

Releasing

9th
April



PAKSHIRAJA'S

PAVALAKODI

MAHALINGAM..RAJAKUMARI..VARADHAN
SAROJINI..KRISHNAN...MATHURAM



Direction: SRIRAMULU NAIDU
NARAYANAN Co. Release

Verified m

AVAILABLE FOR SALE

AND

INTERMEDIATE DELIVERY

PERKINS AUTOMOTIVE DIESEL ENGINES

(MAXIMUM BENEFIT WITH MINIMUM COST)

SUITABLE FOR

**FORD, CHEVROLET, BEDFORD & DODGE
BUSES & LORRIES**

**NEW FORD CHASSIS & USED LORRIES
FITTED WITH PERKINS DIESEL ENGINES**

APPLY TO:—

HEAD OFFICE:

M/S ARUNA & CO.,

**40, WHITES ROAD, ROYAPETTAH,
MADRAS - 14**

**(AUTHORISED DEALERS FOR GUNTUR, KISTNA, WEST & EAST
GODAVERY & VIZAG DTS., AND ALSO JAIPUR STATE.)**

BRANCHES:

RAILPET, GUNTUR. ARUNDelpET, BEZWADA.

**THE
ANDHRA BANK
LIMITED**

Estd. 1923.

Head Office: MASULIPATAM

**PAID-UP CAPITAL AND RESERVES
Rs. 34,00,000**

**TOTAL WORKING FUNDS EXCEED
Rs. 6,00,00,000**

Madras Branch: 378, Esplanade

**Mylapore Office:
49 Kutcheri Road.**

**Thyagarayanagar Office:
31/82, Pandy Bazar.**

OTHER OFFICES:

Amadalavalasa (Vizag Dt.).

Amalapuram.

Anakapalli.

Arundelpet (Guntur).

Berhampur (Ganjam).

Bhimavaram.

Challapalli (Kistna Dt.).

Chicacole.

Chirala.

Cocanada.

Duggirala.

Ellore.

Gollaprolu.

Gudivada.

Gudur (Nellore Dt.).

Governorpet (Vijayavada).

Guntur.

Jaggayyapet.

Jayapore (Orissa).

Maharanipet (Vizagapatam).

Masulipatam.

Narasaraopet.

Nellore.

Ongole.

Palakol.

Parvatipuram (Vizag Dt.).

Pedana (Kistna Dt.).

Peddapuram.

Pithapuram.

Rajahmundry.

Ramaraopet (Cocanada).

Salur (B. N. Ry.)

Samalkot.

Tilaru (Vizag Dt.).

Tuni.

Tenali.

Vijayavada.

Vinukonda (Guntur Dt.).

Vizagapatam.

Vizianagaram (B. N. Ry.)

All kinds of Banking

Business including Foreign

Exchange transacted.

TADEPALLI SREERAMULU,

Managing Director.

K. VARNASY,

M.A., B.COM., LL.B., C.A.I.I.B.,

General Manager.

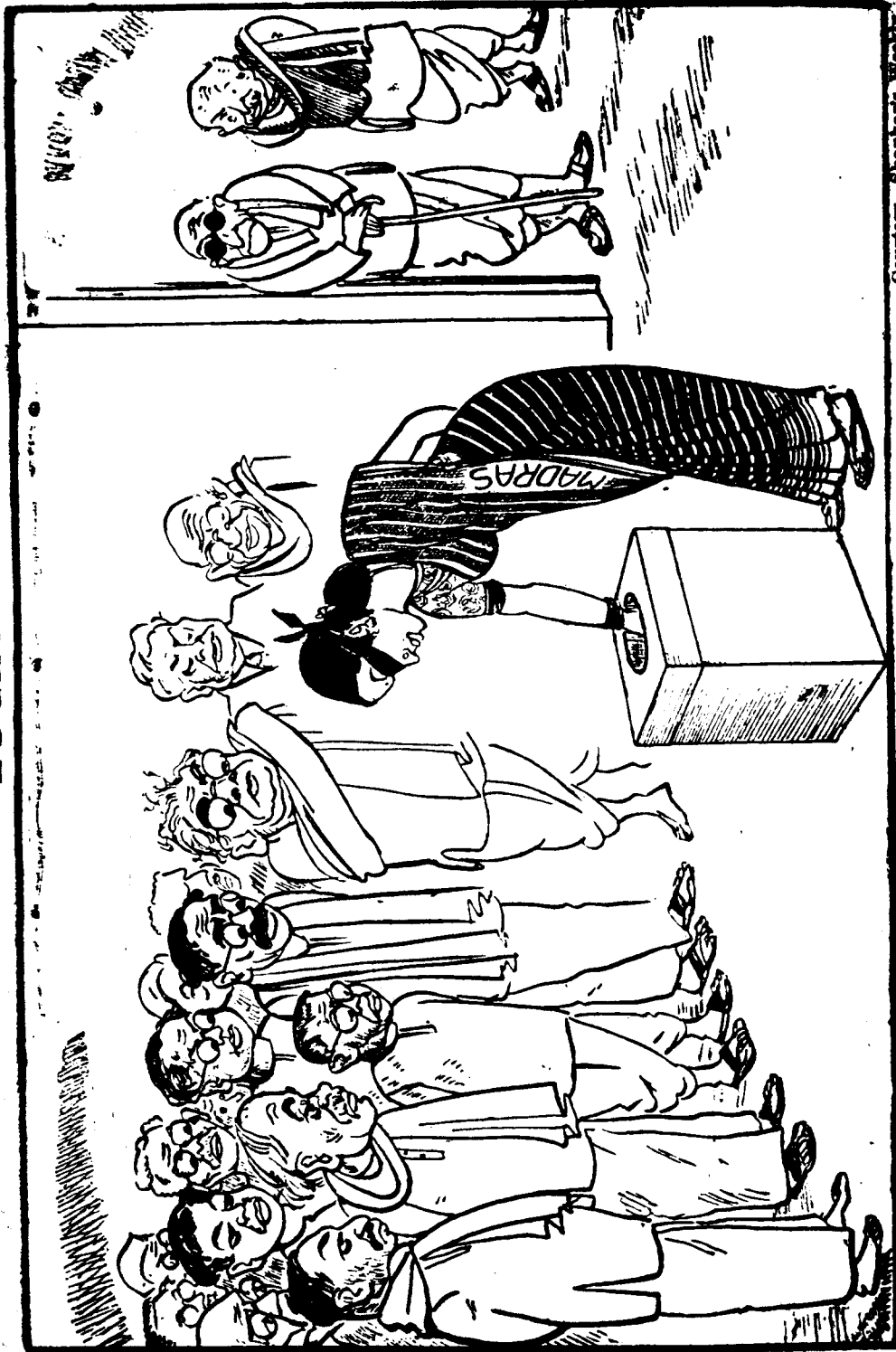
SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 8

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Mrinalini Sarabhai	
Cartoon	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	8
Sidelights—By Saka	10
Meteoric Rise of Mrinalini—By S. V. Venugopalan	12
Right Site For Capital Of India —By Pothan Joseph	13
Maharajasthan—By K. S. Venkataramani	15
The Golden Mean Of Gandhism —By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri	17
U. S. Electricity-producing Industry	19
Trends In Contemporary Tamil Journalism—By V. Subra- manian	20
Medium Of Instruction In Osmania University—By K. T. Nara- simhachar	22
Spotlight—By Santha	24
Swan Song—Short-Story—By M. S. Murthy	26
Brazil—A New World—By Yusuf J. Meherally	30
Azad Qalam—By K. A. Abbas	33
The Future Of Urdu—By Baroo	36
A Matter Of Time—Short-story —By R. A. Raman	38
Books and Authors	43
Letters	47



The Madras Congress Party is meeting in the Provincial capital this week to select the leader.
Courtesy—Shankar's Weekly.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 8

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

SRI OMANDUR

DISOWNED by those who installed him in power two years ago, Sri Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar has abandoned the election contest for the premiership. Admirers spring like mushrooms round the powerful, and while he held office Sri Omandur has not suffered for lack of propagandists to boost his greatness. His simplicity, piety and invulnerability to corruption have been glowingly advertised. Some have even elevated him to the pedestal of sainthood. When the burning of incense ceases to be profitable, a more correct picture of the man will no doubt presently emerge, but popular interest in the personality of the ex-Premier is not likely to be sustained for long. At the best of times, he was a far from attractive figure. Rectitude in him took the form of a vigilant suspiciousness of others. He therefore failed to draw out the best in his colleagues. They were harassed by an atmosphere of distrust in which they found themselves progressively dwarfed. Constant dread of being snubbed robbed them of all initiative. The vicious influence spread from the Ministry to the Secretariat and from the Secretariat to the administration of the districts. A steep descent into inanition was the fateful consequence.

By those whose lot it was to work close to him he was not loved and trusted but feared. But it was not a wholesome fear contributing to purity of administration. He is credited with having gathered a lot of information uncomfortable to his colleagues. But few of them have been brought to book for any act of wrong-

doing. He seems to have been content with merely subduing them to his will. Had the protection of State power not been spread over this, it might have been characterised as simple blackmail.

Of the aptitudes essential for successful premiership, he had none. As a parliamentarian he cut a very sorry figure. Whenever he delivered a speech there was speculation as to who wrote it. It is true that outside the scope of literary qualifications there is a vast terrain of common-sense out of which sound leadership could emerge. But Sri Omandur had not much of this either. He had a primitive mind unsuited to modern exigencies. He had no constructive vision of great things. His energies were stultified by prodigious concentration on trifles.

The worst aspect of his regime lay in the pernicious passion of communalism that animated its every act and policy. The gravity of the malady cryptically termed communalism is not adequately realised by its promoters who are also in a sense its victims. Communalism is not a mere matter of favouring one community or oppressing another. It is a dehumanising creed. It dehumanises, as Nazism dehumanised Germany, by a process of manufacturing scape-goats for evil passions to vent themselves on. Once the dehumanising process is encouraged there can be no boundaries to its mischief. Devilry tends to become all-pervasive. Under Sri Omandur's communalism, many precious things worth careful nurturing have been sabotaged, including

common standards and fairplay and the national potentiality of advancement through talent. The hatred complex has been allowed to saturate politics and administration. Never was so much ill-will between communities in evidence as since Omandur took charge of the premiership. The loss he has caused the nation by shutting out of proper opportunities brilliant young men of promise and ability, can never be estimated. He has an unenviable record in the matter of installing duds in august positions.

In one particular Sri Omandur compels admiration. It cannot be said of him that he is pigeon-livered in pursuit of any course commending itself to him. He has guts in superabundance. His very acceptance of the post of Premier with a full consciousness of his own limitations in experience and equipment, was in itself a supreme exhibition of bravery. We salute in him this great rare quality and we realise that his retirement from the leadership election is due less to fear of defeat than to disgust with the world.

Incorrigible Immaturity

THE Hon'ble Mr. Gopala Reddi's reply to the general debate on the budget showed a surprising capacity for improvising inaccuracies and infelicities which stamp their author with incorrigible immaturity. To blame all the excesses of communalism on the brahmin himself, the victim of jealousy elsewhere, is at least an exercise in originality for which he may be given full marks. But he demolished his own thesis, almost in the same breath, by claiming that communalism is deeply embedded in our consciousness, has a hoary history, and cannot be uprooted in a day. We hope that at some early favourable opportunity, he would decide which of these two diagnoses is to be retained and which thrown overboard.

That the consciousness of separative communal groups has always

been there may be acknowledged without acknowledging that it has always manifested itself in the miserable fashion that has been too much with us in the present generation. A closed order of society, such as ours has been for thousands of years, has shown surprising powers of resilience and renovation. But when under the impact of modern trends, that closed order is being smashed up, and the leadership is being taken by the brahmins themselves (with marked predominance in proportion to their numbers) it seems a lamentable instance of owl-like obliquity of vision to go on barking up the wrong tree. If Mr. Reddi sincerely believes that the brahmin is the only villain of the piece, let him promote a Government policy aimed at the elimination of all brahmin recruitment to the services for a period of say five or ten years. If therefore, the Government becomes a haven of a classless state of society, it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished. But Mr. Reddi knows that this communalism has been the hobby-horse that has enabled him to ride into a Ministry far more decisively than any other demonstrable endowment of head or heart.

His other reference was to the Muslim community, and was couched in even more offensive language. He committed the unpardonable mistake of indicting the whole community for the sins of the few. He forgot the fact that there are carpet-baggers in every community, and that slogans have served the demagogues better than demos. We wish to dissociate ourselves from such a graceless remark as that the Muslims were given 'a long rope in the old order,' and that they should therefore now pay for it. This is not the language of statesmanship, nor is it even commonsense to rub salt into a still festering sore. Under no raj has the common man, whether Muslim or Hindu, been yet given a square deal. And above all, Mr. Reddi might reread his Indian history and be chas-

tened by the alarming thought that the majority which he now swears by did not save him and what is worse, the country from a thousand years of unmanly slavery, sycophancy and subservience to a series of foreign masters. It is a thousand pities that this kind of undignified and impolitic crowing from one's own private perch should have been indulged in on a solemn and public occasion by a responsible Minister.

It was particularly distressing to find him lecturing the Muslims to be of good behaviour and to promise rewards in a contingent future for such present good behaviour. The Christian community was also split in half, but our Ministry found room for one. The heavens would not have crashed if a Muslim too had been included. Without some such gesture, it was clearly a case of adding insult to injury to talk at them as has been done by the leader of the House.

France In India

RECENT announcements of a projected plebiscite in French India settlements to determine their future vis-a-vis the Indian Union are an unpleasant reminder of the limitations on Indian sovereignty that continue to vex us with memories of an otherwise dead past. In the first round of the struggle, the victory has not been ours. There is no reason to suppose that a natural solution of the question will also necessarily be peaceful. But there is no knowing how long an anomalous situation can persist! Metropolitan France is in the position of heir to a heavily encumbered patrimony; and if historical analogies hold, her distressing role would henceforth be to decline slowly or rapidly according to the tempo of events abroad. She has not the philosophic strength to cut her losses and

withdraw gracefully from a scene where she has ceased to cut an impressive figure for quite a long time now; nor has she the guts or grit to expand or burgeon out once again.

This is a truly uncomfortable situation to find ourselves in. The goal of our policy is to secure the integration of India until not an inch of it belongs to a foreign power. All talk of a plebiscite is meaningless from our point of view, for we stand for the liquidation of France outside—France! The abrogation of the war-time customs union has been forced upon us by the Fabian tactics of the French power. We can afford to wait, and must wait for obvious reasons.

The people of the French settlements have necessarily to suffer from the inconveniences of their situation. The idea of self-determination that is being dangled before them by interested parties is a delusion and a snare. The more realistic of their leaders seem anxious to have their cake and eat it too. A news-item suggests that there are to be negotiations between the spokesmen of the French settlements and the Government of India. There can be no negotiations in the sense of arriving at a via media between untenable extremes. Geography, economics, racial and historical memories all point to the inevitability of the wiping out of extra-territoriality throughout India. If the people there imagine that they can bargain with one foot in France and the other across Pondicherry, they must be disabused as early and emphatically as possible. It would be tactically and politically a wise thing to announce in advance that the Indian Union is not interested in a plebiscite however perfectly conducted, for the issue is one which is neither justiciable in a court of law nor dependent upon the vagaries of the ballot-box.

The greatness of a nation should not be measured by statistics of steel production—the favourite modern yardstick. It can only be gauged by two standards: what is life like in it? What kind of human beings does it foster?—From **VICTORS BEWARE** by Salvador de Madariaga.

Sotto Voce

Art and Administration



MR. Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu is one of our most accomplished violinists. And the music-loving Andhras of Madras did him fitting honour the other day at a function presided over by the Governor. I heard Mr. Naidu for the first time nearly twenty years ago at the All-India Music Conference session in the Victoria Public Hall grounds. These annual musical *melas* held in improvised marquees or under corrugated-iron roofs are hardly the places where one would expect to make a great find. But the art and technique of Venkataswami Naidu came upon us as a revelation.

The quiet mastery of his bowing owed much to European technique. But the purity, firmness of outline and encrusted richness of his quarter-tones were all his own. And in this his achievement represented as notable a realisation of the potentialities



of the violin as that of the great Krishna Iyer had been of the wonderful possibilities of the *mandra* string. As for Mr. Venkataswami's art, to an audience largely bred on the Tanjore style of Carnatic music, it was something which at the first blush seemed to be not merely unfamiliar but formless. Andhra, musically speaking, has fallen between two stools. And a great artiste instinctively reacts to his environment in such a way as to make the most of it without sacrificing his integrity.

In handling the *ghana ragas*, Mr. Naidu is prone to pay less attention to their architectonics than do those instrumentalists whose musical imagination has been largely fed on the work of the great classical composers, particularly Tyagaraja. He loves to explore, instead, the tempting by-ways which are hinted at rather than worked out by more orthodox expositors. Those *sancharas* which tease the imagination by their suggestion of strange frontiers call out all his originality. The smaller *rakti* ragas and their analogues of the Hindustani school are his metier. He plays them with rare enjoyment; he may be said to glow rather than coruscate.

Mr. Naidu is a quiet cultured man who, though he has won great popularity, carries about him something of the courtly aloofness that belongs to the pre-democratic era of art. In escaping the influence of that thorough-going salesmanship which has got music and musicians by the throat in Tamil Nad, the artistes of other linguistic areas must be on the whole deemed fortunate. It is to be hoped that increasing mass-interest

in art will not result in their being assailed by the same temptations. It is all to the good that the admirers of Mr. Venkataswami Naidu should have thought of doing him honour not only in his native city but also in Madras where music-lovers drawn from all parts congregate. But I should not feel happy if the impression were to grow that in such matters Madras had greater authority than the great cultural centres in the mufassal.

Whatever the political future of Madras City may be, it can hardly hope to oust from their position of pre-eminence those historic towns, Tanjore and Madura in the South, Vizianagaram and Bezwada in the North, which have been the focii of great regional cultures. Its association with the Government as the administrative headquarters is in this respect an added handicap. For, though it is not without a certain amount of respectable tradition of patronage of the arts, the cultural life of Madras has too often tended to take its cue from the officials and the politicians. Unfortunately in no other country are the bureaucrats more bureaucratic or the carpet-baggers more thoroughly philistine.

The other day a gathering of the admirers of the poet Subrahmanya

Bharati was held to congratulate the Madras Government on its having acquired the copyright in his works. The transaction was picturesquely described as amounting to a redemption of the poet's immortal works from bondage. The elation is understandable in a, politically speaking, young nation. Being familiar with such statements as that Shakespeare is a national possession, we are apt to assume that the vesting in a popular Government of the rights in a poet's works amounts to the same thing.

If State-ownership results in wide propagation at cheap cost of all the works of a popular poet there might be something to be said for the Government launching out into an activity normally outside its beat. But if it means picking and choosing, worse, if it leads to poetry becoming the handmaid of propaganda, our last state would be far worse than the first. The poets like the scriptures are always at the mercy of the unscrupulous. But at least in the case of those poets who are too old to be copyrighted, both sides to an argument could replenish their quivers from the same armoury; for your poets are ambivalent. On the whole arts and artists stand to gain by giving the Government a wide berth.

VIGNESWARA

THE SOURCE

"All men by nature desire to know. An indication of this is the delight we take in our senses: for even apart from their usefulness they are loved for themselves; and above all the sense of sight. The reason is that this, most of all the senses, makes us know and brings to light many differences between things. The animals, other than man, live by appearances and memories, and have but little of connected experience; but the human race lives also by art and reasonings. And from memory experience is produced in men, for, many memories of the same thing produce finally the capacity for a single experience. Experience is almost identified with science and art, but really science and art come to men through experience."—ARISTOTLE.

There are people who do not fit into any of the class distinctions; they are the real people; it does not matter whether they have five pounds a week, fifteen, or fifty; it does not matter whether they are professionally poets or greenrochers, artists or artisans; their common denominator is their authenticity; they are Philistines, and proud of it. They do not clutter up their lives with a lot of ideas about themselves; they do not wallow in a muck of idealism; they do not spell art with a capital A or beauty with a capital B.....for the ranks of the Philistines who do not care one way or the other, recognising neither class nor intellectual distinctions, praise Ye the Lord....—Ethel Mannin in CONFESSIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Aiming at power—power without responsibility—the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages.—BALDWIN.

THE recent political manoeuvres of Sri Kamaraj Nadar have thrown into the shade the gift of colour-changing of the fabled chameleon. For months he had not been pulling on well with Sri Omandur. Not pulling on well with a leader after helping him on to the leadership has been a regular trait with him. So when Dr. Subbaroyan fell out with Sri Omandur and came out of his Ministry, Kamaraj gravitated towards the Doctor and encouraged him to aspire for the premiership. He threw out hints that in the event of the regime of Sri Omandur collapsing, the obvious choice for the succession to the leadership was Dr. Subbaroyan.

After inflaming the political ambitions of Dr. Subbaroyan, Sri Kamaraj Nadar next turned to Sri Prakasam. He hypnotised that high-minded patriot almost into contrition for having ever doubted his good faith. There was an interregnum charged with the utmost cordiality between the two, in which Kamaraj played the part of the penitent rebel restored to grace and Prakasam lashed himself unmercifully for having parted company with so noble-minded a fellow. Friends of the Nadar went about saying that they had never found him so conscience-stricken with regret over a past injury of his own contrivance. The stage was set for the supposition that an attack would be delivered on the leadership of Sri Omandur and a new Ministry formed on the basis of a Nadar-Prakasam combination.

Confident already of Kamaraj's support, Dr. Subbaroyan endeavoured to secure that of Sri Prakasam. There could be no doubt that a pooling of the votes of the supporters of Kamaraj, Subbaroyan and Prakasam would create not only a stable but a formidable Ministry proof against the machinations to supplant it of all would-be disturbers. Prakasam proved

a tough customer to begin with, but constant rumination over the pros and cons of every conceivable alternative finally impelled him to the belief that the rancorous atmosphere of provincial politics could be purged of its strife and ill-will only under the premiership of Dr. Subbaroyan and none other.

Meanwhile Kamaraj set about pleading for "unanimity." What he meant by unanimity was that no major group in the legislature should be excluded from the Ministry. The relevance of the plea for "non-exclusion" lay in the well-known insistence of the Kala group of Andhra Ministers to keep Prakasam, leader of the biggest single group in the legislature, out of any share in the government. The whole unbalance of the ministerial position in Madras Province is traceable to the successful combination of comparatively unimportant figures in Andhra, to oust the most towering of Andhra leaders, with reinforcements from other regions and vote-catching devices inseparable from corruption, tending to convert the status of a legislator into a commission agency for the marketing of political support.

Kamaraj's declared zest for unanimity had therefore to reckon with the exclusivist tactics of the Kala group whose sole political aim is to set up a leader that could be depended upon to be unacceptable to Prakasam. They have no positive loyalty to any chosen leader on considerations based on influence, character and merit. A battle-royal behind the scenes proceeded briskly to deflect Kamaraj from the path of a common understanding with Prakasam. After a feeble resistance, Kamaraj, the apostle of unanimity, succumbed to the exclusivists. When Dr. Subbaroyan's name was suggested for the leadership, Kamaraj put forward the claims of Sri Bhaktavatsalam. Prakasam countered by offering to have Sri Kamaraj himself. After having

set up Bhaktavatsalam, they immediately proved that no honest appreciation had prompted their choice by abandoning Bhaktavatsalam and substituting instead Sri Kumaraswami Raja.

Poor legislators, they seem to have no wills of their own, no positive conception of the content of leadership. Judgment and conscience play no

part in their choice of leader, and from minute to minute their loyalty shifts. No longer is allegiance a sacred gift of the heart conceded to tested worth. It has become a matter of selling votes to the highest bidder, and if a higher price can be got by support to a non-entity, so much the better, let us have the non-entity.—SAKA.

TRUTH NEVER GROWS OLD

As Confucius was passing by the side of the T'ae mountains, on the way to Ts'e, he saw a woman weeping and wailing by a grave. He bent forward in his carriage, and after listening to her for some time, he sent his favourite disciple Tsze-loo to ask the cause of her grief. "You weep, as if you had experienced sorrow upon sorrow," said Tsze-loo. The woman replied: "It is so. My husband's father was killed here by a tiger, and my husband also, and now my son has met the same fate." Confucius asked her why she did not remove from the place, and on her answering, "There is here no oppressive government," he turned to his disciples and said: "My children, remember this. Oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger."—THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

SECURITY & SERVICE

*You need both
You can have both*

IN

THE UNITED INDIA
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.,
MADRAS.

Fortyfourth year of Service.

METEORIC RISE OF MRINALINI

By S. V. VENUGOPALAN

"Dancing as an art, we may be sure, cannot die out, but will always be undergoing a re-birth not merely as an art, but also as a social custom. It perpetually emerges from the soul of the people."—HAVELOCK ELLIS in 'DANCE OF LIFE.'

THE renaissance of Indian dancing which dates back to nearly two decades when Uday Shanker and Menaka commenced the pioneering work, has now practically reached its apex with widespread public interest in India and abroad. In 1917, Poet Tagore took keen interest in *Manipuri* dancing and introduced it in his Art Centre at Shantiniketan. In Malabar, Poet Vallathol was trying to revive *Kathakali* in 1930 and in Tamil Nad in 1926 Mr. E. Krishna Iyer took a live interest in *Bharata Natya* having learnt the art from the great teacher, Merattur Natesa Iyer. Widespread public interest came only in 1932 as a result of an exciting controversy between Mr. Krishna Iyer and an anti-naught leader which helped to open the eyes of the public to the richness of this great art. Though Uday Shanker and Menaka respected *Bharata-Natya* as has been preserved and practised in South India, neither of them included it in their repertoire during their travel in foreign countries. They paved the way for greater appreciation of more classical Indian art in their successors and recent reports about the reception accorded to Ram Gopal in Denmark, and Mrinalini Sarabhai in Paris reveal that the awakening of the average man in the West to this art is not confined merely to its entertainment side but extends to the appreciation of different styles of Indian dancing and their technique. *Bharata-Natya* has come to be recognised as an art of pure and unspoiled expression of the classical dance of India—an art which is remarkable for the way in which every detail of form is used as a medium to exhibit the genius of a dancer. Although Rukmini Devi in her tours in the West has done the

pioneering work of explaining to informal audiences the greatness of *Bharata-Natya* with demonstrations, it is Ram Gopal who in recent times has kindled the westerners' interest in this art. He has been taking audiences in Europe by storm. Latest reports from Paris reveal that Mrinalini Sarabhai has gone ahead of others in capturing the minds of Western audiences in presenting *Bharata-Natya*. Mrinalini's debut at the Salle Pleyel at Paris met with an enthusiastic reception from a large and distinguished audience.

Mrinalini, daughter of the late Mr. Swaminathan and Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan, was sent to Switzerland at the early age of 12 where she studied at the Ecole St. George at Clarens. She mastered the *cechetti* method of Russian Ballet and then the *Dalcroze* system of dancing. In India at Shantiniketan at the feet of Gurudev Tagore, she learnt *Manipuri* dancing and gained considerable experience in travelling with his dance-drama troupe. Later she went to Java and studied Javanese dances under the able teacher, Prince Tedjeokoesomo, the brother of the Sultan. In America, she entered the American Academy of Dramatic Art where she obtained a diploma for her art. After her return she has trained herself well in *Bharata-Natya* under great teachers like Pandallur Chokkalingam Pillay and Muthukumarappa Pillai of Kattumannarkoil. In *kathakali* she had her training under Ravunni Menon and Kunju Kurup. Mrinalini has both grace and elegance and is doubtless one of the most promising young dancers of India. Her performances early in January in Delhi received considerable appreciation. For her European tour she has gathered round her well trained musicians and dancers. Kumari Bharathi, a cultured *Bharata-Natya* artist of Madras and Chatunni Panicker of Malabar assist her in the exposition of *Bharata-Natya* and *kathakali* styles.

RIGHT SITE FOR CAPITAL OF INDIA

By POTHAN JOSEPH

(At the time of the Jaipur Congress, Sardar Patel stated that the Capital of India should be removed to a different site. Any one who even hints at the desirability of such a change is facetiously dismissed as a curious compound of superstition and lunacy. But this complacent attitude does not dispose of a complicated problem. In this article, Pothan Joseph, the well-known journalist, explains lucidly and logically the unsuitability of New Delhi as India's permanent Capital.)

A significant remark of which sufficient notice has not as yet been taken was made by Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel in a speech at the time of the Jaipur Congress. Parenthetically but with great earnestness he told the audience how he felt that the Capital of India should be removed to a different site, but no heed has been paid to the warning if we are to judge by the speech made at the time of budget-grants by Mr. N. V. Gadgil, Minister of Works, Mines and Power. On the contrary, he declared that there was no intention "to shift the Capital from Delhi to anywhere else." With an effort to make his announcement felicitous, Mr. Gadgil added these words: "although the race of Mahomed-bin-Tughlaks is not dead and is asking for its being shifted from Delhi." The reference to the Mad Emperor does not dispose of the question so prudently raised by Sardar Patel. Incidentally, Mahomed-Bin-Tughlakh when seated on the throne was accustomed to lucid intervals and currency-experts regard his experiment of issuing monetary tokens in the form of leather as a veritable stroke of genius. He, as Sultan, no doubt ordered the removal of his Capital from Delhi to Deogiri when it was discovered on completion of the exodus that the water-supply was brackish and inadequate. If, on the other hand, the Emperor had chosen Nasik or Saugor or Lahore or Allahabad, the mockery associated with his name would never have passed into legend, but he would have been remembered as an illustrious city-builder. The fault was that he chose the wrong place so that, on his return with thousands of stragglers, Delhi looked like Paradise without any

inherent improvement in its residential attractions during the period of desertion.

Mr. Gadgil continued: "The sentimental argument advanced by these people that Delhi had been the grave of empires would not hold good in the present case, because many of those old empires were based on force whereas the present State is based on the consent of the people." He might have added with equal validity that the Congress Working Committee was not then in existence. Wars were waged no doubt in the past for the capture of Delhi as the metropolis of India, but they were mostly in pre-democratic days and the question of "the consent of the people" does not affect the issue of centralisation and security which Sardar Patel had evidently in mind. The suggestion that it was time we lived down superstition has very little bearing on the problem. When the Capital of India was removed from Calcutta to Delhi, the thought uppermost in the mind of Lord Hardinge was the need of a central site for the Indian Empire and not the glamour of ancient history in a sepulchral region; he had also to get round the anomaly of the Governor-General functioning in a Capital that was already the Capital of a provincial Governor, stultifying his status. After the Partition the criterion of centrality and invulnerability has been materially altered, and I feel the matter cannot be brushed aside by the Poona politician as a Tughlakhian aberration.

It will be remembered that when Lord Pethick Lawrence's Cabinet Mission visited India and investigated difficulties on the spot, they ruled out the prospect of Pakistan as an inde-

pendent sovereign state. In spite of Mr. Jinnah's importunity the Cabinet Mission held that the claim for the division of the country was untenable. Marshalling the arguments against the course, the Secretary of State for India in his statement of May 16, 1946, declared:

"Moreover the complete separation of Pakistan from the rest of India would, in our view, gravely endanger the defence of the whole country by splitting the army into two and by preventing the defence in depth which is essential in modern war. We, therefore, do not suggest the adoption of this proposal."

From that standpoint, it was a complete switch-over when the Congress representatives and Muslim League spokesmen within the provincial Cabinet jointly came to the conclusion that honourable divorce was better than stormy wedded life. Even at that stage of Partition-palaver under the chairmanship of Lord Mountbatten, defence had been a source of anxiety but there was the reserve-expectation that Lord Mountbatten would be the Governor-General of both the Dominions. When that anticipation was falsified, a material difference was wrought into the situation, a difference which, I presume, is at the back of the minds of those who share Sardar Patel's misgivings about the suitability of New Delhi as India's permanent Capital. Near about that time, another Sardar, namely, Sardar K. M. Panikkar wrote an article which was widely distributed by the National Press Syndicate in the course of which he argued that the relegation of the North-West Frontier defences into the hands of Pakistan would relieve India of a traditional vexation, but he, in estimating the savings, slurred over the danger of "preventing the defence in depth which is essential in modern war," a consideration that weighed immensely with Lord Wavell who participated in the work of the Cabinet Mission. The location of an inland Capital not far from the border has serious disabilities. Prague, within striking distance of Hitler, found itself essentially impotent in the matter of defence in depth. When Mr. Jinnah had to choose his Capital

for Pakistan, there was a good case for Dacca. Firstly, the major population of Pakistan was resident in East-Bengal in spite of the Partition; there was much to be said in favour of tradition and grand tales of ancient Dacca muslin, etc., etc. Then there was Lahore as an obvious alternative. Those who imagined that it was vainglory that prompted Jinnah to select his birth-place as the Capital of Pakistan merely indulge in familiar fustian employed for the interpretation of a personality they cannot understand. Besides the other advantages of a growing city, Karachi in his eyes had the merit of being far away from hostile range and being near surroundings believed to be Islamically friendly. The distance between Western Pakistan and Eastern Pakistan has been shortened by air travel but, all the same, the site chosen for the Capital as a centrally administered area depriving Sind of her ancient title, had special strategic significance.

In truncated India, Delhi ceases to be centrally-situated whereas a metropolis nearer the heart of the present territory known as "India" would give equal access to important provincial capitals and maintain the quality of impregnability which is so vital and inspiring to national sentiment. If all the embassies expected from 52 foreign countries are to dig themselves in the New Delhi terrain, we shall be committing ourselves to a course (there is still time to alter it) that undoubtedly demands further consideration. So many schemes have been promoted involving crores and crores of rupees for the reconstruction of India that in the cluttering-up sufficient attention has not been paid to the prudence of choosing and laying out a different place as the permanent Capital of India. I remember that whenever the question has been raised it has been dismissed with a wave of the hand, and now it seems a pity that anyone who even hints at the desirability of a change is written off as a bedlamite kinsman of Mahomed-bin-Tughlakh. —(Copyright).

MAHARAJASTHAN

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

ONE solid achievement of free India so far is the integration of the States. Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, helped by a wise combination of intuition and commonsense, employed his matchless will-power at the psychological moment in each case and brought about the consolidation of free India on the most voluntary and peaceful basis known to history. In one year, he has really achieved the work of a generation and the magnitude of his work is far greater and more complicated than that which faced even Bismarck in the consolidation of Germany. Our real gratitude goes to Sardar Patel and Sri V. P. Menon for their fine work with the grace of God. But let us remember that the integration we have so far achieved is but the beginning of real consolidation, and hard and selfless work awaits us all at every step and every level. We have pulled down with mutual consent and goodwill the bramble fence and boundary limits of little ridges that cut up our life into so many narrow segments lowering the economic and political functioning of our society. But the consolidated holding is now necessarily of such uneven level that you cannot till and irrigate it and make crops grow unless you refashion the whole area in one concerted drive and level it up to one level with proper irrigation and drainage facilities. Every farmer knows this as elementary spade work necessary for reclamation. Unless we achieve real consolidation in one year—time is of the essence—we will find, as every farmer knows it to his cost, that the consolidated holding yields a lower income and value of life than it did as even fragmented holdings. Sentiment and slogans are the real enemies of all progress. Our statesmanship should really invent a formula of action in politics and economics based on realism that goes to work like a bull to the plough and the field.

Of all the Provinces and States of New India, East Punjab with Patiala and Maha Rajasthan occupy or are bound to occupy key positions for the welfare and safety of India. Their

human and mineral wealth are the finest and the richest in India not yet wholly harnessed to full production work. Only a sound administrative system based on our own ideals and ways of life will give us the desired results of unity and make the consolidation really Indian.

The Indian ideal of a genuine democracy towards which, I think, the West is also slowly moving amidst conflict and chaos, is a non-party system of government (not one-party) based on *Dharma* (fundamental rights and directive principles comprehensively formulated by a special body of thinkers) where men of character and ability accept the responsibilities of office without a label. I am convinced that the party system of government is the cancer that devitalises today democracy in the West and resolves it into a series of never-ending global wars. For, competition and not co-operation based on a higher ideal is the very creed of the philosophy of action of the party system of government. We must avoid it in India somehow, at least in actual working, inviting all to the glory of the common task of governance.

Especially in Maharajasthan where politics based on the party system is not developed or unknown, there is a splendid chance for Sardar's daring will and statesmanship to devise a new machinery of administration and see how it works. A pure Congress Cabinet with two experienced administrators and advisers will not work in Rajasthan. There will be only stagnation and conflict. Till the new constitution comes into force, I plead for the entrustment of the Prime Ministership of Maharajasthan to the hands of a veteran administrator like Sir V. T. Krishnamachariar. Let the Prime Minister associate with himself in the Cabinet two or three more experienced administrators, preferably one with local experience and citizenship like S. M. Bapna who had been Prime Minister in Rajasthan and Indore for over 20 years. Then I would include in the Cabinet one promising junior member from the

ruling families of Rajasthan and one from jagirdars and one from the many captains of industry which Rajasthan has produced in plenty and scattered all over India in commercial adventures. Then Pandit Hiralal Sastri, that veteran social and public worker and present Congress leader, might be asked to select eight more Ministers of his own and join the Cabinet. I should certainly plead for the inclusion of a few genuine Socialists. You may say this team will not work but I assure you it will work in India if the Prime Minister be the right sort of man leading in slow degrees to a higher moral and cultural value of life based on goodwill and selfless service. Good government has only one goal and requires no party but only God's grace and human honesty and selflessness.

I am definitely for Ajmere as the capital of Rajasthan. It is, viewed anyway, the proper and natural capital. India requires a variation from the Western conception of a capital

like London where all activities are huddled together. We require two independent foci of expression and activity—one for political and economic (industrial) life and another for cultural activities—education and fine arts. Jaipur will fit in admirably as the university and art centre. Similarly, Indore and Ujjain for Madhya Bharat.

I am definitely for Bharatpur and Dholpur being included in Rajasthan and not U. P. West of the Jumna belongs either to East Punjab or Rajasthan and East of the Jumna to U. P. The Jumna is the geo-politics that shapes and decides history.

A great deal of clear and grim thinking on unconventional lines is required to restore to India the simplicity and the way of life that Gandhiji strenuously pleaded and worked for so passionately these 30 years and which, alas, seems to be remembered today in the active but confused haze of our politics not much above the exhibition level.

THE GOLDEN MEAN OF GANDHISM

By K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

THIS is an age of intense class conflicts within each nation and of intense national conflicts in the international sphere. But these cannot be removed by pacts or by truces because the effects will subsist so long as the cause subsists. Peace should be born within before it can exist without. Man has tried of late new *isms* such as nazism, communism, fascism, totalitarianism, etc., in addition to the heartless intensification of capitalism. Communism was the challenge to capitalism; and fascism and nazism were the challenge to communism.

Godlessness and materialism and class hatred and passion for levelling down are rampant everywhere. The well-known words at the beginning and the end of the Communist Manifesto may well be remembered in this connection: "The history of society has been solely the history of class struggle. Free men and slaves, patricians and plebeians, barons and serfs, oppressors and oppressed, have carried on, in constant antagonism, a ceaseless war which has always ended either by a revolutionary transformation of the whole of society or by the destruction of the two classes which engaged in the strife. Modern middle class society, arising on the ruins of feudal society, merely replaced the old antagonism by new oppression, new forms of struggle, yet the distinguishing characteristic of our time is that class antagonisms have been simplified. Society is dividing itself more and more into two vast camps, the middle-class and the proletariat. Proletarians have nothing save their chains to lose. They have a whole world to gain. Proletarians of all lands, unite!"

When the clarion is sounded like this day in and day out, what chance is there for social peace? And yet in ancient India the way to social peace was found in four ways: first, by eliminating social competition and installing social co-ordination in a stable and mutually interdependent society; secondly, by the national

respect going not to the money-bags but to men of renunciation; thirdly, by a combination of conservatism and liberalism and by harmonising order and progress; in short, by evolution instead of revolution; and fourthly, by reverence for the laws of God as being superior to the mere economic laws of supply and demand. Even in India these social ideals and methods are in danger of being overthrown. A cold cash relationship is being substituted for warm personal human interest between human beings. Competition is being installed in the place of co-ordination.

A significant incident which occurred in 1894 in England may well be recalled. The French atheist, Marxist leader Jules Guesde, was invited by Mr. Keir Hardie to attend a Congress of the British Independent Labour Party. He attended it and contemptuously recorded his impressions thus: "You will never have a revolution in England. It is impossible. I went to Keir Hardie's Congress, or, rather prayer-meeting. It opened with prayer!—with prayer! do you understand? Then what do you think they made me do? They made me—me, Jules Guesde, an atheist—sing hymns, and they sang them as the men in the French Revolution must have sung the *Marseillaise*! What a people! What a people! You will never get a revolution."

I say that this is symbolical of the rooted Indian mentality. Mahatma Gandhi was not only the father of the nation—the supreme political leader of his age. He was also the supreme industrial leader as well. He was the supreme educational leader and the supreme religious leader as well. Gandhism is the only way to industrial peace, and through it to political peace, in India as well as in the world at large. He was up against all forms of cold tyrannies and superiority complexes. But he frowned upon all destructive revolutions. He achieved the miracle of Indian national independence—which seemed well nigh im-

THE MYSORE CHEMICALS & FERTILISERS, LTD.

WORKS:

BELAGULA (Mysore State Railway,
On the way to "BRINDAVAN GARDENS," Krishnarajasagar
Telephone No. 435

REGISTERED OFFICE:

1129, Vani Vilas Road, Mysore
Telegrams: "CHEMI" Mysore. Telephone: No. 243

MANUFACTURERS OF:

Sulphuric Acid	}	for CHEMICAL INDUSTRY
Hydrochloric Acid		
Nitric Acid		
Chlorosulphonic Acid		
Liquid Anhydrous Ammonia	}	for REFRIGERATION PHARMACEUTICALS & CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
Liquor Ammonia Forte and Ammonia Compounds.		
Sulphate of Ammonia		
Mixed Fertilisers	}	for AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES
Super Phosphate		

possible even by the way of red revolution and mass scale violence—by treading the way of truth and non-violence and by making 330 millions of people also tread that way. In the realm of industry he was able to awake social sympathies which could lead, and are leading, to large-scale improvements in the position of the working class without any resort to violence.

I quite realise that in Russia the proletariat has gained dignity and self-consciousness. The Russian worker "has straightened his back and raised his head." He no longer crouches and no longer licks the dust. He feels that he has attained a new status. In Mussolini's Italy and Hitler's Germany, a similar result was sought to be attained by an appeal to national egoism and by the myth of a superior Nordic Aryan race which was entitled to rule the whole world! But whatever the basic ideology may be—dictatorship of the proletariat or national vanity or Nordic Aryanism—the way was the way of violence and bloodshed revolution. State mysticisms of all sorts and types have come to dominate the West. Must we tread the same way?

Mahatma Gandhi, and Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel treading in his wake, have shown a middle way. Gandhism is the golden mean between rampant capitalism and rampant communism. Social peace must be based on a stable yet progressive social order. Unrestricted private ownership is an evil, so is the total abolition of all private ownership. Mahatma Gandhi showed also the need for keeping up the craftsmen in the country without allowing the machines to kill all the crafts. He might have overdone his emphasis on Khadi but at one time it was the most powerful means of intensifying nationalism and social unity in our land. He made us realise that too much reliance on mechanised industry will end in making us machines and killing our souls. I recollect having read a story relating to Henry Ford's automobile factory at Detroit. A workman who was getting 15 dollars a day there resigned. He went to a new employer who said: "You won't get 15 dollars a day here; you will get only six at most." The workman

said "I will take six. For years at Detroit I have been placing screw No. 13, and I felt that if I went on much longer I should go mad." We read a similar story in Tagore's famous play *Mukta Dhara*. Industrial capitalism in the West has so perfected mechanised industry that individual freedom is dead and the quality of human values has been ruined.

We must therefore balance agriculture and industry and we should not be ashamed of being called a predominantly agricultural nation. Rather should the Western nations be ashamed of neglecting agriculture and over-producing consumer goods and dumping them in the world markets and impoverishing the whole world. Labour saving machinery is good but it is bad when it destroys labourers while saving labour and throws millions out of employment and kills the souls of the skilled labourers who get employment in this machine age! At Nilwankee a machine covers three acres and turns out 8,600 automobile frames every day with the help of 120 men! Gandhiji pointed out also that industrial justice and industrial co-partnership between labour and capital are imperative. Some reasonable profit-sharing is bound to come. The present wasteful way of strikes and lock-outs must go. We must wisely balance large-scale industries in factories and cottage industries in the homes. We must nationalise the key-industries and allow the Government to control certain industries without owning them and leave the remaining industries to private enterprise thoroughly free from Government control, except the general Government control of prices and wages in the interests of national welfare.

Class war is not civilisation but just the opposite of it. Civilisation means enlightenment, refinement, order plus progress, sympathy, tenderness, gentlemanliness and godliness. The State is neither a super-machine nor a super god. It is the greatest of our instruments of a "good life" and must not be allowed to become an idol or a Frankenstein. It does not mean a mere glut of consumer goods leading to increasing comforts and convenience. It means also more and

Indian and foreign, on the work of the University, which virtually did its best to put down the nationalist spirit among its non-Muslim students. An example of this was the prohibition imposed by the University authorities on the singing of *Vande Mataram* by the non-Muslim students in their hostels and their exodus about ten years ago on a mass scale to other Indian Universities as a protest against such an order.

The meteoric rise of Syed Kasim Razvi and the Razakars was a blessing in disguise to the non-Muslims of Hyderabad. It led to the Police Action by the Indian Union and a realisation by the reactionary elements in the State that in these days of democracy, the voice of the common man will prevail ultimately over that of fanatics, whether they be Kings or Commoners. The change in the political status of the people in Hyderabad will have to go hand in

hand with a new approach to other matters also, and especially in the field of education. Though the present Vice-Chancellor is an Oxford graduate, a man of a higher calibre and with far greater experience as an educationist will have to preside over the destinies of the Osmania University if its alumni have to benefit by the progressive ideas blown across the borders of Hyderabad from the Indian Union. The question of the medium of instruction should be tackled immediately by the Osmania University, if the declaration made by its present Vice-Chancellor on the occasion of Pandit Nehru's visit is to be implemented in all sincerity. If its spirit is forgotten and is not made use of to instil new life into the Osmania University, its authorities will lay themselves open to the charge of being fond of shouting slogans at opportune moments with no intention of putting them into practice!

for over 15 years



PRODUCTS

have been prescribed regularly by Physicians, and have an established reputation for reliability and maximum efficacy

- | | | |
|----------------|---------------|---------------------------|
| 2. GRIPE SYRUP | 5. RETICULIN | 8. GLUCONATE D |
| 3. ITEOL | 6. SEDATIN | 9. VITOMALT |
| 4. JEÇOBAL | 7. VITOFERRIN | 10. HYPER-D COD LIVER OIL |

Manufactured by
The Mysore Industrial & Testing Laboratory Ltd.,
Malleswaram, Bangalore.

SELLING AGENTS:
BEST & COMPANY LTD.,
POST BOX No. 63, MADRAS.

WILL VIENNA BECOME A SECOND BERLIN?

NOBODY was much surprised when the deputies of the Foreign Ministers of Russia, the United States, Great Britain and France who met in London on the 9th of February to prepare the Austrian Treaty of Independence, confessed after almost three weeks of argumentation and wrangling, to inability to concur. Last May when they debated the question, Yugoslavia's territorial claims on Austria blocked the negotiations and after 110 futile meetings, the deputies packed their bags in disgust and went home. The only feeling which last month's meeting aroused in the breasts of most people was curiosity about what Russia's attitude towards the Yugoslavian demands would be now that Marshal Tito has played the delinquent. Even the most optimistic didn't hope for a settlement, though some did feel that since the Berlin coup did not come off and the Western Powers were grimly forming one security alliance after another, Russia would prove less intractable over the Austrian question and that her attitude would be a little tinged with anxiety not to precipitate a crisis herself now that things are obviously coming to the boil, so to speak. So far, they have been disillusioned. Russian obduracy has relaxed no whit.

