have winked at the patent violation of a very definite legal injunction, legalising an illegality.

This appointment is evidently an outcome of the pursuit of power politics which has become a characteristic feature of the provincial administration. There are on the University Syndicate eminent persons with academical and administrative qualifications far superior to those of Mr. Gopala Reddy, who could give their whole time, at the headquarters itself, to the administration of the University. It is inexplicable how and why the choice fell on Mr. Gopala Reddy unless it be that only a Reddy should act for another Reddy.

In days when what is required is diffusion of power, the Madras Government is after concentration of power. We are heading for a fascist dictatorship in all matters of public life and University education does not seem to be an exception.

Sotto Voce

The Open Conspiracy



WHEN Britain's largest circulated newspaper announced that sixty per cent of its readers were in favour of scrapping the sports page, the heart of the great public stopped beating for an awful moment, we are veraciously informed. Many a generous Indian heart, I am sure, clicked in sympathy. The cheerful Yank on the other hand must have rubbed his hands noting yet another proof of the old country's self-confessed degeneration. But the smoky fire in the Kremlin's watchful eyes suddenly blazed of a certainty, seeing in this incomprehensible whim the unmistakable beginning of the Anglo-American encirclement that it had so long dreaded.

The great public, like the great auk, seems never at home to callers. You would hardly recognise it in the cynics of Fleet Street dawdling over their gin and bitters as they mutter, "Another of the Beaver's Fat Boy tricks!"; nor, again, in the yeoman puffing at his pipe of peace as he leans over the gate to tell his crony, "Naow, if this wor true, it won't be sich a bad thing, I'm thinkin" but effectively cancels this admission with a long slow wink. And then they will both fall to discussing with zest the prospects of Middle Muggerton against Plowman's Coomb. Saturday's match will be played in hostile country and they will muster there

manfully in support of the visiting eleven.

Having booed and cheered dutifully and done their best to get up a scrap they like to read the account of the event in the local newspaper and fight the mimic battle over again, saying of the reporter, "That feller has a pair of eyes in his head, ye bet!" or "The blighter must have been on the booze; he has seen visions," according as his report tallied with their findings or not. But, except for an occasional enthusiast—probably a townbred,—nobody works himself up into a fever over a match which he has not seen with his own eyes. (Test matches, of course, are a different matter, for there the prestige of Old England is at stake). And the splendid sports coverage upon which the metropolitan papers pride themselves mainly serves to distract schoolboys from their books.

No Gallup poll was needed to discover this fact. In any case *The Daily Express's* revelation will not precipitate a revolution. The forty per cent in favour of the *status quo* will be more than a match for the would-be innovators, loyally supported as they will be, not only by the penny-a-liners who pick up sporting scraps with unwearied simulation of zest, but by a whole horde of secondary industries—the foot-ball pools, the makers of sporting tackle, the radio commentators and the 'arty' writers on this modern mystery. Nowhere else do so many little fleas ride so joyfully on the backs of big fleas.

And when you come to think of it, there is no reason why writers on sports should feel unduly abashed by this popular verdict. The leading article was pronounced to be dead ages ago; and one or two papers have shown the world that they have the courage of their conviction by actually dropping it. But others seem to be in no hurry to follow. On their broad pages the

fount of home-brewed wisdom has thinned to a trickle, perhaps, but has not dried up altogether. And in the place of one anonymous leader writer, there has sprung up a whole host of columnists and specialists whose names are household words in four continents.

The truth is that though newspapers talk glibly of giving the public what it wants they do so with large mental reservations. *The Times* would hardly dream of inviting its readers to say whether "Our Dramatic Critic" was, in their opinion, a superfluity. *The Daily Scream*, on the contrary, might have no compunction about dismissing its Art Critic—if it had one—on the ground that he wore long hair and dirty clothes or that bluff Britons had no use for such fallals. But even *The Scream* would have too high a regard for its advertisers to make the City Page abide the question of Tom, Dick and Harry.

The tacit conspiracy between reader and editor that has marked the evolution of newspapers has, like *laissez-faire*, bred a race of happy hypocrites. The reader who delights in crime stories and comic cuts is kept in countenance by the 'leaders' and the 'specials' which he never reads. The tabloid, under the guise of catering for every taste, directs its appeal mainly to the morons and the half-wits, but throws in handfuls of small talk limelighting 'personalities' on stage and screen or retails the would-be smartness of gentlemen's gentlemen. That is called "culture for the millions." The high-brow journals on the other hand go on placidly pretending that the voice of Bloomsbury is the voice of God, though the denizens of that 'enchanted ground' long ago donned overalls and got their union tickets. And the great public continues to be so hospitable and catholic that we are yet far from plumbing the depths to which the Press can sink.

VIGHNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

That which is given with pride and ostentation is rather an ambition than a bounty.—SENECA.

HIS Excellency Sri C. Rajagopalachari has set an excellent example by pleading that his birthday be not celebrated. Round the celebrations of birthdays of persons in high office, disgusting sycophancy flourishes. Where genuine affection ends and calculated exhibitionism begins, it is not easy to discern. It is not unusual to find the same persons who put themselves to prodigious exertion in getting up one year the birthday celebration of the powerful holder of an important office, relapsing into utter indifference the next year, if in the interval he ceases to hold the office and another steps into his place. Their attentions are then transferred to that other. He had been languishing in inglorious inconsequence previously. But now the imagination is drawn upon heavily for the discovery in him of non-existing virtues that nobody gave him credit for before fortune smiled on him. To glorify the holders of power however unglory-worthy, and neglect the great out of office however honour-worthy, has blossomed into a vulgar trait of the national character, and it was long overdue that someone of eminence capable of checking it without incurring the jibe of "sour grapes", acted firmly and set the right example.

It is pleasant to be thought well of and it is thrilling to have large numbers of people treating one's birthday as an occasion for festivity. It is difficult to strike an unbeaten path that might look like censure of colleagues acting differently. When the blaze of publicity beats on one by virtue of his status as a national leader, nothing can be done in a quiet, unostentatious way, and simplicity itself is dragged to the limelight and made to look histrionic. Public figures have not the freedom to do as their consciences dictate that obscure private individuals

enjoy, and always the oppression of the effects of their actions on successors to come, tends to pin them down to traditions and usages of which they disapprove cordially. When the Congress bosses fixed five hundred as a Minister's maximum salary, the Rt. Honourable Srinivasa Sastri found fault with it as a thoughtless infliction of hardship on posterity. Future Ministers, he thought, would curse the authors of the scale for imposing on them a measure of abstemiousness beyond their capacity for which they might see no need. The anticipated calamity was averted by the immediate corrective effect produced by Sastri's arguments. Out of consideration for others that might not come to their level of sacrifice, the Ministers doubled and trebled their salaries, but a similar feat could not be performed in the case of the millions whose interests they set out to guard and whose incomes remained static. The advent of freedom found the rulers of India with emoluments on a level with the richest countries while the multitude occupied a vast background of indigence with the distinction of being the poorest of the poor in the whole world.

In the prevailing conditions of mass poverty, the costly magnificence of the shows got up in honour of high ranking leaders, is symbolic of a tragic incongruity. The misery of the people is not capable of being window-dressed into an appearance of joy with flower garlands and festive celebrations. Every dinner in honour of a Minister means food wasted to gorge overfed stomachs in disregard of the elementary needs of starving and hungry people elsewhere. Celebrations in honour of members of the ruling class have somehow got linked with the machinations of black marketeers to get into favour. Government as such has ceased to bother about people in general and the main activity is that of pressure groups bent on grabbing permits and licenses.

There is no hope of change for the better until the top leaders set the correct example.

C.R.'s request that preparations for celebration of his birthday may be dropped, is well matched by the disclosure that he has asked for a reduction of salary and a drastic lowering in the scale of expenditure that has become customary for the Governor-General. The notion that dignity is to be measured with the pomp and expensiveness of the head of the State is out of place in a country of rampant poverty. Other inhibitions on the part of the mighty in the land are badly needed in the wake of the Governor-General's gesture. No Minister should accept addresses by municipalities or allow his portrait to be hung. There should be a ban on the acceptance of presents. Sardar's gold mace should be put to public auction and the proceeds restored to the State exchequer. The country can vote him a richer present, if it is so minded, after he lays down his office.—SAKA.

Accounts of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Dunlops have appeared already in the daily papers. All that care and skill and lavish spending could do to impart distinction to the celebration was there in abundant measure. A remarkable feature of the programme was pictorial representation of the progress of the company, from small beginnings to world stature, by means of two films, one made in England, and the other produced in India by Keymers. That Keymers could count the making of pictures as one among their many accomplishments was agreeable news to many. Artistically the films were of high quality, but an unbroken string of fine propaganda ran through all the art. They made one feel that here was something more than just a profit-making commercial firm—here was high adventure, patriotism, anti-fascist humanism on a heroic war effort scale. Result: A grand G.C.M. of human interest in the affairs of a firm, privately managed, but public in spirit and character.

TITS-BITS ABOUT SHAW

George Bernard Shaw once boasted "I am always careful never to say a civil word to the United States. I have scoffed at their inhabitants as a nation of villagers. I have defined the 100 per cent American as 90 per cent idiot. And they just adore me."

In London, Liddell Hart said to Bernard Shaw, "Do you realize that 'sumac' and 'sugar' are the only two words in the English language that begin with 's-u' and are pronounced 'SHU'?" "Sure", said Shaw.

"When I die", Shaw says, "I want to be thoroughly used up. The harder I work the more I live. Life is no brief candle for me. It is a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold of for the moment. I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

Not so many years ago, George Bernard Shaw, poking fun at all things American, came out with some unusually caustic comments. A number of newspapers rose to the bait and howled protests, but one editor held his fire until Mr. Shaw paid his much-publicized visit to Miami. This editor's paper published a lengthy report of the arrival of Mrs. George Bernard Shaw. Mrs. Shaw went to this dinner, Mrs. Shaw attended that function, Mrs. Shaw did that. Then at the bottom of the long article was this casual afterthought:

"Mrs. Shaw was accompanied by her husband, George Bernard Shaw, a writer."

One of the few instances in which George Bernard Shaw was "hoist by his own petard" came when he appealed to Mrs. Shaw for support of his contention that male judgment was superior to female judgment. "Of course, dear", Mrs. Shaw replied. "After all, you married me and I you."

LIKE THE RAINBOW AFTER THE FLOOD

by MANJERI S. ISVARAN

TALKING the other day, of information services and international propaganda with Mr. Harry Heap of the B.I.S. and Mr. Khasa Subba Rau, Editor of *Swatantra*, I was reminded of a pamphlet bearing on the subject which I had read nearly a decade and a half ago. While yet garnering the aftermath of the Four Years' War, we had the grandest conflagration of the continents and the destruction of all human values; and in the "conflagration of peace" that followed, with the system of controls and quotas and bootlegging and black-marketing, the individual brain revelling in its bloated bank-books. This is the atomic century; the Nobel Award—for Peace too—was born in dynamite. Don't forget that.

The pamphlet is entitled "The Problem of International Propaganda." It is by Ivy Lee, a distinguished American publicist, and it is the reprint of an address which he delivered before a private audience in London. While reading it I had jotted down notes, but these in no way can recapture the brilliance of Mr. Lee's performance in its entirety; however, here are the jottings, almost in the author's own words, from my *Scrapbook*:

"If through some technique of beneficent international propaganda, a way can be found to bridge the psychological chasms between nations, it will be like the vision of the rainbow after the flood."

Triumphal arch that fill'st the sky when clouds prepare to part, I ask not proud Philosophy to teach me what thou art!—sang a poet. Philosophy will clip an angel's wings—crooned another. The production of armaments by the different nations, on a colossal scale, is not calculated to disperse the clouds, it meant to condense them.

"War in its essence is nothing but an admission of the fact that . . . nations do not know how to talk to one another except with guns."

The problem of the world as Mr. Lee sees it, is just a simple problem: misunderstanding between nations. To avert such misunderstanding and create beneficent understanding, ways and means have to be found out. These are already existing. The Press, advertising, the radio, and the cinema have put a girdle round the globe; these are the four institutions which in the modern times have exerted their influence beyond national frontiers. Mr. Lee suggests that (for instance) the English and American Governments should systematically "buy space" in one another's papers for the purpose of putting national points of view before the people of the respective nations, frankly and fearlessly; that they should produce and distribute pamphlets, leaflets, brochures, booklets, with the avowed object of showing America's climate of thought to England and England's, to America. The extension of this method, this object to the many nations, might eventually unite the world.

Such a sort of propaganda run on an organised basis would indeed be a costly business, but what is it when balanced against the fabulous expenditure on armaments? asks Mr. Lee. Then there are the small nations and the big nations, the poor and the rich. Nations with the longest purse have always the best advantage: to do things in a spectacular way, to equivocate like the juggling fiend that lies like truth. But little nations have the sea to drink; they will have worthy causes to present before the bar of the world, but lacking the economic resources as they do to present their causes, it is a matter of the big fish swallowing the small. All propa-

ganda originated and conducted should be above board; nations, big and small, poor and rich, should put all their cards face upwards, and be eager to be understood in honesty of motives and nobility of aspirations. They should realize that truth is their best, brightest advocate. And those who put impediments in the way of authentic and responsible foreign journalists and prohibit them from reporting fully and truly in their own country what they have seen, come for severe trouncing at the hands of Mr. Lee.

"The wisest Government is the one which effectively assists foreign journalists to obtain quickly, accurately, and authoritatively the information their newspapers seek. The most effective Government propagandist of the past two decades was Lord Riddell, who accomplished miracles for the British point of view at Paris, at Genoa, at Washington, and always by the simple, straightforward process of assisting journalists to obtain the facts quickly. Lord Riddell was wise enough to know that any effort to colour these facts would be bound to react unfavourably against the interests of his own country."

So runs the last of the jottings in my Scrapbook extracted from "The

Problem of International Propaganda." I have seen foreign countries buying space—as Mr. Lee suggests—in the newspapers of other nations, for singing the glories of pleasure resorts—hill stations and tropical paradises to encourage the tourist; to put national points of view in such "bought spaces" (or generously donated) seems to have been rare.

POSTSCRIPT :

"Perhaps if they had (in 1914) the present refinements of telephone communication the fatal crash might have been averted." (Mr. Lee).

Still, World War II happened. Humanity had no love, no respect, nor need for the refinements of civilization. The call of the jungle triumphed.

The ideal envisaged by Mr. Lee for world amity, is not without realization, part at least. For that international integrity is essential.

It is a thin line indeed that divides ballyhoo and bugaboo.

The Information Department of the Government of India and the new-born Press Trust of India may put their heads together and pave the way for the realization of the ideal.

STILL-BORN BABIES BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE

Every mother, midwife and nurse knows that rocking will soon induce a restless infant to sleep. In the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. E. C. Eve reveals in detail that the same method can be applied to revive an apparently lifeless baby after birth.

In 1932, Dr. Eve published an article describing the rocking method of artificial respiration. The late Dr. N. C. Forsyth, who died last year, used this method to revive newly-born babies suffering from white asphyxia.

While the usual sign of asphyxia is cyanosis, in certain cases such as electrocution, drowning, or babies strangled by the umbilical cord, it is characterised by a wan look, technically known as "white asphyxia". This condition is caused by an excess of carbon dioxide and a shortage of oxygen in the blood.

Dr. Eve noticed when he rocked a victim of drowning that the movement restored the pink colour to his cheeks, and concluded that in the process an artificial circulation, adequately supplied with oxygen, had been created and maintained.

The work of Dr. Eve and Dr. Forsyth have aroused great interest in this method of artificial respiration which enables the lives of some 10,000 newly-born babies, suffering from asphyxia, to be saved every year. This estimate is by no means exaggerated when it is considered that in the United States alone, some 30,000 newly-born infants die annually of asphyxia.

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DEMOCRACY IN THE NEW CONSTITUTION

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

FREE India's Constitution creates a democratic State. Before illustrating how and to what extent it does this it is necessary to know exactly in what sense democracy has to be understood.

There are at least two views of democracy at the present day—the Western and the Soviet view. According to the Western view it is merely a method of political organisation, a method for determining who should come into power. According to the Soviet view it stands not for a method but for an ideal whatever be the method that is adopted for realising the ideal. In the Western conception political organisation is democratic when those who constitute the Government of the State come to their office as a result of election by all the adults, each adult having only one vote and the election being free and periodical. Free elections imply that it is open to the citizens to organise themselves into any number of political parties, to set up their own candidates in elections for offices, to carry on propaganda in their favour, to criticise freely the actions and policies of the Government of the day and to form a new Government through success in elections. This by itself is not enough to make the political organisation democratic. Elections must also be periodical so that the people may have the opportunity to pronounce now and then their judgment on the work of government and substitute if necessary one government for another. Elections are held by dictators also but they are not democratic as they lack these characteristics and as they leave no scope for any alternative Government to come into existence. Democracy in this Western sense goes therefore not merely with adult suffrage but also with freedom of association, freedom of the press and of opinion and the existence of organised opposition. It

follows from all this that this concept of democracy is opposed to totalitarianism and leaves to individuals and associations a large field of autonomy.

The Soviet conception is different. According to it society is democratic only when there is economic equality among all the citizens. It does not matter what political method is adopted to secure this equality. It is the end that is important and not the means. If the dictatorship of the Communist Party is the only way in which this equality can be achieved and if for achieving it all other parties have to be suppressed and suppressed violently also, there is nothing undemocratic about it. So long as the end is democratic there is nothing wrong in non-democratic means being adopted for realising it. The Soviet concept goes even a step further as it emphasizes that the democratic method which is integral to the Western idea cannot destroy through free discussion and elections the economic inequality on which all non-Communist societies rest. It is thus opposed to concentration of wealth and not to concentration of power, to economic but not to political inequality.

The democracy that free India's constitution creates is the democracy of the Western type. The framers of the Constitution believe that when once political organisation is made democratic in this sense there will be no difficulty whatever in achieving in due course economic and other kinds of equality to the extent to which such equality is desirable. A perusal of the speech delivered by Dr. Ambedkar during the discussions in the Constituent Assembly on the directive principles of State policy included in Part IV of the Draft Constitution makes this quite clear. He then observed: "Our constitution is a piece of mechanism

laying down what is called parliamentary democracy...while we have established political democracy it is also desired that we should lay down as our ideal economic democracy.... There was no fixed idea as to how to bring economic democracy. There were many ways in which people believed it could be brought about such as, Individualism, Socialism, Communism, etc.... They had left enough room for people of different ways of thinking for reaching economic democracy...." The constitution of free India looks therefore on economic democracy as a mere ideal and a directive principle of the State, and regards political democracy as the only just means of achieving it. The emphasis is much more on the means than on the end.

The elements in political democracy for which provision is made in the constitution are of a large variety. Among them the first place is to be given to adult suffrage. "Every one who is not less than twenty one years of age and is not otherwise disqualified on the ground of non-residence, unsoundness of mind, crime or corrupt or illegal practice shall be entitled to be registered as a voter...." At the polls therefore the rich as well as the poor, the capitalist as well as the labourer, men as well as women, persons of high caste as well as of low caste occupy the same position. Every adult therefore has a voice in determining who should come to power.

The principle "one man, one vote" is also adhered to. Constituencies are to be organised in such a manner that there shall be not less than one representative for every 750,000 of the population, and not more than one representative for every 500,000 of the population, so far as the Union Parliament is concerned. The undemocratic system of weightage to certain communities has been done away with and even where seats are reserved to particular communities it is based strictly on population.

Provision is also made for complete freedom in the matter of elections. This is the result of some of the

fundamental rights that have been guaranteed in the constitution. All citizens are given the right (a) to freedom of speech and expression; (b) to assemble peaceably and without arms; (c) to form associations or unions and (d) to move throughout the territory of the country. No one party is declared to be the only recognised political party as is the case in Soviet Russia where the Communist Party is the only recognised political party—the party of "the most active and politically conscious citizens" and the only party having the right to nominate candidates.

Elections are also periodical—once at least in five years in the case of the lower houses of legislature which are the more powerful houses.

Almost all seats on the legislatures are filled by election—direct in the case of the lower houses at the Centre and in the units, and indirect to some extent in the case of the upper houses. The President of the Union is also elected though indirectly. There is a nominated element in the upper houses but its strength is comparatively small. As even this nomination is made by the elected head of the Union (or the State) it is not quite so undemocratic as it may appear to be at first sight.

From all this the conclusion may be drawn that free India's constitution contains much of what is needed to bring into existence a machinery of government that may be styled democratic. What may be called the mechanics of democracy has thus been created.

The constitution does not merely create a democratic machinery of government but also lays down certain directive principles of State policy which when given effect to will help in the realisation of social and economic democracy resting on the ideal of equality. The State is called on, for instance, to direct its policy towards securing to each citizen adequate means of livelihood, towards preventing concentration of wealth and means of production in the hands of a few, towards

providing equal pay for equal work, towards securing to each the right to work, to education, to public assistance in case of unemployment, old age, sickness, disablement, etc. It is quite true that there is no categorical reference here to economic equality. But the spirit underlying these directive principles is democratic in essence.

Three points of criticism will naturally be raised in this connection. One is whether the governmental machinery created by the constitution is sufficiently democratic. For it does not contain any of those devices which are considered essential if government is to be strictly in accordance with the wishes of the people. Among these devices are popular referendum, initiative and recall of persons elected to offices. They found a place in several of the constitutions framed in Europe after the first world war and among the older States, some, if not all are found in Switzerland, the United States and Australia. The answer to this criticism is that though these devices make a constitution more democratic they have so many drawbacks and interfere so much with efficient and responsible government that it is better to dispense with them and have only a modified and limited kind of democracy. The truth is that democratic organisation is not an end in itself. It is a means and it should be used only to the extent to which it secures those advantages which citizens expect from their Government.

The second question that will be raised is whether the directive principles of State policy enunciated in Part IV of the Constitution have any binding force on Governments

in free India. The doubt is due to article 29 which states that they are principles which cannot and which shall not be enforceable by any court. In the discussions in the Constituent Assembly several members naturally pointed out that after all, these might prove to be like New Year's resolutions which one took year after year on the 1st of January only to break them on January 2nd, that they were vague and indefinite and did not give a clear indication of the nature of the social order sought to be established and that there was nothing which rendered it mandatory or compulsory on the part of Government to implement them. There is some truth in this line of criticism and it shows that the mere enunciation of aims is no guarantee that steps will be taken to realise them. But this does not mean that the statement of objectives has no value. Given alert public opinion it will serve as a real force in compelling Governments to take action in accordance with those objectives; and without vigilant public opinion no democracy will function.

A third question is whether in the existing conditions of the country there is prospect of any kind of democratic machinery working as it ought to work to secure democratic ends. Illiteracy, communal and caste spirit, politicians greedy of power, a press becoming more and more dominated by capitalists and the possibility of totalitarian parties like the Communists capturing the mass mind—all these are pointed out as forces that might prevent the democratic machinery from working on the right lines. Here again it has to be confessed that the path of democracy is never smooth.

FARMING WITHOUT PLOUGHING

Experiments which may revolutionise farming practice throughout the world have been taking place in England. A Somerset farmer—Mr. Newman Turner—has given up ploughing his land, and is getting better crops than ever before.

Instead of using a plough, he uses a disc harrow. Then instead of turning the soil over he merely cuts up the old growth from the previous harvest. Then he sows his seed. This method, now being used by many farmers, is equally effective in orchards and market gardens.

Short Story

"The Wazir's Tale"

by T. K. Mukerji

THE first time I saw Abdul Karim I was sitting on the verandah of the one and only hotel of the State of Jholpur, endeavouring to wash the accumulated dust of a three days' journey from the inside of my throat. While I was thus engaged a party of convicts plodded slowly and painfully down the road.

In front and in rear marched, or rather slouched, a State policeman, carrying his rifle like a hockey-stick, and between these two were some twenty wretches, two and two, in a straggling column. They were manacled in pairs; in addition each man wore cruelly heavy leg-irons. All were in rags, covered in dust and dirt, gaunt, hollow-cheeked; and they looked straight in front of them with that pathetic look of hopelessness peculiar to Orientals. Round about the column were a crowd of relatives, who kept pace with the prisoners, and now and again exchanged a word or two with them. A non-commissioned officer strutted alongside, occasionally assisting, with a blow from the butt of his rifle, the progress of one or two of the convicts who, through physical infirmities or advancing age, were inclined to lag. As the procession drew level with the hotel this individual gave the order to halt.

The convicts immediately dropped to the ground, where they sat huddled in the dust, while the crowd of relations flew to fetch water from a well near by. The wretches drank greedily, and those who were kept waiting whined like animals or fought for precedence. Suddenly there was a scuffle and an uproar from one of the groups; one man had attempted to seize the vessel of water brought for his yoke-fellow. The police sepoy promptly struck him a blow over the head with the butt of his rifle, which act of wanton cruelty was, to my surprise, loudly applauded by the crowd.

The police are not loved at any time in India, and I wondered why the sepoy's brutal action should meet with the approval of the crowd in this particular instance, till I distinguished the words "Dog of a Mohammedan!" Then I understood. Jholpur was a

Hindu State, and police and prisoners alike were Hindus. Only this one poor outcast was of an alien faith; alone of the prisoners he seemed to have no relative or friend to bring him water, and of course none of the Hindus would risk pollution by doing so. Perhaps because I, too, was of a strange faith I picked up the jug of water from the table, and, coming down the half-dozen steps from the hotel, took it across to him.

He looked up in a dazed manner as, pushing through the crowd, I stood over him, and he made no attempt to take the jug from me till I fairly pushed it into his hands. Then, with a gasp, he clutched it, and emptied it, crushed ice and all, at a draught. He handed back the jug and tried to rise to thank me; then when he found the dead weight of his yoke-fellow prevented him from doing so, he looked me full in the eyes and said steadily: "Friend, I shall remember."

Jholpur is very much off the map, and I did not visit it again for some five or six years. It is an unimportant State. In the troubled times prior to the British conquest of India it owed its comparative inviolacy to the fact that there was little or nothing to tempt the invader across the miles of sandy desert which surrounds it. On the coming of the English, the old Rajah, less of a fool than some of his successors, weighed up pretty shrewdly which way the tide was setting, and threw in his lot with the new-comers. He was rewarded by being allowed to retain his little territory; there was nothing about it to covet, so that he was left pretty severely alone, with the result that Jholpur was as backward and decadent a State as could be imagined.

I loathed the place; my one ambition was to finish my business there and get out again. Here, however, I found unexpected difficulties; one after another of the Rajah's ministers refused to put matters through. I was completely hung up for three days, and for all I know I might be there now if I had not had the good sense to lose my temper. Exasperated by the bland excuses that the particular minister whom I was interviewing was pouring forth so

glibly, I jumped up, nearly knocked the astonished gentleman over, and striding out of the office, seized upon a gorgeously-clad chaprassi. "Here," I cried, "take me to the Wazir" (Prime Minister).

"The Wazir Saheb?" stammered the scared servant, shaking his finger to a door in another block of buildings. I strode across and, pushing the silvery curtain aside, stated my errand abruptly to a grave-faced Mohammedan who sat dictating letters to a clerk squatting on the ground a few feet distant. He regarded me steadily for a moment; then asked me for my papers. I produced them royally, and he rose.

"Take the trouble of seating yourself, gentleman," he said with great dignity. "I'll attend to the matter myself."

I had done so much fruitless sitting-about, waiting for people to do things, that it was with no very good grace I sank down into a pile of cushions and tapped my spurs with my riding-crop by way of whiling away the minutes. In a very short time, however, the Wazir returned, and to my surprise handed me back my papers signed, stamped, and fully completed. He smiled at my obvious astonishment, waving aside my hastily-framed thanks and apologies for my previous curtness.

"I am merely paying back a small part of my debt," he said sincerely.

"Your debt?" I repeated, in utter amazement.

"Yes, gentleman. You do not seem to remember me? Perhaps if I were clothed in rags and squatting in the dust, chained to some other wretch, you might know me better."

I stared at him for a minute, and then the whole scene flashed across my brain—the convicts seated in the dusty road, the struggle for water, the cruel blow by a brutal sepoy, the look of gratitude on a poor prisoner's face.

"Surely," I cried, "surely you can't be...."

"The poor wretch of a Mohammedan on whom you took pity?" he returned, still smiling. "But I'm, though."

"But how—"

"How is it I'm now Wazir of Jholpur? Well, friend, if you'll do me the honour of dining with me at sundown, I'll try to tell you how you helped to turn a condemned prisoner into a minister of State."

"May the stick of scandal," observed the Wazir, with the true sententious-

ness of the Oriental, "never muddy the pool of our friendship, friend."

The meal was over, and we sat on the verandah of his house, on the outskirts of the city, looking out across the open desert. He was puffing dilligently at a hookah, I at a cigarette, and presently he told me the following story:

Friends are to life what the condiments are to a curry; lacking them, both are insipid and dull. When you last saw me, I had been thrown into prison on the mere charge of a burglary case in one of my neighbour's house, whose only evidence—that he saw me outside his house during the incident—was considered quite sufficient by a State judge. I had been there eighteen months, without even the semblance of a trial; my patrimony seized, my family driven out of the State. There seemed no hope of any redress, and by the time you saw me I was beaten and broken spirited. I was being transferred, with those others, to the quarries. We had come 7 miles, in the heat of the day, loaded with chains, and had another five miles to go when we halted outside your hotel. The last straw seemed to be when all the others, miserable as they were, at least had relatives or friends to bring them water—the first we had seen that day—but for me even that palliative was denied. Then, when I seemed to have reached the lowest depth of human misery, I saw you standing over me, and realized that I was not friendless at all. At least there was one being in the world who rated me somewhat higher than a pilferer!

From that moment I felt a new man, I threw off the apathy that had seized me after my eighteen months in prison, and determined that I would not go to a living death in the quarries without at least making an effort for freedom. While still sitting on the dusty high-road I began to meditate escape, and before we moved on my plans were formed.

Once in the quarries, escape would be a difficult matter indeed; they were too well guarded. Undoubtedly my best chance was right away, while the guards were few and slack, but the first bar to escape was the Hindu ruffian chained to my wrist. Accordingly, seizing a favourable moment, I stunned him by striking him over the temple with my manacled wrists. There was such a cloud of dust raised by the shuffling feet of the prisoners, to say nothing of twice as many more relatives, that we could scarcely see each other, and in the confusion everyone thought

that the poor wretch had collapsed from sun-stroke. The only concern of the police-sepoys who had been dawdling along, half asleep, was how to get the man to his destination, for they had received twenty prisoners, and if only nineteen were present on arrival, the warders would demand as the price of their silence a good part of the bribe they would imagine had been received by the sepoys to connive at the man's escape. True, they could have seized one of the attendant party of relatives in his place, but there might have been trouble over that, and they were only three to some sixty.

In this dilemma one of the sepoys had a sudden idea, which met with general approval; the dog of a Mohammedan should carry the unconscious man to the quarries on his back! So I had this additional burden to bear; but, on the other hand, I had no one chained to me, and they had had to take the manacles off and bind my hands with rope instead, as the irons were made in pairs, and it was necessary to disconnect me from my unconscious partner.

The extra weight gave me a genuine excuse for lagging behind the column, and after half a mile or so, when, under the influence of the midday sun, captors and captives alike had settled down into a semicomatose condition, I made a dash for the jungle, the confines of which we were just passing.

There was an immediate outcry, but I was more than half-way to cover before the escort awoke to what had happened. The havildar (sergeant) ordered the sepoys to open fire at me, but the relatives of the man I was carrying, imagining (and with some cause) that any bullet that reached me must first travel through him, flung themselves, on to the two sepoys and effectually prevented them from using their rifles. Finally, one of the men ran after me, while the other two hurried the remaining prisoners on to the quarries.

I was well inside the jungle before the man had covered half the intervening distance, though, of course, burdened as I was, I scarcely made a quarter his progress once he had started. I dropped my still insensible yoke-fellow directly I entered the thicker undergrowth; he had now served his purpose. The sepoy, coming suddenly into the comparative darkness of the jungle, stumbled and fell over his body, and, deciding that one quiescent prisoner in the hand was better than a desperate one in the bush,

he picked up his man and presently returned to his party.

I plunged a long way into the jungle to throw off any possible pursuers, though I knew pursuit was very unlikely, for the average man was far too frightened to venture far unless he had several others with him. This particular jungle had a very bad name and was popularly supposed to be haunted; certainly it was full of tigers and other animals.

Once I reached a suitable hiding-place, I lay for a long while quite still, trying to recall my senses, for you must remember—I had been a prisoner for 18 months, and I found my sudden liberty bewildering. My first task was to try to remove the irons which hampered the movement of my legs and proclaimed my condition to the whole world. This occupied me during the whole of the afternoon, but at length I managed to rid myself of them. I started to throw them from me deep into the jungle, but as an afterthought retained the steel bar which connected the two fetters, thinking it might be useful as a weapon against possible pursuers and wild animals.

I slept for some time, and when I awoke the sun was just about to set. I was ravenously hungry and tortured with thirst; my first thought was for food and water. I plunged off again through the jungle, following tracks that ended nowhere, struggling through undergrowth that tore my prison clothes to ribbons, but never a trace of water did I discover. Just as the sun was sinking in a blood-red sky, and I was ready to drop from exhaustion and thirst, I saw at a little distance the heavy, low-hanging cloud of dust that is only raised by a herd of cattle. I made for them and, by following their tracks, came at last to a small village, where I begged water from a group of women around the village well.

Instead of giving it to me, however, they first stared and then, cursing me for an outcast, bade me begone from the village. A few men standing around added their imprecations, and some boys started throwing stones.

A dreadful figure I may have been—unshaven, filthy, and wild-eyed; but water is the gift of God, and who is there to deny the gifts of God to his creatures? Anyway, I was nearer beast than man just then, and the sight of the cool water being drawn up in sparkling vessels almost under my nose made me desperate. Snatching one of the chatthis from the wall round the well, I lifted it and allowed the fluid to run

down my parched throat. For a moment the women were too much astonished to stop me, and when they had recovered their senses sufficiently to set on me, half the contents of the chatthi were down my throat and the remainder dripping in a grateful stream over my chest and shoulders. I was a man again!

The women shrieked that an outcast had defiled their well, and the men rushed forward to seize me. It would have gone hard indeed with me if I had allowed myself to be retaken, but I had not gone through the struggles of the earlier part of the day to be captured ingloriously by a few louts of cowherds. As the first man advanced I suddenly produced my steel bar and struck him senseless with a blow on the head. He fell without even a groan, and while the other people all stood agape I rushed away through the village unscathed, only pausing to snatch a couple of chappatties from before the fire in front of one of the houses.

Shouts, curses, and threats followed me; but I had a good start of the pursuing party, and even the dogs who snapped at my heels desisted at the edge of the jungle, which encroached to within a very short distance of the village itself.

That night I lay in the forest—I can hardly say that I slept—for all night great animals roamed about, and their roaring and snuffing, sometimes quite close at hand, kept me in a sweat of apprehension. Soon after dawn I started roaming round again looking for food, but hares and small birds all managed to escape me. I was driven to thinking of raiding the village again, and was following a track which I thought might lead me there when I heard a disturbance in the branches of a tree above my head. Looking up, I was startled to see a small bear hastily scuttling down the trunk. He no sooner touched the ground than he was off like lightning, and I soon discovered the cause of his precipitancy. A scattered cloud of wild bees, whose honey-store he had been trying to secure, swarmed after him, and a number of them, in their blind anger, settled on me and started to inflict summary punishment. In vain I tried to beat them off, meanwhile rushing headlong along the same track as had been taken by the bear. Half-blinded and crazed with the pain, I continued to follow the bear, trusting his instinct rather than my own wisdom. He plunged in and out of the jungle at such a speed, in spite of his short legs, that I had great

difficulty in keeping him in view, but still the angry bees stuck to me, attacking every exposed part of my body. Nearly mad with pain, I rushed unthinking after the bear into a great cave, just inside which was a pool of water. I flung myself down, buried my head and shoulders in it, and soon got rid of my unwelcome attendants.

When I was sufficiently recovered to look round the cave I was greatly startled. Though it was so low at the entrance that I could hardly stand upright, it appeared to stretch back a long way into the side of a low hill, and a feeble shout on which I ventured came back in an echo that sounded like some djinn mocking me from the depth of the cave. I plunged my arm into the water up to the armpit, but could feel no bottom. Then I crawled along the brink and found that it extended far back into the cave. It was not still water either, for I could feel particles of earth and other things brush my hand as they went past with a brisk current. From this I gathered that it rose from the earth somewhere and, after coming to the surface in this cave, disappeared again probably back into the ground. I stayed in the cave most of the day in spite of my hunger, for I was experiencing considerable pain from the bee-stings, which covered my face and neck. I felt tolerably secure from intrusion; even if any of the neighbouring villagers knew of this cave, which was unlikely, they were almost certain to be too scared to enter. Towards night-time, however, it got very cold and gruesome, and I lay down to sleep outside, some little distance from the entrance, which was almost entirely concealed by a thick tangle of undergrowth.

Towards morning I awoke with a sudden start and a feeling of vague apprehension, for which I could at first assign no special reason. Then I noticed that all around me the smaller jungle-dwellers were moving, all in one direction. Hares, weasels, mongoose, jackals, and hyenas brushed past me in a steady, purposeful flight, occasionally stopping to sniff the air uneasily. Small birds flitted from one branch to another.

I thought at first that it must be some forest fire, but there was no smell of burning or signs of flames or smoke, and I waited a bit longer. All at once, through the undergrowth amongst which I was crouching, I caught sight of the legs of a number of men advancing in my direction. I was about to dart into the cave till they had passed,

but I found I had let them get between me and the entrance. I therefore went forward in a wide circle, so as to get round to one side of them.

When I was almost level, as I judged, with my former position, I found more men coming towards me, and again had to advance. Then others appeared still farther to my right, and, to my astonishment, I heard them signing and calling to one another and beating the bushes with sticks. It burst on me like a flash that they were beating the jungle for me; the village which I had robbed had given information to the town, and the more influential of my enemies had arranged to have the jungle surrounded and beaten out for me as they would for a wild beast! Very well, then, I thought, I would behave like a wild beast; I would find some weak spot in the line and make an attempt to break through! I would show them better sport than any panther; it might be—perhaps would be—my last fight, but at least some few enemies should accompany me on my journey to the other world.

I ran warily forward, trying to make out where the cordon was weakest. By this time the whole jungle was filled with clamour—men beating gongs and metal trays and shouting and beating the bushes. I felt the circle narrowing and ran into an open space, at the farther end of which I meant to crouch and spring on to my tormentors when they came out of the dark jungle into the sudden light. As I ran in at one end, however, to my horror there bounded out from the other, a large tiger!

You can judge of my terror, but even that was eclipsed by the sudden realization of my awful mistake; I had imagined that it was me they were chasing, whereas actually it was no mere escaped convict, but a noble beast. Of course, had I only understood it all sooner, I might easily have joined the crowd of beaters, and, in my rags, passed myself off as one of them.

That, unfortunately, was now somewhat too late. We stood facing each other, we two fugitives. I might have felt a certain amount of sympathy for him, given other circumstances; as it was, I felt only great fear; and as for the tiger, he doubtless looked on me as one of his tormentors. He stood snarling and lashing his long tail, while I waited, too frightened to move.

Presently the tiger stopped snarling and crouched but he never sprang, for, bursting through the undergrowth, crushing aside the small trees, came an

elephant, urged along by its mahout. As the huge brute burst into the clearing, all of a sudden it put its foot into a hole, tottered, made a valiant effort to recover itself, and then, with a shrill trumpet of terror, fell crashing on to its side.

The mahout was pinned beneath the huge body of the elephant, but the two occupants of the howdah were pitched clear, one falling heavily on the ground, the other landing more softly on a pile of felled brushwood. The tiger, startled, had sprung sideways as the elephant fell, but encountering the line of howling beaters, who had now almost closed in on us, it doubled back and, crazed with terror, made to seize the first of its enemies that it saw—the second of the two sportsmen, who had sprung up from the ground, shaken but unhurt, and now confronted the tiger empty-handed.

I had no reason to feel particularly well-disposed to this man, or to any other of my State neighbours, and I might well have left him to his fate and made my escape in the distraction that was sure to follow, but some better impulse, I suppose, seized me. I still had my original weapon, the steel rod that had connected my fetters. I advanced on the savage brute with this, and striking out desperately, hit him—praise be to Providence, the all-merciful!—right in the eye!

The animal roared with pain and flung itself on the ground, burying its face in the earth in its agony and scattering sand and stones in the frantic thrashing of its legs.

Its pain was dreadful to see, and its bellowings perfectly terrible. I rushed to where the great elephant was still lying, though striving desperately to get on its legs again as it heard the roar of its natural enemy. I soon found what I was looking for, one of the rifles that had been in the howdah. Coming as close to the maddened tiger as I could, I fired straight into its body. The convulsions ceased; my fellow-fugitive was at peace for ever.

The man who had been thrown from the howdah and so narrowly escaped the tiger's claws came over to me. "You have saved my life," he said abruptly. "You may have whatever you desire as a reward." I looked him in the eyes. He was a young man of about my own age, and obviously some young noble.

"I'm the Rajah of Jholpur," he added, in answer to my unspoken question, "and lord of this jungle."

"And I'm a Mussalman, and a fugitive," I said recklessly.

He looked at me curiously. "Nevertheless, you saved my life," he retorted.

"Then, lord of the world," I replied, "suffer me to sit beside you in the royal howdah as far as the palace gates, and then go. I ask no other reward." For I knew that no one would dare touch me, or lay hands on one who had ridden through the town beside its ruler.

He understood and nodded. "So be it," he said briefly.

The elephant had at last managed to struggle to its feet, and now stood shaking and snuffing at the body of its late mahout. The beaters had closed in, and stood in a gaping circle round us, while the sound of the shot had attracted the other notables of the shooting party, who soon began to pour into the clearing from all sides, expressing declarations of gratitude at the escape of their ruler and composing pretty speeches congratulating him on his prowess. I came very near being trampled to death in the press of elephants and ponies, but the Rajah kept his word, and as soon as a new mahout could be procured, he climbed into the howdah and beckoned me to sit beside him. The astonishment of the nobles can be imagined; and as for the populace, when we passed through the town at the head of the procession, they were dumbfounded to see a ragged, unkempt beggar sitting beside their king.

As we moved along I did not neglect the opportunity of stating my case and

telling my story, as you may well imagine, and long before we arrived at the palace I had the Rajah's assurance that my property should be returned and my enemies punished. Having given his promise, the Rajah turned to other topics, and, among others, he pointed out the wretched state of the fields through which we were passing, parched and withered through lack of water.

"Give me leave, Light of the Universe," I begged, "and I'll turn them into a veritable park." And I explained about the cave and the water there. He was easily roused to enthusiasm by my scheme of irrigation, and before we parted at the palace gates I was appointed a minor minister of the State.

The night is upon us, friend, and I'll not drag out the tale. Suffice it to say that my irrigation scheme, backed by the Rajah's enthusiasm, was more than successful. We were thrown much together during the building of the canal, and in spite of difference of religion we were still two young men, eager for the advancement of our State. In less than twelve months after my exploit with the tiger I had stepped into the shoes of the Prime Minister himself, who had never recovered from his fall on that memorable day.

That is all, friend, and now you know why it is that you have a life-long friend in the Wazir of the State of Jholpur.



PLASTIC-MADE LIQUID CONTAINER

A new type of collapsible plastic lining, now being produced in Britain, can be fitted inside any metal or wooden container. Being flexible, it conforms when full with the shape of the outer container and is so designed that its contents do not touch the outside container.

It is intended to meet the needs of suppliers whose liquid products cannot normally be packed directly into a metal or wooden container and will naturally appeal to manufacturers of chemicals, fruit juices, and similar products.

The new lining is not attacked by many highly active liquids and, as no air can enter the inner bag (which automatically shrinks as soon as the contents are withdrawn) the liquid remains sterile and uncontaminated even while being tapped.

Marketed under the name of "Nutrasac Package", this device has the additional advantage that it can be removed from the container with ease, washed and sterilised before being replaced.



Winter

Old grandma warms her hands at the fire in the little earthen pot. The cold wind blows through the bare branches of the trees as they scatter their last leaves. Along the winding, dusty lane a bullock-cart creaks and jolts, while its driver draws his chaddar tight against the penetrating cold. On the road and in the hut, in the fields and under the trees, everyone looks forward to the warmth and comfort of a cup of tea. There is no refreshment so universal, so cheap, so satisfying and so easy to get.



Tea

Any Time is Tea Time

INSERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



TRAVELLING inland from the Cape of Good Hope famed for its part in the exploits of Discoverer Vasco da Gama, you come to the Orange River. Crossing this river you catch up the continuation of the railway line which starts from Port Elizabeth. It will take you through a bit of desert in whose expanse, it is believed, live the dwarf Bushmen supposed to be the most primitive of the African races. Travelling up still further north you come to a little German town with German buildings and houses, excellent German hotels and German parks. You hear German spoken everywhere; once the arid and dry countryside had echoed to the tramp of German soldiers who had their Imperial Army Headquarters here. And if you are lucky enough to catch an old man sitting in a reminiscent mood outside his shop or inn, he will tell you about Herr Goring, the town's first German White Boss whose son was way up among the high and mighty in the Reich during the last War. That little town is Windhoek, the capital of the 317,000 and odd square miles of territory along the Atlantic Coast in South Africa, stretching from the Orange River right up to Angola, over which there has been raging such a shindy in the Trusteeship Committee of the U.N. for the past three weeks. Travelling still further east from Windhoek, you come to Walvis Bay, the best harbour on the whole stretch of the West Coast, but that is no part of the South-West territory. It belongs to the South African Union having been annexed to the old Cape Colony even before the turn of the last century. Four hundred miles beyond the Bay you will come across the grim, weird and barren coast of the Kaokoveld,

which Mr. John H. Marsh describes so vividly in his best-seller, "The Skeleton Coast". South of the Bay is Luderitz the famed holiday resort and north of it is Swakopmund. English doctors will tell you about its climate which has proved particularly beneficial to men and women with heart and nerve troubles. Between the two and in the interior the country is dotted over with pretty little German towns, Omaruru, Gobabis and others and even little children will take you round to see the efficient, compact monuments scattered over the place erected to the Germans who fell fighting the Herreros. Many of the Persian Lamb coats which sell for hundreds of guineas in London shops come from the karakul sheep which are bred round about here. And during the War R.A.F. pilots snuggled gratefully into the warm coats of pelt made by the natives here.

This particular mess-up in which South West Africa is involved came about because of a little, little word. When after the first world war this German territory was put under the mandate of the South African Union by the League of Nations, Mr. Jan Smuts who signed the acceptance of the mandate, read through the document and frowned. Take out the 'if', he told the League. Somebody with deplorable lack of forethought, hastily erased the offending word and with a grunt Mr. Smuts put pen to paper. The document now read "...and the territory of South-West Africa will be governed by the Mandatory Power as (if) an integral part of the Union of South Africa". Dr. Malan, the present South African Premier, has already taken the first steps in making this territory part of the

Union. Had he the right to do it? Or had he not? That was the question tossed back and forth in the U.N. Committee in Paris last month. It has been debated twice before by the General Assembly—last year and the year before that. The Assembly decided on both the occasions that South West Africa should be placed under the trusteeship of the U.N. since the former mandate got automatically terminated when the League died and the U.N. took its place. But the South African Government took as much note of this directive as it would have of the scribbles of children in a kinder-garten class. Not only has it been disregarded but Dr. Malan announced in October, after conversations with the leaders of the Nationalist and United Parties in South-West Africa that an agreement had been reached on the closer integration of the territory with the Union and that a Bill to this effect would be presented at the next session of the Assembly. He specified, for the sake of clarity and to remove misunderstanding that it was integration and not incorporation which was contemplated.

When the right of the South African Government to take such a step came before the Trusteeship Committee in November, Mr. Louw, the Union delegate, argued that the steps they had taken in the matter were taken only after the "natives of the territory have had freedom to express their wishes". All that had been done by Mr. Jan Smuts to ensure the wishes of the indigenous races who constitute 90% of the population was to conduct meetings of the chiefs and headmen of the tribes and have a magistrate, preferably with a knowledge of history, harangue them for more than an hour. The lecture always ended with the question: "Whether you would like to be under the Union and retain your rights or whether you would like to be governed by those who now constitute the U.N.". That was equivalent to calling the U.N. a bad name in a pleasant voice. The chiefs were then given a document to sign which had it all printed and

ready that they were willing to remain under the South African Government. The chiefs' signatures on the dotted lines were tantamount to their whole tribes voting for linking of the territories. In 1945, 200,000 were judged in this way to be in favour and 33,000 against. When a similar kind of vote was taken last year there was an unexpected lessening in the number of voters in favour. The opposition had risen while a new group of 'undecideds' also made its appearance. These were about the only democratic ballots taken to ensure the wishes of more than 300,000 people.

Mr. Louw also said that the very terms of the integration proved that South Africa had no expansionist desires. On the face of it, it would almost seem as if there was some justice in what he said. South West Africa is to be represented in the South African House of Assembly by 6 members and in the Upper House by 2 Senators, one of whom is to be appointed for his "special knowledge of the needs of non-European races in the territory". An ordinary member of the Assembly represents 15,000 Europeans. But the South-West African members will represent only about 6,000 each. The Senators will represent 20,000 each while 57,000 is the figure for the ordinary members. But the real fact is, of the 40,000 Europeans in South-West Africa, one-third are Germans with whom Dr. Malan is on the most friendly terms. Almost the first official documents which the Union Premier put his signature to last June after his election were the release certificates of Sydney Robey Leibbrandt and certain others who were in detention on charges of pro-Nazi agitation during the last war. That established his bona fides as far as the Germans were concerned. He has, moreover, promised to re-nationalise thousands of Germans whom Mr. Smuts had denationalised, and to give former German residents of South West Africa now living in Germany preference in immigration to the Union. "The war" he told a German deputation some months ago "was fought

against Germany, not against the German people. At another time he told them that he wanted to "heal" their "wounds" to which Dr. Vedder, a German leader, replied suavely, "We will remember you and your Government for generations to come". The majority of the rest of the 40,000 are Afrikaners and Nationalists, who have been assured that the Apartheid policy would be extended to S.W. Africa. Of the 6 representatives in the Assembly, it is expected that at least five would be Nationalists, which would be a welcome addition to Dr. Malan's slender majority of three in the Assembly.

The crux of the problem and the weakest point in the U.N. argument was that there was no legal support for holding that the U.N.O. inherited the rights of the League of Nations. Mr. Louw pointed out that "the League on its death-bed did not attempt to make the U.N. its legatee for the mandated territory" and that South Africa's membership in the U.N. created no "moral obligation" on the Union to hand over South West Africa to the trusteeship of the U.N. or even to submit information in respect to that territory. This last, Mr. Smuts had the diplomacy and tact to concede.

Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, deprived of a legally advantageous start, resorted to other tactics. She let loose a tornado of facts and figures on the embarrassed head of Mr. Louw, challenging the very motives and intentions of the South African Union Government in desiring the incorporation. She demanded to know how it was that while the Europeans of South-West Africa amassed money out of trading in diamonds and lamb-skins, the poor African shepherd's pay remained at 9 or 10 shillings a month? Of the 47,700,000 hectares of land in the territory why were 27,800,000 held by Europeans who were only 10% of the population? Why the restrictions on natives possessing livestock? How was Mr. Louw going to explain the fact that only 10% of the budget was spent

on the natives who constituted 90% of the population? She spoke of the poor system of medical relief, the use of convict labour and the lack of educational facilities granted to the natives. In a final explosive burst she demanded that a U.N. Commission should be despatched forthwith to observe the "political, social, economic and educational conditions" in South West Africa before incorporation was permitted.

Categorically denying the accusation, Mr. Louw scored yet another point. Surely one could not, he said, "divorce a mass of uncivilised natives from their tribal customs and impose on them a political and social system foreign to their culture and way of life?" He forgot to mention, in the excitement of the debate, why the Rev. Michael Scott had been refused a visa to leave for Paris or even why Dr. Malan rejected the Herreros' request for an interview, though his memory did not fail him in the opportunities he took to remind India of "the most vicious and cruel form of special discrimination" that she practised of which ample testimony was borne by the communal orgies and the "bombings" of Hyderabad and the mess-up of Kashmir! The Indian proposal to set up an Enquiry Commission was, he said, a piece of "preconceived prejudice". The Mandate system which died with the League did not provide for any such investigation. And, anyway, he hinted darkly that the affairs of "certain other countries" needed to be examined first.

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All in all, it was a defeat for India and for the U.N. The Trusteeship Committee and the General Assembly merely contented themselves by reiterating the resolutions they had already passed twice before, "noting with regret" that South Africa had not taken any notice of the U.N. directives and requesting that South Africa should continue to supply information regarding its administration of South West Africa—for the examination of which kind of information they formed a brand-new special committee to help the Trusteeship Council—"until agreement is reached with the U.N."

But this is only the first round of victory for the South African Government. Sinister whispers and remarks are already getting around of further moves to be made by Mr. Malan's Government in their attainment of the Greater South Africa which is obviously their aim. Dr. Malan is reported to have said at the Nationalist Party Congress two weeks ago that it would be the "natural thing" for the British Protectorates of Swaziland and Basuto-

land to be incorporated in the Union. And certain people accused even Mr. Jan Smuts of lack of foresight in not getting the "High Commission Territories" into the Union. Mr. Malan's Government is apparently determined to get ahead and spread themselves. The little amount of check that could have been maintained over these expansionist aims by making South-West Africa a U.N. Trust, has now been made impossible. Significant of the type of policy that Dr. Malan desires to follow is the fact that in the implementation of this policy at least with regard to South-West Africa he will be helped by pro-Nazi German votes. Some people in South Africa are already beginning to feel some qualms about it. "A revolution is taking place in South Africa" warns the *Port Elizabeth Saturday Post*. "It is not a noisy revolution and there are no guns or street riots....Many thousands of people won't even know that there has been a revolution till one day they wake up to find that they can never change their Government."

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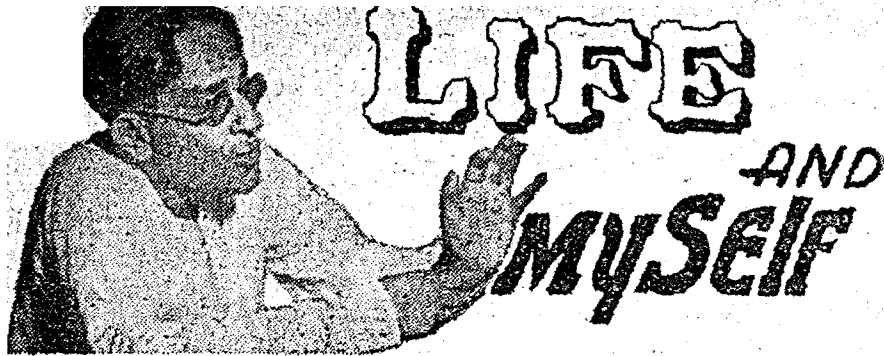
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UNCANNY EXPERIENCE!

SOMEBODY was watching me, furtively... I could feel a pair of dark eyes watching me—distinctly. It was the custom at the Ashram with some women to bring vessels of water for the Sidha's touch to render holy. One of the women that morning happened to be a young Mahratti girl dressed in corn-yellow; her beauty, which was that of an unspoilt village woman carrying about her demeanour a spontaneous light of innocence, was enhanced a hundredfold by the large red vermilion spot on her forehead. To begin with I have always thrilled to certain customs adopted by our Indian women, one of them being the *tilka* and the other, which literally makes me hold my breath in silent rapture almost melting into an exquisite ache in the heart, is the *alta* or red dye which the women of my Province border their feet with. O! Indian women are most lovely, gifted with a rhythm and a grace all their very own. I have, in my time, met and known intimately the women of the world—but never, O never have I ever sensed the intimate emotion of home-coming, warm and heart-elevating—among any other than the women of my own dear country.

It may, of course, be due to tradition in my blood—the old intuition awakened in me as of them inexplicably blended with temples and cows and the simplicity associated with India. Simplicity is so utterly attractive, so satisfying to my inmost soul. To this day I detest the artificial, the elaborate process of the modern woman anywhere which imagines that it can improve on Nature. The fact, of course, is that when women begin to depend on paint and powder to freshen their beauty it is an unconscious sign of her having lost her grip on the spontaneity of deep-rooted feelings flowering out of consciousness—clear, sacred and unspoilt—which is itself the fountainhead of true beauty. The young woman who was watching me was such a type; the red spot between her brows was the traditional symbol of the inner Eye which sees through its lens radiating the rays of chastity and inward stainlessness. The red spot is not worn for the beautifying of the face—although it incidentally does.

She rose from her seat and approached Sidharud with a small brass pot filled to the brim with water. Other women had already brought their vessels to him which,

after receiving his mere touch, went back to their homes with a feeling of fullness in themselves and an assurance that the water in the vessels had been transformed, in some miraculous way, into holy water—such as might easily cure any ills that might happen to come into their homes. Sidharud did not touch this young woman's pot. No—that did not seem to be enough either for her or for it. He took the pot from her and took a few sips holding it to his lips. I watched the scene with intense curiosity and frankly felt a nausea at the thought that that young lovely person would take the water home and perhaps drink of it reverently! How could her beautiful young lips drink of water which had been touched by the lips of that old person seated on a tiger-skin? Before I knew where I was or could collect my thoughts to a point of clarity—for my brain that morning was literally in a state of ferment—the girl nodded and, coming close to me said: "Drink this". I found myself automatically, without thinking one moment as to what I was doing—holding my hands out to her, my palms curved inwards into a concave resembling a cup. Out of the brass pot she poured me a little of the water which, even a few moments before that had seemed to me to be polluted! I did not know why I did it, but I did do it all the same. "Drink" she said. Closing my eyes in deep awe, compelled by her command, I gulped the water in a second. I have always been a coward where women were concerned; a certain sense of the abandonment of my own self-respect, a feeling of delicious slavery to their grace, the welling up of an inferiority complex accompanied by a sense of gratefulness that they took notice of me—all these blended into one irresistible movement of spontaneous and uncalculated yielding. If a man had offered me the water I would unquestionably have refused it point-blank and, perhaps in addition considered him to be a downright cretulous ass.

The young woman, after having got me to drink part of the "holy"

water, turned away and before I had the time to realise it, had vanished through the crowd in the hall.