Austria was Hitler's first victim. It is six years since the Allies declared at the Moscow Conference that Austria would be re-established as a sovereign state with political status and economic security. And since 1947 the Big Powers have been trying to draft a Treaty of Independence which would please all of them. The Russian claims on Austria—the vexed question of German assets to which the Soviet laid claim—was the first bone of contention. When later the Russians relaxed their demands somewhat, hope flared high in the breasts of the Foreign Ministers' deputies, only to be quenched again when the USSR began strongly to support Yugoslavia's territorial claims on Austria and her demands for reparations.

This time when they met in London, the delegates, Mr. James Marjoribanks (Britain), Mr. Sam Reber (U.S.), Mr. Zarubin (Russia), and Mr. Bethelot (France), first made little speeches solemnly expressing the hope that their efforts would prove more successful than they had done the last time. With pious determination, they took up the two chief points under dispute (1) Payment of reparations. (2) Fixing the frontiers of Austria.

The second point, of course, raised the mooted question of the Yugoslavian claims to a part of Carinthia and Styria again. The chief of Yugoslavia's complaints is that she has suffered much loss of hydro-electric power because of the construction by the Austrians of power stations on the Upper Drava which flows across Carinthia into Yugoslavia. What the Yugoslavs backed by the Russians demand is a cession of Austrian territory. What the Western Powers and Austria herself is prepared to allow is for a special arrangement to be made, through the setting up of a joint commission, by which the water power could be equitably shared by both countries. And there the agreement froze and not even a Western offer to include a clause in the treaty promising special guarantees to the Slovene minorities in Southern Austria, could thaw the situation even a little bit.

One cannot help wondering if the Berlin deadlock is making the Austrian question less easy of solution. The Russians, for one, are convinced of the complete similarity between the two situations and are determined to be less hasty and precipitate than they had been at the harassed German capital. Moreover, now that the military aspects of situations are taking on added significance, there is little doubt that Russia would oppose any settled plan for Austria which would entail the withdrawal of her occupation forces back to the Soviet Union leaving the Western occupation forces firmly entrenched behind the Bavarian frontier, which is compara-

tively a stone's throw from Austria. They would prefer the *status quo* to continue till a few other outstanding problems got well and properly settled. The Americans trace the change in the Russian tactics from eagerness to settle the question to stalling and hesitation, to the Italian elections. If the Communists had won, they maintain, no doubt Russia would have no qualms about leaving a country surrounded all round by Communist territory.

The situation as at present, stands on this footing. Vienna, like Berlin, stands in the Russian zone of Austria and is surrounded by a broad belt of Russian-occupied territory. And Austria (like Germany) is divided into four sectors controlled by an Allied Kommandatura. Governmental contacts with the Occupying Powers are controlled by the Allied Control Agreement signed on June 28, 1946. The Allied Commission is entrusted with the task of assisting "the freely elected government of Austria to assume as quickly as possible full control of the affairs of state in Austria." The Government has to submit all bills and ordinances passed by the Parliament for ratification by the Allied Council. The portfolio of Food is the responsibility of the Austrian ministry and arrangements have already been made by the government for the import of supplies from the United States.

Vienna is linked with the western zones by two roads—Route 116 across the Semmering Pass to the British Zone and Route 8 across the Enns to the French and American sectors. The freedom of movement of Allied troops and officials is unrestricted on the roads leading to Vienna but there is a general ruling that no one may leave his zone without a permit.

But the Austrians, from all accounts, are getting tired of the occupations. The economic condition of the country is getting weaker. The occupation costs last year came to 60 million dollars, which is 10 per cent. of the entire budget. There is deflation; unemployment is growing and production has taken a steep fall. The government is beginning to resent its obligation to consult the Allied Council on legislative matters. It is irritated by the conditions which each occupying power attaches to the application of legislation to its territory. After unending negotiations, nothing near enough to a settlement has so far been reached. Dr. Gruber, the Austrian Foreign Minister, lost his patience about two weeks ago and fumed that there was "no justification whatever for further holding up this conference through Yugoslav objections" and asked for the formal recognition of Austria's frontiers at once. How this challenge will be taken up, it is impossible to guess.

But settling the future of this country, so small in area but of such political and geographical significance, a territory standing at the cross-roads, so to speak, between the east and the west, north and south, cannot but prove a hard nut to crack, especially now that the Atlantic Pact is a concrete fact in black and white, which Russia openly resents. The arterial situation of Austria is of special significance. From there you can go up the Danube to Germany, down it to Hungary, up the March into Czechoslovakia or south to Italy. It was Austria that Hitler seized first and from there picked, like fruits off a tree, Czechoslovakia and Poland and terrorised the Balkans. Truly may Austria be called "the key for war and peace in Europe."

—SANTHA

"This is an age of grimly utilitarian needs and pressure. The horizons of the poet, the novelist, the writer of imaginative temperament are clouded by the distractions of a shifting chaos in the world's affairs, by all the signs and portents of crisis. Whether the highest art and literature does in fact require the existence of a leisured class in society—whether, as Mr. Arnold Toynbee has put it, culture becomes sterilised as it is diffused—is perhaps an academic question. What is certain is that the intellectual freedom of which great writings are born is unavailing without the impulse of faith. Writers—and readers also—are to-day in mind and spirit like people besieged; in the press of contemporary events it is only faith in the future that enables us to nourish imagination."

—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.



By M. S. MURTHY

(Continued from the previous issue)

I woke up late the next morning and was disappointed not to find my friend in the room. Wondering what could have happened to him, I got up and searched the whole house. He was not to be seen. Then I ran to the garden behind the house, and there, seated on the bough of a big tree, looking spruce and smart in a new suit of clothes, my friend was strumming a guitar with a gusto surpassing even that of Nero.

Baffled and stunned, I stood looking at this priceless prince, and not having the guts either to encourage him or dissuade, I remained mute and pensive for some time, and then, determined to bring the situation under control, addressed him and asked him to come down.

"You come up to the bough," he said to me by way of a reply, "it is ripping here, reminds one of gala days—"

For once I saw red.

"Nonsense, your excellency! Come down, sir, or we shall part for ever—"

With a shamed smile, the prince, taking hold of his instrument, jumped down from the bough.

"Where did you get that accursed thing?" I questioned him, referring to the guitar.

"Oh! it is god-sent" he replied, "I picked it up in a room. And this new suit too! By the way, this must be a millionaire's house. There are enough new suits in the house for us for eternity. There is the toilet room on the eastern side of the house, containing an abundance of soaps, shaving sets, scents, pomades and the like. Go on, my dear friend, have a shave, take a good bath, dress yourself up and then there is a surprise in store for you in the kitchen...."

My voice failed me, and I gasped. "Go on," he prompted again, "don't you realise that breakfast hour is past?—Go; help yourself. One has got to live after all."

Having done with me thus, he again took the beastly guitar, and turning it, burst into an inhuman melody. I went back into the house, did as I was told, and then returned to him again.

"That is like a man!" my friend exclaimed on seeing me in a new suit of clothes, and extending his hand to me, offered me a cigarette. I took it and lit it.

"You look like a prince now!" he observed, smiling.

I told him I wanted no compliments.

"You have had a good breakfast, I suppose?" he inquired.

"By your kindness!" I returned. "Now, how would you like to spend the time? Want to read anything? There is a rich collection of books in the house. There is Omar Khayyam, and...."

I told him that I was not in a mood for intellectual edification.

"Good then! Shall we have a ride in the car?" he asked.

"A car!" I cried in alarm.

"Yes, a car! It is in the garage. How about a picnic? There is enough petrol to go round the world. There is sunshine above. And I can drive—"

I felt as if I was reading an Arabian Nights Story! The brains, the guts of the man! He soon bullied me out of my mood, and without waiting for my answer, ran towards the garage, and in a short while, brought out a smart Rolls-Royce. We whizzed through the empty streets, and in about half an hour, parked the car at the foot of a hill, and having ascended to the summit, sat there talking in the warm morning sunshine.

"What are your plans for the future?" My friend suddenly sprang upon me this question.

"Plans!" I replied, struck with horror. "What plans can we, lost souls, have?"

He looked at me as he would look at a worm, and queried; "So you close your eyes and drift towards chaos?" I could contain myself no longer.

"These are philosophical quibbles, my man, why confound your head with these? Philosophy, like kingship, becomes a dead-letter when your random millions breathe no more. For us at this moment philosophy is no more useful than clothes!"

"And yet we are wearing clothes, aren't we?"

"I plead guilty!" I retorted. "But we ought to bid good-bye to clothes"

"You want to revert to primitivism?" He asked me sharply.

"We ought to" I observed decisively. "Philosophy and clothes, money and public opinion, what use are these any more to us, nomads in a noman's land?"

My friend lit a cigarette, and drawing a heavy puff, began to doze as one who had lost the thread of interest in the midst of a stage-show.

"Are you bored?" I asked him.

"No Sir! I am confounded!" he said, flaring.

We remained silent for a while, not wanting to exasperate each other.

The morning was fine, and the landscape charming. The ripples in a nearby stream were sparkling in the sunshine.

My friend remained hopeful and optimistic about the future. Try as I could, he was not to be brought to face the reality of the situation. I reminded him again of the disaster, and the fact that we were left as orphans to the mercy of the world. Still, he would insist, we could make a gala affair of it! He was invincible, he was dominating, his word was final!

He tuned his guitar again, and looking at me, asked with a smile:

"Can you sing?"

I told him that the fountain of music had dried in me.

"You are a hopeless fellow!" he remarked "Just try if you can sing." I snatched the guitar from his hands, and was about to strike him with it, when we were suddenly awakened to the sound of a motor-horn. We sprang to our feet in alarm, and looked towards the foot of the hill where we had parked our car. We noticed a dark speck moving about the car.

"Man!" I exclaimed.

"Man!" my friend repeated.

In an instant we began going down the hill in a haste that was only natural, considering our situation and the circumstances.

"A monster! a monster! Run! Run!" cried my friend when we reached the foot of the hill and surveyed the features of the curious phantasm that was moving near the car.

I laughed.

"Come, come!" I chided, "It is no monster! it is only a man in a gas-mask!"

"A gas-mask!" My friend exclaimed "Is there a war?"

"There has been one of late. And it proved to be the last, for no more human beings are left to war with each other!" I briefly explained him the circumstances which left us in our present plight.

"I see!" my friend observed. "Well then, let us find out who this chap is. He still wears the accursed mask as if he is expecting another disaster!"

We drew near the car, and shrank back in terror when we found that a pistol was aimed at us by the mysterious stranger.

"Speak!" cried the strange figure authoritatively "are you soldiers?"

"We are not," I came forward and answered. "We are unfortunate civilians."

"How am I to believe that?" the stranger asked us.

"Search us, if you like. We carry no arms. We have no papers on our person. We belong to no flag, no regiment, no party. We are humble civilians ruined by the war."

"Then why are you here? Whose car is this?"

"That is a long story. But if you want, we will give you a lift anywhere."

"Where will you take me?" the stranger asked, looking all around him. "I need rest and food."

"There is a deserted town some twenty miles away. We have been living there ourselves. There is plenty of food," I replied.

"Are there any soldiers there?" he asked.

"Not a lamb!" I answered.

"Then can I trust myself to your company?"

"Absolutely," we replied.

"Then let us start," he said.

On seeing him still wearing the gas-mask, my friend came forward much annoyed, and asked him:

"Why do you still wear that bloody mask?"

"Force of habit," observed the newcomer smiling, and removing it, revealed the face inside. It was the face of a blonde, young woman with big, blue eyes, and a profusion of black, wavy hair.

"Now you see me friends," she said, coming forward. "I am a woman. You dare not lay your hands on me, or I shoot."

"We are human beings, not brutes," I retorted, and conducted her into the car.

We reached the town in about half an hour, and parked the car at the entrance of the house we had stayed at the previous night. Then we informed the lady that we had reached our destination.

"That is all right," she said "you go in and arrange for my stay. I will stay here till you do."

My friend and I went in, he into the kitchen, as was agreed, to prepare food, and I to remove all the putrefying matter from the house, do all that was possible in the circumstances to clean it, and set the guest room in perfect order for the lady to stay in. Having done this, I went out and conducted the lady inside. She entered her room like a queen.

We called her queen, and she deserved it.

During the first few days she remained absolutely silent, always shut up in her room, brooding, and even refusing food on occasions. We thought she must be possessed of a secret sorrow. She refused to be drawn into conversation, but always sighed, and looked thoughtful and unhappy.

Her presence in the house changed us radically. My friend left his optimism behind on seeing her misery, and became miserable himself. I for my part, had to throw away my philosophic despair and adapt myself to the calls of the situation with cheer and hope. The presence of a woman in the house inspired me to great activity. It changed me completely, and brought into play unexpected resources. My withered ideas of the world put up new leaf, and I hoped against hope that one day this beautiful girl would leave her sorrows behind and illumine our hearts.

Soon she began to trust us, and gradually revealed to us the unhappiness within her. We sympathised with her. We pledged our life to her comfort and satisfaction. We were delighted to serve her, and she allowed us this privilege. It was our one aim to please her, to see her delight in our service to her, and to bring satisfaction and joy to her feminine heart. With that end in view, we spared no pains to make her feel quite at home, to so arrange for her comfort that nothing she might desire be left undone. We fed her on dainty dishes, clothed her superbly, took her out in the car whenever she desired, and devised innumerable ways of entertaining her.

Thus, in course of time we came to like each other, all three of us. The fact that within our conscious limits we were the only survivors of the human race endeared us all the more

to each other, and gave us the fullest opportunity for exploring the hidden treasures of that elevated, crystallised human sentiment with which circumstance had bound us all together into one happy company. Between us was left no mean competition for prizes, no sophisticated convention, no jealousy, no conflict. These had been played out and successfully eliminated. We had seen and endured the play and interplay of these traits, and we had before us in those putrefying corpses and stinking debris, enough objective evidence to show that humanity had reached its saturation point and could proceed no further along those lines.

A full-moon night on the beach. Her head on my lap, and an arm entwined round my friend's neck, the woman was gazing rapturously at the swelling waves. I was singing a song my friend accompanying me on the guitar.

Suddenly all around us became dark. The moon no longer shone. Huge black clouds enveloped the sky, and there was a mighty gale accompanied by thunder and lightning.

The music stopped. The woman looked at us in silence. In the dark her eyes shone like a pair of gems.

She broke the silence. "In this dark silence, and in this violent storm, when the angry, roaring waves threaten to swallow us any moment, would you, my friends, if I wish it, row me on the sea?"

My friend and I consulted each other with our eyes for a second.

"We will row you to the world's end if you wish it," I replied, turning to her.

"I and my guitar will follow you wherever you may lead," my friend added.

"That is very kind of you both," she smiled at us and said: "Supposing we start this very moment on our boat, leaving everything behind, never to return. Are you prepared?"

"Absolutely," we answered.

"My dear friends," she said, after a pause. "This is a serious business. Think deep and answer. Have you any entanglements on the shore? If so you need not follow me."

"What entanglements can we have in this no-man's land? You are our

only entanglement, and we will follow you," we said.

"Thank you," she returned, "In that case you can follow me. But let me tell you that we are going to see a surprise soon. Have you the courage to bear me through? You will not fail me in the midst, I suppose, when vulgar, native fears take hold of you, and try to blind your vision to that wonderful cosmic panorama which we are just going to witness?"

"Trust us, we will not fail you."

"Good, then," she said addressing us again. "This is the mission of our adventure. Nature had, through long, careful experiment and painful convulsions, evolved a cosmos out of chaos. But man, with all his skill and industry, turned against nature, and brought chaos out of the cosmos. We have to set right this wrong before the world can begin to throb with life again. To do this we have to understand nature's ways of creation. To understand, we must be one with her. And nature, as you see her before you now, is at the height of her glory. Don't think for a moment that she is violent or furious. It is only her rage of creation that you see all around you now in this storm. Do not misjudge her intentions."

"Fortunately we have still our senses left with us to penetrate deep into that unknown side of nature which we have ignored up till now, and with this object of gaining an insight into one of nature's deepest mysteries, where life throbs eternally, we are now entering on a new phase of life—we are going to identify ourselves with nature to study her ways, to learn from her, in her utmost creative moods. Friends, this is the secret of our voyage, and I trust you will assist me in fulfilling this, our cosmic ambition."

So saying the mysterious woman seated herself between us on the boat. There was a song on her lips. Around us was the peal of thunder, accompanied by a mighty gale and flashes of lightning, the whispering of the waves. Before us stretched the deep, dark, limitless expanse of the sea. And as we rowed, layers of forgetfulness slowly and painlessly closed over all that we had learnt and experienced and seen before.

(Concluded)

BRAZIL--A NEW WORLD

By YUSUF J. MEHERALLY

(This is the first of a series of four weekly articles by Yusuf J. Meherally, who recently returned from Brazil)

BRAZIL is famous for its coffee, for the fabulous Amazon River, for its striking architecture and the astonishing, almost unbelievable natural beauty of Rio de Janeiro, the most beautiful city in the world.

Brazil is twice as big as India. It is bigger than the United States of America, it is bigger than Europe! Brazil has today more virgin, unused farmland than the greater part of the world's farming areas put together. What a fullness of space! Yet the population of this vast country is only forty-six millions.

I took a last look at my New York hotel, where coming and going I had spent such a long part of my sojourn in that country. Sardar J. J. Singh, the President of the India League of America, came to fetch me at the right time along with Mr. Louis Fischer. I sat between the two in the car as we drove to the New York docks from which the ship was to sail for Brazil.

The steamer bore the name of the country it was taking me to: s.s. *Brazil*. Ready for her maiden voyage, after a thorough reconditioning, she looked quite a beauty, with everything about her new and fresh. Friends, flowers, handshakes, memories and regrets. Punctually, the *Brazil* set sail, as the dusk of the evening set in. The watchful skyscrapers of Manhattan were ablaze with innumerable little lights, creating an illusion of fairy land. From the crowded upper deck we waved yet one more good-bye to friends on the shore. The New York skyline slowly started receding. I was at last on the road to Rio. Soon only the agitated waves of the ocean could be seen.

It was a very happy fact for me that Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Masani were also travelling by the same boat. Mr. Masani had been appointed Indian Envoy to Brazil and was proceeding to take charge of his office. He and his charming wife, Shakuntala, were the most sought after persons on the ship. By their charm, courtesy and

great knowledge of India, they made all the passengers conscious of the greatness of the country they represented and made many friends both for themselves and for their people.

CROSSING THE EQUATOR

Day after day passed on, each more pleasant than the one before. One day we were all informed that we were going to cross the Equator. All the passengers were full of expectation. King Neptune was going to hold his Court on the boat and all manner of unusual things were going to take place. We had been warned to gather near the swimming pool, only with the bathing costume on and in any case not to put on any expensive item of dress, for the most drastic things were likely to happen. Lunch was served on deck with an extra finesse. We all collected together in high spirits in anticipation of crossing the Equator. Exactly at the right time, King Neptune appeared, a huge figure with his glittering crown and white flowing beard, attended picturesquely by the members of his Court. They got hold of no less than two or three dozen of the more enterprising and younger men and women from among the passengers, who were crossing the Equator for the first time. They were splashed with spaghetti, vermicelli, macaroni, tomato sauce and various odds and ends that could be got hold of and were then thrown mercilessly into the swimming pool. It was slightly barbaric, but great fun to watch, for those who were not the unfortunate victims. The "victims" themselves seemed to enjoy it more than everybody else. Thus does one cross the Equator! Each one of us was later given a certificate to that effect. The certificate, by the way, is an imposing looking thing, looks more high-brow than the one that is given even at university convocations, when degrees are conferred.

The weather continued to be charming and the days were calm and brilliant. For once the Atlantic did

not seem to be upto its usual tricks. Standing on the deck one could with the poet feel:

Here
In the high blue afternoon
Are the marching sun and the
talking sea
And racing winds that wheel and
flee
On the flying heels of June.

DISCOVERY OF BRAZIL

I tried to recall the various books I read about Brazil. My mind kept on playing with the subject as to how the Portuguese Admiral, Cabral, had in the year 1500 discovered Brazil quite by chance. He was actually on his way to seek the fabulous wealth of India and had stumbled upon Brazil accidentally. Cabral, on arrival at a silvery shore in the month of January, had thought that that was the mouth of a wide river, so he called the place Rio de Janeiro, which means the River of January. But it was not a river but the Guanabara Bay washing into the Atlantic Ocean. The picturesque name, however, remained.

At last we were near Rio and the day of landing actually arrived. The ship was agog with excitement. I had been told that the approach to Rio from the sea was one of the most beautiful sights on earth. So I stretched myself on an easy chair in a quiet corner on the deck, hoping thus not to miss the coming glory.

The social atmosphere on the ship had been wonderful and I had made quite a number of friends. One by one, they began to drop in—laughing, joking, repeating words in Hindustani—a joyous crowd. What a happy spell cheerful company casts on one!

Before long we were within sight of Rio proper. What magnificence! Nature seems to have bestowed on her gifts with an extravagance that looks truly fantastic. What a combination of rock, hill and sea! We passed the massive Sugar Loaf mountain, standing like a proud sentinel, the master of all it surveyed. A little ahead came the Corcovade, the famed hill, on the summit of which there is the gigantic statue of Jesus Christ, 130 feet high and dominating the landscape for miles around. One by one passed other familiar landmarks, the

modern skyscrapers, hills following hills, islands that gleamed like jewels in the mild blue waters of the sea. It was not till past eleven o'clock that we were near the landing pier.

Amongst the first who boarded the ship along with the diplomatic officials, the pressmen and the omnipresent photographers, were Mr. and Mrs. Asoka Mukherjee, who had lived in Brazil for many years. I was to see a lot of them afterwards. How gentle, how full of the spirit of service they were. No wonder, they soon became our guide, philosopher and friend.

Alighting from the ship and before one gets to the car park, one passes through the Tourist Club, near the Wharf. Here is the Tourist Guidance Bureau, restaurant, flower shop, novelty shop, post office and above all the *cambio*, which is where one changes foreign money into the Brazilian. The unit of Brazilian currency is the *cruzeiro*. Roughly speaking, one gets a little over five cruzeiros for a rupee, each cruzeiro being worth approximately three annas.

Let me give a few facts about Brazil. First the climate. When it is summer in India or Europe or the U.S.A., it is winter over there and vice versa. What a strange sensation to reach Rio in the month of June and find that it is winter there. And to think that December, January and February are the height of summer! But then Brazil is to the south of the Equator.

Next, while the language of all the South American countries is Spanish, that of Brazil is Portuguese. This is often forgotten, but the proud Brazilian does not easily forgive this remissness on the part of the visitors.

Anyone with a desire to explore the beauty spots of Rio would have a very wide choice indeed. One could start with the world-famous Copacabana Beach. Here every prospect pleases. There are miles of sand and white foreshore. The dwellings of the rich face the beautiful sea, while places of gay entertainment and the exclusive night clubs are all around for those who have the price, and a stiff price too.

Like Copacabana, the Ipanema beach is another popular spot. On one occasion when I was passing by, it

OUR HERITAGE

chanced to be the day of the festival of kites. A happy and hilarious crowd was absorbed, amid general gaiety, in flying kites of all sorts of interesting shapes. They were flying many-coloured kites, small and big ones, some of them as big as from two to five feet. Since this is a popular sport in India too, I could not help noticing how much more artistic and colourful Brazilian *patangas* looked and how much the people seemed to enjoy flying them and competing in cutting each other's.

On another occasion, we motored up to the strangely attractive Corcovade Hill to see the statue of Christ, from close by. Mr. J. K. Atal was the leader of the expedition and he excelled himself in driving in the midst of gathering and receding fog. How we enjoyed it all—the mist coming on and covering the statue completely and a few seconds later withdrawing so as to permit us a partial view and then a fuller one. And what shall I say about the bird's eye view of Rio that one gets from the top of Corcovado which itself is over 2,000 feet high?

Another fine view is from the Vista Chinez. One who has seen the beauties of the Bombay Bay as well as those of the exquisite Bay of Naples in Italy, cannot but agree that the one seen from here easily surpasses both. In Rio one quickly exhausts all the adjectives and superlatives as they relate to places of natural beauty.

My window looked out on the Sugar Loaf mountain and therefore, I had the advantage of looking at it almost at all hours of day and night. In glowing sunshine, surrounded in thick fog, amid pouring rain, at the time of twilight, when the lights go up, one gets a different sidelight. To get to the top of the Urca and Sugar Loaf mountain there is an Electrical Cable Railway, and they are both very popular picnic spots.

WEALTH AND POVERTY

Behind all this glitter and splendour, the old problems connected with wealth and poverty confront us

very sharply. Behind the flashy hotels, the gay restaurants, the lovely promenades and the beaches, stand pointedly the slums and hovels of the poor. Rio slums are in a class by themselves. They are mostly located, on hills. From a distance their appearance is quite picturesque, but a closer view is very discouraging. They look like holes in the mountains and one gets to these shanties, by a rough, winding stoney way. These slums are called *favelas*. According to *O Journal*, a daily newspaper in Rio, there are no fewer than 140,000 people in the *favelas*.

Almost the first shock that a visitor gets in Rio is the high cost of living. Most things cost much more than in New York and this surprises one not a little, since New York is one of the most expensive places in the world to live in. The prices of articles of food and clothing are just forbidding and inflation is having a merry time.

For the middle class, whether Government or office workers and for those with small fixed incomes, Rio is not at all a heaven to be in. While the visitors with plenty of foreign currency live surrounded in lavish contentment, stay in bright hotels, eat exclusive food and spend their time on the beaches, at the clubs or theatres or visiting the lovely islands in the harbour or amusing themselves in a hundred other ways, life for the average *carioca*, as the inhabitant of Rio is called, is a hard struggle.

But these disturbing thoughts leave one, specially if one is a casual visitor, if he is aware of them at all. As the evening comes on, the city's innumerable lights go up. A golden necklace of lamps surrounds the promenades. The lights on the top of the Sugar Loaf mountain gleam wistfully. The darkness itself seems to be transformed and the night seems a more dazzling day. When the new day breaks and as one drives along the Flamengo and the Botafogo, Rio again seems a living paradise. Has not Oswaldo Aranha, Brazil's well-known statesman said: Man did much for New York; Nature did much for Rio? —N. P. S. (Copyright).

CAN and should the unrestricted publication of Mahatma Gandhi's writings be checked by the exercise of the laws of copyright which protect the interests of other and lesser authors and their heirs or legatees?

The question arises because of a report from Ahmedabad that an application, signed by Mahatma Gandhi's trusted friend and disciple in the Sabarmati Harijan Ashram, Shree Narhari D. Parikh, has been addressed to the District Magistrate for a probate of the Mahatma's will of which he is the executor.

The document which is described as "Mahatma Gandhi's last will and testament" is said to contain the following words:

"I do not believe I have any property, but I bequeath the copyright of whatever there is in law such as my books and manuscripts, both published and unpublished, to the Navjivan organisation."

The will had been made by Mahatma Gandhi on February 20, 1940, in the presence of his Secretary, Mr. Pyralal and Mr. Kishorilal Mashruwala.

According to this report, "the value of the books and manuscripts has been estimated at Rs. 10,000" which appears to be a gross under-estimate if it covers the entire bulk of the Mahatma's writings. While their real value is, of course, beyond computation in terms of rupees, annas and pies, the writings of the Mahatma should any day fetch a million rupees and not a paltry ten thousand out of which "twenty-five per cent of the realisation of their sale is to be used for the maintenance of the Harijan Sevak Sangh, Mahatma Gandhi's lifelong and monumental work."

EXPLOITING MAHATMA'S NAME

For many years dozens of publishers and editors—including sincere followers of the Mahatma as well as unscrupulous opportunists out to exploit the Mahatma's name for commercial purposes—have been publishing the writings of Gandhiji in

anthologies and collections, in English and the various Indian languages. A whole library can be filled with such volumes. There is no doubt that lakhs of rupees have been earned by editors and publishers by publishing books "by Mahatma Gandhi"—most of them being unauthorised and, often, shabbily put-together collections of his writings and speeches.

It would be in order, therefore, to try to tax such people and realize funds from them for causes and institutions like the Harijan Sevak Sangh. The Government, on the advice of the leading disciples of Gandhiji, should publish a list of institutions to which every publisher must compulsorily be made to donate a certain percentage of royalties on any volume containing the writings of Gandhiji. Those who seek to exploit the hallowed name for making profits for themselves must pay a part of their gains towards furthering causes which were dear to the Mahatma.

And yet I believe that there should be NO COPYRIGHT in respect of any writings of Mahatma Gandhi. Every one everywhere must be free to publish them without any difficulty whatever. **YOU CANNOT TAX THE SUN!**

The fact is that the legal aspect of copyright in the literary works of Gandhiji has to be considered on an entirely different plane than the works of professional writers. Without ascribing any qualities of godhood to the Mahatma, I would say that there should be no copyright in his writings just as there is and can be no copyright in any of the scriptures.

The Bible, the Gita, the Torah, the Quran, the Upanishads and the Vedas are the spiritual heritage of the entire humanity. Not only no individual, but no one nation or country or people, can claim to possess copyright in them. Like the sun or the rain or the air, the wealth of meaning and inspiration in these scriptures is free for all mankind.



Likewise, the copyright in Gandhiji's writings, even if it exists legally, should be waived so that a maximum number of volumes containing the priceless gems of his wisdom are published not only in every part and language of India but also in every country and language of the world.

You cannot put electricity tax on the rays of the sun; nor can you circumscribe and thus restrict the spread of the Gandhian gospel by the exercise of copyright laws, even when they are to be used to help Gandhian institutions like the Harijan Sevak Sangh. The message of the Mahatma is of infinitely greater value to the world than all the institutions for human welfare that he might have started.

A MILLION RUPEES OR TEN MILLION READERS?

When the great Urdu poet, wrote his monumental "Musaddas" on the "Rise And Fall Of Islam," he wished to donate all the royalties (which were then expected to be a few hundred rupees at least) to the Mohamedan Anglo-Oriental College (which later became the Aligarh Muslim University). He wrote to Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, the founder and secretary of the College, offering the copyright. Much to his surprise, however, the offer was refused. "I want you to announce that you have waived the copyright for all time," wrote Sir Syed. "Let as many editions appear as possible. Let children playing in the streets hum it; let even the courtesans sing it."

So the copyright was waived and during the last 35 years, several hundred different editions of the "Musaddas-e-Hali" have appeared—ranging from cheap editions for free distribution to de luxe presentation volumes bound in velvet and priced at five or even ten rupees. If the copyright had been exercised, the University or the poet's children and grandchildren by now might have received a few thousand rupees. In that case only a few authorised editions would have appeared. But, instead, the poet preferred that ten million people should read his classi-

ensure that no one should exploit them for commercial purposes; it might also bring a few thousands or even lakhs to institutions like the Harijan Sevak Sangh; but it would greatly restrict the free sun-like diffusion of Gandhian light and warmth through thousands of editions in every known language of the world. I am sure that the saint who always spurned worldly goods would have preferred not to put any restrictions—or even any price—on his writings.

GANDHIANA

A spate of books about and "by" Gandhiji has appeared during the last year. Biographies, anthologies, collections of anecdotes and quotations, books in prose and books in verse, books on Gandhiji for children, books by such eminent men as Nehru and books by obscure hack-writers, there seems to be no end to them. Even if the quality of writing or editing is deplorable in some cases, still it is gratifying that the word of the Great Spirit is spreading through the printed word.

The truly great and authentic life of Gandhiji has, of course, yet to appear. Perhaps the monumental "Gandhiji" in eight bulky volumes, which my friend D. G. Tendulkar has recently completed after seven years of painstaking labour and which is being printed by the National Herald Press in Lucknow, will be the first biography to do full justice to the amazingly rich and full and varied life and work of the Mahatma. But the inspired work of interpretation and critical appreciation of the Gandhian doctrine has, perhaps, not even been begun.

STOP IT!

I am glad to hear that the Bombay Board of Film Censors has prevailed upon a film producer who had made a well-meaning film glorifying the Gandhian concept of non-violence to change the title of his film from "Mahatma Gandhi Ka Paigham" (Message Of Mahatma Gandhi) to "Aakhri Paigham" (The Last Message). I wish the title of a similar film produced in Calcutta, "Bapu Ne Kaha Tha" (Thus Spake Bapu) had also been changed. Even well-mean-

There are other examples of even grosser exploitation of the people's feelings and sentiments for the "father of the nation". A certain popular film which was passed by the censors juxtaposed the refrain of a song "Jai bolo Mahatma Gandhi ki" with a cheap type of sexy, hip-swaying dance. In another romantic film, one of the characters dreams of going to heaven and there invokes the spirit of Mahatma which is depicted as casting its blessed shadow on India—mercifully the censors deleted the scene. On many advertisements (and not of films only) the beloved face and figure of Gandhiji are used to attract the attention of the public to the advertised product. All such commercial exploitation of Gandhiji's name and figure must be immediately stopped by public opinion and governmental action.

A CORRECTION

In last week's "Azad Qalam" a serious mistake crept into the reference to Bhagat Singh's comrades. It was not B. K. Dutt who was hanged along with Bhagat Singh but Sukhdeo. I greatly regret the error.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

BAPU KO NA BACHA SAKA (I Could Not Save Bapu), in Hindi by Doctor Jagdishchandra Jain, M.A., Ph.D., published by Jagran Sahitya Mandir, Benares (Price: Rs. 2) is, in some respects, the most sensational book to be published for many months. Doctor Jain, a professor in a Bombay college, was one of the most important witnesses in the Mahatma Gandhi Murder Trial, and the strictures passed by the Judge, Shree Atmcharan, against the negligence of the Bombay Police were mainly based on his evidence. The significance of Professor Jain's evidence lay in the fact that he had received hint of the conspiracy from one of the accused, Madanlal, and had passed on the information to the highest authorities in Bombay as soon as the news of the bomb outrage was published—i.e. full nine days before the fatal assault was made by Godse!

Ahmednagar and of his association with prominent Hindu Mahasabhis, how he hinted at the possibility of his friends making an attack on the Mahatma's life, and how Professor Jain tried to convey this vital information to the authorities—specially his frantic attempts to contact the Minister of the Bombay Government after the bomb outrage, and to impress upon them the urgency of the situation. Here is the story of an honest citizen's strenuous efforts to save the father of the nation—efforts which, alas, failed. No one who reads it can fail to be touched by the fateful poignance of it. If only Professor Jain's frantic warnings had been heeded....

Incidentally, while describing the talks he had with Madanlal, the author provides a glimpse of the type of perverted mind that could participate in such a diabolical conspiracy. It is a book which is not merely sensational; it is also thought-provoking. It is appropriate that an English translation is also in the press and will soon be published.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"WASHINGTON: Mr. Winston Churchill talked with America's foremost officials at a reception and dinner at the British Embassy where the war-time Prime Minister met Ambassadors of the British Commonwealth, British Military Mission Chiefs, members of the United States Cabinet and leaders of the Armed Services.

"NEW YORK: Mr. Winston Churchill eluded about 500 chanting pickets outside the Hotel Ritz Carlton when he arrived to attend a dinner given by Mr. Henry Luce, publisher of "Life" magazine. The pickets, who represented the American Labour Party, carried signs and chanted: "Churchill Wants War: We Want Peace"—P.T.I.—Reuter.

"NEW DELHI:

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NEW DELHI: Mr. Mohanlal Saxena, Minister of State for Relief and Rehabilitation, estimated that there were still above 8,00,000 displaced persons living in government camps."

"NEW DELHI: Wheat was sold at Rs. 28 a maund in Patna and rationed wheat at Rs. 13 in Poona and Bombay in October and Novem-

ber 1948. Rice was sold at Rs. 45 a maund at Ajmer and Rs. 11 in Madras and Bezwada during the same period. This information was given by Mr. Jairamdas Daulatram, Food Minister, in reply to a question in Parliament today."

"MADRAS: Women in the Madras province may, in future, be appointed to posts of Deputy Tahsildars." —News items.

THE FUTURE OF URDU

By BAROO

THE Prime Minister's spirited plea for a more sensible attitude towards that magnificent language which has become an anathema to most Indians merely because Muslims take a pride in it, has received less attention than it deserves. I had the pleasure of listening to his speech at the Bengali Literary Conference in New Delhi the other day, and though he made many excellent points, I thought that his bold defence of Urdu constituted the most significant part of the address. It was in no spirit of apology or of patronage that Pandit Nehru spoke that evening. He pointed out, and this is a fact which is all too rarely realised, that Urdu is a completely indigenous product of India, of India even as it is today after partition. It is a language that is not used anywhere outside the sub-continent, has nothing pan-Islamic about it, and was evolved during centuries of fruitful cultural contact between Hindus and Muslims in the region that lies between Delhi and Lucknow. That region was the cradle of this great language, and is still the only place where it is spoken by the people. Pandit Nehru raised a laugh when he pointed out that Pakistan had in fact chosen a foreign language when it decided to make Urdu its lingua franca. The Punjabis did not speak it, neither did the Sindhis nor the Pathans; as for the Bengalis, who constitute the majority of Pakistan's population, the audience at the Bangla Sammelan knew only too well, what language they preferred!

But if Pakistan has taken to Urdu because it is associated in the popular mind with Muslim dominance in the Delhi of days gone by, and because it is the language in which their philosopher-poet Iqbal, albeit a Punjabi, first inspired them to energy, that is no reason why Indians should deny themselves the abounding rich heritage that it contains. Not only do we owe it to the forty odd millions of Muslims who are still within our fold, to keep alive the language they have so much reverence for, but also to the millions of non-Muslims who revel in its beauty, and sometimes know no other written language.

I am thinking particularly of the refugees from West Pakistan. Urdu has long been the language of literacy in the Punjab and the N.-W.F.P. While the spoken languages of these provinces are Punjabi and Pushtu respectively, the language of their courts, their schools, their newspapers and their books has always been Urdu. The Hindu might happen to know a little Hindi, the Sikh more often Gurmukhi (written Punjabi in which the Sikh scriptures are written) and the Muslim might conceivably have a smattering of Arabic, by way of rendering, each unto their God, what was due to Him, but the rendering unto Caesar was in every case in Urdu. In the streets and on the roads, and on the railway stations, the sign-boards were in Urdu if they were not in English. Then came the partition and Urdu was threaten-

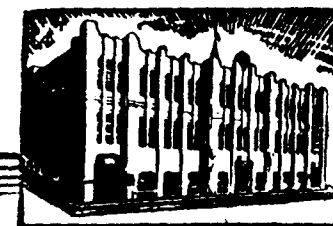
ed with sudden disuse as the language of a hatred people.

But a rich and virile language cannot be killed in a day, and communal passions do not last for ever. True, All India Radio began blaring forth a lingo that was Hindustani only in name, the U. P. Government began publishing its Official Gazette in Sanskritised Hindi, the E. P. Railway obliterated all its Urdu name-boards and notices, and the E. P. Government declared Hindi and Gurmukhi to be compulsory qualifying languages for its employees. True also that nobody heeded Gandhiji's advice that Hindustani in both the Hindi and the Urdu scripts should be the lingua franca of the country, and that even today in an Urdu-knowing province like East Punjab the controversy is between Hindi and Gurmukhi and the word Urdu is never mentioned. But it is also true, happily, that the old vernacular newspapers of Lahore, both Hindu and Sikh, both Mahasabha-ite and Akali,

are being published from new centres still in Urdu, the language of their readers. Also, court language in the East Punjab is still Urdu, and is likely to remain so for a long time.

However, it is clear that at least in the official field, Urdu is fighting what is at best a losing battle. Sooner or later, its place will be taken by Hindi, even in East Punjab. But that will not mean its end as a language of literature. Chances are, it will flourish more than ever before, once the suspicions of doubting Hindus and Sikhs are disarmed by its quitting the contest for lingua-franca-ship. When learning the Sanskritised Hindi that is being foisted on the country as its new common language becomes a matter of duty and therefore a headache, millions of people in the north will turn to a language they do not have to learn, and they will turn to it for pleasure and escape. History has shown time and again that repression never succeeds in such matters.

(ESTD:



1907)

Branches and Sub-Offices in all the important places in the Madras Presidency and in Bombay.

Issued & Subscribed Capital	Rs. 72,00,000
Reserve Fund	" 62,00,000
Paid-up Capital	" 53,00,000

ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.
HEAD OFFICE, INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
NORTH BEACH ROAD, MADRAS.

* A MATTER OF TIME *

Short Story

By R. A. Raman

I do not suppose that there is any really satisfactory explanation for these things. Such things raise a fundamental questions, of whether we can be really sure of anything in this world. Nevertheless, I am sure they must be happening to people everywhere, though I hope for their own good, only rarely. The incident I am about to relate has been haunting me ever since it happened more than two years ago and I am writing this really in the hope that one of my readers may have had a similar experience and have arrived at some plausible conclusion about the meaning of it all.

It happened a little more than two years ago. It is possible that I was then in the right mental frame for such an experience. I do not know. At that time I was in a mood of quiet dejection that usually follows the end of a prolonged task. I had just finished a book and I had nothing more to do. The proofs had been corrected. My publishers were satisfied. The cover had been designed, the biographical note approved. And I had nothing more to do with the book. The 97,000 words were with the printers. The book would appear in the shops in a month and its success or otherwise would depend on two inscrutables, fate and the reading public.

These periods of dejection are necessary in an author. They are even good. They prepare him for his next assignment. He begins to think of his next book since he may not think of his last one. He begins work on his new book if only to preserve his sanity. On all previous occasions I had turned to good use these spasms of depression. My publishers had helped me in this. I went to China after my second book. My third and fourth books had been the result. After that I had formed the habit of running away after each book. This

time I decided to proceed to a South Indian village as my publishers had suggested that I write something rural, something Hardian, very rustic, with great quantities of mud and straw and cow-dung on every page, I naturally chose the village in which I owned some lands and a house.

I do not spring from a village. I am uninterestingly urban in origin and outlook. Yet this particular village has played a prominent part in my life. In my growing years I had been in the habit of spending a part of my summer holidays there. Later as I grew up and inherited the lands and the house from my grand-father I had been forced to visit the place, though these visits became more and more infrequent as the years passed. But part of me had been formed in that village. Part of me was of that village. I had learnt swimming there. Grandfather had taught me that art by throwing me in the well and jumping in after me. I had also learnt my first bad words in that village. These two events went back a long period in time, years and years ago, when I was nine. It was in that village that I had learnt the virtue of humility. A very hoary sub-tenant of ours had helped me learn it with the aid of a short switch of casurina, when on a certain occasion I had been, in my town manner, cheeky to him. Grandfather had looked on, nodding his head approvingly and commenting that he had often wished he had done the same thing himself.

As I got down from the train and a little later loaded my rather too heavy box in the waiting cart I recaptured a little of the timber of the old days. We took the same route to the village that I had taken often years before. Grandfather had driven the cart in those days. A fine cart it had been too, the only one in the village with a hood and the one that had been borrowed by the munsif

every time the collector had come on his inspection tours. On the way grandfather would point out the various landmarks and explain what they were and in some cases, to whom they belonged. That copse to the left of the station belonged to the Government. There had been a panther there once. A police officer had come and shot it. That had been two years before the war, the first war. Another topic that grandfather never tired of was the road that was to be built from the station to the village. The main road was two miles from the village and as far back as I can remember the rumour had always been that the Government were about to build a connection road to the village. As grandfather and in fact everyone in the village used to say, the road was coming.

It was nearly twelve years since I had been to my village, in fact ever since I had taken to writing as a profession. As we made our way to the village in that creaky cart I thought of those twelve years. More had happened to me in those twelve years than in any other period of my life. I had achieved my ambition of seeing my writings in print. Those 12 years had changed me and I could not be sure if for the better. Was I any wiser than I had been? Was I more experienced, though I had certainly had more experiences? The village that I was approaching with every turn of the wheel had not changed. It had stood still while I had rushed madly on. In a way, both of us, the village and I had done different things with our time. I had squandered mine while the village had kept its. But, could one do such things with Time? Convention had it that Time was a unidirectional thing, that it had to move on and on, that there was no help for Time, that it could not stop moving. Was convention wrong about this as about many other things? Were all ideas about this phenomenon wrong? These days one heard of Time being described as being linear, circular, and any other geometrical shape that caught the fancy of the dilettante. Was it any of these? We knew so little of the things of this world that really mattered, fundamentals like Time. Was Time like a line along which we moved?

More importantly, could we move about this line in both directions? Was there a method of going back in Time except through the unsatisfactory medium of memory? Perhaps there was. Perhaps I was doing just that with each turn of the wheel that was bringing me nearer to the village. Or again, was it all different? Was it like a row of numberless rooms all opening towards the same corridor, each room a cell, a unit in Time? You went into one of the rooms, did, felt, experienced what you had to, what had been ordained, that which you for all your ideas of will and influence and ego could not help doing, that which *had* to happen. Then you moved on to the next room and then from room to room. If so, what would happen if you went back to one of the rooms you had already been to? Would not all that happened before happen again? Could there be any help for it? And another problem. What would you be, participant or spectator? Or perhaps both, being endowed with a sort of forward memory just as you possessed a backward memory now. The world's best brains have pondered over these questions and it was presumptuous of me with my little mind to try to solve the riddles. But that day, with the dusk falling fast over the rude cart track, with the village tank in the distance beyond, appearing like a thin strip of silver, I could not help these thoughts.

It was quite dark when I reached the village. The two women who looked after my house and lands were waiting for me at the head of the street. When his health was failing grandfather had sent for two poor relations of his, two widowed women, mother and daughter, to keep house for him and look after the lands. After his death I had continued the arrangement and on those occasions when I came to the village the two women looked after my needs. We now entered the house together. They had kept the water hot for me and after a bath and dinner I went straight to bed.

This village of mine is a very small village, with less than a hundred households. There are only nine houses belonging to my community

near the old banyan tree. The first morning after my arrival I started out of the house to perform an unavoidable social duty, to call at each one of those nine houses. I was not very enthusiastic about it and if I could have done so I would have avoided it. But there was no help for it. In the first house, next the temple, lived the munsif of the village and that was my first place of call. The old munsif was dead and his son was in his place. This son and myself had been close friends once. Years and years ago, on those summer holidays we had been inseparable companions. We had always gone swimming together. He and I had climbed the little hill near the fields innumerable times, together. He had always been the dominant personality. He knew his way around. I did not. He was the expert, I the fumbler. He was the villager, he was the village. I was the stranger. He had taught me how to catch dragonflies and make them pick up stones. He had been my preceptor. In many ways he was my superior. He had once seen a naked woman and as a favour had described her to me. With all the shy crudity of precocious adolescence he had explained to me the secret that lay between the sexes. Now when I called at his house he came to the door to receive me. We sat down on the raised stone seat outside. We could not find words to greet each other. We had nothing to say to each other. I realised with a shock who my youthful preceptor had been. Was it possible that once long ago the man now before me had seemed to me someone to be admired, envied? I looked again at the man in front of me. His clothes were yellowish the result of daily washings in the tank without soap or soda. I had always somehow had the impression that he was tall. Now I found that he hardly came up to my chin. His sunken eyes looked shiftily at me, unable to bridge the gulf that lay between us with a familiar look. Both of us felt extremely uncomfortable. His wife, a faded woman worn by hard work and repeated child-bearing brought me a cup of coffee. I learnt that my friend

I did not have to call at the next two houses. The two families were waiting outside on the stone steps, apparently expecting me. Here I felt more at ease as they were all old people and I had known them only slightly even in the old days. There were no young men or women in the two houses. In the mood of the times they had all gone to the cities to earn a living. I exchanged a few remarks with the old people and then moved on. The next house was my own. I called at my neighbour's. A young girl, married as I could see from her dress, answered me. She was new to me. I learnt that she was the wife of the son of the house. Nobody was at home. Her husband had gone to the veterinary doctor in the market town with a sick calf. The father was in the fields.

I felt that I had done enough visiting for that day. I retraced my steps and came home. Reclining in the canvas-backed deck chair I soon fell asleep. It was five o'clock in the afternoon when I woke up. I did not get up from the chair. Within the house and without, it was quiet, even peaceful. Here was the place, now the time for me to collect my scattered thoughts, arrange my ideas and work off this depression. If I could not do that here I could not do that anywhere. I looked around the room. Everywhere were reminders of olden times, of days that had gone. On the little table by my side lay a diary of the year 1911. I had seen grandfather use it as his account book. Everything was old, mellowed, except a calendar which was new, of that year. It was one of those traditional abominations after Ravi Varma. I started suddenly when I saw it. It had reminded me of a grave error of omission that I had committed that morning. I had forgotten to call on the most important person in the village, the person whom I should have called on first. I had not called on the Old Woman of the Last House.

The Old Woman, more than any one else, was entitled to my attentions. For a time she had played such a big part in my life. Once she had been very important to me. More than

special request of my father. She stayed my nurse for a very long time. Till the time I was ten she administered to me the weekly dose of castor oil. Then she had gone back to the village. But to her I continued to be the child she had reared and helped to grow. On all those visits of mine to the village I had always spent long hours in her house. I also fell into the habit of bringing her something on each of these visits to the village, though she had never asked for anything. Only once, just before my last visit, had she written to me for something. She had wanted a calendar, one with a picture of the Lord seated on the Garuda. I had brought it along with me when I came to the village a few days after receiving her letter. I remember the day I gave it to her very well. She had asked me to fix it up on the wall and I had done so. It was the middle of June then and I had torn off the first sheets of the calendar and she had used them to light the fire. After that I had called on her every day till I left. She could roast ground-nuts as nobody else can and every day I ate a lot of them. All that had been twelve years before. She had been old even then, nearing eighty if anything. She had been hard of hearing for sometime and recently her eyes had begun to fail her. Yet she lived alone, cooked her own meals and looked after herself.

I arose from the chair feeling very guilty. That morning I had just glanced in the direction of her house without thinking and had seen the shut door. She always kept it shut. She had a horror of street dogs getting in and upsetting her food vessels. She rarely, if ever, came out of the house. She had no call to. Hers was the one house in our street that had a well within the house. All the other houses had their wells near the cowsheds across the street. Anyway she never moved about much.

I came out into the street. It was deserted. I hurried to the house at the bottom of the street. When I arrived there I found the door shut as before. I tried it. It was not bolted.

I had given her twelve years before. She had not used it as a calendar, for the page for the month of June was still there, on top. I was not surprised. She had wanted that calendar for the picture, above, not the dates below. I looked around the single room of the house. Then I saw her. She was seated in front of the fire, roasting ground-nuts in a pan. She had not heard me come in as she did not turn around to greet me. For a minute I was afraid that she would not recognize me. It had been such a long time, I had changed so, and she was so very old. I had a mad impulse to run out of that house before she saw me. Then she turned towards me and smiled and my fears were dispelled. She called me by my name and I approached her and sat down beside her. She took the pan out of the fire and transferring the nuts to the shell of a coconut handed the shell to me. We began conversing. I was aware at once that her mind had wandered. She seemed unaware of the long years that we had not seen each other. She talked as if I had been to see her just the previous day. I decided not to correct her but to humour her. It was so sad to see her there, so old and withered, hard of hearing and poor of sight, but carrying on as if nothing was wrong. She remarked that it was a very nice calendar that I had brought for her. I nodded in agreement.

We talked for perhaps half an hour. Then I took my leave. I came back to my house and sat down on the swing seat. The mother and daughter were there. It was still too early for dinner though I was feeling hungry even after the ground-nuts. I began recounting to the two women my conversation with the Old Woman in the last house. I was surprised at their reaction to what I was saying. The daughter hastily left the room and went into the kitchen. The mother listened on in stony silence, without comment or change of expression. I felt annoyed. It seemed such an unreasonable reaction. But perhaps there was a reason. The two might have quarrelled with the old

woman. They may not have spoken to her for years. These things happened so often in a small community of people. I remembered that grandfather had once quarrelled with the old munsif and the two had not spoken to each other for seven years.

I had planned to stay for some time in the village, but a telegram from my young brother changed my plans. It was a little over a year since I had last seen him and as in the meantime he had acquired a wife I was anxious to see him. I packed my things.

The cart was at the door. I loaded my box and climbed in. The mother and daughter were standing near. They looked troubled. It was apparent that they wanted to tell me something but could not decide which of them was to do it. At last it was

the mother who came forward. She was trembling as if she was under the cold shadow of some nameless fear. Then she said something which at a stroke destroyed all my ideas about life and reality, about the world and men, all the ideas of time and place, of everything in fact, each premise, each dictum, each tested aphorism that I had formed, gathered in a lifetime.

"You see," she began, "we did not want to upset you. That is why we said nothing. But now that you are going away you should know. When you talked about the Old Woman yesterday...."

She stopped as if unable to proceed. Then as if she could not bear the burden of her secret any longer, she continued, speaking very rapidly:

"You see, she died three years ago."

—E—

While the letter E is used far more frequently than any other in English words, it is employed even more often in several other languages. For example, in every 1,000 words, this letter occurs 591 times in English, 678 in Spanish, 850 times in French and 988 times in German.

THE VANGUARD INSURANCE CO., LTD. THE VANGUARD FIRE AND GENERAL INSURANCE CO., LTD.

Head Office: MADRAS.

Transacts

LIFE	FIRE	MOTOR
ACCIDENT	WORKMEN'S	MISCELLANEOUS,
MARINE	COMPENSATION	ETC., ETC.

Liberal Policy Conditions, Moderate Premiums and Low Expense Ratio have carried VANGUARD POLICIES to every place.

Branches & Agencies:—ALL OVER INDIA, CEYLON & F. M. S.

H. D. RAJAH,
General Manager.



BOOKS & AUTHORS



Social Background Of Indian Nationalism. By A. R. Desai. Oxford University Press, 1948. Price Rs. 20.

Among the forces that have given shape and form to the modern world is nationalism. Though it had its birth in Europe it spread itself over all the continents in the course of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and has been responsible for the disintegration and overthrow of a number of empires in the West as well as in the East. Even today though its dangers are increasingly recognised and though a great writer on political science regards it as a curse it has not lost its original strength. In some areas it is, on the other hand, gaining in vigour, vitality and momentum.

In India, as in so many other countries in the world, it has in the course of the last sixty years become an explosive and succeeded in destroying the British imperial rule. In pre-British India nationalism—political as distinguished from cultural—was absent. It emerged slowly as a result of various changes brought about directly or indirectly by British rule. In this book, Dr. Desai has undertaken the task of reviewing the history of British rule with a view to analysing the nature of these changes and the way in which they gave birth to nationalism.

Nationalism has a destructive and a constructive aspect. In India it created a sense of political unity among a large number of sections of the people even though there was so much of diversity among them due to the caste system, religious and linguistic differences and economic cleavage. This is its constructive aspect. As a result of this the people resented the continuance of foreign rule and brought about a revolution leading to the overthrow of British imperialism. This is its destructive aspect.

From his broad and comprehensive survey of the changes wrought by the British in the field of agriculture, handicrafts, urban industries, trade and commerce, Dr. Desai comes to the conclusion that almost all classes of people became dissatisfied with the nature of British administration. The system of education introduced by them led to the growth of professional classes who also grew discontented owing to their being denied full opportunity for development. Contact, however, with the British and with the Western scientific outlook, liberalised the minds of the educated classes and made them undertake a crusade against

caste, untouchability and superstition. This in its turn promoted a sense of unity among the people.

All this process is described by Dr. Desai in great detail and his painstaking effort in this respect is highly commendable. But there are certain other features in his book which show that his approach to the subject is not as objective as it ought to be and that his interpretations are one-sided and narrow. This is mainly due to the fact that he has tried to read the history of India—ancient, medieval and modern—from the orthodox Marxist standpoint. Even in respect of European history which Marx had in mind when he first propounded his theories, this interpretation has been found to be not quite satisfactory. It is much more so in the case of India. The result is that in several places Dr. Desai's views appear to be distorted. This also accounts for the peculiar way in which he interprets progress. The destruction of the old village economy is regarded by him as a sign of progress even though he himself says that it has resulted in the impoverishment of the peasants, the ruin of handicrafts and several other evils associated with the ruralisation of the country. This is also responsible for his repetition of the Marxian view that nationalism is a by-product of capitalism and his ignoring the fact that there was nationalism in Europe even in the pre-capitalistic age. Equally controversial are his views regarding the absence of private property in land in the pre-British periods. How exactly such a view will fit in with grants of land to village artisans is a point that has to be further elucidated.

In spite of this defective approach, Dr. Desai's book is of great value for the large amount of information it furnishes and for the vigour and force with which he expresses his ideas.

Mahatma Gandhi: By H. S. L. Polak, H. N. Brailsford and Lord Pethick-Lawrence. With a Foreword by Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. (Published by Odhams Press Limited, Long Acre, London. Price 12sh. 6d.)

Gandhiji did not consciously seek the role of a world prophet. On the contrary, one's duty to one's immediate neighbours was a ruling principle of his life. Defining on one occasion the meaning of Swadeshi, he said: "Swadeshi is that spirit within us which restricts us to the use and service of our immediate surroundings, to the exclusion of the

more remote. Thus (1) in the matter of religion I must restrict myself to my ancestral religion. If I find my religion defective, I should serve by purging it of its defects. (2) In the domain of politics I should make use of the indigenous institutions, and serve them by curing them of their proved defects. (3) In the field of economics I should use only those things that are produced by my immediate neighbours, and serve those industries by making them efficient."

Yet, though he worked among and addressed himself primarily to Indians only, the impact of the Mahatma's life and teaching was not confined to his own country. The best and most sensitive minds all over the world, with perhaps the dreary exception of Soviet Russia, have recognised in him the greatest and noblest character of our time. The volume under notice is a moving testimony to this recognition.

There have been other and excellent estimates of Gandhiji by foreign writers. But the present biography has a unique value and significance. All three writers belong to the nation which ruled over India until the other day and against whose rule Gandhiji was the arch rebel. Yet they were close friends and helpers of the Mahatma over many decades. His influence was such that the paradox ultimately came to be reflected even in the official behaviour of the ruling nation.

Britain's surrender of her control over India has been acclaimed as a unique event in the history of empires. The more or less voluntary character of the transfer of power does indeed justify the praise that the Labour Government has won (even as it accounts for the chagrin of Churchill and his like at the "scuttle"). If, in abdicating her rule gracefully, Britain behaved strangely for an imperial power, it was due to the no less unusual character of the Indian nationalist movement led by Gandhiji. The adoption of non-violent means and the constructive programme, imperfect and little more than tactical though it was in the case of the majority of Congressmen, gave the movement a moral sanction which no nation as civilised as the British could resist for very long.

Significant as is this effect of the mass movement fashioned by Gandhiji, the deepest and most fruitful impact of his mission is evidenced not by institutional changes, but by the new values and way of life to which he converted individual men and women. "No one truly understands the life and thought of Mahatma Gandhi," Lord Pethick-Lawrence says in the concluding chapter of the book, "who imagines that the emancipation of India from foreign rule was the main purpose of his life, or that its attainment was his greatest contribution to the land of his birth.... it was the moral emancipation of

his countrymen and countrywomen from the sins of sloth, cowardice, malice and uncharitableness that was his overriding passion." Political freedom, as Gandhiji saw it, would be the inevitable by-product of the moral regeneration of a people.

The story of Gandhiji's discovery, for himself, of the elements of this moral regeneration, and his experiments with their social application, is faithfully and admirably related in this biography. It is divided into three sections. The first section covers the "early years," from Gandhiji's boyhood to 1914, when he returned to India from South Africa. Appropriately, this section is written by H. S. L. Polak who was among his closest friends and the chief deputy of Gandhiji during the momentous first experiments with Satyagraha in South Africa. The second section, the longest, covers the "middle years" and is written by H. N. Brailsford, the most distinguished of the champions of Indian freedom in British journalism. He personally witnessed in India many aspects of the civil disobedience campaign and the constructive programme which he discusses. The thread of events from 1937 is taken up by Lord Pethick-Lawrence in the final section of the book covering the "last years." As leader of the Cabinet Mission of 1946 which facilitated the transfer of power, Lord Pethick-Lawrence is familiar to the Indian public. It is perhaps not so widely known that he had already met and made the friendship of Gandhiji many years before coming to India on his official mission.

All the three writers are, therefore, as familiar with the details of their theme as they are close to it in spirit. The chapters by Polak are remarkable for the moving simplicity and directness of the narrative which is suffused with the spirit of entire identification with Gandhiji's own outlook. These chapters recreate something of the atmosphere of "My Experiments with Truth."

It is a different matter when we come to the second section of the book. Here, a fine modern mind familiar with the new horizons opened up by modern science and psychology, and by no means predisposed in favour of any austere saintliness, is confronted with the challenge of the practising moral philosopher. The response to the challenge, after a searching critical examination of the saint's teaching, is surrender. Brailsford's pages convey the peculiar charm and validity of this critical devotion. Naturally, such devotion does not mean the literal acceptance of all aspects of the Mahatma's teaching. Strong doubts persist on certain points, and the consideration of some others remains inconclusive. And who would expect or desire it to be otherwise? The teaching of any saint or prophet contains, in addition to its core of

permanent truth, many specific injunctions, and taboos whose value, if any, might only be relative to the circumstances of time and place in which they were formulated. The weight of orthodoxy and dogma makes it difficult enough to distinguish the permanent from the merely historical elements in the teaching even of saints who lived long ago and who can therefore be studied in proper perspective. The task is next to impossible when the saint is a contemporary. Yet it has to be attempted. Thus Brailsford has his doubts regarding some aspects of the way of life recommended and exemplified by Gandhiji. His expression of these doubts, being thought-provoking, is valuable for all earnest students of the Mahatma's life.

Discussing Gandhiji's deliberate reduction of physical wants to a minimum, Brailsford writes: "One bows with respect before the austerity which can be content with this extreme simplicity. But is it wholly admirable? This Indian road to God narrows and empties the universe. It achieves unity too easily by omission." Again, what are we to make of Gandhiji's views on such an important matter as the relationship between the sexes. He held that sexual intercourse is morally permissible only for the express purpose of procreating children. Would it be possible, or psychologically healthy, for the generality of men and women to live according to this rule? "Our attitude," says Brailsford speaking for Europeans, "is instinctively positive. To choose what is worthy and disdain what is mean—this we must do. But we see no virtue in abstinence as an ideal."

The last section of the biography is the least satisfying. Inevitably so perhaps, since most of the space is taken up by Lord Pethick-Lawrence's summary (admirably lucid in itself) of the complicated turns taken by the political situation in India during and after the war. He makes the striking observation that though "Gandhi had been one of the last of the statesmen to acquiesce in the settlement (based on partition of the country)" yet he came to be in the forefront of the struggle to enable that settlement to function without disaster. "He left to the politicians the task of creating the apparatus of government in the new Dominions and of devising and conducting their internal and foreign policy. He set himself the task of steadying the psychological reaction of the mass of the people." His life was a complete and finished symphony. And his death, as it came, was a fitting culmination of almost eighty years of dedication to a labour of love.

The Teaching Of Music. By Prof. P. Sambamoorthy, B.A., B.L. Copies available at the Indian Music Publishing

House, 4, Bunder Street, Madras.
Price Rs. 5.

The democratization, in recent years, of the art of music, which was for centuries the valued possession of a privileged few, has created many problems of varying magnitude and character in the realm of music in general and in regard to musical pedagogy in particular. The Gurukula system, unquestionably the best method of imparting accumulated musical wisdom and which had stood the test of time, had to give way to the class room. If the various music courses now conducted by our training schools and colleges are to be successful in giving the pupils the correct type of musical education instead of making them "get up a number of pieces without either method or discrimination and rehearse them without understanding or feeling," music teaching will have to be carefully planned and this in turn calls for properly trained teachers. And a course in musical pedagogy is absolutely essential for those who wish to take to the teaching of music in schools and colleges.

"The Teaching of Music" is the first publication of its kind in the history of musical education in South India. Prof. Sambamoorthy, Head of the Department of Indian Music, University of Madras, and author of the book, needs no introduction to the music world. As a teacher of music for over two decades in different types of institutions, he has done yeoman service in creating a critical sense of appreciation of Carnatic music not only among his students but among the public as well. He is the author of a number of books on music and his publication "South Indian Music" (Books 1 to 4) is the only standard work in English available on the subject. His studies in western music in the University and State Academy of Music at Munich enabled him to publish Indian melodies in staff notation. The Professor's attainments and experience make him eminently qualified for writing a work of this nature.

The book covers in detail every aspect of music teaching. After a general chapter on music and its place in education, the author devotes a long chapter on the qualifications and responsibilities of a music teacher for, as he says, "it will be a pity if a person who is passed off as a qualified music teacher, is not conversant with even the fundamentals of music theory and practice." A very interesting experiment has been made in the chapter on visual aids to the teaching of music by presenting certain chosen ragas in the form of svara and svarasthana graphs showing the pitch vertically and aksharakala horizontally. Other useful subjects dealt with at length in the book include extra-curricular activities, musical appreciation, musical tests and competitions.

and the vexing question of a graduated syllabus for pupils.

A musical map of South India has been appended as also two illuminating papers by the author, one on the "History of Indian Music" and the other on "Evolution of Scales". The statement made by him in the latter article that the Tamil pann Sadari is the modern Pantuvarali could have been corrected in this work as he has identified the pann with Devagandhari in his edition of Tyagaraja's "Nowka Charitram." The book is well-printed in small but clear type and considering the large number of technical

terms used, proof-reading has been done efficiently. The word "Indra Kakaliyam" appearing on page 8 of the Appendix should really be "Indra Kaliyam."

The book, which contains a mine of information for students studying higher courses in music for whom it is intended, will also be found interesting by the music loving public and will amply repay careful perusal. A Tamil edition of the book will be greatly welcomed by the large number of music teachers in South India who are not literate in English.

T. S. P.

IS THERE A PATTERN?

"Men wiser and more learned than I have discovered in history a plot, a rhythm, a predetermined pattern. But these harmonies are concealed from me.

"I can see only one emergency following upon another as wave follows upon wave, only one great fact with respect to which, since it is unique, there can be no generalisation, only one safe rule for the historian; that he should recognise in the development of human destinies the play of the contingent and the unforeseen.

"This is not a doctrine of cynicism and despair. The fact of progress is written plain and large on the page of history; but progress is not a law of nature. The ground gained by one generation may be lost by the next. The thoughts of men may flow into the channels which lead to disaster and barbarism."—H. A. L. FISHER.

TAMIL NEW YEAR SPECIAL OFFER!

WIN Rs. 40,000

EASY TO WIN COMPETITION NO. Q.
ALL CORRECT ANSWERS FIRST PRIZE Rs. 25,000
FOR FIRST 3 FIGURES CORRECT 2ND PRIZE Rs. 10,000

For Contributors of more Coupons Rs. 5,000

Closing date 16-4-49

Result date 27-4-49

ENTRY FEE—Single Coupon Rs. 0-8-0. Three Coupons Rs. 1-0-0.

Three are five squares in this. Write from 5 to 9 in such a way that the total number will be 35. Correct solution is Deposited in the Pudukkottai Union Bank Limited.

35

--	--	--	--	--

As per rules of the Competition any number of coupons may be written on ordinary paper and sent along with the fees. Entrance fees should be sent by Money Order or Postal Order. When sending by M. O. the M. O. receipt should be sent along with the coupons. Coupons received without M.O. receipt will not be accepted. The Manager's decision is final in granting prizes, and binding as per rules. No correspondence will be entertained regarding competition. The price amount will be distributed according to the amount collected. One who requires correct answers and the prize list should enclose 0-1-6 postal stamp along with the coupons. Other rules as usual. Write your address and coupon only in English.

SAIBABA CONCERNS (S. E.)

SANTHANAPURAM

PUDUKKOTTAI, S. I.

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.

Touchy Legislators

The Madras legislators are very touchy about a demy official advice the Premier gave the lady legislator from Krishna not to give scope for officials to complain about her interference in their work. There were some very interesting interpretations of the advice and some members were furious that a Collector's word should have been respected over a legislator's and some were vehement about their honour and their privileges. It all smacks of inferiority complex or is it superiority complex? Anyway the legislators would do well to realise that respect is won by their behaviour but not by indignantly insisting on it. Most of them are well known public men and people know them intimately enough. People know what they are, what they are capable of and what they can be upto. The public do not expect any radical change in them on their becoming legislators. That there had been public and official warnings to legislators and Congressmen not to interfere with the work of the administrative officers from almost all the provinces in India is proof enough of their meddlesomeness. In the face of it, it is amusing when a member challenges the leader of the House for evidence and proof of a single case of such interference. The mercantile community might as well ask for a single proof of blackmarketing. Public opinion does not ask for proofs and evidences. That there is public opinion to a certain effect is in itself proof of its existence. Instead of getting offended and indignant about it the legislators will do well to realize the trust put in them and the honour done to them in electing them to the legislature and so mend their public activities and behaviour as to deserve the trust and honour reposed in them by the public.

MAJOR D. V. RAJA RAO,
M.B., B.S.

Rajahmundry.

Indian and European Dress

Some people would taboo all discussion of the question, namely, "The Relative Merits of the Indian and European Dress," even at the outset, because their point of objection is that there is no need for this discussion, as the dress of the Indians and that of the Europeans are adapted to their own respective social and climatic conditions. Again, some extremists would declare that this debate

will serve no useful purpose, as the Indian dress is suited to the Indians alone, and the European dress to the Europeans only, and that as such one dress cannot be compared with the other and there cannot be, therefore, anything like the relative merits of these two modes of dress. However, if we ponder we can discern one or two advantages—peculiar to each kind of dress.

The very fact that European dress in its original or modified form has come to stay in our land in spite of the vigorous nationalisation set on foot proves that it is not without some advantages. Boys look trim in their shorts and collared half-sleeved shirts. They also feel it a convenient mode of dressing while attending school or playing brisk games.

Girls likewise appear elegant in their frocks.

In the case of adults, the full suit is very convenient for executive work. If a person has to perform field work, pants may give place to the convenient knickerbockers and stockings. The hat is not merely a fashionable head-gear but also a comfortable protection for the head in the hot sun.

Special dress of the western type like the hunting dress, the riding dress, ceremonial dresses and the dinner dress have their respective advantages, though some of the simple-minded Indians may not feel that they are indispensable.

Indian dress also has its own merits. The mode of wearing dhotie and saree is very artistic to look at. It is, at the same time, cheap. Even from the point of view of health, it is good. The Indian way of wearing the saree covers the body decently and sets off the beauty of the person.

We should not lose our individuality and discard our tradition, aping thoughtlessly the westerners. On the contrary, we should discover by means of careful observation or personal experience which mode of European dress possesses greater merit than the Indian fashion and adopt that alone to our advantage.

M. R. G.

Madura.

Two Tongues

The Madras Ministers seem to possess two tongues. While proclaiming the secular nature of the Government they are intensifying the communal propaganda in the administration. On March 1, 1949, the Premier, in delivering a valedictory address at a meeting of the Christian College, Tambaram, declared

that some persons for their own personal ends propagated such distinctions as "Brahmin" and "Non-Brahmin." "Let us all strive to create the consciousness that we are Indians," he said. But these thoughts are not put into action. On the other hand, communal G.O.s. are being intensified. The Ministry seems to be determined to push through the Communal G.O. in spite of the volume of opposition in the Assembly. Brahmin and Non-Brahmin feeling has taken a strong root especially with the Ministers themselves. Unfortunately they are not aware how far they have sown the seeds of communal hatred. The very ideals of Gandhiji and the pledges taken by the Congressites have been thrown to the winds and the Ministers instead of uniting the people and making India an indivisible whole, are dividing them. Recently, one member remarked in the Assembly that he learnt that secret instructions had been issued that so far as one particular community was concerned that the Communal G.O. need not be observed. Why all this secrecy? While other provinces are wiping out communalism, they are strengthening it in Madras.

The other day we read somewhere that in a certain town, bus tickets were issued on communal principles. Who knows, in course of time, these principles may enter the booking offices of railway stations, the cinema theatres and coffee hotels too! Even in cloth shops customers may be asked to mention the community to which they belong. The communal germs let loose by the members of the Government are likely to spread throughout the province. Are the Madras Ministers aware of the consequences of their actions? The communal G.O.s. issued by them tend to divide people. India can never be called a "secular" State so long as such distinctions prevail.

B. N. CHARLU.

Cuddapah.

Reform Of Hindu Society

I am surprised to find opposition for the draft Hindu Code as well as the Endowments Bill of the Madras Ministry. The former gives legal sanction to the actions of the progressive elements of Hindu society. Hinduism is famous for its toleration and in Indain philosophy even the atheist Charvakas were given a respectable status. Those who believe in the orthodox school can still follow their customs without hindering other people who differ from them. There is no harm in reforming the Manu Code. Manu Dharma Sastra is not infalliable. There were many lawgivers like Narada, Vishnu and Sukra and all of them never thought alike.

With reference to the Madras Ministry's Endowments Bill we can give a chance to it and see how it works. Most of the mutts and temples are ill managed and corrupt. They no longer command the respect of the people. Let us give some chance to the popular representatives who try to mend them. If they fail in their endeavour we can repeal the Act through the popular legislature.

G. C. PATTABHIRAM.

Tiruchirappalli.

The Hindu Religious Endowments Bill

The fact that 6 million Hindus have been converted to Christianity during the last fifty years and that conversions from Hinduism are proceeding at the rapid rate of one thousand per day throughout India, as a whole, reflects no credit on our Acharyas and Pandara Sannidhis. If the heads of our religion want to survive, they must serve some useful national purpose. They must come out in the open, give up their cloistered ways and teach and preach to the masses and organise a country-wide religious awakening. Hinduism can no longer be promoted merely by the old methods of meditation, temple worship, festivals and bhajans, as you cannot defend India with bows and arrows in these days of the atom bomb. If it is the object of our Premier to utilise the wealth of Hindu religious endowments to bring spiritual light to every Hindu home and to counteract the menace of alien proselytising missions he is entitled to the co-operation of every patriotic Hindu.

The perils involved in State control can be met only by active propaganda among the masses by the Hindu religious leaders, who must re-assert their right to leadership by unselfish service rendered to the people and by winning their love, confidence, gratitude and devotion.

The H.R.E. Bill is a call and a challenge for all Hindus to think seriously as to how democracy can be guided and controlled, so that it may serve the spiritual ideals of the nation. It is the duty of every Hindu to take active interest in elections and to see that only devoted Hindus with faith in God and in Dharma are elected to the Legislatures. Those who declare that they don't care if Rama rules or Ravana rules, cannot complain if Ravana is elected and he seeks to destroy what Hindus cherish. I hope the Bill will be suitably amended so as to advance the cause of Hindu religion and to maintain the dignity and position of our great Acharyas and Matathipathis and to prevent the abuse of the Act by atheists professing the Hindu faith.

S. SRINIVASA IYER.

T'Nagar.

PAKSHIRAJA STUDIOS

PAVALAKODI

With MAHALINGAM... RAJAKUMARI... VARADAN... SAROJINI...
KRISHNAN... MATHURAM... LALITHA... PADMINI...

Now Running at:

MADRAS

PRABHAT
SUN
SARASWATHI

(Daily 3 Shows at 3, 6-15 & 9-30 p.m.)

MADURA
COIMBATORE

TRICHY
BANGALORE

Kumbakonam
Vellore
Conjeevaram
Pondicherry
Tinnevely
Karaikudi
Tenkasi
Pudukottah
Karur
Chittoor
Mangalore
Quilon
Alleppey
Kottayam
Cannanore
Calicut
Palghat
Mysore

Salem
Erode
Chidambaram
Tanjore
Mannargudi
Dindigul
Virudhunagar
Trivandrum
Ernakulam
Cochin
Trichur
Nagercoil

CHINTAMANI
RAJA
SHANMUGA
WELLINGTON
SHIVAJI
ROOP MAHAL
Diamond
Taj
Raja
Neo Commercial
Rayal
Saraswathi
Bagyalakshmi
Vest
Talkie Talk
Premala
Central
Lakshmi
Seematti
Central
Jawahar
Radha
New
Ganesh
Chamundeswari
Palace
Rajaram
Vaduganathan
New Tower
Champaka
N.V.G.B. Talkies
Central
New Theatre
Menaka
Select
Jos
Krishna & Sri Ram



Directed by SRIRAMULU NAIDU
NARAYANAN Co. Release.

A POST CARD or TELEPHONE CALL

will bring our man to you to solve

Your Printing Problem

be it

MAGAZINE, BOOK, CATALOGUE

or any odd job in

COLOURS OF YOUR CHOICE

ENGLISH & TELUGU

★ Artistic execution

★ Prompt delivery

★ Full satisfaction

We undertake binding work of any kind

★

SWATANTRA PRINTERS,

160, Lloyds Road, Royapettah,

MADRAS.

Phone : 8177

THE ANDHRA BANK LIMITED

Estd : 1923

Head Office :
MASULIPATAM

Paid-up Capital & Reserves
Rs. 34,00,000

Deposits Exceed
Rs. 5,00,00,000

Total Working Funds Exceed
Rs. SIX CRORES

Madras Office: 378, Esplanade,

Thyagarayanagar Office:
81/82, Pondy Bazaar.

Hydapatore Office: 49, Kutchery Road.

CHAIRMAN

S. R. Y. SIVARAMA PRASAD
BAHADUR GARU

Rajah Sahab of Challapalli

MANAGING DIRECTOR

Sri Tadepally Sriramulu Garu

Branches & Sub-Offices all over
the Northern Circars.

All kinds of Banking Business
transacted.

London Agents:
MESSRS. BARCLAYS BANK LTD.

For Particulars:

K. VARNASY,

Please apply to any Office of the Bank
M.A., B.Com., LL.B., C.A.L.B.,
General Manager.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 10

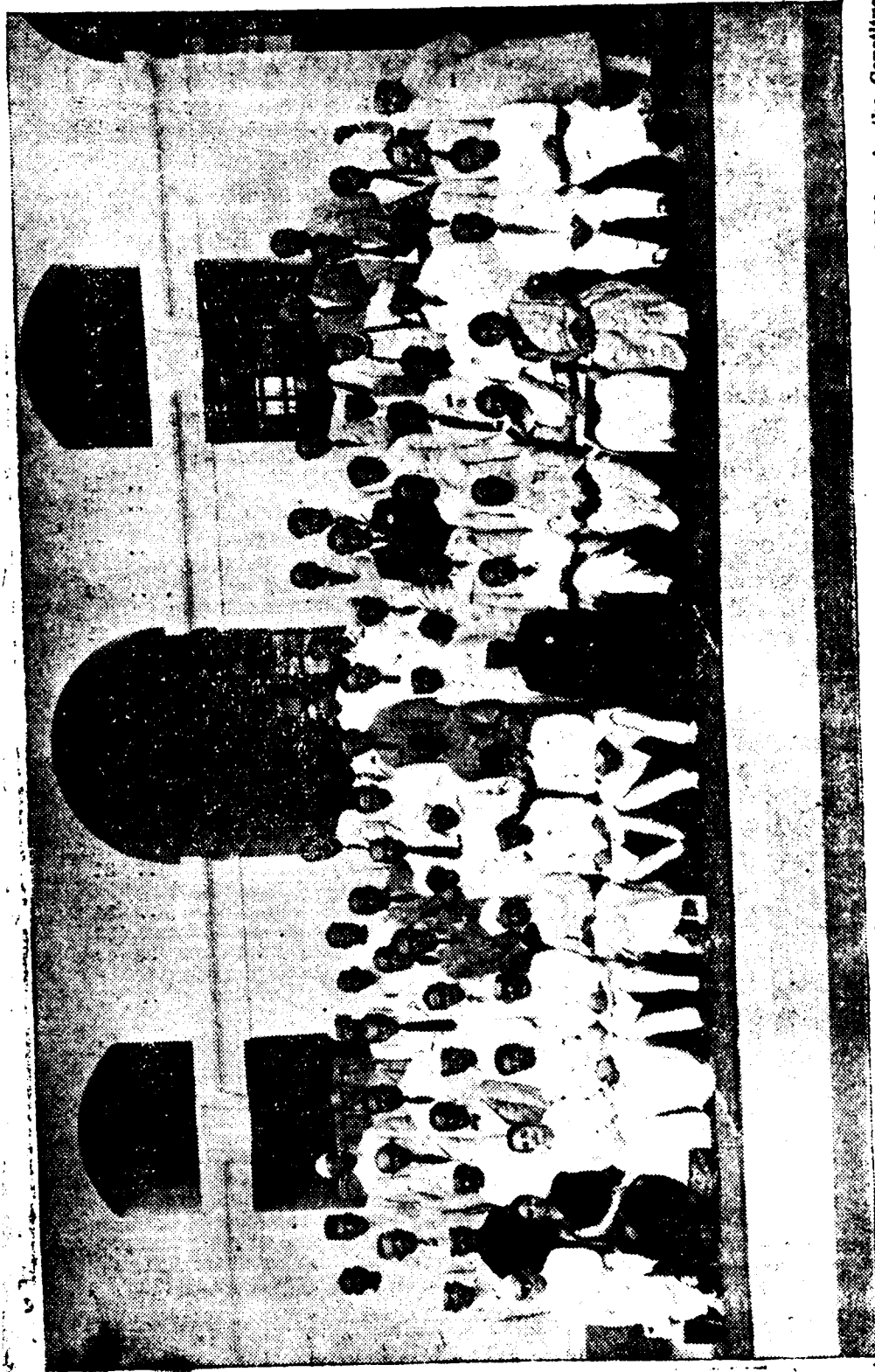
SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Ethel Mannin	
Frontispice	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara	7
Sidelights—By Saka	9
The Coom Overflowed—By S. Parthasarathy	11
Ethel Mannin—By Santha	13
Germany In The European Balance —By Wickham Steed	17
An Anxious Hour—By M. S. —Kalyanasundaram	19
Behind The Karen Revolt—By Rajee Saran	21
Irrigation Projects In Malabar —By "Soil Conservationist."	23
Perfect Race Equality In Brazil —By Yusuf J. Meherally	24
Use Of National Talent —By 'Nambs'	27
Plight Of Small Producers —By K. G. Sivaswamy	29
Rajahmundry: Through Fifty Years—By Prof. P. R. Krishnaswami	31
India At The Crossroads (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	34
My Aunt Ammanna—By Bhikku	38
Neglect Of Higher Education	40
"All Is Fair"—Short Story—By V. K. Ranganatha Rao	43
Parliamentary Politics In East Punjab—By "Baroo"	46
Letters	48

AGENTS WANTED

**WHOLESALE MAGAZINE SUB-
SCRIPTION AGENTS** wanted
to handle our complete line of
American Magazines and Greeting
Cards. Must be capable. No capi-
tal required. Excellent opportunity.
Write Airmail to Cassell Publishers
Service WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY,
U.S.A.



The first meeting of the Indian National Commission for co-operation with U.N.E.S.C.O. was inaugurated by Pandit Nehru in the Constituent Assembly Hall, Council House, New Delhi on the 9th April, 1949. Group photo shows Pandit Nehru, Maulana Azad, Dr. Bhatnagar, Shrimati Kewala, Devi Chatteropadhyaya, Pt. V. K. Menon, Mr. Radhakrishnan, with other delegates.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 10

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

FALLACY IN THE JVP REPORT

THE Jawaharlal-Vallabhbhai-Pattabhi Committee which was appointed during the Jaipur session of the Indian National Congress to examine the Dhar Committee report on the formation of linguistic provinces has submitted its report to the Congress Working Committee. The report of the Committee is very disappointing. The members of the Committee are of the opinion that the formation of linguistic provinces at present is harmful, that it will "not only do an ill service to India but might also imperil the very freedom which the past and present generations have achieved after tremendous sacrifices." Nevertheless, they believe that in areas where the feeling in favour of linguistic provinces is overwhelming the demand must ultimately be conceded, if by doing so the safety of the State is not imperilled, and feelings antagonistic to such a division are not roused. Though the Committee is disposed to consider the formation of the Andhra Province more favourably, they have hedged it with so many conditions and restrictions as to make it utterly unacceptable. In the first place, it is said that there should be a general consent and willingness of the people. "But such a consent and willingness," they point out, "should not be confined to the linguistic area directly concerned." The other linguistic components also must express their agreement. Secondly, they state that in the formation of the new linguistic province, "linguistically disputed areas should be left out. That is to say, the people forming a new linguistic province will have to proceed on the basis

of accepting only such areas as are clearly in favour of that province." Thirdly, "the constitution of the Andhra Province would raise the difficulty of the city of Madras and the problem of the Karnatak areas of the Madras Province. Moreover, the Andhras as well as the Maharashtras and Karnatakas would raise the problem of contiguous linguistic areas of Hyderabad State. The concession for the one would stimulate the demand for the other." Therefore, they suggest that the Andhras, if they are desirous of having a province of their own, should abandon the people of a large part of Andhra country included arbitrarily by the former British Government in the province of Orissa, give up their claim to the Telugu areas in the Central Provinces, Hyderabad and Mysore as well as parts of the Madras Province in which their right is disputed by the Karnatakas and the Tamils. Moreover, the stipulation that only such areas as are clearly in favour of the new province should be included in it is bound to act as a stimulus to the people of Rayalaseema who by some of their leaders are made to appear as by no means enthusiastic about it. Some of the recommendations of the Committee are, indeed, incomprehensible. The strong advice which they have given to the Andhras about the city of Madras is an instance in point. "We are of opinion," they declare, "that if an Andhra Province is to be formed, its protagonists will have to abandon their claims to the city of Madras." It is admitted that Madras is a cosmopolitan city like Bombay inhabited by people speaking several

languages. Though it is not an industrial centre, it is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of mining areas. It is a commercial centre of considerable importance to the Coromandel coast. The bulk of the agricultural products of South India that are exported abroad are shipped from Madras. No doubt, Madras is smaller in size than Bombay. That does not, however, alter its character. It is in recognition of this fact that the Dhar Committee recommended that Madras should be constituted like Bombay into a separate province. If the JVP Committee had advised the Gujaratis to give up their claim to Bombay and allow the Maharashtrians to include it in their province, one could have understood the logic underlying their recommendation about the city of Madras.

The question is whether the Andhras, would like to have a truncated province with contiguous Andhra areas from Orissa, Central Provinces, Hyderabad, Mysore, and probably also Rayalaseema cut off. That leaves only the coastal Andhra districts. But even in the case of the coastal districts, opinion in favour of the Andhra Province as demonstrated by interested people is not unanimous; for, at the instance of one of the members of the present Madras Cabinet, some of his followers lately held a conference at Nellore and protested against the formation of a

separate province for the entire Andhra area and advocated the division of it into two, one consisting of the Circars and the other of Rayalaseema and Nellore. The JVP Committee has done less than justice to the Andhras, and if its recommendations are implemented, the unification of the Telugu-speaking people under a single Government of their own will become more remote than ever.

A vigorous propaganda has been set afoot by some of the Madras Ministers in favour of division on the lines advocated by the Committee. There is talk of legislators being consulted. The public cannot but view these proceedings with grave misgivings. The stock of Ministers and legislators has sunk to a very low level in public estimation these days. They have outlived the worthy standards of earlier times. The people have come to regard them, all but a few honourable exceptions, as no better than political blackmarketeers. Leaders of the stature of Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel should realise that a wide gulf now exists between the people and the legislature though the momentum of past habit has served so far to eliminate demonstrations of open revolt. A chance should be given to truer representatives of public opinion than the present set of Ministers and legislators to consider the recommendations of the Committee.

TELL ME, WHAT IS FREEDOM?

The word Freedom has a fine ring about it, yet no word is more misused today; no word is emptier of true meaning; politicians mouth it as an American chews gum. It has become a political catch-phrase.... whenever a country goes to war, it is for its conception of freedom. "Your freedom is at stake," the governments cry, to the people, "To arms!" and the peoples obey, obedience to governments having become a habit of their civilisation. There was never a war yet that was not fought for freedom—or the illusion of it. Yet the world is in chains. Where are the free peoples of the world? Do they exist anywhere outside of Utopia? —ETHEL MANNIN.

All the art of living lies in a fine minding of letting go and holding in. The man who makes the one or the other his exclusive aim in life will die before he has ever begun to live.... To live rightly we must imitate both the luxury of Nature and her austerity.—HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Sotto Voce

The New Aeneid



THIS morning's paper brought pleasant news. Ambassador Masani holds out hopes of early and large-scale Indian immigration and colonisation in Brazil. Old and stiff in the joints as I am, I feel the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers stirring in me. There is nomad blood in my veins; my family has never remained in the same place for two generations running, and having been moved down to the Coromandel Coast, I see no reason why Providence should not shunt me on to the South Pacific. "I shall go to the home of coffee"—the words kept ringing and singing in my heart.

I do not know much about Brazil, what I got by rote from Duncan's potted geography having oozed out of my sieve-like memory long ago. And I could never, to save my life, look up a town in a map. The colours enchant me, the zigzag rivers distract me and the places which I am not searching for trip me up (as do strange and fascinating words in the dictionary) and there I am playing truant, while the world's business goes by disdainful. It will be time enough to learn all about Brazil when I get there.

I had long kept an eye on the Andamans as a likely asylum. By an act of pure intuition I had sensed its virtues long before Mr. H. R. V. Iyengar did. But the refugees from East Bengal have been beforehand. Mr. Iyengar, you will remember, saw during a recent visit a new society emerging in that uncontaminated land. People from different Provinces had settled there, he said, but they all spoke Hindustani as to the manner born, and they were

neither Hindu nor Muslim, neither Christian nor Parsi, but just Indian. But the Bengalee prides himself on being a Bengalee above anything else on earth. And he is not exactly inclined to take the non-Bengalee to his bosom. So you see the Andamans are well set for a gale, while I yearn with all my heart for port.

Here in India the South does not want me because I am an 'Aryan'; and the North does not want me because I am a 'Dravidian'. I am regarded as an interloper among the Tamils because of my loyalty to Samskrit. But in the Gangetic valley Samskrit is equally suspect. Like a deposed queen immured in a dungeon by her rebel daughter, she finds the Hindu University edging her out in its intolerant zeal for Hindi. And everywhere the pack is in full cry against all that smacks of the old culture and way of life, familial pieties, established sanctities, meaningful existence.

All that I ask is to be let alone. But I do not wish to make a desert so that I may live there undisturbed. Why cannot different groups live as good neighbours without wishing to be something more or fighting to be something less? Here is Mr. Masani saying that Indian immigrants will come to Brazil "with the intention of becoming assimilated into Brazilian life and will become good Brazilians." The prospect dashes my first fine careless rapture; indeed, it daunts me when I think of how East European trash are converted into "good Americans."

And, then, is not Mr. Masani being unduly optimistic? I remember other brave undertakings of this

kind and the quagmire in which they landed in due course. There was the Sastri-Smuts Agreement of twenty years ago which undertook to make the Indian settlers, or such of them as remained, into good imitation Europeans. Well, most of them have ceased to be Indians in the sense that they will not feel at home in India. But that has not made them any more acceptable to the Afrikaners. Are we to think that human nature is different under the Southern Cross?

When Aeneas went to Latium he carried his household gods with him and they presided over the founding of Rome. But Dido, queen of Carthage, with whom he dallied for a

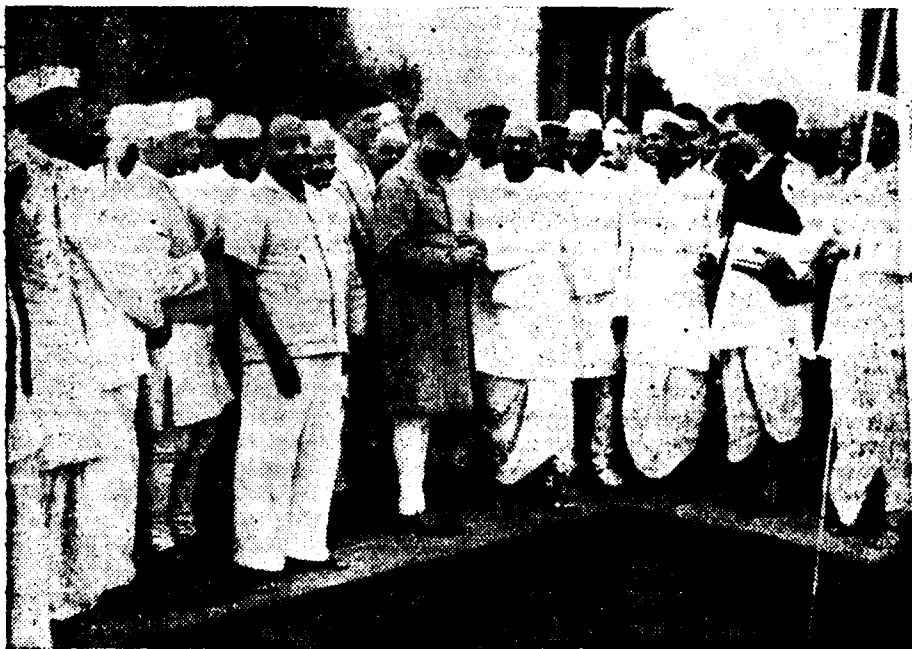
while, could not divert him from his destiny. In modern emigration we seem to reverse the preference. Our Aeneas loses his heart to the first charmer and she sees to it that he stays stuck. But the uncomplaining gods go overboard. To shed the culture into which one was born is the easiest of things for the insensitive, though the soul cannot survive the process any more than the body can being flayed alive. But the man who tries to get into another culture will share the fate of those who under the orders of mediaeval tyrants found themselves stitched up in raw ox-hide. On second thoughts it seems best to stay where I am.

VIGHNESWARA

When the heart weeps for what it has lost, the spirit laughs for what it has found.—SUFĀ APHORISM.

The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at.—HAZLITT.

Can you walk on water? You have done no better than a straw. Can you fly in the air? You have done no better than a bluebottle. Conquer your heart, then you may become somebody.



Dy. Speaker Mr. Anantasayanam Ayyangar, and Prime Minister Pandit Nehru paid special tributes to Chief Whip Mr. Satyanarayana Sinha at a party given in his honour by members of Parliament, recently.

SIDELIGHTS :

Remember the wheel of Providence is always in motion; and the spoke that is uppermost will be under; and therefore mix trembling always with your joy.—PHILIP HENRY.

THE announcement made By Sri Omandur Ramaswami Reddiar in the last week of his premiership that he had decided three months ago to quit office, gave a twist of voluntariness to his exit, as perhaps it was intended to, and a school of critics has sprung up, exclaiming, "How noble! How graceful! What sacrifice!" Actually the ex-Premier did not leave a moment earlier than it was proved beyond a shadow of doubt that he will anyhow have to go. He tried every expedient to prolong his tenure, and after a spell of hectic canvassing for votes, in desperation sent for Tenneti Viswanatham and offered him a Ministership. Viswanatham said bluntly that he could not entertain any proposition of the kind over the head of Sri Prakasam, his leader. Sri Omandur then approached Prakasam direct and invited him to join his Ministry. It was only after every attempt to secure support had failed, and defeat stared him in the face as an inevitable doom not to be averted, that he pretended to renounce what he could not keep. When he spoke of his three-month-old decision to retire, he might have impressed the ignorant, but he astonished those who had known how strenuously he had striven to stick.

The late Premier is reputed to have amassed an enormous amount of information about the shady transactions of some of his colleagues. They were frightened by a consciousness of the extremely unpleasant things he could say. For one or two of the Ministers he had respect. The others he treated as undependable. They smarted under the lash of his obtrusive air of puritanism which belittled them grievously. But they endured what they resented, partly out of fear that he might expose the wrongs they had committed under cover of office, and partly out of a disinclination to be thrown out of office. Dr. Subbaroyan was the only Minister of the

Omandur Cabinet that insisted on polite treatment from the Premier and left when he failed to get it.

Dr. Gurubatham and Sri Avinashlingam who have followed the ex-Premier into the wilderness were two thoroughly honest Ministers. Avinashi made a mess of his portfolio of education. The communalism that animated him made him an unbalanced being. And as education in its final analysis is a process of acquiring balance, nobody was less qualified to be entrusted with it. Naturally, therefore, the regime of the ex-Education Minister was a monstrosity of perverted conceptions that spread widespread exasperation. He had a talent for doing the wrong thing and imagining that he was thereby promoting a sacred pedagogic mission. But of his evangelical zeal and rectitude in matters of money there could be no doubt. Sri Omandur was unkind to his favourite when he singled out education, of all departments, as the appropriate one to be put in his charge. Avinashi would have made a better Minister if some other work had been assigned to him. A good doctor was lost to the community when Dr. Gurubatham was made Minister. As an administrator his record has been an undistinguished one. He lacked the vision and the skill for making the best use of State power in the promotion of social welfare. But his absolute sincerity of purpose stamped him with a mark of greatness. He won golden opinions as a good man at sea in a puzzling world full of sharp practices. Never did a Minister vacate office with such dignity and good cheer.