What happened after that is incredible. Even now, when I recall it, I wonder if it was not all a dream—or the experience of some past, half-forgotten life. There seemed to be a distinct transformation in my consciousness. No—transformation is not the correct word to describe it. Transmutation comes closer to what I wish to describe, for the base metal of the mind seemed to begin to change into a noble one, the gold of elevated emotion and feeling. It was uncanny, the way my vision which, a few moments ago, was analytic—cutting things and beings to pieces of analysed interest—had suddenly begun to synthesise everything the eyes saw, the ears heard, the touch sensed. Everything seemed to become familiar detail in a total pattern—and every detail bubbled again into a masterpiece of the whole. Everybody I saw appeared to be only a projection of my self in a strange intimate way—and, as of a sudden, I felt liberated from the heavy darkness of the body. I grew as Shelley's skylark which he described as "an unbodied joy whose race is just begun." I felt liberated—and an ethereal wingedness flowed around and about me. I literally began a career of swimming in a waking sleep almost verging on swoon.

And then I forgot all about the Himalayas, I forgot all about the train which I had decided to catch that afternoon. Why, wherever I looked I found I was in the neighbourhood of my own being. I left the hall, an embodiment of unembodiedness, and went out into the country again. The sun was blazing hot, but from that day onwards (for about three days without a break the sensation lasted) I felt Nature's cruel aspect of heat sweeten into a tonic sweetness which toned up the nerves. I did not keep count of time for it truly did not seem to exist for me. The impulse grew in me with intensity,

to walk, walk, walk, with the abandon of a lover in love with everything—from the grains of sand under my feet to the sun and the stars in the heavens. Strangely enough, during that memorable period—the first of similar periods that were destined to follow in later years—it never occurred to me to ask myself what had happened. It seemed so natural, seemed as though it had been my condition all my life. Hunger and thirst seemed cancelled—for I spent the whole of that afternoon and evening on the wide stretches round about the Ashram and among the rocks and hillocks. Out of my face seemed to bubble forth a glow of freedom almost rendering it a face existing far away in somebody else's imagination!

While walking on the white sun-soaked sand of a lonely road towards the afternoon, I saw an old woman coming towards me from

the opposite direction, followed by a goat which was undoubtedly her only precious possession, the which I could easily tell from the awful loneliness in her walk and the deep unutterable solitude in her eyes. Just as she passed me by, the goat cast a glance at me and in them I recognised myself looking at me with a distinctness which seemed to dawn on the fringe of ancient remembrance. I walked on for a while and then turned back on hearing the old woman's trembling voice calling out to her goat: "Come back, my little son! Come back!" To my amazement I found that the goat had been following me behind like my own shadow, forgetting all about its rightful and devoted owner. I had to turn back and escort it back to the old woman who stood a few yards away. "Thank you, Sadhu Maharaj" she said, saluting me with deep reverence!

NELLORE AND TAMIL NAD

by Dr. N. VENKATARAMANAH, M.A., Ph. D.

IN the controversy between the Tamils and Andhras regarding the city of Madras extravagant claims have been made on both the sides about the boundary line separating them. On the one side it is contended that Tamil Nad extended not only up to Vengadam i.e. Tirupati in the Chittore district but also to Nellore on the Northern Pennar, and on the other it is pointed out that the whole of the Chingleput district was included in Andhra. It is not my object to examine the question of the boundary between the two linguistic areas but to draw attention to an aberration of certain Tamil writers and politicians that the names of the town of Nellore, and of the river Pennar on which it stands, point to their Tamil origin. They believe that the syllable 'Nel' in Nellore is a Tamil word meaning 'paddy-village' or 'paddy-town.' To strengthen their argument further they point out that as Nel (=rice) grows abundantly in Nellore and its environs the name is appropriately given to it. There is absolutely no evidence to show that Tamil was ever spoken by the people of Nellore or its dependent territory. It is therefore absurd to suppose that the town acquired its name from the Tamil word 'Nel.' Local tradition, on the other hand, derives the name of the town from Nelli tree under which God Mulasthanesvara in Mulapet, one of the oldest parts of the town, manifested himself. These, however, are fanciful derivations, and they must not be taken into account in any serious discussion. Nellore appears to be a corrupt variation of Nallur meaning a village inhabited by learned Brahmans. The change of the original vowel sound 'a' into 'e' is quite common. There exist two other villages called Nellore with a prefix, viz. Uttamanellur and Bhujabhiyanellur in the Nellore district. The former is an obvious corruption of Uttamanallur or Uttamacholanallur, a name which

is often met with in the epigraphs of the Tamil country. Similarly, Bhujabhiyanellur is a corruption of Bhujabalarayanallur. The prefixes Uttama and Bhujabalaraya attached to 'nallur' in the two instances cited above refer to the names of kings who granted these villages as aghararas to Brahmans. If the original name of Nellore was really Nallur, as suggested here, who then was the king that made it into an agharara, and how was it that the name of the donor usually attached to villages of its class as a prefix was dropped altogether? The answer to both these questions is furnished by an alias of the town, Vikrama Simhapura or Simhavikramapura, occurring in the inscriptions from early times. Nellore came into existence during the rule of the early Pallava monarchs of Kanchi. It was obviously founded by a king of the name Simhavarmman. Three kings of this name are known to have ruled over the east coast of the Telugu country. The earliest of them is represented by a single Prakrit epigraph of about the 4th century A.D. in the Guntur district. It is doubtful whether his authority extended as far south as Nellore. Next in chronological order came Simhavarmman I, king of Kanchi, who ruled over the Pallava empire about the middle of the 5th century A.D. Nellore and its neighbourhood were included in his dominions. The administration of the coastal Andhra country was entrusted by him to his younger brother Vishnugopavarmman, who founded, as a matter of fact, a local dynasty in this region. Vishnugopavarmman was succeeded by his son Simhavarmman II of whom several records are found in the Nellore district. Very likely it was this prince who laid the foundations of Nellore. When it was only a small Brahman settlement, it must have been known as Simhavikramanallur or Vikramasimhanallur; but when it developed into a town, the suffix

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'nallur' yielded place to the more appropriate 'pura'; but in popular parlance 'nallur' took firm root, and was transformed into Nellore in course of time.

The only reason advanced to show that Pennar is a Tamil word is the existence of a river of that name in the South Arcot district. In the first place, it must be pointed out that Pennar is an English corruption of the name Penna. If the suffix *eru* meaning river is added to it, it should be called Penneru and not Pennar. The name Penna is not a word of Tamil origin. There is reason to believe that the term 'Penna' in Pennar is not at all a word of Tamil origin but a loan word borrowed from one of the languages of the Deccan. It must be pointed out here that besides the Northern Pennar which flows through the Anantapur, Cuddapah, and Nellore districts there are at least two other rivers of that name in the Deccan. The river Bennd, one of the tributaries of the Krishna which, flowing from the Western Ghats, joins the main stream somewhere in Northern Karnataka, deserves mention first. It is due to its union with this river that the Krishna was called Kanha-benna, Krishna-benna or Krishna-venna which has been corrupted into Krishnaveni in modern times. The river Pen or Wen Ganga, one of the tributaries of the Godavari, must also be taken into consideration in this context, for 'Pen' or 'Wen' is the shortened form of Penna. It is seen from this that Penna is a name common to several rivers in the Deccan, and not peculiar to the Tamil country alone. As there is only one river of this name in Tamil Nad as against three in the Telugu and Karnataka countries, it is reasonable to suppose that Penna is not a Tamil word but a word borrowed by the Tamils from the North.

How did this happen? Southern Pennar owes its name, as a matter of fact, to a band of emigrants from the Deccan, who settled down on its

banks in ancient times. The Tamils pretend that they are of pure Dravidian stock uncontaminated by admixture with alien races. This is contrary to historical truth. In the first place, the Dravidian race is a myth concocted by designing Christian missionaries to undermine the foundations of the Hindu religion and propagate their own faith. Though it has become the political creed of the South Indian non-brahmins in recent years, it still remains a mere assumption without any evidence to justify it. However that may be, there is clear evidence to show that masses of people from Northern India trekked to the extreme South and settled down in different parts of the Tamil country. Very often they carried with them the geographical terminology of their native country and transplanted it in their new homes. When the Pandyas came to the South from the region round Madhura in U.P., and established themselves in the city of Kudal on the Vaigai, they renamed it Madhura. More important still are the names of some of the *hadus* or *mandalams* of the Tamil country which clearly indicate the establishment of the colonists from Northern India on a large scale. The region round Attur in the Salem district was known as Magadia mandalam or Magadanadu; and country corresponding to the Tirukkoilur taluk and its neighbourhood on the banks of the Southern Pennar in the South Arcot district was known as Chedimandalam. It is evident that these mandalams obtained their respective names from the emigrants from Magadha and Chedi in the North. Magadha is the ancient name of Bihar, and Chedi that of a part of the Central Provinces. It is interesting to note that the river Pen Ganga flows through the ancient home of the Chedis. As the Chedimandalam in the Tamil country is situated on the banks of South Pennar, it is not unlikely that the river was named after Pen Ganga by the settlers from Chedi.



BUNK ABOUT FIGHTING TO THE LAST MAN

by POTHAN JOSEPH

WHENEVER at a period of belligerency, we hear of leaders speaking defiantly of fighting to the last man and to the last round, it would be fair to anticipate prospects of disaster. The moment a doctor tells the patient's relatives that they had better put their trust in God, it would be prudence on the part of the least hysterical person on the spot to make enquiries about local undertakers. The Prime Minister of Pakistan addressing a military parade in Dacca on the morning of November 20, told them that if it came to a choice between the defences of Pakistan and the starving of the people, the policy would be to strengthen the defences at the cost of famine and depopulation; for they were encompassed by enemies of the State won by them "after wading through rivers of blood and at the sacrifice of one million people" besides the "sufferings of over 70 lakhs uprooted from their homes in the cause of Pakistan". Therefore they must be prepared to lay down their lives for the preservation of Pakistan's integrity. Mr. Liaqat Ali Khan concluded: "If ever that freedom is jeopardised, it will affect not only the Muslims of this country but of the entire world. You have got to make Pakistan so strong that no Power in this world will dare cast evil eyes on Pakistan".

Granted that the persecution-complex exists and the fear of encirclement that comes upon re-nascent States is real, the language of ultimatum and the offer of martyrly self-immolation in the last ditch has on the background of history and military experience a high degree of emotional delusion unrelated to the truth. In contrast, Sardar Vallabhai Patel said in a Kashmir speech that in the event of a clash, India might suffer, but that Pakistan would be finished, and that it would be well for Pakistan

to see light since unequal fight could never pay.

Jinnah with the third party of old (namely the British) present in the country used to utter dire warnings about catastrophic consequences in the event of any rough-shod treatment of Muslims, but on the near perspective of the Congress giving in on the issue of partition through the League's tactics of combating from within, he had become more realistic than ever. In the interval between June and August, some Muslim die-hards from Hyderabad met him in New Delhi. He frankly told them not to waste time but to build on the principle of democratic self-government and regulate external relations according to the measure of their strength of which he professed judicial ignorance. As for Pakistan? He refused to let them dream of any aid in the event of a fight in the interior of India; and for what archaic cause in the twentieth century? Then his visitors reminded him of the story of Imam Hussein and the field of Kerbala; he answered that the way of compromise was still open to them if they were shrewd, but if nothing could be done against any Yazid-aggression by the three-quartered Indian Government, they could go and re-enact Kerbala. He was no sympathizer of the Hyderabad set-up. Though relentless, Jinnah knew when to compromise, that's my analysis of his character after fairly close acquaintance and the study of his tactics. When after Partition, a group of Hyderabad firebrands wished to call on him as Governor-General at Karachi, he from his cloistered reserve conveyed the same advice repeating his word that Pakistan would not be in a position to render military aid. Some eminent political Zionists in Karachi no doubt encouraged the potential Shaheeds of Kazim Razvi, they say, during Mr. Jinnah's bed-

ridden days at Ziarat, but he for his part never undertook an obligation from which he might resile.

The theory about fighting to the last man has no warrant in military science. When a situation is hopeless, a commander mindful of the utter waste of lives, yields. That is incumbent in the concept of seige-warfare; resistance to the utmost, until relief comes or capitulation. Napoleon was moved by his pride in the broken Grand Army and his fondness for his soldiers when at last he gave up his career on the Bellerophon; there is, however, an exception about humane truce-seeking when a contingent is ordered for rear-guard action so that the bulk of forces in difficulties could be manoeuvred out of fatal peril. It is a fight for time, by the Forlorn Hope. The most romantic illustration in history is perhaps the stand of Leonidas and his Spartan picket at the Gates of Greece, Thermopylae. Xerxes had a powerful army supported by the tremendous array of his fleet manned by Phoenician fighters at sea. The priests of Delphi foretold doom for Greece; still, regardless of the Oracles, Themistocles wanted to fight on the waters in the Straits, but the avalanche of land-troops had to be stemmed in the Northern Pass to enable the prosecution of a naval engagement. Obeying orders, Leonidas and his soldiers took their stand like Horatio guarding the bridge. Leonidas and his doughty soldiers stood their ground for many days, outnumbered, sure of death, but resolved on exacting the last minute from the aggressors for the sake of giving time for the naval battle to be launched. They perished. But such episodes of martyrdom are rare in history.

In the South African War, a huge British garrison surrendered under starvation and military pressure. So did General Townshend yield at Kut-alemar in World War I. The reason is not cowardice, nor are Generals always shot for raising the

white flag. When on the march to Secunderabad, General Rajendra Singhji signalled to General Eldroos that the latter hadn't a hope of escape, capitulation followed; there was no pith or substance in the boast of dying to the last man and staging another Kerbala, though Sir Mahomed Zafrullah Khan had predicted that entry into Hyderabad would result in the country going up in flames.

In the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, the resistance was colossal for the reason that the Rabbis believed that the prophecy of the Kingdom of God had been meant as Kingdom of God on this earth in temporal terms. Xenophon sailed home in defeat since there was no such religious fanaticism at the end of the campaign to stimulate expectations of heavenly succour. Faith in divine intervention has been suffering a lingering death since the day Priest-Kings began to get debunked. Bravado about fighting to the last man is bunk. Some improve it by predicting that the last drop of blood should be shed as if it resembled the sporting tip of putting your shirt on some favourite. God, according to Bismarck, is on the side of the big battalions and many wise Generals in history were pious men too, who surrendered to both as occasion arose.

President Truman told this story on Monday, September 13, when he addressed a meeting of scientists in Washington.

"At the Potsdam meeting in 1945 we got to discussing matters on Eastern Poland. It was remarked by the Prime Minister of Britain, Mr. Churchill, that the Pope would not be happy over the arrangements."

And Generalissimo Stalin leaned on the table and pulled his moustache and looked over at Mr. Churchill and said:

"Mr. Churchill, Mr. Prime Minister, how many divisions did you say the Pope had?"

SOME TYPES OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

by BHIKKU

THERE is always plenty of room at the top, the crush is only at the bottom and the middle rungs of the ladder, was the dictum of one of the abler Secretaries of State for India. In a world crowded with people hard up and in a hurry, one has to be a born doctor or engineer or musician or something to find an automatic direction towards success. Some find exhilaration in the scramble and in the elbowing necessary to pass the struggling mass, and these reach out for success through their immense vitality and subtle manipulation of opportunities. To the rest who are not born as anything and who shiver with distaste at the shoving, life is a drab affair of counting the coppers, of strap-hanging in buses, children's schooling and occasional half-rupee seats in picture shows, where the rollicking play of the hero and heroine in a glittering world of cars and flowers and purple passion gives a vicarious release to thwarted longings. Of those sure self-propelled personalities who found their way to the top, in spite of odds and early failures, I have come across a few. The failures are in fact woven into the fabric of the success and the moulding of the man. There appears to be a fire within in these cases which does not allow of tarrying on the way until the roomy heights are reached and which burns up all obstacles in the way. Such luminous personalities radiate power which is not necessarily always for good and they often experiment with life, both in its seemly and unseemly aspects.

One such was a doctor of the past generation, who rose from insignificant birth and extreme indigence to the front rank in his profession. Of a keen enquiring turn of mind, fully equipped with the science of Western medicine of his time and conscious of its limitations, he

searched for knowledge from many an unbeaten track, from hakims and vairs, sadhus and spiritualists, when to countenance such was considered a crime in the profession. He became reputed as a wizard in the art of healing. Zamindars and princes and high judges sought his services. Money came in heaps but was flung about in largesse to every person or student whose worth was impeded by means, every cause he thought laudable and every institution that was worthy. The internal fire lifted him past the limitations of family and security, and life was one long series of experiments in the existing medical, social, moral and intellectual environment, to test their validity and to distil a sublimate of his own finding. With a leonine cast of face and impressive presence he was a stalwart who flung himself deep into anything that took his fancy or caught his imagination, heedless with money and defiant of consequences. His tastes were catholic and he admired effort and skill in all branches of human activity, whether in music or sculpture or physical culture, scholarship in any language, whether Tamil or Sanskrit, but his special forte was for high philosophy which transcended sectarian schisms and prejudices which were far more potent then than they are now. In the practical pursuit of his fusive social aims, although he flauntingly defied hoary conventions and sacrosanct usages, there were few amongst the orthodox or illustrious who would cross his path. His wrath was a fearsome hurricane. He was amongst the first to recognise the greatness of Swami Vivekananda and to welcome him in Madras. He it was who gave refuge to Bepin Chandra Pal when to harbour that fire-brand was a certain way to imperil one's liberty and fortune in the then nascent political world.

Such was Dr. M. C. Nanjund Rao in his prime. But he lived long enough to surfeit on life's viands, to see the clay feet of the idols he set on high and the shallowness of the affections that he so burnished with gold. He passed away a disappointed man, not reconciled to death and yet at no peace with life. The violence of his passionate nature precluded the fruition of his gifts into that calm acceptance that bespeaks an integrated personality. That is an inevitable tragedy that overtakes a Karma Yogin who does not transcend the all too human frailty of looking for results and expecting a return. His memory is fast receding from the present generation.

The second that I picture herein rose literally from a cow boy to be a Croesus. He is a crystal of unpolished diamond, as costly in value and as hard in disposition. In his youthful escapades he beats the classical story about Robert Clive's school-boy days with analogous results, for his school-master drove him out of school as too subversive an element and his father drove him out of home as fit only to be a cowherd. This hard and dangerous side to his character which displayed itself in cruel horseplay was accompanied by an ironhard capacity for endurance, an ascetic personal discipline, concentration and perseverance in anything that smote his attention. Cast out of normal schooling and growth, he learned letters entirely by self-tuition in his later teens; but having forced the entry there was no known literature in the language which he did not master. His special interest was in mechanics and in puzzling out the intricacies of any machine, dismembering and re-assembling it; neither food nor sleep would for a moment be allowed to interrupt his concentration even should it take days on end. Spare, wiry and very hardy, with neither looks nor personality, so utterly inconsequent of dress and appearance as to seem an affectation, cool, dauntless, slow but terrible sure of his words, he is one literally consumed with an internal fire of which one gets an occasional

glimpse through his glittering eye. Being of the calibre that risks the last pie on any venture thought worthwhile, he has stumbled and fallen more than once. Having started from very much less than scratch, tumbling and touching earth was at no time a matter for soreness or bruises or regrets. With a limitless capacity for work and organisation, his mechanical mind would mould human beings into the shape of his machines, brandishing a whip chord in one hand and an outsize sugar candy in the other. A ruthless unemotional brahmapress in action, he however counterpoises it with extravagant rewards wherever he found efficiency or worth of any kind. His gifts are as regal as his demands are intemperate. With time as a sharp factor in producing results and the Indian human element, so loose-limbed, incohesive and dawdling in its precisionless joints, it probably is inevitable that he should have arrived at his methods after costly experiments of trial and error with less potent stimuli. Of recent years he has taken it as his mission to train as many youths as possible in his line, motors and mechanics, and as is his wont when he takes up an idea, he has considered neither wealth nor his own physical limitations in its pursuit. As with his enterprises, so with his school, his way is an adamant discipline so sterile of the merely human, that no youngster however thankful for the life's start and competence he gets, would look back with love for the institution which set him up.

Of the politer arts he knows little and cares nothing. Music is an anathema and with Aurangzeb he would ask for its deep burial lest it should raise its head again. Holding science to be the only rational pursuit and serious reading the only rational relaxation in the field of letters, all novels, be it Scott or Dickens or Galsworthy or Somerset Maugham he considers as creations of Beelzebub, fit only for hell fire. Art is tomfoolery and religion a fake with which knaves and hypocrites thrive on the credulity and weakness of mankind. Varnish and

paint, chromium and nickel, porcelain and glass, leather and stainless steel and all the latest Americanisms in gadgets are his expressions of aesthetics. By the same token, he has no use for all the frescos of Ajanta, the wood carvings of Burma and China and all the bronzes of India and Tibet. If he could, he would rubberstamp all humanity into his own pattern. I know that he has faced possible death with calmness as he has faced mighty odds pitted against him with steady equanimity. But wherein lies his strength? A single track mind, superbly confident in the correctness of its own answers to all questions whether on the weather or on the verities, seems to be a very good substitute for that poise that is sought after painfully with austerities and high discipline by the sage and the thinker.

Such is this man of iron, Mr. G. D. Naidu, a genius with machines, a Napoleon in organisation, a Karna with his gifts, a silent but effective friend to the needy, the striving and the unfortunate, a philistine in art, and withal a mischievous frolicsome imp in his inveterate pranks and practical jokes.

What is the place he should occupy in the renaissance of India, which sorely needs gifts such as his for mass production of tools and machinery and competent men to handle them, but would certainly eschew his warped and unintegrated outlook, which would drain rainbows of their colour and nightingales of their melody and turn man into an appendage of the machine?

I now turn to the third: a Brahmin born in less restricted circumstances and brought up in the many 'shalts' and 'shalt nots' of the fold. He lost his father in his teens and was left with many dependents to maintain while yet prosecuting his studies, with means totally inadequate for the burden. Heavy gloom overcast his youthful sky which seemed all too permanent. Retiring and gentle in disposition, acutely appreciative of affection and kindness, perceptive and sensitive to the feelings of others, delighting in the delicate flavour of literature, art

and music, he seemed to be marked out to be a poet or a man of letters, one who would side-step from the bustle and battle of life and be a don—so glued was he to his studies. But with the approach of manhood, life's elementary urges took a hand and the urge to get on was the first and most practical and apparently in answer to his prayers, what seemed a forlorn chance arose for its fulfilment. This he managed to catch hold of, his mind, all a-tremble to make good. Launched out in the world, a step or two in advance of his peers and companions, this mouse-coloured chrysalis moulted into a butterfly of iridescent colours. It was an era of quick success and easy fortune in business, if only an adept businessman took you in hand as was the case with this young man, and sure enough success and great affluence was at his door in no time. From a state of chronic despondency and uncertainty of his powers, he turned to the obverse feeling of overweening confidence with the result that he had as sudden and rapid a fall and crashed into bankruptcy. To the urge for success was thereby added the bitterness of failure and the flame of thwarted ambition scorched up most of the softer and finer elements of his being. Though gifted to a high degree, his was not the excellence that clears automatically a pathway to the pinnacle. But he developed a special technique, the technique of the acrobat, who uses every muscle, sinew and tendon in his body and every crevice, cranny and every vantage point and flaw in the steep face of the cliff, to get a purchase for his foot holds. His was the judgment and nimbleness which could assess to the fraction the weight that a tottering edifice could bear and would step on it with that lightness, which while crumbling it, would yet have yielded that momentary hold that secured a higher point. That which hampered his movements, whether it be a principle or a friend, had to go. The fire within knew of only one goal: Success. Handsome and debonaire in person, urbane in manners, cheerful of aspect even in extremity, audacious and carefully loquacious

In speech, this youth in his twenties would awe many an elder of position and wealth with a facade of plenty and of power into subservience. He no more wasted any portion of his time in seeking for fundamentals. He metamorphosed into whatever character an occasion needed. With the orthodox, he would be the paragon of rituals and ceremonies, with the learned he would discourse on Sophocles and Spinoza, with the artist and musician, he would be ecstatic in appreciation of landscapes and ragas, with the politician out from British gaols he would be an ultra radical, flaunting Khaddar and Gandhi cap, while synchronously paying court to stiff-shirted bureaucrats and impressing them as a canny but temperate realist, safe as to vested interests. He was so good an actor that he convinced himself. He also took a hand in the seamy side of high life beginning it with trepidation with intent to use it for entry into society but later found himself so much at home in the part that with the lewd, he

could excel in levity. In everything he did he had to be in the top of the scramble. His pathway is strewn with many discarded shells of his own past being and of the many whose contents he used up for his needs. He is once again a very successful man as success is counted by the worldly wise. None like him in magnificence and generosity and sumptuous hospitality where magnificence will cast spells, largesse will tell and hospitality speak. On philosophy and religion, on Gita and high moral purpose of life, I dare say he still descants by the hour to admiring friends over the table, while the waiters are replenishing the steadily emptying glasses. Life has been a plaything with him, with men and women as balls. A man sprung from the level grounds of the good, the beautiful and the true as he did, cannot, I believe, endure indefinitely without justifying himself, however feebly or speciously, to some monitor within.

MINISTERS AND TEXTILE BLACK-MARKET

by V. RAGHAVIAH, M.L.A.

JUDGING from the very large output of speeches by our Madras Ministers not to exclude our austere Premier, who of late appears to have caught the contagion from his experienced colleagues, and the endless, untiring, and very expensive tours indulged in by some of them, the lay man is apt to get consoled that everything human is being done to put an end to what is popularly termed "Black Market" but still the devil thrives with added vigour.

Leaving the speeches, which by the way, are as rich in variety as they are in fact, and profess to cover all subjects, one wonders what is the ultimate result of all these perorations.

Despite the pompous announcement and the shrewd warning administered by the Delhi Government to the provinces to the effect that "nothing could bring a Provincial Government to a greater disrepute than a feeling that the licensing of the textile trade is used to distribute patronage to a favoured few", the textile licensing authorities of the districts have not succeeded in

shaking off the influence of tried black-marketeers in this trade. My own district of Nellore is puzzled at the appearance by the back door of a dozen notorious dealers, some of whom were not recommended by any legislative members, thanks to the patronage of a few high-placed Congressmen who seem to possess tremendous influence with the Treasury Benches. Even when specific instances are cited and documents mentioned, the Textile Department practically refuses to look into the black-market activities of the culprits. The concerned Ministers cannot successfully befooled the world by pleading ignorance monotonously so long they in their voluntary tours accept dinners, stay and hobnob with and move in demonstrably amiable terms with black-marketeers of questionable reputation. Surely the Andhra and Tamilnad Congress resolutions have not come a day too soon. If only our Ministers know to use some discretion and pick and choose the host they should stay with, then half the black-market would have vanished.

JINNAH THE NATIONALIST: AS I KNEW HIM

by Dr. SACHCHIDANANDA SINHA

OF the hundreds of Indian students in London, in the early nineties of the last century, two Gujaratis—Mohan-das Karamchand Gandhi and Muhammad Alibhai Jinnabhai Khojani—lived to carve their names in the annals of mankind, though each of them distinguished himself in a definitely separate sphere of his own. Mr. Gandhi (as he used to be called at that time) having matriculated in 1887 left for London in 1888. In my own circle of friends from Bihar, Mr. Syed Ali Imam (afterwards Sir Ali, Law Member of the Government of India from 1910 to 1915) had sailed for London in 1887. I left Calcutta for London in 1887 and Muhammad Ali Jinnabhai Khojani—known later by his shorter name as Mr. M. A. Jinnah—arrived there in 1892. Ali Imam was called to the Bar in 1890 and Gandhi in 1891; I in 1893 and Jinnah in 1897 as he did not attain majority till then. But as I arrived in London early in 1890 and returned to India in 1893, Gandhi, Ali Imam and Jinnah were my contemporaries for sometime during my stay in London. And so I came in contact with all the three.

Each of them played a notable part on the Indian stage—Gandhi as the Mahatma of world-wide fame, known all over the world for his saintliness and preaching of non-violence; Jinnah as the first Muslim of genuine Indian birth who succeeded (in the face of the most tremendous nationalist opposition) in carving out of India an independent sovereign State for his co-religionists, and Sir Ali as a highly successful lawyer, judge, administrator and man of affairs. I have survived the three to chronicle their work and achievements; which none can do better than myself, since no other person has had the same unique advantage of knowing each of them well enough, to describe the lights and shadows of their life. In the present sketch, I shall record some of my recollections of Jinnah as a nationalist. Time and health permitting, I shall sketch in another article a survey of his career as a communalist—so that the two surveys taken together may present a faithful picture of Jinnah's whole career.

The future Quaed-e-Azam arrived in London in 1892, aged sixteen, at a time

when the Indians there were absorbed in canvassing for the election of Dadabhai Naoroji to the House of Commons. The Marquis of Salisbury had, sometime before, insulted India and Indians by calling Dadabhai a "black man". Our indignation at this studied insult was then at the highest pitch and we were therefore completely swept off our feet, if not mind, as canvassers for Dadabhai. Jinnah who was full of energy—then as till the end of his life—threw himself into the struggle with that zeal and enthusiasm which we had learnt to associate with his name, for any cause which he took up. A particular area of the Central Finsbury constituency was assigned to Jinnah and the results that he achieved in it were astoundingly satisfactory. Our enthusiasm ran wild and we ourselves ran amok when it was announced that Dadabhai had been elected.

Thus Jinnah and I had become good friends before I returned home in 1895 soon after I was called to the Bar. I used to meet him thereafter in Bombay in the chamber of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, situated almost opposite the High Court, which was (till Sir Pherozeshah passed away in 1915) the great political rendezvous of Bombay. Here in the presence of Sir Pherozeshah, Chimanlal Setalwad, Dinshaw Wacha and other political veterans, all young men (including Jinnah, myself and others) had to be on their best behaviour for fear of being not only pulled up but possibly dragged over live coals by the uncrowned King of Bombay as Sir Pherozeshah was justly called. His chamber where young political hopefuls were herded with veterans in politics was not a school for scandal or even for light talks; but something which may well be compared with a miniature Plato's academy since for nearly four to five hours daily, Sir Pherozeshah and his colleagues discussed with juniors and expounded to them political philosophy as it was understood in India in the last decade of the nineteenth century. As I was a frequent visitor to Bombay at that time, Jinnah and I met often and cemented further the bonds of our friendship.

In December 1906, a session of the Indian National Congress was held in Calcutta under the presidency of Dadabhai Naoroji who came all the way from

London to take the chair—so as to reconcile the conflicting views of what were then called the Moderates and the Extremists. During his stay in Calcutta, Dadabhai was the guest of the late Maharaja of Darbhanga and occupied the smaller of the two houses in the Middleton Street area. Jinnah, as Dadabhai's private secretary, was staying in the Guest House. He was then just thirty. Tall, handsome, debonair, meticulously dressed and enjoying the reputation of being one of the rising leaders at the Bar, he naturally attracted considerable attention in social and political circles in Calcutta and enjoyed great popularity amongst politically minded people by reason of his advanced nationalism. He and I met in Calcutta as old friends both in and outside the Congress.

Early in 1910 both Jinnah and I were elected, on the introduction of the Morley-Minto Reforms, to the Imperial Legislative Council—he from a constituency of only four voters (all members of the Bombay Legislative Council) and I, with the late Bhupendranath Basu as the representative of what was then called the Bengal Legislative Council—that is, of the Legislature of West Bengal, Bihar and Orissa after the Curzonian partition of Bengal in 1905. The 1910 session of the Congress was held at Allahabad. I was still practising in the High Court at Allahabad and among the guests who stayed with me were Sir Ali Imam, Mr. S. P. (afterwards Lord) Sinha, Jinnah and Gokhale. Jinnah moved at the plenary session of the Congress, in a forceful speech, a resolution condemning the introduction of separate electorates for Muslims in the Morley-Minto Reforms. And from that in 1910, he retrogressed until he found his feet in the resolution on Pakistan in 1940 and himself as its Governor-General in 1947.

Jinnah had introduced into the Legislature, at that time, his famous Wakf Bill, and was anxious to get the support of some non-Muslim colleague of his. He consulted Gokhale who advised him to ask me to do so. I readily agreed, as I thought that Jinnah was right and the Privy Council judges wrong in the view expressed by them on the subject. Accordingly, I followed Jinnah with a fairly long speech discussing the purely legal aspects of the Bill. My support was appreciated by all our colleagues but particularly so by Jinnah.

The Allahabad session of the Congress was held in the Christmas week of 1910; and by that time Jinnah, I and some other members of the Imperial Legislative Council had worked for nearly one

year, not as followers of any party, but under the guidance of the greatest political leader of that period, Gopal Krishna Gokhale, whose personality then towered head and shoulders above that of everyone else in the country. Gokhale who died in February 1915 has been forgotten by his very grateful countrymen. Jinnah was fortunately cast in a different mould and he always cherished the highest respect, regard and love for Gokhale. At a dinner given by me in honour of Sir William Wedderburn, the Congress President, at which almost all the great political leaders were present Jinnah shone bright and resplendent and we all felt that but a few years later he would be presiding over a session of the National Congress. But Fate had willed it otherwise.

At that time Jinnah was a staunch rationalist just as Gokhale was reputed to be a confirmed agnostic. In the course of a letter dated 1st September 1941, Sir Rafiuddin Ahmad, who is still fortunately among us, wrote to me as follows: "Will you let me know if you remember our meeting in Calcutta, in one of the rooms of the Imperial Legislative Council, during its first session in 1910 and whether you can still recall my questions to Mr. Jinnah about his religion on that occasion. I think the late Maharaja of Burdwan was also present in the room. The last time we met in Bombay, you had reminded me of the incident and had a hearty laugh over it." I replied to Sir Rafiuddin that I fully remembered the occasion and the incident mentioned by him. As regards the talk referred to by him, I should explain that Rafiuddin was the defeated rival of Jinnah and had undertaken the long journey from Poona to Calcutta evidently with a view to establishing that Jinnah was unworthy of the position he had come to occupy as the sole representative of the Muslims of the Presidency of Bombay (then including Sind) in the Imperial Legislative Council. The conversation between Rafiuddin and Jinnah was, as I transcribe below, from my diary:

R: Mr. Jinnah, you claim to represent the Mussalmans of the Bombay Presidency?

J: Who doubts it? Do you?

R: I regret that they should be represented by you who know nothing of Islam, or the Prophet, nor observe any Islamic injunctions.

J: What makes you say so? I know jolly well far more than you do.

R: You say you do; well, tell me whether you have any pretensions to know Arabic or even Persian?

J: Why should I know either Arabic or Persian? I am neither an Arab nor a Persian but an Indian and have thus no need to know the language of Arabia or Persia.

R: But do you know even Urdu?

J: Yes, well enough to talk to my 'boy', chhokras and hamals. I haven't got to address courts or jurors in Urdu and I don't see why I should know more of it than I do. I know my mother-tongue Gujarati fairly well.

R: But if you don't know Arabic, how can you offer your prayers?

J: Pray in Arabic? Why should I? I am not an impenitent sinner that I should be praying constantly to ask forgiveness for my sins. And that apart, surely God will understand me in whichever language I pray to him.

R: And what about your dress, food and drink? Are they in accordance with the rule of the Shariat?

J: What has the Shariat got to do with dress? Surely, the various peoples of different Muslim countries all dress differently. Even in India all the Muslims don't dress alike. As for food and drink, it is more a matter of personal taste, appetite and digestion than of religious conviction.

R: (looking triumphantly) Look, look, Maharaja Bahadur (turning to the late Sir Bejay Chand Mahtab of Burdwan) at your Muslim colleague from Bombay and see what he says and does. He knows no Arabic, Persian or even Urdu. He never prays and pays no regard to the rules of the Shariat in the matter of *haram* and *halal* in food and drink. And will you kindly note, Mr. Sinha (turning towards me).....

I do not know what "Moulvi" Rafiuddin—as he called himself at that time—was going to ask me to note, for just then all the hon'ble members trooped into the Council Chamber, and an A.D.C. to the Viceroy shouted in his stentorian voice, "His Excellency". Rafiuddin disappeared at once; and we all took our seats. But the conversation between Rafiuddin and Jinnah had impressed me much. On my return from the Legislative Council, I recorded it faithfully.

Similarly, in the matter of religion, until he became a pronounced Muslim Leaguer and a staunch communalist, I and other friends of Jinnah were under the impression that if not an agnostic, he was a deist, theist or rationalist.

That opinion was confirmed even so late as 1936, when addressing the members of the Dayal Singh College Union at Lahore, Jinnah was reported to have said: "I feel myself among kindred spirits. This college does not believe in any creed. I too feel that the salvation of India lies in this non-sectarian feeling. It is this creed that I had in the past, which I have at present, and which I will have in future, the dearest in my heart". Could such sentiments be expressed more nobly?

Till he was nearly forty, Jinnah was heart-whole and fancy-free. But the year 1915 was memorable for romance in Jinnah's life. We were all then at Darjeeling for a holiday. The Petits were there and so was Jinnah, also some friends of his including myself. Sir Dinshaw Petit was the second baronet of that name and his daughter Ratan Priya (whose pet name was Ratty) was with him. Soon after our arrival it began to be talked about—the romance of a confirmed bachelor of forty and an ever so much younger girl of sixteen. They had agreed to marry without obtaining even the formal permission of the parents of the bride, for love is like measles—all the worse when it comes late in life. Sir Dinshaw and Jinnah were great friends but Cupid's dart had pierced the heart of Jinnah and he had, with his usual tenacity of purpose, resolved to marry Ratan, come what may. Jinnah was at that time as much absorbed in his desire to marry Ratan, as he was, a quarter of a century later, in his determination to found Pakistan. As luck would have it, he succeeded in achieving both—marrying Ratan and founding Pakistan.

The parents of Ratan, with a view to prevent this marriage, obtained an injunction from the Bombay High Court, restraining Jinnah from marrying his fiancée till she had attained majority. So the marriage had to be postponed for about a couple of years but the course of true love did run smooth and the marriage was solemnised in due course, the bride having been converted to Islam—religion often being a cloak for marriages of convenience, in high circles. Thereafter, for the few years left to her of her short span of life, Mrs. Jinnah was a great centre of attraction in social circles in Bombay, Delhi and Simla; and Jinnah continued to be the envy of his old bachelor friends as the husband of one of the handsomest, most talented and most accomplished women in India. She presented Jinnah with a daughter who was married some years back to the son of Sir Ness Wadia (a Parsee Christian millionaire); of

Bombay. Jinnah objected, it was reported in the press, to his daughter's conversion to Christianity, but she preferred to follow her own good sense as she thought right and proper, in a matter of this kind, rather than the directive of her father. It is popularly believed that Ratan brought with her a large fortune, and that a great part of the bequest of four millions left by Jinnah, to various institutions in India and Pakistan, consisted of his wife's dowry. Jinnah's marriage with a Parsee millionaire's converted daughter—who was perhaps an even more advanced nationalist than her husband—was a striking episode in his brilliant career as a nationalist leader.

In my very large circle of friends, from all the Provinces, Jinnah was out-and-out the best-dressed man, in western style, ever since I met him. He was supplied by the best and most expensive tailors, hosiers, hatters, and shoe-makers of London. He had long since limited himself to obtaining them from one of the smallest streets in London, called Saville Row, famous throughout the world for its half a dozen tailoring firms renowned for their accomplishment in sartorial art. One of these is Poole's—the Royal tailor—who would not take any order from any one unless he was introduced by some old customer. In the summer of 1914—when Jinnah, I, and some others, were members of a Congress deputation in connection with the India Council Bill before the House of Lords, I dropped into Poole's to order "dress clothes", not knowing their practice about the introduction of new customers. When my measurements were taken and the order booked, I was asked very politely to give the name of my introducer. I was rather upset, but just then Jinnah walked in, and stood sponsor for me forthwith. It must be added that western clothes suited remarkably well Jinnah's slim and well-knit figures, far better than eastern, to which he betook himself deliberately as a Muslim Governor-General of Pakistan, in August, 1947—though they did not become him half so well as the western.

Though he changed his style of clothes as Governor-General he did not change his style of living in food and drink. When I met him at Delhi, in 1946, I found him as free and easy at table, and as heterodox as ever. He continued in these respects a rationalist to the last, whatever the change in his

political faith. In Mr. George Catlin's book (called *In the Path of Mahatma Gandhi*) published in 1948, we read as follows: "The dinner in the long room of the Viceroy's House was a brilliant affair, with a formal and modest selection of wines from which Mr. Jinnah did not abstain". The dinner referred to was held in April 1947, when Lord Mountbatten was the Viceroy. Jinnah was never a teetotaler, nor a protagonist of prohibition, as he was much too sensible not to enjoy, as well as he could, all the gifts showered by God on mankind. For the rest, and even in his later years—apart from his politics—Jinnah was charmingly genial, full of urbanity and cheerful spirits, and his *bon-mots*, repartees, and anecdotes kept the company in good humour. Outwardly he was, however, reserved, and even stern when dealing with public affairs.

Of Jinnah, his genuine patriotism as a nationalist till 1920, of his successful activities in various spheres of politics, I could write much. Some day I may unfold my own reading of what led to the severance of Jinnah's connection with the Congress, and to the creation, in the long run, of Pakistan with all the attendant and inevitable evils which had followed in its train in both the new States. When the Muslim League was formed, in 1906, he flatly refused to go to Dacca to join it. Instead, he preferred to attend the Congress session at Calcutta, where Dadabhai Naoroji, from the presidential chair, defined the national goal to be *Swaraj*. Jinnah did not actually join the Muslim League till 1913, when it had changed its original creed. His work in the Home Rule League, established by Mrs. Annie Besant, his share in promoting the Lucknow pact between the Congress and the League in 1916, his courageous stand against Lord Willingdon's reactionary regime in Bombay, made his name a household word in India. H. E. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu—now the Governor-General of the United Provinces—hailed him at that time as the "Ambassador of Hindu-Muslim Unity". But since 1940—if not even sometime earlier—Jinnah talked of the "Muslim nation" and the "Hindu nation", and not only demanded division of the country into Pakistan and Hindustan, but lived to achieve it. History has seldom recorded a more unfortunate change, or a more unwelcome transformation, in the sphere of politics. But a sketch of Jinnah's career as a communalist, must be reserved for some other occasion.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

AN INSTITUTION IN THE MAKING

by M. SREERANGARAJAN, M.A.

THE Indian Council of World Affairs came into existence just five years ago. The remarkable growth of this public institution which has its headquarters in New Delhi and branches in fourteen other places in the country, during this short period of five years and the achievements it has to its credit deserve wider knowledge and appreciation.

The question of starting an independent non-official organisation for the objective study of Indian and international affairs was first broached by Pandit Hirdayanath Kunzru, President of the Servants of India Society and one of our liberal leaders, and Mr. P. N. Saprú, a member of the Council of State, in a circular issued over their signatures in August, 1943. They pointed out in the circular that apart from the inherent need for a non-official forum for the objective study of public affairs, there was an urgent necessity for such an institution as India was going unrepresented in all non-governmental international conferences such as those organised by the Institute of Pacific Relations, New York. The proposal was welcomed all over the country most enthusiastically, thus indicating that the starting of such an institution was overdue. The Indian Council of World Affairs was formally inaugurated at a distinguished gathering at New Delhi on 21st November, 1943 with Sir Tej Bahadur Saprú as its first President. The main object of the Council, as stated in its constitution, is the promotion of the study of Indian and international affairs so as to develop a body of informed opinion on world affairs and India's relation thereto, through study, research, discussion, lectures, and exchange of ideas and information with other bodies in India and abroad engaged in similar activities. It was the unanimous opinion of those who attended the

meeting at which the Council was inaugurated that the Council should be representative of the principal groups and interests in the country and that the Council as such should not hold or express any opinion on any aspect of Indian and international affairs. Membership of the Council is open to any adult person resident in India at the time of his election and also any corporate body in India in agreement with the objects of the Council. The Council is governed by an Executive Committee of 42 members consisting of the elective officer-bearers, 24 members elected at the annual general meeting and others, not more than eight, who may be co-opted by the Committee. The office-bearers who are members hold office for two years and are eligible for re-election. The 24 members elected at the annual general meeting hold office for three years, a third of them, however, retiring every year. The co-opted members hold office for one year. Salaried office-bearers or employees of the Council are excluded from becoming members of the Committee. Except what is expressly declared to be decided upon by the Annual General Meeting or a matter of policy, or a change in the constitution, the Executive Committee is generally responsible for the fulfilment of the objects of the Council. The present President of the Council is Pandit Kunzru who succeeded Sir Tej Bahadur Saprú, the first President, at the Annual General Meeting held in June last at Calcutta. The eight Vice-Presidents of the Council include Pandit Nehru, Mr. N. Gopalaswamy Iyengar, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and Sir Maharaj Singh. Dr. A. Appadorai, to whose ability, conscientiousness and foresight the Council owes much, is the Secretary of the Council. The present membership of the Council is nearly 1,550, of which about 50 are

from abroad. Though the number may appear to be small for a vast country like ours, it may be pointed out that the membership includes leading intellectuals and research workers from all parts of the country. At the close of last year, the Council had 17 branches in different parts of the country (including those at Karachi, Lahore and Dacca which are to be closed in view of their now falling in Pakistan territory). The Council is a registered society in terms of the Registration of Societies Act of 1860.

Perhaps the biggest achievement of the Council so far is the holding of the Asian Relations Conference in March-April last year. The objects of the Conference were to review the position of Asia in the post-war world, exchange ideas on subjects of common interest to all Asian countries and study the ways and means of promoting closer contacts between these countries. 244 delegates and observers representing some 28 Asian countries participated in the Conference. We are perhaps too near the event to assess its achievements and their full significance, but there is no doubt the Conference laid the foundation of much that is good for the future of Asian countries. Incidentally, the Conference was a great organisational success for the Council.

Another substantial achievement of the Council is its publication work. So far, it has published more than 20 monographs as well as numerous pamphlets and papers. Among the last, a set of 100 data-papers concerning many Asian countries published in connection with the Asian Relations Conference deserves mention. The Council publishes a quarterly journal—'India Quarterly'—whose high standard has received international recognition. The programme of studies of the Council is very comprehensive and interesting. In the field of international affairs, the specific subjects on which scholars are working, at the instance of the Council include 'Regionalism and Security', 'Progress of dependent peoples to self-government' and 'India and Security in South East Asia'. Other scholars are working

upon surveys on India and her neighbours like China, Burma, Malaya, Ceylon and Africa. Monographs are also in preparation on subjects concerning the USSR and the Middle East, as well as on the position of Indians overseas.

An important activity of the Council is the holding of meetings and discussion groups to promote the objective study and discussion of public affairs. During the year 1947, the Delhi branch alone organised as many as 29 meetings and some discussion groups concerning a variety of subjects. The main activity of the other branches has been the holding of meetings and discussion groups. A subject of great importance on which the Council is now busily working is the 'Indo-American Conference' which is proposed to be held sometime next year. It is a joint venture of the Council and the IPR, New York. The main object of the proposed conference is to lay the foundation of intellectual co-operation between the two countries in generations to come. Though the conference is going to be entirely non-official, its significance in the present international set-up and the valuable results that are likely to emerge from the conference for mutual benefit cannot be exaggerated.

The Council's library and reading room are among the best in the capital. Owing to the great importance of research for an objective study of public affairs, the Council has constituted a board of research consisting, among others, of Sir C. D. Deshmukh, Prof. D. R. Gadgil, Pandit Kunzru, Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao and Dr. Tarachand with the object of planning all research work under the Council. With the same object in view, the expansion of the Council library has been undertaken.

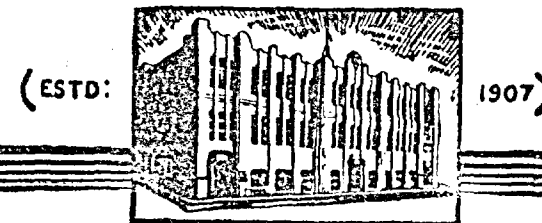
Finance has been the greatest handicap of all public institutions in this country. But fortunately for the Council, while at no time its resources were abundant, no important activity of the Council has suffered for lack of sufficient funds. Whenever in need, it has always been able to fall back upon public munificence and its appeals have

never gone in vain. Indeed, it is a healthy sign of progress that the Council, generally, first plans out its work and then thinks of finances needed for it, instead of, as in the case of many a public institution, trying to adjust its work to the limitations of finance. The only pressing need of the Council is spacious and suitable premises of its own, the absence of which is being keenly felt. The Council is taking active steps to remedy this want.

Five years is a very short period in the life of a public institution, particularly in a country like ours where very few public institutions have to their credit long traditions of public service, and yet the Council's record of work and the stature to which it has grown during this period are things of which any

public institution in any country could be proud. If credit for its growth and achievements could be apportioned between two individuals, it is to be shared by Pandit Kunzru and Dr. Appadorai who have worked with missionary zeal to make the Council what it is today. On the invitation of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and the Institute of Pacific Relations, Dr. Appadorai has just completed a tour of Europe and America with the idea of studying and developing personal contacts with these and similar organisations. (He is now at Paris as a member of the Indian Delegation to the United Nations Assembly). One may hope that with his added knowledge and experience the Indian Council of World Affairs will fast develop into the premier body of informed opinion on Indian and international affairs in India.

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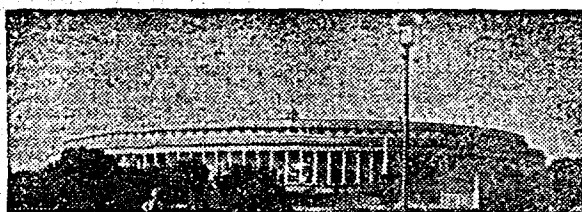
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NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

I LIKE General Stilwell's description of Chiang Kai-Shek as the Peanut. Chiang bears a remarkable resemblance to one of our Indian leaders, whom Stilwell would probably have called "the Walnut".

The Peanut throws things like vases at people who call on him. The Walnut threw a paper-weight at Shri Mahabir Tyagi at a meeting of a Provincial Congress Committee. Let us see what Vinegar Joe has to tell us about Chiang:

Chiang Kai-Shek has been boss so long and has so many yes-men around him that he has the idea he is infallible on any subject. He is not mentally stable, and he will say many things to your face that he doesn't mean fully or exactly. He thinks he knows psychology; in fact, he thinks he knows everything, and he wobbles this way; and that, changing his mind at every change in the military action.

Graduation exercises at Chinese Military Academy. As Peanut mounted rostrum, band leader counted 1-2-3, but unfortunately band sounded off at 2. Peanut was furious, stopped band, bawled out, "Either start playing on 1 or on 3. Don't start on 2!" Then a speaker pulled his notes out of his pants pocket. This infuriated Peanut. He bawled him out, and told him that *tsa wai kuo* (in foreign countries) you could put a handkerchief in your pants pockets but not papers. Papers go in lower coat pockets, and, if secret, in upper coat pockets. Then someone stumbled on procedure and Peanut went wild, screaming that he ought to be shot.... *Ch'iang pi* (shoot him) and repeating it at the top of his voice.

Anyway, the inefficient regime of the Generalissimo is coming to an end. As for the Chinese Communists, nobody has seriously suggested that they are being helped by Soviet Russia, whereas American aid to China is not even sought to be hidden. The Chinese Communists are however reported to be anxious that America should help Chiang's group, because the more they help Chiang, the better for Mao, because either Chiang's troops will sell them to the Communists, or surrender them to the Communists. There is no question of inspiration from outside as far as North China is concerned. Chinese Communism is said to be one hundred per cent Chinese. All honour to the Chinese, then.

Lao Tse spoke of "production without possession; action without self-assertion; and development without domination." The Chinese Communists will probably adopt this as their motto. Mao Tse Tung is known to be a very great Chinese scholar and philosopher, who has assimilated the very best in the Chinese way of life. Just now in the *London Times*, an interesting correspondence is going on on the subject of "Christianity and Communism". Mr. Gallacher has made out a rather plausible case to show that Communism is nothing but Christianity. I don't know how far this is in accordance with the Party line of the British Communist Party. A reply to Mr. Gallacher's arguments in the *London Times* held that Christianity was altogether different from Communism because Christianity occupied itself with the problem of the relations between God and

Man whereas Communism dealt with the relations between Man and Man. The letter-writer argued that once the problem of God and Man was solved successfully, the second problem of the relationship between Man and Man would be automatically solved. This just shows that Mr. Gallacher is thinking like Tolstoy while Mr. Whats-his-name is thinking like the Pope.

If Mr. Gallacher's letter is not merely a device for making the Communist Party more acceptable to the British people, it marks a definite advance in Communist thinking. The difficulty with the Communist Parties all over the world (except Russia) is that they give you the impression of having sold away their souls. They naturally therefore can expect little support from the people of those countries. In China the Communists seem to be capable of calling their souls their own. The British seem to be developing on similar lines. The French Communist Party too will probably strike a new path. In these countries at least regimentation in the Communist Parties seems to be giving place to a much freer atmosphere.

I had thought that it was only Hollywood that was capable of improving on men of genius like Shakespeare and Tolstoy. In P. G. Wodehouse there is a producer who engages a man called Tennyson because he thinks he was the Poet Tennyson! And he later asks, "Are you not the Tennyson who wrote *The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck*?"

But we live and learn. British producers have done worse than Hollywood in *Anna Karenina*. If it had been announced that the story had appeared as a serial in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, we would not have believed it because the story (as it came out in the film) was not good enough to appear in the *Cosmopolitan*.

Anna's second child is still-born in the film. All the trouble that Tolstoy took over depicting Anna's

love for her first child and her lack of love for the second has thus been rendered useless. Alexey Alexandrovich Karenin can hardly be recognised as Tolstoy's creation. Although the actor spoke his words well, the character is a stage character. Princess Betsy's party at which Vronsky and Anna meet has been converted into a spiritualist exercise, thus making Tolstoy completely powerless.

Describing Anna's efforts to meet her little son Seryozha, Tolstoy says, "Seryozha's old nurse might be a help to her and show her what to do. But the nurse was not living in Alexey Alexandrovich's house." The British film magnates not only arrange a meeting between this nurse and Anna, but make the nurse open the door when she goes to visit her son stealthily on his birthday.

The following important incident has been omitted by our producers, probably because they were not sure of the reaction of the British public! Tolstoy records:

Vronsky came to the side of the bed, and seeing Anna, again hid his face in his hands.

"Uncover your face—look at him! He's a saint," she said. "Oh! uncover your face, do uncover it!" she said angrily. "Alexey Alexandrovich, do uncover his face! I want to see him."

Alexey Alexandrovich took Vronsky's hands and drew them away from his face, which was awful with the expression of agony and shame upon it.

"Give him your hand. Forgive him."

Alexey Alexandrovich gave him his hand, not attempting to restrain the tears that streamed from his eyes.

With chunks like that omitted altogether, we have a screen Tolstoy in the place of the author of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. As long as we go to films to take a look at Vivien Leigh instead of seeing Tolstoy's work, we are bound to be treated to versions which have only the title in common with the original. Sometimes, not even that.

Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

Increase in Paddy Prices

A Press Note issued on 22nd November 1948 announced that the Government have increased the existing village site price of paddy. The case for increase is on the hypothesis of increase in cost of cultivation. Such increased cost must have been already incurred by the producers both in regard to Kuruvai and in regard to Samba. Time and again the Government have impressed upon the producers the need to deliver surplus stocks to licensed dealers without any delay. Those who acted promptly in delivering their Kuruvai stocks before 21st November 1948 are now at a disadvantage, having received the lower price prevailing before the Press Note. Those who hoarded the Kuruvai stocks despite the advice of the Government and thereby impeded procurement are given the advantage of increased prices. Justice and fairplay require that the benefits of increased prices should be given to those who promptly delivered Kuruvai paddy even before 21st November, 1948. Otherwise, producers will be loath to make prompt deliveries in future, in the hope of profiting by possible increase in prices, and procurement will be seriously impaired. It is obviously unfair to discourage law-abiding producers and grant extra price to those who refused to deliver their surplus stocks promptly.

Will the Food Department look into this matter?

R. BALASUBRAMANIAN.

Socialism In Words, Imperialism In Deeds

With the spread of Socialism widely all over the world, we find bourgeois intellectuals decking themselves out in a Socialist garb in order to keep the working class and the toiling millions subjugated to the capitalists. They have already become constitutional democrats. Under the screen of combating totalitarianism, defending democracy, they permit the capitalist powers to prepare for war against democracy and working class advance. "Neither capitalist exploitation nor Communist violence" is their theme. They call it Democratic Socialism. (A clear definition of this is yet to come from them). Thus they outline a 'Middle Way' along which we are to be led by 'Third Force', the advocates of which are none other

than Messrs. Blum, Atlee, Bevin & Co.

The ideological weaknesses of this third force are plain. First, they do not or will not see that the only way forward is the way to political power. Second, that the working class with its allies, is the only force which can grasp political power and use it to advance to a classless society. Third, that the road to power is the road of class struggles and the building of a new State power that will serve the people. All other conceptions of Socialism have shown themselves to mean, as Lenin put it, "Socialism in words, imperialism in deeds."