If the success of a Minister is measured by duration of tenure, it is remarkable how little it has to do with qualities commanding esteem. The least popular of the Madras Ministers seem to be those with the longest tenures. To survive in ministerial office unscathed through frequent changes of party leadership betokens a capacity for adjustment of loyalties which is more akin to

intrigue than efficiency, and the so-called "inevitables" in the annual reshufflings of the Cabinet have excelled in gathering to themselves a more than ordinary measure of distrust. To be an "inevitable" choice in successive Ministries, no commendable exemplariness is indicated. It is the legislator with the votes of dependent hangers-on at his elbow that is deemed a good political catch and elevated to ministerial rank. With the strength of their votes at his beck he wins a seat in the Cabinet, and in

return rewards them (and their nominees) with a liberal use of the power of his office in the service of their personal ends. Corruption and continuity of tenure seem in this way to go hand in hand. Someone in authority in the Congress High Command should move for an enquiry into the scandals associated with Ministers that have attained the rank of inevitables in the political set-up of Madras and invite Sri Omandur to depose as principal witness.—**SAKA**

LESSONS FROM GREECE AND ROME

The foundation of every State is the education of its youth.
—**DIOGENES**

I hold that to need nothing is divine, and the less a man needs the nearer does he approach divinity.—**SOCRATES**.

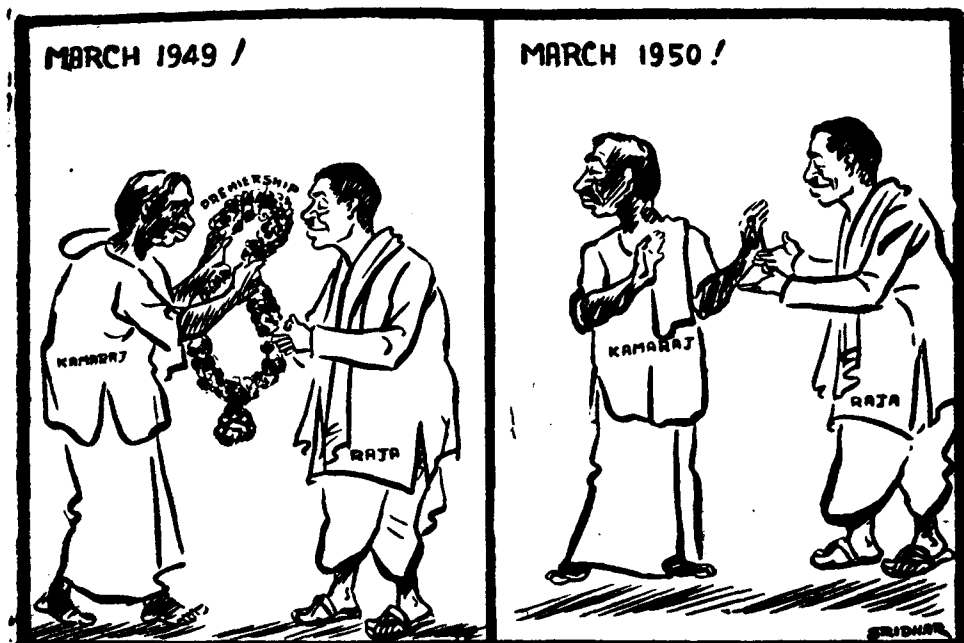
The wise man alone is free, and every fool is a slave.—**STOIC MAXIM**.

The good of the people is the chief law.—**CICERO, DE LEGIBUS**.

It is not the possessor of many things whom you will rightly call happy. The name of the happy man is claimed more justly by him who has learnt the art wisely to use what the gods give, and who can endure the hardships of poverty, who dreads disgrace as something worse than death.—**HORACE, Odes IV**.

To flee vice is the beginning of virtue, and the beginning of wisdom is to have got rid of folly.—**HORACE, Epistles**.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE PAST !



THE COOUM OVERFLOWED

By **S. PARTHASARATHY**

THE murky waters of the Cooum not only emit a fearful odour but are reputed to be of such a density that even mercury will float on top of it. In spite of the President of the Congress (who hails from the province of Babel) saying that he saw nothing abnormal in the proceedings for the election of the leader of the Congress Legislature Party, the non-political man felt that the odour of the Cooum pervaded the political parleys that were held on its bank and that ideals which meant merely the yearning to do good to the people of the province floated away on top like mercury on the Cooum instead of sinking deep down into the minds of the Ministry-makers.

The people of the province felt restless under the rule of the previous Ministry. The series of experiments which they initiated in the religious, educational, social and economic fields left them bewildered. The Government was by turns communistic, socialistic, autocratic and irreligious. The speeches of the Ministers were liberally splashed with allusions to the Dharmic purpose and to democratic ideals of which they professed to be the instruments and interpreters. But that was all that the people saw of spirituality and democracy in the Government. They badly wanted a Government which would at least be quiet even if it did no good to them.

But what did our political leaders see in the desire for a change of Government? I am using the word 'leaders' because I have no other suitable word. This province is bereft of leaders. We have not even a caricature of a Nehru who could say to the people 'Stop all this mad communalism'—and the people will listen and obey him. We have similarly none of the type of Patel who could say to the Maharajas, 'You must fall into line with conditions in the rest of India'—and they will listen and yield to him. Anyway, our local leaders saw here an opportunity to display their respective political prowess. So they said severally: 'Why not A?', 'Why not B?' and 'Why not C?'. They never strove for a common answer. The man who

never had a mind of his own or never made it known was the man who triumphed. He produced the rabbit before the curtain rang down and received the applause. But the moral victory was not his. It was on a par with the sleight of hand of the magician. This is perhaps the normal feature of party politics of which our Congress President spoke approvingly!

Anyway the one feature of the political happenings which is not distressing is the leader who has been so accidentally chosen. He is perhaps as good as the best among the legislators. He is a no-nonsense and forthright man. He is possessed of considerable drive. At the same time he is the offspring, however innocent, of political intrigue of the worst description. Everything will depend upon his ability to shake off the taint attaching to his origin. He has chosen as his team mostly men who were in the previous Ministry. Theoretically, a Ministry is a matter of joint responsibility. If popular support for a Ministry is found to be wanting, the whole lot should go. But conditions in the country and in the Congress organisation are peculiar. Our choice of legislators for appointment as Ministers is very limited. One cannot choose an entirely satisfactory team leaving out all the old Ministers. But this concession should not mean that a Minister's conduct is right when he continues in office though his views do not accord with the majority view of the Cabinet on important issues. Initial lack of diplomacy in not choosing an all-groups Ministry should be deplored. This may lead to an ugly repetition of similar events every year. Party unanimity is a higher objective than group solidarity and popular support is higher than both. How we miss such simple truths in the conflict created by personal ambitions! It is puzzling to read our new Premier's unqualified declaration that his policies will be the same as those of the previous Ministry. If he meant that he proposes to follow the policies laid down by the Congress for the provincial Ministries, there was no

need to say it and anyway he could have been explicit. But if he meant that the change of leadership means nothing at all, then we are entitled to say that the Congress legislators have indulged in a mere whim of the moment.

Whatever it is, hope is eternal. The change of leadership must mean some good to the province if it is to be justified. Leaders are not born but are made. They can only be made in an atmosphere of high ideals. Whether intention or accident has been responsible for placing a man in the position of leadership, he should hasten to qualify himself for the position. The world has become a small place. The reaction to an event taking place in one corner of the world has its effect in other places. This is no time to be content with the outlooks of district board politics, Tamilian or Andhra politics. The knowledge of how problems of similar nature to ours are being handled in other parts of the world is available to us at a moment's notice. Administration has become a specialised job

and one must know something more than mere party politics to handle it. We do not want brahmin communalism to be re-established in the province. But the alternative to it is not non-brahmin communalism, a wallowing in ignorance or a delighting in political intrigues. The urgent need of this province is for our politicians to develop broader outlooks, to seek knowledge and to cherish high ideals. The art of good government is not the same thing as playing the game of party politics successfully. If we cannot have great political leaders, let us at least have good and honest administrators as our Ministers. The people of the province will not protest if the new Ministry runs the administration like an advisers' regime efficiently and in the people's interest ignoring even the advices of the Congress President and the Presidents of the Tamil, Andhra and Kerala Congress Committees. So long as Congress leaders behave as though their interests are different from those of the people, this would seem to be the wisest course.

ETHEL MANNIN: PORTRAIT OF A 20TH CENTURY INTELLECTUAL

By **SANTHA**

"It isn't enough merely to warm both hands at the fire of life....." says Ethel Mannin in her CONFESSIONS. "The art of living lies in warming one's whole body." This warming has resulted in the emergence at forty-nine of a woman who is all head and no heart—not unfeeling but feelingless.

WHEN I first saw Ethel Mannin at a meeting of the journalistic elite of Madras, I had the impression she was finding the table against which she leaned either too high or too low for her. She seemed to be straining against it, with both her hands pressed palm down on the table and holding herself quite rigid. My first thought was, "Why doesn't she sit down and talk?" but immediately after I felt it would be quite uncharacteristic if she sat down. Sitting comfortably on a chair is a bourgeois habit and Ethel Mannin has long ago erased the word 'bourgeois' from her enlightened dictionary. It is her *bete noire*; it represents all that to her seems contemptible and insignificant. It might stand for the salt of the earth and for that section of humanity which is supposedly like bread—commonplace but wholesome—but Ethel Mannin has never troubled herself about the commonplace. Her straining against the table also seemed symbolic. It is the physical translation of a habit of mind. She is the 20th century's feminine version of the Spirit of Defiance. Since seventeen or eighteen or whatever the absurd age it was that she first started to earn her living as the associate editor of a magazine, her life has been one long exertion against opposing forces, against convention, prejudice, habit or—the 'bourgeois.' The flamboyantly frank sentiments she expressed were not mental attitudinising, though to anyone not acclimatized to her writing, it may seem extraordinarily like it. It is not just that she loves to say unconventional things or to shock people. Those are the John Doe tactics which the shallow and the superficial employ to hide an inner vacuity. Her notions and her observations are not mere abstractions culled from books or from other men's speeches. They are

her own. They are the essence which she has squeezed from a wide and varied reading combined with intense and serious reflection. She does not typify mere rebellion against convention—that is the prerogative of the fashionable—but of original thinking and a fearlessness and unmindfulness of criticism which are the heraldry of an unassailable inner spirit free of all falsity and cant and incapable of unrighteousness.

But even high talent falling only a little short of genius errs in this that it fails to recognise the genuine. Condemnation has become such a tenacious habit of her mind that it has resolved into intolerance. She has become so accustomed to criticise that now she is unable to make any allowances or recognise promise or potential goodness. Intolerance begets intolerance. What seemed fresh and fearless in her speech at the beginning of that meeting, began to seem towards the end to be an insufferable intellectual righteousness. She withered with her contempt everything from the British Labour Government to the purdah habits of the Indian tribal women. She discussed the new-isms and the variations on their themes with a fluency which rendered her listeners quite speechless. There was no doubt indeed she was well informed about many things but that her unconscious eagerness to find fault did certainly blind her judgment was evidenced by her unfair disparagement of Indian writers who write in English. It was evident she hadn't bothered to read much of such writing and she compromised herself beyond retraction by revealing that her criticism was based on the linguistic aberrations of our guide books. When, I ask you, were tourist guide books an indication of the worth of a nation's literature? It is like judging

THE MYSORE CHEMICALS & FERTILISERS, LTD.

WORKS:

BELAGULA (Mysore State Railway)
On the way to "BRINDAVAN GARDENS," Krishnarajasagar
Telephone No. 435

REGISTERED OFFICE:

1129, Vani Vilas Road, Mysore
Telegrams: "CHEMI" Mysore. Telephone: No. 243

MANUFACTURERS OF:

Sulphuric Acid
Hydrochloric Acid
Nitric Acid
Chlorosulphonic Acid

for CHEMICAL INDUSTRY

Liquid Anhydrous Ammonia
Liquor Ammonia Forte and
Ammonia Compounds.

for REFRIGERATION
PHARMACEUTICALS &
CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

Sulphate of Ammonia
Mixed Fertilisers
Super Phosphate

for AGRICULTURAL
PURPOSES

the sweep of our magnificent rivers by a look at the Buckingham Canal or gauging the attitude of Britishers towards Indians by the contemptuous epithets by which a half-baked cockney talks of a negress. But then, Mrs. Mannin's mistake is one of the natural but inevitable tragedies of all tourist impressions, but even that does not exonerate her of all blame for the lack of tact and delicacy she showed in such a perfunctory dismissal of Indian writers of English, made at a meeting of journalists!

A statement which puzzled and disturbed quite a few of her audience was her proud assertion that she was an anarchist and it was a pity she did not bother to elaborate or explain the point even when questioned, but merely contented herself by being sententious about it. But it wasn't really a statement to bewilder. She deals with this pet obsession of hers at length in many of her books. It is her philosophy of Individualism, of the ideal state of being in which man needs no government to govern him but is capable of governing himself. It is the doctrine of the Oscar Wilde-William Godwin-William Morris school which believed that "there is most freedom where there is least law," a thesis which Ethel Mannin has elaborated in her pedantic dissertation on good governments, *Bread and Roses*. Anarchism is the philosophy which considers "all authority as degrading to those who exercised it and those over whom it is exercised." Its principal tenet is that "He who would be free must not conform" for authority, as Oscar Wilde says, "by bribing people to conform, produces a very gross kind of over-fed barbarism amongst us." He defines individualism as "what, through Socialism, we are to attain to," and it seems most natural to him, therefore, that "the State must give up all idea of government, must give it up because as a wise man said many centuries before Christ, there is such a thing as leaving mankind alone; there is no such thing as governing mankind." Because "all modes of government are failures." William Godwin, in his *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, expresses the same notion. Mrs. Mannin subscribes to this idea and considers that "free society" is a "Stateless society, in which man lives in brother-

hood with man, on terms of equality, ungoverned, and with all things in common," a society for which freedom is the foundation, freedom not merely to swim against the tide—which is freedom as we know it in a circumscribed sense—but freedom to swim "in whatever direction we choose in a tideless sea, unhampered." But she has the good and practical sense to admit that such abolition only follows "a renaissance of spiritual values in opposition to the current materialism," for it is useless to give "social, political, moral freedom to the person who inside himself is in chains." There are, according to her thinking, four different kinds of anarchists—the Communist Anarchists, the Individualists, the Mutualists (the followers of Proudhon) and the pacifist Tolstoyan Anarchists. Ethel Mannin evidently belongs to the Communist Anarchist type, the people who are Communist in their belief that all things should be common to mankind and anarchist in the sense that they contend that man can live harmoniously without government. The anarchist philosophy is an agglomeration of tenets and doctrines preached by revolutionaries from Plato and Plutarch through Bacon, Hobbes and Wells and Priestley down to James Hilton. It is Utopian in conception and entirely unacceptable for immediate implementation but dreams are, after all, the inspiration to progress and if we were possessed only of commonsense which eschews impracticability, we would atrophy in the present disorder. Which is, of course, a debatable point. It is easier, however, to agree with her when she says in a flash of inspiration after the laborious and detailed inquisition of her conception of Utopia that "Ideally, then, God should send another Flood, but of His mercy receive into the Ark those prepared to begin again in the Garden of Eden in the morning of a new world."

It is most surprising that such an original and revolutionary thinker like Ethel Mannin should, in the proper British political tradition, despise Israel and the Jewish cause. They are the pioneers, one thought, the people unshackled by tradition and custom, trying to build up what might seem a contradiction in terms, but is not—a democratic Communis-

Can raw foods prevent diseases?



Fruits and vegetables such as tomatoes, lettuce, water-cress, chopped cabbage and carrots (grated if preferred) should be eaten raw. Fresh fruits and raw vegetables are "protective" foods because they contain vitamins and minerals which build resistance to disease, but which are largely destroyed by cooking. However, though these vitamins and minerals are indispensable to good health, they are yet insufficient by themselves to fulfil the body's requirements. For normal, full physical well-being, we need a *balanced diet* containing not only minerals and vitamins but also proteins, carbohydrates (found in milk, meat, eggs, fish, pulses, nuts, cereals) and *fats*. A most wholesome form of fat which supplies you with daily energy is Dalda. Made of the purest vegetable oils it reaches you fresh and clean in sealed tins.

WHAT SHOULD INVALIDS EAT?

Write for free advice today—or any day!

**THE DALDA
ADVISORY SERVICE**

P.O. BOX NO. 353, BOMBAY 1

HVM. 92-172



tic government. She is a free thinker herself with all that that implies of hatred of institutions. Her lack of sympathy for the Israeli cause is then quite inexplicable.

And was also unexplained. Which brings us back to my first impression of her gathered at the meeting of journalists and later listening to her talk at a dinner-party—a woman without tolerance. A dynamic personality with a consuming egotism and a colossal faith in herself. She can only preach or condemn, but not guide. She is a serious thinker but a little dogmatic. She has nothing but contempt for the narrowmindedness, the pettifogginess, the denseness and stupidity of the 'bourgeois'; but through her very scorn for their intolerance, she proves herself intolerant. But this very cavilling is, I think, the chief attraction of Ethel Mannin. After all, the world must have scoffers if it is to better itself.

But she makes no allowances, refuses to accept the second-best or the substitute. There is no indecision about her, which explains why she does not, as she herself admitted, have much admiration for Charles Morgan. Morgan is the novelist of Quest. His characters move about in a twilight of indeterminateness and vague indecision—an atmosphere which makes Ethel Mannin want to break something, not crockery, but preferably, I am sure, somebody's head.

In the course of her talk, she compared herself to Aldous Huxley, modestly admitting that though she never had and never could attain the brilliance of Huxley, her growth and development had been along lines similar to Huxley's. But there is a difference in the type of maturity it has brought to each. Huxley's mastery of satire is incomparable. The only person who even approximates to it—but only approximates—is Evelyn Waugh. There is no gentility in Ethel Mannin's condemnation.

People who are very fond of Somerset Maugham but whose tastes are not very catholic, will find it, I think, difficult to like Ethel Mannin. There is a warmth in his writing; a feeling that he thinks that humanity can be very mean and bad and un noble but that, after all, humanity consists of human beings who will err. An antiseptic acrimony runs like a sharp sword through Ethel Mannin's work.

At her best she is condescending. At her worst, her work is an ululation of condemnation. A comparison of her recent book *Everyman A Stranger* with Maugham's *Moon And Sixpence* will make my point clear. The truculent, unsociable painter Charles Strickland, seems nearer to us than Lance Lannan, the itinerant journalist with a psychopathic complex acquired in childhood. Strickland, we feel, for all his genius, was born of a woman. Lannan seems an unnatural excrescence of nature except towards the end of the book, when the treatment of his character fines down. Which is, I hope, not any disparagement of her capacities as a novelist. I only mean that her treatment of her subject is purely intellectual. Her understanding is wide and varied but it is academic. It is prescribed not by an intuitive placing of oneself in somebody else's position but dictated by her reason and the admission that in this world circumstances can so arrange themselves as to place a person in a certain unhappy position. I personally feel that this is because she has lived so fully and virilely, taking and giving of life so unstintingly that her imagination, as far as a certain aspect of life is concerned, has become impotent. Her heroes and heroines are never 'silly.' They never walk like lovers along a busy thoroughfare, hand in hand, unaware of the milling crowd round them, oblivious of the traffic, aware only of the pressure of each other's hands and already suffering the agony of impending parting. They walk, talking studiously either of the commonplace or intelligently of Freud, secure in the knowledge that at the end of the walk stand a room and a bed. No frustration, no complexes, no inhibitions. And then to be in love is such a 'bourgeois' habit! Her *Confessions* I feel is typical of Ethel Mannin. She has grown since feeding on "honeydew" and drinking the "milk of Paradise," into a better craftsman. She has reached the stage when the physical life holds no particular enchantment. But she is the type who will continue to have intellectual orgasms till the end of her life. A fascinating woman capable of an infinite and passionate giving, but little tenderness. That is Ethel Mannin today and I like her that way.

GERMANY IN THE EUROPEAN BALANCE

By WICKHAM STEED

(Former Editor of the London Times)

AS one who has watched German affairs, sometimes at close quarters, for more than half-a-century, I sympathise with the impatience of the German people, yet still more with the Western Governments who have to deal with the German problem. Though their immediate concern is with Western Germany, the three Occupying Powers are bound to bear in mind the future behaviour of Germany as an eventual whole; and it is upon this future that the feelings and views of France are apt to diverge most sharply from those of the United States and in a lesser degree, from those of Britain.

FRENCH FEELINGS

The French cannot forget, nor ought they be expected to forget, that three times in 70 years their country was invaded, partially devastated and partly or wholly occupied by German armies. "Thrice bitten, four times shy" is their underlying thought. Yet the French also desire a union of Western Europe as a safeguard against another war and they know that unless a great part, if not the whole, of the German people can be linked up in some way with Western Europe the security they yearn for is likely to be precarious.

The British understand the French feelings intellectually without quite sharing them instinctively. Many Britons find it easier to "get on" with the Germans than with Frenchmen, and are prone to dismiss as unpractical the rigid logic of French reasoning. Yet the British also have been compelled to fight for their lives twice in 25 years against the predatory might of Germany and can have no wish to enable the Germans to begin again. With the French desire for security they wholeheartedly agree. Differences arise only upon the best means of gaining it permanently.

The U.S.A., 3,000 miles from Europe,

can hardly share in full measure the French or even British feelings about Germany. It does share their wish for security against war and also against the aggressive tactics of Russian Communism. Hence the Atlantic Pact which has been caustically described as "the most considerable involuntary achievement of Soviet Russia." The U.S.A. regards the union of Western Europe, at least, as essential to security, and feels it to be important that as many Germans as possible should be induced to throw in their lot with the West. It tends, therefore, to be impatient with French misgiving.

CHANGE IN U. S. POLICY

Notwithstanding the lively intelligence of French minds, I am not sure that they have yet grasped the fundamental significance of the change in U. S. policy that is involved in the Atlantic Pact.

French eyes have so long been wont to watch the Eastern frontiers of France as a quarter from which danger threatened that their outlook has tended to become provincially European rather than world-wide. British outlook, on the other hand, was at once world-wide and insular; while, until recently, that of the U.S.A. was both isolationist and restricted mainly to the two American Continents. Now it has become deliberately world-wide and non-isolationist. This change, exemplified in the Atlantic Pact, bears directly upon the future of Germany and upon the security of Western Europe.

In the House of Commons on March 23 a good deal was said of the need to win Germany for the West. If by "winning Germany" hasty concessions to German demands were meant I think the method may be open to criticism. There have hitherto been few, if any, convincing signs of a change of heart among the German people though there have been many signs of a desire to secure concessions as an ostensibly indispensable means

of gaining German support for the Western democracies.

My own view, based upon considerable experience of the German people, is that the Germans will turn towards the West precisely in proportion to the strength of their conviction that the West is united and strong and that unless they gain this conviction they will only exploit the concessions in order to increase their own weight in the European balance. The successful persistence of the Western Powers in maintaining the Berlin airlift has, I believe, done more to increase German respect for the West than even the drafting of an "Occupation Statute" and the arrangements to establish effective self-government in Western Germany.

IMPORTANT TASK

If I am right it would follow that the most important task of the Western Powers is to reach and to maintain full agreement among themselves

upon the treatment of Western Germany, and unanimity in their appreciation of the Atlantic Pact. The present position in Western Germany cannot be allowed to drag on indefinitely. Yet neither ought the three Western Powers to make haste so hurriedly that they lose alignment in what the Germans would construe as a race to gain German goodwill. In that event Russia and the German Communists whom she controls might also be runners in the race.

Three things only will impress the Germans in all parts of their divided country. These things are unity, firmness and strength among the Western Allies so that whatever concessions are made may not be ascribed to any kind of weakness. Russia has not improved her prestige in German eyes during the past 12 months. It is for the Western Allies now to consolidate by firm justice, in unity, the ground they have won.

THE VANGUARD INSURANCE CO., LTD. THE VANGUARD FIRE AND GENERAL INSURANCE CO., LTD.

Head Office: MADRAS.

Transacts

LIFE	FIRE	MOTOR
ACCIDENT	WORKMEN'S	MISCELLANEOUS,
MARINE	COMPENSATION	ETC., ETC.

Liberal Policy Conditions, Moderate Premiums and Low Expense Ratio have carried VANGUARD POLICIES to every place.

Branches & Agencies:—ALL OVER INDIA, CEYLON & F. M. S.

H. D. RAJAH,
General Manager.

AN ANXIOUS HOUR

By M. S. KALYANASUNDARAM

[was feeling out of sorts, and thought that a little boating would set me right. My temper did not improve much during my walk up to the Lake, though the clear, fresh air, the soothing sun and the white, yellow and violet flowers growing wild on either side of the road tried their best.

I manoeuvred myself out of the boat-house and on to the glistening sheet of blue water. Ordinarily, I would have described the scene somewhat as follows:

Hills are to the surrounding country what the nose is to the human face. There are rugged, weather-beaten majestic hills just as there are hefty, simple-hearted, battle-scarred warriors. And there are well moulded, verdant, vivacious, lady-like hills too. Kodaikanal is one such. And the Lake is the diamond screw on her provocative nose. Particularly with the clear and caressing evening sun of early March shining on her. There is just a trace of breeze to break the glassy monotony into the gentlest of smiling ripples. The green wooded hills around and the red-tiled bungalows nestling among them are quietly concealed in her heart like sweet memories of long ago. Brightly clad women and children disport themselves on her bosom adding to the charm of the Lake, and to their own prettiness....And so on.

But in my then peevish mood, I observed only the depressing remnants of ground-nut cluttering the bottom of the boat. I am not anti-ground-nut. Fruits and nuts are pleasing to the eye, attractive to the palate, and satisfying to the body. A time may come when the English alphabet would be taught to children in terms of vitamins, as, for example, "A is for fish-oil and butter vitamins, B for yeast, C for fruit juice, D for sunshine" and so on. The present "A is for 'apple,' B is for 'boy,' etc.", may soon be a thing of the past. But how sad the groundnut shell crushed under the shoe, or a fast-withering banana rind half dangling into the

gutter looks! Men accept its sacrifice, but do not care to dispose of its remains in a suitable manner.

The shells in the boat depressed me. Also the thought of the wastefulness associated with them. Groundnut is a necessary part of the food of the poor manual workers now-a-days. And they eat it without pleasure and out of dire necessity. A little more of rice would be much more welcome to them. But these well-to-do people who indulge in boating go in for groundnuts merely for getting over their boredom. It is not a necessity.

Not only groundnut shells, but bits of coloured paper as well in which sweets had been wrapped! Those gourmards came in for more of my criticism. And then my eyes rested on a particular piece of bluish paper crushed into a ball. There was something unusual about it. It looked more like a paper-flower. I looked closer. A bit of green tape seemed to be tied to it. The sun had sunk beyond the wooded hill; and my boat was deep in the shadow of an overhanging acacia. So I had to bend forward to satisfy my curiosity about the flower. I drew it up.

It was not a paper-flower with a piece of green tape attached to it, but a real flower on its own stalk. It was a water lily. It was not merely a lily, but a lily with, evidently, a story around it. The stalk had been split right down its length, and each half had been cunningly worked into a chain pattern. The loose ends of the split stalk had been twined to form a loop. I appreciated the novel idea and told myself, "So, something new learnt today, you fretful, undeserving fellow!" and felt cheered. I was about to bestow that piece of handiwork on the Lake when I noticed that it was the size of a short garland. I was about to test its garland-aspect by putting it round my neck, when something sharply told me, "Don't! it is a sacrilege."

That set me thinking. Who could have made it? And what for? Some romance, evidently. Were they young? Were they old? Were they married? Or, was today their silver-

wedding day?....If only the flower—or the boat—could talk!....But suppose it talked, and the result was bathos: "Little Leela made it for her pet doll (or, maybe, daschund) Lulu!"....But something tells me that the story is different....But why is the garland lying in the boat? Why has 'she' not taken it with her? Could the melancholy fact be that they quarrelled? I think not. In that case, she would have snapped it into bits, or thrown it out....How could two young people quarrel at this time and place?....Perhaps, some friends drew near for a chat, and she felt shy, and removed it, and, alas, forgot all about it. Oh, why did she not put it in her bag?

....And then, I laughed at myself. "Getting romantic, eh! No fool as absurd as an old fool! And don't fight shy of a tragic end. Happy ending is considered unintellectual. If they had been harmonious all the time, each would have inwardly despised the other as soft not only of heart but in the brain as well. You can't change the times" etc.

This reprimand made me sad and anxious again. By then, I had come back near the boat-house. I had half a mind to take the garland home. But the critic inside warned—"There is no limit to your absurdities. People try hard to forget their own troubles; and here you are, preserving mementoes of others' tragedies!"

Just then the water carried to me the whispered exclamation in Tamil—"It's the same boat!"

I saw a young man and woman, on the grassy shore, whispering excitedly. She did not know that a sheet of water is a tale-bearer.

"I don't think. That looked different," he objected.

"No, I am positive. I noticed that split plank at the far end, with some lime smeared on it."

"Perhaps you are right. But why worry? I can make dozens like that for you tomorrow."

"But they won't be the original one. A copy is only a copy though the originator himself does the copying. It would only be the work of the hand, and not of the heart and the hands as this time. And again...."

"Yes, my darling?"

"It's nothing...."

"All the same...."

"It is nothing important—please!"

"I insist!"

"Please, I beg of you, let us not.... it is because I feared that you might feel that I had been casual about the garland...."

"That you took the trouble of dragging me back a mile? One would have thought that we were going back to retrieve a diamond necklace!"

"It is more than diamonds to me—just now! Making a thing like this shows more love than emptying a proud purse at the fat jeweller's. There is a purity and simplicity in this...."

She was unable to complete the sentence. I was all ears—and no ears; and all eyes—and no eyes. I took one surreptitious look at her to see if she was reciting out of her favourite short-story magazine. But she appeared simple and unsophisticated. I landed without seeming to notice them. When she thought that I was out of ear-shot, she whispered, "It is there—just where I left it. Good thing that gentleman didn't notice it. Please get it for me. I shall hold the boat."

All the black-birds of Tiger Shola* sang their even song from within my heart.

* A thick jungle, nearly three miles long, on the way to Kodaikanal, and renowned for its whistling birds.

The lecturer was emphasizing the demoralising effect of divorce. "Love," he said, "is a quest; a proposal, a request; the giving of a daughter, a bequest, and marriage itself, a conquest. But what is divorce?"

Voice from the audience: "The inquest."

BEHIND THE KAREN REVOLT

By RAJEE SARAN

SINCE January last, the Karens of Burma have been in revolt, demanding the establishment of a separate, independent State of their own. Prime Minister Thakin Nu has agreed to grant them a separate State but not the right of secession from the Union. Why do the Karens insist on seceding from the Union of Burma?

The anxiety of the Karens to separate from the Burmese is born out of their experience for the last 125 years. Previously, the Burmese used to call the Karens "the wild cattle of the hills." They form one-sixth of the population of Burma and constitute the second most important tribe in the country. There are divisions among them known as Red Karens, White Karens, Padaungs, Bres, Loi-long Karens, Sawntungs and others. They speak as many as twenty dialects.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS

Originally the Karens were animists and worshipped stones and revered antique bronze drums as sacred objects. Their dead were buried or left exposed in boat-shaped coffins. Marriage is endogamous and among many of them it is permitted only between near relatives.

The Karens blacken their teeth. A rising sun is tattooed on the back of the Red Karens. Padaung women wear colls on coils of brass rings round their necks. Timid by nature, the Karens are afraid of being swamped by their more aggressive Burmese neighbours. In the early years, they clung to the hills for reasons of security. They are perfectly at home in the forests. Many of them work as expert foresters for the Government and for the timber firms.

RELATIONS WITH THE BRITISH

The settled conditions under the British rule encouraged the Karens to migrate all over the plains around Bassein, Pyapon, Pegu, Thaton, Moumein and Tavoy from their country lying eastward of Toungoo. Christianity made headway among them and there are over 219,000 Christians among them today.

The Karens have always been friendly towards Britain. During the first Anglo-Burmese War in 1826, the Karens guided the English expedition against Ava. In the Second Burmese War in 1852, the Karens led the British forces through jungle paths and forest tracks to attack from the rear the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon, one of the strongholds of the Burmese army. For this act, the Burmese wreaked terrible vengeance, pillaging Karen villages and torturing men, women and children. Consequently many of the Karens migrated to Tenasserim and Arakan.

In 1885, after the Third Burmese War, Karen levies were raised to assist the British. In World War I, the Karens joined the British armed forces in large numbers and served in Mesopotamia and Egypt. In 1930 when rebellion broke out under "Saya San" in the Tharawaddy district of Burma, the Karens helped the British to put down the insurrection. In World War II they contributed no small measure of assistance to Britain.

In the House of Commons, during the Burma debate in 1947, Mr. Henderson paid a tribute to the invaluable services rendered in the war by the community. During the same debate, Captain Gammans of the Conservative Party referred to the Karens as "this brave and loyal people who fought for us and with us when some of the present leaders of Burma were fighting against us." In the House of Lords, Lord Templewood, former Secretary of State for India and Burma said, "Throughout the years, they (the Karens) stuck to us in a most remarkable degree."

The Karens want to establish a separate and independent State in the Tenasserim valley in Lower Burma in alliance with the "Mons," a major racial group in Lower Burma. This is one of the wealthiest regions in Burma with an abundant rice crop and large resources of tin, rubber, forest produce and fisheries. Moumein at the mouth of the Salween river is the biggest town in Tenasserim

valley. The Karens form only 24% in the total population of 2,000,000 with the "Mons" constituting the majority.

An emergency session of the Karen Congress met in February 1947 and protested against the Attlee-Aung San agreement on Burma's constitutional progress. Major San Po Thin, Commander of the Bassein Karen Resistance Force, condemned the British for their failure to take cognisance of the Karen claim for a separate State. The meeting decided not to participate in working out the terms of the agreement "unless modifications were made to the entire satisfaction of the Karens." Saw Ba U Gyi who resigned his post from the interim Government of Burma heads this group. He refused to contest the elections to the Constituent Assembly.

DIVERGENT VIEWS

Out of every 10 Karens, 8 are Buddhists and the remaining 2 are Christians. The Buddhists have diverse religious practices. Even among the Christian Karens, the Karen Youth League is national and progressive in outlook and stands for a united Burma. The rest led by the Karen National Union are pressing for a separate State. Karen ministers belonging to the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, Saw San Po Thin and Wahn Min Maung, toured the districts last year explaining the anti-national nature of the demands made by the Karen National Union. Saw San Po was president of KNU. He resigned when the organization first demanded a separate State.

In the House of Commons Mr. Butler, a former Under-Secretary of State for Burma, compared the Karens to the London Scottish and regretted that they made a mistake in boycotting the elections. Referring to the movement for a separate State in the Tenasserim Valley he said: "They (Karens) are mixed up with the Burmese in the plains and it is almost impossible to extricate them though one could recognize them when one saw them."

According to the constitution of Burma people living in well-defined geographical areas "with unity of language (different from Burmese) and culture, community of economic interests, a measure of economic self-

sufficiency and with a desire to maintain a distinct identity as a separate unit" will enjoy the status of a "Union State." People with these characteristics but lacking economic self-sufficiency will be grouped in "autonomous States." The Rees William report had pointed out the impracticability of forming a separate independent Karen State.

NON-KAREN SUPPORT

So to force the issue the Karens led by the Karen National Union are on the warpath. Referring to the Karen revolt Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, British M.P. who interviewed Thakin Nu, writes: "Blinded by their passionate pro-Karen feeling which makes them more Karen than the Karens themselves, adventurers like Campbell (recently arrested and deported) and Colonel Tulloch have aided and abetted Karen extremism. Misled by their help, the Karens have undoubtedly been more violent than they would have been if left alone by foreigners." But these men are mere individuals. The British Ambassador has denied any official complicity.

There is another new disquieting factor in the Karen revolt. It is the alliance the Karens have made with the White Flag (Moscow Orthodoxy) Communists. Communists from India are also reported to be in constant touch with their counterparts in Burma. U Pe Kin, Burmese Ambassador to Pakistan said at Karachi recently that "the Karen-Communist unholy alliance" during the rebel attacks on the towns of Capute, Pyu and Toungoo had exploded the myth that "the Karens were the vanguard of the anti-Communist crusade in South-East Asia."

Addressing the Burmese Parliament on February 1 last, Prime Minister Thakin Nu said: "My idea is that Burma should have a unitary constitution and I want leaders with the required qualifications whether they be Karens, Shans, Chins, Kachins, Mons or Burmese to administer it. But in the present circumstances we are endeavouring to consolidate the Union as we cannot realize the ideal." Thirty thousand people have so far lost their lives as a result of the insurrection in Burma—still peace seems to be nowhere near.

IRRIGATION PROJECTS IN MALABAR

By "SOIL CONSERVATIONIST"

MALABAR gets an annual rainfall of 100 to 140 inches. Excepting the coastal strip, its landscape is undulating and cut up, as a result of which most of the rainfall is lost as runoff taking tons of erosional debris in swift currents. There are rich coconut gardens on the coastal belt, and the interior hill slopes carry extensive coffee and tea plantations. During the last decade or two, the hill sides were cleared of the forest cover for the growth of these plantations. Lands were leased out indiscriminately. The Nilgiris now present a gruesome appearance with bare hillsides badly malled by gullies. The overhanging treeless slopes are becoming heavy with the penetrating precipitation, and landslides have become frequent.

Erosion and runoff have thus been emasculating Malabar, notwithstanding its heavy rainfall, good soil and tropical climate. It stands as a striking example of poverty amidst plenty. Attempts have been made during past years to plan irrigation projects in this area, but the natural handicaps involved in harnessing swift streams flowing through mountainous region, and canalizing water-flow through undulating countrysides, have been rendering the schemes uneconomical when measured with the yardstick of minimum return on capital outlay. But the need of the hour is to increase production irrespective of adequate return on the capital outlay, and therefore 60 irrigation schemes, major as well as minor, are now planned of which Malampuzha is the major one estimated to cost about Rs. 380 lakhs and irrigate 63,500 acres. The cost of construction of this and other projects varies between Rs. 600 and Rs. 1,500 per acre.

Another reason as to why flow irrigation projects were not encouraged in this district was the consideration that, unlike the precarious rainfall area, this district with its heavy rainfall spread over 8 to 10 months in the year should not feel any dearth of water for its agricultural purposes. This notion held

good as long as the forests on the hills held a modulating influence on the mountain streams and preserved the topsoil from runoff, but when the hills were uncovered, the position changed completely and the heavy rainfall is now acting as a destructive agency instead of assisting the crop growth.

The Tennessee Valley in U. S. A. stands as a unique example in the planning of what is called "natural irrigation" in heavy rainfall and undulating countrysides. The valley gets over 100 inches of rain which is admirably harnessed through a masterplan of land utilization based upon effective measures of soil and moisture conservation including protected drainage ways for surplus rain disposal. The alignment of utilisation and production technique of the valley land is as regular and effective as its mass production planning in its industrial units. In the valley each inch of rain and every acre of land are made to fit in a controlled pattern of land economy. The result is that they do not feel the necessity of utilizing even one of its multifarious dams for diverting water for "artificial-flow irrigation." They found by experience that without the necessity of incurring heavy expenditure on a network of flow irrigation canals through undulating countrysides, the heavy rainfall which the region gets may be utilized for crop production through a system of localized natural irrigation.

There is no reason why we should not adopt similar measures in similar areas in our country and secure more speedy and economical results than the traditional type of flow irrigation projects would allow. If we take immediate steps towards this end in the heavy rainfall areas like Malabar and the Eastern Ghat Plateau of Vizag and Koraput districts, as well as on the draught-affected areas like the Deccan plateau and the Central Indian plains, we can attain self-sufficiency in food with certainty by 1951.

PERFECT RACE EQUALITY IN BRAZIL

By YUSUF J. MEHERALLY

(Third of a series of four articles. The writer recently returned from Brazil)

IT is so difficult for an outsider to understand the deep fascination with which a Brazilian talks about his province of Bahia, its exotic cults, its strange artistic and religious life, its innumerable churches, the remains of its sugar plantation economy and the complex social consequences that followed it.

The State of Bahia is about 1,000 miles to the north-west of Rio de Janeiro. It has a population of 5 millions which is one-ninth that of the whole of Brazil.

Why is Bahia so important? For well over two centuries it remained the intellectual capital of Brazil.

For many decades, it was the sugar capital of the world. Being the sole source of supply at the time, it amassed fantastic wealth. Part of the land-owner's easily gotten money went to build opulent mansions, cathedrals, gilded churches, opera houses.

The sugar plantations were worked with imported African slave labour. This accentuated the difficult problem of race.

The Brazilian people, till recent times, were essentially made up of three different racial and cultural strands—the 'Indian,' the Portuguese and the Negro. How to fuse them into one and from the amalgam evolve the new Brazilian race? That was the problem of problems. Bahia became the chief laboratory of race relations. There is a great and conscious effort being made to tackle this question from a new angle. Far from being ashamed of this mixture of blood, the Brazilians are made to feel proud of it. Every year, a special day is observed as the Brazilian Race Day. On that occasion, the youth of the country celebrate their racial unity with great éclat.

During World War II, when Hitler still had the upper hand, a German optical firm in Rio advertised for an

office-boy, specifying that he was to be an "Aryan." This was something new and created quite a stir, especially among the students of the University of Rio de Janeiro. They sent a Negro to apply for the post and, when his application was turned down on the ground that he was not an "Aryan," the students invaded the shop and smashed up every bit of stuff in the firm including the furniture, while the police benevolently looked on. The newspapers pointed out the moral that the theories of racial superiority preached elsewhere would not be tolerated here and that a Brazilian, no matter what his colour, had as good a right to citizenship as anyone else.

This fact of racial equality has so impressed foreign observers that several of them have probably considered this as perhaps Brazil's greatest contribution to the complex pattern of our civilization. An American writer, Dr. P. A. Martin, in his *Portugal in America* was led to write: "If the new world is ever destined to produce a *raza cosmica* (cosmic race) as was so insistently set forth by the Mexican philosopher, Jose Vasconcellos, this race might well find its habitat in Brazil."

CANON VS. BOWS AND ARROWS

The first attempts of the Portuguese to find a settlement at Bahia were fiercely resisted by the Tupi-namba 'Indian' tribe who actually succeeded in capturing and destroying the entire Portuguese garrison. Fifteen years later, Tomas de Souza arrived with fresh reinforcements and recaptured the place. The bravery and the bows and arrows of the 'Indians' were no match against the Portuguese cannon. He built a fort and gave to the picturesque settlement the name of Sao Salvador, meaning 'Holy Saviour.' It is now the capital of Bahia and has grown into

a city with a population of four hundred thousand.

THE ROMANCE OF SUGAR

The area was found very suitable for sugarcane cultivation but the question of labour soon became very urgent. Portugal, itself being a tiny country with a population at that time of a little over one million, could not spare surplus labour. They made every attempt to recruit from the local 'Indians' who firmly resisted all their attempts. The "Indians" were the free sons of the jungle. They were hunters, fishermen and warriors not accustomed to heavy work such as was demanded on the sugar plantations. The Portuguese, of course, did not take the refusal easily. But even when horrible tortures failed to make them work and thousands had perished in misery, the overlords hit upon a new expedient of importing slaves from Africa. Shiploads after shiploads were brought in one unending stream. With the extension of sugarcane cultivation to the adjoining state of Pernambuco, the number increased even more.

Brazil soon became the sugar capital of the world. Round about the year 1,600, there were as many as 100 sugar factories in this area. European nobility fawned upon this new dainty with great enthusiasm. It became an indispensable article of daily diet. The demand for sugar being far greater than the supply, more and more African slaves were brought. No one knows for certain how many Negroes were imported during these years. The estimates by different authorities vary from six to twelve millions.

Sugar brought unexampled prosperity to Bahia and even more to the State of Pernambuco. A new ruling class came into existence, owning vast plantations run by coloured slave labour. This was to give rise to one of the most interesting sociological experiments of our time.

MIXTURE OF BLOOD

The Puritans fleeing from England to the new world brought their families with them. The Portuguese on the other hand, in most cases, came without them. Many of them were just adventurers or heretics. It is interesting to note that when Tomas de Souza recaptured Bahia, his army

consisted of 400 regular soldiers and 600 heretics who had been condemned by the Inquisition for religious offences. The result was that the Portuguese started taking Indian wives or just living with Indian women. This practice was later extended to the Negroes, when the number of women lagged far behind those of men. The landlord took for himself the pretty Negro slave girls and others did the best they could. There was a mixture of blood between the Portuguese, the local "Indians" and the Negroes. This miscegenation was, in course of time, to create a new Brazil and pose before the modern world a new solution of the vexed racial problem. This mixture of blood has taken place to a certain extent in the United States also. But the Lords of the South, unlike Brazil, had their families with them or where they had not, their ideas of racial superiority came in the way.

Some of the Portuguese landowners sent their more promising illegitimate children from their Indian or Negro concubines to Europe for higher studies. They often adopted the name of their families and on their return were given better opportunities.

Bahia is the cultural capital of the Brazilian Negroes. With the coming of the slaves from Africa, a regular trade became established between the two countries. Slavery was abolished in Brazil in 1888. Before that the contacts between Bahia and Africa were so intimate that titles of nobility and "Ambassadors" had been exchanged between the tribal courts of West Africa and the Viceroy of Bahia. As was to be expected, along with the trader arrived the missionary, in his zeal to convert the heathen. The Roman Catholic Church went so far as to include Bahia within the jurisdiction of the African Bishopric of Angola! Was it not the gateway to West Africa? Someone called Bahia, Negro Rome.

CARNIVAL TIME

Bahia has also been the creative nursery of Brazilian folklore and the treasure-house of dance, the Samba and the Rumba.

Every year Carnival is the occasion when the Brazilians set themselves free. A large number of tourists also arrive to have a look at

the gay, pic
rations. Preparations for the Carni-
val start quite a few months before.
Goodly prizes are offered for new
dance variations and for new melo-
dies and lyrics. At this time Bahia
is the cynosure of all eyes. For it is
the national reservoir on which dan-
cers, musicians, poets, artists and
dress-makers draw freely. Some of
the songs with their dizzy and lilting
melodies and rhythm invariably get
to people in places far distant.

It is impossible to convey the flavour
of the original songs in a translation.
But I am tempted to give one speci-
men; a prize-winning Samba sung at
Carnival time, translated from the
Portuguese by Dorival Caymmi:

*"What is it that the Bahian has?
What is it that the Bahian has?"*

*A turban of silk she has,
Earrings of gold she has,*

*A necklace of gold she has,
Scarf from Africa she has,
And lacework blouse she has,
A bracelet of gold she has,
Stiff-starched skirts she has,
Handsome sandals she has,
And charm like nobody else,
How she sways,
Wonderfully!"*

Bahia has seen many vicissitudes.
Till 1763 it was the capital of Brazil,
which in that year was removed to
Rio. When Napoleon overran Portu-
gal, the Royal Family fled from Lisbon
to Brazil for refuge and made Bahia
its headquarters for a while. The one
time sugar capital of the world, with
its outflowing wealth, its masters and
slaves, its experiments in miscegena-
tion, its cathedrals and churches, its
rich cultural life, casts a spell whose
attraction only increases with time
and distance.—(Copyright).

USE OF NATIONAL TALENT

By 'NAMBS'

ONE'S house is what one makes of it.