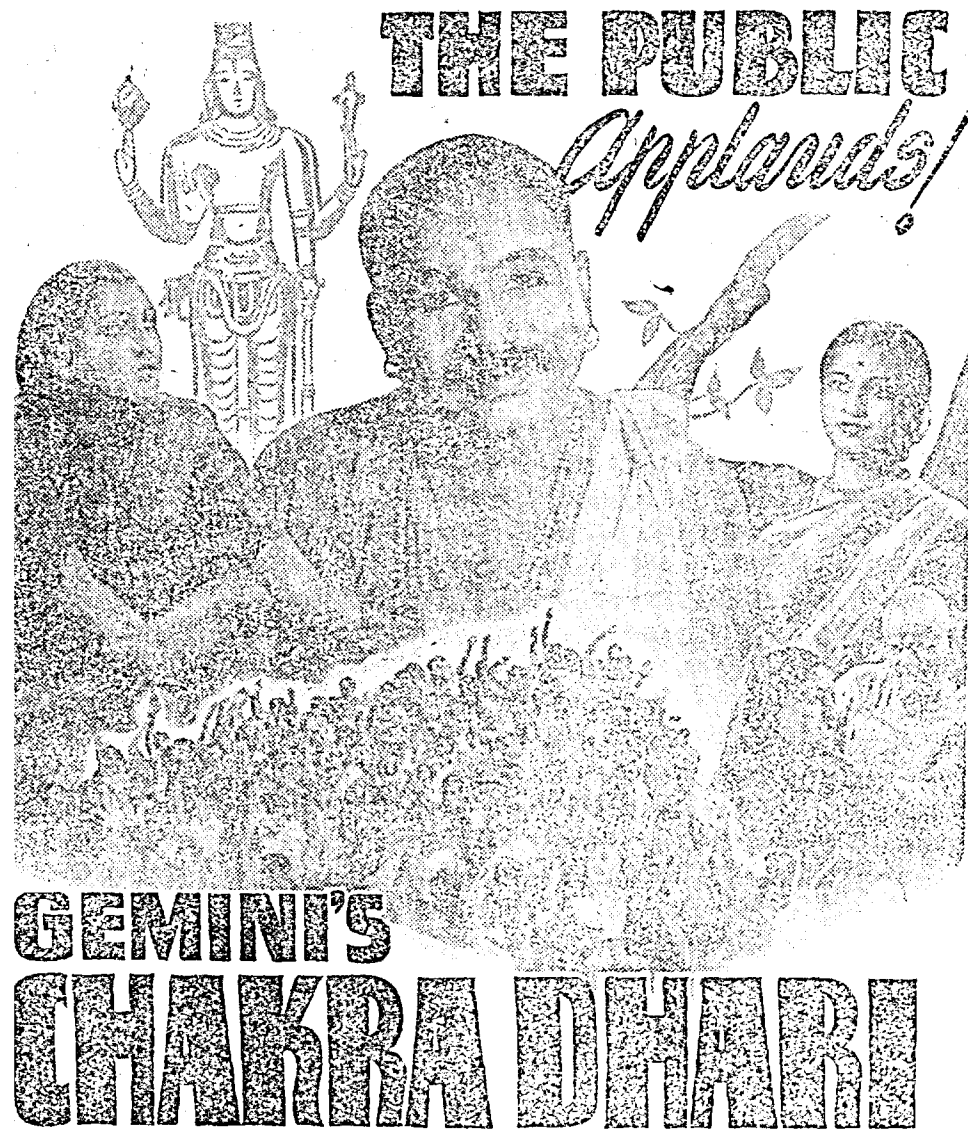
T. K. K. PISHARODI

Government Technical Examinations

The walk-out at the recent Government technical examinations (Shorthand) conducted at the Muhammadan College, Mount Road, was not without justification. At Tanjore, where I attended the Shorthand examination, the "dictator" behaved more or less like a novice in the art. His accents frequently faltered; his pronunciation was not up to the mark; and his rate of dictation was not uniform—and in fact in the last minutes the speed was between 90 and 100 (the prescribed speed being 80) words per minute. His voice was generally low and at times inaudible. His pronunciation resulted in an inordinate number of mishearings.

Proper care should, in future, be exercised to ensure that the "dictators" possess a good, audible voice; that their articulation and accent are not marred by infirmities like very old age (consequently, toothlessness) or impediments of speech; that their pronunciation is clear and fairly in conformity with the standard; and that they have sufficient experience of dictation work. Also, care must be taken not to entertain dictators who do their work irresponsibly and light-heartedly. The "guides" who watch over the dictation must be conversant with Shorthand and English pronunciation. Above all, the papers set must be reasonable and not too much beyond the comprehension of the average S.S.L.C. student, whose standard is deteriorating year by year. It would be of great benefit if the examiners study the examination methods and standards of leading institutions abroad like the Pitman's.

R. LAKSHMINARASIMHAN.



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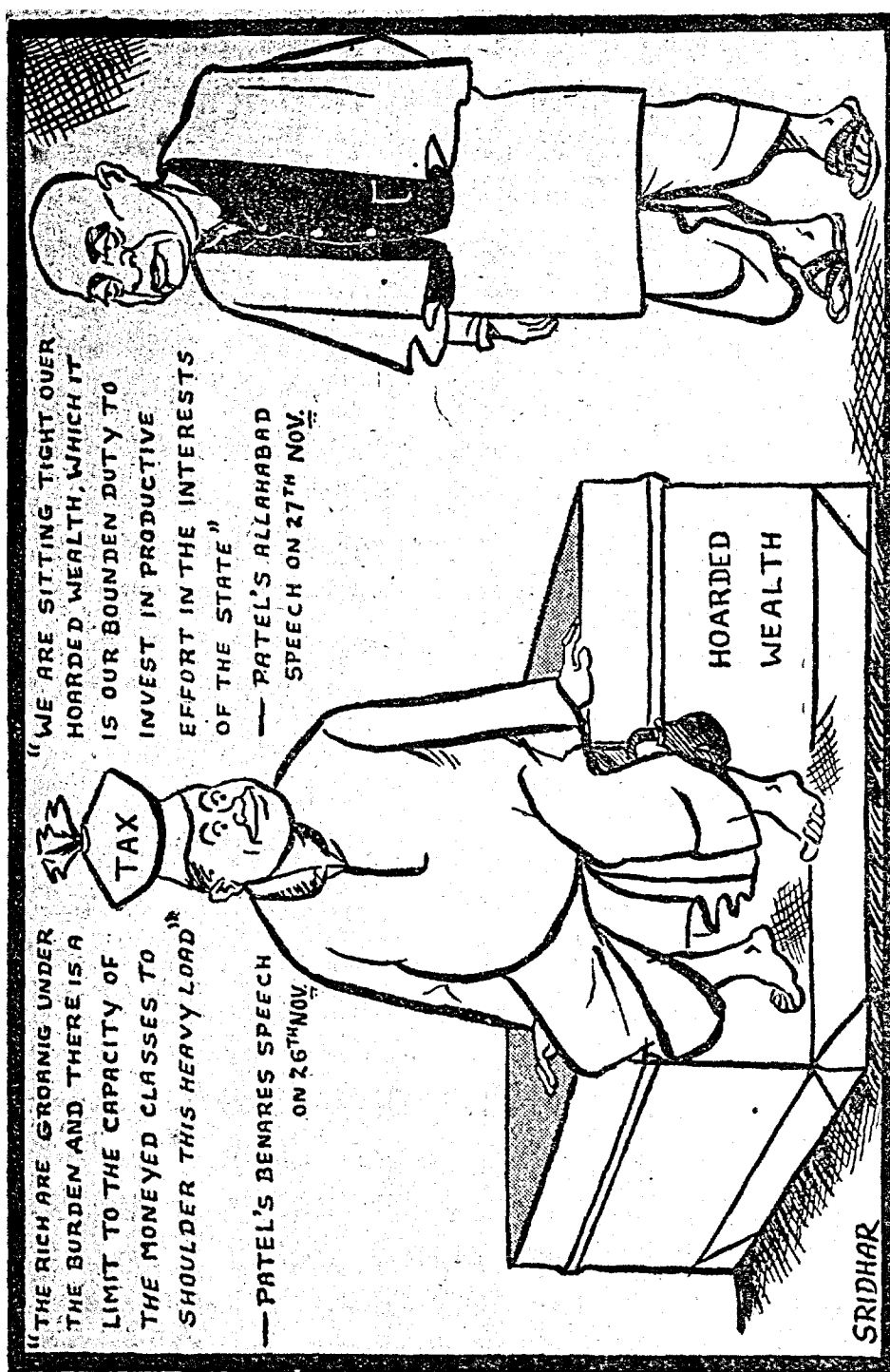
SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 44

(SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1948)

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SWATANTRA

VOL. III
No. 44

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

MISPLACED SYMPATHY

THOUSANDS of people all over the country must have been at once shocked and amused by the ignorance and naivete revealed in the recent statement of India's Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Vallabhai Patel, that the "rich people of our land are *groaning under the weight* of taxation"! This is not the first time in our country when a person who attains pre-eminence in some one or two aspects of life takes undue advantage of his position and arrogates to himself the right to make pronouncements on all sorts of subjects in which his ignorance is revealed to be abysmal.

In a country like the United Kingdom, Mr. Attlee would not presume to talk on nuclear physics and T. S. Eliot would decline to lecture on the Berlin currency tangle. But in our unfortunate land, not the least among the vexations in the life of the ordinary citizen is his being treated to lectures on quantum mechanics by an eminent musician, on the nuances of rare ragas by a big physicist, on advanced economics by a Satyagrahi, and so on.

Seldom has this common frailty of the eminent among us given so much offence as the recent excursion of the Sardar into highly imaginative economics. Fancy a person holding such a responsible and high office and such a top place in national leadership uttering such a howler! It is hard to guess what on earth put this fantastic notion into the Deputy Prime Minister's mind, of the rich in India groaning under heavy taxa-

tion. It cannot be that he is ignorant of what the veriest tyro in economics is aware of, viz., that India has long been the rich man's paradise.

Years ago, Bernard Shaw made the profoundly true remark that "the costliest act in a rich man's life in England is death". So steep has been the progression in the death duty of England. Here in India, in the year of grace 1948, the Estates Duty Bill is still only in the stage of discussion and consideration! On the twenty-third day of this month last year, the then Finance Minister, Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetty, said in his address to the Southern India Chamber of Commerce: ".....I have not the slightest doubt that the Government of India did not get more than fifty per cent of the income due to them. The National Government has a right to appeal to the business world for full co-operation in respect of payment of taxes." And yet, the Deputy Prime Minister wastes his tears on the rich groaning under the weight of taxation!

During the years of the second world war, Big Business in India made so much money as to make the incomes of the princely order look like small change. Recently, a well-known financial paper anticipated that if the Income-tax Investigation Commission allowed the tax-evaded money to come out of its hidden vaults, by any compromise proposal, the Government would be able to collect as much as four hundred crores of rupees!

If one talks of heavy taxation of the rich in countries like New Zea-

land or the United Kingdom where they have cradle-to-the-grave schemes of social security financed largely by the taxation of the rich, one can understand it. But to speak in that strain in a land where the incidence of taxation has been notoriously heavy on the poor and middle classes, where the land tax is *proportionate*, taking from the landlord owning ten thousand acres at the same rate as from a man earning one cent of land, is, to say the least, extremely provocative and maladroit.

The sands are fast running out. Essential goods being scarce and the money to buy them with being even more scarce, have caused a kind of distress that is at once acute and pervasive. Large masses of people suffering from acute shortages of food, clothing and housing do not like to be treated to sermons and exhortations nor to elaborate explanations of the difficulties of the Governments. The budgets of the Government of India and the Provincial Governments must be under consideration and preparation now. Unless they devise something strikingly beneficial, something that will capture the imagination of the people and put the old guard of the Congress right with the masses again, disillusionment and disappointment will provide congenial atmosphere for extremist sections to flourish. It is to be hoped that Dr. John Mathai and Sir N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar will strive to do something really bold and imaginative in the General Budget and the Railway Budget respectively.

We wonder whether the Government of India have worked out how much it would cost per annum to introduce a scheme of old age pensions. In a land where the average length of life is less than half of what it is in Britain, the proportion of people above sixty, especially among the poor, is not likely to be high. A measure like that would

have a tremendous psychological effect, besides being a long overdue humanitarian reform.

Similarly, some striking act of improvement must figure in the Railway Budget. Of such a seasoned administrator as Sir N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, people have a right to expect something truly big. It is no use giving explanations for the continuation of suffering, however real and true they may be. The travails of the travellers must be considerably mitigated, if not removed. Have the Government considered the possibility of providing for reservation of berths for lower-class passengers, for long-distance travelling? They may not care for a cushioned seat as for a long enough one, whereon they can stretch their limbs.

What the people want is positive and concrete action to improve their lot. It will be folly for the Government to wait for other organisations like the Socialist Party to act rashly or wrongly in order to be able to smash them. It has been repeatedly proved and demonstrated that the one country where Communism has never been able to get even a foothold is England. And the only reason for this is that the realistic Governments of that country have given the people nearly all that the Communists can, by much less costly and more acceptable means.

The Chinese Puzzle

THE essential tragedy underlying the imminent debacle of Nationalist China does not seem to be grasped in all its grimness by those who are only finding in it opportunity to score debating points against Chiang Kai-shek. We are not much impressed by the sudden spate of adverse appraisal of the Generalissimo, since we suspect that it is largely the concomitant of his impending fall. If nothing succeeds like success, it is even more

true that nothing fails like failure; and the Chinese leader has had ten years if not more in which to prove his ill-starred and incompetent leadership. But the puerilities, the obstinacies and crudities of Chiang are not the only reasons for the present miseries of China. We do not of course subscribe to the view that the Nationalists are angels, and the Communists devils. Some have already gone into ecstasies over the obvious and occult virtues of Mao Tse Sung, the Communist war-lord, and are preparing to worship the rising sun for safety no less than variety. It is therefore necessary to consider the factors inherent in the Chinese landscape which account for the chronic miseries of its people during nearly thirty years.

The plain truth of the matter is that the Chinese revolution was at once premature and belated; it has been dogged by the languor of an ancient people still dwelling in memories of the past, and by the spasmodic impatience of a youthful remnant dazzled by a priori virtues of a theoretical revolution. In Western countries, the vigour of adolescent peoples has salvaged something from the destructive onslaughts of revolutionary ideologies; wherefore, there is always something to show for even the bloodiest revolution that has taken place there. In the East, however, and particularly in China, conditions are very different. The vast open spaces, the teeming millions, the discipline of an essentially humane ethic and the mellowness that comes from sheer staying power had succeeded in reconciling the conflicting claims of progress and conservation through aeons. The fabric of society, the frame-work of an economy that centred round the individual as a patriarch and patriot and the prodigality of nature's gifts all survived upheavals, because the people depended on themselves both when they succeeded and when they failed.

But the 1911 revolution was the first attempt to impose from outside an ideology which is incompatible with the genius of the Chinese people. Hence the instabilities of her existence during the last thirty years. Other factors that contributed to keep her distracted and divided are to be sought in the workings of power politics under the leadership of foreign powers. It is they who, in the last analysis, must be held morally responsible for the inability of China either to retrace her steps or to make her modern revolution successful. For let us recall the facts of the history of the last thirty years.

Even before Sun Yat Sen started the revolution, China had been parcelled out among the great powers. America sapped China from the cultural vantage ground, missionary activity having provided the spear-point that made an opening for other kinds of exploitation to follow. Britain was content with 'business as usual,' and occupied the maritime area. Japan who came late in the field struck up a partnership with the other two, the effect of which was the delimiting of spheres of influence in China favourable to the Big Three. That the unity or independence or freedom of China was not only of no use to the Western powers, but was in the nature of a potential threat may be inferred from the fact that it was a British spokesman who blandly dismissed Japanese aggression in China as a minor 'affair.'

But the second world-war, altered the position in revolutionary and dramatic ways. The liberation of China from Japanese ruthlessness was in the nature of an eye-opener to the Chinese. The infusion of Communist ideologies as a result of the collaboration of the Western powers with Russia also provided an opportunity for the Chinese masses to realise how they had been cheated of the fruits of their thirty-year old revolution by Chiang Kai-shek

and his junta. The present lot of Nationalist forces may therefore be deemed not so much a triumph of Communism as the collapse through sheer inanition of the facade which had buttressed Chiang Kai-shek as a 'national' leader.

In other words, Chiang Kai-shek has by the ironic turn of events become identified with reaction. Whether he was an American stooge as alleged by his opponents or whether he was a victim of his own infirmities the future alone will show. But the probabilities are that he could not assert himself against the groups and cabals who were interested in the maintenance of the status quo. At the same time, it is quite likely that he has also lost ground with his foreign friends, since the latest news would seem to suggest American hesitancy to under-write a pronounced failure such as Chiang undoubtedly has become.

But that is not by any means the end of the story. Despatches from British sources suggest a lively sense of anxiety as to the fate of British investments in China in the event of a Communist walkover. Annoyance has been expressed at Chiang Kai-shek's adoption of 'scorched-earth' tactics in the course of his disastrous retreat. When Mahatma Gandhi denounced similar tactics of the British in Bengal at the time of the threatened Jap invasion of our Eastern frontier, he was almost accused of pro-Jap sympathies. Now the boot is on the other leg, and it is surely a slight for the gods to contemplate British business subjecting Chiang to their comminatory clamour.

However, even in the event of a Nationalist collapse, the chances of liquidating foreign interests are still remote. For the coastal strip is firmly held by the British and American fleets. They will continue to mount guard, at least for the reason that they should contain the

victorious forces of Communism and keep them in check. This will inevitably react on internal stability, so that peace in the country might still be as far off as ever.

It is also needful to remember that between the collapse of Nationalist China and the emergence of Communism as the ruling motive, there is likely to supervene an interregnum of uncertain duration. How it will make itself felt in the politics of the countries fringing China, it is too early to say. But from Burma to Indonesia, there is a strong and compact Chinese element in minority groups but with considerable economic power, which may function either as 'emigre' units or as contingents in a political Trojan horse. In other words, the failure of Chiang throws an additional burden of responsibility on the rest of us to set our own houses in order before it is too late. Needless to say, it is to our interest to bestir ourselves betimes, and complete a revolution left unfinished, and already showing signs of hardening to a new kind of reaction, precisely as seems to have happened in the case of the unhappy Chiang Kai-shek.

Rake's Progress

READERS might have perused the long and still un-ending series of advertisements issued by the Federal Public Services Commission announcing vacancies in a host of Central departments which are strewn all over the Centre and the provinces thicker than autumnal leaves. The latest to catch our attention are marked Nos. 63 and 64, and they call for applications for about fifty appointments or so. The salaries offered range from 500 to 1500. On a rough calculation, if all the advertised vacancies up to date had been filled, the salary bill per annum might well exceed a crore or two. How such a vast number of appointments came to be

thought of, and whether all the work contemplated had been planned out in advance are matters on which there is no light. How many of them are urgent and of immediate national importance, and whether most of these appointments could not be deferred to a more economically propitious time are further matters on which also there is no light. Our Assembly which is now engaged in discussing the draft constitution, and our speakers and star-performers who are oscillating between the extremes of inspired irrelevance and puerile bathos are apparently unconcerned at this rake's progress of which every ministerial department seems to be guilty. Indeed we suspect a competitive fury between the departments as to which of them should lead with the largest number of new appointments. The Central Government exhorts the country, the trade and the provincial Governments to fight inflation by all means possible; and yet, it goes about un-

abashed, setting a most unhealthy example. We have no hesitation in expressing our own belief that most of these appointments can be deferred, and some of them wholly scrapped. It would be interesting to know how many of these appointments have been filled and in what ways. A tabular statement showing the new incumbents, their qualifications, etc., and their kinship to people who count and so on should be prepared to set public uneasiness at rest; for there is much talk of nepotism in the highest quarters. The bureaucratic machine has swollen to unrecognisable and elephantine proportions; and the efficiency of the whole system is admittedly in inverse relation to the numbers that mind the machine. Here is an Augean stable to be cleaned up and cleaned out. Will some Minister or member of the C. A. take the lead in this thankless task, and call a halt to a deleterious tendency that weakens the Government and exasperates the public gratuitously?

Sotto Voce

That Discreet Cock



THE reproach that miracles always took place in the past cannot be fairly levelled against us. That might be true enough in countries where prying busybodies like the Society for Psychic Research insist on digging up the tender flower of mystery by the roots. In any case universal primary education has unfitted their proletariat for the naive acceptance of the uncommon; it gets from the daily newspapers all the thrill it wants. The praying cock that has been a regular visitor to a George Town

temple at puja time would make no sense to those who followed with breathless interest the hourly progress of the Dion quintet. But in India, where we have no dearth of babies, even the praying mantis would get the benefit of the doubt.

Utilitarian folk like the Romans of old must needs invent an urgency to justify an extraordinary occurrence or a strange coincidence. The geese appeared in the Capitol because Rome was threatened. But miracles in India have rarely wait-

ed on base occasion. They descend like a bolt from the blue; the less there is need of them the greater is the joy in their coming. Thus, few would care to maintain the proposition that the faithful are so down-hearted today that a sign was badly needed to sustain their morale and devout chancleer was Heaven's response.

The faint-hearted might even regard its advent as unseasonable. The Self-Respecters, for one thing, may find it a welcome change from anti-Hindi Satyagraha to offer civil resistance to the cock's entry into its chosen temple. They could upbraid it for having so far forgot its cocky self—and let down its Dravidian pedigree—as to abase itself before a Brahmanical deity. And the Constituent Assembly, anxious to vindicate the prestige of India as a secular State, may even hold up its business to interpolate a clause in the Fundamental Rights. I can imagine such a clause laying down that miracles—other than of the political variety—shall, like untouchability, be an indictable offence.

But, however cocksure cocks in general may be, this mysterious cock seems to be the soul of discretion itself. In choosing the venue it should have relied on the countenance and support of the true-blue Tamils, despite the known hostility of the cosmopolitan crowd of atheists. Now, if it had been a Brahmany kite haunting the Parthasarathi temple, for instance, it might have gone hard with it; for our erudite Tamils have decreed that Vishnu and His attendant gods, being unmistakably Aryan, are beyond the pale. But Muruga is the Tamil god par excellence and the cock is His favourite bird. The Madras Government have not so far issued a communique on the current sensation; being hard put to it to find the bread for the multitude, they should be grateful to Providence for providing the circus gratis.

But if our people are ready enough to accept miracles without being too inquisitive about them, the very placidity of the response makes for their transience. The famous eagles of Tirukkalkunram are a case in point. They have become a permanent feature of the landscape like the Sankha Tirtham and the numberless choultries. And once a phenomenon is accepted as a matter of course it ceases to be a phenomenon. There is no more kick left in it. And, as gullible human nature abhors a vacuum, the time is ripe for the emergence of another rabbit out of the well-thumbed hat.

There is sufficient ingenuity (and ingenuousness) left in the country to ensure an inexhaustible succession. And if many of the supposed wonders are innocent deceptions and some arrant frauds, it is difficult to work oneself up into a fury over this state of affairs. For those who have been taken in rarely make a song about it; they almost seem to enjoy it. And how could you quarrel with an attitude so completely in tune with the spirit of the age? If it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive, the miracle-faker would seem to be a public benefactor.

There is no short answer to the question whether miracles are possible. But it seems to be generally agreed that they are "too good for human nature's daily food." Our alimentary system is not adapted to their digestion. The crippled heroine of Mr. Somerset Maugham's *Catalina*, being made whole by an authentic miracle, could think of putting the gift of Heaven to no better use than to marry a commonplace fellow and become an itinerant actress. Possibly that was, in the eye of Heaven, the best thing that could have happened to her; God, we know, fulfils Himself in many ways. But, then, were it not best to leave these things to Him instead of hankering after signs and portents?

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

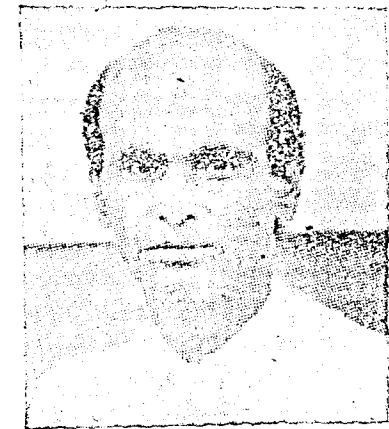
Genius is the gold in the mine; talent is the miner who works and brings it out.—LADY BLESSINGTON.

A DISPUTE over income tax has hurt Sri G. D. Naidu to the quick. He has come to the stern decision never more to earn any income that can be taxed.

There is, I believe, not another man in the country like G. D. Naidu. He is a born genius of the pattern of Edison. The merit of the American inventor was recognised by a wise Government and rich industrialists who vied with each other in placing enormous resources at his disposal to aid him in his experiments. But Naidu has had to create his own resources. Government here has not had the wisdom to recognise the social and national worth of his inventive genius.

Given up as a derelict with no manner of schooling in youth, Naidu started life as a bus-conductor. Endowed with a passion for enquiry and experiment with all manner of mysterious things, whether in nature or art, his is an unthwartable will to learn and achieve which by its very incandescence draws out a tireless energy and capacity for Herculean effort. His speciality is, of course, mechanics, including automobile and wireless but these interests by no means exhaust his curiosity, which ranges from agriculture to mesmerism and snake charming and which in the field of agriculture has produced astonishing results. He has been to Europe and America on a number of occasions, in quest of knowledge and organisation and incidentally of life and on the last occasion of such visit to America, when he was 49, being stranded there under the Government of India's interdict on dollar transfer from this country, he eked out his way by working in many factories as a student and as a worker and astonished heads of such institutions with his uncanny knowledge of their own machines.

Long before, he had earned enough which he thought was ample provision for his family.



G. D. Naidu

Since then he felt entirely free to devote himself without any weight of domestic burdens to uncharted adventures on a limitless sea of discovery and enterprise. He has no love of money, no desire to acquire. All his faculties are given to invention and construction and destruction of things constructed for the discovery of further inventions and further things to construct.

Sir C. V. Raman has compared him to Luther Burbank, so greatly was he impressed by the cotton and maize plants of the "believe it or not" variety grown by Naidu with strong medicines contrived by his ingenuity. In agriculture, mechanical engineering, wireless and radio, the greatest professors adorning our universities and research institutions have much to learn from Sri Naidu. His residence, Gopal Bagh, at Coimbatore is a marvellous combination of workshop, laboratory, museum and farm, and the exhibits on parade there, each in its way a masterpiece of invention, would engage a visitor for nearly a hundred hours for a mere superficial survey.

Naidu knows how to make two blades grow where only one grew before, and if the Government are wise they will turn to him for aid to grow more food instead of pathetically sinking treasure in purchases from abroad. He runs a school and hostel for training students in automobile and radio engineering, and it is reported that in one year he is able to turn out there experts and technicians not unequal to many finished products of engineering colleges after five years of expensive coaching. Naidu believes that "to learn how to learn is itself the greatest part of learning," and in his school, as described by Sir C. V. Raman after an inspection, "by dissecting out the various parts of a mechanism and exhibiting their relations to each other the working of the whole is made intelligible and the young mind is imbued with both confidence and understanding." He has to his credit inventions of marketable articles for which American firms are most anxious to secure selling agencies.

Sri Naidu is well worth the attention of Provincial and Central Governments. Groping helplessly does not conduce to national benefit. The soul of good to people does not lie either in endless speeches or advertisements or in the patronage

of muffs spectacularly glorified. Technological institutions become worthless if worthless people man them. The right man with the irreplaceable brain is worth millions of wealth capable of distributing prosperity to people if only the men in power at the helm know how to nurse him to utility. Sri Naidu who is one such man today, but our present biological knowledge of what produces geniuses in the world is nil. They just happen as mysteriously as shooting stars and only too often the world wakes up to the knowledge of the treasure when its worth is nearly extinguished by cruel circumstances of life or by rule of thumb steam-rolling by mediocres in authority. But for an accident, Ramanujam would have died ingloriously grinding away at a desk amidst the files of a stuffy office. Even so, the discovery was too late to prevent the withering away of that genius whilst he had barely begun to flower. God grant that we do not pass by such sublime chances in the dulled routine of looking without seeing, hearing without lending ear and knowing without perceiving. We would be like the fool who when Lakshmi placed nuggets of jewels in his path felt suddenly impelled by a curiosity to experiment how the blind find their way in their darkness and walked across ignorant of what he had missed.—SAKA.



A food concentrate, two ounces of which is said to provide a palatable meal containing one-third of the normal person's daily nutritional requirements, is now being distributed by 32 American relief agencies in 21 countries. This product, developed by an American nutritionist, is called Multi-Purpose Food (MPF).

MPF may be used either as a meal in itself when boiled with water for 10 minutes, or as a supplement to the regular diet. MPF has a meat-like taste when used by itself, and when added to another food takes on the taste and consistency of that food.

Two ounces of this food provides the approximate nutritive equivalent of a serving of beef, a glass of milk, and a normal serving of green peas and potatoes.

Projects of further research on the uses of MPF are at present being carried on in India, the Belgian Congo, China, Puerto Rico, Alaska, Austria, Germany and in the United States.

THE SACRIFICIAL GOAT

by S. PARTHASARATHY

ONE afternoon, both God and Devil finding time hanging heavy on their hands took positions just outside the front entrances of their respective mansions which faced each other across the road in order that they may watch the traffic. But there was hardly any traffic or trace of life even on the road. So after some time Devil turned to God and said: "Isn't it frightfully dull?" To this, God made no reply but nodded his head as though in agreement. Devil continued, "Why not enliven the time? Suppose we change the name plates so that your mansion shall read as 'Hell' and mine as 'Heaven'. After that, we shall ask Yama to send a few fellows from earth whose time is nearly up. As they start coming, we shall throw open our doors so that they may be able to look into the interiors before answering our questions about their qualifications for admission. That would be some fun, what do you say?" "Okay with me", said God in a tone of indifference, but not unwilling to get diverted. Accordingly, Yama was sent for and given instructions and the other arrangements were made. God and Devil seated themselves in chairs placed just across the road between the two mansions to face the men coming from the earth. In a short while, a few turned up from the earth headed by a fat man who wore a big turban of coloured cloth. The men from the earth craned their necks and looked into the interiors of the two mansions through the open doorways. Inside the mansion marked Hell, they saw splendour and sunshine, and inside the other marked Heaven, they saw death and darkness. They were struck dumb with astonishment until Devil broke the tension by asking the fat man in turban: "Where do you want to go in? Both are open as you see". The fat man replied: "Heaven, of course. No, No, I mean Hell, Hell". "What have you done to merit entry

into Hell?" asked Devil. "Sir", said the fat man, now sufficiently recovered, "may I be allowed to go back for a few years? I have several deals to complete out of which I can make a lot of money. If you will allow me to go now, I can pay you five lacs of rupees." "Nothing of that sort here", said Devil sternly. "In that case, Sir, why not you come and live with me? I have big palaces in all important places in my country. You can live in any one of them like a prince. You can have everything you want. It will be more comfortable than your present abode." "None of that either", said Devil with a suppressed smile, and added, "be quick with the recital of your qualifications." "I have made crores of rupees", said the fat man, "by profiteering, blackmarketing and other dubious ways, such as, cheating, supplying inferior goods, evasion of taxes and by corrupting officials. I have even allowed people to face death from starvation rather than forego my profit on sales of food grains." "You can claim him", said God to Devil, by way of judgment.

The next man was a politician who was all the time clinging to the shadow of the fat man. Devil asked him about his qualifications for admission. The politician: "I am supposed to be a poor man, but in fact I enjoy all the comforts of the rich without their worries. Men like these", said he, pointing to the fat man, "look after us very well in return for certain services that we render them. As a politician, I, along with others, have realised that it is not open to every man to grow up like Mahatma Gandhi, loved by everybody. So, I promote hatred between the communities and sects in order that I can create a separate group of men of whom I could be the leader." "He is yours", said God to Devil.

The third man styled himself as a Minister of State, and said that he

taxed both the rich and the poor very heavily, but took care not to enforce collection of taxes very strictly from the rich. He said that he depended on the fat man and on the politician to keep his present place and was doing all that was expected of him by the first two." "He is yours", said God again to Devil.

The fourth man claimed to be a labour leader and said that he made money both out of labour by appropriating union funds and from the capitalists by blackmailing them. His main job in life was to create, whenever his purse ran empty, feuds between labour and capital in order to replenish himself and also to keep himself in power. "You can annex him also", said God.

The next man claimed to be a communist, and said that he was engaged in working for the welfare of the proletariat. He said his people did not believe in Heaven or Hell, and until he came here he also held that opinion. Of course, he used to tell the people in a figurative way that his party would establish Heaven on earth. But seeing conditions here, he said he would prefer to go back and tell his people that it is better to say that they will have Hell on earth as their ideal. For one thing, it would be very easy for them to attain that ideal, considering the nature of the methods employed by them to get themselves established in power. God told Devil "You can take him also."

The sixth man said he was a socialist. He said that the politician and the communist who spoke before him were all undesirable men and sinners. So far as he was concerned, he was not clear in his mind as to what was good for his people and the means to secure it. "Anyway", he said, "we will not be able to achieve anything without divine help." Addressing God, he said: "I pray that you will use your influence to place the socialists in power, and in return for your intervention, though our ideology

may not permit us to openly acknowledge our loyalty to you, I will still promise not to forget you altogether." God said to Devil, "Here is a difficult case. He cannot be either mine or yours. What shall we do?" Devil answered, "Let him take his stand for the present in the middle of the road."

The seventh man was a dark furtive-looking person with a beard, who described himself in a squeaking voice as a member of the Dravidar Kazhagam. "How do you pronounce the second word?" asked God. "You will never be able to pronounce it", said the dark man, "because you are an Aryan." "Where do you want to go in?" asked Devil, "and what are your qualifications?" "How can there be any doubt?" said the dark man. "I am a stern enemy of God. I do not believe in his existence. I do not believe in his power. I do not believe in the Vedas. I do not believe in Heaven." And he would have harangued in a similar vein, had not God intervened with a question. "Now that you can see Heaven, what do you say about it?" At this, he worked himself into a paroxysm of rage and gesticulating wildly with his hands, he said, "I have been brought here by the trick of some brahmins. You have no right to question me. You are a" God ordered him to shut up, in a voice that sounded like thunder. The dark furtive man immediately collapsed on the ground, drenched in sweat. Then addressing Devil, God said, "Take this away immediately." "I am afraid I have no alternative but to oblige you", said Devil, also in disgust.

Then the last man turned up, who seemed to be made up of skin and bone. God asked him, "Who are you?" "Sir, I am the consumer, the common man, the school teacher, the clerk and the casual labourer." "Why are you so famished?" asked God. To this, the lean man replied: "Those whom you have seen before me have made my life so difficult and so costly that I have hardly enough to buy the cloth and the food necessary for myself and my

family out of what I earn. Even the little income which I get is being taxed in various ways, even through the essential services and taken away by the State. Though I represent the majority of the people of the country, the rest are interested only in exploiting us but not in protecting us." Then Devil asked, "Where do you want to go in and what are your qualifications for admission?" The lean man took a look at both the mansions, and said "As Hell now looks like Heaven, I would like to go into it. I have been guilty of a few sins. I remember having spoken harshly to my wife and children whenever

they pestered me to buy them something or other, and I have frequently entertained doubts, though only for short moments, about the existence of God when I thought of the injustice and rapacity that goes unpunished and unchecked." "That would not entitle you to go into Hell," said God. "I am afraid you belong to me." "What! Am I to be the sacrificial goat even here?", wept the lean man. "Do not worry", said God in a voice full of kindness. The questioning being over, God ordered the men to stay where they were, while he went about restoring the name plates to their original places.

Pleasure is a by-product. Pursue it directly and it will elude you. Throw yourself body and soul into your work, devote your energy to a cause, lose yourself in something greater than self, and on looking back you will find you have been happy.—
C. E. M. Joad.

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SOCIAL SECURITY SCHEMES

by Sir C. P. RAMASWAMY AIYAR

EVEN before the attainment of independence by India there had been a strong and concerted movement for the amelioration of the conditions of labour in mines, and factories, ships and public utility administrations like railways and posts and telegraphs establishments; and after the attainment of the new status by India, this elevation of the lot of the working classes has naturally occupied a very prominent position. In the programme of national rehabilitation, compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes, payment of compensation to workers in various contingencies, and the possibility of old age pensions and disability benefits are matters that are focussing attention. Having been a close student of the legislative and social welfare work which originated in New Zealand and later on was followed by Australia, it had long been my intention to visit those two countries where very fine pioneer work in the direction of social welfare had been attempted and carried out, and where the idea of old age pensions was implemented as early as 1898, being then an absolutely new departure. The improvement of the workers' lot had been more concentratedly carried out in Australia and New Zealand than in countries like England and America, although the great economic depression that started in 1929 in the United States and had its repercussions in the United Kingdom had led to a searching of hearts and to the formulation of new policies to meet the crisis that threatened the body politic.

It was realised in the western world that economic disaster may well depend on factors beyond individual control, and that the utmost industry and thrift on the part of the individual citizen or worker would be unequal to the task of averting or dealing with such disaster. By virtue of such realisation, schemes were produced in the United States and Great Britain from 1935; and such schemes were based on the idea that such depressions themselves indicated the limitation of individual effort. The United States legislated, in 1935, for the purpose of bringing about national insurance against economic hazards as part of a policy to abolish fear and want. Unemployment insurance was inaugurated in Great Britain on the footing and with the conviction that

such relief was not charity but was part of essential state programme for maintenance and levelling up standards of life. The succeeding years have produced new and more comprehensive plans with which the names of Keynes and Beveridge are associated within the last two years. Both in the matter of social security and medical relief great work has been done in England. But all these schemes are to a large extent founded on the experiments inaugurated in New Zealand and found generally successful.

I was also struck by and wanted to witness for myself the results of an agrarian and health policy which has brought about the highest farming productivity in the world and longest expectation of life and a standard of living which is amongst the highest. One of the significant features of New Zealand's economy is strikingly illustrated by certain figures which speak for themselves. The national wealth of the country after subtracting public and local authority debts is between 900 and thousand million pounds distributed amongst one and a half million people, and yet not more than a hundred persons in the whole country get over 50,000 pounds a year by way of income. In other words, New Zealand has, by its enactments and its mode of life, practically eliminated poverty as well as great aggregation of capital. I have, therefore, thought it useful to analyse and outline the main points kept in view in New Zealand.

Being a small country with a population of a million and a half, New Zealand is a country of immense productivity and abundant natural resources which are carefully husbanded and fully exploited. But the population is no more than one and a half million for a country whose area is more than double the size of Great Britain. New Zealand has, therefore, been enabled by its natural advantages to conduct experiments in social remodelling, which cannot easily be contemplated elsewhere; and all that social reform work in that dominion is under the auspices of the State and is not based on community groups as in England, such reliance in the State being attributable to the lack of that fierce individualism which exists in the United States, and to the absence of adequate private organisations

which, to a certain extent, take up social welfare work in the United Kingdom. As already stated, New Zealand started its old age pension schemes as early as 1898, and national provident and annuity scheme based upon the subsidies of private contributions to the extent of 25 per cent. Relief for widows and their children was also started very early in the country, but the most sweeping and significant changes were brought about by the driving force of Michael Joseph Savage, the first Prime Minister of New Zealand, to whom the grateful country has erected a striking and wonderful monument. His idea and his method of approach to the whole problem has been properly described by that well-known writer Tawney in the following words: "Though the ideal of an equal distribution of wealth may elude us, yet, we must make haste towards it not because wealth is the most important of man's treasures but to prove that it is not".

When the slump of 1935 affected New Zealand in common with the rest of the world, inevitably the State had to curtail its activities, and pensions, wages and salaries were reduced by ten per cent and relief camps to subsidised farm labour were set up; these were the methods adopted to cope with the desperate situation. Determined to avoid the recurrence of such calamities, Savage, in collaboration with a group of economists and practical businessmen, produced a consolidating enactment in 1938 dealing with pensions, free hospital treatment and unemployment relief. He made a new approach to the whole problem by making it clear that these pensions were not to be given as charity but should be based on every one's contribution. A Ministry of Social Security for carrying out the provisions of the Act was created. The assets needed for the new schemes were obtained firstly by a registration fee payable by every one above 16 and below 20 years of age at the rate of 5 shillings per year and 20 shillings per year for every one above 20 years of age. In addition, there was a Social Security Tax of one shilling in the pound on all wages, salary and income accruing or earned in the State, and whatever extra money was needed was provided for by a subsidy from Parliament. From 1940 there has been working a universal superannuation scheme which is irrespective of the means of the individual and is payable to the millionaire and the poor man alike. This is payable at 65 to

all men and women who have resided for 10 years and more in New Zealand. The amount of the superannuation is kept up year after year, and starting with ten pounds a year in 1940, it increased by 2 pounds 10 shillings per year, until it has reached 104 pounds per year in 1978. Side by side with this are the age benefits which are intended for the poorer section of the population. Nevertheless, everyone is entitled to it from the age of 60, even though he has a house and an income of not more than 52 pounds from other sources including annuities. 500 pounds is allowed as the maximum amount of property beyond which these benefits are not distributed. Any one below this level of private means is entitled to 104 pounds per year for himself and 52 pounds for his wife and 26 pounds for each dependent child. There is a special allowance for war service. The New Zealand enactment also provides for widow's benefits, a childless widow getting 78 pounds per year and 104 pounds if she has children. All families getting not more than 5 pounds in a week receive 10 shillings per child weekly. This plan is devised to deal with the serious underpopulation of the country and to encourage the growth of large families.

These as will be seen, seek to alleviate the effects of poverty and destitution, but the health schemes which also have been enacted in New Zealand have as their object a comprehensive idea of bringing about the optimum health in the population of the country. Irrespective of the possession of private means, everyone in New Zealand, who consults a doctor, has to pay only one-third of his fees, each doctor receiving 7s. 6d. for a consultation or visit on week days and 12s. 6d. on Sundays, the patient paying only three shillings. Specialists have to be paid at special rates and are dealt with separately. The State also pays for the treatment and maintenance in maternity hospitals at the rate of £2, 5s. during the time of labour and 12s. 6d. per day thereafter. Maternity cases are treated free in public hospitals. Great as these schemes are, they are further supplemented by a scheme of pharmaceutical supplies. All medicines and appliances ordered by a qualified doctor are supplied free throughout New Zealand. There are also x-ray and dental treatment benefits. For those persons who are not old enough to enjoy the age benefits but are debilitated by sickness or who are blind or otherwise totally incapacitated, there are invalid benefits of 78 pounds per year under 21 years and

104 pounds over 21 years. If he is a married man who is an invalid, he receives in addition, 104 pounds for his wife and 26 pounds for each dependent child. Men who are temporarily disabled for work through illness or accident, get weekly benefits of £1 10s. for those under 20 years and £2 for others including extra payments for wife and children. To crown all these, those who are unable to earn a living owing to physical or mental disability or domestic calamity, also get emergency benefits.

The above is a summary of the marvellously ramified and widespread scheme designed to deal with human disability or misfortune and the underlying ideal of New Zealand legislation is to level up the standards of health and good living in the population at large. Although the conditions in that country are exceptional, yet the philosophy of life underlying the legislation and social activity of New Zealand are of immense and important significance from the rest of the world and furnish pointers for the future.

JUSTICE FOR ALL—AT RS. 5 CRORES A YEAR

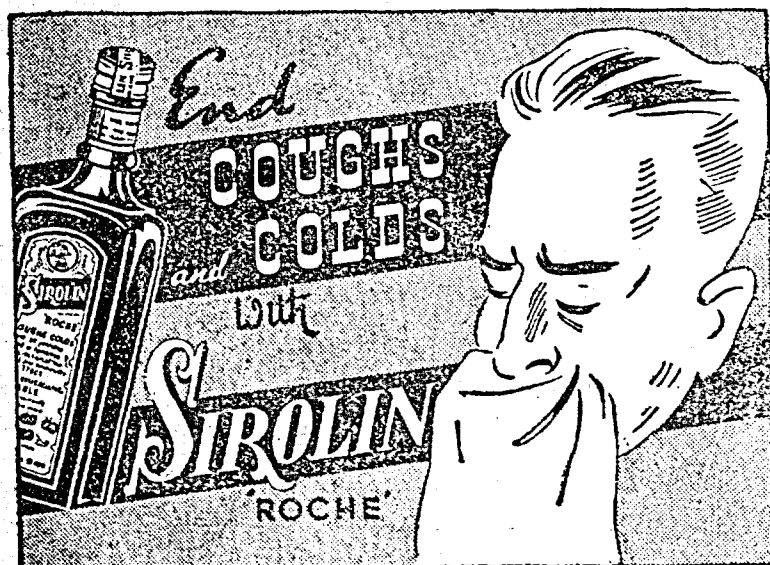
Britain is to spend £4,000,000 (Rs. 5.32 crores) a year to ensure that justice should be denied to none for lack of means.

This is the intention of the Legal Aid and Advice Bill, which has just been published. The new Bill provides for the first time a comprehensive system of legal aid and advice.

There is an income bar to the scheme, for it will apply to those with net disposable incomes of under £420 (Rs. 5,590) annually after allowance is made for taxes, etc., or with disposable capital of less than £500 (Rs. 6,650).

Legal advice would be available on payment of a charge of less than Rs. 2.

The gross cost of £4,000,000 (Rs. 5.32 crores) will be paid half by the State and half by contributions.



IF you are travelling for the first time up the Nilgiri Railway, the moment you entrain at Mettupalayam, you are sure to come across somebody who asks you whether it is the first time you are going up to Ooty. "This is a wonderful journey," he will assure you. "You see, the train runs on three lines—rack-railway, it is called. The middle line is cogged! It is the only railway of its kind in India. . . . Come over this side—near this window. Only from this side you can catch the best of what there is to see. . . . It seems in Switzerland they have a similar. . . ."

Then suddenly there is a clicking under the chassis of your compartment.

"There," your neighbour points out, "that's the chassis engaging the rack—the third line, you know."

Meanwhile the train is making its noisy and laboured progress up the side of the ghats and the whole nature of the surroundings changes as if with the touch of a fairy's wand. Luxurious tropical vegetation grows down the slopes on one side and on the other a stiff wall of mountain rises up to where the clouds gather on its summit.

Up and up you go, delicately balanced on a long curving bridge or feasting your eyes on the far away 'plains' with a few cloudlets lazily dangling above.

You have forgotten all about the lequacy of your sophisticated neighbour. The coolth of the Nilgiri air ruffles your locks. You are as happy as a child and you frequently turn to your acquaintance—a friend by now—and ask him "What is that?" or "Lovely, isn't it?"

The human mind is so fickle that it generally stops functioning when the present is pleasant. Among the millions who travel up and down how many pause to reflect on those who built that railway? Your friend tells you that the genius of a European engineer constructed this railway; but

he has got you in a gullible mood and palmed off a mendacious statement.

No. A European engineer never constructed this Railway. It was constructed by men and women of low social and intellectual status—by labourers who carried rails, broke stones, excavated tunnels and mixed the concrete on which were founded the bridges. They constructed this railway—they who worked far from their homes, their flighty loves and fitful hatreds colouring their drab existence under the yoke of petty officialdom.

Yes, thousands of labourers worked on this line in the dim past to earn their living, to shed the sweat of their brow on the recalcitrant soil and, if unlucky, to become a prey to wasting malaria.

It is a complex of the human mind to always impart grandeur to the past forgetting that those who lived then found the sordid realities of life as inescapable as we do today.

The sun had declined behind the hills leaving the 14th. Labour Camp and the stone-quarry nearby bathed in ruddy twilight. The railway was nearing completion. Inside a hut a young girl was squatting before a fire and boiling rice. She had a lissom, girlish figure, but her face, haggard and worn, did not match the body.

She turned from the cooking-pot as she heard steps coming up the pathway. It was a stranger whom she had never seen before.

"Is this the 14th Camp?" he enquired as he came up to the hut.

"Yes."

"I want to see the maistry."

"The maistry is not here at present. He has gone to the village. He will be back soon."

The stranger sat down on the green knoll. He seemed uninterested. In

another few moments he stretched his weary limbs and dozed off.

Alamelu, the girl, mildly surprised, returned to the pot of rice. She seemed flurried trying to coax the fire to flare up. Far away she could hear the voices of drunken men rising in some ribald song. She cast anxious looks at the half-cooked rice and pressed her hands to her bosom.

The voices came nearer and the maistry who was ahead of his men was flushed with arrack. He was big and brawny and as he came to the hut he saw Alamelu stooping over the fire.

"Is the food ready?" he shouted at her.

"In five minutes," she replied turning to face him.

"I want my food now," he said bad-temperedly and with the back of his hand he viciously slapped her on the cheek. "What have you been doing?"

Alamelu wiped the two drops of tears which physical pain forced out of her eyes and remained silent. She knew that any answer would result in another blow or a kick.

The men outside the hut tittered. They knew that their maistry liked to be appreciated.

When the maistry came out of the hut he espied the stranger lying on the knoll.

He called out to Alamelu.

"Who is that wretch sleeping there?"

"He came here to see you and I asked him to wait."

One of the labourers crossed over to him and roughly shook him up. The stranger got up on his feet with great effort and rubbed his eyes.

"Who are you?"

"Supervisor, Eighth Camp, sent me here," he replied and handed to the maistry a twisted bit of paper.

"Oh, you've come here to work, have you?"

"Yes, maistry."

"You are not even able to stand up, you weakling!" the maistry guffawed. "Do you think you can break stones?"

"I'll try my best. You see I've walked all the way from Eighth Camp and malaria has weakened me."

"Malaria, is it? You've come here to die!"

The stranger was silent because he did not appreciate the joke as the

others seemed to by their hoarse laughter.

"What's your name?"

"Gopal."

"Well—I don't care what happens to you. All I want is your quota of gravel every day. Otherwise you can walk back now itself."

At crack of dawn the 14th Camp became active. Every man took his spade, chisel or hammer and set out to work. Alamelu came out with her hammer and found that Gopal, not having been assigned any work, was standing awaiting orders.

"It is no use waiting for the maistry," she informed him. "He'll get up only at noon. I'll tell you what to do. You follow me."

She gave him one of the long-handled hammers and took him with her to the quarry where the others had already started work.

"This is where I work," Alamelu said pointing to a sort of elevation about fifty yards from where the other labourers were grouped together, some digging and others breaking stones.

"I always work away from them. They are a vulgar lot. But I don't mind your working near me. You seem different."

Gopal ignored the invitation to talk about himself and sat down to work a few yards away from her.

Towards noon the sun was beating fiercely and in the valley the air was stuffy. The breeze which whistled through the trees higher up did not stir the dank atmosphere.

Suddenly Gopal stopped hammering and Alamelu noticed an unhealthy pallor creep over his face.

"Are you ill?" she enquired.

"No. I'm not. I'll be allright soon."

"Wait a minute. I shall run and get you some water. There is a stream close by."

Before he could refuse Alamelu had picked up a tin and run. She came back panting with the water and gave it to him. The drink of cold water seemed to refresh him.

"Thank you," he murmured under his breath.

"There is something I'd like to ask you. You seem so different from the ordinary labourers. Have you fallen into bad days?"

"In a way. I was at the 8th Camp and narrowly escaped dying of malaria."

I couldn't continue to work there. So to earn my living the supervisor sent me here."

The 14th Camp was above the malaria belt.

"I didn't mean that. I'm sure you don't come from a working family."

"That is a long story....The maistry, your husband...."

"He is not my...." Alamelu hesitated as if she had impulsively spoken too much.

"He is not your husband? What do you mean?"

Alamelu thought for a few moments before she replied.

"There is no harm telling you. No, he is not my husband. I am kept by him....as a mistress."

To Gopal this was an unexpected revelation and he blinked.

"I'm sure you misunderstand me," Alamelu tried to explain. "I cannot help being what I am. I came to work here nearly two years ago with my mother. Last year the cursed malaria killed her. We were at the camp at the foot of the hills. Left destitute, I was forced to become the maistry's mistress if only to avoid starvation. His wife and I became good friends in spite of our peculiar position. She was bullied and beaten mercilessly almost every day and although the maistry took me into his house as her rival, yet she was happy to have my sympathy. Six months ago she died—died of the maistry's excessive brutality. You know my position now. I am his plaything."

"What about the money you earn breaking stones?"

"I don't get any money. He takes all my wages."

"That's horrible."

Alamelu was quiet and Gopal feeling that he had heard enough for a day, picked up the hammer and started to break stones.

Days rolled into weeks—weeks into months. Alamelu and Gopal sat for nearly ten hours everyday in mute companionship. They were no good at conversation and on the few occasions they attempted to break the ice they either punctuated their colloquy with large oases of silence or ended abruptly not sure of the delicate ground they treaded on. But there was no gainsaying the fact that they loved sitting near each other under the scanty shade of a nutmeg tree with their hearts and

minds far away in a haven of their own while beads of sweat glistened on their foreheads and their tawny arms rhythmically wielded the hammer.

After the first month Gopal was a different man. He appeared stronger and the yellow pallor which excessive quinine had given him, had almost vanished. But his physical resuscitation did not bring peace to his heart. Very often he was witness to the maistry ill-using Alamelu brutally.

It was on the day after one such exhibition of drunken sadism on the maistry's part that Gopal grew bold and threw his reticence and reserve towards Alamelu to the winds.

"Look, Alamelu! Why don't you leave this camp?" Gopal put it bluntly. "It breaks my heart to see you suffering like this."

"But where can I go from here?"

"I didn't explain. What I mean is I want you to come away with me. You see, I've earned a little money. At present it is not quite sufficient. But next month I'll have enough. Then we can both go. I can find some work and we can get married. We'll go far away."

Alamelu remained silent, lost in thought, the hammer idle.

"What, Alamelu? Don't you want to come?—with me?"

Alamelu muttered slowly: "It sounds too good to be true."

"It is true. I can't let you stay here. The maistry is inhuman. He is a brute....So next month you'll come with me?"

"Yes, of course. It's all like a dream to me."

"Oh no. This is no dream. We are definitely going away together."

Gopal caught her eyes flashing him a look of gratitude the depth of which no word could express.

The long awaited pay day came. Gopal received his wages from the Supervisor and the Overseer who had come for disbursement, and returned to his work. He was extremely happy. The following day Alamelu and he had planned to leave the Camp for good.

"Tomorrow, just before dawn, Alamelu," Gopal reminded her.

"Yes we'll go away for good."

"Aren't you happy?"

"I'm very happy."

The bushes parted behind them and the maistry stepped out.

"Planning to elope, are you?" He sneered and kicked Alamelu viciously in the ribs. Gopal made a Herculean effort at self-control because he did not want to upset the plans for the following day.

"Get up, you son of a..." the maistry ordered but before Gopal could comply he kicked him full in the face. Gopal covered his face with his hands in intense agony when the maistry let fly another kick which caught him low in the abdomen. After indulging in a few more kicks, he desisted and waited for Gopal to get up.

"That's a lesson to keep off my woman, understand?... Now get up and go down to where the others are working. If I see you anywhere near this place I'll break every bone in your filthy body. Now... get a move on."

Gopal obeyed because he knew that any churlishness on his part would make Alamelu suffer more.

He went down to the stream and washed himself. The pain was easing but the humiliation was unbearable. He threaded his way to where the maistry had asked him to work. He sat there dreamily trying to work out a plan of vengeance. The bell for the midday meal was almost due. He guessed that the Supervisor and the Overseer must have left.

Gopal got up, the long-handled hammer still in his hand, and walked to where Alamelu was breaking stones. When he went close she looked up at him with tear-stained cheeks.

"We are going away now. Yes. We are both going to the maistry and tell him we are leaving. He can't prevent us."

"No. Please," Alamelu pleaded, "There will be a quarrel."

"Don't worry about that. I'll lick him. Last time he caught me off my guard. This time I'm prepared."

"No, no, Please don't fight."

"Come on," insisted Gopal.

Alamelu yielded to the stronger personality and followed Gopal towards the maistry's hut.

Gopal stepped inside with Alamelu trembling close behind him. The maistry turned to face them.

"Alamelu and I are leaving this camp now. She has had enough of your bullying. Understand? We are going now." Gopal turned towards Alamelu, "Go and get your things. Quick."

Alamelu was dazed and the maistry laughed loudly. Alamelu moved as an automaton towards the small room in the hut which was used as a store-room, kitchen, bathroom and bedroom. When she neared the doorway the maistry with one hefty kick sent her sprawling into the room and within the twinkling of an eye closed the door, bolted and locked it.

Again Gopal's plans had gone wrong and meanwhile the midday bell having been rung the other labourers could be heard coming up. Gopal knew a tussle was due any time and cooled his temper.

"Open the door," he commanded in a level tone.

"Get out... Or I'll... I'll murder you," The look on the maistry's face bore out his intention.

"Open the..."

Again the maistry acted with lightning rapidity. All in one movement he clutched a knife and charged Gopal but Gopal was quicker.

The long-handled hammer came down with uncanny precision on the maistry's pate before he could close in. There was a dull thud and the maistry collapsed lifelessly on the floor. Gopal fished the key out of his pocket, opened the room and got Alamelu out. To his surprise two men totally unexpected were standing on the threshold of the hut—the Supervisor and the Overseer. They had returned to retrieve a register unwittingly left behind.

Gopal looked at them and spoke in an unemotional voice: "I've killed him, sir. But I did it in self-defence. Did you see it?"

Alamelu screamed and sank down on the floor in a swoon. The Supervisor was more practical.

"He is alive!" he said and turning to the labourers who were swarming outside, he shouted, "Bring in a stretcher. We've got to carry him to hospital."

In relays the maistry was carried to the hospital—a distance of nearly four miles by footpath. The doctor there pronounced it a case of skull-fracture with only a remote chance of his patient's survival.

The police arrested Gopal and charged him with murder.

The train puffs up the tortuous climb. There are no labour camps now. A vista of grandeur unrolls itself before the traveller's eager eyes.

VIDWAN RAJAMANICKAM PILLAI

by RAJASREE

"MUSIC in which the Hindu excelled has not as yet been the object of special studies. The refinements of a too scholarly theory have paralysed the researches of the Europeans".—*Silvian Levi*.

Just as the Andhras are proud of Prof. Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu and the Mysoreans of Sri. T. Chowdiah, Tamilians have every right to be proud of that veteran violinist, Sri. Rajamanickam Pillai of Kumbakonam. For the second time in the history of the Madras Music Academy, a violinist of renown has been duly honoured, the first instance being in 1941 when Prof. Dwaram was elected President and occupied the chair with dignity.

Rajamanickam Pillai was born on 6th August 1898 in Kumbakonam. The extraordinary musical gifts were there indeed, and made themselves evident at an early age. He was put under Tirukodikaval Ramaswami Iyer, a violinist of repute, who was himself a sishya of that celebrated violinist, Tirukodikaval Krishna Iyer. Rajamanickam showed great promise and progressed rapidly. He was allowed to play in small performances. His first big chance came when he was a boy of 19. The Zamindar of Andipatti, Karur, who was known for celebrating Utsavams, had heard Rajamanickam play, and he gave him a chance to play in one of the Utsavams. It was a great success. He shot into limelight and attracted the attention of the public. Just at this time, the great star of Trichy, Govindaswami Pillai was shining brilliantly in the musical sky. And everyone saw the birth of a new star in Rajamanickam. He had the unique good fortune of being in the midst of the great masters of his time, like Nayana Pillai and Govindaswami, and this happy environment helped to develop his talents easily and quickly. His attitude towards the

great masters was one of simple devotion.

Soon he rose to fame. He was accompanying all the eminent musicians of his time. After the death of Govindaswami, he was in constant demand. He is a hard worker. His only explanation, when asked about the secret of his success was that he worked hard. In 1940, he was made the Asthana Vidwan of Travancore with Semmangudi.

Tall, burly and imposing, Rajamanickam is a violinist of a very high order. He has an admirable capacity for adjustment. Fidelity is his principal musical trait. He makes no daring experiments. As an accompanist, he has very few equals, barring Chowdiah. He has a sense of proportion and is never known for overdoing anything. None of his self-imposed restrictions affect the æsthetic appeal of his music. It is a joy to hear him with Ariyakudi and Semmangudi. His manodharma is rich and varied. His bowing is soft and pleasing. He can achieve perfection while handling a short raga like 'Khamas' and can reach the topmost peaks of grandeur with deft and subtle touches when playing ragas like Ananda Bhairavi, Thodi, Bilahari, Kalyani and Kambodi.