Similarly a nation will be what its
people make of it. Till we attained
our freedom we necessarily had much
of foreign talent with us, and quite an
amount of this talent was utilised for
the country's good. While even today
we are to utilise such specialised
foreign talent, the time has come for
greater use of indigenous talent. The
gratifying fact is that there is plenty
of intellectual brightness and mecha-
nical precision in many of our men,
young and old—which means we can
certainly build up a great, strong and
prosperous India.

The talk everywhere is to produce
more. The number of people, as well
as the capital available, is almost the
same as before. So the only store-
house for us today is the store-
house of talent. Let us therefore
examine what is the position of talent
and bright intellect, what it should be
and how it can be utilised best.

Academic talent we have today in
plenty. In the field of politics, econo-
mics and in world affairs we have
eminent men. We are also on the
world map in this respect. Of course,
with the step-motherly treatment
that is being given to English we run
the risk of slowing down this aspect
of our activity.

Technical talent is very much lack-
ing in India, compared to the require-
ments and the potential use for it.
This is because the entry into the
technical side of industry has been
only recent. The risks of technical
specialisation being great, it has not
been sufficiently attractive for our
young men. There are a few specia-
lists in all the important trades, but
their talent is available only to
particular organisations. One reason
is that some do not pay enough even
for good talent. Even the Government
does not give any special encourage-
ment to those who show extraordinary
skill in technical and scientific mat-
ters. It may be said that we have a
Sir C. V. Raman, but that is not
enough to advance our country on the
productive side.

Administrative talent has been
steadily built up. But of late there is
a regular drift of this talent from the
Government to private institutions.
Governments in the Provinces and at
the Centre are admittedly facing a
shortage of officers. There is lack of
a sufficient number of efficient offi-
cers. Even the Prime Minister has
said that the best of talent is slowly
diverting to industry.

Intellectual talent is another type.
Allied to this is the artistic side of
talent. In these spheres the last two
years have shown a greater bloom
than before. It must however be
noted that art and intellectual abili-
ties have not had sufficient encourage-
ment. Many a brilliant man gets lost
in the drudgery of a clerk's table or
the monotony of machine-tending.
There is thus much misuse of availa-
ble abilities. The manual worker is
being given his due importance step
by step, while the intellectual worker
is yet to have his due share. This is
because his work cannot be so easily
measured in rupees, annas and pies
as the manual worker's can be.

In the Government services we are
now seeing a rising inclination for the
educated types to leave it, or to get
disgusted with it. Previously a Gov-
ernment job was the ambition of
every youngster who went to school.
Today he wants an 'independent' life,
as he calls it. One reason for this
tendency is the fact that the politi-
cal change in the country has neces-
sarily brought in some amount of
inevitable political favours and jobs.
Another reason is the change in the
outlook of the people towards the Gov-
ernment servant. He is now looked
upon as a 'public servant' unlike in
previous times when he was more a
master. Thus the charm has gone
out of Government service. Today
there are more and more academic
intellectuals in Government service
who find themselves wasting their
knowledge, because their work gives
them no scope to utilise it.

The Government have sent abroad
many young men for specialised train-
ing in various technical branches.

Neem
TOOTH PASTE
an ideal paste
for your teeth
and gum

It is prepared on
hygienic and up-to-date
scientific principles.
Contains the active
properties of the
'Margosa' twig.

Calcutta Chemical Product

CC 8/48-49

Many such students have returned. Though richer in knowledge, they find themselves poorer in chances of eking their livelihood. The Government do not want their talent; there are no private employers who will pay well for such talent. This creates a severe mental reaction on the young men.

The Government have also sent abroad many of their officers for specialised training. It is a pity that in many cases they are posted to duties where their special knowledge is of no use. For example, an engineer who is sent abroad specially to study bridge construction and dam construction comes back and is posted to be in charge of buildings.

In the commercial field talent does find more use. But just at present the scope is not great for the majority of intellectuals. The increasing salaries that the Government have been paying are also acting against talent getting its proper share in industry, because industry cannot pay without earning it. Some of the industries are in need of men, but find it difficult to get trained personnel. So they train their own men; naturally they pay less under the plea that the individual has derived the benefit of being trained. Special talents are not easily paid for, because industrialisation has not proceeded fast enough to absorb the talent available. And the vagueness of Government policy regarding nationalisation has also reacted against enterprise being prepared to take risks. The independence that life in commercial enterprises offers has however been attracting many of these to the service.

In the Governmental sphere we must devise means suitably to reward real talent. Seniority is the one main rule now. This means that even the dullard can come up in his own time.

ROMAIN ROLLAND ON MUSIC

"Music, serene music, how sweet is the moony light to eyes wearied of the harsh brilliance of this world's Sun! The soul that has lived and turned away from the common horse-pond, where as they drink, men stir up the mud with their feet, nestles to thy bosom, and from thy breasts is suckled with the clear running water of dreams. Music, thou virgin mother, who in thy immaculate womb bearest the fruit of all passions, who in the lake of thy eyes, whereof the colour is as the colour of rushes, or as the pale green glacier water, enfoldest good and evil, thou art beyond evil, thou art beyond good; he that taketh refuge with thee is raised above the passing of time; the succession of days will be but one day; and death that devours everything on such an one will never close its jaws."

We must devise a method of giving efficiency preference over seniority. Of course it will have to be done without nepotism coming in.

We must next raise the esteem of the Government servants by avoiding public denunciations of them by men in authority. Responsibility pre-supposes a greater sphere of duties, and then privileges also will follow. If a person is made to feel that his work will be judged by the result rather than the mere number of files he disposes of or the number of interviews he grants, he will be more careful and interested in his work.

Technical ability requires greater encouragement. It must be paid better. When we send young men or other officers abroad for specialised training we must also decide in advance how we will be providing for them on their return. This is most important if all the money and energy spent is to be of use. And those who show special skill must be rewarded by way of money as well as position.

In the commercial sphere a general levelling up of industries will be required for using more talent and for putting it to greater use. Specialists should be encouraged by the industrialists in a more concrete way. Research talent should receive suitable scope. Academic brightness also deserves sufficient consideration at the hands of industrialists.

In the artistic sphere there should be more freedom for development. The nation must laugh and relax. Drama, the cinema, and the allied arts as well as journals should be encouraged and helped.

Talent is a potential and unlimited asset. But its value depends upon how it is utilised. It is time we considered this question in all earnestness and seriousness, so that India may progress quicker.

PLIGHT OF SMALL PRODUCERS

By K. G. SIVASWAMY

WHAT are the causes for the poverty of the agriculturist? In spite of high prices for food grains, why is he not able to get a full meal round the year? It is because an overwhelming majority of cultivators have very small holdings, more often of uneconomic size while a small percentage of big holders hold a substantial cultivable area under their ownership. In the province of Madras those who pay a land revenue of Rs. 50 and above form one lakh and 80 thousand pattadars and they own an area of 62 lakh of acres. The total number of pattas is 67 lakhs and the area cultivated is 275 lakhs of acres. Thus 24% of pattadars hold 62 lakhs of acres or 25% of the area. Allowing at the rate of 25 acres dry or 5 to 7 acres wet or on the average 15 acres of all classes of lands, 35 lakhs of acres can be easily taken over and redistributed to the poor and uneconomic holders. There are today 10 lakhs of families who own small bits and live by taking lands on lease at excessive rents. Omitting the bottom-most holders of tiny bits who are not agriculturists but have other occupations, 7 lakhs of families can be given 5 acres each, and thus the 35 lakhs of acres can be equitably distributed. Such a policy will increase the incomes of cultivators. They will prevent starvation during certain months. They will help cultivators to tide over distress in years of crop failure. They can introduce more fodder crops, rear animals and increase their earnings.

One other consequence of uneconomic holdings is that the poor peasant rents land at high rents. He has to maintain an idle class by paying between three-fourth and half of the gross produce as hire for land. The kisan panchayat can organise tenants-at-will so that they may collectively bargain for paying only one-third of gross produce as rent.

The Government of Madras made an enquiry into rural indebtedness in 1946. They found that, while a tenant's family had a deficit of Rs. 2 in 1939, it rose to Rs. 44 in 1945. And

this did not take into account the rent this tenant had to pay. Today the price of cattle and cattle feeds has increased from 3 to 7 times as compared to pre-war prices. Price of manure has also increased. The price of leather buckets has increased 4 to 5 times. The Government give bonus to those who sell their grain to purchasing officers. But the sellers are not the small producers who never have grains for more than their subsistence but the non-cultivating big renters who have surpluses to sell. Hence the bonus cannot reach the large number of small producers. The Government gave manures at concession rates. This too was for the big holder who alone had surplus grains to sell. Rents have not been reduced. Those who agitate for a reduction in rent are treated as dangerous to public safety (meaning landlords' safety) and detained without trial. They are bound under Sec. 107 and Sec. 151. They are not allowed to hold meetings. Sri O. P. Ramaswami Reddiar, while he was Premier of Madras stated that even if rent amounted to three-fourths of gross produce, it was fair rent. The cultivators, in these circumstances, have no alternative except building a strong union to secure a minimum return from land to keep their body and soul together.

Thirdly, the small producer is in dire need of credit. Those holding 5 acres and below have not been able to redeem their debts even at the present price level for agricultural commodities. Big holders have acquired surplus money but the Government will not tax such money. No family today can live without an annual income of Rs. 1,000. An area of land which will yield this income should always remain with the small producer. It should not be attachable for debts. This means that all debts on lands amounting to an area of 15 rainfed dry acres or 5 irrigated acres should be cancelled. No producer can go on paying interest and instalments of principal for an idle class of money lenders, and yet have

the resources to raise credit year after year for his occupation and to maintain his family. Cancellation of debts of the small producer lies in the forefront of the kisan programme.

It is not easy for the small owner and tenant to get loans in co-operative societies or from the Government. No producer should suffer for want of money to buy seeds, manures, implements and cattle, to tide over periods of unemployment and crop failures and to take advantage of State grants for land improvement. The rich alone were able to dig wells and get themselves reimbursed to half the expense from the State. The poor producer had no resources to benefit by such schemes.

If the cultivator is to be helped, high prices for food grains do not help him as much as a lower price for cattle, timber, iron, manures, etc. Most of the cultivators have not got enough lands even to raise food for their whole family. Some have lands just enough for their subsistence. Some have lands which give them food for between three and nine months. What they sell for making other purchases such as spices, cloth and kerosene is negligible. But big owners most of whom are absentees living on rents or cultivate lands through low-paid serfs profit enormously. A cultivator therefore wants a general lowering of prices so that cultivation and living expenses may diminish. At the same time the working cultivator does not get as much return from land for every manhour of work as an industrial labourer gets. He has not the capacity and the organisational strength to dictate a price which will give him a fair return for his industry.

Though we have attained Swaraj, the cultivators have not attained it. They are still under the old police and revenue raj, making their rounds of salams to every petty subordinate and fearing still the local official. Cultivators can be said to have Swaraj only when they are empowered to save themselves from local oppression and injustice. If a cultivator is unjustly evicted from his land and house, the village panchayat should have powers to stop it. If a cultivator is forced to make unjust payments to a money-lender, the panchayat again should

have powers of preventing it. If a cultivator does not get a fair price for his produce, the panchayat should fix the village price and get it for him. If a cultivator is forced to buy shoddy articles of consumption at high prices, the panchayat again should be able to enforce purity of articles at fair prices.

As regards tenants who have absolutely no lands of their own, they should get security on the lands they are now cultivating. They ought not to be evicted and they should pay one-third of gross produce as rent.

As regards permanent labourers, they should get a fair wage with which they can maintain themselves.

To summarise: (1) 35 lakhs of acres owned by landholders paying a land revenue of about Rs. 50 and above should be distributed upto 5 acres to owners of uneconomic holdings.

(2) Tillers should not be evicted and need pay only one-third of gross produce as rent.

(3) No tiller should be disabled from purchasing better seeds, implements and manures, digging wells and making permanent improvements and buying domestic provisions, for want of credit. By a rapid spread of co-operatives, panchayats and other organisations, cultivators should be provided with their own institutions to supply them credit, agricultural and domestic requisites, and marketing facilities.

(4) No one should be deprived of agricultural land giving him a minimum income of Rs. 1,000 in lieu of his debts either by a money-lender or by a court of law. Neither should he be deprived of his homestead where he lives.

(5) The price of implements, manures, cattle and cattle feeds, as well as of articles of food and cloth should be reduced.

(6) The price of agricultural produce should be so fixed as to get the same return for every manhour of work in agriculture as in industry.

(7) The village panchayat should be empowered to administer and supervise schools, roads, sanitation, medical relief, etc., to look after irrigation and facilities for agriculture, to control private money-lending, private trade and marketing, and to settle local disputes.

RAJAHMUNDY: THROUGH FIFTY YEARS

By Prof. P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

"MR. Prakasam is a man of the highest integrity... his sacrifice is well known, he could have become the Chief Justice of Madras," remarked a British statesman of high position after months of personal contact with Mr. Prakasam as Premier of Madras. "His love of the poor is remarkable, he melts into tears at their suffering," was the enthusiastic tribute of a colleague of his on the Cabinet. About fifty years ago Mr. Prakasam was a second grade pleader, a smart man past his youth, driving his own dog-cart and enjoying a secure position at the Rajahmundry bar. He was ambitious and he left for England to qualify for the bar, so that on his return he could establish himself in the larger sphere of the provincial capital, Madras. At Madras he acquired a lucrative practice and built a reputation for a fearless and independent character. The call of public life came however at the height of his professional success and he started editing the daily *Swarajya*. Then he gave up practice altogether, when the political crisis came.

Of mofussil towns Rajahmundry was distinguished for its cultural activities—have they not changed the name yet in the new regime to Rajamahendravaram? "Social reform" was in the air fifty years ago. The term was apt to be understood in a narrower sense then than at present. It did not connote the uplift of the lower classes and the amelioration of the evils and sufferings besetting them. It indicated widow-remarriage, the education of women, post-puberty marriage for girls and other items pertaining to the middle class. Kandukuri Veerasalingam was a chief source of inspiration for the reforming zeal. He achieved great distinction in Telugu literature, having been a pioneer in many forms of literary creation. He wrote a monumental *Lives of the Poets* and besides poetry, wrote novels, biographies, dramas and literary criticism. He was an encyclo-

paedist also and he translated into Telugu numerous masterpieces in Sanskrit. Rajahmundry reflected the lustre of several poets and pandits. Kokkonda Venkataratnam was at the Arts College with his meticulous observance of purity in Telugu speech. Vaddadi Subbarayadu was at the Training College producing popular occasional verse, even if it was only a paean of praise for the imperial throne of Britain. Chilakamarti Lakshminarasimham had begun writing historical novels in high flown style. The modern movement to blend literary diction with colloquial speech had not begun, and outsiders were held in charm by the sonorous sounds of Telugu classical composition.

The reforming zeal in society did not fail to produce a corresponding reaction to stem it by supporting the orthodox side. The Godavari Hindu Samaj started by Nyapathi Subba Rao meant to revive interest in the great works of Hindu philosophy and religion and wean away people from the new-fangled notions of reform. An annual competition was inaugurated in the study of the Bhagavad Gita, and Vivekananda's teachings were also prescribed for study by the competitors. An impressive function was held in the Museum Hall presided over by Lord Amptill, Governor of Madras when prizes were awarded to the successful competitors.

Two English weeklies were conducted at Rajahmundry, the *Carlylean*, edited by Mr. T. Sriramulu (Mr. Prakasam's brother) representing the "reforming" party, and the *Northern Circars*, edited by Mr. Bhimasankara Rao, supporting the orthodox side. Lively satires were flung at each other in the two weeklies. Sriramulu was long known for the courage of his convictions. Not very long ago he produced a pamphlet to oppose the legislative move to put an end to bigamy.

Mr. (afterwards Sir) J. H. Stone, as Principal of the Arts College

endeavoured to create enthusiasm in Shakespeare by getting up a performance of "Julius Caesar" by the students of the college. Mr. S. Kameswara Rao of the Education Department utilised his talents to paint the necessary screens for staging the play. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Mark Hunter who came later also got up Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" in which Mr. Burra Satyanarayana, famous in later days in the Council of the Corporation of Madras, bore a conspicuous part. Mr. Hunter added special distinction to his principalship by making the college unofficially a centre of post-graduate study in English. The seekers after the Master's degree in English usually undertook a pilgrimage to Rajahmundry so as to get initiated into the secrets of English philology. Mr. O. J. Couldry who was to bring poetic renown appeared in Rajahmundry in later years. He was also to stimulate in some degree the art-impulses in the city which produced conspicuous names like that of Damerla Rama Rao.

Music, dancing and poetical recitation were always maintained in Rajahmundry. The dusserah festival occasioned some brilliant dancing by beautiful artistes, while kalakshepams were held by famous expositors, like Ramadas.

The Town Hall attracted attention by the public lectures delivered in it. Mr. P. T. Srinivasa Aiyangar, Principal of Mrs. A. V. N. College at Vizagapatam, an ardent Theosophist at the time, came down with his colleague Mr. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, (father of Sir C. V. Raman) to interest Rajahmundry in Theosophy. There were of course many well known Theosophists among the Andhras.

The Godavari river was the dominating feature of the town. The river cut off the town from the south of the Presidency for long. The bridge over the river, the second largest in India was a great engineering achievement. It was opened only on the 6th August 1900 by Lord Curzon, the then Viceroy of India. Passengers had previously crossed the river by steam ferries. The railway journey from Madras had ended at Kovvur and the travellers went by ferry-boat thence. As if to test its

strength, unprecedented floods occurred in the Godavari, not long after the bridge was opened. Large areas in the district were inundated, resulting in the destruction of both human beings and cattle. Trees and timber, haystacks and cattle all came floating in the river. As several feet of water flowed over the anicut, the two ferry launches no more necessary in the river, found it convenient to sail to the sea.

The dweller in Rajahmundry becomes deeply sensible of the importance of the Godavari. When flood time comes in July, water oozes and gushes forth everywhere in the town and plant and insect attain a new abundance. The bed of the river is rather high in relation to the town. There was no revetment in former days on the river bank, and the western side of the town (Aryapuram) had to endure the annual flood-time with the water appearing in the streets. River and canal-life becomes a topic of romantic interest to the citizen of Rajahmundry. Country boats swarm in the river and every pious soul counts on making the pilgrimage to Bhadrachalam, a hundred miles up the river, not in steam boats, but in country craft. The travelling is leisurely, a whole week is spent to cover the hundred miles. The halt is made on the shore from evening to morning, for preparing and eating the food and sleeping at night. While sailing along the river it is a privilege to see large crocodiles basking in sandy islands. Amidst the Poppi hills the river takes on a picturesque appearance. As you sail in the river you see hills surrounding you on all sides, and you wonder where the exit is. As you turn round a projection in the water you see the farther way clearly and make progress in the journey. This experience is repeated several times. Amidst the hills the river is so deep that only oars may be used, the water is "deeper than did ever plummet sound." Hunters with huge hounds are seen in boats in these regions. The bison is the big game amidst the hilly tracts.

The way to Bhadrachalam is hallowed with associations of the Ramayana. You ascend a lonely hill, reputedly infested with tigers, and

you are shown the spot where Surpanakha received chastisement from Rama. A natural spring of warm water is shown in another place as the one originally created for Sita's convenience. There is also a hermitage where Sri Rama had lodged and his footprints are the object of worship since that time.

The Poppi hills and Bhadrachalam have figured prominently in recent years in the discussion of the Ramapadasagar project, which when carried out must conserve an enormous quantity of water now running to waste to the sea. This gigantic project has no precedent in the world, for a foundation of 200 feet becomes necessary for it. Though the project is not to be taken up for immediate execution, it is bound to be in the near future, and one cannot calculate easily the importance that Rajahmundry town will acquire as a conse-

quence of executing the engineering project.

Now that an official finding has been made that the Andhra Province should give up its claim to the city of Madras, will not Rajahmundry make the best capital for the new province? The Godavari basin is a land of plenty. It is the granary of the north, as Tanjore is of the south, in the present province. It is the land of the cocoanut and the plantain, and fruit of all kinds. The hill forests yield timber, and tobacco is grown on the river bank.

As the centre of Telugu culture Rajahmundry corresponds to Madura in the south. Both can boast of famous royal personages who fostered culture, of Telugu at Rajahmundry and Tamil at Madura. If in one year from now the Andhra Province comes into existence Mr. Prakasam must preside over its destinies. May he live long to witness the consummation of a long cherished ideal!

water and Cunjee are easy to make this way



BARLEY WATER: Mix a paste of two level tea-spoonfuls of Purity Barley with water and simmer for only five minutes with one pint of water. Add salt, sugar or lime to taste.

CUNJEE: Make this in the usual way, but-it only takes twenty minutes to prepare. Remember one spoonful of Purity Barley is worth eight spoonfuls of ordinary pearl barley.

PURITY BARLEY

ATLANTIS (EAST) LTD POST BOX No 664, CALCUTTA

INDIA AT THE CROSSROADS

WITH the departure, in a couple of days of the Prime Minister Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru for London to attend the Empire Premiers' Conference, the attention not only of India but of the world will be focussed on the deliberations which will determine the crucial issue of India's future association with Britain and the countries of the British Empire which is sometimes referred to as the British Commonwealth.

To be (a member of the Commonwealth) or not to be—this is the Hamlet-like dilemma which faces not only the Prime Minister but the country as a whole. Is it "nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows" of a break with the Empire and "to take arms against a sea of troubles" (which might have been Shakespeare's apt description of the Atlantic Pact) and "by opposing end them," or is it more prudent to remain in the

Commonwealth and continue to "bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love, the law's delay (in U.N.O?), the insolence of office...."? It is the "undiscovered country" of complete independence, however, that "puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have, Than fly to others that we know not of? Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, And thus the native (red?) hue of res(v)olution, Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought; And enterprises of great pith and moment, With this regard, their currents, turn awry, And lose the name of action."

Hamlet, the brooding introvert, could not decide the issue which raged in his soul, and so he died, declaring "I cannot live to hear the news from England."

India, one hopes, will live to hear "the news from England" and that it will proclaim "a consummation devoutly to be wish'd"—for which we have striven and fought and many

have given their lives—the consummation of freedom!

Much is being said and written for and against the continuance of India in the British Commonwealth. The one person, however, who could say something authoritative on the subject seems to be as undecided as the Prince of Denmark. Speaking at Muzaffarpur, Prime Minister Nehru said: "I do not know what will be the outcome of the London Conference where I am going shortly.... It is possible that the form of the Commonwealth may be so shaped as to permit India to continue in the Commonwealth without compromising her independent status. It is also possible that it may not be so."

AMERICAN FRONTIER ON THE GANGA!

Meanwhile, both London and Washington are agog with feverish speculation. Wish being father to thought, it is being generally stated that a formula can and will be found to reconcile India's "independence" and her status as a republic with her membership of the Commonwealth. Subtle grammarians are busy trying to keep India WITH, if not IN, the Commonwealth.

It is pertinent for the Government and people of India to note, however, that this question of India's membership of the Commonwealth is being viewed both in London and Washington, not in terms of friendly ties and sentiment but frankly enough, in terms of India's value as a base of operations for the Anti-Soviet Bloc, in case of a world war.

A London cable forecast two weeks ago that if Gordon-Walker's trip to Delhi and Karachi caused Pandit Nehru and Liaqat Ali Khan to attend the London Conference "the safe assumption will be that, notwithstanding public protests, India and Pakistan are being committed in the event of another world war to fight against the Soviet Union."

American interest in India is more

than portentous. According to a U.P.A. message from Washington, "United States officials have become increasingly concerned over Communism in India.... which they see as the democratic bastion in that area which must serve as the nucleus of stability for the territory from the Indies to Bombay.... India is the only stable point from which to counter the Communists in Asia."

Again, the question of Commonwealth membership assumes new significance in the light of the prevalent British and American views which are reflected in the following quotation from Walter Lippman's column in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

"India's manpower and material resources.... must be recognised.... Without India's support, the British position might have been untenable in the last war. In another war the American-British position because of their weak manpower strength would be even worse."

It is thus in this context that India's "to be or not to be" dilemma has to be resolved. If India decided, in whatever "shape" or form, to remain in the Commonwealth, we must be prepared to throw over our much-vaunted neutrality and to reconcile ourselves to the American frontier being extended right up to the Ganga in the event of the anti-Soviet war for which America seems to be feverishly preparing.

EITHER "IN" OR "OUT"!

Meanwhile, signs are not lacking that Pandit Nehru will find it difficult to evolve a formula which would "permit India to continue in the Commonwealth without compromising her independent status." Here is an authoritative NO.

Next to Winston Churchill, Field-Marshal Jan Smuts is perhaps the greatest pillar of the British Empire. Even though today he is not the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, he counts much more in imperial affairs than Malan.

In an interview, the Field-Marshal said that India's claim to be an independent republic and not under the British Crown, but in some association with it "violated every concept of the Commonwealth." It was a subversion of the Commonwealth and the substitution for it of something

quite different, he declared. With commendable candour he summed up the situation: "There is no middle course between the Crown and a republic. You are either in the Commonwealth or out of it."

As a veteran imperialist who fervently believes in the mystic symbol of the Crown, Field-Marshal Smuts is anxious that "great care should be taken not to empty the concept of the Commonwealth of all substance and meaning and not to whittle it away until nothing but the word remained with no real meaning or significance." The King or Crown or some institution like that, he said, was the very essence of the Commonwealth. "Strike out the King and the rest disappears—common allegiance, common status and the friendly and intimate sentiment which animates the Commonwealth as a whole."

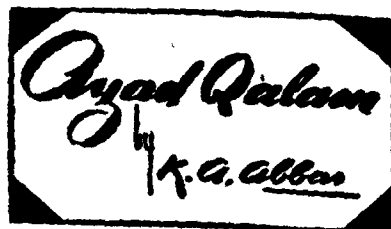
The Field-Marshal's plain speaking will go a long way to protect India from entering into any arrangement which, for face-saving purposes, may be made to look like "being both in and out," while in reality binding her firmly to the Empire which we struggled for a century to quit.

COMMONWEALTH OR EMPIRE?

The "Commonwealth" is one of the most misleading terms to be used in connection with the possessions, colonies and (the few) self-governing dominions which are linked, by racial or imperial ties, to Britain. "Empire" is the only word which can really describe it. India must know the composition of "the Club" before deciding to join it. Here is a rough (and, I expect, incomplete) analysis of the British Empire:

According to the Penguin Political Dictionary "The British Empire covers an area of 13,900,000 square miles and consists of a population of 500 millions"—while the population of Britain is only 45 million people.

The Empire consists, besides the self-governing DOMINIONS like Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Pakistan and (so far, since August 15, 1947) India, of a number of non-self-governing colonies, dependencies, possessions, protectorates and bases which are dotted all over the map, e.g., Malta, Gibraltar, Aden, Hong Kong, Singapore, Malay, British Borneo, Sarawak, British New Guinea, Sierra Leone



(Africa), Nigeria, Gold Coast, Tanganyika, Kenya, Sudan, Batsuanaland, Rhodesia, Uganda, Nyasaland, British Honduras, and many other non-British territories dominated by Britain.

This is no Commonwealth of self-governing peoples, but an EMPIRE in every sense of the word—an Empire in which White Men rule over colonial "Blacks." If India joins, we must know that we are joining an Empire "over which the sun never sets." It almost did set on August 15, but if we choose to remain "in," it will not set.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

Acharya Kripalani cannot be dubbed a dangerous Red. He is not even a Socialist. If anything, he is a confirmed Gandhi-ite, one of the few Congressmen who still adhere to the ideals of the Mahatma and want them to be translated into practice. His criticism of the Congress Governments in his timely and hard-hitting pamphlet, **THE FUTURE OF THE CONGRESS** (Hind Kitabs, Bombay, As. 10) cannot, therefore, be dismissed as subversive propaganda or the embittered outpourings of a political opponent. Here is a candid critique of Congress policy from a distinguished and loyal Congressman. Nor does he restrict his criticism to a few details of administration; he analyses and castigates the very fundamental basis of the Congress as a party and a political force. "Organisations like the Congress, representing the people's urge to national freedom," he writes, "generally disappear after liberty is achieved. If they remain they do so only in form and name." That is because, despite Gandhi's efforts to give it a vision of social revolution, the Congress primarily remained as an instrument of political change—i.e. transfer of power from British to Indian hands. "The transformation of some of its (middle class) members under Gandhi's leadership was merely skin-deep or rather khadi-deep.... They had not 'declassified' themselves." It is this conservative, non-revolutionary and middle-class character of the Congress leadership which, according to Acharya Kripalani, is responsible for the way in which they have forgotten their pledges as Congressman and Gandhi-ites and steeped themselves

in the bureaucratic atmosphere created by their British predecessors. With devastating logic, he points to examples of conventional pageantry, the extravagances and public conduct inconsistent with proclaimed ideals—the high salaries of Ministers, the luxuries of our foreign embassies, the liquor consumed in official functions, even "on such a sacred occasion as Independence Day." "The height of conventionality was reached," he points out, when Gandhi was given a State funeral in the approved style of the West. "The hearse of the man of peace, non-violence and the masses.... was preceded and followed by tanks, armoured cars and other military paraphernalia."

Acharya Kripalani concludes that "this leadership will not be able to work towards the establishment of a new social order of Gandhi's conception" because

"It is so burdened with the hang-over of the past that it cannot think in fresh terms.... It is hesitant and even timid. It can only think in terms of compromises, dangerous and undemocratic.... the Congress will in course of time be discredited because of its failure to carry out the many and big promises that it made through its resolutions and election manifestos."

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"NEW DELHI: The Prime Minister made a special reference to British interests in India and assured them that there would be considerable scope for the investment of British capital in India."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NEW DELHI: A Delhi hotel charged Rs. 30 for 12 sandwiches, revealed the Minister for Works, Mines and Power, in Parliament."

"BOMBAY: "With the salary allotted to me, I have no money left on the fourth of the month to pay my bills. I can hardly maintain a car on the allowance," Premier Kher told city teachers, speaking of remuneration. He added, "I hope that a day might come when teachers might be paid more than the Minister, but they will refuse that."

"AHMEDABAD: Two persons were killed and one was injured here when they were dashed against a wall by a municipal transport bus in trying to avoid running over a cow."

UNCLAIMED UNRECOGNISED UNDELIVERED



Lakhs of packages lying unidentified at railway stations throughout the country would have reached the consignees and in good condition, if a little more care had been taken about packing, labelling and marking. If your goods sent by rail are expected to be delivered to the consignees speedily and intact, the first principle to be observed is that they should be Packed, Labelled and Marked properly to withstand hard knocks in transit.

DON'T FORGET—A little 'P L M' care will go a long way to save you unnecessary worry and expense.



(Issued by the Indian Government Railways)



My Aunt Ammanna

BY
BHIKKU



WHEN aunt Ammanna died after a busy life of 80 odd years, there was not a soul in Guzerathipet who was not affected. To be sure, only a few of that region did attend the funeral but that was because aunt scampered out quickly and noiselessly, in a distant suburb of the city. Thukaram Bhatt however came in time to have a last look at her at the cremation ground, but that was a special act of remembrance, for when no one of his own fold was available or willing, did not aunt attend on his wife during her recent confinement? And young Nannu Shanker reminisced for an hour on her various acts of kindness since he was a toddler, when he came for the subsequent obsequies. She had lived in Guzerathipet for over 60 years, ever since she had started housekeeping in the eighties of the last century for a husband who held some crucial but insignificant niche in the General Post Office of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in Madras, on a pittance that a self-respecting cook even 20 years ago would have scoffed at. What exactly the niche was not a soul knows to this day, but whatever its nature, we all felt that he was the Atlas on whose shoulders rested the entire fabric of the urban postal world. His day began at 4 in the morning, long before cock-crow, timed by the various whistles from the mill area of Perambur. Dedicated with *vibhudi* and refreshed by a bowl of cold porridge kept overnight, he would stalk out for his office, return at midday, his wisp of hair flying below a circlet of nondescript turban, the red-ochre parti-coloured cloth in vogue in those days tucked up so high that it could scarcely be seen below the hem of the long coat flapping against his knees, a vision, which

whenever it appeared at my school was greeted with ribaldry and hilarious mirth at my agonised expense. He would go back after his meal and short siesta and return finally only at 10 in the night. This suited us, his school-going wards, very well, for we looked upon him as an ill-conditioned ogre. We were or pretended to be fast asleep during his nightly sojourn in the house and were happily away at school during his midday visitations: but once in a while chancing to be awake, albeit craftily 'asleep,' we would have a glimpse of the nightly preludes before rest of the retailed gossip of aunt with its diplomatic overtones and stresses dealing gingerly with truth so as not to needlessly hurt it or herself in the handling. Half the pleasure even of school holidays was lost to us in the compulsory meeting with uncle and his stock-taking of our schooling, for his volcanic temper before meals with the world in general as epitomised by aunt, his endless arithmetical conundrums shot at us during meals, asking for the cost of $7\frac{1}{2}$ seers of maida at $1\frac{1}{2}$ anna per palam, so befuddling and irritating to youthful minds not yet quite out of the woods in the matter of multiplication tables and tables of measures, and his laborious facetiousness after meals were all a miasma of unmitigated dreadfulness. Every alternate Sunday was a full holiday even for him and that was partly spent out in marketing.

Be it the breakage of a glass chimney or the exhaustion too quickly of sugar or dhall, poor aunt would have to prepare the ground guilefully days ahead of the market day, bruited out casually the domestic requirements in dribblets in successive after dinner pan-times, when the usual saturnine brow

would smoothen out to a gleam of content if not sunshine. Too precipitate a catalogue of requirements would bring on a tornado of language.

One would think that aunt's outlook in life would have been grey and tepid, having to negotiate so thorny a path. Not at all so. She had developed to a nicety the art of being a reed before storms and could weather them so adroitly that she could utilise the succeeding calm to disproportionate advantage. It was not only broken chimneys and exhausted dhalls but a whole gamut of culinary and domestic requirements that she would get passed without a murmur in the aftermath of uncle's spent-out anger. She had adapted herself so well to her work-a-day world that she could steal satisfying snatches of sleep even while droning out the appropriate "Him's" and "Haw's" in pretended awareness in conversation with us, for her nights were broken into bits by the queer timing of her lord's needs as well as of a water supply tap which would function in her first floor abode only when all other taps of Madras were quietly asleep. Aunt was mercurial and had a zest for life, an indwelling with her neighbours that can rarely be equalled,—and she loved gossip. She knew every language under the sun, leastways that is what we used to think, for she was glib in Telugu, facile in Maharatti and talked with the inflections and colloquialisms of the native born, in Guzerathi—not like the modern knowledgeable novices in northern languages whose stresses and syntaxes mystify the embarrassed visitor from north of the Thungabhadra. The pair occupied the same tenement for 35 years outlasting even changes of ownership, for none dare disturb so hoary a tradition and I have heard one of the legatees of the second generation wonder whether uncle had not acquired a part ownership of the house by virtue of his immutability. Aunt knew everybody in that region of the city, also everybody's cousins and in-laws to the third remove and in turn everybody and everybody's cousins and in-law would not consider any function, be it marriage or funeral, or a pooja, an earboring ceremony or school initiation of an urchin as worthily sanctified without

Ammanna being present for the occasion. In weal and in woe in any household aunt was the first to arrive and the last to leave. She was invaluable in auspicious occasions for none was so ready with her songs, when songs were indicated. Her repertory consisted of 4 and all of them would come out in series on most occasions and hostesses were far too preoccupied to waste time on endless coaxing of more gifted but shy rivals. In sickness and petty ailments, her formulae and rituals to propitiate the appropriate deities were mystically comforting, even when her simples failed. The deity of mumps needed a gold necklace to be placed round the swollen throat of the patient. To egg the goddess of whooping cough out of a house, what was required was a sacrificial coconut with turmeric and rice waved over the head of the sufferer thrice and this should be sneaked into some distant habited place, as an inducement for the goddess to follow, leaving her erstwhile abode. When death released from misery some decrepit old woman to her own and her relatives' relief, when it was no easy task to marshal the regulation number of sobs to sweeten the way of the departed spirit, aunt was equally ready with a repertory of official wails interwoven with a string of scheduled virtues that the dear departed would have been surprised to hear. Her versatility in proverbs was great, seeing that it covered the garnered wisdom of several language regions and in the give and take of enthralling gossip they would trip on each other in marvellous succession of indifferent aptness, be it in support of a thesis or in denial of the selfsame proposition. She could change over from yea to nay and nay to yea in a trice in any matter of opinion without batting an eyelid in soothing support of her interlocutor of the moment. 'Was it not wrong of Yashoda to have gone away without calling on her cousin Kishti to take proper leave?' Aunt was emphatic in her condemnation of such impropriety. And when Yashoda queried 'However could I step into Kishti's house after the way in which she neglected her precedence during Subbu's marriage?', she would be equally categorical in support of her

action as being no more than just and proper.

I cannot forget the one glorious episode of her life on the occasion of the marriage of her daughter. The whole of Guzerathipet took a hand in the function. Her wrinkled features were bedecked in masses of jewelry, festoons of them hung from her scraggy neck and bracelets ginkled up her arms to the elbow and queer things shimmered in her greying hairs. She revelled to her repressed and intoxicated heart's content in the importance, utterly oblivious of the jovial smirks and squibs of the younger folk who audibly wondered as to who the bride was.

For the last 30 years she lived with her son who succeeded to a modified and a more human version of his father's gadi in the postal department, but she died casually in an alien set-

ting to the undisguised grief of innumerable friends and associates gathered and cherished through a life of continuous poverty relieved from beginning to end by sympathy and fellowship, freely given and taken. And today, when I think of her tragi-comedy of life, I thank the Lord for that ridiculousness and foolishness that bespoke of simplicity and carelessness which selfconscious sense can never reach up to. To like many people effortlessly and be liked in turn is given to few in the disillusioned modern world and yet it is a greater blessing and a better staff of life than sense and ease of circumstances encased in sheaths of imprisoning self and importance. That joy of faith and make-beliefs that oiled the interplay of human fellowship is of an era that has set with my aunt Ammanna.

NEGLECT OF HIGHER EDUCATION LACK OF SYMPATHY FOR TEACHERS

THE main defect of the educational system in India today is the lack of co-operation between the various agencies that are responsible for it. It is not yet clearly recognised that education is a co-operative enterprise in which the Government, the universities, the managements of private institutions, the teachers and the students are all equally concerned. When there is failure of co-operation anywhere, the whole machinery goes wrong.

In the present state of affairs the private managements are the chief offenders. They are far from realising that they have a duty to the country for the fulfilment of which it is essential to enlist the co-operation of teachers. They are so far from realising this elementary fact, that they adopt an altogether wrong attitude to the teachers serving in the institutions under their management. Instead of providing every incentive and encouragement to teachers to make them devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge, as is done in advanced countries, they, not infrequently, adopt a supercilious and un-

sympathetic attitude calculated to discourage all originality and enterprise. The conditions of service are such that the best men are scared away.

Even in advanced countries the shortage of highly qualified and trained men needed for the service of the nation is being severely felt. In our country the shortage is acute. There is no hope of getting over the difficulty unless our educational system is expanded and first rate men secured as teachers. As long as the present state of affairs continues, we cannot get the best men. Unless the status and emoluments of teachers are considerably improved, the difficulty will continue. If it is dangerous to tolerate second rate men in army command, it is still more dangerous in the field of higher education. Unless our educational system turns out highly trained and original men, we cannot hope to keep abreast of the advanced countries of the world.

For lack of finance, most managements are not in a position to maintain their institutions at the highest level of efficiency. It is clearly a mat-

ter of urgent necessity that the universities, managements and teachers should realise their joint responsibility and combine together to urge on the Government the necessity for liberal financial aid in improving the level of higher education.

The importance of higher education and research must be visualized clearly by universities and the Government, as the country's progress is bound to be impeded without advancement in these fields. Mere lip service without ensuring the necessary facilities cannot lead to real progress. Various have been the causes for deterioration in standards, and practically no steps have been taken to remedy the defects and maintain the highest standards of efficiency and discipline. The very low status and emoluments of teachers, especially in this province, have done considerable damage in several directions. Suitable personnel are not attracted to the profession, and those who enter the profession are only too eager to quit it even after years of service. The authorities here seem to think that to close their ears to the murmurs of discontent is the better part of wisdom, whereas in England, besides decent salaries they have devised schemes of superannuation and family allowances for teachers in order to enable them to be free to devote their entire energy and attention to their arduous work of learning and teaching.

Several institutions are run on commercial lines. The persons in charge of them are not actuated by a liberal outlook, and they pay little heed to principles of humanity or justice. It is disastrous if teachers in the higher centres of learning are at the mercy of such reactionary groups, who seem to imagine that teachers should be at the beck and call of power, influence and wealth. Advancement of learning is unthinkable under such circumstances. Even freedom of expression is denied to teachers. What freedom can we boast of if the cultured people are prevented from giving expression to their views! It is only to prevent such inroads on the individual freedom of teachers that the 'autonomy of universities' is staunchly guarded in Western countries, whereas the attitude of the universities in our region

is calculated to suppress the freedom of the teacher by reducing him to helplessness. Without rigorous enforcement of its own regulations by the university and with practically no supervision and control by the Government, the teachers are at the mercy of managements. The incalculable harm that is resulting from such a state of affairs does not still seem to have awakened the authorities to the gravity of the situation. Silencing the voice of protest by intimidation and suppression will only worsen the situation. A sympathetic and co-operative attitude to the problems of teachers accompanied by prompt action can work wonders.

The entire educational programme of the country, its commercial and industrial progress, and the prosperity and well-being of the nation depend on the efficiency of the higher centres of learning. Yet the Government do not lend support to higher education. Aided colleges receive meagre grants, and some of them, which work on a surplus basis at the cost of the teachers' salaries receive no grants at all. This is most unsatisfactory and in the long run will plunge the country in chaos. Many a time has it been emphasised that our country is spending the lowest proportion of its revenue on education, when compared with advanced countries. We are still in a dream world imagining that things are all right by closing our eyes to the defects of our educational system.

We have witnessed waves of student-strikes, antagonism between students and teachers, factions among teachers themselves, estranged relationship between teachers and managements, lack of co-operation between teachers and heads of institutions, irregularities of various kinds in colleges, and wholesale leakage of question papers in the university too! And if the Government do not appoint an impartial body to investigate the causes of the present state of affairs, they must share the blame for the impending crisis. Sympathetic approach and far-sighted imagination can alone solve the complicated problems that confront us today. Short sighted policies and one-sided explanations are the curse of the times. It is usual

to blame the youth of the country without realizing to what severe handicaps they are subjected. The lack of facilities and wholesome atmosphere, indifference of the authorities to their essential requirements, frequent changes of staff leading to dislocation of work and a number of other things provoke them to rebellion. Only those who go deep into the matter can gauge the situation correctly. It is the unhelpful attitude of those in authority that is responsible for several evils that sap our educational institutions.

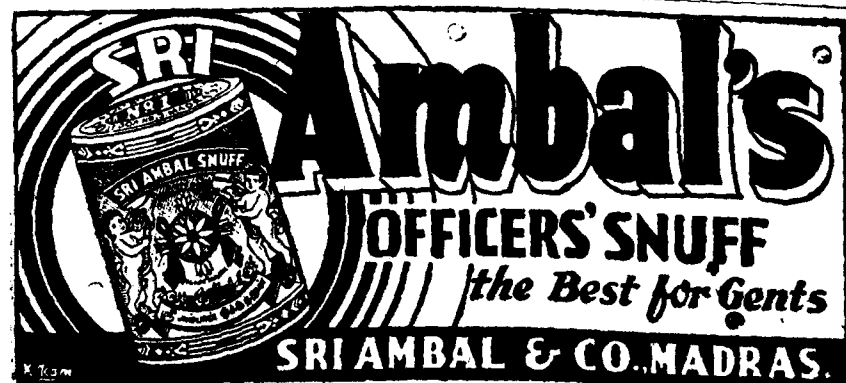
While wages and salaries have been considerably increased in all other spheres, it is astonishing that the Annamalai and Madras universities keep on to pre-war level of salaries. If teaching educationists who ought to be the champions of teachers, uphold such conditions, to whom can teachers look up? They ought to maintain the dignity and status of the members of the profession as a body without perpetuating unjustifiable disparity and discrimination. Unless the university comes to the aid of teachers, the condition of the profession will degenerate, to the detriment of the nation.

Certain ties seem to explain similar conditions in Annamalai University and Pachaiyappa's College; and certain astounding practices in the latter seem to be winked at by the university probably for the same reason.

May we hope that the prestige and dignity of this ancient establishment will be maintained by those who guide the destinies of this institution and may they be actuated by the wide and liberal outlook of their pre-

decessors. To slight distinguished scholars is abuse of power and position. The governing bodies must look upon them with the utmost regard and respect, and must treat them as the custodians of the reputation and greatness of the institutions and not as their personal servants. The atmosphere in most institutions is not calculated to ensure freedom and initiative to the teachers. If the personality of the teacher is dwarfed, that will have disastrous consequences on the younger generation.

Only an independent body of teachers free to voice forth their views without fear on all questions as in advanced countries can promote free inquiry without which there can be no valuable additions to knowledge. The atmosphere in the higher centres of learning should breathe the spirit of inquiry and dispassionate thinking, and bold flights of thought should be encouraged. It should never be forgotten that formality and conventionalism are the enemies of truth and they should never be fostered in the higher centres of learning if stagnation is to be averted. Freshness of thought and elasticity of mind are essential for real progress, and bold flights of thought are the true nourishment of disciplined minds. But where do we meet with such prerequisites to the furtherance of knowledge? Not even in institutions solely intended for research! And yet the authorities complain of the low output of research without realising that they themselves are largely responsible for it. They must realise that the discovery of new knowledge or new points of view cannot be made to order. 'It needs heaven-sent moments for this skill.'



Short Story

"ALL IS FAIR"

By V. K. Ranganatha Rao

I
THE tall young man with the curly head and mild looking eyes pushed open the wicket gate of the garden and hesitated a second before making up his mind to knock timidly at the front door.

"Come in," said a gruff voice from inside.

Mr. Hardnuts continued his perusal of the newspaper for sometime without apparently paying any heed to the young man. Then with his finger marking the place where he had left off, he looked over the top of his paper and nodding the young man to a chair, again became engrossed in his paper.

Mr. Hardnuts was fat, fifty and extremely self-centred. He was engaged in some business during the war, the particulars of which nobody knew clearly, and had earned considerable wealth. The nude fat boy with the flowery bow had never pierced him with his arrows, or if he had, the momentary sting had been forgotten in the pleasant pastime of making money. So, he was still a bachelor, and a destitute niece to whom he had given shelter, more out of studied calculation than out of any pity, cooked food for him and ministered to his wants. From a lean lank girl of indifferent appearance, Lucy had now grown up to be a comely maiden of eighteen summers.

"Good evening, Arthur," said Mr. Hardnuts at last, addressing the young man. "Want to look at the paper?"

"No," said Arthur Mildways with some embarrassment. "I have already read the paper."

Mr. Hardnuts regarded the youth steadily for a few seconds, and then shifted his gaze back to his index finger, found his place, and went on reading.

Arthur shuffled in his chair, whistled softly, stared for sometime with apparent curiosity at the stuffed head of

some animal on the wall that he had at least seen a thousand times, cleared his throat, and said suddenly without warning:

"Mr. Hardnuts, I want to marry Lucy."

The elder man lowered his newspaper again; then he folded it briskly, across and across, and tossed it on the table.

"So you shall, Arthur," he said humorously, "when you get my consent."

"Mr. Hardnuts, what have you got against me?"

"Nothing, nothing at all, Arthur. You are a bit slow, but you are honest."

"Then I don't see why—" began the young man.

"I dare say you don't, not yet, because I have not told you—Hullao, already going Mr. Silvertongue?" Mr. Hardnuts added addressing a large rubicund man who was hitherto lounging in an armchair nearby, and had got up to go. "Please stay for a few minutes more; for you, Mr. Silvertongue, being a man of the world, can bear me out when I say that what I am telling this young man is only in reason. I took my niece into my house—I won't say out of charity, for that is a hard word to use of one's own flesh and blood—but I took her because she was unprovided for, her father, fool that he was, having died a pauper's death. And now, just when she has settled down to my ways and has learnt to be useful, along comes this young man and wants to marry her out of hand."

"It is human nature," said Mr. Silvertongue with a wink at Arthur.

"Now listen to me," rejoined Mr. Hardnuts. "If my niece leaves me I will have to have a house-keeper, a scheming old party, very likely, who will set her cap at me, till I shall not dare to ask for another cup of tea at breakfast for fear of having my words misread into a proposal of mar-

riage. Anyway, what with board and wages, she might run me into as much as three hundred a year. Why should I make you a present of three hundred a year, Master Arthur? Perhaps you will tell me that. Talking as man to man, and no ill-will meant, I am sure—why should I be that much out of pocket to please you?"

"No," said Arthur Mildways slowly, after thinking the matter carefully over, "I will allow I had not thought of it in that way."

"Well, that is how I look at it, as a practical wideawake man. Ask Mr. Silvertongue here, if I am not right."

"Right," said Mr. Silvertongue, "—and likewise wrong. I always speak my mind, Mr. Hardnuts, as you know. In so far as you treat this as a business matter between yourself and Arthur, you are right. But you have got little Lucy's happiness to think of also."

"I have thought of it," replied Hardnuts. "The lass is too young to know her own mind—only eighteen. It will be time enough for her to think about marrying in four or five years' time."

Mr. Silvertongue passed a hand over the smooth summit of his bald head, as if to stimulate thought. His heart was as soft as his muscles were hard, and he was trying to find something consolatory to say to the slow-spoken young man, whose hopes Mr. Hardnuts had so summarily quenched.

"Likely enough," he remarked jovially, "Mr. Hardnuts will be called himself in church before long, Arthur; and then he won't want little Lucy to look after him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Hardnuts in high good humour. "I am not a fool yet. I don't want a wife, to go running up bills behind my back. Money is hard to get, and I like to have the handling of it myself, thank you."

"Put money to money," said Mr. Silvertongue sagely. "Look out for a tidy body with a bit put by."

"Ah! now you are talking sense," exclaimed Mr. Hardnuts. "The brass is the thing, and I don't say that if some smart woman came along, with a tidy little property, I might not be willing to give her my name."

The young man listened to this airy badinage with a downcast air. Then

realising that Mr. Hardnuts was not to be reasoned with, he bade 'good-evening,' and went gloomily out of the house.

II

It was one afternoon about a month after the interview with Arthur Mildways, that Mr. Silvertongue was surprised to observe Mr. Hardnuts wending his way across the street, resplendent in his Sunday's best.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hardnuts," Silvertongue greeted him. "Going to a wedding, most likely."

"Not yet. You will know by and by," replied Mr. Hardnuts with a sly wink.

Not far from the town was a small street spanned by an old wooden bridge, which led to an ill-kept but cool and shady garden by the side of the stream. Here, on summer evenings, from time immemorial, many a tryst had been made by happy lovers.

It was to this garden that Mr. Hardnuts made his way. Even as he entered the garden, a look of chagrin settled on his face. The only ostensible cause of this was the fact that Arthur Mildways, equally sabbatical as to his attire, was lounging idly on the only stone bench of the garden.

"What, Arthur!" said Mr. Hardnuts in surprise. "Who would have thought to see you playing idle at this time of the afternoon?"

"Why, Mr. Hardnuts," rejoined Arthur, with a look that plainly indicated dismay, "today is half holiday for the bank, and I thought of coming here for a spell."

Mr. Hardnuts with manifest discomposure consulted his watch.

"Well, it is a fine day for walking, Arthur," he said. "So, I will not detain you."

"Very good, Mr. Hardnuts, if you must be going," said Arthur.

Mr. Hardnuts' face assumed an expression of extreme uneasiness.

"Fact is, Arthur," he said, "and it does not matter mentioning such a delicate matter to you, I have come here by appointment for 2 o'clock, so I am sure you will see—"

"Well, of all the wonders! So have I," replied the young man.

"Yes? you don't say so! But in my case it's—it's a lady."

"Well, we need not tell on one another," said Arthur with a sheepish laugh.

"Oh, oh!" said Mr. Hardnuts, "you are in the same boat! I am a little surprised, Arthur, after what has happened."

"Look here, Mr. Hardnuts," said Arthur, "it is no use harking back to what has happened. That is all done with. I hope to mend my fortune by this afternoon's work."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Hardnuts sharply.

"To make a clean breast of it," said Arthur. "I have taken and answered an advertisement in the *Daily News*. 'Pretty widow with Rs. 10,000 in sound securities would like to correspond with gentleman of congenial tastes. Write in confidence to post box No. 110....' She has appointed to meet me here this afternoon."

"Dash it all," exclaimed Mr. Hardnuts, with a burst of violent exasperation. "She has appointed to meet me here."

The rivals stared at one another in consternation.

"Well, there is some muddle about it," said Arthur slowly, after full consideration of the matter, "and that is plain."

"I am glad you see it," said Mr. Hardnuts. "So now, like a sensible chap, go and leave us old folk to do our courting quietly."

"No," said Arthur with unexpected determination. "If I may not marry for love, I will marry for money or have a good try for it. Ten thousand rupees is a lot of money, Mr. Hardnuts."

Mr. Hardnuts looked at his watch again and glanced anxiously down the path.

"Now, Arthur," he urged, "if you stay it will only lead to disappointment."

"Seems to me you want to keep me from marrying at all, Mr. Hardnuts," said Arthur in injured tones. "Here I am and here I will bide, and she may choose between us. You are a clever man, but I have got youth on my side, and as for face and features which some women set store by—"

"You impudent puppy, what is wrong with my face?" said Mr. Hardnuts hotly. "You make a move and be off."

"You should have let me marry Lucy," said Arthur sadly, resuming his idle task of scanning the rippling water below.

"I will, when I am fixed with the widow, I swear it," said Mr. Hardnuts earnestly.

"Won't do; give your consent now, and I will go straight away. If not, I will stay and take my chance of the widow and her money. It is a tidy lot of money, Mr. Hardnuts."

The older man thought so too.

"I—I consent, Arthur," he said. "You can marry Lucy. But for goodness sake, get away from here. To see the pair of us together would frighten away any woman of delicate feelings."

The young man abandoned his lounging attitude. With a hurried 'good-day', he left the garden and headed for town with agile steps.

After two hours of weary waiting at the garden, Mr. Hardnuts consulted his watch for the twentieth time with angry disappointment, and headed for town also.

Late in the evening Arthur saw Mr. Hardnuts in the town club and learned confidentially towards him.

"I hope it is all fixed up according to your wishes," he said.

"She did not come. It was a mistake," replied Mr. Hardnuts. "I have had another letter by the evening's post. The appointment is for tomorrow—why, what is this?"

"Only a paper for you to sign, giving legal consent, as guardian, to the marriage of your niece, she being a minor."

"You have not lost much time," said Mr. Hardnuts, taking the proffered pen dubiously. But he signed the paper.

Twenty four hours later Mr. Hardnuts entered the club room with a temper evidently ruffled. There was nobody present excepting Arthur Mildways and Mr. Silvertongue, and as Mr. Hardnuts had acquainted the latter with his matrimonial hopes by this time, there was no need for reticence.

"Here he is at last," said Mr. Silvertongue jovially, "come in time for us to wish him joy."

"Mr. Hardnuts smiled sourly and ordered a glass of sherbat."

"Well," he said, after settling in his accustomed chair, "I shall have to look out for a housekeeper after all, for it is all off between me and the widow."

"You mean to say she won't have you?" gasped Arthur Mildways in astonished concern.

"No such thing," he said tartly. Then he added with a way of his head. "I could not take up with an ill-favoured woman, though she would bring me ten thousand rupees."

As soon as Mr. Hardnuts had gone Arthur began to laugh all of a sudden uproariously, as if he had controlled his laughter till then with a mighty effort.

"Why, what is wrong with you?" said Mr. Silvertongue in astonishment. "Your good fortune has turned your brain, I believe. Now, what is it?"

"He said I was slow and sleepy," said Arthur, his sides still shaking with uncontrollable laughter, "and all

is fair in love and war."

"I suppose there is a joke somewhere, though I don't see it yet."

"I wrote the widow's letters," returned the young man in a weak voice, as he wiped his eyes, "three in all—and in the last she said—she said she could not fancy a man with such a funny name."

"Then she did not meet him this afternoon at all?" Queried Mr. Silvertongue, his smile showing a dawning perception of the cause of the young man's mirth. "But how came the widow to let your write her letters for her?"

The young man broke down again helplessly, but at length he managed to gurgel forth:

"Because there never was a widow. I put that advertisement in the paper myself, so as I could set up to rival him, and bring him to terms about Lucy."

PARLIAMENTARY POLITICS IN EAST PUNJAB

By "BAROO"

THE events of the past few weeks have exposed the utter rottenness of parliamentary politics in the East Punjab. The overthrow of Dr. Bhargava's ministry so shortly after his unanimous election as the party leader has proved that it is necessary to have even more than seven Ministers and thirteen parliamentary secretaries in a House of seventy eight to satisfy all the interests and groups that want a direct share in the loaves and fishes of office. The new leader's task is not going to be a whit easier. He might discover tomorrow that the very men who have contributed to his election (by the narrow margin of seven votes) might choose yet another leader if all their appetites are not fully catered to. Our politics, if such brazen horse-trading can be dignified by that name, has reached depths beyond which only Sind and West Punjab have so far ventured.

It is indeed a sad commentary on our affairs that if there is one man in the province today who commands universal respect and reverence, it is the Governor. More and more people

are openly wishing that he should take over the administration of the province at this critical juncture. Popular loss of faith in the legislature and in the ways of our legislators has been complete. In contrast, Sir Chandu Lal Trivedi has the distinction of having built up the administration of the partitioned province almost from scratch, and by unremitting hard work and attention to detail maintained the morale of the services at a time when it was most threatened by interference by raw parliamentarians and party men. He alone possesses the vision and the experience needed for tiding the East Punjab over the present crisis.

But of course it is too much to hope for Governor's rule. We shall have to be content with another rickety ministry of second-rate men who will possess neither a sense of direction nor the know-how of proceeding towards a worthy goal, even if they had one. Our problem is essentially a simple one. It is one of getting on with reconstruction and re-habilitation as rapidly as possible. The

main hope of the province lies in the early completion of the Bhakra and the Nagal projects on the Sutlej river, projects, which when completed, will not only give us great quantities of cheap electricity but also a perennial source of water for irrigation purposes. Yet, there does not seem to be one legislator who has properly grasped the vital importance of going all out for the achievement of these projects. The out-going ministry has certainly shown no sense of urgency in its handling of this problem. In a reply to a question the other day, it was blithely announced that the projects should be completed by 1955-56 if there were no difficulties regarding the supply of machinery. And if there were....

But it is the counter scheme for the construction of a new capital city for this truncated and insolvent province which shows more than anything else that our legislators and political executive have no conception of priorities for the utilisation of our extremely limited resources. They do not seem to realise that every brick, every piece of stone, every bag of cement and every girder of steel that they are going to use for the construction of the new capital in the foothills can be used to far greater advantage at the hydel projects already in hand, and, what is more, will even from a strictly business

point of view, yield better dividends if so used. It is a question of time against money, in which money should be allowed to play no part. For the prosperity of the province hinges round the supply of power and water, and the sooner we can secure these necessities the better. But rather than explore the possibilities of advancing the target date by another couple of years, our ministry has been taken up with the idea of building a model city at a place to which there is no railway at present and which is poorly served even by road. It has not occurred to them what while we can do without a specially-built capital city for quite some time, the rehabilitation of millions of people is being held up for lack of the resources which the Bhakra project promises to make available. Or perhaps it has, but there are other more sordid reasons for persisting in their attitude.

At the time of writing, the new ministry has not yet been announced. But the personnel will make little difference to its calibre—there is so little to choose between one group of self-seekers and another. The tragedy is that there should be a ministry at all. It would be a great good thing for this province if the Governor could take it over on behalf of the Centre.

There is no such thing as determinism in human affairs, whether politics or social revolution. The human factor is what upsets the calculations of the propounders of new theories and systems, and what defeats the originators of laws, institutions and social panaceas, whether it be the Oneida Community, or the American Federation of Labour, or Judge Lindsay's companionate marriage. The quality of the bride and bridegroom is more important than the conventions of marriage and divorce, and the men administering or upholding the laws are more important than the laws themselves.

**

**

**

Culture, as I understand it, is essentially a product of leisure. The art of culture is therefore essentially the art of loafing. From the Chinese point of view, the man who is wisely idle is the most cultured man. For there seems to be a philosophic contradiction between being busy and being wise. Those who are wise won't be busy, and those who are too busy can't be wise. The wisest man is therefore he who loafs most gracefully.

**

**

**

Psycho-analysts often cure mental patients by making them review their past and see their life objectively. Perhaps if mankind will think more of their past, they will also have a better mastery over themselves. The knowledge that we have an animal heritage and that we are very near the beasts might help to check our behaving like beasts.—LIN YUTANG.

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.

Film Censors, Note

I voice forth the opinion of thousands of cine-goers through the columns of your esteemed weekly. In a picture running at present in the city, there are many objectionable scenes with dialogues wounding the feelings of many. Some of our film producers use this wonderful medium of art and entertainment for purposes unholy and unwarranted, to propagate the ideals (?) of a particular party. Such pictures are harmful to society. They defeat the prime purpose for which pictures are made. If even an insignificant minority of the public is wounded, the picture loses its purpose.

I, like many, wonder how such pictures are allowed to be screened by the censors. The censors seem to follow no definite rules and regulations. What is considered objectionable in a picture by the censors, passes unnoticed in some other picture, and they allow it. Finally the public get all sorts of silly, nonsensical, obscene and objectionable stuff. The censors must not only devote their attention to cutting off some shots objectionable to them, but they should try to think and understand the mind of the public and clip off such scenes as would be considered objectionable by the public at large.

K. V. SRINIVASAN.

Plea For Sartorial Reform

It is a well-known fact that lawyers as a class are very conservative. They will not accept any change unless it has the sanction of the highest authority in the land. Though they are said to enjoy great independence in their profession, the forms of the law, whether inside the precincts of the courts or outside it, have a dominating influence on the life and thought of lawyers. The subtleties of the law have such a fascination over the members of the legal profession that at times they seem to miss the wood for the trees! This, perhaps, explains why even to-day after nearly two years of freedom, the members of the bar in India still stick to the black coat and advocate's bands when they make their appearance in court. You can see the Governor-General of India at any function today wearing his simple white khaddar dhoti and kudtha with an angavasthram thrown on his shoulders and his feet encased in plain sandals. Our beloved Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, seems to make a concession to

formality by wearing a sherwani off and on, though otherwise his homely dress and handsome appearance are a source of happiness to hundreds of millions all over the land. In recent years the question of dress in India has seen a thorough revolution in the minds of the masses as well as of the classes, though "tailor-made" gentlemen are still in existence in no small numbers among the higher classes of Indian society. It is time that members of the learned professions thought at least now about the rigours of our climate and the incompatibility of wearing western costume to the detriment of their comfort and health.

The move for such a change in dress for advocates has to come from two quarters—the lawyers and the judges. A few months ago a judge of the Nagpur High Court took the oath of office dressed in khaddar and wearing the Gandhi cap. In this way are precedents made. Will not lawyers all over India think over this urgent problem of effecting a change in the form of their dress in consonance with the changed conditions in the country?

K. T. NARASIMHA CHAR.

Secunderabad.

Aeroplane Accidents

The recent aeroplane accident from which Sardar Patel was providentially saved to the unmixed joy of the country must open the eyes of the authorities to the fact that the life of the leaders should not be risked every now and then. It is true that Gandhiji objected to having guards at his prayer meetings on the ground that nothing will happen which God has not ordained; but to ordinary men with their limitations such a method of reasoning will not be convincing. It is no doubt necessary that our top leaders will have to travel often to inspire their followers; but they should cut short their programmes to the minimum. To open a conference here or an exhibition there our leaders can depute their lieutenants who are capable of interpreting them to the masses. In indispensable cases, they need travel only on special aircraft piloted by experienced pilots with an escort plane as a precaution against mishap. The use of parachutes, in emergencies, may also be explored.

P. S. NAIR.



The HUB of ASIA

and eventually of

The One World

A POST CARD or TELEPHONE CALL

will bring our man to you to solve

Your Printing Problem

be it

MAGAZINE, BOOK, CATALOGUE

or any odd job in

COLOURS OF YOUR CHOICE

ENGLISH & TELUGU

★ Artistic execution

★ Prompt delivery

★ Full satisfaction

We undertake binding work of any kind

★

SWATANTRA PRINTERS,

160, Lloyds Road, Royapettah,

MADRAS-14.

'Phone : 8177

'Grams : "SWATANTRA"

2

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 11

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1949

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Page—Mr. G. Parthasarathi, London Representative of the P.T.I., with Mrs. Parthasarathi and Son	
Editorial Comment	5
Spotlight—By Vighneswara	7
Spotlight—By Saka	9
G. P., As I know Him—By "Enobarbus"	11
Spotlight—Watch The Balkans! —By Santha	14
Brazil: Literary And Cultural Background—By Yusuf J. Meherally	17
Journey To Europe—Par Avion —By K. C. Raghavan	20
Life's Battle (Short Story) —By E. Theodore King	23
Jessop, "The Croucher"—By N. S. Ramaswami	26
"His Serene Highness, The Deputy" —By T. N. Chellappa	29
The Changing Commonwealth —By Joseph Vernon Furtado	31
The Enchanted Valley (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	34
Indian National Commission —By K. S. Venkataramani	38
Surya Kumari: A Thinking Star —By V. V. Prasad	41
Sri N. Raghunatha Aiyar—By N. Ramani	44
Helping The Blind To Help Themselves	46

AGENTS WANTED

WHOLESALE MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION AGENTS wanted to handle our complete line of American Magazines and Greeting Cards. Must be capable. No capital required. Excellent opportunity. Write Airmail to Cassell Publishers Service WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

For Comfort Economy and Service

MYSORE SILKS

★

MANUFACTURED BY

**GOVERNMENT SILK WEAVING FACTORY
MYSORE.**

3



Mr. N. G. Iyengar introducing his grandson, Ashok, to Lady Mountbatten at a party in New Delhi, recently.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 11

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE CHOICE

INDIA is now face to face with her first major problem—whether to continue to stay in the British Commonwealth with all that that implies of compromise and admission of white paramountcy, or opt out of it and set herself up as an independent State. Speculation in the country has been rife for some time now with regard to India's prospective stand and opinion seems to be about evenly divided. While we are trying to decide upon our choice and weighing the pros and cons, we cannot help but notice the ferment that the Western European nations, especially Britain and the United States are openly in over this fateful decision India is going to take. We have suddenly found the spotlight of world attention focussed on our bewildered selves. The Communists are trying to cross the Yangtse in China, the peace talks having ended even in the preliminary stages in a neat debacle. The Burmese Premier, at his wit's end, unable to deal with the Red Flags and the White Flags and the Karens, has begun to ask his neighbours for help. The Malayan Federation continues to be a cess-pool of Red intrigue and the Soviet Embassy at Bangkok is working full swing. Ho Chi Minh is mobilising his men on the borders of Indo-China and the indecisive tug-of-war in Indonesia is almost certain soon to attract the speculative eye of Moscow. And Indians have over-night become the Wanted People. And while not the most credulous or gullible among us is deceived into believing that we are wanted for our own sakes or for the pristineness of our civilisation, one

cannot nevertheless help feeling gratified at being the essential little extra which will tip the international balance of power. We are the loaf between the two kittens. It is not a comfortable position, but it has its own charms for a surging, frustrated mass of four hundred million people who have so far only been the rubbish in somebody else's dust-bin.

To many of us the British Crown has long been a symbol of foreign absolutism and it is not easy now to achieve a complete change in our viewpoint and begin to think of the British nation as our well-wishers and good neighbours. And even though the less conservative among us have decided to give them the benefit of the doubt as far as our future relations are concerned, India's long-standing feud with South Africa still rankles and the fact that Britain is either unable or unwilling to do anything about it does not exactly tend to sweeten our temper or quieten our suspicions.

We really are not concerned about the whys and wherefores of Canada gravitating towards the U.S. or the private plans of White South Africa for setting up a fascist Government or the grimly determinate attitude of Eire. What we are really concerned about is what India's position would be in the new set-up of the Commonwealth. Britain is not to us what it has been and still is to New Zealand and Australia—'Home.' We have no "deep feeling" for it nor a nostalgic longing never to be severed from it. We are only the conquered people now set free. There is no desire among us for creating a "real edifice" out of

the dying Commonwealth and save it from an "amiable dissolution." In fact, we would prefer a loose confederation of States to any menacing "real edifice" imprisoning us within it and binding us to it with "hoops" not of affection and love but of signatures on dotted lines. But, whatever its nature, the real problem is whether being a member of the Commonwealth would oblige us to take sides in the ubiquitous East-West conflict which seems to be reaching out to the far corners of the earth. Do we, as members of the Commonwealth, become anti-Communist? Do we bind ourselves automatically to participation in the Atlantic Pact which the Western Powers have signed and all the other pacts they are threatening to sign? That, I think, is the crux of the problem. What would India's position be on the international chess-board? If the acceptance of the Pact is obligatory on the members, then the sooner Pandit Nehru packs his bag and comes home, the better. It might be true our Government is anti-Communist; but it would be most illogical to expect us to agree to be plunged into a war of annihilation with Moscow because a Soviet bullet straying over the West German border killed a British subaltern. If, on the other hand, participation is voluntary, it defeats the very purpose for which the Commonwealth is being so anxiously preserved.

The alternative question is: Can we afford to set up a "Sovereign Democratic Republic" independent of any foreign power? Would independence be a practicable choice which would give us real freedom to stay out of wars or would it leave us "sitting on the fence"? We would have a disintegrating Burma as a neighbour. And we would see the Communists

pour down South China like an inexorable tidal wave. Some people might argue that in such a case it really would not make much difference if India stayed within the Commonwealth or got out of it, that nothing can save her from being embroiled in a world war if there should be another. This is not quite true. Our new Free India is now only a half-way house, incomplete, immature, sketchy and defective. Independence has tended to turn our heads a little and we seem to have swallowed the precepts of democracy the wrong way, for where they should have done us good, they have only succeeded in choking us. Barring a few exceptions in the Centre, we have chosen the wrong leaders and ministers and legislators or their ascension to power has tended to corrupt them. We have tried to transpose the sophistications of a foreign civilisation on our indigenous creeds and faiths and have created incongruity where before there was only unruffled placidity. Industrialisation, form of government, constitution—all remain unanswered questions. Nothing can save us now except a philosophy and a way of life, a building anew according not to the rules and measurements which other countries and Governments can prescribe for us but according to the tenets and precepts embedded in our own tradition, according to the teachings of the later saint, Gandhiji, which we have well abused. We must de-mechanise ourselves and cleanse ourselves of corruption, dishonesty, avarice and selfishness so that our hearts and minds can again be rendered fertile soil for the birth of a New Spirit. Change in our way of life is the essential and immediate necessity.

We are all essentially lonely. In our nerves, in our bones. We are too preoccupied and too experimental to give ourselves freely and honestly to other people, and in the end other people fail to give themselves fully to us.—H. G. WELLS.

Sotto Voce

The Healer



IT is so unusual to find a popular favourite who is not a politician or a cinema star that the sincere and widespread grief occasioned by the death of a young doctor was to me something of a revelation. I had of course known in a general way that Dr. K. Sambasivan had built up a good practice, especially in Mylapore and thereabouts. But he had by no means the kind of personality that impresses the casual observer. And he had not been adopted as a mascot by the *bon ton*. He seemed to be totally unaware of the arts of advertisement. Quiet and unobtrusively efficient, he was the very antithesis of the immaculate clothes-dummy who beams down upon you from the fashion plates.

But the poor had taken him up. The rich did not condescend to him; the sophisticated relied on his judgment and spoke of him with respect; but the poor, while they shamelessly exploited him, loved him. When he fell ill they hung about the house at all hours of the day making anxious enquiries. They besieged the nursing home in their hundreds when he was passing through the first crisis. And when after a brief rally the end came suddenly they seemed for a short hour to go mad with grief. I had seen nothing like it since the passing of that Good Samaritan Dr. Rangachari.

Dr. Rangachari was a great physician; but he was a rather formidable personality. He had upon his clients and their loquacious relations the intimidating effect that is best expressed in Mathew Arnold's famous tribute to Shakespeare: "Others abide our question....thou smilest and art still." Sambasivan, apart from being a

much younger man, was not brilliant; but he was human in our unassuming Indian way. He reminded me of the country doctor in Alphonse Daudet's *Jack*, who, in spite of his good wife's vigilance, contrived to forget more than half the visits he had made, and would lose his temper only with his old trap horse when the poor patient brute decided that his master had had enough of hard unrewarding work for one day and refused to budge.

At the memorial meeting held in Mylapore a medical man suggested that at present the provision of medical relief was least adequate for the middle class. The State hospitals, he said, gave excellent service to the poor, and the rich could be left to fend for themselves. While that is theoretically true, such a career as Dr. Sambasivan's shows that the general practitioner is sought after at least as much by the poor as by those who can better afford to pay. State hospitals are far too few, for one thing. And there is something chilling, almost inhuman in the sterilised, chloroform-smelling atmosphere of these public institutions that unnerves the timid who are unaccustomed to impersonal efficiency.

The poorest are supposed not to pay. But *mamool* is all powerful. And they find that the *bakshish* the insolent ward boy expects would more than suffice to meet the modest bills of the private practitioner up the street, who allows them to pay when they can. The belief is deeply ingrained in the Hindu mind that the physician's dues are one of those debts that it is obligatory to pay. We no doubt often allow arrears to mount up, but we

salve our conscience by telling ourselves that we shall pay—some day! Meanwhile, for the idler who is something of a hypochondriac, there is the daily visit to the doctor to look forward to, a pleasant break in the monotony of city life.

The poor, God knows, have no time to moon about. To lose a day's wages would mean for most of them that the family would have to go without food. And of all the bureaucratic devices for wasting time none is so devastatingly thorough as a public hospital. You may be penned with a hundred others for the better part of a morning in the outpatient ward only to find that the spruce supercilious youth who signs the chits stalks off when you think your turn is at last coming.

Your heart full of gall you trot off to catch the tram lest you should be late again at the office and the superintendent wax sarcastic.

And when in a poor household somebody falls seriously ill, there is consternation, for the whole economy of life is disrupted. But more appalling than the material deprivations is the fear that clutches at the heart; for they have so little to take comfort in except each other. Like a dumb animal in pain they go about with a hunted look. And they crave for sympathy more than for anything else. The doctor who mixes his medicine with a little humanity is sure of a niche in their hearts.

VIGHNESWARA

Give us the man of integrity on whom we know we can thoroughly depend; who will stand firm when others fail; the friend, faithful and true; the adviser, honest and fearless; and adversary, just and chivalrous; such an one is a fragment of the Rock of Ages.—STANLEY.

(ESTD: 1907)



Branches and Sub-Offices in all the important places in the Madras Presidency and in Bombay.

Issued & Subscribed Capital	Rs. 72,00,000
Reserve Fund	" 62,00,000
Paid-up Capital	" 53,00,000

ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.
HEAD OFFICE... INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
NORTH BEACH ROAD... MADRAS.

SIDELIGHTS :

It has been said of dogmatism, that it is only puppyism come to its full growth, and certainly the worst form this quality can assume is that of opinionativeness and arrogance.—S. SMILES.

In every village there will arise some miscreant, to establish the most grinding tyranny by calling himself the people.—SIR ROBERT PEEL.

WHEN the Leader of the Opposition asked in the Madras Legislative Assembly why the Omandur Ministry was turned out, Sri Gopala Reddi replied that the Leader of the Opposition was "not entitled to ask for information about the domestic matters of the Congress Party." He instanced the case of the Muslim League. Eight members of the Muslim League Party had recently left it, but he, Gopala Reddi, and his party were not interested in it. "Likewise the Leader of the Opposition was not entitled to know why the Congress Party had changed the Ministry."

One can imagine the consciousness of argumentative prowess with which the Leader of the House dealt with the Leader of the Opposition. The utter finality of the Minister's reply reflects a triumph of cocksureness. It is packed with the elation of victory over a miserable antagonist laid low in the dust and pitied loftily for having embarked at all on so unequal a battle of wits. Such complete happiness over one's own exploits a Don Quixote in fiction is capable of, but in life there are few joys of vanity that are wholly proof against the shafts of belittling critics. Our Leader of the House however has the gift of converting a limitation into a distinction. The embarrassments of ignorance do not therefore interfere with his enthusiasm for himself. When he has no information to convey he indulges in displeasure over the enquirer as if he had committed a misdemeanour. Or else he asks him to put a separate question on another occasion. Never was so much lack of knowledge exhibited with such gusto or so many flourishes of the privileged vantage of office as is now

being done by the Leader of the House on the floor of the Assembly.

Power which used to be a reward for capacity has in the present dispensation of things become a substitute for capacity. Naturally enough commonsense has been put to flight. The difference between the Congress and the Muslim League does not penetrate the intellect of the spokesman of the Government and both are placed on a par by him. The merest tyro in politics knows that the Congress is the ruling party whereas the Muslim League can never hope to assume the reins of administration. Everything connected with a ruling party is of interest to all citizens as the character of its leaders affects their lives. The privilege of immunity from publicity ill becomes a party that has taken on itself the responsibility of government.

Sri Gopala Reddi has made no secret of his view that the members of the Congress Party are a law unto themselves and owe no explanation to others. It sounds offensive when proclaimed with crude outspokenness, but there is a substantial element of reality about it. Congress legislators have come to feel that the country belongs to them to exploit. Support to Ministers is rewarded with transference of Government authority to the supporters. Meddlesome interference with local administration by legislators having the power of Ministers at their command has become frequent. The ruling party uses the power that has come to it by discriminating against other parties; and inside the ruling party supporters of Ministers form a privileged section with all the power of Government at their disposal for the promotion of their personal ends. There is nothing like impartial justice as between man and man in the administration.

We have only a caricature of democracy. True democracy must rise above the temptation of buying politi-

cal support with favours. At the time of stepping into office, the ruling party must divest itself of party mentality and learn to treat the criticism of dissentients as a contribution to the function of government. Sovereignty belongs to the whole legislature and not to one dominant party of it only. Others besides Congressmen are also citizens and cannot be deprived of

their inherent right to be informed of all that goes on in the circle that has assumed the responsibilities of government. Sri Gopala Reddi's viewpoint reduces the existence of other parties in the legislature to a costly and meaningless intrusion. More responsible leaders of the organisation should disown and denounce it. —SAKA.

LOOT OF GOVERNMENT JOBS

By B. S. MURTHY, M.L.A.

Recently selections for about 100 posts of sub-inspectors of police were made by the Inspector-General of Police. According to the Communal G. O. Harijans must get not less than 14 seats. But none were selected. The reason for this according to the Leader of the House, Sri Gopala Reddi, was that there was 'no suitable' Harijan. He forgot what Sri C. Rajagopalachari had done in 1937 as Premier of the Province. The Madras Public Service Commission had thrice refused to select Harijan candidates for posts of Dy. S. P. reserved for Harijans. It selected a non-Harijan for the Harijan vacancy and asked him to undergo training. C. R. cancelled the unjust selection of the Services Commission and directed the Commission to select the best amongst the Harijan applicants. The Commission had to eat humble pie. The Harijan chosen then is to-day enjoying the reputation of a capable, resourceful and useful D. S. P.

The progress of a nation is gauged by the advancement made by the lowest community. It is unfortunate that there is a lot of variance between the talk and the deeds of the present Madras Ministry with regard to Harijan uplift and the application of the Communal G. O. The following table according to the Administration Report of 1947 will show how the Harijan community is treated by the Madras Government:

	Permanent		
	Total	Due to Harijans.	Given to Harijans.
Gazetted	1580	226	25
Non-Gazetted			
Rs. 100 & over	3638	1334	74
Rs. 35 to 100	38845	3559	727
Below Rs. 35	36897	5271	2045
Temporary			
Gazetted	1852	266	14
Non-Gazetted			
Rs. 100 & over	8918	1274	97
Rs. 35 to 100	23465	3552	1941
Below Rs. 35	23257	3323	1834

In his recent budget speech Sri Gopala Reddi said "The activities of the Government for the welfare and uplift of Harijans were considerably expanded during the course of the year." But the above figures culled from the administration report of the Government will show how the Communal G. O. is applied in this respect. Harijans are cited here as an example as every one professes abundant sympathy for them. The Ministry in Madras has converted the Communal G. O. into an efficacious weapon of jobbery. Abuse of the spirit of the Communal G. O. is manifest in all the recent selections. It is high time that the Ministry regained the Gandhian outlook on life which it has lost in the bustle of power politics. No doubt Sri Gopala Reddi and other friends in the Ministry are helpless victims of the conspiracy of circumstances. This does not absolve them of responsibility for the misapplication of a principle. They must do justice by all communities and stop this open looting of Government jobs.

The highest dam in the world is the Hoover Dam in the United States. This concrete dam, built in 1936, stands 726 feet high. The largest dam is the Forte Peck Dam, also in the United States. About 128,000,000 cubic yards of earth and concrete went into its construction.

—USIS

G. P., AS I KNOW HIM

By "ENOBARBUS"

WE are all good, each of us, in a passive manner. We have each of us a little knowledge that will answer our daily purpose and we are not bitten by the world-bettering spirit. But there are about us the handful of the elect who are engaged continually, naturally, in helping fellow-humans, who realise the deeper currents of life making for social progress and are concerned how they can contribute to it. They look full at the stars and the sun and the wide sky and like them sustain the world, while the crowd pathetically looks downward and prods the earth, cherishing the choicer spirits the while.

G. P. is one such rare being. To know G. P. is to know life at a high point. He has had before him the best which money could buy or opportunity could offer, but not a grain of his mind has been corroded. He has subordinated and on a hundred occasions quietly sacrificed his personal comfort and betterment so that someone else can benefit, without the other man ever being allowed to suspect that in the promotion of his cause, G. P.'s own interest was being harmed. He has placed dozens of young men; his counsel has been, like C. P. Scott's, available to Minister and legislator, as well as to milkman and office-boy. His contacts have been multitudinous. But his simplicity has not suffered, his quietness has not been ruffled. He has continued to be unobtrusive and retiring, except among the intimate. Though his words are few, his presence itself is like sunshine and an occasional remark showers cheer on young and old alike who come to him for advice or help. A friend once appropriately said that "G. P." did not stand for G. Parthasarathi, but really meant "General Purposes."

G. P. was born rich, the only son of Mr. N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar, now member of the India Cabinet. With a fine figure and a capable mind, outstanding in whatever he turned to, in sports or in studies, he was idolised by all around. There was all that

could spoil a man's life, make him saucy, snobbish, and callously self-centred. But G. P. has remained singularly unaffected. He has not been one of those who mis-spend their youth and develop dignity with age. Nor has he been the type that burns the midnight oil to qualify for a cushy job and rusts ever after. Throughout the years G. P.'s life has been purposeful and active.

He qualified for his B. A. (Hons.), in Economics from Presidency College, Madras. He took his B.A. in Modern History at Oxford and was called to the Bar in London. And while a student, he worked for a period in the League of Nations Secretariat at Geneva under Konni Zilliacus. Then he was for some time in the mighty London *Times*, the newspaper's newspaper. (I can well imagine the shocked hall-porter exclaiming, "An Indian on the staff of *The Times*! No, madam, it could never be.") Till the other day, he was an Assistant Editor in *The Hindu* in charge of foreign news. All the time, the ambit of his contacts has been widening and he has been putting by an immense wealth of information that has extended the range of his being.

But his knowledge is not dry, divorced from the texture of his life, useful only as far as it serves him professionally. He is all of a piece and his knowledge has woven itself into his thought and action. His idealism has easily made him a socialist, though it has also kept him away from identifying himself with any particular political party. He is one of the few who understand Communist Russia's policies, the reasons for its frequent change of colour, while being extremely well informed of the motives of the Western Powers. He has an excellent grasp of the economic and political bases of the rival ideologies. People have, therefore, oftentimes waited for his editorials on foreign news in *The Hindu*, which in a column or so often unravelled the tangled skein of events occurring over many years.



Photo taken on the occasion of a Dinner at Woodlands Hotel given by the Press Club on the eve of Mr. G. PARTHASARATHI'S departure to London.

By merits G. P. has deserved much. He will be an asset in any post where winning manners, tact, and understanding are essential. He might, for instance, have been a member of the Indian Constituent Assembly, and possibly a Minister of State by now, if he had accepted the offer made by a big Congress leader once. G. P. has actually declined many good berths, because he has hated to push himself forward and has also felt that, on an ultimate analysis, he might be found perhaps less useful in those jobs than where he has been,—in *The Hindu*.

The appointment of G. P. as the Chief Representative of the Press Trust of India in London has, therefore, given widespread satisfaction. His job is to sieve world news for Indian newspapers at the Reuter desk in London and also to present Indian news to the world. He is young, being only 37 years of age, though so wise, and has the energy for the task. His earlier stay in England and his wide contacts ensure that the social side of his work will be excellently attended to.

G. P. has one other advantage: he has the ideal home for a diplomat and they are a mutually devoted family. His wife, a Parsi by birth, is a B. Litt. (Oxon), has worked at Toynbee Hall, London, and has

a felicity of English phrase and pronunciation. If ever there was a perfect hostess, well, it is she. And there is Ashok, their son, a radiant, sweet-faced boy of nine—a very chip, as they say, of the old block.

G. P.'s love of games is another quality that will make him popular in England as in India. He is a fine bowler who has been one of the moving spirits of Madras cricket for over a decade. He is also an excellent tennis player. In fact, he is a true sport both on the playfield and off it.

And for the really vital part of his job, he is very much fitted. While his keen grasp of world politics and dependable judgment will help him to give proper emphasis in the news sent out to India by Reuters and to cut what obscures judgment or creates prejudice, his deep knowledge of Indian politics and his familiarity with the spirit of the country are sure to enable him to present Indian news to the outside world from a correct point of view. It is a responsible task, a super, two-way ambassadorship, so to speak, but then few could do it better than he. That he has been persuaded to take it up is indeed our fortune. For nations, as individuals, map their course in time by their thought currents and he who keeps them limpid and pure does noble service to humanity.

No pain!
When you use NOPAIN



Calcutta Chemical Product

It acts like
magic in all
pains and gives
immediate relief.

CC. 8452-49

WATCH THE BALKANS!

LIKE Palestine and Berlin, the Yugoslav situation has become quite unpredictable. Western diplomats and Governments who smiled and wetted their tongues at the first news of Tito's drift from the Cominform, were trying hard last month to conceal their disappointment at the non-appearance of the expected denouement. They asked themselves: What exactly had happened? The more seasoned among them professing themselves adepts at detecting tricks, even said that the Tito-Stalin feud was a 'phoney,' an elaborate trap set up by the Soviet to ensnare the Allies. But still they did not give up hope and succumbed to the temptation to see in every casual statement made by the Marshal a hidden meaning and an assurance, if not a promise. Some months ago, Marshal Tito, addressing the Yugoslav National Congress, said: "If our allies in the countries of the people's democracies do not want to help us, if they violate agreements and various obligations that they have with us, then, of course, we must sell our raw materials elsewhere, to the capitalist countries in order to buy machines needed for the mechanisation of our mines and heavy industries." About the same time, a trade protocol was signed in Moscow, between Soviet and Yugoslav delegates and it was categorically stated by the mouth-piece of the Cominform, the Moscow Radio, that "in view of the unfriendly policy of the Yugoslav Government towards the Soviet Union, a policy which has made it impossible to maintain broad economic co-operation between the USSR and Yugoslavia, the protocol provides for a decrease in the exchange of goods between the two countries during 1949 to one-eighth that of 1948." Immediately afterwards, trade agreements were signed between Yugoslavia on the one hand and Britain, Sweden, Switzerland and the United States on the other. So far, everything had gone according to fond expectations, as far as the West was concerned. And they all but clapped hands when various Yugoslav leaders in their

addresses at the Second Congress of the Serbian Communist Party, declared themselves defenders of the faith against "un-Marxian, counter-revolutionary" deviationists and their "dishonest methods" and "Goebbels-like" propaganda directed against the Socialist States and even jibed at those who made a "fetish" of Soviet authority.

But that, disappointingly enough, was where things settled down into a lull and even distinguished journalists like John Gunther began to say that "although the chasm between Moscow and Belgrade is as wide as the Grand Canyon," the Yugoslavs still thought themselves as Communists and in the eventuality of an East-West war, would prefer to fight on the Russian side than on the side of the Western Allies. To some others, however, it seemed as if Tito's intention was to dissociate himself from both the Soviet and the Western parties and set up an independent Central European State and also with foresight and planning escape from falling into the cauldron of death and destruction of a third world war.

But last week, the situation suddenly livened up. Russia, which all along has been endeavouring to give the impression that she was not worried about the defection of her satellite and indeed could very well do without her, if necessary, has during the last few days, showed symptoms of positive panic at Tito's refusal to be brought to heel. She had tried to do it by the imposition of economic sanctions, but this ruse had only pushed Tito a little towards the West. Only three choices were then left—to declare war on him, which would be like cutting the nose to spite the face and so out of the question; incite civil war in Yugoslavia or at least an anti-Tito movement inside the State; or simply and finally, kill him. But to kill Tito, surrounded as he is by the invulnerable barricade of the OZNA, his secret police force modelled on the Soviet police force of Lavrenty Beria, and protected by the grim triumvirate—Edward Kardelj, Vice-Prime Minis-

Slovene; Milovan Djilas, editor of 'Borba,' a Montenegrin; and Aleksander Rankovic, Minister of the Interior, a Serbian, is next to impossible.

So, Russia is attempting to do the only other thing possible. It has resurrected a shelved and dusty question—the problem of Macedonian independence. Moscow evidently hopes that by setting up a Communist Free Macedonia right next to Yugoslavia, she would be in a better position to foment trouble on the Yugoslavian borders and incite insurrection inside.



Macedonia is a mountainous area with a population of about three millions, now divided between Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Greece. Greek Macedonia has an area of about 13,000 sq. miles with a population of about one and a half millions, and Yugoslav Macedonia an area of 10,000 sq. miles and a population of a million. The Bulgarian part (the Pirin) has a population of less than half a million.

In 1947, Marshal Tito had suggested that the three parts should be joined and attached to Yugoslavia as one of her republics. An agreement was reached with M. Dimitrov, the then Premier of Bulgaria, by which it was arranged that the Macedonian Republic should form part of Yugoslavia and further that Bulgaria and Yugoslavia themselves should join a confederation of South East European States. But this plan, for one reason and another, fell through leaving the divided territory little better off than before.

The Soviet intention now seems to be to restore the old National Liberation Front by pouring some Communist blood into its veins and inciting it to remake its old demand of an independent State within a "democratic federation of the Balkan peoples." Indeed it is rumoured that

the first step has already been taken and that the Congress of the Front is going to be held any day at a "secret rendezvous in the northern Greek mountains." This ruse will drag Greece also into the unhappy mess by virtue of Grecian Salonica which is involved, and it may logically be deduced by the very fact that the Congress is going to be held in Greece that Johannides, successor to General Markos, is prepared to toe any line which Russia demands of him. In fact, theories about why Markos was pensioned off from the scene are growing. One is that he "fancied himself a little Greek 'Tito' Macedonia comprising a not inconsiderable slice of Greece itself.

Till recently it was being said that the Serbs, the Croats and Slovenes of Yugoslav Macedonia would stand behind Tito to the last man, whatever might befall. But now the effects of Soviet propaganda are spreading like a slow poison through the ranks of miners, railwaymen and minor Government officials and it is being said that the "pro-Titoism of Croatia, Montenegro and especially Macedonia" is "much less whole-hearted than before." A pro-Cominform Front has already been established inside the State. The discontent of the people against the poor economic outlook in Yugoslavia is also growing. Infiltration of foreign agents into Macedonia from Greece, Bulgaria and Albania is going on apace. The "war of nerves" has started with a barrage of rumours of troop movements on the frontiers and plots and riots inside the State. How much of this is truth and how much compromise with it in the name of propaganda, nobody is able exactly to say. But tension is clearly mounting in Yugoslavia. Recently an Albanian plane was shot down inside Yugoslav territory where, it was rumoured, the pilot was dropping anti-Tito leaflets. The Albanian Premier, Enver Hoxha, was given a state reception in Moscow a few days ago with the "highest honours." A Russian airline was opened between Budapest and Tirana. The Moscow Radio has begun broadcasts in the Macedonian language. The Cominform propaganda goes on unabated, heaping abuse upon abuse. "Tito has transformed Yugoslavia into a Chamber of Horrors," it said recently, "a

country of terror and misery. But in this hell a new struggle is beginning and the hour of freedom is drawing near." Yugoslavs see in this a grim prophecy.

But Marshal Tito is proving himself belligerent too. He is girding his loins ready for the fight. He passed late in March two important administrative measures with the aim of tightening his regime in his territory. The first was the division of his federated republics. (Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia-Hercegovina and Macedonia) into several small districts. In these districts are to function new Communist Party sub-committees which will be the connecting links between the Government and the people so that everyone may "follow more closely the political and economic developments" which the Government is planning. The second measure is the reorganisation of the county councils and their use as propaganda machines in towns and villages.

The stage is set. Whose cue is it now? Opinion is at variance regarding the part America could offer to play in this political complication. Some opine that American interference would be an untactful blunder which would only push Yugoslavia right back into the arms of the Soviet while others argue that the granting of export licences to Yugoslavia and increasing Western trade with her, would revive her dwindling economy and help in the fruition of the Marshal's cherished 5-year plan for Socialism and his plans for the industrialisation of the country's vast economic resources, thus achieving the entrenchment right in the heart of Europe of an independent Communist State. An ally, or at least an un-inimical opponent within enemy territory, would certainly be a great help in case—well, in case.

One way and another, it seems as if things will soon be stirring in the Balkans.—SANTHA.

BRAZIL: LITERARY AND CULTURAL BACKGROUND

By YUSUF J. MEHERALLY

(Last of a series of four articles)

BRAZIL took her religion and language from Portugal and her cultural ideals largely from France. Unlike "Indians" of Mexico and Peru, the Brazilian "Indians" had no ancient cultural traditions to fall back upon. The glorious Aztec and Maya civilisations had no counterpart here. No literary or artistic fragments of any note from the past have survived nor has research yielded any clues, so far, that they existed at all. Beyond a few folk tales nothing has been found—no poetry or music, nor pottery or painting. The original inhabitants were the free sons and daughters of the jungle. The women attended to agricultural operations and the household; the men were hunters, fishermen and warriors.

EXPLOITATION: PORTUGUESE STYLE

Nor did the Portuguese conquistadores who arrived in Brazil from the year 1500 onwards do anything to promote locally any semblance of a cultural life. Quite the contrary. They were interested in getting rich quickly and in maintaining a tight hold on their new colony.

Amazing that quite apart from their ruthless economic exploitation, till the opening years of the 19th century even the printing of books and newspapers was strictly prohibited in Brazil by its Portuguese rulers. "In the preceding three hundred colonial years," says Stefan Zweig in his well known book, *Brazil: Land of the Future*, "every form of cultural development had been systematically suppressed. In this country, which before 1800 was not allowed to print papers or any literary work, a book was something of value, a rarity and incidentally something superfluous, because the assumption that even one out of a hundred can read and write probably falls too far on the optimistic side."

When the Portuguese Court fled from Lisbon to Brazil in 1808 under the impact of Napoleon's invasion,

a thin facade of literary and cultural activities was slowly built up. After Brazil severed her connection with Portugal there was greater progress, especially under the cultured Emperor, Don Pedro II, as unusual a monarch as ever reigned over a country. It was his bold abolition of Negro slavery in 1888 that cost him his throne, for the landed and feudal nobility furiously turned against him. The President of Venezuela remarked: "The Emperor of Brazil is the only real President South America has ever had." Brazil became a Republic in 1889. While most administrations have since expressed concern for the education of the people, even today 65 per cent of the population is illiterate. A high percentage indeed, but let us not forget, not as high as in India under the British.

BRAZIL AND THE U.S.A.