Rajamanickam Pillai is modest and unassuming. In his nature, there is a genuine core of pleasantness. He hates show and probably that is the reason for his refusing many titles till now. Like Chowdiah, he has trained many sishyas, the most outstanding among them being Mayavaram Govindaraja Pillai and Papanasam Balasaraswathi. As a fitting reward for his long, unstinted and selfless service to the cause of MUSIC, he has been elected to the presidential chair of that august body, the Madras Music Academy, this year.

THE BEAUTIFUL INFECTION

by JAMES H. COUSINS

IN my thirty-three years of advocacy of the revival of Indian art and of its inclusion in school and college education, my emphasis on the necessity of keeping it indigenous has occasionally been met with the assertion that art, like science, has no boundaries, and that the artist should be free to represent whatever subject he or she has in mind in any method that temperament or predilection may adopt.

It is obvious that no one can prevent an artist in stone, wood, metal, ivory, colour, line, rhythm, sounds, fibres or words, using any variation of these according to his or her fancy. It is equally obvious that the reception and longevity of any work of art will vary according to the mental and emotional responses of the spectator and listener. The future has always in the past eras of art dealt with both and is not likely to change its habit.

Yet the future hardly seems worth worrying about. Even if the demon of destruction that is secreted in the nature of the vast majority of humans, at the present stage of their snail-pace development, did not make hay of the Roerich Pact for the preservation of works of art, the complex dissolvent of time, climate, fungi and insects would see to it. The discovery of a chamber in a rock temple of Travancore moved me to a double emotion when I first saw it, sorrow that what had obviously been a gallery of mural painting at the highest level of the art twelve hundred years ago should have all but peeled off the rock walls; and joy in the few fragments of superb art that had been left to be preserved in authentic copies in the State Gallery in Trivandrum. But we do not have to wait a millennium for artistic oblivion by natural agencies. I have twisted my eyes in galleries in Europe trying to decipher pictures of only three centuries ago that had been reduc-

ed almost to midnight by the degeneration of the materials by which they had been painted.

Still, we have the present for the gratification of the egocentric ingredient in the make-up of all of us. The present is sufficient. The past is the present that has moved into the archaeology of life: the future is the present not yet emerged from the state of speculation and prophecy. Those who crave for future remembrance need not lose their sleep in anxiety to leave "great verse (or any other art) unto a little clan" or to a large one. They have done so already if they have done anything worthy. Every artist, who is an artist and not merely an artificer, can raise his and her hand and aver, "I am immortal; so is my work;" for in a million years they will share the immortality of the craftsmen of the Ellora Kailasa and the Taj Mahal,

Beyond the loud irrelevance of fame,

The worker lost, in his great work content.

But the test of art, which has something to say on "intimations of immortality," is much more crucial in the present tense. You may theorise about the future of art to your heart's content, or lament the fall from the inimitable qualities of the art of the past; but to the living artist none but a contemporary can give the heartening news that he or she has read through your new book of verse at a sitting.

The whole essence and power of creative life are focussed and concentrated in the present moment, that is, life which is not merely reproductive, reproducing what is beyond one's deliberate decisions both in process and result, but life that has the initiative of the First Day, when "God said, let there be light," and there was the illumination of poetry, and of the Sixth Day, when 'God said, let us make man

(and woman) in our image," and there was sculpture. In other words, unless life is an art, not a mere programme of events, it is not life but mere living; and one need not take the trouble of incarnating as a human being in order merely to live: any insect can flutter from blossom to blossom and feed and breed.

We have therefore to keep a close eye on the moment. Its quality and potency hang not only upon its own past but upon the past of the universe; and upon its quality and potency hangs the future of the individual and of the race. Every tick of a clock is charged with both tradition and prophecy; so is every stroke of a sculptor's mallet, a painter's brush, every word of a poet, every sound of a musician. When tradition (the tradition of creation, not the spurious tradition of mimicking things created) is thrown away, when the robes of prophecy are displaced by the gaudy trappings of momentary gratification, then is the work, that ought to belong to the category of art, lowered from the gallery of inspirations to beauty in feeling, thought and life, into the pandemonium of evil promptings for the sake of gain.

We are subject to the infection of ugliness day after day. Night after night we are unconscious victims of the emanations of buildings that are poverty-stricken and culturally homeless, and would absorb our vitality for their own sustenance: our ears are inaudibly but poisonously assaulted by the micro-organisms of sensualism spread through the air from all points of the compass with disastrous effects on taste and life; the everlasting delights of the Muses of drama and verse have been superseded by the momentary excitements of amusement: the spurious is exalted, the real is flouted. That way lies individual and national decay and the threat of premature death.

"More food" is the clamant demand of the body: "less poison" is the unheeded cry of the mind and the heart. The one is tragically

audible in mass emaciation and provoked criminality, and if not heeded will feed itself on social and national disaster: the other, the wall of the emaciated soul, is subtler and more dangerous. A nation of well fed animals may take the race no step upwards; but the starving and poisoning of the soul will reduce to futility the most elaborate plans for the welfare of the body.

In his address at the Exhibition of Indian Art at New Delhi on November 6 (1948), Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Prime Minister of India, said: "People who cannot appreciate beauty are apt to reflect this in life." Reverse the statement, so lamentably obvious, to "People who can appreciate beauty are certain to reflect this in life," and the double saying diagnoses the malady of humanity, and sets down the prescription for its cure. The malady is ugliness in all its forms.

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economic, social, religious, mental, expressional; the cure is beauty as perceived in humanity, nature and art. The infection of ugliness is to be met, not by the artificial injection of an anti-toxin derived from ugliness, but by the natural ingestion of unadulterated beauty.

There is, however, a distinction between the beauty of nature and humanity, and the beauty that is brought into existence by works of art. The qualities of nature and humanity that humanity has come to regard as beautiful are mainly, though not exclusively, outside human interference. We may hybridise a plant or mongrelise a dog, but the laws of the vegetable and animal kingdom are not nullified thereby. We may win prizes at a flower show or a dog show; but, though its traits be modified, a flower remains a flower, and a dog a dog, for all the modifications that the distorted creative faculty in humanity may make in colour or scent or sound. But the beauty that is brought into existence by art is immediate to the human will, feeling and thought. It is conditioned by the media of its disclosure (the beauty of painting is different from the beauty of poetry but is still beauty); it is conditioned by temperament, tradition, aesthetical sensitiveness, mental predilection; yet it is beauty—not truth, for truth, as generally accepted, is statement; but beauty is not statement and is therefore not an interchangeable term with truth, notwithstanding Keats; it is living experience, whether it lowers itself from the archetypal Beauty as Plato held, or, as some modern philosophers think, is a creation of the human mind induced by the impacts of life.

What ultimately matters to humanity is the quality and direction of beauty; for in this is the

revelation of the quality and direction of the human spirit and its influence on its habitat, whether it scatter the infection of ugliness or of beauty. There is a beauty of the body whose call is away from the spirit and to preoccupations of sense that obscure the great sanity and repose in which intimations of "the Beauty of all beauty" can be heard. There is the beauty of artistic form, design, rhythm and texture; innocent in itself, but tending to bind the mind and feelings to the ways and means of doing things, admirable in interposing a barrier of cleanly interest between the artist and the sensual abyss, but inadequate for the revelation of vision and aspiration if held too close to eye and ear, reducing the interstices through which may come the aroma of the "Rose of all roses, rose of all the world." There is the beauty of thought, symbol and idea; but these, because of their special use of the formulating mind, may harden into mental fixations, and perform as disastrous a disservice to art as they have done to the art of religion, which is one of the essentials of life, yet has been reduced, by attachment to expression, to the inartistic aversions of sectarianism.

For the perfect art, an art not yet achieved, the art which will become the perfect medium for the Beauty that will infect life for its regeneration, the outer will be the transparent veil of the inner. Its roughest garb will be tenuous enough to remind the imagination of the robes of glory which the soul gradually discarded on its exploratory descent into the realm of multiplicity and variety, weight and antipathy, and which robes it will reassume with increasing rapidity as the nostalgia of the spirit is awakened and the gross contagions of ugliness are dissipated by the enchanted infections of Beauty.

Said Abraham Lincoln: "God must have loved the common people, he made so many of them."

Said Lenin: "One would like to caress the people but one cannot; they bite."

HELEN KELLER: CRUSADER FOR THE BLIND

by PRITA KUMARAPPA SHALIZI

THE story of Helen Keller, the crusader for the blind, is a constant source of inspiration to the afflicted throughout the world.

When only nineteen months old she fell a victim to the greatly dreaded disease—scarlet fever. On recovery she found herself deaf, dumb and blind. It must indeed have been a terrible tragedy to the little child to have been deprived of the joys of life in one sweeping stroke. For seven long years she lived in a desolate world of darkness and loneliness. Simple gestures were her only means of communication during this difficult period and even they merely denoted her immediate wants and not her thoughts or feelings.

A lucky chance brought her, at the age of seven, the services of Miss Annie Sullivan, who became her governess. This alert and confident young woman set out to do what no one else had thought of doing. With infinite patience she taught young Helen Keller to read Braille. Then Miss Sullivan helped her to develop her sense of touch to its highest level. This is how it was accomplished. For example, when she touched water, Miss Sullivan would immediately spell the word out on Helen's palm. The same technique was applied to all things within and without the house, thereby helping her to associate objects with their proper names and physical properties. Thus, through the untiring efforts of her governess, Helen Keller rapidly increased her vocabulary and her knowledge of the world around her. She even learned to speak and gradually acquired such proficiency that she is now able to address large audiences.

Though deaf, Miss Keller 'hears' many things by the vibrations created by sound which reach her hands and body. She says, for

instance, "By placing my hand on another's throat and cheek, I enjoy the changes of the voice. I know when it is high or low, clear or muffled, sad or cheery ... Every atom of my body is a vibroscope. ... When a carpenter works in the house or in the barn near by, I know by the slanting up-and-down, toothed vibration and the ringing concussion of blow upon blow, that he is sawing or hammering." By means of this acute development of her sense of touch and feeling of vibrations, Helen Keller is able to keep in constant contact with most of the happenings of our everyday world.

However, not content with this achievement, Helen Keller completed her high school education in Braille and then went on to study at Radcliffe College, the women's college of Harvard University. In 1904 she became an Honours graduate having completed many courses in Mathematics, Science, Philosophy and five languages! All along she was treated as any other student and was examined without any special privileges!

Throughout her life Helen Keller has been buoyed up by her optimistic faith in the essential goodness of life. No hardship or obstacle has shaken her faith or deflected her from this path. "With the first word I used intelligibly" she says, "I learned to live, to think, to hope. Darkness cannot shut me in again. ... I demand that the world be good, and lo, it obeys. I proclaim the world good, and facts range themselves to prove my proclamation overwhelmingly true ... Such is the force of this beautiful and wilful conviction, it carries itself in the face of all opposition".

With this sure basis of faith and philosophy, Helen Keller launched into the world to bring comfort and hope to the

blind. She has given innumerable lectures and written many good books in such beautiful language that one cannot help but wonder how their author could possibly have been blind practically all her life. She founded the John Milton Society for the Blind, which is a non-sectarian, inter-denominational agency established to publish and distribute religious literature in Braille to the blind. It also brings out a monthly, the John Milton Magazine in Braille, which is a compilation of the best religious articles appearing in current periodicals. Not only does the Society serve the United States, but it now sends out its publications to Canada, South America and Europe. Soon they hope to extend their services to the Near East and the Orient by publishing literature in Arabic Braille for the Moslem world, in Persian Braille for Iran, in Telugu Braille for South India, in

Korean Braille for Korea and in Cantonese Braille for South China. Thus, blind Helen Keller has sought for varied ways and means to touch the hearts and minds of her fourteen million fellow-blind. She is a glowing source of inspiration to them to grow out of their darkness and render some service to society.

Having toured Europe to appeal to the Western Governments for better education and greater aid to the blind, Helen Keller now plans to do the same in the East. So far this courageous 68 year old lady has accomplished the first lap of her world tour by reaching Japan. The illness of Miss Polly Thompson, her companion-secretary, has prevented her from proceeding further. However, it is to be hoped that she will soon come to India to inspire us, stimulate our interest and increase opportunities for the education of our visually handicapped. —N.P.S. (Copyright).

THE DAMODAR VALLEY PROJECT

by K. S. RAO

A great deal has been said about the Ramapadasagar scheme in the columns of SWATANTRA. It is only fair that readers should know something about other sister projects, the chief among which is the Damodar valley project.

The river Damodar rises in the hills of Chota Nagpur at an altitude of 2000 feet and after a course of 180 miles in Bihar enters Bengal where its confluence with the river Hoogly takes place. The river has been causing devastating destruction, completely sweeping away villages, disrupting the economic life of the valley. Naturally, it has been called the "river of sorrows" by the rural folk. In summer, the volume of water is negligible and irrigation is not possible.

In an effort to harness this river into constructive activity the Government of India have embarked upon the stupendous Damodar valley scheme. It is a multi-purpose project and is being planned on lines very similar to those of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

This "river of sorrows" has a basin comprising an area of 8500 sq. miles endowed with rich mines, luxuriously grown forests and a perennial source of recruitment of labour from some 5,000,000 inhabitants. For a proper exploitation of these resources cheap electric power is a pre-requisite.

The chief feature of the scheme is flood control by impounding the waters for irrigation, power generation and navigation purposes. Seven dams are to be constructed along with a few navigable channels in the proximity of coal mines. Besides, a number of control dams are also to be located at strategic points. The area that would be submerged is only 200 square miles but an area of 9780 sq. miles would benefit by the scheme. The

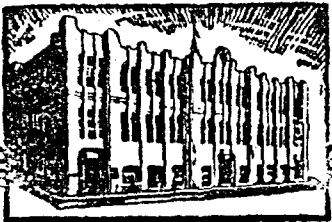
Damodar Valley Act has made enough provision for resettlement of the displaced population.

The project is expected to irrigate an area of 1,000,000, acres most of which lie in Bengal. The whole area is now under single crop irrigation. It will not be difficult to convert it entirely into a double crop area in the long run.

Another important feature of the scheme is generation of power at the various dams. The net capacity of all the dams will be about 487,000 K.W. This electrical energy which will be cheap will so revolutionise the whole industrial structure of the valley that the effects will be felt all over India. As a result, the valley may justly become the industrial hub of India and the nerve-centre of our prosperity.

The barren lands of Chota Nagpur will be transformed into dense forests thus opening up new avenues of raw materials. The area will be no longer characterised by eroded soils stretching for miles and miles without a trace of green. Supply of fresh water to villages and towns around will be a most refreshing feature. Kala Azar and malaria would be banished. New employments, such as fishing, will be opened up to people. The valley with its natural bracing climate, coupled with new attractions, may become a centre of tourist attraction.

The estimated cost of the scheme is sixty crores, to be borne by the Central and the two participating provincial Governments. Besides the various benefits to the general public, the scheme benefits the exchequer too. It has been estimated that the total operating expense of the whole scheme will be about 300 lakhs. and that the returns from the power supply only will be 400 lakhs. Thus the financial soundness of the project is unquestionable.



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LINGUISM: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT

by K. M. MUNSHI

THE elevation of a language as a basis for group-sentiment, seeking expression in terms of power-politics, may for brevity, be termed linguism. It identifies language with culture and equates culture with the political frontiers of a province. This in essence is a form of modern parochial nationalism, for culture never has its boundaries confined to any single language group or area and has no correlation to political ends. The protagonists of redistribution claim that their demand is not parochial, it will not weaken national strength nor will it retard the progress of the country. The origin and development of linguism in the South, however, shows that this claim is not well founded. The kingdoms of Gujarat, Maharashtra, Telangana and Chola Mandal were warring little kingdoms before the incursions of Alauddin Khalji. After him no kingdom and after the British period no province or state was grouped on a linguistic principle. The origin and development of linguism in India have followed the same lines in most of the provinces outside the Hindi-speaking belt. Bengal, the only linguistically self-sufficient province in India, developed it first. The linguistic areas in the South developed it a little later. Young Indians, when they received English education, naturally tried to develop their own mother-tongue. In most cases, literary expression in these languages was achieved by expressing English thoughts and attitudes through the medium of words and phrases borrowed from Sanskrit, the parent language of culture. Research in early literature of each province created a body of scholars with whom the love of that language became a paramount passion. This led to the foundation of literary conferences for each language which provided a meeting

ground to men who believed in their language as a distinctive entity. The next step was for the literary men of each area to reconstruct its history and as most of these literary men were Hindus, they naturally fell back upon the pre-Khalji period for creating a proud historical background. In Maharashtra, however, as the memories of the Maratha rule were comparatively fresh, it became still easier to reconstruct a history in which the Marathi-speaking people could take pride. Thus love of the language led to language-consciousness; and from language-consciousness to a group sentiment based on historic greatness was but a step. The movement for an independent cultural development invariably led to a demand for a University to foster that culture. For instance, the Maharashtra University Committee, presided over by Dr. M. R. Jayakar, in their Report, while stressing the necessity for a University at Poona, laid down among others, as their objects, the following:

"While not losing sight of its essential character as a University, i.e. a seat of universal learning which recognises no frontiers or barriers, except those of the human mind itself, to keep in view the special needs, interests and traditions of Maharashtra and its people, and in particular, its economic resources, its special problems of agriculture, industry and commerce and generally the various aspects of its economic and industrial life; Marathi language and literature, the history, civilisation, art and culture of Maharashtra and in general every branch of study relating to what may be regarded as the distinctive features of the life and thought of the people of Maharashtra of all classes and communities".

In India, as in Europe, as Mocartney says: "The purely cultural movement was, however, seldom more than a first stage. Almost everywhere it was accompanied by a political ambition". Bengal as the only province united on a linguistic and ethnic basis, was the first to adopt this process and therefore the first to cross the boundary between love of one's language and linguism. It was in that province that at one time Bengali and non-Bengali feeling ran highest. Recently Maharashtra has followed suit. This is but the logical development of linguism. By the very logic of its formative principle, it has all the characteristics of an intolerant nationalism. All other linguistic groups within the particular language area are to be treated as aliens. Such nationalism, in the words of Professor Schuman, "implies friendship with the members of the 'in-group' and hostility towards members of all 'out-groups'. The 'in-group' is the focus of all social life... "Stranger" is usually enemy and foreign cultures are strange and hostile".

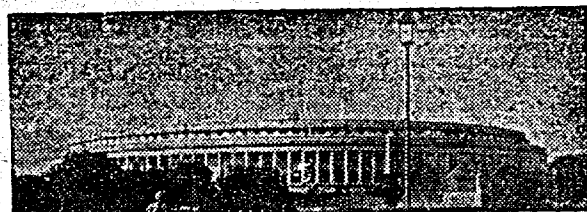
In the recent propaganda for United Maharashtra, for instance, from exciting speeches, articles full of intoxicating slogans, clever allurements, and sinister intimidations, to gigantic posters and symbols, all means generally associated with militant nationalism have been utilised for rousing emotions and hypnotising the masses.

In the Province of Bombay, the Marathi-speaking community forms a majority over Gujarati and Kannada-speaking people. They have a majority in the Legislature. Vast sums which are alleged to be disproportionate, are spent in Maharashtra to the exclusion of other areas. Dr. G.V. Deshmukh, however, in his speech at the Maharashtra Unification Conference, asked the question: "Are Maharashtrians content to play a secondary role in our own city in Trade, Commerce, Industry, Power Economics, Finance, Art, Education, Science, Politics and remain content with playing the part of secondary brokers to

brokers, secondary agents to agents, assistant professors to professors, clerks to managers, hired labourers to shop-keepers, arranging elections for non-Maharashtrian members to Assembly, Councils and Corporation?" It is being openly stated that Bombay is to be acquired for Maharashtra because that would enable it to capture commercial power. Several leading Maharashtrian merchants and businessmen declined to join the Bombay Re-grouping Committee and several important witnesses were not forthcoming only on account of the intimidating propaganda carried on in favour of the United Maharashtra. It is also being openly stated that if Maharashtra was not constituted into a separate province, including the City of Bombay, bitterness would grow and the City would be visited with fearful consequences. Such technique is the inevitable concomitant of linguistic nationalism.

It is incorrect to say that linguism will not become a rival to nationalism. "The idea of linguistic redistribution", writes Professor Beni Prasad, "awakens separatist tendencies in very small groups on the basis of dialects. It can be followed up only at the risk of anatomising the country. It weakens the will to reciprocal adjustments among groups who do not differ radically from one another and who can easily learn to live in amity". In this case, it is the people who have learnt to live in amity, for over a century and more, that are sought to be divided. The centrifugal tendency of linguism is shown by the fact that a section of people speaking Konkani which is a Shauraseni dialect, structurally allied to Gujarati and influenced by Marathi have now claimed a separate province of Konkana on the ground that Konkani is the speech of the people from Daman to Goa. If the linguistic principle is admitted, their claim as a separate entity deserving a province of their own in India cannot be logically resisted.—N.P.S.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

THE All India University Teachers' Convention, which was held at short notice at the Delhi University premises on December 4 and 5, was mainly concerned with the miserable plight of teachers in this country. Teachers have become nobodies in society and in public life. They have come to be regarded as people incapable of administration. They therefore find their colleges and themselves being run by businessmen, lawyers and doctors. The position of a subordinate ill-fits the teacher who is supposed to inculcate courage of conviction and to foster freedom of thought in the mind of the young pupil. Questions like the medium of instruction, which were also discussed at this conference, fall under the same theme of teachers' place in society because, as the teachers point out, they should be consulted on all these questions of policy.

In the capital city of Delhi, the social position of the teacher is to be judged (in keeping with the snobbery of the locality) by the number of teachers who are invited for the receptions held by Ambassadors. Only two or three University teachers happen to be invited because they are connected in some way or other with the work of Ministries (other than the Education Ministry, of course). Another two or three are invited to these parties because they are the wives of people whose professions deserve less honour than that of the teacher, but are perhaps much more remunerative.

This universal contempt for the profession of teachers is probably due to an inferiority complex on

the part of non-teachers. As one of the moving spirits of the Teachers' Convention, Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao, told me, "The spectacle-seller, the meat-seller and the black-marketeer have social precedence over the poor teacher." This is because the teacher in private life is expected to go to the bazar and bring vegetables for some member of the Managing Committee, who has probably no appreciation for learning. This applies not to cities like Delhi so much as to colleges in the smaller towns of India (not to mention high schools and elementary schools).

The teachers can be excused therefore if they appear to be rather pre-occupied at their first convention with their own status in society and in public life. Those who have been attending J. Krishnamurthi's group-discussions at the New Delhi Municipal Hall will readily appreciate that the indispensable comforts of life like food, clothing and shelter (despite Shankerrao Deo's dissent) must be assured for all in order that they may be in a position to devote themselves to something better. The teacher in his misery is at present only successful—is he not?—in passing on his cheerless spirit to the flower of youth in this land.

In Delhi University itself there has been some improvement in the lot of the teacher largely because of the untiring efforts of the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Maurice Gwyer.

During the past decade, Sir Maurice Gwyer succeeded in overcoming the rather anarchic state of affairs that prevailed in the treatment of teachers by their "employers". Being a lawyer, Sir

Maurice proceeded with his work by helping to amend the University Act. University teachers thus secured some representation in the managing committees of their colleges, but they were not able to free themselves from the grip of the alien managing committee. It is the desire of the teachers to run educational institutions themselves as corporations. They are rather angry that political leaders have always recalled to them the old gurukul days whenever they made a demand for betterment of their conditions, but the politicians have never given them the respect which the teacher had in the gurukul days. The teachers wish to have a voice in the administration of the country. They point out that persons from a very young profession like journalism have become Ministers in the Central Government, but teachers have been left severely alone.

I do not know how far the teachers of the Delhi University have contributed to the building of the Faculty of Arts and the building of Miranda House. But if they can claim even partial credit for the organisation which led to the construction of these buildings, we can unhesitatingly recommend that one of the University teachers may straightway be made Minister for Relief and Rehabilitation, because they seem to know how to get houses built in a year's time without making much noise. Our Relief Ministry, I am afraid, has been making a lot of noise without building much, reminding us of the proverb, "You do the lifting, and I will do the groaning."

Sir Maurice Gwyer has helped to a large extent in bringing about a certain amount of security and stability to the lot of the University teacher. These University teachers, in their turn, are thinking in terms of bettering not only their own conditions but those of the secondary and the elementary schools as well. The Delhi teachers expect that they will have ultimately a membership of one million. They will call themselves Teachers' Guilds rather than

Teachers' Unions, because they do not recognise any master. As William Morris said, no man is good enough to be another man's master.

Appearing no longer like a High Court Judge, who would not admit as evidence what somebody told somebody, Sir Maurice Gwyer had this to say about the condition of teachers as he found it when he became Vice-Chancellor of the Delhi University:

I remember only too well, when I first came to this University ten years ago, with what dismay I learned of the position occupied by so many of the teachers in the University. I found that in one college teachers, already miserably paid, were compelled to sign receipts for salaries in excess of the sums which they actually received, for reasons, not unconnected with the calculation of the Government grant. In the case of another college, a Principal who had served the college for many years was summarily dismissed by the governing body at the end of a meeting at which the matter did not even figure on the agenda and at which no member present even enquired the reason for the dismissal,—the reason apparently being that the Principal had given offence to a prominent member of the governing body. I had these facts from one who was present, and I have no reason to suppose that they are not true. I could give other examples no less shocking.....

Miss K. S. Ranga Rao, (sister of Mrs. Radhabai Subbaroyan), who was Principal of the Indraprastha College, was said to have resigned because of circumstances similar to the first case. I still do not understand why Miss Ranga Rao (who was in the right) chose to make her resignation from the Principalship such a mystery. She ought to have explained to the public the reason for her step. She was sure of support from the general public, and she was an extremely popular Principal.

The Principal dismissed unceremoniously was Dr. Sukumar Dutt.

who had an extremely good record as an educationist. He was the genial Principal of Ramjas College, and is well-known as a teacher of English Literature in the University. He happened to incur the displeasure of some moneybag, and the college lost a good Principal. Sir Maurice used his influence to secure partial monetary compensation for the Principal. If the plight of the teachers in Delhi (as elsewhere in India) is a Greek tragedy, Sir Maurice is the chorus in it.



COMMUNIST MENACE IN ASIA

IN a review of Communist activities in South-East Asia, the London *Times* describes how the wave of attacks against the popular Government has been broken.

It says: "Final instructions for beginning the offensive were given in the conference of Asian Communists in Calcutta earlier this year. Almost immediately the Communist parties in several Asian countries abandoned co-operation with the established Governments and took up arms openly. The main weight of the attack has been directed against newly-established popular Governments with strong left-wing sympathies. The Governments of Burma, the Indonesian Republic, and South Korea share many ideas by which the Marxists are inspired; yet each has been subjected to a formidable onslaught.

"In South Korea, the Communist attack seems to have been broken by the overwhelming support given by the people to their new democratic machinery, while the presence of American troops has so far restrained the Communist army in the northern zone from intervening.

"In Indonesia, the Government has driven the Communist rebels from the open country into the hills and their Moscow-trained leader has been killed. Frightful atrocities have deprived the insurrection of its last hope of popular support.

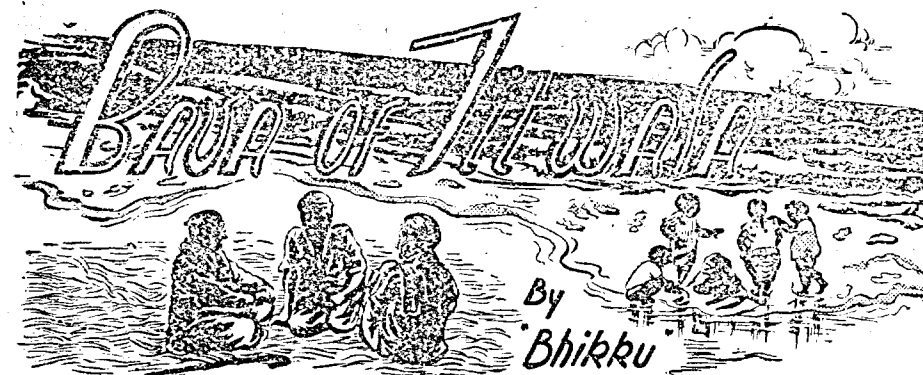
"In Burma, the Communists are split into sections and the Government has so far held them at bay. Indeed, the main result of the Com-

munist insurrection has been to arouse the Government to the dangers of flirting with Marxism and to have united the powerful Karens in a firm determination to see that the Communists are suppressed once and for all".

"The most notable setback the Communists have sustained has been in Malaya", adds the paper. There, rebellion has been halted and the Government, thanks to the rally of the people and its own energetic efforts, is secure.

But describing the general threat of Communism, the *Times* states: "Communism, reaping where Japanese propaganda had sown, sought to aggravate popular feelings against the West, against landlords and factory managers, and against whatever Government was in power. Everywhere the simplest catchwords were used to win support from people who had no means of understanding the true meaning of Communist dictatorship and collectivism.

"Without the patience and flexibility shown by the administration in Malaya, without its readiness to admit its first constitutional mistake, the attack there would certainly have been more dangerous and more widely spread. As it was, the administration had brought the country far on the road to economic recovery and exports were rising before the Communists struck openly. The people as a whole had already been given a vested interest in the continuance of the administration".



THEY sat on the moonlit sea shore watching the sparkling waves as they lapped up the sand castles of pudgy little hands, whose owners shouted with glee as their laborious handiwork toppled and was swallowed up and set to work to build another, to again topple and be swallowed by the waves. A thin string of lights in a moving dark shape marked a distant steamer's journey to other shores.

Some latent ferment broke the usual placidity of Murthy who asked 'Why this scramble and worry? Why ride breasting the waves instead of gliding with it—why this tense stalking of an illusory success, the getting which is one worse than not getting it.'

Naina turned round lazily and asked: Now what has come over you? Why this outburst? Be content with your sheep-pen, by all means, if you can do so without wilting.

Murthy laughed and owned that the steamer in the horizon betokening a little colony of ants connecting a vastly busy swarm here with another tempestuously active swarm across the water was so marked a contrast to the peaceful serenity of the scene in front that he could not help that train of thought, and continued, 'But I will not have it that it is a passive role to be still, with the pressure of the world behind and the pull of the senses in front—the red on the hind quarters and the banana dangling in front of the donkey. That reminds me of the

Bava of Titwala, my early friend, who is dead now and who paced through life unruffled, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes.'

Guru who was silent watching the children playing with sand remarked that neither in the activity of the beehive nor in the passivity of the sheep is there any joy. 'Look at the urchins, they get it both in the building of their castles as well as in seeing them demolished. But tell us the story of your Bava'.

Then Moorthy narrated:

It is a long while now, over twenty years gone by since—20 years of that gradual merging of the sharp blacks and whites that mark the world of youth into the grey of advancing years—when I first met the Bava. I began life as a field assistant to the electrical engineer working on an extension of line. My camp was at Titwala, a station next to Kalyan, where I had fixed up my tent and my equipment. Returning from work one day, as I stepped off the railway platform, a non-descript Muslim in a fakir's garb accosted me and asked abruptly what my job was. I rudely pushed past him asking him to mind his business, but the Bava stopped me with a 'Stay, brother, let me have a cigarette.' I refused him point blank, but the station master, Ananda Rao, my only friend in the place, happening to pass by advised me to give one. I showed my cigarette tin to the fakir, expecting him to pick up one, but to my further indignation, he loosened the entire tin which was half full, from my

fingers. He however took only one and after lighting it returned the tin. But what was my surprise when instead of a half-full tin, I found it to be a full one and of a brand entirely different from and much superior to the one I had given! Such was my first introduction to the Bava of Titwala of whom many stories are current to this day in the G.I.P. and B.B. & C.I. Railway regions. He would board I Class compartments in his unkempt dress and person to the disgust of sahiblogs. Ticket collectors, angrily requisitioned to question and remove the obvious misfit on the sacrosanct green-black leather cushions, would ask for his ticket. The Bava would temporise and ask the ticket man for an excess fare voucher. No sooner had he the piece of paper in his hand, than the tables would be amazingly turned—for, he would produce not one, but several I Class tickets, all unexceptionable as to details and dates! I have myself seen him standing on the station platform wanting to proceed elsewhere, at a time when for hours together there would be no slow trains, which alone would stop at this small station. He himself knew this and when apprised of the fact by any one else, he would smile enigmatically and still continue to wait. Sure enough, the next non-stop train would stop momentarily at the station on some illusory difficulty and the Bava would board it! He also could change bits of paper into currency notes and was a headache to the money lenders in the area, who happening to change such notes for any stray customer, would find himself landed with bits of paper after a few hours, for such currency notes reverted to their original condition after a time as no doubt the tickets did.

The weather was inclement for a whole fortnight, labour inadequate and shifty and no gnashing of my teeth or tearing of my hair could produce results, anywhere near the target set for the period, when I received a telegram from the Superintending Engineer that he would come to inspect my work the next

day with two other big engineers. I was in a morass of depression, when the Bava happened to call, with his cheery request for a cigarette. Seeing my unresponsive state he asked: 'Why, brother, why are you so gloomy today?'. I kept still, only passing the cigarette asked for, too proud to mention anything of my official worries to this unlettered man. Scanning me once again, he patted me and said 'Tomorrow will be alright, brother, don't worry' and went his way. Tomorrow came and with it the bosses. Heavy of heart, I trailed them over the entire field of work. I don't know what questions were asked and what I answered, but the result was such a glowing shower of adjectives in praise by the two visitors, that my engineer congratulated me and left on record so fulsome an appreciation of my energy and drive, that I owe my present position to the big step up that I had then.

Naina: Was there anything striking in the personality of the Bava—anything mystical or magnetic?

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VIJAYAWADA, M. & S. M. Rly.

Murthy: As I said before he had a calm and somewhat humorous expression. Apart from that, I can't say that there was anything special.

Guru: My experience of the occult has been diverse. One such occurred at Santacruz. This was also about 20 years ago. There was a discourse on the Gita by a Sadhu, who was reputed to be a man of remarkable powers. Towards the end of the lecture one, amongst the audience requested the swami for a demonstration of his powers. The swami deprecated asking for miracles in the true Biblical fashion and averred that such things were easy for a true Brahmacharin, whose purity in word and deed is a resultant of purity in thought, and said that they need not necessarily mean any great spiritual advancement. After he had spoken, it suddenly came upon the audience that the body from which the voice had come had disappeared from view and that the place where the swami was sitting

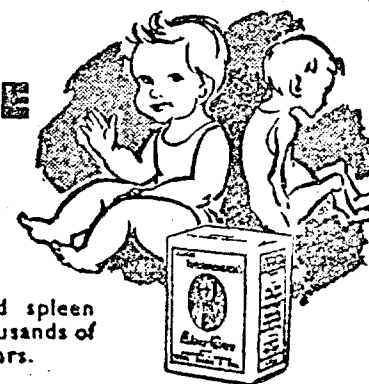
was a void! There was bewilderment and consternation, not to say panic. But in a few minutes, the swami was found seated again where he was! Continuing the thread of his talk, he said that what was demonstrated was a trifle and that such powers were not worth the consideration of a true aspirant.

As the three friends sat brooding silently in the witchery of the moon, Guru mused that despite the quantum theory and atomic fission so loudly noised in the West, science had so far not explained so common a thing as the fire walking ceremony annually participated in by many villagers in parts of India and demonstrated by Kuda Bux in England. 'Science is still a poor raft floating precariously on an immeasurable depth of marvels in the subjective in man'—and the three friends departed in that slightly intoxicated mood which is the meeting place of the seen and the unseen, the finite and the infinite.

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SECULARISM IN THE NEW CONSTITUTION

by Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M.A.

THE State created by Free India's Constitution is being styled a secular State. This name was originally given to the State as it emerged in Europe in the sixteenth century to distinguish it from the medieval theocratic or ecclesiastical State. In a theocratic State those who exercise political power—kings, parliaments, courts, etc.—are controlled ultimately by those who possess religious authority—priests, and an organised church—and the purpose for which political power should be used is determined by the religious code. The State therefore becomes subject to religion and religion is used in a most comprehensive sense so as to cover every aspect of an individual's life. In the sixteenth century Europe these features disappeared to a great extent. Rulers of States claimed and secured as a matter of right complete freedom from the control of the Church and the priesthood. The ends they began to pursue ceased to be religious and other-worldly. It was the acquisition of power, of material comfort and of wealth for themselves and for their subjects and not the salvation of souls that determined what as rulers they should do and they should not do. The sphere of State action thus became independent of the religious code. In several European States the rulers came to control religion instead of religion controlling them. In course of time this secular State—freed thus from the control of the church and its code—obtained some more attributes. The ruler's claim to control the religion of his subjects was disputed mainly because the Reformation (the Religious revolution in 16th century Europe) created numerous divisions among Christians and each ruler had among his subjects people belonging to different sects. His control over religion meant the persecution of

those among the subjects who differed from him in religion. This was naturally resented by the persecuted sects and in course of time the rulers were compelled to accept the principle of toleration according to which it ceased to be the concern of the State to dictate to any citizen which religion he should believe in and protest. A secular State therefore came to mean a State which recognised the equal claim of all religions to exist within the State. This was a step in advance but something more was required to complete the structure of the secular State. For even after the principle of religious toleration was accepted the followers of all religions were not accorded an equal status in the enjoyment of political and civic rights. Admission to public offices, to legislatures, to rights of voting, and to a share in the other benefits conferred by the State was restricted only to those that professed the faith of the ruler. With the advance of democracy this system had to be abandoned with the result that irrespective of the religion a citizen professed he came to acquire full rights of citizenship. Thus by about the middle of the nineteenth century emerged the full-fledged secular State.

Although India's historical background is very much different from that of Europe in the middle ages or in the modern age the idea of the secular State which has influenced the makers of free India's Constitution is, like the idea of modern democracy, a product of Western thought and tradition. And it is to this idea and to the characteristics that are its outcome that the new Constitution attempts to give a definite form. In doing this it had to go a little further than what was done in Europe as along with religion there were certain other factors which determined in the recent past the civic status of a

person in India, factors like race and caste. Secularism therefore in India has thus secured a more comprehensive meaning than what it obtained in the West.

The central feature of the secular State is that it treats all its citizens as equals so far as political and civic rights and obligations are concerned irrespective of their religion, creed, race and caste. This is provided for in the new Constitution by the articles dealing with Fundamental Rights and the Directive Principles of State Policy. These have now been discussed in the Constituent Assembly and they have in their final form put an end to all discrimination on grounds of religion, race, caste, etc. There is nothing like a State religion although the majority of the citizens are Hindus. No person is to be compelled to pay any taxes the proceeds of which are specially appropriated for the maintenance of any particular religion. Freedom of conscience and the right freely to profess, practise and propagate religion is guaranteed. Every religious denomination is given the right to establish and maintain institutions for religious and charitable purposes and own and administer properties set apart for such purposes. As the State has thus guaranteed both positively and negatively that it would not discriminate between citizen and citizen on the basis of religion, etc., in any matter coming within its scope and jurisdiction it may be laid down that the new Constitution has created a secular State. Consequently it is a decided improvement on the State created by the British in which political privileges were distributed according to a citizen's religion, etc., the State which in the conventional terminology came to be known as the communalistic State.

During the discussions in the Constituent Assembly on the Directive Principles of State policy and Fundamental Rights certain issues were raised as to how far some of these principles and rights included in the new Constitution are con-

sistent with the idea of a true secular State. Among those issues the more important were (1) the provision of a uniform civil code throughout the territory of India. (2) Regulation of Personal Law by the State. (3) Abolition of untouchability. (4) Prohibition. (5) Conservation of cattle-wealth and (6) Reservation of appointments and posts in public services to backward classes. Critics of these provisions argued that they interfered with the religious rights of certain sections of the people, went against the article guaranteeing religious neutrality and were therefore in conflict with the idea of secular State. Is such a criticism valid?

It was mainly the members of the Muslim community that objected to the new State introducing a uniform civil code and regulating personal law. They did this on the ground that laws forming part of the civil code—laws regulating property, inheritance, marriage, divorce, etc.—were a part of their religion and any attempt to regulate the civil code and personal law on uniform lines would be an interference with religion. Similarly the principle that the State should endeavour to bring about prohibition of the consumption of intoxicating drinks and drugs which was included among the Directive Principles of State policy was objected to on behalf of the Adibasis on the ground that it interfered with the religious rights of the most ancient people of the country. Though there was unanimity in the Constituent Assembly that untouchability should be abolished there are many in the country who are still of the view that it means interference with the religion of the Hindus. The prohibition of the slaughter of cattle was in a way objected to on the ground that it interfered with the religious rights of Muslims. The reservation of posts in public services to backward classes was criticised on the ground that in a secular State it is only the individual's fitness for holding the post that should be taken into con-

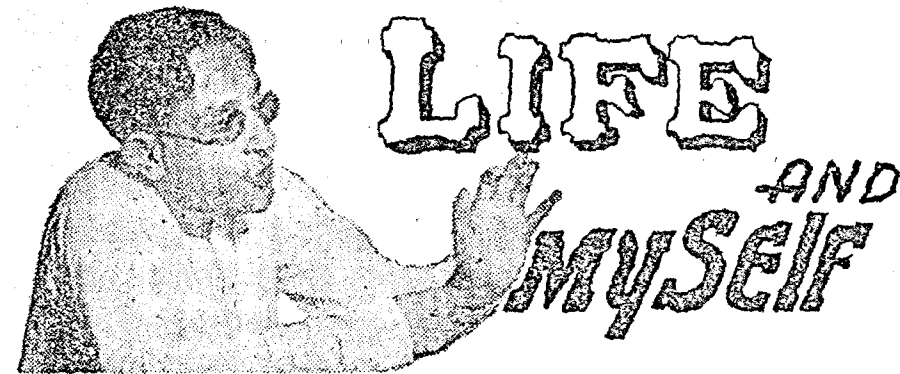
sideration and not the class or community to which he belongs.

In respect of all these criticisms there are two points that require notice. One is that in including the above principles in the Constitution the Constituent Assembly was giving a new meaning to religion quite different from the meaning traditionally attached to it. It was really narrowing its sphere and therefore interfered in a way with the religious customs and practices of the people. This has to be conceded though it defended itself on the ground that these are matters which had nothing to do with religion. The other point is that there should be a certain amount of uniformity in the customs and habits of the citizens of a modern State if it is to be strong and efficient. Moreover the modern State is expected not merely to provide security, peace and order but also to discharge a number of functions for promoting the material and moral welfare of the people. In the discharge of these functions it is quite possible that it will have to interfere with religious practices as traditionally understood. But if it can be clearly demonstrated that those practices—polygamy, untouchability, etc.—stand in the way of the promotion of welfare it ought to be the duty of the State to put an end to them. This is implicit in the idea of the secular State—which is a State freed from the dictates of an antiquated religious code. The inclusion of these principles is not only not inconsistent with the idea of a secular State but is a part and parcel of such a State. If at all it is an interference with religion it is an interference as much with the religion of the majority community as of the minority communities. The inclu-

sion of these articles is a measure of the extent of the progressive nature of the modern State under the impact of science and scientific development.

The same thing cannot be said of some other provisions in the Constitution. Reference has already been made to the reservation of posts in public services to backward classes. In addition to this there is Article 296 which lays down that the claims of all minority communities should be taken into consideration in the making of appointments to services. Equally inconsistent with the idea of the secular State are those articles (292 and 294) under which seats in the Union and State Legislatures are reserved for certain minorities. Article 299 which provides for the appointment of a special officer of minorities whose duty is to watch their interests is of the same character. These show that though the ideal aimed at is a secular State the leaders of the Constituent Assembly have not been able to get rid of the shackles of communalism in whose atmosphere they have been brought up. They believe that the ideal should be realised in gradual stages and not in one leap. The presence of these provisions should not however be taken to mean that free India is not a secular State. It has this character in the main and its ultimate aim is to become fully secular. This is a move in the right direction. It is because of this emphasis on the secular character of the State that the Constituent Assembly as well as the present Government of the Union have been opposed to purely communal political organisations, and to the communalism in services and in education displayed by Congress Ministries in some provinces.

Equality of the sexes does not mean equality of occupations. There may be no legal bar against a woman hunting or wielding a lance. But she instinctively recoils from a function that belongs to man. Nature has created sexes as complements to each other. Their functions are defined as are their forms.—
Mahatma Gandhi.



Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya

THE MUSLIM DEVOTEE

I HAD now had the heartening experience of emerging out of a black tunnel, which is life composed of time which with its constant haunting sense, limits the being to blindness, reducing the body to calendar-crampings of dates and days and months. And the body's flesh, between a birth and a death, learns to grow gloomy and overburdened with the darkness of depressions and decays. To come out of the tunnel of the lampless mind into a sudden broad daylight of spiritual awakening, as I then thought! Spiritual awakening is, however, possible after long disciplines and unwavering self-abnegation. What I was experiencing at this time was a sudden psychic opening brought about by some unknown power. Sidharud may have done it, for what reason it did not strike me to enquire. While it lasted it seemed a permanent state, one which nothing more could efface. But I was sorely mistaken! It lasted only for a few days and, while it did, I behaved strangely, uttered inspired sentences seated under a tree encircled by men who began to look upon me with awe! I was hardly conscious of my own body which I seemed to carry only as a bluish of ether about me while

I walked and sat and ate bananas and drank glasses of milk!

I remember that an inordinate yearning possessed me, during that period, to climb hills and dare difficult pathways, and where there was no pathway leading up to the hill-tops, I felt like carving out one by clearing away the gravel, the stones and the briers which met my feet at every step!

Towards evening I noticed a strange, well-built swarthy man wrapped up in a rough green blanket. His face was clearly a hieroglyph of arcane knowledge; when I first saw him I knew he must be unusual. On enquiry I discovered he was a Muslim devotee of Sidharud, who had taken a vow of silence ten years before that. Ten years is a long time surely for the human mouth to seal itself on speech—for the tongue whose food is talk, to be starved into silence! Ten years of unbroken silence are enough to open the jewelled gates of something beyond the mind: in fact, where the vow of silence is free from forced speechlessness and fraught with a simultaneous inward search, the mind itself, which is dependent on words, begins to lose its quality of unrest; and

thoughts, finding no encouragement, dwindle and die out slowly, like coloured foam on mist. Here was a true *mouni* or a man who had embraced silence. But that did not bar or deter him from performing a daily round of the most intense activity. He was a strong man, almost a Sadow—for I saw him that evening, and on the evenings that followed, fill huge brass vessels to the brim with water from a hefty tap, and carry them with ease, four at a time—two in each hand, walking the stretch between the tap and the Ashram. This he repeated several times during the course of the evening—and it was amazing to notice the far-away expression on his face while he carried the vessels thus—and the far-awayness seemed to glow as though he were seeing some beloved face in the distance! The body's movements were mechanical; he performed them as if it had belonged not to him, but to somebody else! After he had completed the job, he went round the town and begged for a meal. This he brought back and shared with a dog from the same leaf before which he sat down for his day's single meal. I found that the dog ate the lion's share; while he hardly ate a few morsels. And then quite mechanically, he washed it down with a glass of milk. That was the diurnal punctuation to the mortal aspect of himself. After that, he sat for a half-hour in a posture of the lotus, gazed at the evening star and seemed to hold intimate communion with it. His eyes, once fixed on the star, neither moved nor blinked. It was sheer diamond concentration, linking up, with a long invisible fire-ring, his two eyes with the one solitary evening star, Eye of God. That done, he covered himself up wholly with the green blanket and sat throughout the night in a sitting posture. Did not he ever sleep? That is the sort of question the normal person would ask. But sleep, according to the yogi, is only an animal state,—sleep, as we understand it. The yogi does not sleep, but just withdraws behind the normal state of

waking—for again, the waking state is only a veil behind which one may remain rooted in deep consciousness which is free from the twin quality of sleep and waking. The state into which one gets when one withdraws may be described as a wakeful sleep or a sleep which is conscious. Rooted in the innermost heart centre is the high watermark of rest. No dreams find their way, either painful or pleasurable, into any corner of it. And the element of time does not enter into it either. With earnest and indefatigable cultivation one can and does become a natural inheritor of such a state of withdrawnness,—deeply refreshing and a challenge to the wear and tear which assaults the human body whether in sleep or in waking!

I spread a little mat at the foot of the tiger-skin throne in the central hall, and with my head in close proximity to the tiger's mouth, tried to sleep that first night. But the eyelids would not close—the heart was brimming over with a sensation of lonely ecstasy which I could not account for. I spent the whole night, wide-awake—and listened, with an impersonal feeling of farawayness, to the chorus of snores around me of men of all descriptions who lay heavy and dull, as corpses. I recalled Gautama Buddha's experience when he saw the beautiful women in the dance-hall overcome with sleep, their sweetness and beauty transformed into images of vulgarity and hideousness. The human body, when the shining light of consciousness is removed, yea! even that faint small glow of it named mind with its adjunct will, is nothing short of a corpse! What we call the beauty of curve and line and contour is then only a myth! While praising exterior beauty and the wonderment of human movement, we forget the light behind them! Sleep reveals the truth of the body. What is it, in the last analysis, but a mass of putrid matter, blind, vulgar—hostage of decay and death? That night, I sat up for hours watching the sleeping men scattered about me; it was pathetic and yet, I could not feel the disgust which they

suggested to the mind which was under the influence of the overpowering experience.

I rose at the hour of cock-crow. The darkness was just making up its mind to surrender itself to the early pearl-flush of dawn. I had a dip in the tank which was one blank of blackness. I sensed no dread at all, despite the fact that water had always had for me, and still has, a vast uncanny influence of mysterious dread. A large sheet of water attracts me in a dark and deathly way, with all the irresistible lure which the open mouth of a boa-constrictor does to a deer! While having my early dip I repeated the mantra I had learned from Ramdas: "Sri Ram, Jai Ram, Jai Jai Ram"—and the air around me seemed to vibrate like a harp.

When I went towards the verandah where I had left the Muslim *mouni* sitting up under the green blanket, I found that he was just about to stir and cast it off.

Another day! The preciousness of days hardly strikes us. We treat each new born day as something which is bound to bring us the day after it, and so we "leave undone the things that we ought to do". We treat the hours of our life with discourtesy and do not render them worthy of eternity. It is only when one treads the path towards his deep self that life truly adds a precious quality to time and time to life. All else is makeshift, make-believe, a self-murder, a self-torture. I looked upon the breaking of that new day with breath abated in large-eyed wonder. Was the dawn really breaking there—in the sky—or was it breaking in my heart? It was a simultaneous process. And the glow of heaven mixed with the glow within me created a most thrilling and exciting harmony. I did not know what strange experiences were in store for me that day. They were truly strange, uncanny and unforgettable!

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A TRAVANCORE VIGNETTE

by A TRAVANCOREAN

BEHIND the scene, the Clerk of the Weather has been busy, turning the autumnal showers into salvoes of thunder and torrents of rain. There were floods in the capital of the State, a fortress of squat hills sloping to the sea, and lightning stalked with outstretched tongues through its streets and alleys. One looks at the day's Weather Report and there it appears in print that Trivandrum has had 'plus 11.4 inches' in the season, more than any other spot in the whole of India. It is a revised version of Cherrapunji!

The weather somehow reflects life and politics. In the 12 years of Sir C. P.'s Dewanship there used to be much less sound. The explanation, as some would put it, is that he held schoolmaster-like the sole right of speech. Today the schoolmaster's voice is drowned in the general uproar of the pupils. A transfer of power has nearly overtaken the traditional rod.

Less than a year ago, a little more than half a year after the cessation of Sir C. P.'s Dewanship, a representative body elected on adult franchise came into being for the framing of a constitution for the State. Almost at once, it also became an interim legislature, abolished the Dewanship and installed a Cabinet of Ministers in the vacant administration. Some rejoiced at this advent of 'parliamentary government' and a few privately wept that the traditional Dewanship and with it much of the Maharaja's benevolent rule was gone. The State Congress, itself a 'byproduct' of Sir C. P.'s tireless diligence and the predominant party in the representative body proclaimed their 'great victory', though it wasn't exactly because they had fought or they had won that responsible government had come but because 'the British raj in India' came to its 'finish' in the middle of the night on August 14, 1947.

The Cabinet began with three and ended with six ministers.

The people had been given to understand by the State Congress that responsible government was a sort of warehouse of the good things of the world, while the Dewanship was but a synonym for injustices and hardships. It was a serious misplacement of stress in propaganda and so in a strange way the first popular Ministry in the State was foredoomed to premature dismissal.

The Ministers moved into the finest houses of the State in the city and rode in the finest cars and people began to say that at least a three in the State had 'the good things.' When the number rose to six the same indirect approval was voiced.

Wit and waggishness are congenial with the people: a ready sense of humour with the middle and lower classes. The mother tongue (Malayalam) is 'full of wise saws and modern instances' and reflects the people in vivid hues. So, many began to say that they would one day become Ministers themselves and see the end of all their personal problems!

Mr. Pattom A. Thanu Pillai is a forthright man. Having been the President of the State Congress from the First Act to the Fifth, he became the Prime Minister in the first Cabinet. As Prime Minister he had necessarily to re-settle some of his former angles. Perhaps, he carried the process a little too far. Perhaps, he did not carry it far enough. Anyhow, he quarrelled with his colleagues or his colleagues quarrelled with him. He enlarged the Cabinet but did not overcome the difficulty. All eyes in the State dwelt on the Ministers. They were 'on probation' and objects of curiosity. Their failings were tabulated; the good overlooked. The Prime Minister became the principal target. The party itself soon

became disgruntled. People let loose their tongues in coffee-houses, trains, buses and boats. Students answered questions in political parables. Newspapers opined they must resign! A verse went round in the city to the effect that the Pattar (nickname for Tamil Brahmin) descended. Pattom ascended, the population fasted! So the party got together and dismissed the Ministry. It was of course the party's business but the Press, a large section of it at least, at once changed front and poured vitriol into the split.

The Pattom Ministry put Prohibition in South Travancore but when they quitted, beakerfuls of the hot stuff of communal liquor were passed from hand to hand in all parts of the State.

There is much scope for this brand of 'wetness' in the State, though the people are exceptionally sound at heart. They just enjoy the bout for the fun of it, for a time.

A cartoon in a newspaper featured the ministerial overhaul somewhat in the manner of the murder of Julius Caesar. There must of course have been a Brutus in it though the silhouette was not pricked out clearly. It shows how the utmost drop of value was extracted from the Cabinet upset, which was the former Prime Minister's own party's doing. There was of course no remedy for it if the majority of the party suddenly turned rebels.

The new Cabinet assumed office in torrential rain and controversy but they had learnt and said their lessons in the school provided by their predecessors. They now seem to have weathered the storm and got down to business.

Much kite-flying and canvassing is going on for a "Kerala Province," but to be or not to be, that is the question. Almost everyone says yes and no. A "Kerala Province" means that the whole of Travancore will not be in it, South Travancore going to Tamilnad. What is a "Kerala Province" without Cape Comorin, some ask, and answer the question themselves that it will not

only be a deficit province but a deformity or infirmity Province. So the President of the Travancore Tamilnad Congress advises the Malayalees to follow him to the Tamil country.

There are already signs of tears for the city of Trivandrum, in some degree the queen of cities beautiful. Alwaye, or Thiruvanchikulam in Cochin State where the Perumals held their sway in ancient times (now a patch of sands and thickets of stunted plants), may become the capital of the new Province and the jungle which once possessed it walk back to Trivandrum and wild beasts saunter through its streets and slumber in its mansions.

Some say it is all a passing mood though even they have to concede that there is a method in it.

There is a portent in the political sky, visible also in other parts of the country, which if it appears rather comic only so disguises its import. It is the appearance of a new political class, the student population!

Earlier in this article it was noted that a certain transfer of power had overtaken the traditional rod. It is not merely that youngsters and elders are changing places in schools and colleges but they seem to be doing so also in politics. They have already got hamstrung if not scrapped and the 'University Previous', the one-year school between school and university, for which neither the Sadler

SWATANTRA

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Royapettah, Madras.

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Commission nor the Sargent Report was wholly responsible, since these only recommended a run-on three-year University Degree course, the Intermediate eliminated, with a concurrent addition of a year to high school studies. But fresh woods and pastures new beckon. The papers are full of their committees and conferences, meetings and resolutions. Someone facetiously remarked that the various adult political bodies are each wooing the 'student damsel' who comes to her *Swayamvara* (free choice) pavilion with garland in hand, looking at the suitors and wondering whom to prefer.

So they the students think that any Cabinet must depend on them for its tenure. In fact, some of them have already begun to dream of a major role.

The State plumped for adult franchise before any other part of India. There are folk in the State

who point out that the students could easily attach to themselves large numbers of the younger people and sweep the polls when a general election comes. That would mean a Cabinet of 18 plus 'failed' or 'passed' S.S.L.C. holders. The fair sex of course would be up, too. A marriageable Cabinet might be a consummation devoutly to be wished; nevertheless, it is not overlooked that adult franchise should be coupled with a permanent proviso that persons below 30 or graduate qualification would not be eligible for membership of the 'Government' in any part of the federal Republic.

Travancore has often been described as an epitome of India in the sense that Indian usages, customs and traditions could be seen here if in an abridged scale in polished profile. The statement still holds good, but not in the same sense.

DESERT CAN BE RECLAIMED FOR FOOD CROPS

A bleak desert slough by the Dead Sea has given a lead to the world grappling with food shortage. Beth Ha'avara, a Jewish settlement on the great Jericho salt wastes, 1,800 feet below sea-level, has demonstrated how through hard work and resourcefulness many of the soil-eroded and semi-desert tracts of the East, as in India, can be made to contribute substantially to much needed food resources.

What the Jewish settlers found under their feet in these swamps was only salt and sand, the soil having eroded away completely; the climate was extreme and the only spring was saline.

Today, after a few years of work, Beth Ha'avara presents a picture which is almost a legend. Where not a shoot of green sprouted, are fields of beet-root, potatoes, tomatoes, bananas and date; seven crops of hay, too, are raised every year. This lowest farm in the world

yields more abundant crops than any other land in Palestine.

Intelligent application of natural principles achieved this miracle. The settlers adopted a system which both irrigated the desert and formed a new top soil capable of growing vegetation. They made shallow "lakes", partly by digging and partly by banking, and pumped sweet water from the nearby Jordan river, keeping the level constant as the water sped through the soil. Carp were then introduced in the lakes and fed on waste cotton seed.