Till very recently, the United States figured little in the intellectual picture of Brazil. When World War II started there were 375,000 Americans in Europe as against less than 5,000 in Brazil. In 1939 there were over 3,000 Chinese students reading in the various schools and universities of the U. S. A. The number of Brazilian students was not more than 30. World War II altered the position radically. The political relations between the two countries had always been cordial. Brazil fought on the side of the United States in both the world conflagrations. In the Second World War she became a pivotal centre, specially in relation to the invasion of North Africa. Vast quantities of strategic raw materials—rubber from the Amazon valley, cotton from Bahia, iron ore and other minerals from Minas Geraes and a large variety of things from Sao Paulo supplied the Allied war machine. Needs of war accelerated the pace of industrialisation. Brazil received 350 million dollars in lend-lease aid, whereas

THE VANGUARD INSURANCE CO., LTD. THE VANGUARD FIRE AND GENERAL INSURANCE CO., LTD.

Head Office: MADRAS.

Transacts

LIFE
ACCIDENT
MARINE

FIRE
WORKMEN'S
COMPENSATION

MOTOR
MISCELLANEOUS,
ETC., ETC.

Liberal Policy Conditions, Moderate Premiums and Low Expense Ratio have carried VANGUARD POLICIES to every place.

Branches & Agencies:—ALL OVER INDIA, CEYLON & F. M. S.

H. D. RAJAH,
General Manager.

her southern neighbour and rival, Argentina, less hostile to the Axis interests, received nothing.

As on the political so also on the cultural front, there was a steadily increasing interchange. Under the influence of the colossus of the North the study of the English language made appreciable progress. Not only did a welcome exchange of professors and students take place, but quite a number of Brazilian books were translated and published in the United States.

A BRAZILIAN CLASSIC

One of the most outstanding among them was *Rebellion in the Backlands* by Euclides da Cunha. This book has been called "the Bible of Brazilian Nationality" and has had a great influence on the development of literature in that country. The author, after a restless term in the army, settled down as an engineer. He was also a journalist of note. In 1896, the Federal Government sent a military expedition against a fanatical religious leader, named Antonio Conselheiro, who in the far interior of North Brazil had established a stronghold and successfully defied a large army sent against him with a handful of zealous followers. In one campaign, the troops sent against him could advance only a hundred yards in a period of three months. Euclides da Cunha accompanied this expedition as a press reporter. From his reports and notes, grew this most famous book in Brazilian literature, which in the original is called *Os Sertões*. It is a remarkable picture of a whole people rotting in the backlands and incidentally it also became the picture of the people of Brazil, of the country, of the soil, its struggles and needs and hopes. Literary Brazil immediately hailed it as a faithful report on national temper.

Today the fame and popularity of Euclides da Cunha is greater than ever. The little shack in which he used to work on the book after a day's hard work on constructing a bridge over the nearby river Pardo, has become a national shrine. Every year in the month of August in the village of Sao Jose Do Rio Pardo in the State of Sao Paulo crowds of literary pilgrims gather to celebrate the Euclides Week.

BRAZIL'S FOREMOST WRITER

When I sailed for Brazil, among those I wanted to meet were Gilberto Freyre, the well-known writer and Portinari, the famous painter.

Dr. Freyre is a delightful person and I came to have as great a regard for the man as for the scholar. Coming from the northern city of Recife, he is a member of Parliament, Professor of Sociology at the University of Rio de Janeiro and Visiting Professor of Philosophy at the University of Bahia. Only two of his several books are available in English translations. His *Brazil: An Interpretation*, is a compact introductory book, full of shrewd insight and happy expression, based on lectures he gave at the University of Indiana in the United States. But it was his *Masters and Slaves* that had fascinated me. It is not only one of the most important books on sociology published in recent years, but it may be justly regarded as one of the most important books published in our century. It takes the development of Brazilian civilization as its subject, specially as it unfolded itself in the sugar plantations of the northern States. The complex relationship between the white Portuguese overlord and his dark Negro slave and the original "Indian" inhabitants of the region, and the social, economic, political and cultural consequences of that admixture of blood and race are analysed with a brilliance, originality and massive scholarship that fills the reader with awe and admiration. Samuel Putnam who has done the English translation is North America's leading authority on South America.

THE PEOPLE'S PAINTER

We spent four hours of a quiet evening at the studio of Candido Portinari who has the reputation of being Brazil's best known painter. Get him talking on a subject near to his heart and his face lights up, there is excitement in the modulations of his voice, while his enthusiasm is infectious and quickly communicates itself to you. He speaks with an exuberance of gestures that is typically South American.

So was Saudade Mendes one of the most charming and intelligent persons I was to encounter during my travels, and who accompanied me to

the home of the Portinari's. A writer and linguist herself, her husband is the famous poet, Murillo Mendes.

STRIKING NEW ARCHITECTURE

Among the things that most distinguish modern Brazil is its striking new architecture. Rio is not only the most beautiful city in the world because of its incomparable natural situation, the hand of man has also lovingly adorned it over the years. Examples of architectural styles, reminiscent of most European periods from the quiet to the flashy, from the graceful to the quaint, can be seen. Not the least part of this development is the beautiful new architecture with which the name of Niemayer, one of her most famous architects, is closely associated.

During World War II, building was halted all over the world, but not in Brazil. A building boom actually started here in the 1940s. The Copacabana area, Rio's newest pride, with its de luxe apartments fronting the sea, was built during this time.

A few miles' drive from here takes one to Gavea. There, standing on the bend of the road climbing furiously upwards or watching from the advantageously situated Hotel Jua, it is possible to get glimpses of scenery that leave one well-nigh breathless. On the way, what lovely little villas and houses one passes by, houses such as one sees studded in the quiet English countryside or encounters in the north of France.

What a contrast Brazilian architecture provides! How is one to compare these with the modern skyscrapers of Rio? For example, with the building of the Ministry of Education, one of the most impressive examples of modern architecture to be found anywhere in the world? Or for the matter of that, the stately new edifice of the Ministry of Finance not far away?

THE MANSIONS AND THE HUTS

A friendly visitor cannot but wonder where all the money came from to make all this building possible. Rio and other cities were beautified with the taxes and profits drawn from agriculture and industry from all over Brazil. It is a disturbing fact that Brazil lacks effective traditions of local self-government. Taxes collected in the small towns and villages

of the interior are lavished on beautifying the federal and State capitals leaving those areas themselves largely without resources.

THE INDIAN EMBASSY

Free India entered into diplomatic relations with Brazil in June 1948. India sent one of her ablest and most brilliant sons in the person of M. R. Masani, as her first Ambassador to Brazil. Curiously enough, almost the only Indian Embassy that has an officer in charge of cultural relations is the one at Rio. And what better person could have been found for such a post than Krishna Kripalani? The indescribable charm, unassuming ways and the great scholarship of Krishna and Nandita Kripalani have already endeared them to the literary and cultural world of Rio.

On August 15, 1948, to commemorate the first anniversary of India's independence, one of the prominent squares of Rio was named after Mahatma Gandhi. This was a very happy gesture, for Rio was the first city in the world to name a prominent street after the great Indian leader. This fact was happily emphasised by the Mayor of Rio, General Angelo de Moraes, in his dedicatory speech on the occasion.

FRIENDS OF INDIA

Recently a new body called the Brazilian Society for the Friends of India, (Sociedade Brasileira dos Amigos da India) has been set up with Cecilia Meirelles, the famous poetess, as President. Her moving poem on the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi has been translated into various languages and was also published extensively in the Indian Press. Dr. Artur Naiva, a well known scholar and an authority on the immigration problem, is the Secretary of the Society.

Brazil seems so far away from here. India would do well to watch the growth of this friendly country, which with its vast area and vaster developed resources, its growing contribution to literature and art, to dance and song, promises varied progress in the coming years. Freyre and Verissimo, Carmen Miranda and Villa Lobos, Portinari and Niemayer are figures that would lend distinction and lustre to any comparable list. A good deal will be heard of the new Brazil as the second half of the 20th century marches on.—(Copyright).

JOURNEY TO EUROPE

—PAR AVION

By K. C. RAGHAVAN

PRAGUE: Hundreds, I suppose, do it every day, probably with a blasé attitude towards the whole business, but I was a bit excited, for it was my first trip to Europe, and it was to be by air.

We had been warned to be at the Santa Cruz airport early in the afternoon, as the plane, a Government of India chartered Belgian Sabena Airways Skymaster, would take off at 5-30 p.m. I learnt that this Skymaster was specially chartered by the Government of India to carry back Indian students who were stranded in Britain because of lack of shipping space. I gathered from Mr. Zaman, who was from our High Commissioner's office in London, that there were about six hundred such students, some of them suffering enormous hardships, and that the plane had already made about five trips to India. On its return flight to Europe, the Government were making use of the plane for carrying Foreign Service officers and staff and their families, Air Force and Naval officers proceeding to the United Kingdom for special training, luggage for various Indian legations and embassies, delegates to the U.N.O. and other conferences and other Government of India officers. This, apparently involved quite a saving of expenditure for the Government.

At the aerodrome I found that the plane would be carrying a full complement, or, I should say, over the full complement, as there would be about 75 souls on board, though the plane was specially adapted for about 66 passengers. My visions of travelling "luxuriously" by air were shattered when I discovered that the seats were about as comfortable and as narrow as the seats in our Madras buses. Aghast at the piled-up luggage in the airport lounge, the large number of women and children, (most of the latter under five years of age), and the atmosphere of confusion that prevailed over the whole scene, I murmured a prayer that all would be well. I am not one of those sensi-

tive types, but having a woman and her child getting sick beside you, when you yourself are not feeling on top of the world, in a plane bucking like a bronco, would be testing the fortitude of a Samson.

Being a chartered plane, and as whole families were on the move, luggage allowances had been relaxed to some extent. I was however surprised to find many carrying thick, cotton mattresses in holdalls, which I am sure they would never have occasion to use. After the luggage had been weighed the Captain and his co-pilots went into a huddle to work out an equitable allotment of luggage in the various lockers of the ship. The hours had passed by, and it was 7-30 p.m. when we said good-bye to India, with Bombay twinkling with lights below us.

Though the plane was a D.C.4, it was not uncomfortable. There was, of course, the temporary deafness in our ears as the plane climbed to 10,000 feet, but the steward came round distributing chewing-gum, which helped in alleviating the uncomfortable feeling. The crew was an amiable lot, and the pilots—all Belgian—often came out of their cabin and chatted with us. I was surprised to discover that all of them were veterans. At an age when Indian pilots dread the day when the doctor will ground them with a verdict of health-not-up-to-the-mark, these pilots expected to do up to twenty years more of flying!

At about 9-50 p.m. we were handed a snack in attractive little boxes catered by Air India. In each box there was an egg, potato chips, salt and pepper, cutlets, a slice of bread and cheese, a tomato and an orange—each wrapped up neatly in cellophane packets. It was almost five hours later when we landed in Bahrein, the great oil centre in the Persian Gulf. I learnt that most planes land in Bahrein with tanks almost empty, to fill up aviation spirit at the extraordinarily cheap rate of four annas

a gallon! In the two hours we spent in the airport I discovered that there are quite a number of other things that sell cheap in Bahrein, and was soon hastily delving into my pockets for any odd rupee notes that I might have on me. The best quality English cigarettes were going at two rupees a tin, and fancy chocolates were Rs. 1-8 a box! It was 4 a.m. when we sat down to dinner—our last Indian dinner for a long, long time. We left Bahrein with only one complaint—the water, which tasted like soap. It was 5 a.m. when we took off and headed for the blue Mediterranean and for Athens, our next stop. Ten hours later, we staggered out of the plane.

Athens aerodrome is surrounded on all sides by hills and mountains, and all round one saw deserted fields and hovels. The airport is fairly modern. Though the dining-room was crowded, the short-handed management gave us a fairly satisfactory lunch. Most refreshing to the eye and the inner man were the large jugs of fresh orange juice and the excellent coffee. We had hardly finished our lunch when we were packed in to the plane again. We were apparently not very welcome in-transit guests, as two police officers checked our numbers four or five times, to make sure that none of us had sneaked out.

Our next halt would be Brussels, where many of us including myself, would be disembarking. The plane would proceed to London with the rest. We were now flying across Italy and France, but saw very little below us, as we were high above a thick blanket of clouds. It was about 8-30 p.m., Belgian time almost 27 hours after we had left Bombay, when we saw the gay lights of Brussels below us. We landed and soon were picking out our luggage from the pile. I was surprised to see a few cases well-packed, with air-holes, addressed to the Aga Khan in Paris. Making enquiries I was told that they were off-season mangoes from India, each costing about three rupees! Those of us who had now landed in Brussels were bound for places like Stockholm, Berne, Rome, Prague, Paris and Berlin. I made enquiries and found that there would be two other men, four women and five children accompanying me to Prague, which was my journey's end. In the meantime the Brussels

Indian Embassy had arranged with difficulty our accommodation in the city, till our papers were in order for us to leave. It must have been quite a task to house our small army.

It was about midnight as we drove through the beautifully lit roads, glowing under the orange sulphur-vapour street lamps. Outside the cold froze one's very marrow. A car came straight for our bus and suddenly streaked past on our left, and I realized that I really was in Europe, where they drive "on the wrong side"! The trams still prowled the streets like giant cats of light, and the neon signs danced and jiggered in pyrotechnic display in the evening sky. This was Brussels, the gayest city, they told me, in post-war Europe. I yawned and enquired about dinner, and was told that we would have it as soon as we reached our pension. I felt as tired as a dog, and, after all, tomorrow was another day.

The two days I spent in Brussels, while I waited for the necessary visas from the Allied Military Permit Office for my journey to Prague through Occupied Germany, were indeed very pleasant. This was my first opportunity of seeing a part of Europe at close quarters, and noting how different from, or how similar to my countrymen were these people.

It was the beginning of spring. Though the merciless chill of winter still persisted. It was at night that Brussels looked her best in this season, with its orange sulphur-vapour lights glowing richly over the boulevards, as couples walked arm-in-arm swiftly through pools of light into darkness. In the heart of the city one could see the neon signs glowing in the night sky, giant scribblings across the cold, icy gleam of the stars. Along the lonely roads sleek, streamlined limousines purred their way slowly, or roared dangerously down the cobbled streets. Here and there one could catch the faint, provocative rumble of a piano or the wail of a saxophone proclaiming that somewhere in this city people were still making merry. It gave one an eerie feeling, hearing the sound of hurrying footsteps echoing through the narrow streets in the early hours of the morning, but now and then one

was assured by the measured tread of the *gendarme*—the keeper of the peace. Late into the night the trams raced through the city like giant cats of light prowling intently to satisfy an insistent hunger. And, occasionally, one met on the pavements, gentlemen in evening suits who hummed a song enthusiastically and traced unsteady steps homeward.

To one like me, who has watched the street-lights go out in Madras at 11 p.m., or who has at the most, enjoyed the surreptitious pleasures offered by the glaring bright lights of Bombay, this was all so new and exciting. Here one moved in an atmosphere of culture and urbanity. Modern Indian civilization, as reflected in our cities and towns, seemed so garish with its unhealthy, consumptive sparkle, when put beside the sedateness of living that one found here. As I walked through the city and looked into the interiors of little cafes and restaurants through the hazy plate-glass windows, I saw well-dressed men and fur-coated women sipping cognac at little, candle-lit tables. I could not but recall to mind the dark, shabby bars and railway restaurants of our Indian towns and cities, with their beer-stained rickety tables and their furtive, melancholic customers.

I sat on a bench one evening, under the bare branches of the trees that flanked the boulevard. On either side of the boulevard ran a highway and tram-tracks. It was late, but not too late. A few people stood at the tram stop just down the centre of the road, one of them reading an evening newspaper by the light of a street lamp. Now and again people walked past the lonely, well-lit shop windows, with their attractive array of cigarettes, perfumes and liquors. A tall, fashionably-dressed blonde strolled slowly past looking into the windows, her dachshund sniffing the lamp-posts, at the end of a leash. The man reading the newspaper at the tram stop suddenly folded his paper and crossed the road. He approached the blonde, doffed his hat and talked with her. A few moments later, arm-in-arm they strolled down the road and disappeared into the night. I smiled. So that was the way things were done here.

When I was handed 4,000 francs,

shortly after arriving in Brussels, I protested weakly at what I thought was a small fortune, saying that it was far too much for my simple purchases and needs. I was warned that I would think different after a few hours. Leaving Brussels two days later I had just enough money left to tip the sleeping-car attendant on the train. It was really no consolation to know that the Belgian franc was about 13 to the rupee. Prices ran into hundreds and thousands of francs, till I often wondered whether centimes were ever used, though a hundred of them are supposed to make a franc! But one could get anything in Brussels. Cars, clothes, cameras, cigarettes, furs, food, wines, jewellery, anything—for a price! However, the people of Brussels do not seem to care one way or another. The restaurants and shops are crowded, the men and women very well-dressed and very well-fed. It was then explained to me that Belgium is the only country in the world to whom the U.S.A. owes money!

Belgium is violently and glowingly capitalistic in its political faiths and tenets. It prides itself on being a "free Western democracy." But underneath this unnatural fervour there lies a latent fear of the unknown—of the plans and machinations being plotted behind the Iron Curtain. Belgium has since joined the Atlantic Defence Pact, a move quite up to political expectations, for Belgium is and has been typically Western in its political ideologies and social outlook. Except during the German occupation, its people have never suffered from hunger and want, fed and clothed as they are by Belgium's rich colonial empire. Belgium is a wealthy country, and the Belgians recognise that there is nothing Communism can offer them that is not theirs already. Belgians today take pride in proclaiming Brussels the gayest city in Europe, eclipsing even Paris, and calling themselves a free people. Asking a Belgian chauffeur whether, in this city of cars, it was difficult to obtain a driving license, I was given a shocked stare.

"Driving license?" he echoed. "No, monsieur. In Belgium if a man can own a car, he can drive a car. This is a free country, monsieur," he ended on a note of quiet triumph.

Short Story

LIFE'S BATTLE

By E. Theodore King

HUMAN mind is always perverted, but not till Ramani married did I realise the significance of such perversion. Love turns to hate and hate turns to love, and you fight the battle of your life between the two turning points. Ramani was just seventeen, with a killing smile that had captured my heart in the early days of our meeting, and I courted her with the vehemence of a mad man—only to lose her to some zamindar of some village in some God-forsaken place. Either she loved money and position or was forced into the marriage, I do not know, but that she married without my knowing sounded deceiving. She could not have loved him for she had passionately told me that I was her one and only lover, and would ever be. But, of course, she had been flighty, and adored her, made her little foibles into sweet virtues, and was completely crazy. Now, I sat down, broken-hearted.

Love is a great thing, and deceit in the primitive stages of life can cause a desperation that would shame the devil in his unmitigated hell. I was a doctor, just graduated from the university, dreaming of a love that would brighten my home and sweeten the essence of living, and that dream remained a dream.

I begged the government for a job in some out-of-the-way country, appealing to their good nature to send me to a place where angels dreaded to tread. The city had too many memories and I was looked like a lost soul, chafing with restlessness, a prey to a thousand humiliations that I had imagined. Within a couple of months I was asked to go to Retur, some three hundred and odd miles away, a jungle place where men were savages.

I packed and left, happy in the thought that life would now grow on me, and I could patronise it, and live it.

Arriving in Retur, I was welcomed and greeted by the few villagers headed by the local headman, who at a loss for words, conveyed his warmth with his stuttering and stammering, and the bright lustre in his proud eyes.

They gave me a thatched hut for a home, and an old woman for a cook and house-keeper. The medical supplies came shortly, and having settled myself, I trudged the country around, visiting the sick, and treating all kinds of maladies and ailments.

The headman was a short, stocky man of remarkable memory, and a great babler. He was my constant companion, and though he wearied me at times, he was a jolly good fellow in general. He was a great informant, and much of the history and geography of the place around and the ease with which I traced the paths and byways was solely due to him.

It was a sordid life. It was ravaged with disease, and rampant with epidemics. It was a crude, wild life that tapped innocently into a half-willing civilisation where a guest was treated and feasted with beef all day, and a woman all night, a mark of respect and honour that baffled my understanding. Within a radius of hundred miles, lay about forty or forty-five villages with a wretched population, and I, the only doctor, tutored of city disease and not the jungle kind, where diseases are not diseases but—death!

I stayed around for sixteen years, and though only forty, I was already grey in my hair, and old in my body. I had braved during the horrible years all the dire pestilences that besiege God's own people, fought famine, drought, locusts and internal wars where man fought man for a woman, and the villages joined arms against one another, taking sides and deciding it by bloodshed and crazy talk. It was a busy life, but during dreaded times of quiet and solitude, I wept,

overcome with a longing for home, and Ramani. Sometimes I prayed to God that she might rush accidentally into my arms and ask forgiveness—and I would forgive her the moment I would see her. But that was not to be. As the weeks piled into months and years, love turned to hatred, and vowed revenge. I'd kill her, I said, I'd strangle her, do anything but let her live. I grew a savage among the savages, and my idealism became as raw as that of the others.

It was a late afternoon, and the sun beat mercilessly upon my thatched abode. My housekeeper had died and another had taken her place, and she was busy with the chores of the day. I was not only a doctor but the local judge, master of law and life, and the importance they thrust upon me embarrassed me in spite of everything.

There was a big commotion outside, and the headman came rushing in, wanting me to come out. This was not unusual (for nobody brought patients inside till I permitted and conducted them myself), so more out of habit than nature, I went out, and found a man, exhausted, lying on the ground and bleeding in the mouth. People gathered around him, and talked loud, filling the air with dirty voices and stenching breath. I ordered them home, and took the man inside.

He was only a boy of fifteen, but his height and breadth of shoulders, his manly look and voice defied youth in its teens. He had dark mysterious eyes, and a smile that reminded me of someone forgotten, a vague figure in my vague memory.

"I'm from Aramanda," he said in a husky tone, when he was well enough to speak, "and I've been on the road for seven days and seven nights. It is about forty kos from here, and I had to come as fast as I could. I had been waylaid by thieves, my horse and money stolen and I was stripped of everything except my clothes. I was coming to you, and..."

"Forget that journey," I cut in. "Suffice it that you are safe and sheltered. Tell me why you came."

"My mother, doctor sab, she's ill. She's been ill for this whole year, suffering from some unknown trouble in the stomach. Of late, it has taken a serious turn, and there is no peace

in the house. She groans day in and day out, and screams occasionally. We brought our local doctors but she would not suffer them to touch her. We put spells on her, and did everything possible, but to no avail. My grandfather is worried to death, and my father is mad with anxiety. Do come, doctor sab, do, please, come."

"Do you think I can heal her?"

"You are the only man. My father and grandfather sent me in as much haste as possible. They would not trust the servants who would gossip through villages and get lost in a toddy shop. I came as fast as I could. Do come, please, do come."

I looked at him tenderly and wondered why. I was drawn towards him as a piece of flint towards a magnet. I loved the youth and his frankness. The next day, we saddled our horses, and with the inevitable bag, worn and tattered by long and constant use, we journeyed to Aramanda. With an occasional repast in the villages we passed, we reached Aramanda on the third afternoon, tired and stiff from long riding.

On the fourth day, I saw the patient. She was a pale-looking woman of thirty-six or more, her eyes sunk deep into the sockets, and her face distorted with pain and fury. Her voice was a monotonous moan ending with a wretched scream, which she tried to stifle by gritting her teeth and clenching her fists. She opened her eyes and looked at me, and I thought I saw a flash of surprise, but just a flash. I smiled to reassure her, but I wondered.

There was nothing wrong with her except that she had appendicitis. I told her husband and her father-in-law that an operation was necessary, and I would do it in the afternoon. I told them the arrangements they had to make, and went over to the house where I was lodged for the time being.

It was all set. On the cot lay the patient, still in her distorted fury of pain, only her eyes were open, and they stared at me. In spite of the suffering, they had a tenderness about them, a kind of limpid look and majestic calm. There was also a feeling of recognition, surprise, shock, and understanding. I could make nothing out of them except blink and wonder. By the side stood a small table with

the instruments, the medicinal drugs, a basin of hot water, some cotton, and a bandage-strip. The light gushed through the big window, and the whole place was bright and lush with importance.

I stood by her, and looked. I had sent her husband and his father out and told the son not to be within a mile of the house. I assured them good hope, but told them not to be over-confident.

I reached for the anesthesia, and smiled at her. "You will be all right," I whispered. "Have courage and hope. Think of God and pray. It will be a painless operation, still it is courage that you need."

She braved a smile—a handsome smile that I had fought and tried to erase from my mind for years. It was this smile that had captured my heart and broken it to pieces. I grew uneasy, unhappy. Who was she?

She whispered my name. I started, but how the devil did she know it? My lips trembled, and my hands shook. I grew unsteady, and tried to brush off the cloud across my face. She whispered my name again, in slow, steady syllables. I stared at her, perplexed, confused, heart pounding against my ribs. "Ramani!" I exclaimed, my voice hoarse, choked by emotion, incredulously stifled.

She smiled, and closed her eyes, I was lost in a daze. I recollected the past, and hate and revenge burst within me. I had vowed to kill her, this woman who had deceived me, and I would. Here was an opportunity that I would not miss for worlds. I had no pity for her, no sympathy, no love. She was in my hands and I would play havoc with her. "I'll kill her, I will," I muttered, with a passion that a raging like tempest in my breast.

I gave her the anesthesia, and sent her to sleep. I would have killed her with chloroform, but I didn't. I'd puncture her gastric, and bleed her to death. That was a good way. It was the wild way. It was the jungle way. All these years I had waited—and I had not waited in vain. And I

grew a savage and lived a savage.

I picked up the scalpel and made an insertion from the umbilicus towards the lateral side. From the demarcation, I roughly located the portion of the appendix. I made a scratch, a cut, and opened that part. I found the peritoneum, and made a gash. I saw the caecum, and brought out the appendix that hid in it, a lizard-like thing that had no use in the human body but created a world of nuisance and despair. I tied one end with a thin silk string, and cut it, quickly, applied carbolic acid, ligatured a purse-stang style, tied it tight and invaginated it. Then I sutured up the peritoneum, the skin, and bandaged her. I drew back and waited.

I washed my hands, and waited. I wished to God that she was dead, but inwardly I wished her alive. I do not know why, but I wanted her to live. That horrid experience was like a nightmare, and now it seemed all like a farce. Very soon she breathed. Then she opened her eyes and looked at me.

"Don't thank me, Ramani, I wanted to kill you. All these years I waited for revenge, but found revenge was becoming foul murder. I let you live to kill my indecent purpose of death. I've killed you by letting you live. I have lived. Thanks to you."

"No!" she said, a desperate ring in her voice. "I've loved you all these years, and grew mad. I was forced to marry, and I wanted to die. Then I had a son. I had to live for him. But—but he began to grow up like you, and—and I couldn't see it. I was afraid."

"Live, Ramani. I vowed revenge, and I have had it." She wanted to say something but I walked away, a burden off my back, my heart lighter.

The next day I left for Retur. They wanted me to stay, but I left. On the way, I had a beautiful thought. "Life's battle," I said to myself. "It must be fought manfully."

I was happy for the first time in my life.

Fundamentally the choice of a nation is a matter of life and not of statistics: of habits, character, institutions, traditions, memories and dreams in common, a delicate spider web which requires calm and continuity. No set rules can do justice to it; no hard and fast system can meet its requirements. Nothing but enlightened liberty can allow it to grow.—SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA.

JESSOP "THE CROUCHER"

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

THE moralist is no more sufferable in cricket than in life. The game lends itself with ill grace to promulgations of Decalogues. There is an unhallowed streak of the old Adam in mere man which induces him to take delight even when the cricket's covenant, the straight bat, is violated with impunity. It avails ill for the puritan to lament that the game "is not a series of spectacular events, a display of sparkle, and it can never be. Cricket is a stealthy, protracted, and often very dogged and unexciting form of warfare. Big hitting bears the same relation to cricket as wit to a parliamentary debate or champagne to dinner. Just as legislation can go on without wit and dinner without champagne, so can cricket without fireworks." This prim reminder is futile; for,

".....even from the pedant what a deep ecstatic sigh

When the bat jumps to meet one and a sixer climbs the sky!"

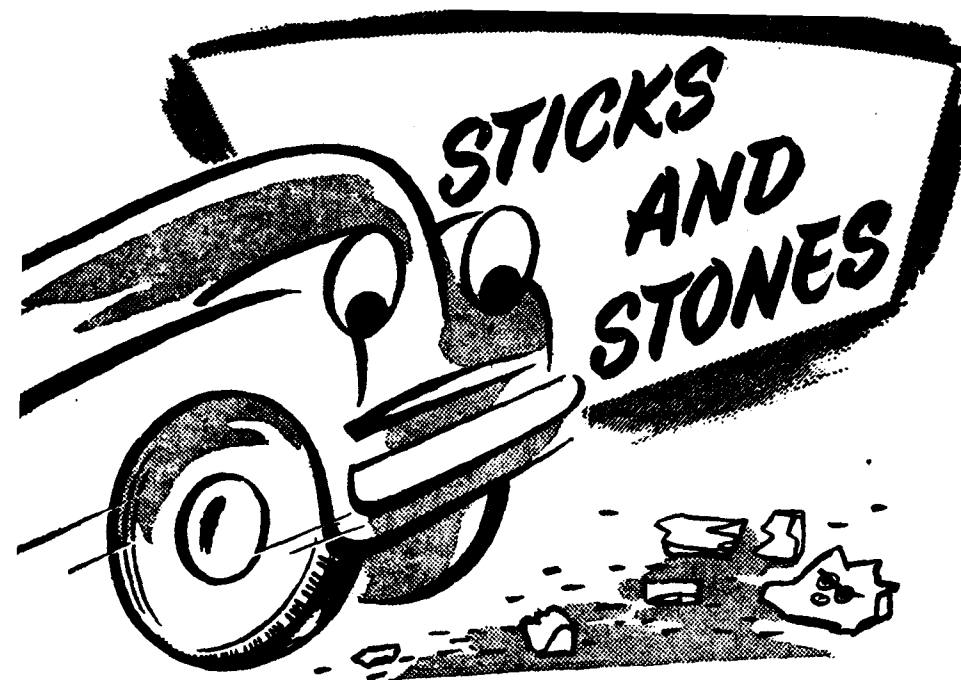
Alexandre Dumas himself could not have conceived of a Jessop; for he combined in himself the vigilance of d'Artagnan with the physical prowess of Porthos. Did not Mr. Punch once record that when Jessop occupied the crease in Gloucestershire, the opposing captain waved his fieldsmen into Rutlandshire? "He walked in to bat," Commander Fry has written of him, "with a big cap on his small head, peak well over his nimble eyes, at a fast pace, and with no fears. He set himself in his crouching pose at the wicket and projected himself first ball into a mountainous drive, which fell out of harm's way (in time). He fled out to drive like an amateur thunderbolt projected by Jove after too much nectar. He flung his bat at the ball like a ballistic flail. He also delivered sundry square-cuts of terrific vigour."

Jessop belonged to the "golden age" of English cricket. Lovers of the game who creep about in a narrow age to find small graves for themselves read with wistful sorrow of that truly spacious age of great deeds and splendid personalities. The unearthly magic of Prince Ranjitsinhji enveloped it with a dusky romance at a time when

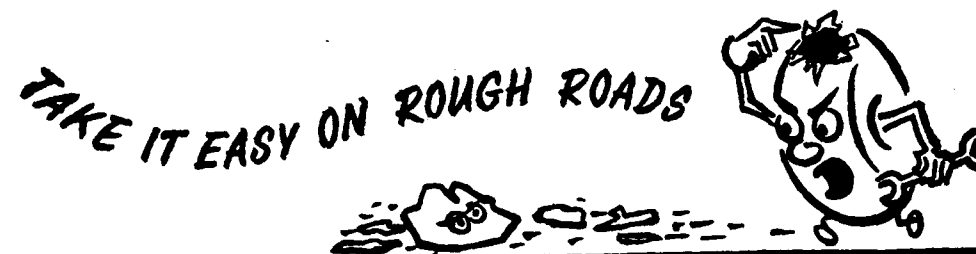
Arthur Shrewsbury, with the most immaculate straight bat the game has perhaps ever known, was firmly but politely asserting the first principles. MacLaren robed it with Roman grandeur, while Spooner adorned it with a lyricism, as of Herrick. Jessop truly "drunk" delight of battle with his peers."

To believe that he was a mere "slogger" will be to do grave injustice to an unexampled genius for the unorthodox. Though, as has been said, he reduced rustic batting to a science, he was an authentic batsman. "His hits were not so much stupendous as rapid," such a discerning critic as Mr. Neville Cardus notes. "He possessed not only the hitter's full-lengthed body-drives, but also the authentic batsman's short-lengthed strokes, the cut and the hook." This impression is confirmed by Commander Fry, who writes, "He watched the ball as closely as did Arthur Shrewsbury or the 'Old Man' himself. He swept the ball with a discriminating abandon I have never seen equalled." Samuel Woods is even more impressed. While what may be called the bizarre aspect of his art is more obviously striking, the basic principles of his craft are perhaps even more notable. "Apart from being a great hitter, he was a great batter and demoralised every bowler he ever came across. Bowlers simply did not know how to bowl at him, for off the same length ball he would hit a six, a swish to leg for a four, a beautiful back-cut off the bails, or hit it past mid-off for a four or a six. Simply astonishing strokes." This is sufficiently striking, but perhaps even more praiseworthy is the essential soundness of his methods. "To class him as a hitter is absurd. He was a great batsman. No hitter pure and simple could get 50 odd centuries and double centuries in the time it took him to do. The wonderful thing about his batting was that he gave so few chances. Greater hitters there have been, but never one who went the pace so consistently."

Public fame is, however, so far correct that Jessop survives in the history of the game for a splendid



IMAGINE how I feel when I'm running along at top speed, and suddenly I hit a brick or a stone. It's like hitting the wall of a house—and just as dangerous for me. I'm a pretty resilient character, but things like that are liable to lay me out. So when you're on a rough road please go carefully and give me a chance to meet these lurking rocks on equal terms.



DUNLOP

burst of hitting. If a writer of stories had ventured to ascribe to his hero such resplendent gifts he would have been insulted by the critics. But, the fifth Test played at the Oval in 1902 is "Jessop's match."

This historic encounter was less a sober contest between two teams representing England and Australia than an unprincipled and violent melodrama. Five English wickets had collapsed for the paltry total of 44 runs in the second innings when the home team had been required to make 244 runs on a difficult pitch. "All was lost so long as the game remained in a rational world, governed by the logic of cause and effect. Jessop promptly took the match out of the reach of reason and science; he played it into that world of melodrama where anything can happen. The innings had immortal longings; it will never be forgotten. The vision, the undying chivalry of it, belong not only to cricket but to the undying saga of the English people." In seventy-five minutes Jessop amassed one hundred and four runs. Hirst and Rhodes secured the runs necessary for success during their stand for the last wicket, by running fifteen singles.

"The human catapult who wrecks the roofs of distant towns when set in his assault" was scarcely less severe against the South Africans in a Test at Lord's. Ninety-three runs flowed from his bat in scarcely seventy-five

minutes. No bowler suffered more drastically than Kotze, a fast bowler if ever there was one. This violence manifested itself early in his career. For Cambridge, in 1899, he carved forty-six runs in twenty-five minutes against the ancient foe. Even the professionals felt the force of his terrible bat; but never more agonisingly than in 1897 when, in the annual encounter, he extracted eleven fours in an impossible innings of fifty-eight runs in twenty-five minutes.

Only the captious will be found to deny that he was superior to all other hitters, Bonner, Lyons, Thornton not excepted. The reason was simple. It was his possession of a wonderful ability to cut. "Bending low over his bat, the 'Croucher' used to drive the ball into the long-field or sweep it round to square-leg. If the ball was at all short, he could cut magnificently."

To attempt to describe his skill in fielding and bowling will be to perpetrate an anti-climax. Yet, it must be remembered that Vernon Royle before him and Jack Hobbs after him were scarcely his equals at cover-point.

It is, however, as a portent of hitting that he appears before the present desiccated and impoverished age, where caution has overcome enterprise and utility has extinguished grace. He was the Browning of cricket.

WISDOM OF FENELON

Faults will turn to good, provided we use them to our own humiliation, without slackening in the effort to correct ourselves. Discouragement serves no possible purpose; it is simply the despair of wounded love.

I have but one word to say to you concerning love for your neighbour, namely that nothing save humility can mould you to it; nothing but the consciousness of your own weakness can make you independent and pitiful to that of others.

I have but one word to say to you concerning love for your neighbour, namely that nothing save humility can mould you to it nothing but the consciousness of your own weakness can make you indulgent and pitiful to that of others.

We should mark and know of a very truth that all manner of virtue and goodness, even that Eternal good, which is God Himself, can never make a man virtuous, good or happy so long as it is outside the soul, that is, so long as the man is holding converse with outside things through his senses and reason, and does not withdraw into himself and learn to understand his own life, who and what he is—THEOLOGIA GERMANICA.

"HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE DEPUTY"

By T. N. CHELLAPPA

THE men who make up the Chamber of Deputies in France, there is a general impression, do not average up to the standards of the British House of Commons. It is difficult to tell how much real basis there may be for this impression, because the quality of the men who sit in legislative bodies is something that does not lend itself to statistical computation. There are no yardsticks wherewith to measure legislative capacity. The practice of electing deputies from small districts has tended to fill the Chamber with local politicians. It has helped to lower the position of deputy to that of a patronage-seeker. His mandate to Paris is less that of a law maker than that of a village ambassador. A large portion of his time must be spent in visiting the ministerial offices in quest of favours and serving as a messenger for everybody who has official business at the capital.

Certain it is, at any rate, that to an outsider the deputies do not look impressive. Most of them dress carelessly and look unkempt. This is true even of some who are men of world renown. The average deputy goes home every Friday evening and gets back to Paris on Tuesday with a clean collar and a new list of errands for his constituents. He travels free on the railroad, which is why he goes home so often. The decentralisation of parties in France undoubtedly has had an influence upon the kind of men elected to the Chamber. It has given a great advantage to those candidates who can intrigue and form alliances, whose political principles are not firmly fixed and who are willing to compromise for votes. Such men are not likely to be conspicuous for their dignity or poise.

Yet, "His Serene Highness, the deputy" is a pivotal figure in French government. He is local leader and boss combined. Ministers rise or fall at his command. He is looked upon as the real sovereign of France, says Siegfried, "by the millions of nobodies

who make up the French nation." And often he acts the part. The deputy's attitude towards the ministers or even toward the President of the Republic is not one of quiet deference as is the corresponding relation in England and America. President, ministers and prefects may be the government of France, but the deputy is the people of France.

The Chamber of Deputies is unlike the House of Commons in that very few of its members come from families allied with the old nobility. It contains no considerable element analogous to the English squires or country gentlemen. There are many large landowners in France especially in the western part of the country, but few ever got themselves elected. Unlike the American House of Representatives, the Chamber of Deputies does not contain a large number of men who directly represent the interests of agriculture, industry and commerce. It includes relatively few men who have ever worked with their hands. The largest element is made up of professional men and always a good many professional politicians.

Frenchmen complain that there has been a steady decline in the standards of ability, independence and intelligence among their law makers during the past fifty years. In this they are not unique, for one hears the same complaint in England and America. They grumble that there are no Thiers and Gambettas in the Chamber of Deputies today, just as Englishmen lament the absence of Disraelis and Glandstones in the House of Commons, while Americans seek in vain for Websters and Clays among contemporary Congressmen. The trouble is that everywhere the world idealizes the men of the past and exalts them to a pedestal on which their contemporaries would not have placed them. A legislative body may give a popular impression of mediocrity for the mere reason that the times give it nothing heroic to do.

In general the membership of the French Chamber nowadays carries a strongly bourgeois flavour. A man belongs to the *bourgeoisie* in France if he has saved some money (but not too much), or has a business of his own (not too large) or practises a profession (but not too successfully), or owns some hectares of good land (but not too many),—in other words if he ranks in what Englishmen term the middle class. Men from this category usually begin their apprenticeship in a municipal council. Then having been elected to membership in the Chamber, the bourgeois deputy combs Paris for a modest room in some section where the American tourist has not yet stimulated the landlords to higher rentals. He shies at silk hats and swallow tail coats, rides to the Palais Bourbon on the underground or in a bus, gets his meals *ex pension*, and votes against proposals to raise taxes.....

But everyone who is elected to the Chamber expects to go higher and thus to obtain a larger emolument from the public purse. He has visions of ultimately becoming *ministerable* and getting a place in the ministry. Since ministries are frequently reconstructed this hope is by no means a forlorn one.

Meanwhile the deputy dearly earns his modest stipend by serving as errand-boy-extraordinary for those who have the votes at home. His daily route is to the various bureaux and back again. For the ministers and their chief subordinates dispense the honours, the medals and the tri-colored buttons, the administrative posts mostly of small consequence, the tobacco licenses and the college bursaries. To them the deputy goes when his commune desires a bridge or a road, when a farmer wants to be compensated for a damage done to his vines by a hailstorm, when a taxpayer disputes the taxgatherer's claim, when a parent wishes to have an indulgent view taken of his son's performances in an examination, or when a litigant thinks that a word of recommendation might help him in a court of justice.

The voter writes to the deputy and the deputy approaches the minister.

When a grant of money or a decoration, or a salaried post is in question, the minister is made to understand that the deputy's support at the next critical vote in the Chamber may be affected by the degree of benevolence that the Government displays. Thus there is a continuous process of triangular huckstering between the voters, the deputy and the ministers. The voters back home are insistent, the ministers may demur; and the deputy does most of the worrying. His job is vexatious, none too dignified and ill-paid—which may be the chief reason why France does not get better deputies....."

Examine how far the analogy is not true of the Madras Legislative Assembly and the members thereof?

WEAK NERVES

NEED THIS PICK-ME-UP



When convalescing after an illness that has rudely shaken your nerves, you need VINOSAN to pull them up immediately.

VINOSAN

A TONIC CORDIAL FOR NERVES

ANDHRA PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS, LTD.
BEZWADA (S. I.)

Madras Stockists:—

Messrs. KOLVENS,

4, Stringers Street, G.T., MADRAS.

Also available at all good stores.

THE CHANGING COMMONWEALTH

By JOSEPH VERNON FURTADO

BRITAIN'S Prime Minister, Mr. Clement Attlee, recently stated that a "momentous issue" would be discussed on April 21, when the Dominion Premiers meet in London for a ten-day conference. A new concept of Commonwealth relations is being evolved, evidently quickened into being by the sudden upsurge of Communism all over the world. India is concerned in the imminent Commonwealth changes. The Jaipur Congress and, latterly, the Government of India, have unequivocally declared for a sovereign Republic of India. At the same time, they have also indicated their intention not to sever connections with the Commonwealth.

The question, therefore, which is taxing Commonwealth countries is to reconcile India's sovereign independence with the Commonwealth tie. At first glance, the idea of individual sovereignty may seem incongruous with the association of nations that we call the Commonwealth. In reality, however, co-existence of the two is thoroughly in keeping with Commonwealth traditions.

The idea of a British Commonwealth had its origin, strangely enough, in the breaking apart of the various parts of the British Empire into independent units. The moment they severed the last political links that bound them in dependence to the mother country, the Dominions began to feel the need for a fresh bond.

Historians say that the idea of an Imperial Conference was born and fostered in the colonies. In any case, a general desire for imperial unity of some sort seems to have existed both in the Dominions and the British Isles, long before it took concrete shape—more through accident than through set design.

At the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1887, overseas representatives from different parts of the Empire were present in England. Advantage was taken of their presence to convene the first Imperial conference. Its achievements were meagre, though it indubitably laid the

foundations of the imperial co-operation of the future.

But, even at this early stage, there was no question of federation or of relinquishing the right of self-determination so dearly earned by the Dominions.

At the conference, Britain was not prepared to consider the demand for imperial preference. The appeal for co-operation in imperial defence also roused small enthusiasm in the Dominions, apparently because it took the form of a demand for monetary contribution to the British Navy.

The principle of co-operation by conference was endorsed and embodied in a resolution passed at the conference of 1907. It laid down that an Imperial Conference was to be held every four years. The Prime Minister of the United Kingdom was to be President, and the Prime Ministers of the Dominions were to be *ex officio* members, with the Secretary of State for Colonies, who was to take the chair in the absence of the President.

One part of the resolution ran: "...it will be to the advantage of the Empire if a conference, to be called the Imperial Conference, is held every four years, at which questions of common interest may be discussed and considered as between His Majesty's Government and the Governments of the self-governing Dominions beyond the seas."

Clearly, the "self-governing" character of the Dominions was in no way to be impaired.

Defence and foreign affairs largely took the field in the conference of 1909 and 1911. On the defence side, the principle of Dominion navies was accepted, and, in foreign affairs, the need for concerted and uniform action, in view of the disturbing state of the international situation.

But, when war actually broke out in 1914, no attempt was made to convene an Imperial Conference for two years. It was only in 1917 that Lloyd George convened a Special Imperial War Conference, and, later, formed an Imperial War Cabinet. The former was to

deal with inter-imperial questions of a general character; the latter, consisting of Dominion Prime Ministers sitting with the War Cabinet, was to deal with the actual conduct of the war. For the first time, India took her place with the Dominions.

The Imperial War Cabinet turned out to be an unqualified success, acting as a single body, motivated by a single purpose. But, it was a "Cabinet of Governments rather than of Ministers." Its working was aptly described by Sir Robert Borden, who stated: "We meet there on terms of equality, under the presidency of the First Minister of the United Kingdom: we meet there as equals, he is *primus inter pares*."

With the Imperial War Cabinet, the Dominions passed another stage in their development. The Cabinet was re-assembled after the Armistice in November 1918, and remained in continuous session until the signing of the treaty with Germany in 1919.

Then, for the first time, the Dominions attained international status. The Peace Treaty was signed by each of them separately. They also joined the League of Nations as individual and original members, and individually undertook mandatory obligations in respect of territories taken by them in the war.

The idealist wave of sentiment in favour of the League of Nations that followed was probably responsible for a sudden fall in enthusiasm for Imperial Conferences, though the League Council and Assembly were themselves adaptations from the Imperial War Cabinet and Conference.

When the conference met in 1926, it refused to frame or discuss any new constitutional scheme for itself, but it laid down an important definition, clarifying the position that had been reached in the mutual relationships between the United Kingdom and the Dominions.

Among other things, the definition stated that the group of self-governing communities, consisting of Great Britain and the Dominions "are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

It was felt, at this stage, that there was need for closer and more continuous communication between the United Kingdom and the Dominions. A "system of personal contact" at both ends was, therefore, developed through the appointment of High Commissioners.

In 1931, the Statute of Westminster was passed. It introduced fundamental changes in the legal status of the Dominions.

It was enacted that the Dominions should have power to repeal or amend Acts of the Imperial Parliament, in so far as they form part of the law of the Dominions, and that no law of a Dominion should be void on the ground of repugnancy to an Act of the Imperial Parliament or to the law of England. Secondly, that the Dominions shall have full powers to make laws having extra-territorial operation. And, finally, that no Act of the United Kingdom, passed after the commencement of the Statute of Westminster shall extend to a Dominion, unless the Dominion has consented to its enactment.

The legal supremacy of the Imperial Parliament was not abolished; it could be exercised with the consent of the Dominions. The Crown, also, remained the one effective bond of Empire.

In Foreign Affairs, the Dominions have the right to make treaties without the consent of the United Kingdom Government, and, on the other hand, a Dominion is not bound by a treaty made in the name of the Crown, which it has not ratified.

Curiously enough, the question whether the Crown, as the formal head of the Commonwealth, can be both at war and peace, has not been answered.

During the Second World War, Eire remained neutral, and formal declarations of war were made on different dates by members of the Commonwealth. Canada declared war seven days after the United Kingdom, on September 10, 1939. On September 3, the Australian Cabinet approved a notification that a state of war existed with Germany. On September 6, the Governor-General of South Africa issued a proclamation notifying a state of war with Germany.

After the outbreak of the Second World War, requests to set up an Imperial War Cabinet came to nought.