The excreta of the fish in these novel farms and of the wild fowl which were attracted to the area to feed on the fish, together with the vegetation that grew up, gradually built up a layer of humus at the bottom of the ponds.

After two to three years the ponds were moved further into the desert and the new land cultivated, with surprising results.

Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

"Government Should Be Placed In The Dock"

In the latest issue of the Telugu "SOUBHAGYA", published under the auspices of the Government by the Women's Welfare Officer, the following translated passage appears on page 359:

"In the prime of youth girls long for sexual union with their own fathers and boys desire similar union with their own mothers. Sometimes desire is born even to cohabit with a corpse..."

The Madras Government should be placed in the dock to answer why public funds are being wasted over the publication of such material in a magazine primarily intended for the welfare of our women.

T. V. KRISHNARAO.

Bellary.

Crisis In Travancore

I read the article by Jaiboy Joseph under the above caption published in your issue of 20th November, with interest, but was disappointed to find that it is one more of the many attempts to throw mud at Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai, ex-Premier of Travancore. The situation is not so simple as is described in the article under reference. If Mr. Thanu Pillai was autocratic and if he was not favourably inclined to the idea of a United Kerala, was it not open to the other members of the Cabinet which included Mr. Kesavan and Mr. Verghese to correct him or to leave him out and form another Ministry? As it was, the whole Cabinet resigned, which means that the Cabinet as a whole accepted the opinion of the majority of the party. If so, what was the principle underlying their acceptance of responsible positions in the party, Mr. Kesavan as President of the State Congress and Mr. Verghese as President of the Ad Hoc Committee of the K.P.C.C., both of which bodies have the right to control the parliamentary activities of the party in power? The object of the sponsors of the motion of no confidence seems to have been the elimination of Mr. Thanu Pillai from the Government.

The situation in Travancore is not at all what is sought to be made out outside the State. The fact is that with power in their hands, the leaders of the State Congress began to quarrel among themselves as to who should wield more. Communalism which had lain dormant for some time, began to raise its venomous head. Influenced by partisans of the different interests the 'undisputed leaders' fought among themselves. Not being a communalist, Pattom Thanu Pillai fell an easy prey to the machinations of the communal clique. The fight is not yet over.

S. NARAYANA PILLAI.

Quilon.

A Point Of Information

I read with much concern your "Sideights" in SWATANTRA of 20th November in which you took much pains to explain at length the innumerable 'somersaults' of the Communist Party of India. For example, you wrote that Indian Communists opposed the merger of French India with the Indian Union.

The same thing was written previously in your journal by a correspondent when there was no official statement by the party. But later on in "People's Age" of 24th October a statement by the Communist Party was published supporting the merger of French India with the Indian Union and criticising the anti-merger policy of the French India Communist Party.

So, I am not able to understand how a journalist of your calibre can so daringly misrepresent a fact and add to the mendacious propaganda carried against the Communist Party of India. May I expect that you will correct the mistake and will not join the 'unbiased' journalists of the anti-Communist and reactionary bloc.

K. S. R. ANJANEYULU.

Waltair.

Weaving Examination Centres

Qualified weaving instructors are now in high demand under the new scheme of education but many candidates could not qualify themselves as instructors by appearing for the weaving examina-

tions on account of the vastness of the distances they have to travel. In appealing therefore to the Education Department to increase the number of weaving examination centres, I wish to point out that if such centres are opened in areas where the weaving industry is in vogue, the output of qualified weavers will be great and satisfactory. Weaving has been a great industry in Yemmiganur where there is a handloom weaving factory employing machinery. If Yemmiganur is selected as a weaving examination centre, the services of many local weavers can best be utilised during the examinations and the demand for qualified weaving instructors can be satisfactorily met.

G. M. GANGANNA.
Yemmiganur.

Subsidised Well-digging

*In a recent Press talk, the Special Officer (Wells) of the Central Districts pointed out the rapid decline of the subsoil water table. The average annual rainfall of these districts is: North Arcot 36", South Arcot 46" and Chengaleput 47". A scrutiny of the balance sheet of disposal of this rainfall would reveal that 60% of this rain is being allowed to be lost through run-off and evaporation. Under these circumstances, it is not at all surprising that the subsoil water resources are rapidly diminishing with vigorous well digging drive. In the majority of the dry districts, the problem of drinking water supply is extremely acute, and therefore it is futile to attempt to draw any measurable quantities of irrigation water from these subsidised wells. The only scientific method of husbanding our substrata water resources is through a wide-spread programme of soil and moisture conservation as envisaged by the land improvement legislation contemplated by the Government. Any large scale schemes of subsidised well-digging will be profitable only if they are undertaken along with regular land improvement operations. The phenomenal increase in the water levels of rural wells in the "Improved areas" of Bombay Carnatic should be an eye-opener to us.

P. V. C. RAO.

Jayanthies And The Common Man

Lately celebration of jayanthies of our leaders has become the order of the day. Gandhi Jayanthi was followed by jayanthies of Patel and Nehru and Dr. Pattabhi. Rajaji's was in the

offing but he opposed the idea. We do not know whether we will be confronted with many more jayanthies like those of the provincial Premiers and Presidents of the Provincial Congress Committees.

The common man is not interested in jayanthies, prohibition, abolition of horse racing, abolition of bigamy and polygamy and many other such acts and bills of the Government. He is hungry and he is not getting enough food, clothing and shelter. One year of freedom has not helped him in any way. He looks to his Government to eradicate poverty, ignorance and disease. He finds the black-marketeer free while his own position has become untenable. Are the Government engaged in preparing a fertile soil for the Communists? Do they wish to invite Communism to India? Let them learn a lesson from what is happening in China.

M. ANANTHA BHAKTA.
Manjeshwar, S. K.

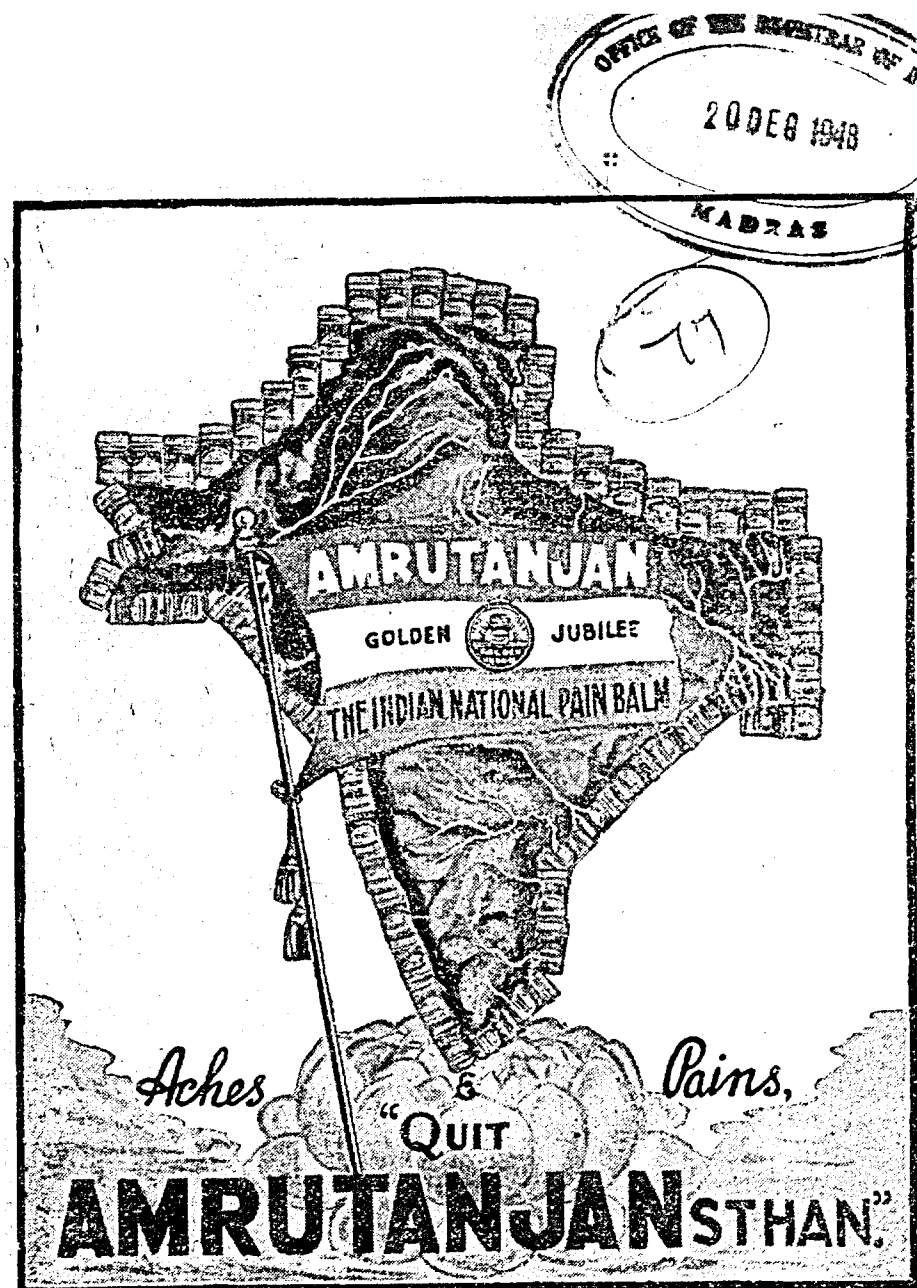
Nationalisation

Your leading article "State Buses" will, I hope, be pondered over not only by the Madras Government but also by other Provincial Governments and the Central Government; for it contains some very valuable home truths.

That you are for nationalisation is clear. But I feel that it will at this stage be a "risky" job for our Governments to embark on nationalisation schemes. It is not given to all to do business. Hard and strenuous training, resourcefulness, initiative, the capacity for taking quick decisions, tactfulness, a clear understanding of the nature and requirements of business coupled with a perfect knowledge of the methods of organization—all these are needed for successful "business". The usual Government official, by the very nature of his training and mental equipment, with a flair for putting endless notes, seems to be a misfit in trade, commerce and industry. Instead of "manifold benefits to the State and public", there will be increased sufferings to the public and a dead loss to the State.

I shudder to think what will be the state of affairs if our Governments persist in undertaking such commercial ventures. As it is, they are unable to run the day to day administration with any degree of efficiency and responsibility. Why invite further trouble?

V. L. N MURTHY.
Calcutta.



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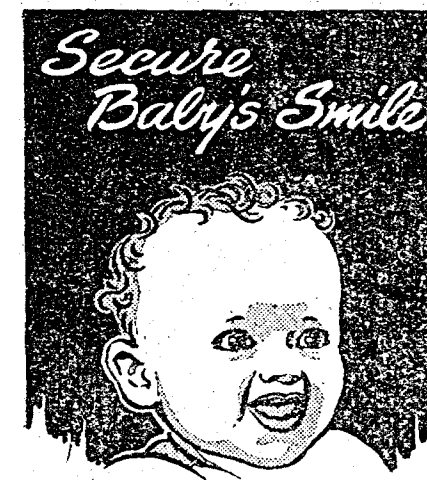
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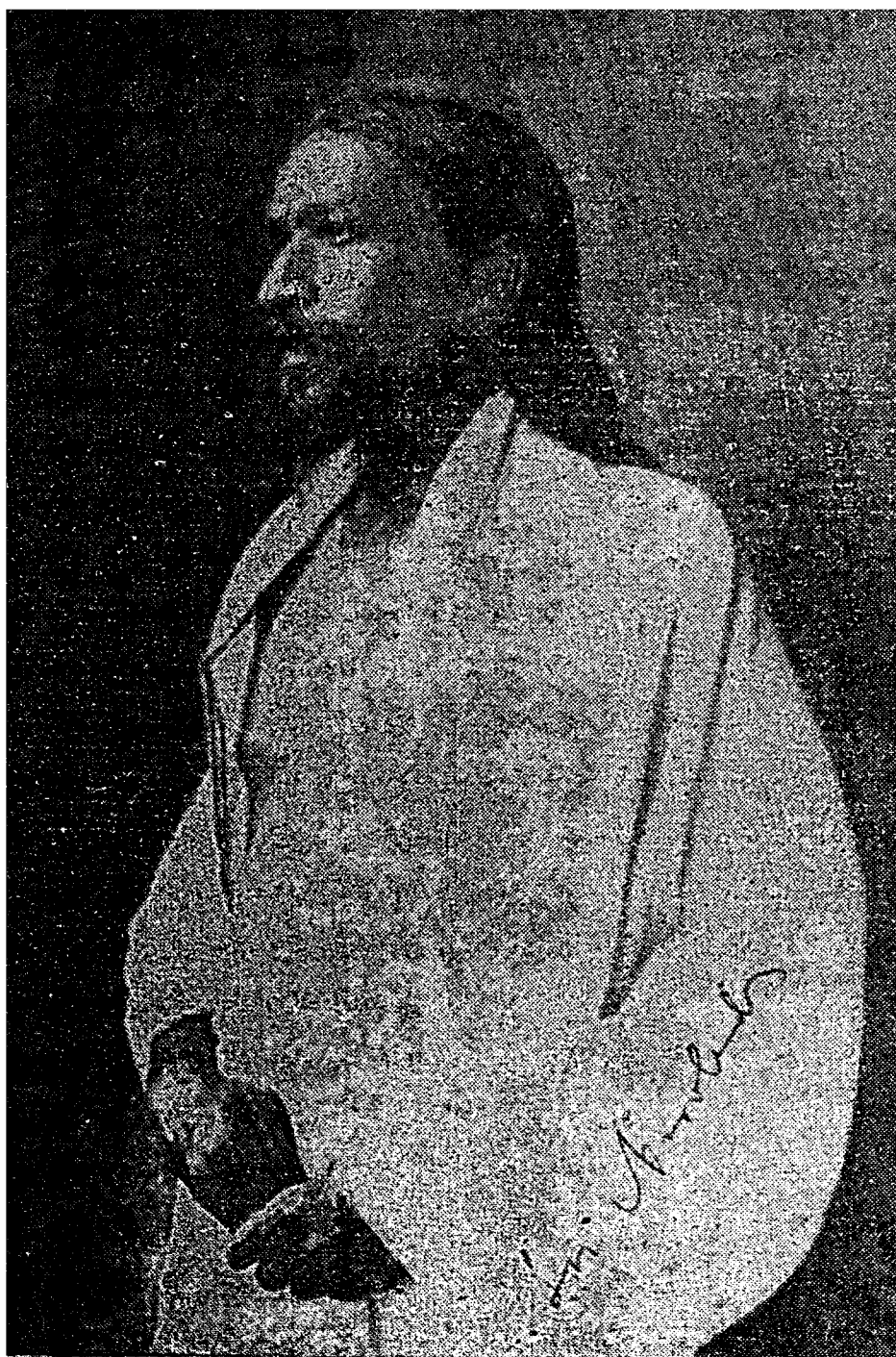
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS

BY passing a resolution embodying the citizen's fundamental rights, the Constituent Assembly has discharged one of its major responsibilities to the future State as well as its citizens. It is one of the inconveniences of a written constitution that it has to make up for want of analogy and precedent by extra meticulousness in definition and description. The trinities of the French Revolution were accepted as a matter of course, and incorporated in the preamble to the American Declaration of Independence. Ever since then, it has enjoyed a political validity and an emotional sanctity which have been the stoutest bulwarks of the freedoms of the individual. The British Magna Carta is, in a strict sense, an extra constitutional document; because it represented the diktat of a small clique to a prostrate monarch. Older constitutions derive their sanctions through usage, precedent, prescription. Thus the most precious privileges of the British citizen are not justiciable in the sense in which our legislators have decided to make all the fundamental rights justiciable. As Dr. Ambedkar put it by varying a legal sutra: 'Every right must be enforceable', even as every wrong must have a remedy. But the sanctions of a supreme court are ultimately referable back to the conscience of the community, the good sense of its men of light and leading, and the inhibitions and impulses of the people as they have been conditioned through many centuries. It is as a proof of the

bona fides of the present generation that we welcome the precise formulation of the fundamental rights of the citizen. These intentions will have their due moral force, growing more and more venerable with time, so that succeeding generations may further enrich a tradition before transmitting it to their children.

But in the last resort, fundamental rights are not absolute; they depend to a great extent on the context of the society, the State and the social order in which we live. The reciprocal obligations of the individual to society and vice versa need to be stressed, independently of the weight of political trends which may point to the supremacy of either the State or the individual as an undesirable movement. In this connection, it was certainly instructive to note the spokesman of the Soviets calling attention to the obligations of the individual to the State in the course of the U.N.O. debate on human rights. The phenomenon of the Soviet seemingly reactionary, and of the Western democracies seemingly revolutionary in ideology is a seasonable reminder of how the two notions and desiderata are strictly relative in regard to their urgencies.

There was another direction however in which the Constituent Assembly allowed itself to be swamped by irrelevant sentiment and an exaggerated sense of fair play. We refer to the discussion on the clause guaranteeing freedom of

conscience to all. It turned out to be an occasion for a spontaneous and unconsidered contribution to the lighter side of law-making. Any discussion on the subject of freedom of conscience in India invariably brings up the position of missionary enterprise in the field of education. One of the corollaries to the notion of freedom of conscience is freedom to propagate one's own faith, subject to law, order and good morality. Of this right to propagate one's own faith, we do not propose to say anything directly; but not one of the speakers in the Assembly debate stopped to consider the question as to *when, where and how* to propagate this right. One speaker pointed to the remarkable forbearance of Christian missions in not proselytising more vigorously by citing that there are only 7 million Christians in India whereas there might well have been 70 millions had the missionaries been so minded. Was such moderation inspired by any injunction of Christianity? Is it not a basic function of all missionary activity to convert the heathen, the ignorant, the backward and the unbeliever to the true faith? That being so, where is the virtue in claiming moderation in the performance of a pious duty? Another speaker who ought to have known better made the astounding confession that while he was a student in a Christian college during fourteen years, no attempt was made to convert him. The Christians, whatever their failings, never attempted conversion in any crude manner. Their whole round of activity was intended to convert the heathen. Secondly, the conversions in the majority of cases came from the lower and submerged classes. Even today, whole villages are being converted by the adoption of shock tactics which are not publicized because of the indolence of the Hindu neighbourhood.

About the same time, from outside the Assembly, the Dewan of Mysore also joined in the fray and gave a

glowing chit to the missionaries which had a touch of deliciously unconscious humour. He too claimed to have studied the Bible, to have carried away all the prizes in it, and to have ended up by becoming a better Hindu in consequence. But he failed to explain to his audience if the aim of Christian education in India is to make us all better Hindus! If so, all we can say is that the Christian organisations have kept this a well-guarded secret during a hundred years.

We have raised these considerations about this business of freedom of conscience to draw attention to the danger of allowing it untrammelled scope in peculiarly vulnerable surroundings. To allow one set of propagandists special facilities for the capture of the young and growing mind in the impressionable stages of growth is to allow the future citizens of the country to grow with a complex or fixation which might prove harmful to the State itself. We object to the classroom being made a laboratory for this experiment in freedom of conscience. Let missionaries preach to the people from street corners, or even from organised churches and halls. But students who go to schools to educate themselves should not be subjected to the subtle and multitudinous impositions of religion under false pretences. That such impositions are inevitable, even with the best intentions—perhaps only with them!—no unbiased person can deny.

A secular State cannot afford to be lax in this matter. A secular State must insist on secular education. The school-house or the classroom is the last place in which to demonstrate the dubious virtues of freedom of conscience.

We say 'dubious' advisedly, because we should like to have an authoritative view of how freedom of conscience is to be interpreted in the following not wholly mythical instances. Goat sacrifice is winked

at; but hook-swinging is tabooed as barbarous. Wine is necessary for sacrament; and prohibition is also an article of faith with us at the moment. Sutte was abolished by a Government which interfered with the freedom of conscience of many devout wives. That some of these are rigorously suppressed while others are sanctified on the highest religious principles proves that we are treading on dangerous ground. There is, underlying much of current thought on the subject, an unjustified assumption that there is common ground among a great majority of the citizens of the State, that their reactions conform to certain well-formed types, that the aberrations, where they exist, affect a minority, and that it is the duty of the State to liquidate such aberrations. The proposition has only to be so stated to be seen in its impracticability and unacceptability.

Fortunately, the unconditioned zeal of some of our sentimentalists has found a corrective in other parts of the constitution which seek to redress the balance back in favour of the inoffensive individual. If the missionary wants to preach, he is free to do so; if he wants to teach, he is equally free to do it. But it is important that he should not be allowed to do one thing under cover of another, nor do it in that most delicate ground—the classroom. It is not the religion that requires safeguards; but the unsuspecting individual from the subtle or insidious onslaughts of it.

The Universities Commission

'The first thing to do is to form the committees:

The consultative councils, the standing committees, select committees and sub-committees:

One secretary will do for all the committees....'—T. S. ELIOT.

AND we feel tempted to add: 'The same members will do for all the commissions and committees!'

The quotation and the reflection have been suggested by the announcement of one more commission appointed by the Central Government to report on the question of Universities in the country and the lines of their future activity. We are not quite sure how many committees are in being at the moment; but a prodigious number of them have been set up. The most obvious results of them are a mounting congestion of railway travel and gratuitous waste of stationery in a period of acute scarcity. In the old era the appointment of committees and commissions was well understood to be an instrument of political fabianism. They served to silence popular clamour by raising expectations which came to be belied through masterly procrastination. It is therefore a pity that the disease should have assumed epidemic proportions in the new order as well.

The worst of these commissions and committees is that they are mainly assigned the determination of obvious urgencies in the most round-about manner imaginable. The questionnaire issued by the Universities Commission is a case in point; for it is a marvel of hasty improvisation and redundant otioseness. Instead of messing about with a thousand matters of detail, one would have expected an all-India commission to concern itself with the formulation of basic principles and the determination of priorities, leaving the details of the picture to be filled in at lower levels. Too many questions are of a 'leading' nature, too many opinions are canvassed or solicited, while no attempt has been made to indicate a frame-work which could be referred to a factual or ideological background in consonance with the needs of the country and its tangible and intangible resources. While experts will doubtless unburden themselves on the various sections of the questionnaire, we

think it would be reasonable to draw attention to a few broad generalities and salient desiderata that should be kept in view in any scheme of reorganisation of our Universities.

In the first place, Universities should be removed from the provincial list and included among the federal responsibilities. This is necessary not only in the interests of the Universities themselves, but in those of a co-ordinated, rationalised progress of higher knowledge in the country. The great measure of autonomy which the provincial units will come to enjoy in the new dispensation is apt to work adversely against the development of higher education with single-minded devotion to academic standards. Even the short experience of provincial politics in the last year and a half is enough to convince any unbiassed observer that higher education is one of the first casualties to fall in the exuberant onset of an infant and inexperienced democracy. Central direction while legally effective will in reality be only of an admonitory or cautionary kind, for the actual working of the Universities will be in the provincial milieu. But the central nexus will give it a tone, a quality and an air which would make for the emergence of an all-India norm in matters academic and cultural.

The next question for determination on an all-India basis is the constitution and functions of our Universities. The drift in the last twenty years has been towards making university bodies subservient to political and communal gerrymandering. Unacademic and extra-academic influences are working havoc with standards until Gibbon's description of the Oxford of his time becomes applicable to most of our Universities. Soft jobs on top, and soft options below to the student-population have made

most our Universities a haven of rest for the second-best. To transform the elective principle into a sort of museum of electoral gadgets and freaks until the senate, the academic council and other related bodies assume a multi-coloured complexion might be interesting for the philosopher to contemplate; but they are egregiously unfit for the task assigned to them. All that is meant is that there are obvious inconveniences in an a priori application of the democratic technique to pick out the academic aristos. Communal justice is an appealing slogan; but had it been applied, Plato would not have had the ghost of a chance—and because it was applied with a vengeance, Socrates had to drink the cup of hemlock! Actually, we are destroying and dispersing talent in the name of communal justice. It may be good politics, but bad for our culture.

The third point for consideration, and it is partly implicit in the foregoing, is the degree of academic freedom or autonomy to be enjoyed by our Universities. Looking back on the history of the last thirty or forty years during which University education registered its greatest advances, our Universities have been predominantly subservient to the Governments—Provincial and Central, although in theory they were described as autonomous and independent. The proof of this is that there has never been a single conflict between the State and Universities all these years, obviously because one of them, viz., the Universities, was never strong, or enlightened or independent or patriotic enough to assert themselves. The ingloriously blank record (in many cases it was blatantly reactionary) of our Universities in the freedom struggle clinches this point. It is only hereafter that we may expect our Universities to fight for their autonomy, their cultural conscience, their spiritual freedom against the

onslaughts of demos. But for a long time to come, it would be the duty as also the privilege of our Universities to be engaged in the delicate task of educating their masters. The leadership of our Universities should pass into the hands of national leaders, and it is they who must establish precedents which would ensure University autonomy without detriment to the national interests. Until the foundations of a secular State have settled down and can take on superstructures without a crack, until we have evolved an invincible conception of patriotism which stands above all argument and commands the instinctive loyalty and reverence of all of us, it would be hazardous to grant to our still toddling Universities any unconditional sort of freedom or autonomy. This freedom has to be won by our Universities even as the country's freedom has had to be fought for and won after a long and hard struggle. Above all, care must be taken to see that freedom for Universities does not mean freedom for a minority of vested interests undistinguished by any other mark of identity but a pathetic zeal for the maintenance or perpetuation of the *status quo*.

The next and in a sense the most contentious point is that which centres round the medium of instruction. There are Anglophobes and Anglophils in plenty all around us; and unluckily for us, there is too little of clear thinking on the subject. The moment we speak of a national language or a lingua franca or a cultural medium, a legion of excited voices rends the air, and rhapsodies on the virtues of English deflect attention. The limiting factors are that we cannot adopt English in tota as our foster mother for ever; and that at the moment we have no adequate native medium to do duty for English. But provincial languages are coming up. They cannot be thrust back into the obscurity from

which they are emerging by force of natural causes. In the same way, the eclipse or gradual fade-out of English from the first place is no less inevitable. Statesmanship no less than commonsense demands a revision of our linguistic priorities with due regard to the present and the future. Universities being at the apex of the national life, it is quite open to them to experiment in the widest manner with media—some may be purely provincial, some may be interprovincial and a few may be of an all-India character. Until we arrive at the stage of a workable substitute for English for all purposes of administration, it would be an unsatisfactory transition where a sort of controlled babel of tongues would be at work.

Linguistic Commission Report

WHETHER one held the view in favour of the linguistic division of the country or against it, he must have experienced a sense of disappointment after reading the summary of the Report of the Linguistic Commission. It is natural enough for one who was in favour of the division to be disappointed, because of the conclusion; but to one who was against the division, the reasons adduced in support of the conclusion appear so unconvincing that the disappointment arises because such reasons are incapable of halting the demand for the linguistic division of the country.

The blame cannot be laid at the door of the Commission if the Report is what it is. The members of the Commission are undoubtedly able men quite capable of producing a convincing, dispassionate and weighty report on any administrative problem. In our opinion, the blame must be laid on our politicians who seem to suffer or, shall we say, who are possessed of the singular gift of inappropriateness. Many who live in the areas of the Tamils, Telugus, Malayalees, and Kanarese, have failed to grasp the

significance of the events that took place immediately after the partition of India. The word 'partition' when spoken cannot but send a shiver down the spine either in a North Indian or in one who has been more national than subnational. It is only highly intellectual people who are free from troubling emotions that can discuss such problems without heat and passion. But unfortunately the demand for the linguistic division of the country is not being made without heat and passion. Even Sri Aurobindo, in his message to the Andhra University, while approving the claim for the division on linguistic basis, has not advised immediate division. If the conclusion of the Committee that immediate division is undesirable, is to be accepted as right, its other conclusion, that it may not be right even in the future, was unnecessary. If there is to be a linguistic division of the country, then, that the cities of Madras and Bombay should have independent status on account of their cosmopolitan population is also right. But the future status of these cities, including certain other places like Cochin, Vizagapatam and Calcutta, has to be decided on wider grounds of the interests of defence and commerce than merely on the languages of their inhabitants.

In our opinion, a great injustice has been done to the Linguistic Commission by the Government of India. There are more than one question involved in this linguistic division of the country. The basic question whether linguistic division is desirable or not has already been answered by the Congress which has committed itself in favour of division in its earlier years, and, today, a substantial number of Congressmen are in its favour. If some of our leading politicians feel that in the altered events of an independent India, the question of linguistic division should be reconsidered, then they should ask that the question be referred to the decision of the

people by holding a referendum or by a general election fought on the issue of division or no division. On the other hand, a great number of our politicians feel strongly that the present moment is extremely inopportune to effect the division of the country on a linguistic basis quite apart from the real merits of the question. Here, at least, they could have avoided exhibiting this lamentable lack of courage by referring the question to the Commission. Is it a question properly to be answered by our political leaders or by a Commission of civil servants, however high in administrative experience? We can understand the various questions that might arise if we should decide on a division being referred to a Commission. But to refer the basic question to a body whose opinions would carry no political conviction was tantamount to evading the issue. If reasons had to be adduced against immediate linguistic division, our leading politicians could have done it with greater eloquence and plausibility. As it is, we are afraid that the Report of the Commission may not set at rest the clamour for an immediate linguistic division and the issue will therefore continue to be a source of irritation in the political life of the country.

The Governor-General

IN an article under the heading "Without Comment" published on page 15 in the issue of SWATANTRA dated November 13, 1948, it was stated that the monthly salary of the Governor-General of India (Rs. 20,900) is income tax-free. This is an error, and we deeply regret it, especially as the manner of the statement left room for the supposition that it had the authority of Pandit Nehru. The figure of the Governor-General's salary as given is correct, but it is not true that it is tax-free. Actually the Governor-General pays more than Rs. 1½ lakhs a year in income-tax

and super-tax. So also all Governors are taxed. On occasions when we commented on the high salary of the Governor-General, it was not our intention to make any reflection on the personal character of the present holder of the office, H.E. Sri C. Rajagopalachari whose rectitude in all matters of money is well known, but only to draw attention to the extravagance of the arrangements connected with the office as

inherited from the British regime and plead for a suitable change in conformity with the economic conditions of a poverty-stricken country like India. The need for such a change still continues, even if the Governor-General's salary is not tax-free, and many of C.R.'s admirers will be happy at the news that he himself had moved in the matter, though the fact was not publicly divulged till very late.

Sotto Voce

Reciprocity Indeed!



THE fallen Archangel was forever preoccupied with God. And the architects of our secular State are incessantly thinking of religion. The ark of the covenant they have erected to keep it in its place is the clause in the Fundamental Rights which lays down that "all persons are equally entitled to freedom of conscience and the right freely to profess, practise and propagate religion." (*Italics mine*). They would call this reciprocity. But remember that eighty per cent of the population of India follows a faith which has always abjured and is unalterably opposed to proselytisation.

This has been freely taken advantage of in the past by the proselytising faiths. Mass conversions went on for centuries introducing in the Indian polity deep fissures which time has only widened. Few impartial students would maintain for a moment that the vast bulk of the converts abjured the old faith or adopted the new one from careful study and reasoned conviction. Has not Dr.

Ambedkar himself periodically threatened to stage a spiritual walk-out with his followers? Of recent times Arya Samajists and others have sought to carry the war into the enemy's camp. But such movements went against the grain of Hinduism. The counter-attack has only served to intensify fanaticism in every camp.

And yet our doctrinaires have solemnly set the seal of approval on this 'freedom' because their mentors in the Western world expect it of them. But the poor innocents do not ask why the Western world is so lukewarm, where a political doctrine like Communism is concerned, about extending to it the unlimited right to convert. In many European and American countries the Communist Party has been outlawed because it threatens the prevalent economic order. But India apparently has no right to shut the door against spiritual wolves because the soul has no cash value!

It is argued that Christianity and Islam, not to speak of other reli-

gions, impose an obligation on their followers to bring the good tidings to the benighted and in a free country they must not be denied the free exercise of this right. Christianity and Islam have not shown much enthusiasm for recovering the lost sheep of Soviet Russia or reclaiming the pagan hordes of the dark continent. That apart, is it not strange that a State which is so anxious to impress the world by its broad-mindedness should show itself so intolerant to Hinduism alone as to deny its followers the right to worship as they please? Unlimited right of interference with Hindu religious institutions is reserved to the State in support of what it might choose to consider social welfare and reform.

The Madras Government now propose to throw open to all and sundry temples which have hitherto been accessible only to certain sections of the community. Recently the Government of an Indian State went one better by punishing the temple priests of a famous shrine for performing purificatory ceremonies after the entry of a non-Hindu. Indeed one of the leading lights of Sarvodaya demands that Hindu temples shall be thrown open to all men, whatever their religious persuasion, who wish to visit them and behave in a seemly way. The other day he sternly rebuked the heads of the Vallabhacharya sect for removing the idols from the temples in their charge. At the same time he was candid enough to say that this might perhaps indirectly prove a blessing by hastening the disappearance of idolatry from the land. But the iconoclasts are strangely deferential to the supposed rights of other faiths.

Missionary propaganda is no longer so crude and direct as it used to be. So much so one of our lawgivers thought he must break to the Constituent Assembly the priceless news that he was educated in a Christian institution for thirteen years "and nobody made any attempt to convert me." The shrewd evangelists to whom he gave this good chit must today be congratulating themselves on their prescient forbearance! But I venture to think that the Reverend James Walsh, titular Bishop of Sata, who is scared by the inroads of Communism in Asia and propounds a characteristic solution in a letter to the *New York Times*, has more relevant testimony to offer.

The world, says the Reverend Walsh, has grown small. Europe and Asia must willy-nilly live together in peace. Luckily "their (Asiatics) outlook on life is growing much more modern, more in keeping with our own with every passing day. They assimilate to us much more rapidly than we do to them". And the assimilation, as of the cockroach by the lizard, could be enormously speeded up, the good Bishop thinks, if only Communism were halted and the conquest of the Bible extended. When such are the noble motives that inspire the Christian nations, how can they help believing with this worthy cleric that Asia is today immersed in total darkness and its people have "no spiritual guidance of divine origin, no spiritual support of supernatural strength"? And India's rulers act as if they enthusiastically agreed with the libellers.

VIGNESWARA.

Antigonus, Cyclops, most distinguished of Alexander the Great's generals, went to see his son who was ill. At the door of the sickroom he met a beautiful girl, just leaving. Going in, he found his son looking surprisingly well. "The fever has left me," the young man explained.

"Yes," replied Antigonus, "I met her going out as I was coming in."

SIDELIGHTS :

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

WITH the advent of Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya as Congress President, the organisational structure of the Congress in South India is apt to change. The change might affect Professor Ranga forthwith. There has been a sort of Ranga—Diwakar—S. K. Patil axis in inter-provincial politics subserving the glory of Sardar Patel and being fashioned by him for the next rung of power and leadership, the apex of course being occupied by the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister. That axis might now be disturbed, if only because Dr. Pattabhi will not be a President of the pattern of Dr. Rajendra Prasad. With Dr. Prasad as Congress President, there was never any chance of any impediment from the organisational machinery of the Congress to the wishes and plans of the Sardar. In political stature Rajendra Prasad ranks as the equal of titans like Das, Nehru, Patel, C.R. and Srinivasa Iyengar, who filled the Gandhian era like a constellation of bright stars with the glitter of their fame. But he seems to have failed somehow to overtake in his stride the movement of the forces that made history in recent years. A forlorn Rightist in a world swiftly turning to the Left, he has fallen out of step with the march of time. His influence has not kept pace with his prestige and abilities. The fight seems to have gone out of him after the British withdrawal. Big Business has used him at times to serve its ends. He has relapsed into passivity, a safe quality for lack of which Acharya Kripalani had to quit the Congress presidential gadi.

Pandit Nehru lacks the normal equipment of a political leader to bind the loyalty of followers to himself with ties of personal self-interest. The spirit of intrigue is

conspicuous by its absence in him. He is blithely indifferent to the many varieties of coercive pressure that the power of votes exercises in a modern democracy on Ministers and leaders. All the toil needed to keep a party going with vigilant mobilisation of the purchasable loyalties of its members has fallen on the Sardar, a toil carrying with it as recompense, acquisition of the quintessence of the entire power of the State. The strength of the Sardar lies in the hold on the party machine he has established through control of its key-men. His weakness is the same as that of the outgoing Congress President—he too has fallen out of tune with the temper of the times. There is no foundation of fascinated public admiration for his power as there is for Pandit Nehru.

It is necessary for the Sardar, in the position held by him, to have a subservient Congress President. In the case of Rajendra Prasad, if there was no subservience, it was because there was, instead, a willing surrender born out of his lack of ambition and desire to avoid conflict. Dr. Pattabhi, with his flair for gay indulgence in feats of intellectual skill, is not likely to accept with relish in any position the role of a dummy. In the very fact of Dr. Pattabhi having won the election in spite of every effort of the Sardar to prevent it, there was the element of a potential tussle between the two. When the Sardar offered the Doctor "sympathies" in lieu of "congratulations", he almost overstepped the bounds of politeness, for very few could have failed to grasp what it meant. It meant, "Behave well, or else beware of me". The next stage is now reached, in the suggestion, tendered in the form of a resolution for the Congress, that the President should not be left free hereafter to

nominate his own Working Committee, a proportion of them should be imposed on him by the Ministers and the rest elected by the A.I.C.C. Nothing can suit the Sardar better, for if the suggestion fructifies, the Congress President will be plucked of his wings and left in a crippled condition.

If Dr. Pattabhi has his way, he might wish to have Prakasam and Kamaraj Nādar in the Congress Working Committee. It is fortunate for South India that one so well versed in the intricacies of its politics as Dr. Pattabhi, is at the helm of the Congress at this juncture. The content of the intellect of the South Indian is perhaps the best in the world. If public-spirited leaders of ability, wisdom and vision had come to power, the resultant high standard of morale and administration would have created a paradise for the people here and led them to the vanguard in all spheres of high endeavour. Actually an uninspiring set of mediocres have captured the Government. Our Ministers do the work of clerks, pulling the whole Secretariat down to their level. Their policies have let loose orgies of hatred everywhere. I make a present of the following true story to the Congress President, the Prime Minister and all similar high dignitaries, to place in the forefront of their minds when they dream of a high destiny for

India or speak of the noble ideals that should govern Congress rule in our secular State:

An official of the Madras Government in a technical department was posted on promotion to a mofussil town. A couple of days after taking charge of the new appointment, he received a telegram dismissing him from service. He rushed to the Secretariat and discovered that the telegram was a faked one. Greatly relieved, he returned to duty. Within a week, he and the principal members of his family received threatening letters warning them of the direst consequences if he persisted in holding the appointment. Their lives would not be safe then, the letters said. They were signed by a person who professed to be Secretary of the Society of Brahmin Haters.

When Pandit Nehru visited Madras, the atmosphere was for a time cleared of communal hatred. It is the quality of leadership that affects the tempers of people. The educability of human nature is immense. The waves of hatred surging now in the South provide a reflection on the character of the prevailing leadership. How to disarm it and prevent it from spreading further mischief should be a matter of very grave concern to all who wish to see good government established in the country.—SAKA.

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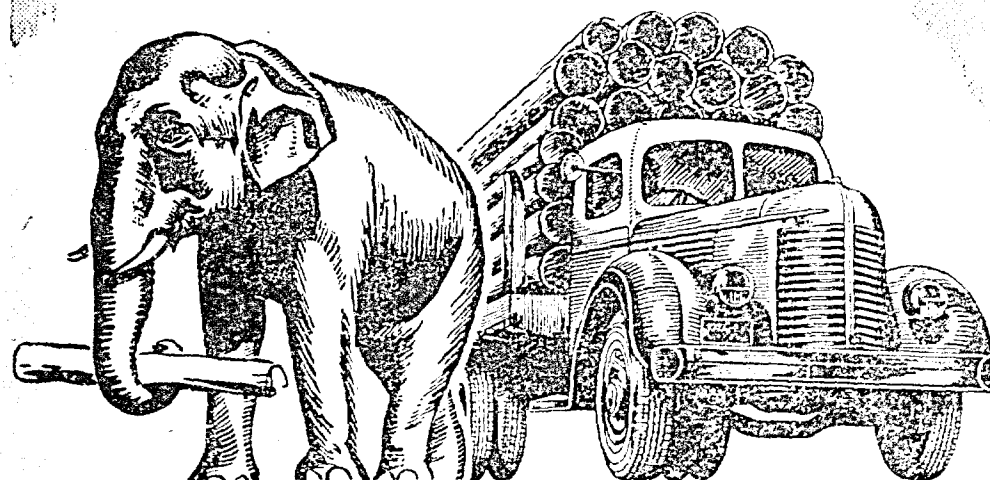
These postal trains now carry 11,500,000 bags full of letters and parcels each year.

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—WYNDHAM MURRAY.

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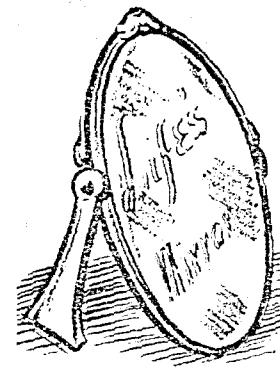
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SUSHILA

By
Janus

WELL, Sushila has gone away, sweet-faced, sad-faced Sushila with her adorable baby boy, and we are both glad and sad at her going. The only inconsolable one is our youngest Parvati who was playmate to Sushila's baby. She keeps looking for "Papa" and crying for "Papa", and will not be consoled.

We remember as if it were yesterday, the day of Sushila's coming amongst us. One evening about a year and a half ago, returning early from the office, I saw a listless weary-eyed sixteen-year old girl sitting in our courtyard. My wife was hovering over her, trying to get her to drink a little hot milk. She looked up as I came in and said, "This is my cousin Sushila who has come to stay with us." I must have shown a look of surprise, because among all her many relatives I could not place a cousin Sushila, for my wife pulled me into the bedroom and said, "Do not say anything now. I'll tell you all about it in a few minutes."

After completing her tender ministrations to our new guest, my wife came in and stood hesitatingly before me. With a pleading look she said, "Sushila is not my cousin, as you must very well know, but please let her stay with us. Her need is so great."

"Why, friend of my heart, when have I ever refused you what you

desired? Do not fear, but tell me more of Sushila and her great need."

"Well, my mother's brother recently went to my native village and found it in a great commotion. A panchayat was to be called, for a village girl was accused of having violated her widowhood. You must remember my speaking of a dear childhood friend Lakshmi. We were married about the same time and both of us bore children within a few months of each other. I named my child "Lakshmi" after her, and if she had lived, she would have been Sushila's age." My wife's eyes welled up with unshed tears in memory of our first dear baby girl who had lived so short a time and then had been taken by that dreaded scourge diphtheria.

"Sushila was my friend's baby daughter," my wife continued. "And according to custom she was married at an early age to a boy of the village. They were married only two years and before the time for the consummation of their wedding he died. I cannot justify Sushila. But she was only thirteen when he died. She was such a bright-faced child and so well-liked and made much of by the villagers, for Lakshmi and her husband both came from families of high standing amongst them. As she was a virgin widow, she still wore her pretty saris and bangles—they could not

bear to deprive her of all her lovely things. Some boy or man, God alone knows who, for she will not tell, has given her a child. And it was she, my Lakshmi's child, who was to be tried before all the villagers at the panchayat.

"My uncle was horrified, for he too was, of course, an old friend of the family. In fact we were all as close to each other as if indeed we were sisters and brothers. He went to the trial. The villagers were inexorable. The law had been broken. The culprit must pay, especially as she persisted obstinately in her refusal to say who was the father. The child must have loved dearly to have withheld this information when all were threatening her. So the penalty of banishment from the village was imposed and a time was set in the early morning to drive her forth with appropriate ceremonies of righteous vengeance.

"My uncle had a plan but dared not go to visit Lakshmi lest some inkling get abroad of it. He sent word by a trusted friend that he would be late to the house and at twelve that night, when all the villagers were asleep, he stole as a thief would into my dear friend's home. He told the weeping mother and father that he would smuggle Sushila out of the village and take her to my house. He was sure, for the love I bore Lakshmi, I could not refuse to befriend her.

"Lakshmi and her husband gladly assented and promised to send money for Sushila's support, though even that would have to be sent by a trusted messenger, lest the villagers learn to know of it. They all went up to Sushila's bedroom to get the child but found her gone. In anguish they hastened down to the river and there found her with jewels stripped from her hands and laid on a stone, preparing to plunge herself into the river's depths. They rescued her, but left the bangles and other jewels on the stone as a testimony to her suicide, for truly it would have been suicide but for my uncle's intervention. The next morning when the villagers arrived to carry out their dreadful punish-

ment, they found the parents weeping by the riverside and they, too, now began to weep and blame themselves for their judgment, for at heart the villagers are always more tender than harsh. But if they had found that they had been hoodwinked, their mood would quickly have changed and again they would be at their call for vengeance.

"Oh, can she not stay here and bring forth her child? For the sake of our Lakshmi who might have been as she?"

"Child, when you ask me anything I cannot refuse you. But when you ask me in the name of our firstborn, what could I withhold from you?"

So Sushila remained with us, and a very difficult problem she was for my wife during the ensuing months. She seemed as if sunk into a dreadful lethargy of despondency from which nothing could arouse her. Only from wild dreams would she wake screaming, "They are coming to drive me away. They shall not take me. The river, the river, would be so cool, so comforting." Or, "I will not tell. I will not tell. Do not ask me again. You are torturing me." Twice she seemed on the verge again of taking her own life. But in each slough of despair, my wife's soothing and tender love surrounded her and kept her safe.

Finally the little one came. From the first moment he was put into Sushila's arms, she was truly safe. The warm rush of mother-love that tiny mite of humanity invoked brought her back as from the dead. Slowly she recovered not to the normal life of a seventeen-year old girl, but of a purified madonna-like sweet wraith utterly wrapped up in that splendid little baby boy. The past for her became a dead and forgotten thing. There is only for her the future, only for her the baby.

Lakshmi and her husband secretly visited Sushila after the coming of her child and the old friends could hardly tear themselves from each other's embrace. Seeing her grandchild Lakshmi grew as

brave as a lioness and vowed she would announce to the panchayat that she would have her child and grandchild with her. Strangely enough, the panchayat to a man expressed happiness that Sushila had not been permitted to die by the river and said that she and her child would be welcomed back amongst them.

During the very time Lakshmi was talking to the panchayat, the father of the child, a young lad not much older than Sushila, the son of a wealthy family in a nearby village, was seized with a raging fever. Thinking he was dying and wishing to make some kind of reparation for his previous cowardice, he told his family that it was he who had seduced Sushila and that she appeared always to him from the river

calling him to follow her. He said he had not dared to tell before, because he did not think they would have allowed him to marry a widowed girl. When he heard that she still lived, he avowed his intention of marrying her or no one else, and because he is the only child of his parents and the baby wins the hearts of all who see him, he will probably succeed in his desire.

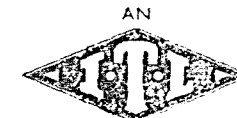
This story has a happy ending. But how many Sushilas actually find their way out through the call of the river? How many without the courage to die have the still worse fate of being driven forth to find subsistence by selling their poor frail bodies? When will man's inhumanity to man cease and men know themselves as they truly are —brothers?

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UNIVERSITY EDUCATION— A CENTRAL SUBJECT

by B. R. KUMAR, M.A.

OF all the beneficent legacies of the Britisher to India the most valuable has been the political consciousness of a united country, expressed through the Indian National Congress during the last 60 years, and culminating in 15th August 1947, when the departing rulers handed over the reins of the Government of the country to the Congress and a Cabinet representative of all sections of the country, with a Constituent Assembly to cast the mould of our future. Pre-Muslim India might have possessed a geographical as well as a cultural unity based on Hinduism; and at times even an administrative unity, but it never attained a political unity, and fell a prey to a handful of Muslim invaders time after time. Muslim India similarly, while it attained a considerable measure of administrative and even cultural unity, failed to achieve an all-India consciousness, so that the Englishman everywhere came into contact with local opposition, never an Indian opposition when he deliberately set upon the task of political conquest. It was only between 1919 and 1947 that he met with an all-India political opposition which made it an almost hopeless task to continue his rule much longer, and with a grace rarely paralleled in history he decided to quit, before he was physically thrown out.

The Constituent Assembly at Delhi has succeeded to the sovereignty of the British Parliament over India and in the very nature of things, it must make many revolutionary changes in the British political set-up of the country to which its members as Congressmen had been opposed, both in detail and on the whole, for the last 30 years. All the greater need therefore for caution lest in the excitement of revolutionary change, we might throw away the baby with the bath water!

The nurseries of this all-India political consciousness of the British era were the Indian Universities. Divided though we were by languages, religions, castes, dress, food, manners, outlook and history—divided in fact by all those factors that are the necessary pre-requisites of a modern nation—the Indian Universities worked the miracle of uniting its products spread over the length and breadth of a continent, in a single vision that overcame all differences. The Universities created a common mental and psychological outlook; a common political objective as well as the instrument for its realisation. The graduates of the Indian Universities coming from different ends of the continent could meet on the common platform of the Indian National Congress, and in spite of obtrusive differences in everything else, could work together for a common political objective—an Indian citizenship.

This achievement of the Universities, situated in every province and under the control of provincial Ministries would appear to be miraculous, were it not for the fact that though apparently University education was a provincial subject, in effect it was a central subject: it was a central subject in effect for the medium of instruction was common and therefore the subject matters of study were uniform throughout India. The same classics, the same text books, the same syllabuses, the same examinations—in the English language were the common fare of the intellectual classes throughout India. An undergraduate could migrate from one University to another, a graduate and a business or professional man could migrate from one province to another—and feel at home everywhere. It is not the railway, the post office, the telegraph, the army or the common currency: it is not

even the fact that the same Englishman ruled in the North and in the South, that created the all-India consciousness of the middle and intellectual classes. It was the common culture fostered by the Indian Universities.

The Constituent Assembly has accepted with a grateful heart this priceless legacy of a united India from the Britisher and one of its most important tasks is the creation of a machinery which will not only preserve the achievement of the past, but also provide for a greater synthesis in the future. The physical paraphernalia of this objective is the maintenance in the hands of the Central Government of Defence, Foreign Relations and Communications; but what of the spiritual paraphernalia—the machinery for the embodiment and realisation of a synthetic unity of Indian cultures preserved in her people and provinces? The spiritual urge in any country is the work of the intellectuals, most of whom are the products of its Universities. It was the graduates of the Indian Universities who founded the Indian National Congress, laid down its objectives from time to time, took the lead in all matters of reform, popularised its policies, and who are now in charge of the political destinies of the country. And as in the past, so in the future, the leadership of the community must inevitably rest in the hands of the intellectuals. And as the Constituent Assembly—having accepted the objective of a united India—in keeping in the hands of the centre the physical machinery necessary for the purpose, so it must also reserve for the centre the requisite SPIRITUAL machinery.

The Britisher could delegate educational powers to the provinces without running any risk of political disintegration, for he had made English a common medium of administration throughout the country, and his Universities being essentially agencies for producing administrative hands, naturally adapted themselves to the situation and adopting English as the medium

of instruction, based themselves on a single model.

Conditions today are just the opposite. Linguistic provinces are the fashion of the day and already some provinces have adopted local languages for administrative purposes. Further the provincial Universities of the future will be dynamic forces in the creation of new spiritual urges, not merely agencies for creating clerks, as under the British. In the future, even more than in the past, Universities will be the nurseries of new ideologies, new spiritual urges, new intellectual expressions. And if linguistic Universities produce linguistic loyalties, linguistic horizons, linguistic urges, what is to happen to the most valuable legacy of the Britisher?

That linguistic Universities will produce linguistic urges can be seen in the history of Europe. As long as Latin was the cultural language of Europe, it nurtured and maintained a sense of European citizenship. With the establishment of linguistic Universities—Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Lourain, etc.—began the cultural disintegration of Europe, leading inevitably to its political disintegration.

Now it is not possible or desirable that all education should be in the hands of the Federal Government in India. India's culture must inevitably be federal and not unitary. Provinces must be free to develop the local genius to the highest pitch, through the local languages. But the very fact that politically we are a single federal State also requires that the luxuriance of regional cultures be synthesised into an Indian culture.

This can only be ensured if University education is a federal subject—as it was a central subject under the Britisher in fact though not in name. In this way only can it be ensured that amidst the inevitable linguistic and regional loyalties of our provinces, there will be pockets of all-India loyalty—pockets of intellectuals speaking an all-India language, educated in all-India institutions, bred up in all-India

background, possessing all-India connections, voicing all-India urges. Mere adoption of an all-India language—Hindi or English—by itself will not ensure this, for it is not a language that unites but its literature. Punjabees and Bengalees spoke the same language, but that did not prevent the partition of the two provinces, for the literature upon which the Hindus and Muslims were fed—mostly newspapers—was not regional but ultra-regional. The British civilians passed the language tests of the provinces in which they served but that did not give them regional loyalty—they remained British. Gujratis, Marwaris, Sindhis carrying on business in Madras know the local language, but they do not thereby give up their provincial character. The aspirations of a people are formed by their literature, which is the creation of the intellectuals; but how can there be all-India literature without all-India intellectuals?

Incidentally both the efficiency of our future University education and the all-India character of the federal Government personnel will depend upon University education being a federal subject. It is impossible to prepare proper text books in the 10 or 12 regional languages—translated or original—at reasonable cost. After all, only a handful of any population go in for University education, and while it may be possible to prepare the requisite number and standard of books for all-India in one language—Hindi or any other—it would be impossible financially to do so for a dozen languages. Further, are scientific, agricultural and other researches to be carried on in regional languages, under regional Universities, without possibility of comparison,

and with the inevitability of duplication?

Similarly with regard to the efficiency and all-India character of federal services. If the federal language is distinct from all provincial languages, who is to train its personnel? If it is Hindi, inevitably Universities in Hindi-speaking provinces will have a distinct advantage over the rest, making federal Government a monopoly, thus further fanning inter-provincial jealousies. And who will lay down the requisite standards of recruitment, if not the federal Government?

The greatest danger in India today and for a long-time ahead is that of centrifugal tendencies. Apart from the disaster of Partition, even in the Indian Union it is creating hatreds between Brahmins and non-Brahmins, Hindus and Sikhs. But religion is but one outlet for our genius for divisions. Provincial jealousies, geographical jealousies, linguistic jealousies, so rampant today—all these are warnings of the danger signal. To concede to provinces University education, would be as disastrous as to concede to them the right of maintaining armies. We are not yet sufficiently united to accept at their face value provincial platitudes of all-India loyalties; and in any case in the absence of appropriate soil even the finest seed will not germinate. Tagore and Gandhi would for ever have remained Bengali and Gujerati leaders but for the existence of an all-India consciousness expressed through the English language. There would have been no India today if the Englishman had created linguistic Universities and linguistic provinces. Let us not throw away the greatest blessing of the British era.

PLUTARCH tells of a Roman, divorced from his wife, who was blamed by friends for the separation.

"Was she not beautiful?" they chorused. "Was she not chaste?" The Roman, holding out his shoe for them to see, asked if it were not good-looking and well made. "Yet," he added, "none of you can tell where it pinches me."

SRI AUROBINDO AND INDIAN INDEPENDENCE

by J. VIJAYATUNGA

BY its award of the National Prize for Humanities for this year to Sri Aurobindo the Andhra University is doing itself a distinctive honour. Awards as such and honours have little meaning for Sri Aurobindo but it is fitting that India should signify her acknowledgment of Sri Aurobindo's pioneer work for the cause of Indian independence.

The public has a short memory. It is a plastic memory yielding itself to day to day impressions as conveyed by the newspapers and other media of information. Therefore we cannot altogether blame the public if it remembers little of the condition of India in 1907 or of the part played by Bengal in the fight for independence or of the inspired part played in that phase of independence by Sri Aurobindo.

This hiatus in the public memory need no longer exist, for, within the space of the last two months four small books have appeared which must amply refresh the memory of those who have but a vague idea of Sri Aurobindo's part in India's independence and of his life and activities from the time he retired to Pondicherry in 1910. These books in the order of their appearance are *The Doctrine of Passive Resistance*, *Sri Aurobindo and Freedom*, *Sri Aurobindo's Speeches*, and *Sri Aurobindo and His Ashram*.

From these books which contain mostly articles Sri Aurobindo contributed to the newspaper, *Bande Mataram*, of which he was editor and reproductions of his public speeches during his political career, one learns among other things that he was the originator of the weapon of "passive resistance" which Mahatma Gandhi was to use later with such effect. There have been great and doughty fighters in the cause of India's independence but none of them had that high vision

of India's destiny that Sri Aurobindo had even in those black days of "apathy and despair" as Sri Aurobindo has described them. Let me quote him from a speech he gave under the auspices of the Bombay National Union in January, 1903:

"When I went to Bengal three or four years before the Swadeshi movement was born, to see what was the hope of revival, what was the political condition of the people, and whether there was the possibility of a real movement, what I found there was that the prevailing mood was apathy and despair. People had believed that regeneration could only come from outside, that another nation would take us by the hand and lift us up and that we have nothing to do for ourselves...."

Well, such apathy and such deep despair soon gave place to the most astounding nationalistic upsurge, and Sri Aurobindo's part in that revival was not inconsiderable. But then, just as today, Sri Aurobindo interpreted Nationalism as more than a mere patriotic struggle for replacing foreign masters by native masters. In that same speech he asks and answers this question.

"Have you realised what Nationalism is? Have you realised that it is a religion that you are embracing? If you have, then call yourselves Nationalists; and when you have called yourselves Nationalists then try to live your Nationalism. Try to realise the strength within you, try to bring it forward, so that everything you do may be not your own doing, but the doing of that Truth within you.... The leader is within yourselves. If you can only find him and listen to his voice, then you will not find that people will not listen to you, because there will be a voice within the people which will make itself heard. That voice

and that strength is within you. If you feel it within yourselves, if you live in its presence, if it has become yourselves then you will find that one word from you will awake an answering voice in others, that the creed which you preach will spread and will be received by all and that it will not be very long—in Bengal it has not been very long, it has not taken a century or fifty years, it has taken only three years to change the whole nation—to give it a new spirit and heart and to put it in front of all the Indian races. From Bengal has come the example of Nationalism. Bengal which was the least respected and the most looked-down on of all the Indian races for its weakness has within these three years changed so much simply because the men there who were called to receive God within themselves were able to receive Him, were able to bear, to suffer and live in that Power, and by living in that Power they were able to give out.... And so in three years the whole race of Bengal has been changed, and you are obliged to ask in wonder, what is going on in Bengal? You see a movement which no obstacle can stop, you see a great development which no power can resist, you see the birth of the Avatar in the Nation, and if you have received God within you, if you have received that Power within you, you will see that God will change the rest of India in even a much shorter time, because the Power has already gone forth, and is declaring itself, and when once declared, it will continue its work with ever greater and greater rapidity. It will continue its work with the matured force of Divinity until the whole world sees and until the whole world understands him, until Sri Krishna, who has now hid himself in Gokul, who is now among the poor and despised of the earth.... will declare the Godhead, and the whole nation will rise, the whole people of this great country will rise, filled with divine power, filled with the inspiration of the

Almighty, and no power on earth shall resist it, and no danger or difficulty shall stop it in its onward course. Because God is there, and it is his Mission, and He has something for us to do. He has a work for His great and ancient nation...."

I have quoted at such length from one of his most inspired speeches because those words uttered forty years ago have formed the basis of Sri Aurobindo's Yoga from the time he left active work in the political sphere. Throughout his writings and in his speeches one meets this strain: "I knew all along what He meant for me, for I heard it again and again, always I listened to the voice within: 'I am guiding, therefore fear not.... Remember that it is I who am doing this, not you nor any other.... I am in the nation and its uprising, and I am Vasudeva, I am Narayana, and what I will, shall be, not what others will. What I choose to bring about, no human power can stay'."

The mere transference of power to Indian hands will count for little, according to Sri Aurobindo, unless India realises her high destiny. That destiny is not that India should be like other nations, rising "merely by human strength to trample underfoot the weaker peoples...." India's destiny is to save the whole world. Ambitious words, and spoken first more than forty years ago, but Sri Aurobindo has never swerved from this vision of India's high destiny and he himself, throughout nearly half a century of service in the cause of the Motherland has remained wholly consistent. Over and over he has said, "India has a secret power which no other nation possesses" and "Our political beginning will have a religious end". In 1907 he wrote: "A divine Power is behind the movement; the *Zeit-Geist*, the Time-Spirit, is at work to bring about a mighty movement of which the world at the present juncture has need. That movement is the resurgence of Asia and the resurgence of India is not only a necessary part of the larger movement but its

central need. India is the key-stone of the arch, the chief inheritor of the common Asiatic destiny. The idea of a free and united India has been born and arrived at full stature in the land of the Rishis, and the spiritual force of a great civilisation of which the world has need, is gathering at its back."

To this end he has devoted his time and energy during the last thirty-eight years at his Ashram in Pondicherry. This is not an Ashram in the ordinary sense, full of ochre-robed sanyasis. No new religion is being preached here; no theories or rules of conduct have been laid down. The *sadhaks* and *sadhikas*, who today number some six hundred or so have been drawn each to Sri Aurobindo and the Mother for various reasons, obviously, but all of them because they wish and

pray for self-development. There is a higher consciousness than the mental, says Sri Aurobindo and only this higher consciousness can see the difference between Appearance and Reality.

The Ashram has grown beyond the limits that were originally intended for it, and this phase of its manifold activities is the result of the ceaseless work and the constant control of the Mother.

The fact that Sri Aurobindo has lived to see India attain her independence, and the greater fact that he is in our midst through these difficult and testing years, is of great significance to India. India's high destiny can be understood only by knowing the work of Sri Aurobindo, first as educator, then as editor and political worker and lastly in his present role as Yogin.

"Tell me, Doctor, what are my chances to recover?"

"Just 100 per cent.! Statistics show that only nine out of ten die from this disease—nine of my patients have already died from it. You are the tenth."—DECCAN HERALD.

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE



EVEN at the beginning it was chaos and confusion. The passing of time has only made the situation worse. There was a time in the middle—immediately after the assassination of Count Bernadotte—when it almost seemed as if the Israel Government could be rushed into a compromise. Strike while the iron is hot, says the proverb. There was no one wise or strong enough to strike and, anyway, the hammer was missing. And perhaps now it is too late. The war in Palestine has ceased to be a war between two parties. It is now the Jews' war. There is no doubt about the victor nor about his attitude.

The last testament of Count Bernadotte received enthusiastic approval and endorsement by Governments and Ministers in the first flush of shock which followed the assassination. Mr. Marshall urged its acceptance as a "fair basis" for settlement. Mr. Bevin, in the House of Commons on September 22, said that the "recommendations of Count Bernadotte... have the whole-hearted and unqualified support of His Majesty's Government." There was an outburst of international fury and resentment against the Israel Government for its weakness in not being able to control its lawless elements. Israel's humiliation was worsened by the challenge of the Fatherland Front which openly claimed to have committed the murder because, as it believed, the Count wanted to realise "British plans to deliver our country to foreign rule." Perhaps something could have been done in these first few days when Israel was cowed and regretful and Ben-Gurion was far too busy making futile efforts to apprehend the

"enemies of liberty" who had killed the peacemaker. But the Arabs, well-fed, slow-witted and supine inheritors of reposeful traditions, made their move only towards the end of September. But by then the Jews had not only recovered from the shock but the first draft of the last proposals of the Count had come in. And the All-Palestine Provisional Government was thus doomed to be a still-birth.

The plan drawn up by Count Bernadotte started with the reminder that "a Jewish State called Israel exists in Palestine and there are no sound reasons for assuming that it will not continue to do so." It gave Negev to the Arabs and Galilee to the Jews. The city of Jerusalem was to be under UN control "with maximum feasible local autonomy for its Arab and Jewish communities... safeguards for the protection of the holy places and sites and free access to them, and for religious freedom." The UN should affirm the right of Arab refugees to return to their homes. The plan emphasised also the need for definite frontiers and boundaries for each State and for the protection of minorities.

Hardly had the plan been published before Israel bristled. "Territorial changes proposed in the Mediator's report result in an entirely inequitable apportionment of land" between Israel and the Arab State, and the area given to the Arabs was "19 times that of the State of Israel." Mr. Moshe Shertok was more categorical. "Negev," he said, "was Israel's territory" and "no part of it can be given or bartered away." The proposal that Jerusalem should be a separate entity under the UN was "illusory

and untenable." As for the Arab refugees, it was "unthinkable for Israel to readmit these refugees" while the war lasted. The whole thing, he concluded, was "unjust, futile and demoralising." That was Israel's first and final reaction and she has stuck unwaveringly to it through defeat and victory which perhaps was one reason why she has had more of the latter than of the former. It must be said here, of course, that Israel's reaction was not altogether fair for though the Arabs got more acreage of land, according to the plan, it was the Jews who secured the most fertile regions of Palestine. The Arabs, equally emphatic in their opposition, declared the plan would only "create two still-born States" and involve the Middle-East in a "painful, bloody and interminable conflict." This inevitably led to a resumption of fighting. To the Jews, Negev was the target. When about the middle of October, the Security Council tried to induce the parties to agree to a truce the Jews spoke of "guarantees" for the safe passage of Jewish convoys to and from the Negev and when that was granted, hummed and hawed and delayed their reply for three more days. And at last when Jewish acceptance came on Oct. 21 the fighting had lasted nearly three weeks. Negev was almost completely conquered. Beersheeba, traditional boundary of the Biblical kingdom of David and Solomon and Beit Nathif, twelve miles west of Bethleham, were in Jewish hands. Also Isdud and Majdal and the entire coastal strip from Tel Aviv to Beit Hanun, 10 miles north of Gaza. It was almost a bloodless conquest. Ben-Gurion, pleased, sent a message to his forces: "With your blood you have reformed the link with our forefather, Abraham." The cease-fire which came into force on Oct. 22 had no meaning, at least as far as the Jews were concerned. They could afford to cease fire having got every bit of land they had wanted. The Egyptian Foreign Minister said truly: "We desired peace but the Zionists dreamed only of a conquest—even at the price of peace."

The truce, of course, was immediately broken. Fighting started again, this time round Gilboa and Jenin in North Palestine. The Egyptian front was broken and Faluja, its chief bastion, besieged. The supply route to the Arab garrison at Hebron was cut off. The UN, determined to try all possible ways and means to solve the muddle, resorted to the extreme expedient of threatening sanctions against breaches of the truce under Chapter VII of the UN Charter. Things continued wishy-washily and haphazardly all through October with accusations on one hand and denials on the other against a background of sporadic fighting with gasping UN observers scurrying to and fro trying to decide who struck the first blow and where and when. In mid-November, the by-now frantic Dr. Bunche proposed the establishment of a "no-man's land" of demilitarized zones between the territories and demanded the withdrawal of Arab and Jewish forces to positions held before the Oct. 14 fighting. The Jews promptly rejected the proposal as "unreasonable and unrealistic." Dr. Bunche flung up his hands in the Security Council and said wearily: "The conflict in Palestine has become utterly futile. It has lost all its objectives." But immediately there came a pleasant surprise. The Jews suddenly announced their willingness to go back to the pre-Oct. 14 positions. Soon there was another development. Rumours became current that negotiations were afoot between the Jews and some of the Arab Governments. But nothing apparently came out of them, for the next week saw a sudden stiffening in the attitudes of the two parties. The Arabs no doubt patted themselves for having seen through the "Nazi diplomacy" of the Israelites.

A fortnight ago came the second cease-fire. The Political Committee has in the meanwhile decided to set up a three-man Conciliation Commission to bring about a compromise between the Palestine parties. But Palestine has become such a

hot-bed of European political cross-currents there is no telling what may happen. It will be a miracle if the Commission is able to achieve anything along the vague directives it has been given.

Half the complexities in the understanding of the Palestine problem by the lay reader arise from the fact that the question is at present being discussed by three different United Nations bodies all working independently of each other. The Political Committee is considering the fundamental problem of arranging a permanent settlement. It has scored off the list both the UN plan and the Bernadotte plan. The Social Committee has to decide the refugee problem. Early in November it recommended a 30 million dollar relief for displaced Arabs. Finally, the Security Council has the unhappy task of maintaining the peace till the Political Committee finishes its job. Its is the most unenviable undertaking for a temporary truce ceases to have any meaning unless as the Chinese delegate to the UN put it, it serves merely as a bridge between war and permanent peace and it follows naturally that "the bridge must break down if the further bank perpetually recedes."

This confusion has been further aggravated by the indecisive, vacillating and fluctuating attitude adopted by the Big Powers over Palestine. Discussion in the Political Committee last month had often to be stopped because each of the delegates wished to know the change in the viewpoints of others before committing himself to a statement. A typical day during the third week of November ran thus according to the *New York Times* correspondent.

Mr. Spaak: (Committee Chairman) Does no one wish to speak?
Silence.

Mr. Spaak: Certainly someone must want to speak.

Mr. El Khouri of Syria: Why not take up another subject tonight... and return to Palestine tomorrow?

Mr. Spaak: We have been scheduled to meet tonight on Palestine.

Let's talk about it...I appeal to you gentleman. Won't anyone talk?
Silence.

Mr. Spaak then bangs his gravel and adjourns the meeting.

Russia has consistently rejected the Bernadotte plan and been openly and publicly on the side of Israel. The British Government has been sulking ever since the Israel Government was formed and has refused it de facto recognition though she has announced herself quite willing to have commercial dealings with the State. The attitude of the United States has been from the beginning vague and obscure and there is obviously a certain amount of disagreement between the President and the State Department. The East-West conflict is another factor which is constantly disturbing the Palestine scales. There is again the question of the Mid-East oil in which practically every European power, big and small, is interested. Already a gentlemanly form of blackmail is evident in Syrian and Jewish threats to withdraw supplies and cancel oil drilling permits. The apogee of the chaos was reached during the first week of this month when a Jericho Congress of King Abdullah's supporters proclaimed him King of Palestine.

The only people who seem unaffected by these conflicts are the Jews. Militarily they are far stronger than the Arab Legions. Their pride in their new State and citizenship is unbounding and is fast developing into a violent chauvinism. It is feared they are even forgetting that it is peace which is the greatest need of the hour. The increase in their bargaining power which came with a series of victories seems not to have raised them to a new humility but only intensified their aggressiveness. Their arguments transcend all logic. They claim the Negev through the UN award but ask also that Galilee should accrue to them by right of conquest. Economically Israel might not have anything to offer but it is certainly breeding a generation of tough, healthy and active pioneering fanatics. Their uncom-

promising attitude as far as the Negev is concerned is hard to understand except as arising out of a desire to conform with Biblical tradition, for the area is mostly arid desert populated by a few thousand wandering Bedouins, in which have been established, at considerable trouble and expense, about two dozen Jewish establishments. But the Negev has a certain strategic importance. It provides Israel with a passage to the Dead Sea which is reputed to contain rich mineral resources. Moreover, by occupying the Negev and West Galilee the Jews could effectively separate Arab Palestine from both Lebanon and Egypt and break up Arab unity which is already crumbling under the weight of repeated defeats and a number of economic crises. Iraq, Lebanon and Syria are apathetic. King Abdullah is willing to settle with the Jews. Egypt's bellicosity

has been subdued by heavy losses in the Negev fighting.

There is no doubt the Jews are drunk and blind with victory. The legend goes that when the Jewish Temple was destroyed by Titus, the priests in desperation threw the keys of Jerusalem heavenwards crying, "God, henceforth Thou art guardian of the keys." And a hand stretched down from the sky and took the keys. The Jews now believe that God has given them back the keys and they are thereby appointed custodians of the Holy City. What started as a territorial war has now become so burdened with historical, traditional and religious associations that the wisest among us is inclined to think, as Mr. Hector McNeill said recently in the U.N. Political Committee, that the Palestine problem is "not a job for commissions but for Solomons."

We are all inclined to judge ourselves by our ideals; others by their acts.—HAROLD NICOLSON.

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*Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya*

THE BROKEN SPELL :

ON the second day I noticed new faces at the Ashram; but among them there were at least two which were familiar. I tried to avoid meeting people who came as visitors from outside. I wished to remain unknown, unrecognised. But that was not to be. One of the familiar faces broke into a smile mingled with surprise when it came face to face with my own. "Surely it is not you, is it?" said the man who was clad in a suit and carried about him an air of modernity. I thought to myself that his question was quite pertinent and had answered itself. No, it was not me; at least not the me whom he had known in a city, one of the thousands who breathe, move, laugh, chat, and strive after aims which are, after all, utterly puerile and futile. It was not the me he had known before, the artist on the stage tinged for a few hours on countless occasions by the combined glows of many-coloured footlights. It was no more the me whom thousands in its time applauded, the me of the reputation of a rare, inscrutable myth, the bohemian, the versifier, the singer of sentimental songs. It was a different me, a new me, a me who had tried hard, very hard to eschew mortal ambition and yearning. But

how could I expect him, the questioner, to know the terrible transformation which had, during that period, taken place inside me? I replied, after a pause: "You are right. It is not me. It is somebody else". With a warm handshake he shook with laughter and said: "Fancy you in the sanyasi's garb". As much as to suggest that I was a misfit in my ochre robe, and it was almost as comical and unusual an event as if a cat should suddenly sprout into horns or a rainbow show itself garbed in grey, black and white! "Why, what's wrong with it?" I asked naively—although it would have been far more to the point had I asked "What's wrong with you?".

The gentleman met the secretary, Chandragiri Siva Rao, and revealed my identity to him. Chandragiri had heard a great deal about me and had read much of my published work. When I called at his office that morning for my usual glass of milk and bananas before setting out on my exquisite vagabondage among the hills and over plains, he looked at me with great sorrow, as if he were looking upon a dire calamity. "Harindranath, what on earth brought you here—and, in any case, what made you adopt this garb of

renunciation? You have a wife and child at home. Is it right to leave them behind? Is it right to shirk your human responsibilities? Besides, what have you come to learn here? Your verse is fraught with deep wisdom. You already knew the unknown, judging from your poetry—", etc., etc.

It did not perturb me in the least. The question of right and wrong seemed childish. The mood was still on me; it worked inside me like an intoxication. I was not in a state to analyse his indignant statements, nor did I care to argue. And as to my poetry containing all the wisdom which I had needed to possess, and my visiting Sidharud a superfluous act—it was, to say the least, amusing. To arrive at wisdom in a flash of intuition does not necessarily leave the intuiter wise. On the other hand it leaves him in a deeper darkness than ever—or, at least, seems to—even as a flash of lightning makes the inky night inkier. A seeker is bound to meet people on the way to ask him a thousand discouraging queries, to hear voices along his journey calculated to lure him back into the world he has deserted. Chandragiri seemed uncomfortable when I gazed deep into his eyes without saying a word. He knew that my silence was not one of defeat but of triumph. It was the hard, stubborn silence of the quest which is conscious of itself and will not deign to trouble itself to reply and with the first reply drift into fruitless argument. "I did not know it was you until Mr. So-and-so told me a little while ago." While I drank the milk Chandragiri watched me in amazement, his voice grew quiet. Possibly he wished he had not tried to remind me of my responsibilities. "You know", he said, "Sidharud usually comes to seekers in a dream on the third or fourth day of their stay here. If he does, it is a good sign, for it means that the seeker in whose dream he appears is genuine. Yet, it does not mean that he always comes to give him assurance. Sometimes he comes in a terrible rage and chastises the seeker severely. If he comes to you

in a dream you must think you are fortunate. And do not fail to follow any instruction he may give you in the dream."

This sounded more interesting. Somehow, the deliberate unemotional manner in which he said it convinced me that what he said was probable. I thanked him and departed.

Once again, to Nature who only knows to receive with wide-open arms. She knows that anything that happens anywhere is natural—however much men's narrow minds might strive to dub events and beings by classified names; however much men might try to subject her infinite and varied movements to cramped little codes which change with time! I wooed the clear blue sky with my eyes—I felt even the ochre garb hanging somewhat heavy on my body. Why have even that on? Everything in Nature is bare, superbly bare and uncovered and frank. Yet, how truly fashion-laden and richly clad her barenesses are! Look at a flower, can one call it naked or dressed up like a bride awaiting her bridal night? Look at a summer cloud, naked and white with a blinding silver border—is it naked—really? Or robed in a trailing garment more regal than the ermine robes of kings? Nakedness is only a man-made word. Truth, which is the stateliest of powers, is naked. But her nakedness, even as that of all spontaneous creations of nature, is only another name for the garment of light woven of intangible and invisible texture. God! how wonderful it is to be bare and self-revealed. Dress is sheer cowardice, besides being a destructive division between man and the elements. It reduces the natural stamina of the body by depriving it of its pristine and direct intimacy with the winds, the clay, the cold, the heat and the undulating temperatures of changing seasons. The human body was originally meant to record the rhythm of earth, fire, water and air, elements of which it is composed. But a gradual sense of cowardice and shame has led it to put on

wrappings and trappings as a protection against its finest responses, its original and sovereign sensitivity.

The thought overwhelmed me; yet, something put the brake on and made me fall short of the execution of the strong impulse to undress and clothe my body with fresh circulating air which seemed to unfold and curl and cling around and about me like an essence of silver. The afternoon was just full of living, eternal glory and significance. I wanted to be at one with Nature. I felt like begging pardon of her for hiding my form even behind a cloth the colour of which was associated in men's minds with the fire, the naked fire of renunciation. Towards late afternoon I sat on the edge of a large sheet of water where women filled their vessels and, distinctly sensing them and the water and everything about me to be the projection of my self as it had possessed me then, with utter naturalness stripped and was about to wash myself in the water, when suddenly, as from out of nowhere, three hefty turbaned stalwarts with stout sticks came rushing towards me with maddening yells. "You, sanyasi! you black-guard! how dare you think of polluting the water". One of them gripped my wrist with fierceness while the other two were about to land a heavy blow on my head and shoulder. "Come with us to our *daroga* (care-taker)" said the man who had gripped my wrist. "We will teach you a lesson." So saying he began to drag me forcibly on a narrow path leading through a wild. I heard the women on the other side laugh merrily and pass uncomplimentary remarks about me. But strange to tell, my heart did not increase in its throb-tempo nor did one fibre of my body feel ruffled. I smiled broadly and with coolness just said, "Friend, I am ready to accompany you to the ends of the earth", which made the men's faces redder than ever. After a few paces, as if by magic, the clutching hand let my wrist go and the men turned away setting me free. I did not realise what had happened.

Were the men real? Was the water real? Were the women who laughed and mocked real? Within a little while I found myself on the hill-slope humming a tune to myself—and the event of a few moments before seemed obliterated completely. I climbed the hill, reached its peak and from there saw, in the distance below, the *mouni* Muslim devotee of Sidharud chuckling away and with warm gestures of greeting calling me towards him. Light as a feather I descended the hill and walked straight up towards the spot where he was standing with outstretched hands awaiting me. It was evening and the horizon was tinted with pastel shades of orange, lilac, rose and violet. Chuckling away for all he was worth (and God knows, he was worth a world!) he held me in an embrace which was comforting—it seemed to fill a new peace into my frame. With gestures and gesticulations he tried to make me understand that he had been a witness to the test through which I had come out without a scratch and without one quiver. When we reached the verandah, he sat down and with the compassion and pride of a parent, he placed my head in his lap and patted me tenderly. My rapture knew no bounds. In some incommunicable way he communicated to me a blessing which I felt as some solid tangible experience. I sat with him until the lamps were lit and he assumed his nightly statue-pose and settled down for the night under the green shawl. I felt drowsier than usual that night. And, at the foot of Sidharud's couch with my head close to the head of the tiger with wide-open jaws, I lay down and soon dropped into a deep heavy sleep. When I rose at dawn I tried to recall the dream I had of Sidharud who had really appeared true to Chandragiri's description. The dream itself was strange and had struck a warning which made me sorrowful. The state of ecstasy dissolved. I was once again "normal" and colourless. Alas, the mind became a tired tangle suddenly, while the body began to awaken all over again into moodiness and

troubled impulses. So, it was a short-lived Arabian Nights' story. It was only a state which had been cast on me like a spell by the wizard, Sidharud, who was surely not only a wizard but looked every bit like one.

My one consolation was, however, that, since he had appeared to me in a dream it proved that I was a real seeker—for it was only to real seekers he came in a dream!

THE FUTURE OF HYDERABAD

by RAFI AHMED

WHATEVER may be the future political set-up in Hyderabad, it has to be viewed in the All-India framework. That the Indian Union Government will have a decisive voice with regard to any problem of Hyderabad, is a fact that can hardly be questioned. Nevertheless, as Pandit Nehru remarked, the people of Hyderabad will decide the future of Hyderabad.

The people's verdict in Hyderabad will demand the 'liquidation' of the State and the deposition of the Asaf Jahi dynasty, notorious for its anti-national role throughout history.

The Andhras, the Maharashtrians, the Kannadas, the three nationalities inhabiting the State, if left to themselves, will embrace their brethren across the borders in the adjoining Provinces. It must be borne in mind that these nationalities had been forcibly and artificially separated from their brethren in the adjoining Provinces by the intrigues of British imperialism and the Nizams.

If the statement that 'Hyderabad is an integral part' of the Indian Union has any meaning, then the State, as a separate entity, must cease to exist.

The present Military Government in Hyderabad will soon be over. An interim Congress Ministry will have to be formed sooner or later, and a Constituent Assembly based on adult franchise will come into existence for the first time in the history of Hyderabad. It is an indisputable fact that the Hyderabad State Congress will be a major force in the new political set-up in the State.

The establishment of a secular, democratic State cannot materialize

unless communalism is rooted out from the consciousness of our people. The real conflict is not between Hindus and Muslims but between feudal vested interests and the common people—the peasantry and the working class. Unless feudalism in all its forms—social, economic and political—is rooted out, there cannot be any democracy or freedom for the people of Hyderabad irrespective of their caste, religion or community. The only way to counteract communal consciousness based on religion or caste, is that efforts should be made in developing the class consciousness of our people by working in and through workers' trade unions, kisan sabhas, student and youth organizations, etc.

In any planned economy, which aims at the eradication of poverty and unemployment, the peasantry and State control and ownership of key industries is indispensable. Any land reform, whatsoever, is unthinkable, as long as the present feudal economy of Hyderabad remains intact. Only on the basis of abolition of feudal landlordism, can we hope to proceed with any scheme of land reform.

A gradual 'democratization' of the Muslim masses, politically, socially, economically and ideologically is necessary to raise the secular and democratic consciousness of the Muslim people. The innocent minds of the illiterate Muslims have been polluted by the Majlis propaganda indoctrinating their minds with fascist theories and ideas of Hyderabad as an 'Islamic State' and Muslims as the 'ruling class'. The Majlis should be banned, for the Razakar organization and the Ittehad were two faces of one coin.

From the political, social and economic points of view, the interests of the Muslim masses and the non-Muslim masses are fundamentally one and indivisible. The feudal structure of the State is the source of the poverty, ignorance and sufferings of our people, both Hindus and Muslims. With the exception of a few hundred Muslims—landlords, capitalists and big officials—the mass of the Muslims are workers who earn their living as teachers, clerks, industrial workers, peons, constables, tongawallas, rickshaw-pullers, domestic servants, etc.

The basic problem facing the Muslims, or as a matter of fact facing the people of Hyderabad, is not one of joining or not joining the State Congress, but of supporting and participating in the peasant and working class struggles against feudal and capitalist exploitation.

Therefore, the fight against the feudal and capitalist vested interests is the only fight for freedom and democracy, it is the only way for the social, political, and economic emancipation of the people of Hyderabad.



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DR. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

by YUSUF J. MEHERALLY

(A veteran of many battles, Dr. Pattabhi has become President of the Congress at a time when the exalted office seems to have lost the pivotal importance associated with it before. This article gives a pen-picture of the new President and poses the question whether he will prove to be the Great Sentinel in the illustrious tradition of the Congress or become a glorified Public Relations Officer for the Ministries.)

DR. Pattabhi Sitaramayya may well be called the Southern hurricane. He arrived at the door of adventure at a time when nationalist agitation was still very young. As far back as 1912, he published a tract on National Education, when Gandhiji was still in South Africa. For thirty-two years now, he has been a member of the A.I.C.C. Exactly half a century separates the date when a shy young undergraduate enrolled as a humble Congress volunteer in 1898 and when the leader was informed that he had been elected Congress President after a keen contest, in 1948. A veteran of many battles, Dr. Pattabhi has filled diverse roles in an action-packed career.

Almost the first impression that he gives is one of geniality and of a very warm heart behind a rather critical and biting tongue. He is a brilliant conversationist and not uncommonly gets intoxicated with his own torrent of eloquence. At such times he is quite vulnerable to. For astute newspapermen accustomed to make politicians talk and ferret secrets out of them in unguarded moments, build up quite an edifice from as little as half a hint and one quarter of a suggestion!

His first ten active years went to build up an extensive medical practice in his home-town of Masulipatam. They were also years of assiduous preparation for a public career. They coincided with the split in the Congress at Surat between the Moderates and the Extremists and the happy reunion at Lucknow in 1916. That year is important in India's history. Tilak and the Nationalists returned to a

reunited and reinvigorated Congress permeated largely with their ideals. It also saw the Hindu-Muslim Pact. The year was important in Dr. Pattabhi's life as well. He decided to quit medical practice and to step into public life.

Constructive activities soon absorbed his attention and time and won him laurels all around. He associated himself closely with an experiment in national education concretised in the Andhra Jateeya Kalasala. He took the keenest interest in the Co-operative movement and in the revival of cottage industries which had sadly decayed through want of encouragement.

To spread his ideas he started the *Janmabhoomi* in English. Week after week its columns carried the message of Non-co-operation. It was a journalistic landmark in South India and built quite a reputation for its editor even outside the frontiers of his province. The paper ceased publication in 1930 when the prison doors closed behind him after an eventful career of eleven years.

Dr. Pattabhi is in fact a prolific writer. Books cover a variety of associated subjects. From an essay on *Indian Nationalism* written before World War I to random jottings in prison during World War II called *Feathers and Stones*; from *Gandhi and Gandhism* to *Gandhi and Socialism*; from *Why Vote Congress* to the need for reorganising Provinces on a linguistic basis, seems quite an impressive output without exhausting the list. His magnum opus, the *History of the Indian National Congress* in two fat volumes of over 1000 pages

each is encyclopaedic in range and important for every public worker in this country. If a criticism were however to be made of the learned doctor as a writer, it would be that his larger books are rather like a jungle than a garden. While his great learning and the wide range of information conveyed, please and impress the reader there is a noticeable lack in the integration of material. His writings would be much more precious if some good and discriminating friend were permitted to use the scissors and rid them of their verbosity before they were sent to the printers.

The ups and downs of Indian politics have seen him inside prisons several times, starting with the Salt Satyagraha of 1930. In 1932 when Lord Willingdon broke the Gandhi-Irwin Truce and launched the offensive against the Congress he was again sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

In 1939 Dr. Pattabhi was again on the front page. He contested the Presidential election with Subhas Bose. It was the most keenly fought Presidential election in the entire history of the Congress till then. Despite the support of the High Command Dr. Pattabhi was defeated. It was a sensational moment in Indian politics and Subhas Bose's victory was much more than the personal triumph of a beloved leader. It showed how the younger generation was struggling to bring in new life and fresh air in the damp and do-little political atmosphere of the country. Dr. Pattabhi had to wait for another decade to win the coveted honour and in this occasion too after a most gruelling contest.

In yet another sphere of activity his work calls for attention. Few Congress leaders have taken as much interest in the welfare of the people of the "Indian States" as he. He toured the country from one end to the other and devoted himself with the utmost zeal to the activities of the All India States Peoples' Conference. While generally his advice was in the direction of

a cautious advance and sometimes even of marking time he helped to bring a growing measure of cohesion into the activities of that body.

Dr. Pattabhi has in fact a flair for organisation. He is not only a politician but also a very shrewd businessman. He has made quite a few excursions into the world of commerce and industry and emerged with flying colours. He has helped to promote and organise both banking and insurance companies and bears in his province quite a reputation for business acumen.

He has become President of the Congress at a time when by force of circumstances the exalted office seems to have lost the same pivotal importance associated with it before. The top leaders of the Congress are in the Central Government. Likewise in the provinces. Moreover the Ministers have developed a sensitiveness to criticism, even where it is most legitimate and responsible, that is as surprising as it is disturbing. As a result, Congress committees instead of being vigilant guardians of public authority, have become mere adjuncts of Congress Ministries. Acharya Kripalani's resignation as Congress President illustrated the point—the point that instead of being President, he was expected to be a mere echo.

Congress stands supreme in the hearts of the peoples, but by no means exclusively so in their thoughts. Many erstwhile supporters are now attacking the citadel of Congress orthodoxy. The past year has seen a sharp abridgement of civil liberties. The removal of controls on the essentials of life and the fantastic rise in prices as a consequence have had disastrous results. The deteriorating standards of life of the middle class as much as of the working class remain a challenging question mark. The failure to bolt out corruption, nepotism and black market and make a beginning with a national system of housing have meant a heavy loss

of prestige. And these are only a few items on the list.

The author of the history of the Congress has now a chance as Congress President to make history. Will the circumstances permit him the necessary latitude? Will he prove to be the Great Sentinel in the illustrious tradition of the Congress or become a glorified Public Relations Officer for the Ministries.

Dr. Pattabhi is made of the stuff of straightforward prose. He is too matter of fact to go on fighting with the windmills. But overboldness in politics is much less of a danger than timidity, especially when times are so out of joint. Andhra's favourite son has a very difficult and thankless task before him. But innumerable well-wishers will wish him good luck.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

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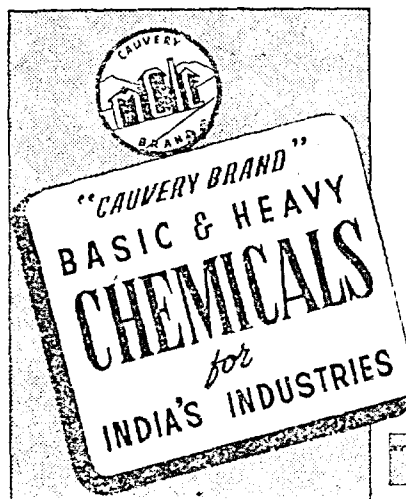
A disciple once asked Socrates whether it was better to marry or not to marry.

"Whichever you do," replied Socrates, "you will regret it."

"My boy," Themistocles, the soldier and statesman, once said to his young son, "you are the most powerful person in all Greece."

"How can that be?" asked the lad.

"Because," answered Themistocles, "the Athenians command all of Greece; I command the Athenians; your mother commands me; and you command your mother!"



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WILL THE INDIAN XI AND THE SELECTORS TAKE NOTE ?

by "INAM"

THE most graceful way of taking leave of the world is to die in sleep in the full possession of the use of your limbs and your senses, having scored your three score and ten. But that enviable death is the fortunate lot of only a few. Only Merchant and Hazare 'die' such deaths living on the Indian wickets. Quite a number, however, kick their buckets like cowards, committing suicide.

The Second Test in Bombay has just now concluded and we look back on it to take stock of our achievements. Vinoo Mankad preferred to 'die a coward' in both innings. One dreads to think of the punishment that would have been meted out to him in a country like Russia for having let his side down so miserably. To commit suicide is bad enough, but to help another commit the crime is worse still. To run oneself out is the most ignominious thing to do at cricket—and that at number one position. True, he did a marathon bit of bowling and he shouldn't have been sent out to open the innings. We wouldn't say the fault is entirely the Indian Skipper's. Was it not open for Vinoo to say "I say, Lala, you might as well give me some rest and send in Adhikari instead to do the job." Like Casabianca, Vinoo preferred to stand on the burning deck, to his foolish father Lala's commands! And like Casabianca, he helped India to burn herself to death in the first innings. The opening pair has an enormous responsibility to shoulder—to return to the pavilion without wearing the shine off the ball is to make the No. 3 batsman, who is invariably one of your best men—the opening batsman, laying him open to the risk of being sent back—and that's what happened to Rusi Modi. And with three such cheap dismissals the bowlers gain heart and the batsmen shiver in their shoes and Bobby Talyarkhan

gets a chance to talk of Ferguson's *deadly* top-spinners and 'I told you so!' What happened to the same Ferguson's top spinners in the second innings, may we ask?

We talk of having made an honourable draw of the match! That we had lease of the wicket twice over and for a longer duration than the West Indies and yet couldn't wipe the deficit is a shame,—honourable, my foot! Heaven knows why Amarnath and Hazare, even in the last 15 minutes, tried to play out time—there were seven more wickets to fall, and even granting that every batsman was out first ball, there would be fourteen minutes taken up for the comings in and goings out—they should have treated the crowd to a bit of fun at least. Just the false prestige of being 333 for THREE! we suppose!

Sallying forth into the 'If's'—If Amarnath had held Weekes at the slips when he was 29 Rangachari might have done more damage than he did! How heartening it is and how much more hostile a bowler can become getting two quick wickets, only a bowler knows. And if the stumping appeal against Modi had been upheld by Umpire Sinha—What? 'Inam' might have won his bet and the Indians might have suffered an innings defeat. So exasperated was he when Vinoo ran himself and K. C. out that he took a small bet with his friend which, eventually he was pleased to lose."

We were not particularly pleased with that look on Walcott's face! Why not appoint neutral umpires, one wonders! Far be it from us to cast any aspersions on poor Mr. Sinha who has had to bake in the sun for five long days. But, after all, isn't he human? It is all very well talking of our high sense of duty, etc., etc., but Walcott would have been happier to take the

'negating' from either an English or an Australian umpire. Sinha and Ramachander can do their job, in their turn, at the antipodes, if they liked.

The selection of the Indian Team for the third Test at Calcutta has been announced. The selectors are to be congratulated for experimenting with new blood and the awarding of new India Test caps to Ghulam Ahmed and S. Banerjee (Jr.). The omission of Shinde and Umrigar is not surprising but why on earth has Rangachari been dropped is more than one can understand. Is it Rangachari's fault that Sen, Shinde and Amarnath dropped two of the best West Indian batsmen off his bowling? Mushtaq Ali, with that audacious impetuosity that characterises his batting will not be an improvement on Vinoo in the opening role. Mushtaq has lived long enough on the glory of his opening stand with Merchant at Manchester decades ago. Little

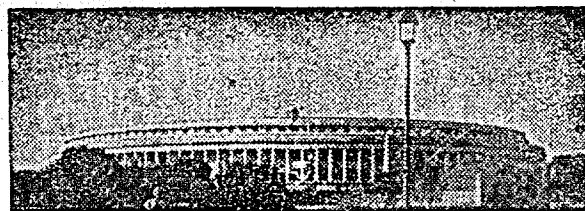
Sarwate, we thought, would be the obvious choice. His exclusion from the II Test itself, after that Delhi performance when he pulled India's chestnuts out of the fire, was no small disappointment.

It should be India's turn to win the toss this time at Calcutta and cricket lovers all over the country look forward to a more sensible performance from their representatives at Calcutta, where the Eden Gardens wickets are famed for their assistance to the bowlers. One gets sick of these drawn matches—honourable or otherwise. India is still to win an official Test match. Will she do it at Eden Gardens? Will 'the Lala' set an attacking field and will the bowlers bowl to their field? One wonders if Banerjee has been included with an eye to the gate-money? Calcutta crowds would love to see the two sons of Bengal in the team and turn out in great numbers to cheer them up. They too are human, after all.



Pushpavalli and Suryaprabha, in a scene from Gemini's "Chakradhari", a Tamil film depicting the life of Ghorakumbhar, a Maharastrian saint.

NEW DELHI DIARY



by V. V. PRASAD

DON'T shoot the pianist, he is doing his best—says Pothan Joseph. We therefore shot only some questions at G. D. Birla, the well-known Indian industrialist, who replied frankly, ably and without reservation. It is obvious that we cannot agree with Mr. Birla on all points. I am giving a full account of the interview because his opinion counts. He compels our attention when he says, "If the Government's policy is to nationalise, let them nationalise and go ahead. But if it is not, as in the present policy, there is no need to have any period before nationalisation. If a house is going to be demolished after ten years, nobody will repair it. There is no use telling a man that he will be fed sumptuously for ten years and that he would then be hanged. It is no good to do that."

Question: What should Government do, in your opinion, to restore confidence in the business community?

Mr. Birla: I think the Government has already started taking steps and the steps are in the right direction. The present Government is not like old Government. It is a democratic Government. Therefore unless the rank and file—once a policy is decided upon—speak with the same voice as the top leaders, confidence cannot be restored. At present the leadership speaks with one voice and the others with another voice. Confidence is a psychological matter. I would not suggest any modification in the structure of taxation. Our Government is at present engaged with Kashmir and other problems. Until we are out of these troubles we cannot think of various other reliefs. We should at present try to

increase savings and investments. Psychologically, a lot can be done to achieve this end by the leaders speaking without ambiguity and with one voice.

Question: Do you think there will be a depression?

Answer: Depression has already set in. Profits are going down. Profit in jute and cement has gone. Profit on paper has virtually gone. Textile-profits have substantially come down. Only prices of food and certain other commodities have not gone down. The price of sugar will also come down. Thus the Government has stepped in with controls when the prices are going down.

Dividends have gone down. Tata deferred has come down by 50 per cent. The margin of profit has become less. Another steel concern did not pay their interim dividend. Dividend does not depend on production but on profit. One should not, of course, expect the same profit as in 1944 or 1945. It is not profit that affects the Stock Exchange, but psychology. The market crashed in 1946-47 as a result of the Liaquat Budget when profits were higher than now. Now the position is worse because profits too are less. But if you can create the right psychology, it will be all right.

Question: How can Government loans secure better response?

Answer: Very much will depend on the stability of the Stock Exchange. If the Government loans are to be made successful, there must be some investors. Just now the money market is very tight due to various reasons including seasonal tightness. But in May or June it should not be difficult to float a loan successfully if the stock does

not have another crash. Before that they should allay all public doubts. There is a wrong conception that the big industrialists invest a lot of money. Real investors come from the middle and upper middle classes. A good 20 per cent of the investment in the country used to come from the Punjab before it was partitioned. Now that is completely gone. We industrialists are not investors but borrowers. The absence of investments from this source is a great blow. Investments also used to come from small investors like lawyers, Government servants and doctors. They invested upto 1946. Since 1946 prices of shares have come down to one-third of their original value. Thus they have lost two-thirds. The total loss to investors is Rs. 1,200 crores. If you were worth Rs. 100,000 then, now you are worth only Rs. 30,000. The price of Tata deferred, for instance, came down from Rs. 3,600 to Rs. 1,500. Having lost heavily in the Stock Exchange, the investor is naturally very shy. He does not want to take any more risk. People who have invested in Government securities have also suffered. In some cases Government securities have gone down by 5 per cent. The investor has thus burnt his fingers in every investment. He therefore puts his money in a bank or in his safe. He says: "Let me buy a small bit of land, or build a small house, but no more of the investments".

Question: What is the crisis in production due to?

Answer: There are many factors which are operating. Perhaps you have seen the U.N.O. Report. The main reason is that our machines are worn-out, and we do not get spare-parts. We have reduced working hours from nine to eight in cotton textiles. There have been lately more holidays. There is also the transport bottleneck for getting coal and other materials. I would not like to put undue blame on labour, though they too are responsible to some extent.

Question: Would the inclusion of representatives of the business community in the Government help to establish confidence?

Answer: There must be much more closer association between the

Government and the industrialists. Government, businessmen and the workers must meet on common ground. Otherwise there is no hope. I am glad to find that there is realisation of this even among the workers. We are prepared to serve in any capacity. One thing cannot be disputed. During the stormy days, unlike the Zamindars and the princes, the industrialists actively supported the struggle for independence. They did not expect any return; they helped the struggle because of their zeal for independence. Now that independence has been achieved, we are content that the prosperity of the country is increased.

Question: Before August 1947, Dr. John Matthai had given a different analysis in a talk to the Rotary Club. He said that the vested interests all over the world identified themselves with the freedom struggle. Once freedom was achieved, these vested interests came to occupy positions of power and influence. The task then was to free the country from the grip of these interests. Dr. Matthai had observed. Do you agree with this analysis?

Answer: I don't know about the history of other countries. The fact is that in this country the business community did help the independence movement. It also knew that after independence there would be people in this movement who would like to fight the so-called vested interests. That has not upset us. We have no political ambition. On account of our utility, we knew that we would be required, whatever the character of the Government. It is a wrong conception that the object of a businessman is only to make money. You require money upto a point for the comforts of life. Beyond a certain point, however, money is of very little consequence.

Question: In that case, why are there so many disputes about the raising of wages?

Answer: Wages do not go out of our pockets. In fact, the higher the wages, the greater the demand for goods. What do I do with my products? I sell them to you. If

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you have the capacity to pay, you will buy. If there is no capacity, there will be unemployment for the worker. Whether the wages are higher or lower, it is the consumer that has to pay the wages. It is for you to decide what you can pay. But do give me peace. Establish whatever wage level the Government, or the Congress, or the country decides. After all you decided to give certain wages to your civil servants. The tax-payer pays in this case. In our case it is the consumer who pays.

Question: During the war, the textile industry has made as much as 1,400 per cent profit. But it has not resulted correspondingly in an increase of wages. How was that?

Answer: This is not correct. Wages generally, including bonus, have risen nearly 3 to 3½ times. Do you not remember what Sir Jeremy Raisman said at that time? He said: "I am four-fifths partner in the industry." The price of the factory is now four times more. Suppose you had purchased some machine for Rs. 25. Now you will have to pay Rs. 100 to replace it. Even today, Government is a half partner in the industry.

Question: But what about the black-market which is widely prevalent? Have they not evaded all controls?

Answer: During the control period upto February 1948, the black-market was estimated to be confined to 5 per cent to 10 per cent of the industry. The rise in the cost of living has been due to the high prices of foodgrains, vegetables, milk, fuel, etc. The price of coal is coming down. The collieries want to sell at lower prices than the control prices, but they have been threatened with punishment if they do. I do not think we can bring down prices substantially. Nor can we prevent a further rise. The industry never wanted decontrol. It is the recorded view of the industry. My own personal view has always been against controls. I think controls induce laziness. Nobody wants to work because everything is fixed under a controlled economy. If

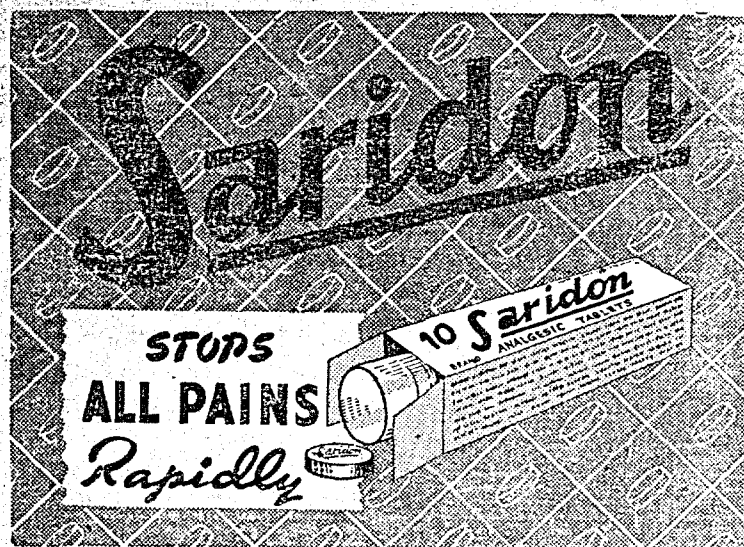
we start in right earnest, we can within five years show substantial change. Within 15 years we can raise the standard of the people by 60 per cent, although we calculated a higher rise in the Bombay Plan.

Question: Does your conception of free enterprise allow any planning?

Answer: When I use the word planning, I do not use it in the same sense as in Russia. Plan your policy. Control where it is essential. If you take the figures of per capita income of Russia and compare it with that of America or England over a few years, the increase in the standard of living in Russia is definitely less than in America or England. I am speaking on the basis of Colin Clarke's figures.

Question: Is it not a fact that the profit-motive operates very actively in business, whereas it is not so in other professions? Is production for profit, or for the consumer?

Answer: I don't think any section of society is acting without profit motive, or a motive of personal gain. When a man speaks of "service motive", he means profit motive without too much greed. In business you cannot have unlimited profit because there is a tax. Before the war, most of the textile mills were making meagre profits. The greatest virtue of business is competition. There is no guarantee of profit. During 38 years of history, Tata Steel gave no dividends for half the period. If, however, you want to run industry without profit, as is the case with the Indian railways, you will have to adopt that pattern. You will have to nationalise industry as you nationalised the railways. In service you are assured of a certain remuneration. In business there is no such assurance. Take the case of airways. Everyone of the operators is losing money. Yet we are running them. If there is a guarantee that the Government will give 5 or 6 per cent, that would be a different matter. But all the impetus will then be gone. Competition is a great impetus and an excitement.



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THE blight of Pakistan has seriously affected the life of the Muslims in the U.P. They—or, rather, their leaders—were foremost in agitating for a separate Muslim State; and they have been the worst sufferers since Pakistan became a reality.

Actually the Muslims of U.P. had the least grounds for demanding Pakistan. Their own province, by no stretch of imagination, could be included in the "Muslim homeland". They were only 14 per cent of the total population. Moreover, the Pirpur report and Leaguers' rhetorical allegations of Congress 'atrocities' notwithstanding, the U.P. Muslims had a far bigger share in the services and administration of the province than their numerical strength warranted. In the Legislature they were 33 per cent, in services 40 to 44 per cent, and in the police nearly 70 per cent. On August 15, 1947, out of 30 Indian District Magistrates in U.P.'s 45 districts, 22 were Muslims. Today there are only two. In the police department, recruitment of Muslims has been stopped till their proportion is reduced to 14 per cent. Likewise they are being deprived of the heavy weightage they have enjoyed so far in other departments.

Nor is this all. The common Muslims everywhere in the province are being subjected to petty humiliations and deprived not only of their previous privileges but also some of their basic rights as a minority. Heavy is the price that the U.P. Muslim is paying

for Pakistan. And yet he has no one but himself and his leaders (most of whom have fled to Pakistan leaving the rank and file in the lurch) to blame for the inevitable reaction which the establishment of Pakistan and the preaching of fanatical exclusivism was bound to set in motion among the Hindus. If the League reaction was the product of certain short-sighted policies of the Congress, the recent wave of Hindu revivalism and anti-Muslim trends noticeable in U.P. can be easily traced to the Leaguer's propagation of the two-nation theory.

RECORD OF BETRAYAL

Seldom, however has any leadership been so thoroughly exposed, seldom have the followers of a political party been so callously betrayed by their leaders.

Since Partition the League Party in the Assembly has been dissolved. The lawyers' group, headed by Z. H. Lari, has formed "Janata Party" with a pseudo-Socialist programme, while the taluqdars and landlords have joined Independents and several of them are applying for Congress tickets.

CONGRESS FAVOURS PAKISTANIS!

This does not exhaust the paradoxes of U.P. political life since the Partition. There are some more. While no one can believe that the League leopards can change their green spots so soon, the few remaining League leaders are assiduously courting the Congress Right

Wing—in the same toady spirit in which they used to dance attendance upon the British Governors. More surprising, however, is the fact that the Congress Right Wingers and Government officials seem to prefer these oily, undependable, hypocrites to the consistent, well-trying Nationalist Muslims who, of course, are not used to flunkeyism and flattery. In Moradabad, I hear, some Mahasabha type of Congressmen actually issued a statement praising the Leaguers and denouncing Nationalist Muslims. Indeed, there have been occasions when Leaguers have tried to pay off old scores by making false reports to the police against Nationalist Muslims.

The position of the Muslims in U.P., therefore, can be summed up as follows:—

The League leaders have either run away to Pakistan or are busy abjectly prostrating themselves before the Congressmen in power and paying lip service to the ideal of a secular State while in their heart of hearts they remain pucca Pakistanis. Hypocrisy is at a premium!

The Nationalist Muslims, because they are frank and outspoken, are distrusted by the Congressmen in power who demand implicit obedience—which only the former Leaguers can give them. If any one dares to raise a voice for the protection of the legitimate rights of the Muslim minority, it is generally a Nationalist Muslim and not a Leaguer!

The educated Muslim youths are drifting towards Socialism or Communism—not always because of conscious ideological conversion but, sometimes, out of old prejudices against the Congress.

The common Muslim, betrayed by his leadership and under increasing pressure from the Hindu majority, is confused and bewildered and frightened, distrusted, suspected and shunned. He gets nightmares of massacres, forced

conversions and the imposition of the Hindu 'way of life'. Except for the few Nationalist Muslims no one is there to explain to him how dearly the Pakistani slogans and illusion have cost him and how he was fooled and tricked by the League leadership who had always assured him that "Pakistan will be a guarantee of political, social and economic security of Muslims."

PAKISTAN-IN-DHOTIE!

It is doubtful if the Congress will succeed in winning over these disillusioned Muslims, to politically and psychologically "reclaim" them. It is doubtful if many in the Congress are anxious to win over the Muslims.

Anti-Muslim pin-pricks inflicted by local officials are turning the average U.P. Muslim into a sullen and secretly resentful "loyalist"—who is still far from being politically educated enough to accept a secular, progressive ideology.

Meanwhile, the average Hindu of U.P. is himself slipping into the communalist quagmire. The Pakistan propaganda was doubly vicious—it not only poisoned Muslim public opinion, it has also infected the Hindus. And under the impact of Pakistan and partition, some of the sanest and sincerest public men in U.P. have begun to talk the language of Hindu revivalism, and of building a Hindu Rashtra—which is nothing but Pakistan-in-dhotie! The R.S.S. influence is strongest, among the lower middle class—crushed by inflation and the economic crisis and, therefore, bitter against the Congress Governments but (like the German lower middle class in the thirties) politically too ignorant to understand that Fascism does not cure the ills of capitalism but only accentuates them.

It will perhaps, be the historical task of the Socialist Party not only to "reclaim" the Muslims but also to save the Hindus of U.P. from slipping into the Fascist trap—via revivalism and chauvinism!

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

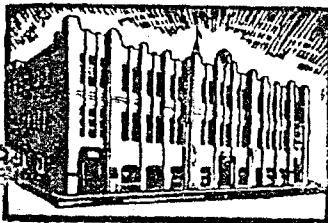
Sri Aurobindo's Message

At the Convocation of the Andhra University held on the 11th instant at Waltair at which the Dr. C. R. Reddy National Prize for the year was conferred on the great yogi Sri Aurobindo, a message of Sri Aurobindo sent at the request of Dr. Reddy was read. As I went on listening to it a doubt crept into my mind whether Sri Aurobindo the yogi would have given such a message. It contained nothing except a long plea of the usual sort for the formation of linguistic provinces, an issue too trivial to call for a message from a noble saint. It was a lengthy message and even on the day of the achievement of our country's freedom on August 15, 1947 Aurobindo was content with a very very short statement. Besides this the present message was inappropriate to and had no real bearing on University education except rather remotely. The yogi should have availed himself of a great occasion

like this to speak more pointedly and more forcefully about the educational ideals which ought to animate universities like the Andhra University, ideals for which they do not seem to care very much these days. The message was also not characterised by the lofty brilliance and the spiritual fervour characteristic of the saint's writings all along. Doubts like these became more and more intense as more and more of the message was read and the observation made by Dr. Reddy at the end that the message was signed by Aurobindo himself (a point which was not questioned by any one) went a long way to confirm my doubts. I am not disposed to argue that it was not Sri Aurobindo's message. But I have become convinced that it is not the message of the yogi Aurobindo. It looks like the message of Aurobindo engaged like ordinary mortals in petty trivialities of the day to day life.

M.

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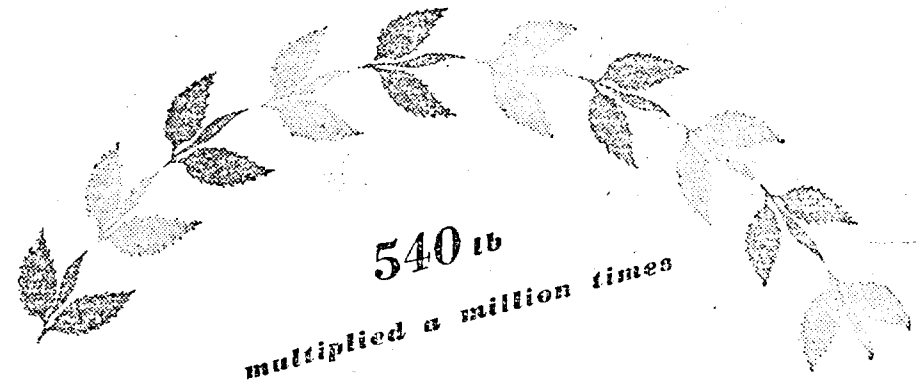
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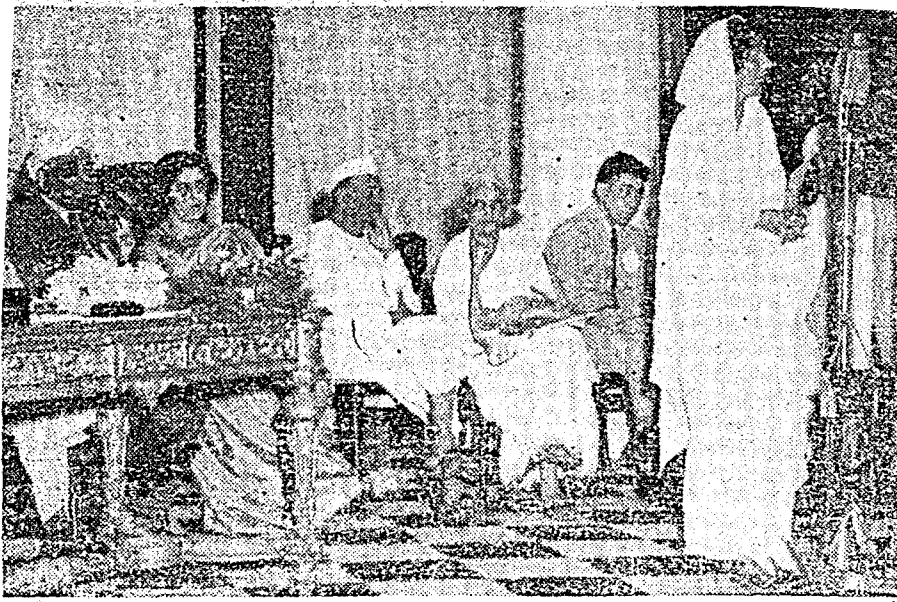
SWATANTRA

VOL. III. No. 46

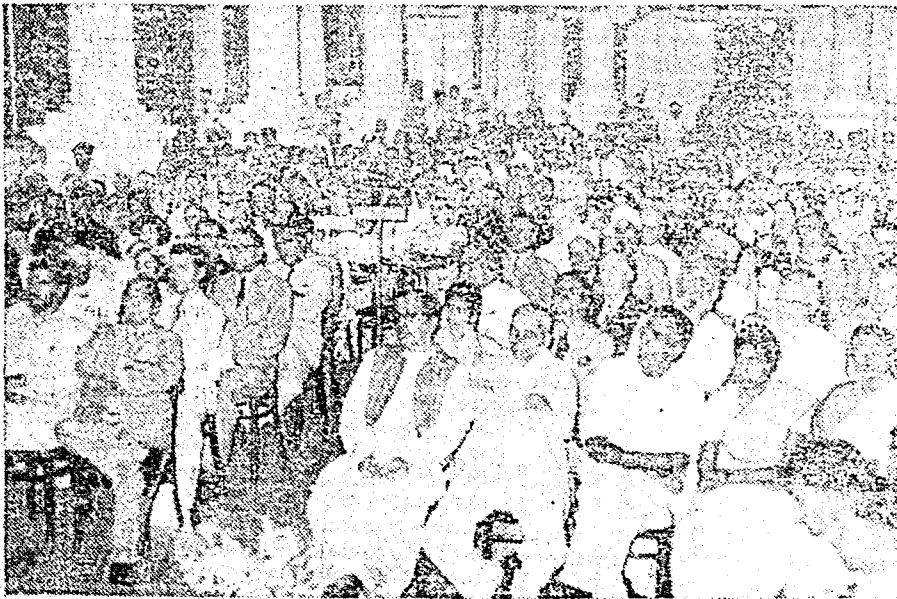
(SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1948)

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Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, India's Health Minister, delivering her Presidential address at the Second All-India Conference of Social Work at the Rajaji Hall.



A section of the delegates hearing the speech of Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, India's Health Minister, at the Second All-India Conference of Social Work at the Rajaji Hall.

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VOL. III
No. 45

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1948

ISSUED
WEEKLY

STANDARDS OF PUBLIC CONDUCT

THE noteworthy feature of this year's Congress at Jaipur was the manner in which Pandit Nehru forced the Subjects Committee to eat humble pie and cancel a very material part of its own resolution on "standards of public conduct". On Saturday the Committee passed by 107 votes to 52 an amendment of Mr. Maheshchandra Mishra to the effect that "all Congressmen, members of the Central and Provincial Legislatures and more specially members of the Cabinets must set an example and maintain a high standard of conduct." On Sunday Pandit Nehru demanded a reopening of the question. The explanation he offered for this extraordinary procedure was peculiar. He said that normally it would be wrong for him to bring back for consideration a matter that had been disposed of, but he wanted to place before the House certain aspects which it might not have considered. What were these aspects? One of them was, as expounded by the Prime Minister, that the special and particular reference to Cabinet Ministers could only mean that the Ministers were not worthy and the Committee wanted to pull them up. This certainly was not an aspect that the Committee had failed to consider, and in making an assumption to the contrary, Pandit Nehru ignored the plain purport of the proceedings of the preceding day. Nothing is so

clear from these proceedings as that censure of the public conduct of legislators and Ministers was deliberately intended by the Committee. It was not as if the members of the Committee were unwittingly inveigled into a formula the meaning of which they could not comprehend. One of the speakers expressly placed on the Ministers the entire blame for the criticism levelled against the Congress. The organisation, he said, should have taken note of the warning contained in Acharya Kripalani's resignation of the Presidentship. In lamenting the censure on Ministers conveyed by the resolution, Pandit Nehru placed before the Committee no new aspect that had escaped its attention. The wrong that he admitted, remains. The justification for turning it into a right that he pleaded, was no more than illusory.

He did of course present a new and unforeseen aspect when he threatened resignation if the resolution was not rescinded. It was a personal triumph for Pandit Nehru that rather than face the consequences of his resignation, the Committee chose to go back on its own considered opinion, arrived at after thorough discussion, only twenty-four hours before. We invite Pandit Nehru in his calmer moments to think seriously of the load of pretension and hypocrisy that this personal triumph of his has imposed on the Subjects Committee.

There is on the part of Congressmen an earnest desire to see Pandit Nehru continue undisturbed at the helm of national leadership. But the trust in him that people feel is not shared by many of his partners in office at the Centre and in the Provinces. The Subjects Committee merely voiced the general discontent of people with the standard of conduct of a good many Congress legislators and Ministers, but Pandit Nehru has stifled the discontent with a threat of his own resignation that few desire, without seeking to understand and remove its causes. Opinions that are waived under duress for avoidance of undesired threatened developments do not pass out of the convictions of their holders. Pandit Nehru has won conformity bereft of conviction. A sad fate, this, for one with an idealistic bent of mind and a pride in the integrity of democratic opinion.

Pandit Nehru is burdened with a dead load of Ministers and legislators whose standard of conduct has aroused very grave apprehensions in the public mind. It was gallant on his part to rush to the defence of censored colleagues, but such a show of the prowess of his popularity is not conducive to the strength or stability of the administration. A wise leader should not place an undue strain on the affections and loyalty of people for himself. Nor was it in the higher interests of Congress prestige to pit the power of office against the established usages of the organisation. It is a breach on the dignity of the Congress President to compel cancellation of a decision duly arrived at in proceedings sanctified by his presence and authority. We seem to have arrived at a stage when attempts are made to lower the entire Congress organisation into a subordinate show for the glory of office-holders. It were better to liquidate the Congress outright than impose on the supremacy of its President over its own machinery, a power

greater than his, drawn from the vantage of administrative seats.

Andhra University Affairs

THE proceedings of the meeting of the Andhra University Senate held on the 10th instant threw a revealing light on several vagaries for which the University has become notorious. One such vagary is the failure of the Syndicate to spend the annual recurring grant of Rs. 1,17,000 paid by the Madras Government for the revision of the scales of pay of the members of the teaching staff, the purpose for which the grant is being made. From the answer which the Vice-Chancellor gave to an interpellation on the subject it is clear that even when all the members of the staff benefited by the revision, receive the maximum salaries attached to their respective posts, there will still be a balance of nearly Rs. 50,000 per year unspent. The Vice-Chancellor was not prepared to say directly how much balance has remained unspent out of the grant. It is strange that no separate accounts are kept so far as this grant is concerned though it has been made for a specific purpose. To get a grant of Rs. 1,17,000 for a purpose for which a smaller amount is adequate is to defraud the Government and the public. It is not known why the Audit Department has not objected to this procedure. Ear-marked grants ought not to be diverted to other purposes or added to the general income of the University. A much more serious vagary than this is the failure of the Syndicate to revise the salaries of the lecturers on the lowest grade although they stand in need of real and substantial relief. Very many of them are still on the grade of Rs. 125-200 and the benefit of the Government grant has gone mostly to Professors on Rs. 750-1,000 grade and to Readers on Rs. 400-600 grade. It is regrettable that even when funds are available and when

Government is generous the University authorities should have been so unmindful of the needs of the lowest paid staff.

Another vagary relates to the discrepancy between the salaries recommended by the Syndicate to lecturers in the affiliated colleges and the salaries which it pays to lecturers in the University colleges. Even in the affiliated colleges of the Intermediate grade lecturers have to be paid a minimum salary of Rs. 150 rising to a maximum of Rs. 250. In the University colleges directly under the control and management of the Syndicate, the lecturers are started on a minimum salary of Rs. 125 rising to a maximum of only Rs. 200. These lecturers have to take Honours and post-graduate classes. They are generally persons possessed of qualifications higher than those of lecturers in affiliated colleges. And Waltair is a terribly costly place. In answering an interpellation on this subject the Vice-Chancellor said that the University affords many facilities for research and that lecturers should not be swayed by mere considerations of pay. This is a sermon which he should have preached to people getting professorial salaries and not to those who are practically on starvation wages.

A fourth vagary is in respect of the anxiety of the Syndicate to retain the powers of patronage in their hands, to show that they can make or mar the fortunes of the members of the staff and keep them more or less servile. This is being

done in several ways. Though in respect of each grade of salaries provision is made for annual or biennial increments, the Vice-Chancellor has his own methods of deciding who should get increment and whether one should get any increments in advance. The result is that the atmosphere in the University has become quite unhealthy from the academic standpoint. More time is spent in getting the favour of the Vice-Chancellor and securing through it advance increments and higher grades. Administration through distribution of favours has become the characteristic of the University. A second method by which the staff is kept subservient is by the rule regarding the age of retirement. Though 55 is the age for retirement fixed by the regulations it is open to the Syndicate to grant extension at the rate of one year at a time. This discretion is being used to punish some and to confer favours on others. Though for those who are in the service of the University the age of retirement is 55, it has practically now become a convention to appoint to the professorial posts persons who have retired from Government service after having reached the age of 55. Six such persons have been appointed in the last five years as revealed by the Vice-Chancellor's answer to an interpellation. There is no knowing why preference to retired people should be shown by the University authorities except that it enables them to keep their staff in a position of subservience.

What effect can a single individual have in these cataclysmic times—one man or woman among hundreds of millions, seemingly helpless as a sparrow in the path of a tornado?

The answer lies in that quality with which man only, of all earthly life, is gifted. In each man is a spark able to kindle new fires of human progress, new light for the human spirit. This ember may lie dormant through centuries of darkness or it may be fanned to flames by the winds of a crisis, sweeping over the earth, bringing others to life with its light and warmth. When enough of these fires are burning, they create a new dawn of spiritual understanding; the flame of a great people is formed.—Charles A. Lindbergh.

Sotto Voce

Life Without End



ONLY in the land of the Vedanta could such an original contention be put forward as a condemned prisoner advanced the other day. Even if he were not held to be innocent, he said, "his life alone can be taken but without any damage or injury to his body". But execution would destroy his body, which he valued modestly at the sum of Rs. 10,500; and the Government, he argued, must pay him compensation to that tune if they insisted on hanging him. The Emperor Akbar might have been persuaded to clemency by this attractive reasoning. But this is the Age of Case Law and the application was turned down on the ground that "no authority had been cited to show how such a suit could lie".

Note how carefully the man distinguished between body, life and "I"—that "Man of Property"—who is the undoubted captain of the miscellaneous and rather rowdy forces that occupy the citadel of the self. "He who steals my life steals trash"—that sounds preposterous till you remember that that is the attitude we adopt in the last extremity towards the inexorable foe. There is undoubtedly a touch of bravado in it. But really what can a man do who, having escaped the gallows after a prolonged and costly appeal to the Privy Council, finds himself choking with a morsel of food going down the wind-pipe? The convulsive spasms that speed the departing breath might, for aught we know, be the Ego shaking its fist in defiance.

On the other hand it is just canting humbug for our worldlings to say, "He who steals my purse steals trash". Not only has every civilisation perfected an elaborate system of criminal law to protect property rights. The freedom and frequency with which the right to make wills and to add endless codicils to them is exercised is everywhere regarded as an index of the social advancement of a people. If a man may, without appearing ridiculous in the eyes of rational beings, prescribe with meticulous precision how a few square feet of soil shall devolve among his heirs even up to the third generation, what is wrong in claiming ownership over his own body? After all, it is of the earth earthy; the poble dust of Alexander may be found stopping a bung-hole and being thus more useful than if it had lain lapped in lead.

The Bhagavata represents Mother Earth as laughing at the folly of men. "They imagine in their conceit that they possess me, but it is I that really possesses them." Yesterday's progressives would have dismissed the notion as a decadent's defeatism. But in the lurid light of the exploding atom bomb it is shown to be something far more potent—a dangerous half-truth. The earth possesses us no more than we possess the earth. Today it seems all too possible that man could destroy the earth as well as himself in a fit of nihilistic frenzy.

This madness may be halted only if man realises in time that he is inextricably joined to the matrix

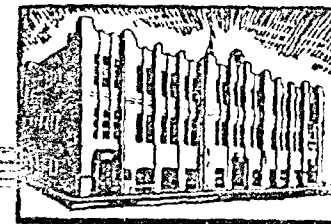
which is the world stuff. He hankers after immortality but is imprisoned in a whirling vortex much like Gulliver in his cage. In a world of raging uncertainties he is all for certitude. This instinct is the deepest and the oldest, coeval with the appearance of life on the planet. But having lost the key to the golden gate that opens on Eternity he wraps himself as in a shroud in cerebrated philosophies or tawdry day-dreams and lies down by the wayside to die. But, alas, that is not the end of the matter.

Maya offers an inadequate explanation of why, to put it crudely, if God found that Existence was bliss, He should have bothered to disturb its placid surface with the first ripples of Activity. And from the dawn of history those who looked at life and found that it was good have yearned to prolong it indefinitely.

Even while they subscribed with their lips to the formula, "All things pass" they have whispered within their hearts, "But not me!" The quest of a perpetual life may, logically considered, seem as frivolous as the quest of perpetual motion. But the universe lives on hope.

According to the scientists life itself made a fairly late appearance on the cosmic scene. And it has not progressed far beyond the troubles of teething-time. No philosophy can pretend to have plumbed to the depths of the secret that it holds. It seems blasphemy to contend that all things are not possible to it. If the forest could be contained in the acorn, why should not the seed of immortality grow under the gracious eye of its Maker into the mighty banyan tree which embraces earth and sky in a vast act of love?

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SIDELIGHTS : :

Men are apt to prefer a prosperous error to an afflicted truth.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE anticipated removal of Sri Omandur from the leadership of the Congress Legislature Party failed to materialise because of the unexpected operation of influences from New Delhi in his favour. It seemed at one time as if the preparation for his quiet ejection from the premiership was complete and awaited only the signal. It was to have been given by Sri Kamaraj Nadar, but wasn't. Kamaraj, let it be remembered, has been the maker and unmaker of Premiers in Madras. Because of his opposition, C.R. failed to become Premier. Because of his support, Prakasam succeeded after C.R. had failed. It was Kamaraj again that brought about the downfall of Prakasam. Without the support of Kamaraj, Omandur could not have become Premier. Individually, there are and have been others commanding the loyalty of larger groups of legislators. Sri Prakasam, for example, has more followers owing personal allegiance to him within the framework of the Congress Legislature Party than any other provincial leader. But the distinction of Kamaraj Nadar has lain in the matchless skill exhibited by him in mobilising the prejudices of legislators, along with the self-interests of the avaricious and the ambitious among them, to bring about results in conformity with his wishes. Before the competitive urges of power politics spoiled the whole atmosphere of reverence for Gandhian personages, C.R. was a great adept in making others do his bidding, imagining themselves all the while to be independent authors of their own actions; so nicely could he throw the veil of humility over the art of suggestion. Or, perhaps, in those days, he impersonalised himself so thoroughly with immersion in a pet cause that his own striving to promote it remained unobtrusive. The work was all in all. The triumph of achievement was not

thought of. The result was the steady acquisition of personal influence through public work which grew to invincible proportions, until suddenly other forces came in to upset the consolidated effects of years of unremitting toil.

The late Satyamurthi never completely overcame his dread of defeat from C.R. when in the course of politics antagonism developed between the two. Satyamurthi measured his own personal qualities against C.R.'s and became depressed over the chances of pulling through victoriously in a tussle with him. Not so Kamaraj Nadar, whose novitiate in Congress leadership covered a period of lieutenantancy to Satyamurthi during the emergence of the first public anti-C.R. campaign in provincial politics. The nervous trepidation over results that was a source of incessant torture to Satyamurthi was absent in Kamaraj who was immune to the debilitating restlessness of the ambitious. Kamaraj watched C.R. and assimilated his tactics—and in the process ability came on him unawares without himself or anybody suspecting it, and he became formidable before rivalries could get alert to checkmate him.

Political opponents tend to resemble each other in the course of taking measure of each other's strength. While Kamaraj copied the methods of C.R. during the political fight that developed between the two, once the fight was disposed of, C.R. developed tender sentiments towards his erstwhile opponent. But the Nadar touch of frequently changing sides seems to have got worked up into C.R.'s politics. After having been the target of Kamaraj's anti-C.R. campaign, C.R. cultivated attachment and appreciation for Kamaraj which has not however lasted for long, and has lately been changed for an attitude of coldness. Meanwhile, C.R.'s opinion of the premiership

of Omandur has passed through a succession of rapid changes. By the time Kamaraj's preparations for ousting Omandur got into full swing, C.R. had swerved into the view that no change in the personnel of Government was called for in Madras. Another complication was the chagrin of Sardar Patel over Kamaraj's refusal to withhold support from Dr. Pattabhi in the Congress presidential election. Kamaraj got immobilised by the chances of prospective interference by two of the three great leading personalities at the Centre, and Omandur was saved for the time being.

Sardar Patel is indifferent. The Governor-General wants Sri Omandur to continue undisturbed. Nevertheless, at the election of party leader due to take place in March, the combined forces of Prakasam and Kamaraj will suffice to force the Premier out. Dr. Subbarayan, Professor Ranga and the Congress President are all likely to play their respective parts to tilt the balance against the Premier. Sri Omandur does not seem to have the ghost of a chance for surviving, though nobody has any idea yet as to who will succeed him.—SAKA.

STRUGGLE AND REST.

Our life is not a book, with old age the last chapter. Rather it is a series of short stories—each with its own adventures and consummations. Struggle and rest are phases of our lives at every stage. One kind of struggle is always ending, perhaps, but another is beginning.—George Lawton.



The upward spiral still persists,
And, based on every indication,
We're apt to have a further rise
In clothing, food and indignation.

—Saturday Evening Post.

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VICARIOUS LIABILITY

by S. PARTHASARATHY

THERE is an old adage, probably by Ching Chow, that a thief sees a policeman in every bush. If today the reactions of the policeman or of his master, the Government, at the sight of every citizen were to be set down in the form of an adage, it would read 'The Government thinks every citizen a potential criminal and every asset of his a stolen property.' If you want to put to proof the truth of this adage, just look out of your window. You will see the minions of law almost at your doorstep. They are of various kinds: the ordinary police, the special police, the Home police, the Malabar police, the Prohibition police, the Hoarding and Profiteering police, the Provincial Mufti police, and the Central Mufti police. If you go out into the streets, you will see them singly, in couples, in groups, and in lorry loads. Together with other Government servants, they form to-day a substantial portion of our population. In course of time, I expect the mere citizen or non-official will become a minority which will belong only to one particular community. When that stage is reached, the minority will all be clapped into jails or sent to Buchenwald camps. We would then have eliminated the mere citizen and reached that ideal state of society when we shall be having a Government of the people, by the people and for the people.

To enable us to reach that ideal stage, we must go on providing more jobs for the people and finding more money to pay for them. It is here that the law of vicarious responsibility comes in handy. I know something of it from my Law College days. But as you may be totally ignorant of what it means, let me explain it. You may have read that whenever a German occupation soldier was called 'the dog' by a villager, the myrmidons of Hitler used to round up all the able-bodied men in the village and shoot them down as a retaliatory punishment. This is vicarious responsibility or punishment. The

Madras Juvenile (Prevention of Smoking) Bill, 1948, proposes to do a similar thing in a different sphere. Its ostensible object is to prevent the tobacco weed from establishing itself in the youthful regions. But a whiff by the child will cost the parent or the shopkeeper Rs. 50 besides forfeiture of the offending weed from the child's person. But there is an almost ministerial prudery about one of its provisions. There is to be no intermingling of the sexes. The forfeiture of the offending weed in the case of a female child will be effected by a female and in the case of a male child by a male. But it is the whiff and not the sniff that is punishable. The sniff has become hallowed because our Pandyan and Chola Kings were accustomed to the habit. Just like an unfortunate husband advertising in the papers that he is no longer responsible for the debts contracted by his wife who has left his custody, the parent may hereafter advertise that his children having left him and joined the society of Parent-Haters, he cannot be held responsible for their misdemeanours. I cannot say if it will help him. Anyway, it is a matter for the lawyer and the judges to argue about.

The enforcement of this legislation, if it should become law, would require the creation of a special staff of Weed Exterminating Police. The Finance Minister may assure us that the extra cost of establishment is expected to be met entirely out of the fines collected from the parents and the shopkeepers and that something may even be left over to narrow down the wide gap between our revenues and expenditure. But the chief merit of this proposed bill is that it opens out a great vista of legislative experiments in new spheres. The bad habits that we have contracted are so many. There is the coffee, tea and aerated water drinking and there is the cinema going. Our Education Minister may also think of a similar bill to prevent the use of lipstick,

powder and cream by the female population. But there is no need to confine this law of vicarious liability only to prevent the growth of bad habits among the people. We can punish the entire family if any one member is a Communist or R.S.S. or even an anti-ministerialist. In fact, anyone can be punished for any act of any other one. Of course, it would be necessary to have suitable exceptions. For instance, legislators should be excepted from being held responsible to the people for their misdeeds; similarly, the Ministry to the legislature; the provincial Pre-

miers to the Central Government; the Central Government to the U.N.O., the U.N.O. to Stalin; Stalin to Truman; and Truman to Truth.

Let us celebrate our great experiments with a song:—

'Ring out Aryan culture, ring in New Education;
Ring out the citizen, ring in the police;
Ring out the weeds, ring in the fines;
Wring out the incomes and ring in the taxes.
Ring, ring, Happy Bells, for such new-year gifts.'

Why did it not occur to the Creator who invented this world to make the sun rise in the East one day and in the West the next? No man then could feel that he was always running second; every man could crow, for half the time at least, that he was in the lead.—Theophile Gautier.

Although lunches and dinners are tedious, they are necessary. Elementary appetites of eating and drinking are the common denominators for all people and so we meet on that basis so that differences may not be emphasized.

—H. E. Sri C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.



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THE CONGRESS TRIO

by P. N. SAMPATH

GEORGE MEREDITH, the English poet and novelist characterised Mazzini, Garibaldi and Cavour as the Brain, Sword and Soul of Italy. To stretch this comparison to our country, in the present context, we can compare Sardar Patel, Jawaharlal Nehru and C. Rajagopalachari to Garibaldi, Cavour and Mazzini respectively. These three leaders are the Big Three in our country's affairs to-day. All the three have been close associates of the late Mahatma.

To take Nehru and Patel, there cannot be two like them whose characters are less accordant. Still, they have made it a point to work in unison at all costs. If two men ride the same horse, one must necessarily ride behind. Patel is therefore content to be Nehru's deputy in the Cabinet. Even so, each is the complement of the other; each is the flint to the other's steel.

Nehru is the true inheritor of the Gandhian tradition. But, he is no mere inheritor, he is a progenitor in his turn. He is a living example for posterity. He is the most fragrant flower of Indian culture. In the words of George Slocombe, he is the "agnostic Lenin meekly obedient to the precepts of a Christian Tolstoy (Gandhi)". He is a man after the peoples' own heart, hail-fellow-well-met with all and sundry. The statesmen of the world who met recently at Paris were overpowered as much by his irrepressible personality as by the sheer intellectual vigour of his reason and the measured eloquence of his winged words. No other statesman is so well and widely informed as our Pandit Nehru. He is well up in current affairs. One can't catch him flat-footed on many subjects. He knows the historical and social antecedents of each country, better than even some of the representatives of those countries. No wonder that the Australian Prime Minister Chifley recently referred to him as one of

the six most brilliant men in the world.

During the one year of his office as head of the Government, Pandit Nehru has revealed himself as a circumspect leader, and as a very able parliamentarian. His speeches, made whether inside the Council Chamber or outside it, are a treat to the ear as well as to the intellect. Patient in hearing, tolerant in reply, he knows how to reconcile the duties of courtesy with the earnestness of debate. One can liken Nehru to Gladstone among the great statesmen of England. Gladstone's admirers, it is said, felt that even as they listened to him, a squad of Recording Angels was taking down his words verbatim in a mood of breathless ecstasy. Likewise, every word of Nehru has a lasting value. In his writings, which are voluminous, he commands a style at once recherche and incisive. Vivacious by temperament, his quick susceptibility for every form of beauty is moral as well as intellectual.

He is a staunch Socialist in principles, with faith in the democratic form of government. In international politics he wants to pursue the golden mean between the two antagonistic systems of Capitalism and Communism. A staunch Nationalist, and a stauncher Internationalist, Nehru is against everything unbecoming. He is dead against communal strife, sectarian mendacity and parochial puerility. He is therefore a "complete Indian", belonging to every part of India. Not all the people who are gifted with intellect have the saving grace of intelligence.

While his geniality is profuse, his temper is apt to take fire, flare up, and quickly die down again, without hurting any one ultimately. On the other hand, he has demonstrated his infinite patience during the past one troublous year.

Patel, the man of action, is the most powerful man in Indian politics to-day. He usually surrounds

himself with a chill barrier of reserve. He burgeons and expands in the sunshine of peoples' awe of him. He is "the Stalin to Gandhi's Lenin". Like Joseph Chamberlain of England, Patel started life as a demagogue and has ended as an aristocrat. He is essentially a friend of the Princes and the money bags. He is a conservative politician fallen on revolutionary times.

A good public speaker, he makes no effort after effect. He has cultivated a sort of antipathy to Englishmen, particularly Tory diehards like Churchill. He gave them vitriol for their vinegar.

If Patel is force, C. Rajagopalachari is finesse. "That wonderful old Brahmin fox" was John Gunther's rather irreverent phrase for Rajaji. His three score and odd years do not seem to sit heavily on him. As an elder politician, he knows everything of the chords and discords of political life. He has more in common with Nehru than with Patel. A scholar and writer like Nehru, he ranks along with him as the best extempore speaker in India. He also shares with Nehru the confidence of the minorities.

For the temerity of having anticipated the partition of the country as early as the year 1942, Rajaji had to quit the Congress and go into hibernation. Like "Eve in the Garden of God, single and naked, yet not ashamed," he was left alone with his lone furrow. At that time, he came under the scalpel of criticism and became very unpopular. A weaker man would have sunk under such a load of unpopularity, but that resolute spirit seemed to derive new firmness from it. He has once again re-established himself in the general estimation.

He has the art of setting forth to advantage everything he says or does. His public arguments are always well sustained and set off with varied and appropriate illus-

I think it would be a good thing to reserve birthday celebrations for children to whom really birth is an interesting mystery. As for men of my age, work matters and not a date in the calendar—C. R.



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trations. Whatever office he held, he has been more than equal to it. Even in his present position as Governor-General, he is conducting himself as if to the manner born. In view of the goodwill and get-together spirit he is disseminating wherever he goes, his peregrination is not a wasteful luxury. If Patel crushes those who cross his path, C.R. caresses his erstwhile opponents. By that process, he has turned many a caustic enemy into a lifelong friend. This is the Gandhian way.

The future of the Congress depends largely on the work and on the understanding this triumvirate will show.

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA

by PARASURAMAYYA PINGALY

THE Geological Survey of India was first started in the year 1846. Its history is linked up with the modern coal mining industry. The demand for coal grew up as railways and steamships began to be introduced in India, and anticipating this demand, a coal committee was formed by Lord Auckland in 1836, which recommended in 1845 'a geological survey of the coal formation in India' to the Court of Directors in London, with the approval of the Government of Bengal. Mr. D. H. Williams of the Geological Survey of Great Britain was sent out to India as geological surveyor to the East India Company. Mr. Williams examined the Raniganj coalfield and extended his survey to the Ramgarh field in 1846 and thus laid the foundation for a geological survey of India.

But work done is inadequate, and is only a microscopic part of the work lying ahead. Only 189,400 sq. miles of the country (12% of the total area) have been mapped, while the remaining 88% of the area remains to be completed.

GEOLOGICAL REPORTS

But if we scrutinise their reports carefully, especially those published during the past fourteen years, we find only repetitions and nothing new and important. Only the reports published till the year 1926 are found to be original and substantial; they were the result of honest, sincere and laborious work turned out by great practical geologists like William King, R. Bruce Foote, Sir Thomas Holland, and D. N. Wadia.

As an example of triteness and unoriginal quality, I take the liberty of citing the following from the report of the Superintending Geologist of the Southern Circle of the Geological Survey of India on "Mica Mining in Wynad", published by the Government about 1944 A.D.

"The Wynad region receives 150 to 200 inches of rainfall per annum, most of this coming down during the south-west monsoon. The period from June to October is therefore, very wet, when the streams are all flooded, cart tracks impassable and valleys full of leeches.

"Because of the heavy rainfall, the forests are dense and weeds and shrubs grow over unused land in the course of a few weeks. The mantle of weathered rock is generally thick, 20 to 25 feet on an average, and even 40 feet in places. The pegmatites are also deeply kaolinised, being covered by a layer of lithomarge. Only quartz veins and occasionally some highly siliceous charnockites crop out on the surface. The quartz veins are often closely associated with pegmatites and thus constitute a guide to prospectors in search of mica.

"The area is very hilly and ill-supplied with roads. Owing to the recent heavy military traffic between Calicut, Ootacamund and Mysore the Ottacamund—Gudalur—Calicut road has been widened and re-surfaced. The primitive bullock-cart transport has increased in cost by more than 100 per cent while motor transport for conveying goods is practically unobtainable owing to the lack of petrol. Supplies have to be obtained either from Ootacamund or from Calicut, the average distance from the latter to the mica mining areas being about 75 miles."

The only geological point mentioned in the report, that pegmatites are a guide to prospectors in search of mica, is known to uneducated Yenadis of Nellore district. Is this the sort of report the Geological Survey Department over which the Government of India are expending annually about Rs. 7 lakhs should make?



IT was a summer evening. A young, beautiful girl was slowly walking to the riverside. She had a bundle in her hand. On reaching the river she placed the bundle on the sand, untied her glossy locks, caressed them with her fingers and tied them back again. The beautiful scenery and the perfect calmness prevailing everywhere attracted her although she was not taught to admire the beauty of Nature.

A loaded country boat was sailing on the river. Presently it got stuck in the mud and the boatman cried for help. Ramu, a villager residing near the river, rushed to the spot and helped the boatman to move the boat. After this Ramu passed by the side of the girl humming a country song. When he saw her he exclaimed: "Well, Kallu, why are you gazing at the sky so? Is there any Gandharva (a god of beauty) there?"

Ramu's question took her unawares. She turned to him and said, smiling: "No, brother. I was just looking at that farmyard. Why did they again clean it after the harvest?"

"A rich man from the town has come to stay there".

"Why should one from the town come and live in this dull countryside?"

"To enjoy".

"What enjoyment is here in this poor village?"

"Is it not enjoyment to see beautiful girls like you?"

"Don't speak nonsense", said Kallu, a bit annoyed. "I will throw sand on your face".

Ramu simply laughed and went away.

Kallu then unfolded her bundle and took her clothes out from it. After rubbing them with soap she placed them on the washing stone. Then she undressed, removing garments one by one including her bodice. Wearing a small veshti around her waist she began

to wash the clothes. She did not know that the man from the town, residing in the farmyard, was watching and enjoying all her movements from the other side of the river bank.

After some time he crossed the river and walked towards Kallu. The civilized mien of this handsome young man made her blush. She covered her body with a wet cloth and turned her face away from him.

At the sight of the half-naked beauty a thrill passed through Surendra.

"A village flower", he said to himself and slowly walked away.

Next day again Kallu went to the river and Surendra also was there. He wished to speak to her, but politely refrained.

One day while Surendra was walking on the river bank he found an ankle-ornament. He knew it was Kallu's. This he thought, would provide him a theme for a talk with her. Next day they met again at the riverside. Surendra handed the ornament to Kallu. She thanked him with a smile. Her shyness gradually vanished.

Some days later Surendra said, "Kallu, will you meet me tomorrow at sunset? I feel very lonely. We can spend some time at this riverside".

She was grieved to hear of his loneliness.

"I would have come" she replied. "But if anyone sees....."

"Who is going to come here after sunset?"

Kallu did not make any definite reply. Next day Surendra waited for Kallu. The sun had already set. After waiting for some time he saw a white figure drawing near through the darkness. It was Kallu.

"Come, dear Kallu", said Surendra moving nearer to her. He caught her soft shivering hands. Her cheeks were wet with tears.

"Why are you weeping, Kallu?"

"Don't hold me, I am going". She slipped from his hands and ran away in a moment.

Thus they met every day for several days at the riverside. Kallu totally forgot after a time that Surendra was an outsider. His love for her she felt to be so deep that no doubts about his sincerity crossed her mind.

Surendra said, "Kallu, I am going to take you to the town".

"What for?"

"To marry you".

"Oh! you are making fun of me".

"Don't you still believe me?" exclaimed Surendra, pinching her cheeks.

"I am not coming. It's enough for me to live here", replied Kallu. At heart she wished very much to go to the town and see for herself the delights there.

Having spent two months in the village, Surendra decided to return home. He had come to the village simply for rest and stayed longer than he had intended. The lure of urban life with its pleasures had him now once again in its grip. In the evening Kallu was surprised to see Surendra's preparations to leave.

She was shocked. She had never thought of his return. "You mean to abandon me and go away", she said, stepping closer to him.

"I won't forget you", replied Surendra with reserve. He gave her a ten rupee note. She received it as a token of his love for her.

"After reaching the town I shall send for you", said Surendra, consoling her. The poor girl uttered not a word. She broke into tears. Surendra clasped her hand and put a ring on her finger.

Kallu received no news of her lover after his departure. The ring was her only consolation. Often she would press it to her heart and kiss it. She washed it with her tears.

Months passed. She discovered in herself symptoms of approaching maternity. She shuddered at the thought of her future. An unmarried girl about to become a mother! What would people say? She thought she had no way out but to end her life.

The rains poured in torrents. The river was in floods. It was midnight. Ramu, the villager, lying in the verandah

of his hut near the river brooding over the day's adventures, saw a figure moving towards the river. It suddenly leapt into the river. Ramu rushed to the spot, dashed into the stream and found the person he sought caught in the branches of a fallen tree. After a vigorous encounter with the current he brought his find safely to the shore. It was a girl. She was unconscious. After first aid was given to her she opened her eyes.

"I am not dead!" she said, staring at Ramu.

Twelve years later. Surendra was sitting in a chair near the window of his mansion, smoking a long cigar. He has all the pleasures of life at his feet. But he is not happy. He is childless. Sarla, his beautiful first wife, could not bless him with a child. So he divorced her and took a second wife. She too proved infertile. This made him gloomy.

Surendra and his wife Suseela drove by car to Puthur to attend a dinner arranged there in Surendra's honour by the rubber planter, Mr. Miller. When the car reached the river Suseela got down and took a walk along the bank of the river. After a while she returned with flowers, accompanied by a handsome boy.

"Do you know this boy?" asked Suseela.

"No" replied Surendra, gazing at the boy.

"See what a resemblance, there is between you and this boy" remarked Suseela. Turning to the boy she asked,

"What is your name, boy?"

"Balan" came the quick reply.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve".

She was very much pleased with the boy. She asked her husband to give him a present. Surendra took out a five rupee note and gave it to the boy. The boy at first refused, but on Surendra insisting took it. Surendra stood like a statue gazing at the boy running to his house.

"What has happened to you?" asked Suseela.

"Come, let us go" replied Surendra.

By this time the boy re-appeared with a packet and said: "My mother abused me for taking your money. She has asked me to give you this packet".

Surendra opened the packet and saw in it one ten rupee note and a golden ring.

"My son, my son," he muttered.

Just then a woman came on the scene. "Won't you pardon me, Kallu? This boy is my son" said Surendra.

"Your son! Where were you till this time?" She asked him to get away.

Ramu now coming to the spot ordered Surendra to leave the boy alone and go. Surendra said, "I have five lakhs, Ramu. I shall give you half of it. Give me the boy".

"Take the boy home. This man is mad", said Ramu to his wife.

"Yes. I am mad", murmured Surendra.

Planter Miller was sadly disappointed at Surendra's absence from his dinner party. He accompanied Surendra to the town. Surendra narrated his story to Miller and requested him to get back his son from Ramu. Miller promised that he would try his best to get the boy.

Next day Miller called Ramu, who was then a worker in Miller's estate, and enquired about the history of the boy. Ramu told him the whole story.

"So the boy in fact belongs to Surendra", said Miller after hearing the whole story. Ramu did not answer. Miller continued "You do one thing. Give the boy to Surendra; he is prepared to give you half of his wealth. What do you say?"

"Please don't ask us that. We love the boy more than our lives. We don't want to sell him", pleaded Ramu.

Miller then sent for Kallu and asked her to give away the boy. She too refused.

Next Miller got a letter from Surendra's house stating that Surendra was seriously ill and that he desired to see the boy immediately. Accordingly Miller took the boy and his parents to Surendra's house. He was lying in a precarious condition after his visit to Puthur. The doctors opined that the illness was due to mental disorder. Anxious relatives and friends of the patient had gathered around him.

"I have brought the boy" said Miller breaking the pindrop silence.

Surendra slowly opened his eyes and saw the boy. "My son, my son", cried the patient exultantly. He then embraced the boy and began to weep like a child.

Kallu stood like a statue at the corner of the room, her eyes cast downwards. After some time the patient begged Kallu in pathetic words to forgive him.

There was silence.

"Does she want me to die in this way? Can't she save me?" broke the patient again sobbing. There was no reply.

At once somebody among the on-lookers was heard sobbing and people turned to that man. It was Ramu. He could not control his feelings. The agony of the patient pained Ramu very much. Stepping nearer to the patient, Ramu said: "Take your son. He is yours. I bear witness to it".

"Ha, you betrayed me. You broke my life", cried Kallu turning towards her husband. The people were perplexed. Ramu remained silent.

On the way back Miller informed Ramu and Kallu that Surendra had decided to buy his estate in their favour. This news did not give any consolation either to Kallu or Ramu.

Kallu's peace of mind was disturbed for ever. Her secret which she had kept for the last twelve years, was exposed to the world.

Ramu saw the change that had overtaken his wife. He consoled her but to no effect. She was always in tears.

"I have decided", said Kallu, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"What?"

"To end this shameful life".

"Have you decided?"

"Yes".

"Then let us do it together".

PATH TO WISDOM.

What is all wisdom save a collection of platitudes? Take fifty of our current proverbial sayings—they are so trite, so threadbare, that we can hardly bring our lips to utter them. None the less they embody the concentrated experience of the race, and the man who orders his life according to their teaching cannot go far wrong. How easy that seems! Has anyone ever done so? Never. Has any man ever attained to inner harmony by pondering the experience of others? Not since the world began! He must pass through the fire.—Norman Douglas.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE



MAURICE Schuman must be feeling quite gratified. France seems to be beginning to acquire, after all, "le climat psychologique de la baisse" or in plain English, "the art of sinking" which, he has always maintained, she needed to learn so badly. The "sinking", as he meant it, did not refer so much to prices and payments as to the general disillusionment and frustration and bitterness which came with liberation and which she had to get rid of so as to settle "gently down to the solid reality of the earth". The recent successful handling by the Government of the strike wave which infected the face of France, is certainly making some Frenchmen at least realise that they have been laughing on the wrong side through a dozen governmental reshuffles. True, France has had strikes before and governments have broken them but this particular strike in M. Queuille's regime is different. This time the Communists tempted providence too far. And French workmen standing on the very edge of the jumping off plank suddenly looked down into the seething waters below and hesitated and then looked behind them and saw again the green fields of a France that might have been.

What they really saw, however, were empty docks and unloaded ships, flooded pits, closed factories and cold coke ovens. This was undoubtedly the most damaging of the strikes France has had since liberation. There were two ruinous strikes during Schuman's premiership wherein unrest over high living costs was used as a sabotage for a deeper conspiracy aiming at defeating the Marshall Plan and confusing

the Foreign Minister's conference at London. The present strike was evidently intended to serve as a last straw to pull down to the dust the Fourth Republic. It comes, I am sure, as a surprise to a great many that the slight and sickly Premier Queuille was able to weather this calamitous storm with which, it might almost be said, his administration started.

From the day he was sworn in, M. Queuille has had just one guiding principle before him. He has refused to be bullied either by the Rightist or Leftist elements in the country. He believed that this "war on two fronts" unless checked with a firm hand, would eventually lead France to destruction. The technical troubles he had were the same as those which the dozen or so premiers before him had—wages, prices, currency. He had no amazing solution to offer, either. All remedies had been tried before. Protesting, furious, denying, swearing, the successive heads of France's post-war administration had granted to the workers two wage increases regularly every year. But this had resulted only in the shooting up of prices and worsening of inflation while the blackmarket flourished. Neither direct taxes nor the floating of new government loans brought in any money. France has been criticised by some for not trying to solve her financial problems along the lines they have been tackled, say, in Hungary. But out and out reform after the war coupled with the imposition on the people of a strict austerity programme would only have brought down morale and impeded reconstruction. Premier Queuille drew up a control programme including measures like re-

trenchment, reorganisation and enterprise and other much-tried methods, increase in railway fares and prices of luxury goods, more profit and income taxes. There were to be cuts in the defence budget, civil expenses and government subsidies. His aim was to bring in new revenue amounting to 80 milliard francs.

But before these measures could start functioning properly the strike wave started to roll. The workers struck for more wages and for reduction of economy decrees. The miners, the iron and steel workers, the merchantmen, the dockers, the motor and air-port staff—millions of France's workers walked out. Production came to a standstill and as a natural corollary, prices skyrocketed. It was not till late in October when it was feared that unless adequate steps were taken the mines would be flooded out, that security guards were posted outside mines and later authorised to use firearms when attacked by "important numbers" of armed men. This was the first time in the history of French labour that workers' unions had ordered stoppage of maintenance and safety measures in the mines. Even the Germans had spared France that. But in spite of active government intervention, over 30% of the pits had been flooded out by the end of the strike and in the north 52 out of 55 coke ovens had been extinguished. The total loss in output was 160,000 tons of coal a day. The "national patrimony of France" had indeed been badly damaged.

The strike lumbered through October right up to the middle of November. The Government attitude was unflinching and determined. And then slowly, one by one, shuffling in came the workers back to work. That was a triumph for the Queuille Government. At the end of about ten weeks' of strike, the workers had awakened to the realisation that they were being used as pawns in a game. The stake was France. That brought them back to work. The strike had failed. And in the debate which was held in the National Assembly late in November, Mr. Jules Moch was

able to prove with facts and figures and dates the betrayal of the French workers by the Communists "acting under the orders of the Cominform and receiving financial and moral backing from Russia".

As if the strikes by themselves were not enough, something else was happening during these ten weeks to ruffle the minds of the Cabinet. The domestic politics of France were in a ferment over the elections to the new Council of the Republic (the upper House). These consisted of elections by municipal councillors of representatives to the "grands electeurs" by a system of proportional representation. This electoral college of about 103,000 members was later to elect the Councillors of the Republic. The French Cabinet almost floundered over this election issue when the Communists, now slow to exploit the embarrassment which General de Gaulle, the liberator of France, was causing the Government, suddenly and unexpectedly proclaimed themselves in favour of the elections being held.

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This was not General de Gaulle's first victory in the French municipal elections. He had won last year but the swing to Gaullism during Schuman's regime was of help to the Government in fighting the disorders caused by strikes. This year there is a delicate difference. The present Government is standing perilously between the Gaullists and the left-wingers, opposed in part to both, following what is called a "middle-of-the-road policy". France to day is in the unenviable position of not being able to afford to have any other Cabinet except that of the centre group—the M.R.P., the Radical Socialists and the Socialists. A coalition with the Gaullists would not be workable so long as he demands considerable personal authority and wants a strong rightist government. They cannot work with the Communists under the present East-West tension and the unconcealed antipathy of the United States towards a Communist coalition in France. And since America holds the purse-strings of the much-needed Marshall Aid, it would not do France any good to tip the scales even ever so slightly in favour of Communism. France, indeed, "reflects the dilemma of the rest of the world in seeking to escape both extreme rightism and extreme leftism."

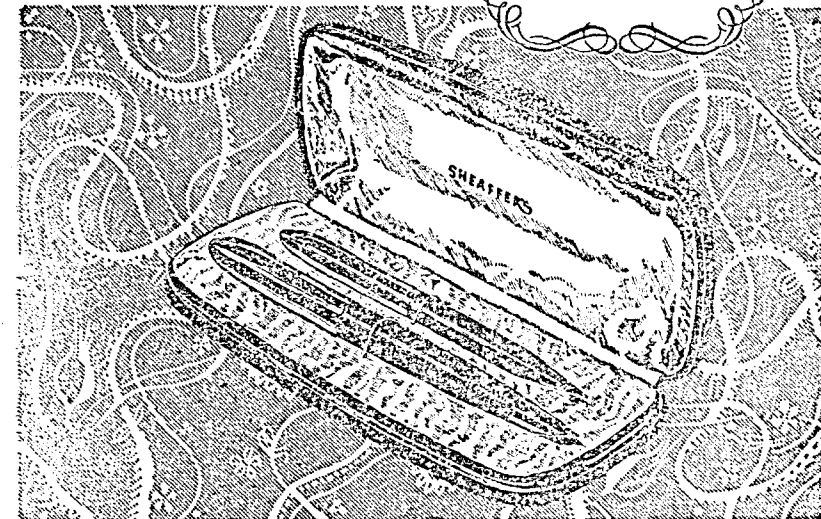
De Gaulle strikes one as being the supreme example in the 20th century of the hero with the clay feet. The French people have not yet outgrown the worshipful admiration they have felt towards their war hero since he returned France to them. He has come to symbolize to a great many Frenchmen the glory that was France. His arrogance is amazing and his vanity unbounded. "I am General de Gaulle" he boasted at an election rally, "the man who brought back freedom". He is unquestionably, what Leon Blum calls "a seeker after personal power". In his election speeches he abused in round terms the inefficiency of the Government which, he was certain, was destined to collapse soon; he waxed bitterly ironical and vindictive against the Red ring. "If the separatists were to enter what is

conventionally known as the Government of France", he said, "from that moment legitimacy would be ended". With him rolled through the seething and excited countryside of France the 3 staff cars, 2 lorries, 2 wireless cars, 8 motor cycles and a bodyguard 10,000 strong which he was entitled to as the liberator. There was no stopping his triumphal procession. In the elections which followed the returns gave his party and their allies 40% of the seats in the Council of the Republic. The colour of the whole Council will be known only after elections in the French Colonies which will be held this month. Though these elections have certainly reinforced the Gaullist power and improved de Gaulle's chances of getting the Assembly to dissolve itself, all is not lost yet. The Council of the Republic is subordinate to the National Assembly, which has still at its head the moderate Socialists of France. There is one thing, of course, he could do, and that is, slow up the processes of legislation by throwing out the Assembly's bills and obliging the latter to vote them in by an absolute majority, which might not be always possible. But strength in the Upper House is no indication of the way the wind will blow in a general election to the Assembly. But sometimes it seems as though even a positive rightist or leftist swing would be preferable to this other danger in which France might be involved after a general election, that of having 2 extremist chief parties in the Assembly neither having a majority but each having enough representation to bring to a dead stop every bit of Governmental administration. The M.R.P., and the Socialist Party sandwiched between the two will just be nowhere.

Premier Queuille's Government is now enjoying a brief respite and the wind is in its favour by reason of its successful breaking of the strikes. But much depends on how the Premier is going to handle the wage system and the grievances of the workers in the next few weeks if his Government is not to be cast aside as "just one more merie blanc (white

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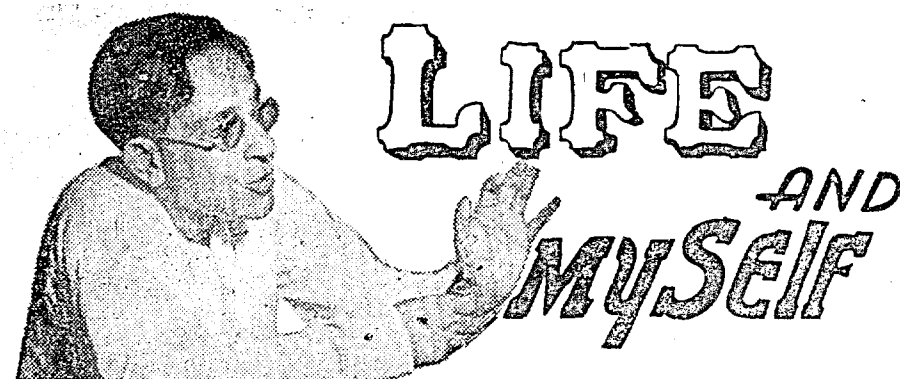
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crow) Government". Some favour immediate wage revision and the satisfying of the workers' demands but there is on the other hand the view held by others that such a step might precipitate demands by other workers. And the French budget is now far from being able to stand such a strain. M. Queuille has evidently thought of this aspect of the question, for he has asked the Assembly to proceed with the budget discussion and has stated firmly that wage revision, etc., would come only after tax and budgetary reforms. De Gaulle, having played his hand, discreetly retired for a while. The Communists too are lying low. France is quiet.

It is not France's domestic politics alone which has to be cleared up and stabilised. France has involved herself in two continental programmes for European recovery and unity and much depends on how well she is able to settle things at home. But it is to be admitted it is a little difficult to give an indication of where France's recovery is to start from. As David Farrar picturesquely says in the *Daily Mail*: "Today in France parliamentary democracy lies prostrate on the operating table. Earnest, well-meaning, flushed men...are struggling frantically to revive the patient. Some want to cut off pieces of living flesh, some recommend bigger and bigger doses of chloroform." France's economy is in ruins, production lags behind, rehabilitation and reconstruction remain half finished. The army has to be strengthened and the standard of military efficiency improved. There is the new problem of the Ruhr on which some sharp differences have arisen with the Anglo-American bloc. There is incompleteness everywhere. The very constitution is defective. There is the bungling party system which, fostered by proportional representation, means that no party can ever control more than 35 per cent majority in the national assembly

and also provides for the crushing of a Government on a simple majority vote. The party quarrels and vindictive bickerings over policy in the Assembly have achieved nothing more than a succession of Cabinets. De Gaulle of course has no policy. His belief is that what the country needs is a strong government and once it has got that, things will automatically settle themselves and everybody will live happily ever after.

Of course it is easy to say that the Government must introduce reforms and make its position stronger. But how it can be practically achieved is another thing. France is a martyr to the deceit of tax evaders, hoarders and farmers. The first will not pay the taxes, the second will not release the stocks and the third insists upon selling his produce only in the black-market. Prince Napoleon, cousin of the Emperor, once said: Frenchmen demand the right of self-government but do not understand its duties. "What France has never found," it is said, "is a Government that could make Frenchmen as ready to give their money as they were to give their blood". And Schuman said recently in the United Nations Assembly that France "could almost claim an inventor's patent when it came to talking of human rights". If economic reforms proceeded side by side with an awakening of the national consciousness of the people France might be said to be well on the road to recovery. The first lies in the hands of the Government, the second in the consciences of individuals. It is said that when Marshal Bazaine was on trial before Duc D' Aumale for surrendering Metz and his army without a fight in the Franco-Prussian War, he argued in his defence that he did what seemed the only thing to do. "What could I do?" he pleaded. "We had nothing left." The Duc shook his head. "Monsieur," he replied, "France was left."



*Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya*

BACK TO THE WORLD

TALL, very tall, he stood before me in the dream, smiling the smile of a wizard who seemed to see with piercing eyes into my future. And in them it seemed as though lightning had been fixed and imprisoned for the while; it was a sharp glint which hurt me, woke me into dark premonition. I knew that *that* smile meant warning, for, in it, there lurked a poisonous shadow which emanated and clung around me slowly until I could hardly distinguish it from the entire shadow of my own body. His arms were long and gorilla-wise; and, after staring hard at me for a few moments, he slowly proceeded towards me with well-calculated and deliberate steps, arms outstretched making ready to embrace me with hardness and cruelty. Soon, he reached and encircled me in those long, strong hairy arms of his. Although the embrace was as hard as a diamond, it did not hurt, strange to tell. On the contrary it lent me a sense of security and, for the time being, gave me the sensation, as of an infant in the womb, lying cradled and safe and shut out from the world. Then he spoke slowly and deliberately weighing each word in the scales of prophesy. "Go back! go back! you should not

have come now. Your coming was premature. The road is as sharp as the edge of a razor, and your feet have so far never known such sharpness, although they have trod difficult enough roadways already. The life of renunciation is not as simple as it seems on the surface. It needs heroism to face oneself in battle, for oneself is a dark host which increases in chimerical numbers and strength when one tries to overcome it. The self cannot be broken as easily as men imagine. It is obstinate, perverse, froward; and it has the ugly advantage of beautiful illusion, *ugly*, because it leads one to fiery pitfalls. You are still immature; your feet need to be hardened and your heart to go through the agonising tortures of hell. Go back, for a world awaits you; men await you in ambush to pounce upon you when you least suspect it; and yours is the destiny of the cruel smashing-up of the structures you have fondly built, the crumbling of your fool's paradise!" Then followed uncanny stillness in which seemed folded up, centuries of graveyards which had not spoken of the secret and the mystery of death to anybody, of graveyards which appear like sealed eyelids enconcing the loneliness of

the dead. Again, after the pause, which was intolerable, he spoke and gave me courage: "But you are not to be troubled at heart; for you will come through at last, and in the years to come, you will once again turn towards the light and then your feet will walk the road in maturity."

I recalled the story, when I woke up, of the man who had done penance for long long years, and yet could not feel within himself an inkling into the future destiny that awaited him. One day while he waited listlessly on the roadside, his mouth closed like a door on the bridal-chamber of silence, a realised Being appeared before him and said: "Ascetic! you will reach the goal, this is the gift of an assurance I grant you today." Dumbfounded, and hardly knowing what to say, the man asked the golden Being: "Sire, when will I reach my goal?" He answered, "After a few thousand births of penance"—and departed, leaving the seeker dancing like a gleam on the water, a bough in the wind, a peacock in the rain. "O, I shall reach my goal, I shall reach my goal! Thank God. And what does it matter *when*, a moment or an aeon? So long as I have the assurance that I will reach my goal one day, one moment in the future, one sudden, living moment when I shall be released of this bondage of blind clay, this prisonment of dumb and unworthy dust." And so, he danced and danced and danced his way through many births into the kingdom of self-realisation.

That was what I felt when Sidharud in the dream gave me such warm assurance. And yet, behind the hope which was heartening, there grew a strange and mournful shadow which spread all over the blood, which dimmed the heart and made the limbs feel captive, for it was a heavy shadow, heavy as a chain and it tightened round my life. I was to return to the world I had left behind; I was to go back to a cell of relationships which seemed such a narrow and lampless cell, its atmosphere sprawling with choking gases and fumes. How would I be

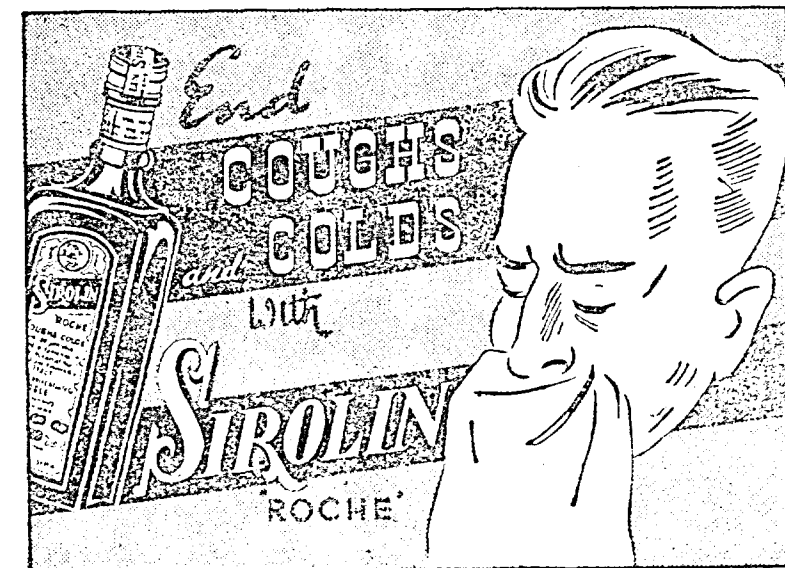
able to bear it all over again? How would I be able to re-adjust what seemed a distinct new self? How was I going to come face to face with the hollowness and sham of outer living once again, especially after a period of such unchained wandering and carefreeness? It set me thinking. Was I a coward when I left home and wife and child and fled from so-called human responsibilities? Was it like a criminal I was to return to a house of brick-and-mortar, tremblingly to entering the front door and then, in a little while to gaze upon all that I had bade goodbye to a few days ago? the little child, the beautiful wife, the simple-hearted nurse, the boxes, the chairs, the carpets, the walls, the windows, the cots? In a little while was I to greet all over again the mixed smells of old wood, varnish, hair-oil, stale flowers in a vase, and the warm spice-fumes vomited out of the mouth of the kitchen? Once again, cooked food and coffee and tea and the little monotonous round of self-dying which men advertise as life!

I took the dream at its word. I folded up my little bed, and, while doing so, sighed like one who just returned from the burning-ghat after cremating somebody whom he had held most dear. Yes, the dream, ordering me to return to normal life, was even as a crematorium: in the centre of it my seeker's life lay stretched on a pyre, and I could almost see it being reduced to ashes in the leaping fire, and then, in the quiet gradually smouldering flames, one by one its bones dropped to the bare ground, a big lump dropped out of the middle of the pyre, resembling a burned-out heart. It was mine, definitely. Yes, my seeker's life had been cremated, and the outer self returned to its house, and sighed over the one that was gone. Along with the dead self died the need to don ochre robes. I folded them up, and got into the old white clothes symbolic of sanity and realism. Ah now, the vital was delighted. It no more struggled, for it had won me back again. It was anxious to recover me, all through

my days of retirement and temporary renunciation. It did not want to give me up to the naked Light. It wanted me for itself and for its own use. It was going to use me all over again for its own erratic pleasures, its lusts, its angers, its ironies, its victories, its defeats. I could hear the mind making programmes already; I heard it contemplate aloud the things it was going to do when it went back home, the various plans it was going to carry through. After all, why should one live a bare useless meaningless life wandering over hill and over dale? The world seemed to send me an urgent telegram to return to it. I took a train the same day, bade farewell to asceticism, to Chandragiri Shiva, to glassfuls of milk and half a dozen bananas a day, to bare feet, to lonely roads, to the entire sense of self-abnegation which I had been cultivating for days and nights without respite. I have never been able to accept the half-way-house policy in life. Whatever I have done I have done with intensity. No,

there is no compromise in real living. One must go the whole hog in anything one does, if one is to reach the inner heart of reality, of existence, of earth, of man.

On the train I felt exactly like one who had been sentenced and was being taken to gaol hand-cuffed and humiliated. It was going to be a fairly long term which I would now have to face and fulfil without moan or murmur. Once again in the striped costume of the criminal, jeered at at every step by invisible spirits clapping victorious hands and saying "Well, you have been arrested at last! You could not run away from the world, could you?" And all the way back to Bangalore, seated in silence by a window, I looked on Nature who did not seem at all glad at my returning from the great Life wherein she forms such a splendid pattern and means so much! For in the town there is hardly anything left of her. Why, we cannot see the stars at night for the glare of motor lights and electric bulbs; we



cannot hear her voices of silence for the tooting of horns and the raucous shouting of cinema-stars! We cannot smell her flowers for the nostrils begin to lose their sense of sweet odours and even begin to love the smell of petrol and mobiloil with a passion. Degraded, lost, with head hung down and eyes that hardly felt like noticing clean white clothes where they once wooed the ochre garment, so simple and so heart-filling. No, I must not be a coward. If I have to face a life of torment and torture, I must go through it, like a man. And, in any case, there was the promise at the end of it, of a life of wonder and attainment, of the Great Life of the Spirit. Yes, I said to myself, let me dance inwardly, for I shall reach, I shall reach some day in this life, certainly. I said to myself, I refuse to die without self-realisation, that is certain; for I owe a debt to my mother who bore me with so much terrible travail and tended me with such wakeful care and love. What is the return I can give her with a conscience for all that? Surely, nothing short of self-realisation. Self-realisation is the only worthy price we can think of paying for the travail of a mother's womb!

But, before I could dream of paying the price of my mother's womb, I had to pay the price for my past karma, for all the accumulated foolhardiness and foolishness of past lives. I would have to pay for every hollow ignoble deed done in some past birth; I have always believed in past births and the theory of karma, but not in the blind animal fashion the credulous do, mistaking it for an inevitable process about which we can do nothing, and this deduction leading them to pessimism and frustration. I believe in a free-will only to the extent that we are given the right to choose at each crossroads that we stand in front of in our lifetimes. There is no doubt as to our being able to know the right road, and even sensing in ourselves

the strength to choose it. When we choose the road contrary to the one our inmost voice dictates us to choose, we find that we do so consciously, accepting to face the consequences. Yet, in some larger way there is a pattern already laid down which must fulfil itself; and that fulfilment depends as much on our wisdom as on our ignorance. For the pattern thirsts for varied colours, and wisdom has its lighter and brighter ones, while ignorance daubs its dark shades to bring wisdom-hues to the verge of highlights. Our karma weaves in the needed tints and the whole weaving goes on, woof and warp, the shuttle of time working away without a stop. Deeds in themselves mean nothing to the Divine; it is the essence of deeds that matters, for in our lifetimes, through a long chain of births and deaths, we but bear the essence of experience and forget the experience itself; and, even in the small compass of our own lifetime we seem to huri so many of our experiences and recollections into the pit of oblivion, while just a touch, a fragrance on the wind, a look, a tinkling laugh or the smallest slightest little accident of life may wake up in us a thrill of the soulhood of an experience long forgotten and irrevocable. Man, though he knows it not, is a process of the essence of memory which runs like an electric current behind passing remembrance. It is that that links him up to spheres and realms beyond his own ken, for Man is nothing if he is not the sum-total of the contact-wealth accumulated through aeons and aeons out of myriad forms and thoughts and moods which are *himself* flowed in a long unbroken series of dripping essences gathered up to create and recreate his personalities which slip from soul-transparency to soul-transparency, until he ripens into the high sum-total of personality which is only another name for the Divine Impersonal.

The fundamental cause of trouble in the world today is that the stupid are cocksure while the intelligent are full of doubt.—BERTRAND RUSSEL.

FEDERALISM IN THE NEW CONSTITUTION

by Prof. M. VENKATARAMAIA, M.A.

UNDER the new Constitution India is organized into a federal State although the word federal is not specifically used anywhere and although an amendment by Prof. K. T. Shah that the word federal should be used was defeated. But in essence it has all the characteristics of federalism and there will be nothing inappropriate in including it in the category of federal States.

In no State in the world, government is carried on from a single centre. For the sake of convenience some governmental functions are in the hands of a central authority and some others in the hands of provincial authorities. This is a matter of convenience and also results in efficiency. Any attempt to run the whole government from a single centre would throw too heavy a burden on the central authority and may even lead to its breakdown. But there is one difference to be noted. In unitary States like England, France, Italy, etc., it is the central Government that determines what functions it should retain and what might be devolved on the provinces. The autonomy therefore which the latter exercise depends on the will and pleasure of the centre and is not inherent in it. For all practical purposes there is only one Government—the central—that is sovereign and the provincial Governments are subordinate to it, receiving orders from it and executing them. The State is unitary in the sense that there is only one sovereign unit, the provincial Governments being subordinate to it.

What therefore makes a State federal and distinguishes it from a unitary one is not the mere existence of a central Government and a number of provincial Governments and some division of governmental work between them but the

independence of provincial Governments in a sphere of their own. The result is that in a federal State the provinces—the units as they are called—are not at the mercy of the central authority. Whatever powers are enjoyed by them are powers granted to them by the original Constitution and they are powers which cannot be modified by the central Government of its own accord. It will not therefore be incorrect to speak of their sovereignty also. They are as much sovereign in the exercise of powers allotted to them under the Constitution as the central Government is sovereign in the sphere defined for it.

Although the federalism of the United States, Switzerland, Australia, Canada, etc.,—the leading federal States to-day—is a product of their peculiar history, even in India which under British rule had a unitary form of government, federalism has been found to be a better organisation than unitarism. This is in the first place due to the fact that the country is vast in size and that different parts of it have developed on different lines in the past and have therefore different needs and traditions behind them. Moreover, among the inhabitants of these regions—especially the linguistic regions—there is a natural desire to have autonomy which would enable them to run their Governments in their own way and show what they can achieve through their own genius. Both these circumstances have given weight to the advocacy of a federal structure. It is such a structure alone that will give a guarantee that the central authority will not break down under the pressure of the heavy work which it will have to do if all power is concentrated in itself and that will also guarantee to the people in each province that they will have a field of their own in which they can remain independent of the

central authority. When we speak of the advantages of federalism it is these two features of it that we have to keep in mind.

There are certain mechanical devices which are resorted to in all federal constitutions for the purposes of guaranteeing autonomy to the provinces and for preventing the encroachment on their powers by the centre. Of course these devices are equally necessary to prevent the provinces themselves from encroaching on the central authority. And all such devices have been provided for in our Constitution. In the first place the Constitution itself clearly lays down what powers the central Government should have and what powers the Governments of the units should have. It does this with greater precision and clearness than is the case in other federal Constitutions. There are three lists of powers—one list enumerating all the powers to be exercised exclusively by the Union Government, another list of powers of the units and a third list called the concurrent list, containing powers which may be exercised both by the centre and the units with the proviso that in case of conflict the centre's action should be regarded as valid. The powers enumerated in these lists are so exhaustive that there is no fear of any ambiguity in the position accorded to the centre or the units. Apart from the mechanical device of a clear definition of powers the Constitution has also provided for a second device under which the highest court of justice in the Union can declare any law made by the centre or the units invalid if it refers to a matter not included in the list of powers assigned to it. This prevents the encroachment of one Government over the sphere of another. There are those who think that this will result in too much of litigation questioning the validity of the laws passed by each Government—litigation which is a normal feature of the United States, Canada, Australia, etc.; but this is a characteristic inherent in federalism and it is in fact the price that has to be paid if the centre and the

units have to be safeguarded against each other's encroachment. A third mechanical device is the provision that the Union's Constitution which defines the powers of Governments should not be altered by the unilateral action of the central Government alone. For if the centre has the sole authority to amend the Constitution there is nothing to prevent it from reducing at any time it wants and to any extent it likes the powers originally granted to the units. Under the new Constitution no amendment affecting the distribution of powers, the representation of the units in the Union Parliament and the powers of the Supreme Court can be made unless such amendment is passed not merely by a two-thirds majority of the Union Parliament but also ratified by the legislatures of not less than one half of the units now known as provinces and not less than one third of the units now known as the acceding States.

These three mechanical devices are to be found in all federal Constitutions and in their absence the

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federal characteristic of the State cannot be maintained. There are however two other provisions in the Constitution of India which modify to a considerable extent this characteristic and around these provisions a controversy has already arisen. It remains to be seen in what way the Constituent Assembly will resolve it. One refers to the extraordinary powers which the centre acquires in times of emergency. The President of the Union is empowered to issue a proclamation declaring a state of emergency if he is satisfied that there is a grave threat through war or domestic violence to the security of the country. The constitutional effect of such a proclamation is firstly that the executive power of the Union becomes extended to the giving of directions to any unit as to the manner in which the executive power thereof is to be exercised, and secondly that the power of the Union Parliament to make laws is extended so as to cover matters included in the provincial lists. In fact there will be no limit to the authority of the centre in times of emergency. The State becomes unitary in character. This is an extraordinary provision and there is nothing corresponding to this in the constitutions of other federal States. It is true that in times of war the President of the United States and the central Governments in Canada and Australia exercise certain extraordinary powers but they do not extend to the complete abrogation of the powers of the units as is contemplated in the Constitution of India. Moreover they are restricted to times of war only. In India however the emergency includes domestic violence also. It is therefore clear that the opportunities for the centre to encroach on the powers of the units are far greater in India than in other federations. It may be argued that when, as in time of war, the independence of the State itself

is at stake or when in a time of domestic violence as in Burma today the very existence of the State becomes a matter of doubt no measures taken by the centre should be regarded as unnecessary. Extraordinary diseases require extraordinary remedies.

The other provision in the Constitution which enables the centre to encroach on the powers of the units is included in Article 226 which reads thus: "Notwithstanding anything in the foregoing provisions of this chapter, if the Council of States (which is the upper house in the Union Parliament) had declared by resolution supported by not less than two-thirds of the members present and voting that it is necessary or expedient in the national interest that Parliament should make laws with respect to any matter enumerated in the State list specified in the restoration, it shall be lawful for Parliament to make laws for the whole or any part of the territory of India with respect to that matter". This means that without amending the Constitution (for which the consent of the legislatures of the units is required) the upper chamber in the Union Parliament can transfer an item in the state list to the concurrent list and empower the centre to make laws on it. This completely modifies the federal characteristic of the State. And the same thing cannot be said in defence of it as the emergency provision referred to above. For this article applies to normal times. If any matter acquires national importance and if it requires that legislation on it should be undertaken by the centre instead of by the units, the only course is to amend the Constitution. For no such matter will assume national importance all on a sudden. It is therefore desirable that this article should be carefully considered by the Constituent Assembly. As it stands it is out of harmony with a Constitution claiming to be federal.

When an Englishman wishes to appear specially impressive or patriotic he lights up his pipe, omitting none of the ritual connected with the action.—Mervyn Jones.

FREELANCING IN INDIA

by C. H. V. PATHY

"Nobody except a blockhead ever wrote for anything except money".—DR. JOHNSON.

JOURNALISM in India is a disease and the only cure is death". "Journalism is the last refuge of disappointment".

These were two of the pregnant observations made to me while I was discussing the choice of a career with one of the top-ranking Editors of this country who, alas! is no longer with us. Though at the present moment, newspaper production as an industry ranks high in India, it has ceased to attract first class brains mainly because it has not been well organised and secondly due to the fact that there is no money in it. "Journalism is the best profession to get out from", said a cynical newsman.

The invasion of amateurs into the field of journalism has been a most unfortunate tendency and the sooner it is ended, the better for some of us who have to depend on the precarious earnings from pen-pushing. You may write the most brilliant article on a political or economic subject but unless you are someone who belongs to that magic circle known as "experts" you have not the ghost of a chance of getting into print in those snobbish newspapers where alone you can expect payment.

There is however great scope for the journalist with a real nose for news to tap the almost unexplored region of reporting. If you develop what I may call the "Gunther technique" you can produce copy which will sell. Here all the investment you need is good dress, presentable manners and an insatiable curiosity. A camera can at times be a gold mine and its absence might act as a handicap. I have met several roving foreign newspapermen of this variety at Karachi. They barge into you, wherever you are and adopt a "hail-fellow-well-met" attitude, right from the start. They pelt you with questions ranging

from the wardrobe of Jinnah to Jawaharlal's penchant for Yoga. And not a single answer is allowed to go waste. What they transmit to memory is soon recorded in paper and card-indexed and filed.

One of the most successful freelance journalists of India is St. Nihal Singh, who, like some others, had to make his reputation abroad before he came to be known in India. It was his American upbringing and training that took him to the dizzy heights of fame and fortune. When I met him more than a decade back in the sheltered study room of his brother, Prof. Gurmukh Singh of the Banares University, he stroked his prosperous beard and pulled out a sheaf of cables and letters, asking him to contribute articles on a wide variety of subjects. Apart from his methodic approach to the subjects on which he writes, St Nihal Singh has several advantages. He has a journalist wife and an international reputation which he utilises readily for professional advantage. Whether it be a probe into the conditions of labour in Ceylon tea plantations or a survey of the industrial possibilities of Mysore, this trained journalist gets the necessary facilities for study and tour. No wonder he produces admirable copy. While at Banares, I told him about the heart breaking conditions of the tribe known as freelance journalists in India. I myself tried a hectic spell of freelancing while I was thrown out of a comfortable job in a Patna newspaper and I found to my disgust that it was "double, double toil and trouble". Many editors in this country think that they are obliging you by publishing your articles. Some newspapers publish but do not pay. Of course there are exceptions and you can collect your bill effortlessly from the "Hindu", the "Statesman" and the "Times of India". But even these

have fallen prey to syndicated articles from the pens of well-known writers.

In the barren and arid region of the freelance market, Mr. Pothan Joseph strides like a Colossus. Mr. Joseph is a genius. He has a phenomenal memory, he has travelled extensively and he has served in newspapers in all parts of India. He developed a technique of writing, unknown before and unfollowed since. Open any prosperous magazine in India today and you will find in it an article from the pen of Pothan Joseph. Unlike other writers whose stock is limited, there is no subject under the sun which this Admirable Crichton of Indian Journalism cannot handle. He never becomes stale, he has however become blase and cynical.

Among other front-line freelancers mention must be made of J. N. Sahni and K. Rama Rao, Sahni like St. Nihal Singh received his journalistic training abroad. He has a flair for personal contacts and his brain box must contain an admirable collection of anecdotes on men and things. He however has drifted from the thankless field of journalism into the more prosperous pasture of a career, as adviser to ruler. Rama Rao writes with remarkable force and has fixed views on several matters. There was a time in his star-studded life when he touched a gold mine and was earning a four-digit salary as a freelance journalist but the post-war depression has affected him and stalled his income heavily of late.

Bombay is one of those cities where anything will sell and it has produced a set of writers who have

specialised in skimming the surface of things and expressing themselves in glittering, cinematic style. Some of them are prosperous. But Bombay writers do not produce things which will live. They write only for the day and the sensation thereof. The predominant note in their writings is their eye for commercialism. Literature which litters the pavements of Bombay will not live. It is fleeting and ephemeral.

Madras is the nursery of great writers. But unfortunately, some of our most brilliant men are either professors, lawyers or men in services who have neither the time nor the inclination to cultivate the muse of writing. No doubt they burst into print occasionally, but those moments are few and far between. If journalism could be better organised and made more paying, they can be drawn into its orbit. But I do not envisage such a time in the near future.

Newsprint famine acts as a definite check to creative expression so far as daily newspapers are concerned. It is only in the magazine section of week-end newspapers that one comes across a non-political article of interest. But even here the field is monopolised by a few "experts." That is why the literary sky is drab and cheerless. It is seldom that we find stars of lasting fame swimming into the horizon. Something must be done to stop this blight. We have several mute, inglorious Miltons. We must start a drive to discover them. Persons who run newspapers and magazines must encourage talented new-comers rather than nurse fossils. Even a Bernard Shaw can at times become tedious.



"Why doesn't someone find him a wife?" said a visitor to the Governor's Garden Party. The object of her remark was the Minister for Education, Madras. Now that the question has been broached, someone among the many matchmakers in South India will perhaps succeed in providing bachelor T. S. Avinashilingam with a wife. We sincerely hope so, for the remark made by the visitor to Guindy explains much that was hitherto obscure in the Education Minister's policy.—The Mail.

INSIDE SIND

by H. L. MANSUKHANI

SIND has undergone bewildering changes during the last twelve months. Eighty-five per cent of its Hindu population, about twelve lakhs in number, have emigrated to India. Sri Prakasa, India's High Commissioner in Pakistan declared recently at Calcutta: "So far as Western Pakistan is concerned, there is no minority worth speaking of. There are about two or three lakhs in Sind out of a total of fourteen lakhs. So far as I could find out, the remaining Hindus too are waiting to come away".

Soon after August 1947 many of the Hindus in Karachi wore Salwars and Jinnah caps to save their lives with the result that looters and assassins just could not distinguish between a Sindhi Muslim and a Sindhi Hindu. "Dawa", the mouth-piece of the Pakistan Government called upon the Islamic Pakistanis to expose this fraud on Pakistan because the result of this disguise was that quite a few of the victims who fell to the assassin's knife in the main streets of Karachi, happened to be Muslims!

Today the fifteen percent of the total strength of Hindu population—over ten percent of whom are the unfortunate poverty-stricken Harijans—who still remain in Sind have perforce to adopt the dress of the new rulers. Even the nameplate of a Ramchand has been changed into one of a Rahimbux. The Jinnah cap is very much in vogue; and numerous street-shops specialise in its manufacture.

Forcible occupation of Hindu houses in Sind went on merrily and with characteristic thoroughness. Several of the incoming refugees started a flourishing trade in letting out and leasing out houses which they did not own. Under fictitious names, one person would obtain allotment orders for three or four houses, pass them on to the highest bidder and collect deposits and rents on them.

There is no agency to collect rents in Sind. Recently a Conference of Muslims held in Karachi adopted

a resolution that since Pakistan is a Muslim State, no rents should be paid to any Hindu. But the same resolution also emphasised that India belongs both to Hindus and Muslims, and accordingly all the property of Muslims in India must be safeguarded and restored to Muslims. Before the Government of India introduced the permit system for those coming to India from Pakistan, quite a large number of Muslims who had migrated to Sind and had secured houses and business facilities in Sind for a mere song returned to India to look after their properties here. They have made the best of both the dominions.

The streets of Sind present a dirty and dingy appearance. Municipal administration has deteriorated to the lowest possible level. Each street has three or four meat shops. Corruption is rampant. Several open markets have sprung up where Hindu property (such as fans, cupboards, electrical goods, etc.) is sold to the new settlers. There are no adequate medical facilities.

The lot of Sindhi Muslims is hard. The rulers of the new dominion as well as the refugees have gone to Sind as conquerors. Whatever form of Government Pakistan may choose to adopt—the Shariat rule or an Islamic democracy—the Sind Muslims are treated with contempt. Sind is today just a Western extension of Muslim Punjab. "Majahad", a Sindhi Muslim daily echoed the distress of the Sindhi Muslims in an editorial note: "What we say may not be appreciated now, but it is difficult to bear a lathi-blow without crying out in agony. To keep burning coal on the body of a person and yet expect him to keep quiet is to expect too much. What weighs upon the heart has its effect on the tongue... Refugees are our brothers, no doubt, but to bang the doors on Sindhis in Sind is not an act of justice."

Loyalty to Pakistan is the never-ending theme of the Pakistan and Sind Governments. When Hindus,

demoralized by the assassin's knife and the goondas' loot last year, started donning the Jinnah cap and the Salwar they were treated with distrust and suspicion. Pakistani imagination ran riot. Hindus who dressed like Muslims might be fifth columnists! So there began a campaign of forcible eviction and day-light murders which hastened the exodus of 10 lakhs in 10 months. Now the small percentage of Hindus who are still in Sind have been warned that mere obedience to the law of the land will not be sufficient evidence of their loyalty to the State.

These Hindus have sent away their families to the Indian Union to escape the unwelcome attentions of the abductor against whose

periodical activities the Governments of Sind and Pakistan have still provided no effective remedy. But then this amounts to disloyalty to Pakistan! This is the opinion of Sind's Premier, Pir Illahi Bux. The prosperity of Sind has been built up by the toil and sweat of Hindus for generations. And today the Punjabi Muslims in Karachi strut about the place as if they owned it and arrogantly ask prominent Hindus either to embrace Islam or to quit Pakistan. Yet I, for one, recall the happy memories of my Yesterdays in Sind and, despite the horror of all that has taken place, long for the day when it may be possible for us to visit the land of our birth even as we visit a place of pilgrimage—
N.P.S. (Copyright).

SAIGON UNDER SIEGE

by M. A. FRIEDERICH

INDO-CHINA is a battlefield and the French have been driven back to a few towns which they hold only tentatively. Saigon is a city under siege. One million U.S. dollars go down the drain daily. Still the French don't seem to understand that they are like flies on a big pie who may be whisked away at any moment.

In spite of the serious military situation, the shops show a gay abundance of exclusively French goods, particularly various brands of French perfume and Champagne. But Saigon is expensive for those who do not have U.S. dollars to change on the 'free market'. A good meal with wine at Bodega's costs about one hundred piastres... which is just under a pound at the unofficial rate of exchange.

Saigon is a town full of soldiers. Some 15,000 former Nazis and hundreds of French collaborationists are fighting the Vietnamese, as the nationalists call themselves.

The Vietnamese and the French have drifted further and further apart since Vietnamese students came back from France. Some Vietnamese fought as Maquis in the French Resistance; more fought the Japanese in Indo-China when the

bulk of the French out there were collaborating.

The Vietnamese asked politely for dominion status and are still willing to settle for it. They have fought because the French have demonstrated clearly they would not give in an inch. The French have attempted to wean the Vietnamese away from the nationalist Ho Chi Minh Government by setting up a pre-French Government under former Emperor Bao Dai and General Xuan. But after negotiating a treaty with the Vietnamese, the French have refused to ratify it.

The French try in subtle ways to show the world that the Vietnamese are condemnable Communists. They have the advantage that Ho Chi Minh, the leader of the Nationalists, was in his younger days one of the Comintern's people. On the other hand, the Vietnamese Nationalists have been attacked by Indian and Burmese Communists as being under American influence. At the Youth Conference in Calcutta, in March this year, a representative of the Ho Chi Minh Government came out against expropriation of foreign property and—for the present—redistribution of land. The assembled Communists

strongly suspected the Vietnamese of being on the American side.

Though the French Government may not yet consider Indo-China as a Paradise Lost, individually the French seem to understand there is little or no future for them in Indo-China. Most Frenchmen here seem to be concerned only with securing a quiet old age in France by earning extra money in more or less shady ways. One must certainly take into consideration that the salary of the average Government official hardly seems sufficient. He earns from 3500 to 4000 piastres a month. Lodging costs 400 piastres, food from 1500 to 3000 piastres a month. And, sitting the whole afternoon on one of the cafe-terraces, every Frenchman broods and talks over means of improving his standard of living.

There was the case of the Price Control Office, supposed to make sure that nobody sells above the established prices. Calico, for instance, was supposed to sell for seven piastres per yard. When a cargo came in, the importer made the people of this office happy by selling them around 20 per cent of the cargo for the wholesale price, about four piastres a yard. Since calico is used for Chinese trousers, it is hard to believe that the clerks obtained it for private use. They very well may have sold it in the free market for fifteen piastres per yard. It is alleged that the secretary to the head of this office has been making an additional 8000 piastres a month on top of her 2000 piastres salary.

You cannot get a car or a refrigerator or a house without a permit. But it is impossible to get a permit unless you remember to bring a few thousand piastres in your pocket. With these permits, some men with a business sense buy the cars and refrigerators and houses for the more or less regular prices and resell them to less clever people at free-market prices.

A demobbed soldier got back-pay amounting to a hundred U.S. dollars. He bought a truck. Now he possesses a house and throws luxurious

parties. He has accomplished this by sending his trucks—he now possesses twelve—up-country twice a week. In Laos, a dark spot on the map where lots of people still walk around with bows and arrows, a chicken costs one piastre. In Saigon a chicken can be sold for about 40 piastres. In Cambodia one kilo of pork costs six piastres, in Saigon 32. Though the Saigon French complain bitterly that Dalat, their cool mountain-resort and Cape St. Jacques, the seaside holiday place cannot be reached safely. Chinese and Vietnamese drivers can get through if they pay 'taxes' to the guerillas in control of the roads.

Indo-China is no wholesale battlefield. Many of the peasants, supporting Ho Chi Minh's regime peacefully farm their fields. The French in Saigon and the other French-held towns are busy making money and having parties. In the field, however, French soldiers fight, under difficult conditions, against an elusive foe supported by the whole populace. The Government at home doesn't seem to worry, although the one million U.S. dollars a day they are spending in Indo-China could do much to restore the battered French economy.

The other victims of the war are the Vietnamese in the no-man's land which is held sometimes by the French, sometimes by the Vietnamese Nationalists. They are warned by Nationalists not to plant rice or rubber, because it might fall into French hands. At the same time they get a letter from the French telling them to grow rice and rubber for the benefit of French exports. In either case they are considered to be traitors: If they are lucky and their crop is not burned, and they come to Saigon with their wares, they have to sell it at lowest prices to the few people who have monopolized the import and export business. Eighty per cent of it is in the hands of six big companies and they too make sure that they have their pockets full before eventually they are forced to quit Indo-China. —N.P.S. (Copyright).

SOME ASPECTS OF LAND RECLAMATION

by P. V. C. RAO

(Corporate Member of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers)

AT the recent Land Reclamation Conference held at Bombay, the Minister for Agriculture, Government of India, made a stirring appeal to the Provinces and States to redouble their efforts in a concrete form in order to make the country self-supporting in the matter of food. Since 1943 the imports from abroad increased from 0.5 million tons to 5 million tons.

Obviously there are two methods of increasing the food supply. One is to reclaim the vast tracts of culturable wastes and the second is to intensify cultivation in the existing acreage under the plough. For quick results there should be both extensive and intensive cultivation on scientific lines.

Dr. MacLagan Gorrie, in a paper which he read before the Crops and Soils Wing of the Imperial Council of Agricultural Research at Baroda in November 1943, estimated that with large-scale planning some 170 million acres of 'barani' land and waste in the country as a whole, including the Indian States, could be brought into full cultivation. Separately he has estimated the area of improvable land as 140 million acres for the Provinces and 30 millions for the States.

In the United Provinces a Committee was appointed in 1938 to examine the entire problem of Usar lands, which were estimated at 14.98 million acres in that province. The Committee recommended for these areas what they then called

'bundhis' on the contour (contour bunds) lines for impounding rain-water, in addition to the sinking of wells in the bunded areas. They advocated leaching and systematic application of organic manures, soil conservation and prevention of land deterioration. They recommended a systematic policy of afforestation and pasturing of the unculturable wastes.

For intensive cultivation of the existing acreage also, conservation farming which is a blend of engineering, forestry and agriculture in a unified form is extremely essential. An increase of 40 to 50 per cent in the yield has been reported in the "improved areas" of the Bombay Karnatic, and this fact is supported by the Board of Authors of the Madras Government's recent publication "Soil Erosion—Its Prevention and Control".

Tractors and other agricultural machinery do a good job in reclaiming waste lands. But unless intensive soil conservation measures are taken along with tractor ploughing, even the less fertile substrata soil is liable to be lost. The recent experience of low yields in the tractor ploughed areas of Bombay and Madras provinces, as was pointed out by the Central Ministry of Agriculture, amply testifies to this phenomenon. Even now we should switch on to the American slogan of "MORE FOOD THROUGH CONSERVATION FARMING", and thus give a concrete form to our grow more food campaign.



There has been a great increase of smoking among women of all ages and occupations, as well as among young people of both sexes. Women now smoke more in Britain than in any other country, with the United States coming second.—New York Times Magazine.

BACK TO THE VILLAGE!

by P. N. RAMASUBRAHMANYAM, M.B.B.S.

OUR well-meaning politicians have used this slogan sporadically, and now our Premier with his high ideals of service has also repeated it from the rostrum of the Andhra University. That graduates in general, and medical graduates in particular, should go to the villages straight from college is a double-edged idea. In so far as it applies to the medico, it may be safely asserted that the disadvantages far outweigh the probable good that might accrue from it. I humbly suggest that ideas about the profession ought to emanate from men who are in it rather than from even the best-intentioned politicians.

'Go back to the Village!' is indeed a heartening cry. But to ask the new-fledged medico to go to rural areas is to court disaster in every possible way, for it would cut him off, during his novitiate, from the varied facilities available to him in the medical colleges and big hospitals. Advances in diagnosis, familiarity with the latest improvements in tools and technique, and the experience, advice and help of seasoned elders will all be denied to the youthful 'exile'. To transplant a young tyro suddenly in a new habitat, without any sort of nurturing, guiding hand, and with only his immature resources to fall back upon would inevitably bring on a feeling of frustration. Even a short year of such privation would be long enough time for his retrogression professionally. As for the disasters that await the trusting, poor village folk who look up to such a doctor, they might be better imagined than described. He would be a misfit in a rural setting, and as his efficiency suffers, he would only confirm in the simple rural community a disbelief in the allopathic system itself. And in course of time, he on his part will forget what little he might have learnt from his books, until he ends up by becoming a pill or potion-doctor. Isn't this a consummation devoutly to be dreaded!

The fresher from college ought to become an interneer, and undergo a gruelling apprenticeship in first-class institutions of the type that luckily are found in some of our headquarters hospitals. He ought not to be disturbed for a minimum period of five years, and then he may go on to the bigger taluq head-quarter hospitals if need be. Training and experience will bring out the initiative in him, whilst a sojourn in a village soon after his getting his robes will kill all incentive, sour his outlook personally and professionally, and make him a victim of inferiority complex and defeatism. I have known several first class men in college accepting, through force of circumstances, service in village centres, only eventually to become unwitting quacks. On the other hand, even average men getting on to good hospitals have shaped into first-rate surgeons and physicians. In no other profession does environment count for so much as in medicine, in the nonage of an immature young physician. A village life thrust on him will be equivalent to immuring him alive!

Why keep on harping on the young man going to the village? What is wrong with our elders? It is they that should carry their ripe and rich experience to the rural areas. For just as wherever the King is, there is the court also, even so where the experienced medicoes are, there we may find a good hospital in miniature. Their long stay in big and well-equipped hospitals would have matured and made supple all their native faculties and acquired experience and they will be far better able to stand on their own.

Why again taunt the poor fresher with his fondness for town life and the pictures? Haven't the elders had their share of the coveted good things of town life? Why shouldn't they go to the villages, thereby setting an example which would be better than precept?

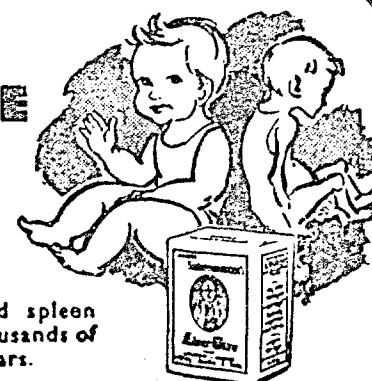
Arguments in favour of any hypothetical position may always be advanced. But is it wrong to ask stipendiary medicoes to take their service experience (gained at Government cost) to the villages, leaving the younger generation to get their turn of the facilities provided by Government institutions in big centres where only such experience can be acquired? Is it unreasonable to say that a youngster with his small family can easier live in a town, whereas a senior with his large salary (with which he ought to be contented) with better advantage all-round can settle down in a rural area, and find means enough to educate his children in the cities. With wants reduced to a minimum, corruption in hospitals would also be reduced to a minimum. To my knowledge, corruption where it exists grows by what it feeds on, and the more 'venerable' a 'bad senior' gets to be, the more corrupt he becomes, what with the opportunities open to him, and the impunity which he enjoys! It is no more a case of his

earning his bread; he finds it possible to provide for himself a plenitude of butter, jam and marmalade. The thing is so obvious that I am amazed that no one has drawn attention to this aspect of the problem. Can it be that all the preachers are old men?

Again, why shouldn't pensioners in the profession be forced to go back to the villages, as a condition of their right to their pensions? What often enough happens is that a senior finds himself in a big centre where he builds up a private practice with all the facilities of the hospital at his command. He retires, settles down in that place with his appetite for his unlawful income whetted by habit, much to the detriment of the rising generation. On the other hand, their return to the villages at an earlier stage would give the next batch of eager, young men time and opportunity to equip themselves fully in such centres of knowledge. May I also plead that the young idealist on the threshold of a career is apt to scorn corruption.

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A WORD FOR STRONG DRINK

by H. C. MILLER

AMONG the lower and even a section of the upper classes in India there exists the misconception that all Europeans are necessarily Christians, millionaires and drunkards. Some of them, no doubt, are drunkards; there is, perhaps, an occasional millionaire and there may even be a sprinkling of Christians. The present writer, however, is none of these things. Along with many of his contemporaries he parted company with his Church soon after adolescence; he is a member of the working class of his country and while he is certainly fond of his glass of beer he has rarely indulged in alcoholics to excess.

Another misconception, not confined to this country, is that all men who drink are drunkards; which is just as silly as saying that all men who marry are sex maniacs. This, however, is the fallacy underlying all attempts at Prohibition. Today India is going dry, and it's the work of teetotal politicians. None of them have understood that the only one who has any right whatsoever to advocate Prohibition is the drunkard. They have also, out of a misplaced pride, I think, chosen to ignore the lessons they might have taken from the experience of other countries.

In Britain, not so very long ago, a lot of very energetic and no doubt altruistic people were spending much time and money bribing little children with chocolate bars and summer outings to attend meetings where the horrors of "strong drink" were dwelt upon with a great deal of dramatic embellishment. The youngsters were informed of the multitude of happy homes broken up by the wantonness of drunken fathers, of wives beaten and babies starved, of penury and disease. Fortunately for Britain the children, with that delightful practical wisdom only to be found in the very young, ate their chocolate bars with relish, had a glorious time at countless

summer outings and downed their first pint as soon as the law would allow it—very often before.

The Rechabites, in fact, were just a hangover from Victorian times. They never had much of a chance. Even had they succeeded in breaking the British tradition—a thing which no one will ever do—they could never have got past Mr. Chesterton's *Flying Inn*.

In America, however, the chocolate bar method was scorned. Perhaps it was because that commodity was less prized there than in Britain. They started bang off with a nice new set of laws forbidding the consumption of intoxicating drinks. The result is very well known. Not only did the people launch out immediately into wholesale and quite unprecedented debauchery—from the effects of which they have yet to recover—but in addition the world was presented with such horrors as speak-easys, gangsters and Mr. Dewey. The latter seems to have been introduced as an antidote to all this on the homeopathic principle.

There is nothing original, then, in India's attempt at Prohibition. Even the arguments are the same. Scores of politicians announce that drink is bad for the health. They quote innumerable medical reports to prove it. If they were a little more diligent, or perhaps a little more honest, they would discover that as many of the medical profession are opposed to that view as are for it. The truth, as usual, is simple. Drink is *sometimes* bad for the health, particularly if taken in excess. In moderation it is often of great medicinal value.

Professor Shibbanlal Saxena, speaking in the Constituent Assembly at Delhi recently, announced that on the subject of Prohibition "opinion in the country was unanimous." If Professor Saxena had paused to think for a moment—a thing which politicians as a class

seem chronically unable to do, even when they are professors—he would have seen that if this was so there would be no need of legislation. The Premier of Bombay, in the same debate, told of the necessity of "protecting the people from ruin by the use of intoxicants." Apart from the ambiguity of his expression, it is distressing to see that in India we already have politicians who want to "protect" people from something or other. That is a very dangerous sign.

It was Ellis, I think, who suggested that of all sexual perversions celibacy is the worst. I am reminded of that when I read speeches advocating Prohibition made by teetotalers. Why, I wonder, do they consider drinking a vice any more than the making of speeches is? Of the two I would certainly consider the former less harmful. But even if drinking is a vice—which it is not—it cannot be prevented by law. You cannot, after all, force people to be virtuous. No one has ever succeeded in doing that yet, and no one ever will.

We are reminded, from time to time, that Prohibition was a Gandhian ideal. The temptation is growing daily in India to regard everything that Gandhiji said as inevitably right and true. No doubt the habit will increase as the years roll by until Gandhiji is relegated to the place where Christ and Mahomet, together with many other potty little tin gods that men have created, are perpetually polishing their haloes. There are men, however, of whom I am one, who prefer to regard Christ, Mahomet and Gandhi in the role of humble men, steadfastly seeking after truth. As such they are infinitely more glorious than in their

spurious romantic parts as infallible saints and prophets.

Great emphasis, of course, is laid upon the idea that Prohibition is a matter of Hindu tradition to which Congress has naturally pledged itself. I confess that, as yet, I am woefully ignorant of Hindu tradition, but when, quite recently, I opened for the first time a copy of the *Rigveda* the very first hymn I read was actually a drinking song, and a jolly good one too:

"Like violent gusts of wind the draughts that I have drunk have lifted me:

Have I not drunk the soma-juice?"

The writer has become wretched. He has never tasted soma-juice. In places as far apart as Vancouver and Calcutta, Narvik and Capetown, he has drunk beer and lager, Guinness and schnapps; whiskey of many varieties and the best of gins; brandy, vermouth, Benedictine and absinthe; sherry and port, cider and rum. He has even quaffed toddy. But he has never tasted soma-juice!

He consoles himself, however, with the thought that by virtue of his nationality he will be able, when this article is finished—which won't be very long now—to reach over to his glass and swallow a long cool drink of light brown ale. He intends to continue this habit until he is gathered to that place where, he feels assured, his fathers from the Cambrian hills will be awaiting him, tankard in hand, and where soma-juice, together with numberless drinks of lesser virtue, will be available free and in quantity. There, at least, he will be quite safe from those who wish to "protect" him from the warm embrace of Bacchus.



A friend once said to Cato the Elder, "It's a scandal that no statue has been erected to you in Rome! I am going to form a committee."

"No," said Cato, "I would rather have people ask 'Why isn't there a statue to Cato?' than 'Why is there one?'"

Qyaad Qalam

by K. A. Abbas

"Do you know what the initials U.P. stand for?", a friend asked me in Allahabad.

"United Provinces, of course!", I replied.

"No", he emphatically contradicted me, "U.P. means—Under Pant. That's what this province is".

Both literally (for his is a gigantic personality) and figuratively, Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant, Premier of U.P., dominates the political scene of his province. In every matter, big and small, his is the final voice, his the ultimate authority. A special correspondent in Lucknow summed up the situation when I asked him for a complete list of U.P. Ministers and he replied, "We have only one Minister—Pandit Pant. Others are just departmental heads to carry out his orders".

MAN FROM KUMAON

Govind Ballabh Pant (spelt to rhyme with "Cant" but pronounced "Panth"), hailing from the comparative backward hilly region of Kumaon (famous for man-eaters), has risen to his present position and power by his dual capacity for quiet and solid social work and for loyal adherence to the Congress Party machine. Born sixty-one years ago in a village in Almora district, he graduated in Law from Allahabad, was enrolled as an Advocate and joined the Bar at Nainital. Even as a young practising lawyer he took keen interest in politics. In 1916 he started the Kumaon Pari-

shad to study local problems and agitate for redress of grievances of the Kumaonis; it was mainly due to the agitation carried on by him and his Parishad that the Kumaon districts were brought under the Montford Reforms. In 1916 he was elected Member of the A.I.C.C. and since then his steady progress has been closely linked with the rising star of the Congress. In 1923, he was elected to the U.P. Council on Swaraj Party ticket and became Leader of the Swaraj Party in the Upper House; in 1927 he was elected President of the U.P.C.C. He took a leading part in the anti-Simon Commission agitation and received lathi blows in Lucknow along with Pandit Nehru. (Years later the Magistrate who ordered that lathi charge was to serve under Premier Pant!). In 1934 he was elected to the Central Assembly and became Deputy Leader of the Congress Party; in the same year he became General Secretary, Congress Parliamentary Board. In 1937 he was Premier and (except the war years when, along with other Congressmen he resigned and courted imprisonment) he has been that ever since.

All this one can learn from the Who's Who. Not stated there, however, is the enigma of how a man, risen from the people, who was always looked upon as a progressive—'Socialistic' if not exactly as a Socialist—has become identified with the bureaucratic machine, how and why he came to make peace with

communalists and capitalists and to deny civil liberties to all shades of leftist opinion. "Under Pant", a District Magistrate in U.P. has dictatorial powers; he can send any one—be he an anti-social goonda, a Socialist, a Communist, a Trade Unionist, a Kisan organiser or a 'suspicious' Muslim—to prison for six months, without bothering in the least with the processes of law. "Under Pant", the High Court has had to take Government to task for wrongful arrest of Communists and Socialists in dozens of cases. "Under Pant", a senior Muslim officer was arrested, kept in prison for six months on the orders of a District Magistrate; on release he proved the charges against him to be a frame-up and had to be reinstated! "Under Pant" the Communist Bharadwaj, a T.B. patient, died in prison, coughing blood!

KIDWAI AND PALIWAL

The Premier of U.P. in the process of consolidating his power, has been lucky in circumstances helping him to get rid of any one strong enough to stand up to him. Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, who was always regarded as the strongest force in U.P. politics, was Pant's Home Minister. A nationalist of unquestionable integrity though he has always been, the communalists in the province could not tolerate a "Muslim Home Minister". The Mahasabhaites carried on an agitation against him. He escaped an embarrassing situation when he was called to the Centre. But it is not known that his colleague, Premier Pant, was heart-broken at his departure! (Kidwai is away in Delhi, but he remains a force in U.P. At the time of the Congress Presidential election, he came to Lucknow for ONE day and Babu Purshottamdas Tandon lost nearly 140 decisive votes in his own home province!)

After Kidwai, the only other Minister who was known to have an independent mind of his own, and strong enough to stand up to the Premier, was Shri Krishna Datta Paliwal, the journalist from Agra. But he had to resign when his name was romantically linked with a Muslim lady—presumably the Secular State could not countenance

an inter-communal union! Since then he is editing his fearless Hindi daily published from Agra; he is one of the few Congressmen who are carrying on the Gandhian tradition of working for inter-communal goodwill and unity. Recently Paliwalji has earned the gratitude of the Muslims of his district by lending the weight of his and his paper's prestige to protect them against the Hindu communalists' assaults.

TANDONJI

The most interesting—and baffling—personality in the U.P. politics is that of Raj Rajarshi Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, the patriarchal President of the U.P.C.C. and Speaker of the U.P. Assembly. He has been many things in his life—a practising lawyer in Allahabad, General Manager of the Panjab National Bank in Lahore, active worker of Lala Lajpat Rai's Servants of the People Society, Chairman of the Allahabad Municipality (like Pandit Nehru) for many years in which capacity he was so successful that the citizens expressed their gratitude by naming a Park after him. It is well-known, of course, that he has always been an active Congressman and has been to jail several times. But it is not generally known that he organised the no-rent campaign of U.P. peasants in 1932.

Today he is the spearhead of Hindu revivalism in U.P. politics—and in Congress. The R.S.S. papers always splash his messages on their front pages and he is one of the few Congressmen who are respected in R.S.S. circles. It is alleged that he was in favour of removal of the ban on R.S.S. and that was definitely one of the reasons why he lost to Dr. Pattabhi in the Congress presidential election, but in fairness I must confess that I have not yet come across any statement of his which directly supported the R.S.S. His staunch advocacy of Sanskritised Hindi (as against Hindustani of Gandhiji's conception) is, of course, well-known and on that issue he had the courage of his convictions to openly differ even with Gandhiji.

An advocate of undiluted Hinduism and Vedic culture, Tandonji

frightens many a U.P. Muslim with his speeches and statements. Yet I was told that during the communal disturbances, he was instrumental in getting many innocent Muslims released when he was convinced that they were wrongfully imprisoned. He is the almost fanatical upholder of Hindi and is supposed to be the arch-enemy of Urdu—but, when he likes, he can speak more fluent Persianised Urdu than many Muslim Leaguers! I can personally testify to his fair-mindedness and generosity because at a time when almost the entire Hindu and Sikh press of U.P. was branding me as a communalist and the U.P. Government, on representations made by prominent Sikh individuals and organisations, was prosecuting me for my much-misunderstood story, "Sardarji", Babu Purshotamdas Tandon not only refused to lend his support to the agitation but frankly told many people that he had read the story and found nothing objectionable in it. I have a hunch that his weighty opinion had much to do with the U.P. Government's ultimate decision to withdraw the prosecution.

THE MAN R.S.S. HATES MOST!

If a Gallup poll was to be conducted among R.S.S. sympathisers in U.P. to nominate the man they hate most, I am sure they would unanimously vote for—Shri Govind Sahai, the young Parliamentary Secretary to the U.P. Premier, who has been carrying on a one-man crusade against the R.S.S. Thousands of copies of his sensational Hindi pamphlet "Nazi Technique And R.S.S." were publicly burnt by the Sangh-ites.

When I drew his attention to this fact, his telling comment was: "They proved my thesis by their action. After all burning books is a familiar technique of the Nazis."

There are those who feel that by his series of anti-R.S.S. statements and speeches, Govind Sahai has given that organisation undue publicity—and there may be something in that argument on the analogy of the Muslim League which thrived on anti-League statements. But I think it is unfair to doubt the

sincerity of the young campaigner and to suggest, as some in U.P. do, that he is doing it all to win cheap popularity. For, in U.P. at least, an anti-R.S.S. stand is far from easy—or popular!

THE MAN CONGRESS FEARS MOST!

Knowing how bitterly opposed to each other the Communists and Socialists are, I asked a Communist student of the Lucknow University what he thought of Acharya Narendra Dev, and he said without a moment's hesitation: "He is the best Vice-Chancellor any University can have and it is our good fortune that he presides over our University."

A genuine appreciation of cultural values, profound scholarship, political integrity and an amiable nature have combined to make Acharyaji the most likeable politician in the whole of U.P.—loved by his students, looked up to by his party colleagues, and respected even by his political opponents. And yet, both individually and as the leader of the Socialist Party, he is the one man the Congress Party Machine fears most. He would be much less of a menace to them if only he was unscrupulous or tactless or vain or unintelligent. They fear his qualities for these might one day be the cause of a debacle in the Congress ranks.

An index of the official Congress fear of Acharyaji was provided during the last District Board elections when every conceivable fair and unfair tactic was employed to secure his defeat in Fyzabad (Ayodhya). Not only did Government and Police officials go about "canvassing" votes for the Congress, not only were all the Congress Big Guns brought into action against Acharyaji and in support of the obscure ignoramus who was put up against him, not only were the voters told that to elect a Socialist would be a betrayal of the Hindu religion, but the names of Ram and Gandhiji were shamelessly used in a fantastic fable concocted to discredit Acharyaji.

According to this fable (which was printed on leaflets and widely distributed) Gandhiji, newly ar-

rived in heaven, meets Ram. Ram asks: "What news do you bring of my beloved Ayodhya?" And Gandhiji is made to say: "All is well except that an atheist Socialist Narendra Dev is creating trouble for one who is your devotee and my follower".

Acharya Narendra Dev lost the election but those who fought him with such weapons lost something much more precious.

POWER OF THE PRESS

There are five English dailies published in U.P.—two from Allahabad, two from Lucknow and a rather obscure one from Cawnpore.

"Amrit Bazar Patrika", the old and well-known Calcutta daily, edited and owned by Tushar Kanti Ghose, publishes an Allahabad edition which provides strong opposition to the indigenous U.P. papers. The other English daily from Allahabad is "Leader", founded by the famous Moderate, the late Sir C. Y. Chintamani, and now only a weak link in the Birla Chain of newspapers.

The "Pioneer" (which shifted some years ago from Allahabad to Lucknow) is now owned by Taluqars and Sir Jwala Prasad Srivastava (mill magnate of Cawnpore and Food Member during Bengal famine!), but it has changed little since Kipling and Churchill worked for it. It is edited by S. N. Ghose, a mild-tempered young Bengali of moderate views.

The most important, though youngest, paper in U.P. is the "National Herald," founded by Pandit Nehru—in which 30 per cent shares are owned by the U.P.C.C. and the Board of Directors includes West Bengal Governor Katju, Minister Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, Ambassador Vijaylaxmi Pandit and Socialist Acharya Narendra Dev. And yet the "Herald" is the most outspoken critic of the Government and the Congress (which it recently characterised as going the way of Kuomintang).

There is one man who is the reason why "Herald," even though its directorate is over-weighted with Congress Big Guns, manages to uphold

freedom of the press—and his name is M. Chalapati Rao, the "Magnus" of "Hindustan Times" (before it was bought over by Birlas) and known to all his friends and colleagues as "M.C.". In many respects he is the ideal Editor—fearless, forthright, independent, with a keen sense of humour and shrewd understanding of current affairs, and a healthy progressive outlook. It is said that he carries his resignation in his pocket and is not afraid of the Government—or of the Congress High Command. He takes orders from none and does not trim his editorials to suit any person, policy or party.

In a few months he along with "Herald" will shift to New Delhi—and quite a few men in high places in U.P. will heave a sigh of relief.

LEASE AND LEND

Some of the best brains of U.P. politics are out of U.P.—Mrs. Pandit in Moscow, Katju in Bengal Kidwai in New Delhi. Lost to New Delhi, again, is the greatest U.P.-ite of them all—Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

STRAW IN THE WIND?

In an election for the Lucknow University Union recently held, there were five student candidates for the same post—a Congressite, a Socialist, a Communist, an R.S.S. man, and an Independent. The Independent won, followed (in that order) by the Socialist, the Communist, the R.S.S. nominee—and, at the lowest rung of the ladder, the Congressman!

SWATANTRA

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Royapettah, Madras.

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Letters TO THE EDITOR

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

Linguistic Provinces

What is the idea underlying the creation of linguistic provinces? The idea is to give scope for cultural development. The principle that should guide the whole policy is: economic unity and cultural autonomy. Linguistic provinces are the means by which we create an atmosphere for people speaking the same language in a region to develop their cultural life. Here we may very well take a cue from the U S S R where the principle of economic unity and cultural autonomy is put into practice with success. Each unit of the country has control over matters cultural while the economic destinies of the country are in the hands of the Soviet Government. Equal facilities in the matter of education are in each province also given to people of other provinces who speak a different language. If such is the guiding principle dictating the creation of linguistic provinces, then much controversy regarding the inclusion of this city or that in this province or that will be shifted from the realm of practical politics to that of academic discussion.

BHAVANI VENKATARATNAM.
Masulipatam.

Denominational Schools

The Constituent Assembly is drawing up the new Constitution for independent India, on the basis of its being a secular State. It is intended to have a strong Centre with the Provinces and States as its collaborating units. The attempt to have a secular India has meant immense sacrifices of life and property and untold suffering for millions of our fellow beings. In the very first year of India's existence as an independent State, these sacrifices would be in vain if the policy of building up a secular India is not followed up all over the country by our provincial Ministries. It would be in the fitness of things for them to do away with denominational schools. These are bound to be anomalous in the future—co-eval with separate electorates, their exit should follow the abolition of separate electorates. These institutions have always made for separatist tendencies and to that extent they detract from the purely national ideal. It is time our

Ministers liquidated all fissiparous tendencies, with a view to laying the sure foundations for a strong, united and well knit nation.

V. M. GIRI

Bellary.

Private Candidates

Government servants with 3 years' service in localities within the 'Varsity' areas are now allowed as private candidates by certain 'Varsities'. Every one desirous of obtaining a degree cannot secure a Government job. Further, we have two categories of Government servants, Central and Provincial. The former category is subject to frequent transfers from one province to another. It is this category which possesses aptitude for higher education. It is hoped that the Inter-University Board will look into this matter.

K. P. AVADHANI.

Textile Controls

As a handloom weaver interested in the livelihood of the several lakhs of handloom weavers spread all over Madras Province, I have watched with painful interest the several statements and resolutions appearing in the Press from time to time to the effect that the textile controls are sure to harm the interests of the weavers and the public. I request the authorities not to pay heed to this interested propaganda, calculated to wreck the future of the poor handloom weaver. Within the brief period the yarn control scheme has been in operation in our Province, more than a lakh of bales have been made available or are on their way to the various handloom weaving centres at the controlled rate which is 25 to 40% less than the legalised black market rate that were prevalent before the controls were introduced.

A. R. PITCHAIAN.

Pullampet.

Cloth Procurement Scandal

With the reimposition of control on prices and distribution of mill cloth, the distribution has been entrusted to licensed traders and co-operative organisations. Even so, the unpopular varieties of cloth continue to be dumped on the people whose bitter complaints

in this regard have been of no avail. A high Government official designated as Textile Procurement Officer has been stationed by the Madras Government in Bombay whose duty it is to procure cloth for co-operative stores and societies in the Province, who have been urging him to procure only such varieties as could be marketed in South India. The following circular issued to all the wholesale stores in the Presidency by the Textile Procurement Officer under date November 28, 1948 discloses that the India Government themselves are behind the mills in the latter's tactics to force the unwanted cloth on the buyers. The circular reads:

"It is difficult to refuse to buy unwanted cloth. Buying of cloth under the control system has to be made under certain restrictions imposed by the Textile Commissioner. We are bound to take a fixed proportion of all varieties of cloth, both good and bad. The mills have their own way of compelling buyers to take unpopular varieties. We are not given particular varieties unless we also take certain other kinds of cloth. We cannot, for instance, get sufficient quantity of eight yards dhoties unless we are willing to take some nine yards dhoties also. The textile authorities uphold the conduct of the mills in this regard. For, the Government of India have issued a circular 'deprecating over-selectivity' on the part of provincial buyers. The textile authorities and the mills in Bombay are of the opinion that Madras buyers are the worst offenders in this respect; and this, so far as the Bombay and Ahmedabad mills are concerned, where we are supposed to have the freedom to select the varieties. The Textile Commissioner himself makes allocations with regard to Sholapur, Baroda and the mills in the mofussil."

H. VENKANNA.

Kurnool.

Compromise With Tax-Evaders

In your editorial (SWATANTRA dated 11th December, 1948) you have stated that a financial paper anticipated that the Government can get an income of 400 crores of rupees by compromise with the income-tax evaders. You criticised justly the policy of the Government.

John Mathai in his address to the Associated Chambers of Commerce on 13th December, 1948 said:

"I expect these cases (of tax evasion) will be settled on terms which will be

just to both the Government and the assessee."

Now these questions arise:

What is just from the point of view of the tax-evader, the person who has cheated the Government?

What is just from the point of view of the Government which exists for the benefit of the nation?

Can the Government be "fair" without bringing the evaders to book and punishing them suitably?

A slice of bread and an ounce of butter may serve as a delicious dish, but a little of justice and a little of guilt will never constitute a "fair" settlement.

No such conciliation machinery exists for the small landowner who has to pay revenue even when the monsoon fails.

R. BHASKARAN, B.A.

Pain and Anaesthesia

In addressing the students of the Annamalai University during the recent Convocation, Mr. Rajamannar, our Chief Justice, is reported to have said that the impression often prevalent that in our ancient society women were treated only as chattels or slaves, was a very misleading one and that respect and regard for women had been expressed in such terms as "where women are honoured there verily the Devas rejoice; where they are not honoured there indeed all actions are fruitless". He has selected this magico-mystical dictum of Manu with evident circumspection, in preference to the more relevant texts of the Smritis on the socio-legal status of women in ancient Hindu society.

The proprietary and personal disabilities of women were almost an ubiquitous phenomenon in archaic jurisprudence. Political, economic, social and legal restrictions on women were present in the apparatus of our ancient Hindu culture in as great a measure as in other early communities. While it may be a cynical simplification to assert that our ancient Hindu women were treated no better than chattels and slaves, no sober historian would ever come forward to predicate paradisaical conditions for women in early Hindu Dharma. As Malinowski pointed out, "A community socially organised on principles of inequality, that is, of differential distribution of freedom, always develops mythologies, doctrines and dogmas which serve spontaneously to mould the oppressed groups and persons

so that they might passively submit to oppression". This is most characteristic of our ancient Hindu culture. What could be a more effective opiate for the socio-legal disabilities of women than their poetic idolisation and mystical exaltation? Manu managed it all quite artfully by himself providing, as it were, the pain as well as the anaesthetic. I believe that the students of the University, particularly the girls among them, would not have lacked the shrewdness to see through this sophistry, if ever the training and knowledge they had acquired during their undergraduate days had been of any use to them.

K. S. PATHY.

Socialism On The March

The recently reported decision of M. N. Roy, leader of the Radical Democratic Party to align himself with the Indian Socialist Party has created a welcome stir in Leftist circles. It is not merely an event, but a portent as well. This thinker-cum-scholar is the advocate of a peculiar airy-fairy theory of his own, which was however sustained by the most elaborate reasoning. He is a widely travelled man who has also studied the social and economic conditions obtaining in various countries, under their differing forms of government. Though he founded a new party, for some reason or other, he never commanded a following worthy of mention. He is a political Messiah without a following. His numerous critics either superciliously rejected or superficially neglected his point of view. His words, whether in speech or writing, boil over in a flood; but they turn no wheels and grind no corn. Probably, his intellectual disquisitions are a shade well above the average human understanding.

Following news of the tergiversation of Comrade Roy, came the report that the Indian wing of the Fourth International Trotskyite party had dissolved itself to cast its lot henceforward with the Indian Socialist Party. It is hoped that the still remaining splinter parties of the extreme Left will also walk into the Socialist camp one after the other. The Communist Party will be the only Leftist party that would be left out of all this, since the cleavage between it and the others would appear to preclude any possibility of fusion, at least in the near future.

Till very recently, the Socialistic idea has been just a sort of fetish with us. But it has since become a faith.

Millions of our countrymen have come to look up to Socialism as the system best suited for this country, and for the betterment of the common weal. People have become convinced that the country should be politically Left in order to be economically right. Therefore the responsibility of the leaders who now control the Socialist Party is great.

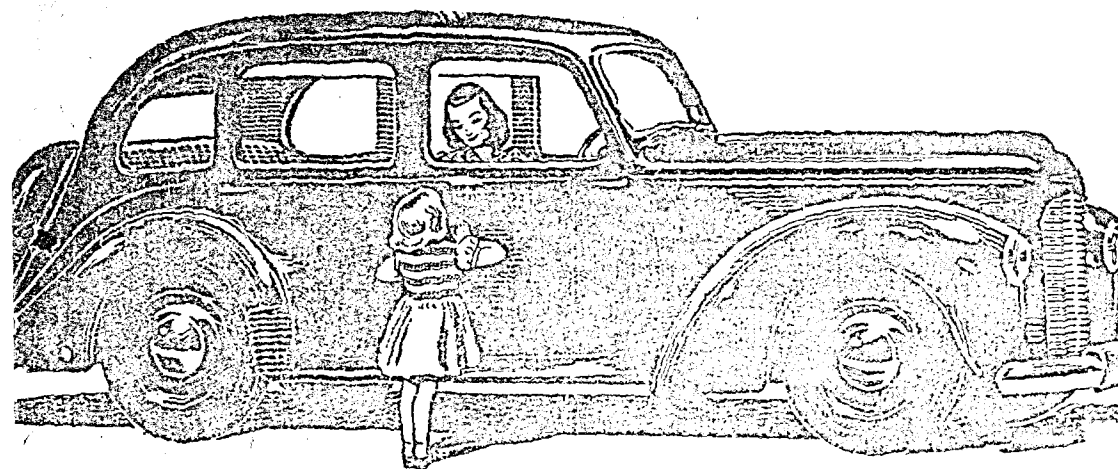
They must chalk out a definite programme of action. They should effect the transformation of the worker from being a wage slave into a proud co-owner of Socialist industry. A great majority of our countrymen are in such a state of abject poverty that they sipped life rather than lived it. In the words of Nehru "Democracy under Socialistic pattern means equality; not merely the equality of possessing a vote but economic and social equality". Comrade M. N. Roy adds "Socialism is equalitarian only in as much as it will create equality of opportunity for all". This equality of opportunity must be secured, and ensured. The Common Man must have a voice in the government and a choice of who is to govern him.

People who have endured untold hardships under the vexatious vagaries of British Indian administration, naturally looked up to the Congress to usher in a new era of economic justice and social equality. When such a staunch Socialist as Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru was made the head of the new Congress Government at the Centre, the hope reached its peak. But, owing to a series of unsettling circumstances, and due to the inordinate influence which Capitalists have been able to acquire over the Government, Nehru's hands have become doubly fettered. So much so, we see plutocracy in power today—not true democracy. Obviously through Nehru's influence, some concessions have been doled out to the workers in slow trickles, which however did not come to much. Pandit Nehru and his group in the Cabinet may yet succeed in doing some substantial good to the people, when some of their present difficulties get ironed out. Probably this is an extravagant presumption. Anyway, it is good for all the Leftist sympathisers in the country to get united without the least delay to consolidate and strengthen the common Socialist front and also the hands of well-wishers in the Government of the day, like Pandit Nehru.

P. N. SAMPATH.

Natore.

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