Two important meetings of Prime Ministers were, however, held in 1944 and in 1945, on the eve of the San Francisco United Nations Conference.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which acts as a Supreme Court of Appeal for the courts of the Dominions, is one of the most important links of the Commonwealth. "The Sovereign, as the Sovereign of the Empire, has retained the prerogative of justice," says Viscount Haldane.

It is argued by some that the Judicial Committee is a limitation of Dominion autonomy. But, as against this opinion, the Imperial Conference of 1926 has clearly stated that "it was no part of the policy of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain that questions affecting judicial appeals should be determined otherwise than in accordance with the wishes of the part of the Empire primarily effected."

Again, since by the Statute of Westminster legislation repugnant to Imperial Acts is no longer invalid, it is possible for the Dominions to abolish appeals to the Judicial Committee.

There is a strong body of opinion among Dominion statesmen that the machinery of the Commonwealth should be strengthened. Though the need is everywhere recognised, no Dominion will readily agree to a structure that infringes in the slightest degree upon the autonomy of any member.

On the contrary, latest developments indicate that the new concept of Commonwealth relations that will emerge from the London talks in the third week of April will be so wide in structure as to comprehend complete independence and equality of the partners.

The system of loose collaboration that the Commonwealth implies has stood the test during two world wars, and has proved an effective instrument for stemming the tide of inter-

national aggression and exploitation that had threatened to sweep the world.

To-day the power to wage war is the power of industry. To be able to marshal the industrial resources of such wide tracts of territory as those included in the Commonwealth is no mean factor in shaping the course of victory or defeat in war.

From the standpoint of military defence, the ability to set up bases, widely dispersed in various parts of the world, is a strategic asset that cannot be over-rated. No doubt, it means greater effort and unremitting vigilance to safeguard the life lines of communication. But, ultimately, they provide a means for attack and encirclement that can seriously affect the result of a conflict between world powers.

It is, however, not so much as an organisation for waging war, but as an instrument for preserving peace, that the Commonwealth has a right to be. The same economic resources that can be mobilized for purposes of war can be used to promote peace and prosperity. Such a large section of the population of the world that it represents, with such immense potentialities for industrial output and erection of military bases, can act as an effective check upon aggressive tendencies of individual powers.

The Commonwealth of Nations is a political structure that may pave the way for the setting up of a world organisation on a more stable footing than either the League of Nations or the United Nations Organisation. Ultimate world unity can only be attained through the cohesion of nations into large groups, like the Commonwealth, to meet at a higher level in a World Organisation that will ensure peace and prosperity to a world sorely in need of both.—(Copyright).

WORKERS' CANTEENS

With a view to centralise and coordinate the activities of the Indian Tea Market Expansion Board in connection with the ameliorative programme of the Prohibition scheme of the Madras Government and also to assist more fully the employers of Labour in organising workers' canteens in accordance with the provisions of the recent amendment to the Factory Act, the South Indian Divisional Office of the Indian Tea Market Expansion Board has been shifted from Madura to Madras and is located at No. 43, Harrington Road, Chetput, Madras and the Board's South Indian Divisional Superintendent Mr. K. Venkatachary will be pleased to offer his full co-operation and the free services of his staff all over South India to those who write or contact him on this matter.

THE ENCHANTED VALLEY

Arise, O Gardener!
Let there be glory in the garden
once again!
Let roses bloom again!
Let bulbuls sing of their love
again!

The garden in ruins,
The dew in tears,
The rose in tattered leaf—
Let roses and bulbuls be kindled
anew with life!

—GHULAM AHMAD MAHJUR
(Translated from Kashmiri).

AFTER twenty months of blockade, bloodshed and war, once again Kashmir invites the tourist to her far-famed valleys and beauty spots.

A brief message from Srinagar (which needed to be amplified) states that "the Government of Jammu and Kashmir have revived the activities of the Visitors' Bureau, and thrown open Pahalgam, Gulmarg, Achhabal and Canderbal to visitors." This has been done, according to an official press note, in view of the fact that "conditions have returned to normal in all parts of the State."

TOURISTS' PARADISE

Poets have sung of the beauties of Kashmir for several centuries. It was of Kashmir that the poet sang—

*Agar firdaus bar roo-e zamin ast
Hamin ast o hamin ast o hamin ast*
(If there be paradise on the face of this earth—It is this, it is this, it is this!)

Another Persian poet paid this unique tribute to the bracing climate of the beautiful valley:

*Har sokhta jane ki ba Kashmir
darayad*

*Gar murgha kabab ast aba
bal-o-par ayad.*

(Any burnt creature that comes to Kashmir, Even if a roasted fowl, it shall grow feathers).

Poets are liable to lyrical exaggeration, but there is no doubt that for sheer variety of natural scenic beauty and year-round bracing climate, Kashmir is the ideal holiday resort. Within the boundaries of the State, the tourist can find perennially

frozen peaks, majestic pine-clad hills, flowery meadows, lakes at high altitudes covered with icebergs and other lakes covered with lotus flowers, rivers, vast flat plains as well as steep mountain-sides, narrow gorges and broad valleys avenues of poplars and terraced gardens dotted with flower-beds in 'technicolour.'

Nor is the tourist to Kashmir likely to find his creature comforts lacking. While much can still be done to provide further and better tourist amenities, already Kashmir is the most developed holiday resort in India. Facilities are available for hiking, mountaineering, boating, golf, surfing, swimming. You can stay in hotels or in house-boats which are more comfortable, more luxurious and yet CHEAPER than the best hotels anywhere in India. A holiday in Kashmir is well within the means of a middle-class family.

Those who do not like long and tiresome journeys in summer and can afford air travel have only to take a plane at Delhi and, in less than three hours, they will find themselves over the Banihal pass, safely landed on the Srinagar aerodrome. A couple of hours more by car and they will be on the idyllic green slopes of Gulmarg. The Magic Carpet has grown propellers now!

If you have the time and the required energy, however, there is nothing like the car journey from Jammu to Srinagar—two hundred miles of simply fascinating scenery which can be glimpsed from the air only in a brief, unsatisfactory, long-distance flash. The dak bungalows en route, situated in lovely surroundings, are by themselves worth all the tedium of car travel.

Kashmir, however, is much more than just a pleasant holiday resort. It is one of the greatest production centres of exquisite handicrafts, kept alive by thousands of under-paid but extremely skillful hereditary artisans.



Kashmir is also one of the oldest seats of Indian culture, its roots going back to the Buddhist era. The Buddhist, the Hindu and the Muslim influences have merged and been synthesized with the original Kashmiri folk culture into a rich and fascinating cultural pattern which is it once a marvel and a model for the whole of India.

The visitor to Kashmir will miss a great deal if he returns only after glimpsing the scenic beauty and does not endeavour to get closer to the so less fascinating and colourful life of the people.

KASHMIR—OLD & NEW

Above everything else, Kashmir is of interest and significance to us because of the inspiring traditions of unity and democratic struggle of its national movement, so closely integrated with our own.

The visitor who goes up there for a holiday will be rewarded not only by the healthy climate, but also by the inspiring soul-uplifting atmosphere of a dynamic, democratic New Kashmir which has been born during the last two years of struggle and sorrow—born (like every living thing) amidst blood and tears.

The visitor will not only see the beautifully placid blue depths of the Dal Lake, but also the whirlpools of Kashmiri national life; he will see not only the emerald green hills but also the defiant red flag (with white plough) of the Kashmiri people; he will see not only the fair-complexioned, quaintly-adorned, picturesquely dressed Kashmiri women, but also the volunteers of the Women's Militia drilling with rifles; he will see not only the mild-mannered Kashmiri boatmen and craftsmen but also the daring young Kashmiris who took arms against the raiders to defend their motherland; he will hear not only the plaintive melodies of old Kashmir but also the stirring songs of New Kashmir—

*Agar vuzanavahan basti gulan hanz
trav zir-o-bam*

*Bunyul Kar vav kar gagaray kar
tuphan paida kar.*

(If thou wouldst rouse this habitat of roses, leave toying with kettle-drums;

Let there be thunder, storm and tempest, yea, an earthquake!)

He will see an awakened peasantry, conscious of its rights, organised, mobilized behind the popular Government; he will see the face of hope smiling through the veil of abysmal, centuries-old poverty. And he will feel a kinship with these people—mild, smiling, yet bursting with a passion for freedom! He will say: They are my friends!

It is this New Kashmir that has pledged her loyal friendship with India. It is this New Kashmir which has faced starvation, cold, blockade, war, for the last twenty months rather than surrender to the marauders from Pakistan.

The tourist industry provided the chief means of livelihood to the vast mass of Kashmiris. Since the raiders appeared, no tourist has gone to Kashmir—the exigencies of war forbade an unchecked flow of visitors. I know how the people have suffered during the two tourist-less seasons. Our army has kept the invaders out, and I know that the Kashmiris are grateful. But there is an enemy 'within the border,' too—hunger and privation—and that too has to be fought and beaten back. Every tourist who goes to Kashmir this summer will be rendering as vital a service to Kashmir—and to India—as a soldier fighting at the front.

It is not an opportunistic issue of winning the plebiscite—that, I am sure, will be won by us, anyhow, if we stand by our pledges to support Kashmir democracy against both external aggression and internal feudal reaction. It is, rather, the question of practically affirming our goodwill for, and solidarity with, the people of Kashmir.

Every tourist to Kashmir this summer is assured of a warm welcome, for he will be an ambassador of goodwill, and a messenger of hope to our blockaded comrades in the beautiful valley.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

G. V. Desani's sensationally best-selling novel, ALL ABOUT MR. HATTER (Francis Aldor, London, Price: 9s. 6d.) has been compared to the works of James Joyce, William Saroyan, Gertrude Stein "and a variety of other controversy-provoking authors." Actually, however, Mr. Desani's descriptive style is characteristically Eastern—in some respects it is remi-

nescent of the Arabian Nights and other such epic sagas of the East. Its story-within-story-within-story technique, the moral-propounding Seven Sages, the amazing and even incredible adventures of the "hero"—all these make a pattern which can be traced back to the story-tellers of old Araby. Desani is not the first modern author to adopt this classically naive style, for O'Henry before him had described the nights of Baghdad-on-the subway (New York) *a la* Haronnnal Rashid's nocturnal adventures in the *Arabian Nights*.

"All About Mr. Hatter," is the most sensational novel in English by an Indian author, since Mulk Raj Anand's "Coolie" exploded like a bomb in the British literary horizon some fourteen years ago. But there is not much in common between the two books; Anand was concerned with down-to-earth literary realism, while Desani's narrative is marked by a clever and sophisticated use of irony and satire couched in a language that is amazingly vivid, rich and colourful. Yet "Coolie" and "All About Mr. Hatter" have this in common—both marked a sharp turning point in what is now coming to be called "Indo-Anglian" literature. Just as Anand's brutal realism provided a refreshing contrast with the flowery, ornate and self-conscious "Orientalism" of the "Gong Of Shiva" type, so does the sophisticated irony and the masterfully-used slangy idiom of "All About Mr. Hatter," signify a maturer grasp of the literary technique on the part of Indian authors. There is nothing very "Indian" about this novel—i.e. its clever use of irony and satire is a clean break from the tradition of sugary sentimentalism—and yet only an Indian could have written it. Indeed, as an Indian, one feels that Mr. Desani, with his slick juxtaposition of Biblical and Shakespearean quotations and Anglo-Indian slang, has returned the compliment for the "Babu Piche Lal" type of satire on "Babu English." The Eurasian Mr. Hatter ("Biologically, I am fifty-fifty of the species") is the son of a "European, Christian-by-faith merchant seaman" and "an Oriental, a Malay Peninsula-resident lady." When he was barely a year old, his father died and "a local litigation for my possession ensued"—the two clai-

mants being the mother and an "India-resident, Dundee-born Scot, who was in the jute," anxious to save the baptised child from heathen influence. "She didn't have a chance, my poor old ma and the court gave him the possession award." The mother never saw the child again but the battle for the possession of the soul of "the fifty-fifty species" continued throughout the life of H. Hatter which, in vivid but unconnected patches of autobiographical reminiscence, is chronicled in the book. What is it all—this eminently interesting but odd brew of anecdote, satire and philosophy—about? Your guess is as good as mine, but I think the tragedy of the "fifty-fifty" Hatter is summed up in the poignant memory of, and sub-conscious yearning for, his mother—the East—which haunts him all his life:

"I am scared, old feller. I still hear the drums I used to hear when I was in the school. Sometimes, just drums. Sometimes, I see things. My mum. I see her. Sometimes, like I remember her. Sometimes, just her skeleton. Soft, porous bones, like honeycomb, and awful-smelling blood oozing out of them. The other night, I saw her, like I remember her, but with lumps of raw meat hanging from her chest and her elbows. She had no eyes. Just blood-stained holes, and filled with bits of pointed glass. Wounds, lacerations, and bites all over her. As if she had been savaged. Her head was split, just like an orange, same colour. She called me Baby. She was crying, poor darling! Then I heard the drums. They seem to be saying, 'Come to mama! Come to mama!' Then they beat faster, 'Cometomamma! Cometomamma!' I felt as if my mouth was full of pus. It was horrible. I wished I were dead. I wished I knew where my poor old mum was!"

You (or even Mr. Desani) may not agree that this is the moral of the tale—or that it has any moral at all! It does not matter. It is worth reading all the same for the brilliance and fluency of words and the humane wisdom with which they are charged.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"DURBAN: A proposal by South Africa's Indian Organisation that

Premier Daniel Malan should discuss South Africa's Indian problem with the Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan in London cannot be carried out as Dr. Malan's visit will be 'extremely brief' "

"LONDON: ... On Easter Monday Southern Ireland will finally walk out of the 'Empire' the Conservative 'Daily Mail' editorial said. "A few days later the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, in London, will discuss a similar intention on the part of India. Both these countries (India and Ireland) wish to be Republics, yet both hanker after the British connection. They want the advantages of Commonwealth membership without the responsibilities. Eire's wish has already been granted. Why should not India follow suit?"

"WASHINGTON: Mr. Sean Mac Bride, Eire Foreign Minister, said it was "unthinkable" that Eire would participate, while the British maintain they have a right to occupy a portion of our country'. Eire would never join the Pact while Northern Ireland was under the British Crown.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"BOMBAY: The close bonds of love and co-operation between the merchant community and the Congress Party in the city, were stressed by Mr. S. K. Patil the new Mayor of Bombay, at a party given to him by the Indian Merchants' Chamber."—Free Press Journal.

"BOMBAY: An old and ailing destitute, who had been lying on the pavement outside the municipal offices for the past week or more, died on Saturday night. At 11 a.m. today (Monday), 40 hours after his death, the body was still lying on the pavement... although it is a place constantly patrolled by the police and the Esplanade Police Station is not more than 200 yards from it."—Evening News of India.

"NEW DELHI: A Minister of the Vindhya Pradesh States Union has been arrested on a charge of alleged bribery."—News Item.

"NEW DELHI: In 51 sittings, spread over 67 days, the Dominion

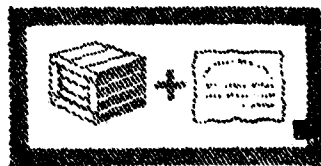
Parliament passed 42 bills—38 official and 4 non-official—in addition to the Rs. 210 crore railway budget and the Rs. 323 general budget. Ten thousand three hundred visitors, ranging from multi-millionaires to peasants, attended the session... Two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine questions were tabled... (and) covered a wide field from India's attitude to the Atlantic Pact to members' right to put up cow-sheds in their compounds."—A.P.I.



The late, Mr. C. V. Kunju Raman who passed away at the age of 79, at his residence in Trivandrum on Sunday, April 10.

A pioneer in the field of Malayalam journalism, he was editor and founder of the well-known daily THE KERALA KOUKUDI. He was author of several notable books and a well-known leader of the Ezhava community.

$$GP + CL = S(S + X)$$



The equation atop is not a mathematical quiz, but a simple answer to an old problem. It means that, in consigning goods by rail, good packing plus clear labelling and marking (GP + CL) saves suspense and expense S(S + X). The suspense in not getting the goods at the expected time is known to everyone who has experienced delay in receiving his consignments. The expense is incurred not only by the individual consignor and consignee owing to the failure of the transaction to come off but also by the railways who pay nearly two crores of rupees in compensation for goods lost or damaged in transit. When consignments are packed strongly, labelled properly and marked correctly, they are sure to reach their destination in good time and in good condition.

GIVE YOUR WARE **P**ACK **L**ABEL **M**ARK CARE



Issued by the Indian Government Railways.

INDIAN NATIONAL COMMISSION

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

THE Indian National Commission for co-operation with UNESCO was inaugurated by Pandit Jawaharlal on the 9th. It was a unique gathering in many ways. Some of our foremost intellectuals engaged in education, science and culture which in UNESCO's working terminology evidently amounts to literature and fine arts have been grouped in together for the first time, I believe. The Commission is *interim* and when it emerges finally with a clear-cut constitution of its own, it would evolve into a powerful body on the lines of a Brains Trust. Only it should be kept in clear view that the Indian National Commission is meant not only for implementing the decisions and plans of UNESCO but it is also its primary duty to give UNESCO the benefit in concrete suggestions of the authentic Indian line of approach to the solution of problems and the realisation of the high ideals of UNESCO.

I have long been interested in concretising our longings for world peace through some relevant plans and methods of our own based on our Dharma and thus gain a basic step in achieving non-violence among the nations of the world, collectively. So when the nomination to the Commission came to me from the Government of India, I gladly accepted it hoping to secure the chance to present the constructive Indian viewpoint. Let us explore the Indian view of world peace.

The last two wars have involved us in ten times the destruction of men and materials compared with wars in the previous centuries. Why? The main cause is the gross centralisation of political and economic life of each State coupled with an aggressive and egoistic conception of national sovereignty. In this predatory atmosphere of centralised activities, the directing mind saturated in power politics and economics always misdirects everything, the gains of science, the energy of man and the machine, and perverts the primary

values of life for the intoxication and 'advancement' of a few. It works in a vicious circle—centralisation breeds wars: wars, to secure victories, strengthen centralisation and make it inevitable and complex. And centralisation requires war for its maintenance.

Agricultural production is the blood stream of national life. It is always in the very nature of things a decentralised job in sunshine and air, patted by wind and rain on the cheek. But in a centralised society a gross maldistribution of energy, the labour-hour of man, becomes inevitable. There is less and less of labour-hour given to production and more and more given to distribution increasing the parasitic load on life. Even in production, there is less and less of labour-hour given to agriculture, as centralised economy and the financial and monetary system encourage industries by higher rewards and wages to skilled labour and agriculture is depressed as the region of unskilled labour. Above all, centralisation gives to a few both in politics and economics tremendous power and profits and every urge and facility to continue the system. It drains the rural areas of men and money and gives cheap the fighting materials and the men for wars. In industry, you produce primarily not for local needs and service but for export and gains. So the marketing operations overseas really mean the gathering of the combustibles for the explosion. This exploiting economy really involves enormous waste of human energy in parasitical work connected with distribution and sale. Vast masses of men from rural areas are attracted to towns and transferred implicitly from productive to really unproductive work, from the vicinity of food producing areas, and concentrated in millions in cities depending on a long line and an inter-linked chain of communications for the very essentials of life. A pin-drop is enough to disturb peace in this set-up.

These cumulative factors heighten

the conflicts inherent in bread-winning, politics and economics and bring about wars. It seems to me that decentralisation on a rational and scientific basis with autonomous, self-sufficient areas is the only sure remedy. This decentralised zone, self-sufficient in its primary needs of food, clothing and shelter, is the true and only pillar on which we could support world peace and one Government for one world.

UNESCO covers the cream of intellectuals, thinkers, scholars and true statesmen and visionaries and idealists. So this is primarily its problem. But unfortunately UNESCO has only a limited jurisdiction. It is seized only of education, science and culture. The main defect of United Nations Organisation is that it lacks a parent body with comprehensive jurisdiction in all matters. United Nations and Security Council are far too political to assume successfully full jurisdiction.

All life is one, especially human life is one, and all functions are intensely correlated for the achievement of higher purpose, a divine longing in man. Politics, economics, science, literature and fine arts, culture and above all spiritual values comprehend in one aspiring spiral the entire range of human consciousness from the animal to the divine. They are intimately fibred and co-related to one another. If you injure the one, you injure the other. Politics and economics definitely relate to human welfare in the physical sense, and call forth mind-consciousness at its lowest animal level and tends to become predatory under centralised direction without checks or restraints from cultural, moral or spiritual values. Science plays a neutral game and cultivates the mind on its rational side free from the instructive longings and idealisms of that mind itself. Herein is the danger that it has so easily become a friend and benefactor of war. So science requires to be married to a higher purpose. Fine arts and literature pursued for the mere joy of self-expression lead only to social enjoyment at refined levels but do not help the mind and its native urge to sublime itself. But practised as *yoga-sadhana*, this creative art leads to culture, a way of life that leads to self-realisation. It

takes you nearer God and induces in you the practice of qualities of which you feel that they divinise you—like non-jealousy, non-acquisition, non-violence, non-anger and all those *atma gunas* outlined in the Gita. Spiritual values are values gained at this highest level of consciousness where the mind has sublimed itself one with the Divine. There spiritual values are the basis of *Dharma*. Unless we found our political, economic, scientific, literary and artistic and cultural activities and plans on *Dharma*, conflict is bound to be eternal and mere competition and destruction the law of life in every sphere of activity.

UNESCO is the proper body to which a comprehensive jurisdiction on all matters should be given if we really mean to achieve our objectives of world peace and one Government. I plead for making it the parent body thus bringing in United Nations and Security Council under its scrutiny. The subjugation of the politician by the thinker and seer is the next step in evolution for realising our ideals. UNESCO must have the power to go into everything and give directions and include in its range politics and economics at the lower end and spiritual values at the higher.

With some such view in mind I moved the following resolution in the closing plenary sessions of the Indian National Commission on the 10th. It was forwarded to the Political and Economic Committee of the United Nations as UNESCO could not itself go into the matter:

"The Indian National Commission considers it essential for the realisation of the high ideal of universal peace of UNESCO that a complete reorientation is necessary of the political and economic systems in each member State in the direction of effective decentralisation, and recommends that an international commission of statesmen, scholars and thinkers be constituted and directed to explore and investigate the problem. If the finding be that peace is in some way related to decentralisation of political and economic systems, the Commission be requested to prepare a model constitution based on such decentralisation for acceptance of each member State."

SURYA KUMARI: A THINKING STAR

By V. V. PRASAD

ISAAC Newton was not very strong in multiplication tables, and preferred logarithms even for simple calculations. If he went shopping, he could never tell whether the shop-keeper had given him the correct change—thanks to his shakiness in the art of counting change. Bernard Shaw, who kindly arranged a meeting between Newton and King Charles in *Good King Charles's Golden Days*, finds that Newton is terribly impressed by Nell Gwynne's feats of memory and thinks that she must be having remarkable mental powers. Says Newton: "In these very simple matters (like fluxions) one may learn from anyone. And you, madam, must have very remarkable mental powers. You repeat long parts from memory in the theatre. I could not do that."

Poor Newton seems to have never been to a co-educational institution. One of the first things we learn in these schools and colleges is that girls are rather good at mugging up things. Some boys, too, of course. But among boys mugging up is regarded as *infra dig*. So we are not likely to be impressed by a girl's capacity to mug up things. Girls mug up things because they are rather cut off from the outside world. No doubt they would stop mugging up, if they are—as they should be—afforded opportunities of looking at the world as well as boys are, instead of only through the kitchen-window.

Surya Kumari however seems to have a remarkably resilient mind and in her thinking she is sometimes Shavian and never kitchen-windowish. I believe I put her some extremely different questions which would ordinarily have floored most American Ambassadors. Someone told me that Surya Kumari obtained four distinctions in her Cambridge Senior Examination: so I was rather doubtful whether she has done any original thinking. But she seems to have. Another question which generally strikes one is whether film-stars think. The reply to this question is that one or two do. Most of them,

in India and outside, seem to have empty heads. That is why we find a Hollywood star divorcing her husband



T. Surya Kumari

on the ground that he brought home friends who discussed Kant. She would probably have preferred them to talk cant.

When I was in Madras recently, I thought of doing an interview which would be different from the usual run of Ambassadors and Ministers. I had little difficulty in deciding who it should be. Surya Kumari has a unique position in Madras social and artistic circles. She is niece to Prakasam. At the end of the interview I got the impression that if she entered politics she would become an Ambassador. But she recognises the superiority of music over politics. True culture lies in this recognition.

Here are my questions and her answers:

Question: Do you think that the recent tendency of film stars them-

selves becoming producers has affected the quality of pictures?

Surya Kumari: The same faults which once existed in films when directors used to favour one star as against another in the same production now appear magnified in pictures where stars have themselves become producers. The tendency to give undue and improper prominence where the story or sequence does not justify it is the main defect, according to me.

Question: I have the impression that during recent years the film industry has failed to recruit talented and educated men and women (especially women) from respectable families. Since you are one of the exceptions, could you say why this is so? What should be done by Indian society in general and the film industry in particular to see that there is a steady flow of talented and educated men and women in the film world?

Surya Kumari: In one sense we can say that the film industry has failed to recruit talented young men and women; but could it be said that the film industry has recruited anybody at all? If you scan through the circumstances under which the present stars have entered the film industry you will invariably find that at one stage or other some person or other has started a film for that person's sake and through it that particular star has gone into eminence. As I understand it, "scouting" as they call it in the West, is not in vogue among our producers. Most of them think of stories for some particular star or stars, and not search for stars to suit particular stories. This accounts for that failure to recruit talented young men and women. Another thing also is there; new persons from respectable families are chary of entering the film world because they think that it is not film world but demon world. But I always believe the poet who sang that it is we "that make a heaven of hell or a hell of heaven." I also agree with you that our society also has to do a lot to encourage young men and women to think that one vocation is as respectable as another, and not make them believe that a particular profession or calling is nobler than any other. Our society should also encourage the cultivation of fine arts by the children from their infancy

and not taboo them or frown upon them when they sing a song or imitate any actor or any dancer they have seen, on the ground that such encouragement spoils the studies of the child. Not only that: the authorities concerned who are in charge of education (especially that of children) should so frame the school curriculum that they give enough opportunities for every kind of mind to develop from infancy in its own way. Each child should be encouraged to take up some hobby, which really means a relaxation from the studies and the tedium of it all. India being poor, most parents may not be (and in fact are not), capable of spending money to develop the natural talents of the child through its particular hobby. So it is the duty of the educational institutions not only to make up for the parents' inability to assist the child but also to effectively encourage the youngster to choose his hobby and develop his personality. The Government also have a duty in this matter. Public entertainment, which means the duty to give relaxation to the bored public is as important a matter as public health, public hygiene and public morals. By Government controlling this aspect and not leaving it for exploitation to individual enterprise alone can your problem of scarcity of talented young men and women in the film world be answered.

Till 1947 we were under a foreign Government who contented themselves with governing us and choosing the type of education and guidance which would make us useful to themselves and their rule. But now, our Government, I am sure, will take up these problems as soon as more urgent problems facing them are solved. They will, I hope, construct and maintain for India and the world schools of art, culture and music so that the pre-eminent place that our country is occupying (despite all these obstacles) can be maintained and fostered under its care and guidance, not for exploitation but for establishing cultural ties with the rest of the world. If the Governments, both Provincial and Central, take up Indian arts, dance and music and give them the encouragement they deserve, then, sure as ever, there will be a regular flow of talented young men and women into the films.

Question: Would you say that present day Indian films are playing a useful part in national life? Do you think that films should tell stories with a message or that stories with messages would interfere with their entertainment value?

Surya Kumari: If all and sundry do not give up writing stories, and if stories come to be written simply because they should be written for making pictures, I can say that pictures so produced will play no useful part in national life. But at present, except for some of the stories which have won universal appeal or approval, the rest are made not with any particular purpose but for making money and recovering the investment made on them. There are films and stories with messages so dexterously woven round the life they portray that nobody thinks there is a message in it. But if the message is so bald and becomes a mere message, it loses itself and the message it intends to convey.

If we take classical stories, either of our land or foreign lands, the very fact that they are still having their freshness is proof positive that they are good though they contain messages. Are not our Ramayana and Mahabharata interesting, and do they not contain innumerable messages? That is why I stated that story-writing is an art and a gift and all and sundry cannot write stories. Even the gifted cannot expect all their stories to have the same appeal and command the same public support.

Question: Do you think that artistes are receiving due recognition at the hands of Governments and of the public?

Surya Kumari: I would say,

(a) that the public should give this profession also its due respect and honour its votaries in the same way as they honour other artisans;

(b) that the educational curriculum of children should be so

arranged as to bring out the individual genius of children, and make possible a proper and timely recognition of their talents;

(c) that a habit of providing recreation for the mind should be inculcated in all the members of the public. This can be achieved by Government and other institutions enforcing the closure of offices and institutions at the right time and punishing the tardy in this respect; and

(d) that the Government should construct and maintain in every town (say a municipality) a hall which is spacious, which has good acoustics and which can be used for public functions, dramas and music performances. I am sorry to say that north of Madras except in the town of Nellore there are no halls, other than cinema halls, where one could give a musical cutcheri. Does this not show lack of foresight on the part of the public and the previous Governments?

Question: One would like to hear a few items of classical music in your performances. Why do you give so few of them? Are you prejudiced against classical music?

Surya Kumari: For a long time people were asking me to sing only light songs. By people, I mean the persons who arrange concerts. As I was asked to sing only light songs, I used to sing very little of classical music. But latterly, I heard it said that I do not know classical music. From the beginning of this year, I am giving only performances in classical music. But what is the result? People hear classical music and then in the middle say, "we want to hear your favourite tunes." So you see, I am not prejudiced against classical music. In fact, I love it and have the same freedom with it as with the light songs. I shall take your advice and persist only in singing classical music in future.

As long as I am this or that, or have this or that, I am not all things and I have not all things. Become pure till you neither are nor have either this or that: then you are omnipresent and, being neither this nor that, are all things.—ECKHART.

SRI N. RAGHUNATHA AIYAR

By N. RAMANI

IF you do not know who he is you wouldn't guess, on seeing him. The lean individual in simple white dhoti, shirt and *angavastram*, affectionately fingering the orthodox wisp of grey hair at the back of his head, is not likely to impress you as he sits opposite to you in the bus, or when he gets up to alight at Mount Road. For his truly prodigious powers of mind are hidden beneath a plain exterior, which he scorns to improve by sartorial or other magnificence.

But, however unassuming he may be, Raghunathan cannot hide himself from the world. All who know him intimately, or have heard him speak, or have read his writings, admire and praise him. From his youth he has been "egregious," towering above the flock of common mediocrity. "Balfour" we used to call him in those days, when that brilliant politician was in the headlines. Raghunathan was then a student in the English Honours class of Presidency College. He was mostly absorbed in his books, and did not care much for society. He however, always had fit friends, though few. A first-class degree was easily secured by him and he won many prizes. English literature he devoured, but the bare bones of philology repelled him. So did mathematics once, though he now reads with avidity Whitehead and Einstein. His reading even in those days was enormous, and his gift of writing unmistakable, as Professor Mark Hunter saw at once. Already at that time Raghunathan had won prizes for literary contributions to journals in England, such as the *Bookman*.

Raghunathan took these talents into the uncreative atmosphere of the Provincial Secretariat, but happily he did not remain there to waste them. His genius led him to the *Daily Express*, where he began his true career. For some years he held its standard high, until *The Hindu*, with its jealous eye for the best, took him in; and there Raghunathan has remained.

He remains in *The Hindu*, but his writing is by no means confined to

that newspaper. His contributions are eagerly invited by editors of all kinds of journals, political, literary, cultural, philosophical and religious, both in English and in Tamil. His encyclopaedic range of accurate knowledge enables him to speak and write on the most diverse subjects. He is at home in the whole of English literature from Caedmon down to Day Lewis. So, too, with Tamil literature, especially of the devotional poets, and of Bharati. Sanskrit he delights in, and loves to hear recited. He has deeply studied the philosophy of the Upanishads, and the systems of Vedanta. Raghunathan's long and loving familiarity with the *Bhagavatam* makes his exposition of it profound. His appreciation of music is genuine, and critical. He is as good as an expert in Ayurveda and in astrology. Besides all this, he is of course fully conversant with public and international affairs,—that being a *sine qua non* of the good newspaper editor.

Knowing so much, what wonder that he writes so well? He is a master of forceful English and of chaste Tamil prose. Whatever he does, he does exceedingly well. Whatever the subject,—politics or poetry, music or mysticism—his words are full of significance. When anyone speaks to him of his works, he answers, in the manner of Charles Lamb, "Works! Come to my office, and look at the piles of old issues of *The Hindu* there. Those are my work." But his other occasional articles and addresses when published—let me hope that they will be in the near future—would not fully delight and instruct the general reader but would prove a great guide and inspiration to journalists. Recently, I re-read the text of a radio-talk of his on "The Cauvery." What a wealth of learned allusion and information! What finely-turned sentences!

Dr. Johnson said of Burke, "He is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk



SRI N. RAGHUNATHA AIYAR,
President, Southern India Journalists' Federation.

in such a manner that, when you parted, you would say, this is an extraordinary man." Raghunathan is another such. In casual conversation he reveals his wide knowledge. But do not imagine that listening to him is a pedantically edifying exercise, where you feel "strained to the height." Far from it. His talk is given point and life by his caustic wit and hearty love of mere gossip. And he is an unsparing critic of men and things. Who has not read his *expose* humours and satirical, judicious and learned, of the follies of philosophers, and politicians, progressive and die-hards, snobs and bores? His views are strong and determined: you can as well draw the heavens down as change his convictions by any amount of argument. He has an inexhaustible repertory of facts, illustration and anecdote, of wise saws and instances. Like some King-of-arms, he will trace for you the genealogies of a dozen families, including of course his own *Koundinya Gotram*, to which he is proud to belong.

For, with his powerful intellect and extensive knowledge, Raghunathan remains a rigid *Sanatani*. Emancipated friends, of his intellectual circles, often twit him with his orthodoxy: but that only confirms him in it. His orthodoxy is but a manifestation of his general conservatism. He instinctively prefers the old to the new, in books, in painting, and in all forms and fashions. But unlike Hazlitt, he does not neglect the newest book: only he always finds

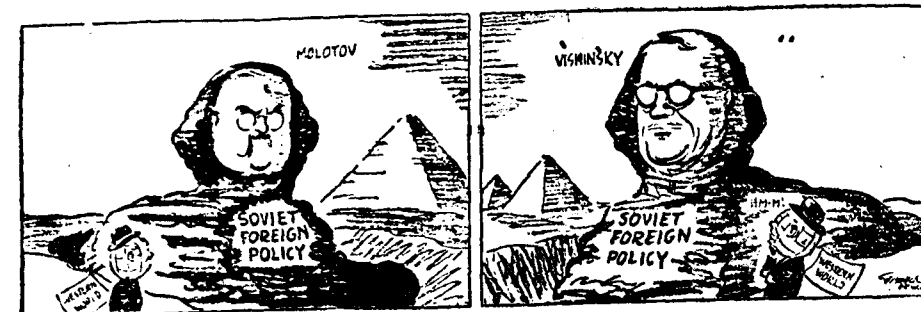
the old ones better. Browne and Burke, Gibbon and De Quincey, he would say, yield more delight than a wilderness of modern writers.

His life is not merely orthodox but simple and frugal to the point of austerity. Except for coffee, of which he is passionately fond, he never takes too much of anything. Luxuries he abominates. Like some Chinese sages he sleeps on a bare bench. He rarely carries an umbrella; a walking-stick or a watch, never. Among his imperfect sympathies are tea and goats, plus-fours and fountain-pens, street-hawkers and songstresses. In his den at home, you will find him perched, cross-legged, upon his chair, with a pencil in his hand and a sheet of paper before him, with books and papers piled and strewn all over the table in delightful disorder. From time to time, as the thought comes to him, he would take one sheet or another, and write upon it. He is not very methodical, but he is tremendously painstaking.

A lot of money comes to him, but he is not attached to it. He says now and then that it is time for him to retire, and go to the Himalayas. But how could his public do without him?

Anyhow, for the present he is here. And he has just been unanimously elected President of the Southern India Journalists' Federation, for the fourth time in succession. So was Nehru thrice elected President of the Congress, because everyone knew that he alone was worthy. Sheer merit is still recognized!

"DIFFERENT FACES, SAME ENIGMA".



HELPING THE BLIND TO HELP THEMSELVES

"MAN'S field of opportunity is limited by his mentality and not alone by his physical imperfection. If physical perfection were a requisite for success, then this world would have made little progress and there would always be a labour shortage regardless of economic conditions." Every activity of mankind has in it some full-time phase that can be performed without sight."

Joseph F. Clunk, chief of the Services of the Blind in the United States Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, emphasizes this philosophy to the nation's blind people. Since becoming blind himself in 1919, at the age of 23, he has devoted his time and energies to placing blind persons in remunerative positions, to widening their employment possibilities, and to building the confidence of the sighted world in the abilities of the blind. In his present position, he puts his constructive ideas into effect and is an important figure in a Federal-State programme to aid those who cannot see.

The U. S. Congress authorized in 1943 a national vocational rehabilitation programme that provides virtually every service necessary to restore, develop or preserve the occupational abilities of any handicapped man or woman. Under the programme, the Federal Government, in partnership with the governments of each state, the District of Columbia and the territories of Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico, enables more and more blind persons each year to become self-sustaining, independent, contributing members of society. Hundreds of state agencies actually provide the services. Their work is coordinated by the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation in Washington. A person who has lost more than 80 per cent of his visual efficiency is eligible, on the basis of his blindness, for rehabilitation. However, since anyone who has an ocular impairment that would interfere with his occupation is entitled to rehabilitation, many who are not actually blind also receive training.

Under the programme the blind person may get medical aid, psychiatric treatment when needed, aptitude tests to determine the types of work for which he is best suited, vocational training to fit him for that work, maintenance while training, and the equipment and tools he needs. When his training has been completed, he is placed in an appropriate job. To handle the variety of rehabilitation services, the states use, as far as possible, existing facilities such as private and public hospitals and clinics, colleges and vocational schools.

In the first years of the rehabilitation programme, the number trained was in the hundreds. Government figures for 1947 show that in that year alone more than 5,000 visually handicapped persons and 2,157 blind persons were rehabilitated. In competition with sighted persons, all these were placed in suitable employment at a standard wage. A check-up—also part of the rehabilitation service—showed that they had proved capable of handling successfully the requirements of their jobs.

It is estimated that \$400 (about Rs. 1,300) a year is the average cost to rehabilitate a blind person. Such expenses, however, are eliminating a great amount of dependency. For example, one rehabilitated blind person who operates a small business is now earning \$14,000 a year. He and others like him, instead of drawing relief funds from the Federal treasury, contribute to the treasury through income taxes.

The U. S. Government participates in aid to blind persons who are unable to provide for themselves financially. Although 26 states already had special relief laws for the blind, passage of the National Social Security Act in 1935 spurred the development of relief measures throughout the country. Under this law the Federal Government matches up to a maximum of \$30 a month per person the funds appropriated by the separate states for aid to the blind. While the laws of the states differ—some have residence requirements, some have

minimum property laws—in general, a person who needs money for his subsistence may receive a relief pension. According to Federal Security Agency information, 47 of the state and territory governments in 1947, with Federal aid, provided an average monthly payment of \$39.91 to some 63,800 blind persons. In three additional states, another 17,400 blind persons received pensions from state funds alone. During the 1947 calendar year, Federal grants to aid the blind totalled \$16,000,000.

RELIEF REGARDED AS TEMPORARY

While the Social Security Act greatly benefits the blind, there is a general recognition among interested groups in the United States that relief should be accepted only as a temporary measure or a last resort. They believe that the primary objective is to enable blind people to achieve social and economic independence.

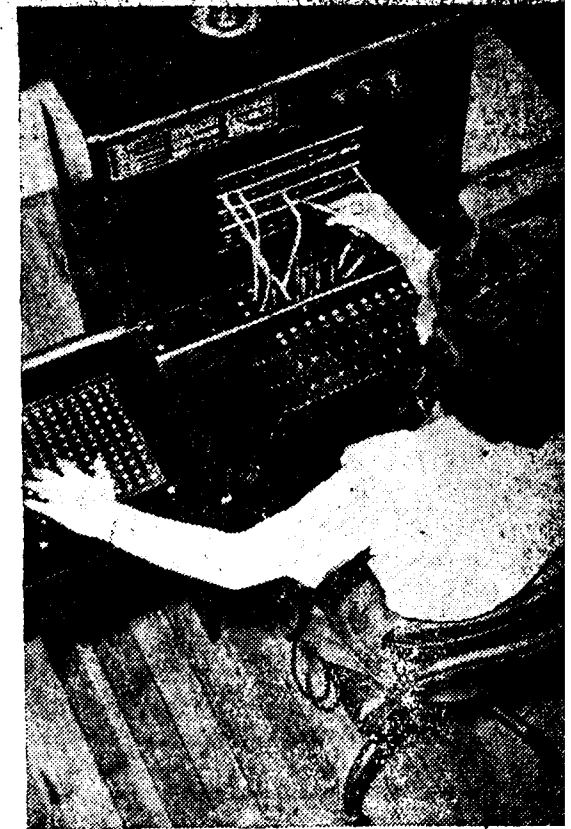
Besides its rehabilitation programme, the Federal Government promotes this idea in other ways. The Randolph-Shepherd Act passed in 1936 provides for the operation of refreshment stands in Federal buildings throughout the United States by blind persons. Blind operators of 396 stands in Federal buildings earned an average of \$1,820 each during 1947, and an additional 521 such stands in other buildings brought their operators an average of \$1,785 each.

SPECIAL BENEFITS FOR THE BLIND

The Federal income tax law gives a blind person an extra \$600 exemption in addition to whatever other exemptions he may claim. The person who is blind also has an advantage in travelling in the United States. According to a provision made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, he may get two railway fares for the price of one, enabling him to have a sighted travelling companion.

A service for the blind in the U.S. Veteran's Administration attends to the affairs of blinded veterans of both world wars. Compensation up to \$318 a month is provided for the totally blind with additional amounts allowed for added disabilities and for dependents.

The Library of Congress has a division for the blind that distributes without charge special phonographs to blind persons all over the country.



A blind girl, operating a telephone switchboard.

It also produces recorded readings of a wide variety of national and world literature. Those and books in Braille are shipped to 26 branch libraries throughout the nation for distribution. In addition, the Federal Government provides yearly grants for publication of books to be provided without cost to schools for the blind.

Every state in the nation provides for the education of its blind children. The arrangements differ, but most often blind children study at a residential or boarding school, with board and tuition generally furnished free. Some states employ specially trained workers to advise parents in the rearing of blind children of pre-school age. While separate institutions for higher education of the blind are uncommon in the United States, many blind men and women get their higher degrees at regular colleges and

universities. At state institutions, their tuition is free. Sixteen states offer scholarships to employ "readers" for blind college-students. A number of scholarships for blind men and women who wish to follow special vocations or professions are offered by private foundations. These scholarships permit study anywhere in the United States.

Activities carried on by the Federal and state governments furnish a core around which a multitude of private groups in the United States work to serve the nation's blind—estimated by the Federal Security Agency to be between 225,000 and 275,000. Some organizations specialize in publishing literature in Braille and other raised types; some direct the operation of special workshops and industries; some work to prevent blindness and to restore sight; some promote social and recreational activities; some collect and distribute information, and some provide financial assistance to agencies for people who cannot see.

13,500 ARE NOW SELF-SUPPORTING

As a result of these public and private activities, blind persons today

occupy positions in almost every major field. Of the 13,500 estimated by the Federal Security Agency to be self-supporting, about 5,000 are employed in industry, 1,500 operate refreshment stands and similar small businesses, 1,000 fill white collar and professional positions, 1,000 are engaged in farming, 3,000 are busy in special workshops, and 2,000 are in home industries. The types of work in which persons without sight are engaged are many and varied.

Federal and state governments and private organizations through their different programmes have given to many blind persons in the United States that feeling of human dignity and happiness that comes from belonging and contributing to the society in which one lives. While medical science and industrial safety measures are doing a great deal to reduce the number of people in the United States who go blind each year, group and government activities are reducing the number of persons who, because of their inability to see, are unfitted for social and economic activities.



Blind since a boy, this 38-year-old apiarist successfully operates a farm in Texas



He eats food cooked with
DALDA
*—it helps to replenish the
 energy he uses up
 every day!*



Supplies the fat you need in a balanced diet

HVM. 102-172

Consult

THE
MADRAS PENCIL FACTORY
FOR
STAR OF INDIA PENCIL

HOE & COMPANY

for High Class Printing & Lithography

V. PERUMALL CHETTY & SONS

for

All Kinds of High Class Stationery

5, STRINGER STREET,

MADRAS 1.

SWATANTRA

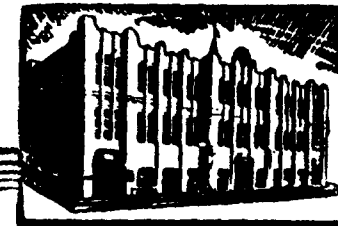
VOL. IV. NO. 12

(SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1949)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
COVER PAGE—CONGRESS PRESIDENT DR. PATTABHI AND MR. T. PRASAM PHOTOGRAPHED AT A RECENT CITY MEETING	
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	7
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	9
A LAMP WAS LIGHTED—By S. Parthasarathy	11
THE NEW MINISTRY—By L. N. S.	13
SPOTLIGHT: IS THIS THE GERMANY WE WANT?—By Santha	14
AUSTRALIA AND THE COMMUNISTS—By David Martin	17
"MAY DAY: A HISTORICAL SURVEY"—By Asoka Mehta	19
DEMOCRACY AT THE CROSSROADS—By G. S. Bhargava	21
THE MOTHER (SHORT STORY)—By Padma Seshadri	24
EXECUTIVE INROADS ON THE JUDICIARY—By S. Rajagopalan	27
THE MINISTERIAL TANGLE—By M. P. Bhaskarhn	28
ART AND THE SCREEN—By Prithviraj Kapoor	29
MR. BHAKTAVATSALAM'S "SECULAR STATE"—By V. S.	30
SPOTLIGHT ON THE NORTH-WEST—By Baroo	31
PROFILE: ARTHUR E. MORGAN	32
MAY DAY (AZAD QALAM)—By K. A. Abbas	33
POWERFUL MARITIME PROVINCE OF KERALA—By Dr. K. B. Menon	36
DR. AXEL MUNTHE: AN APPRECIATION—By Visalam P. Sivarman	38
WARD PRICE—By News Hawk	40
THE ANTI-CORRUPTION DRIVE	42
JOURNEY TO PRAGUE—By K. C. Raghavan	43
WHITE HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF U. S. PRESIDENTS	45
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48

(ESTD:



1907)

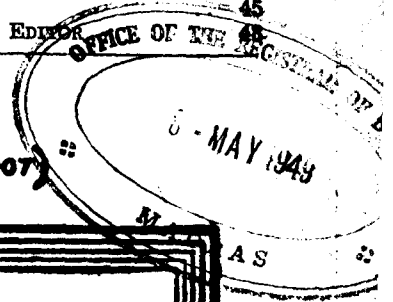
Branches and Sub-Offices in all the important places in the Madras Presidency and in Bombay.

Issued & Subscribed Capital	Rs. 72,00,000
Reserve Fund	" 62,00,000
Paid-up Capital	" 53,00,000

ALL KINDS OF BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.
HEAD OFFICE: INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
NORTH BEACH ROAD, MADRAS.





The Hon. Mr. R. R. Diwakar, Minister of State for Information & Broadcasting, Government of India, with some of the Editors of the local Press at All-India Radio, Madras. From left to right: Mr. Diwakar (second from left); Mr. K. Srinivasan ("Hindu"); Mr. C. R. Srinivasan ("Swadesamitran"); Mr. Sastri, Director, Madras Station, Government of India.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 12

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE COMMONWEALTH IDEA

INDIA has been enabled to remain a member of the Commonwealth after she becomes a Republic by a sacrifice of the traditional status of the King. He will not be the King of India as he now is. He will be just a symbol of the headship of the Commonwealth, of free association among the member-nations. The future elected President of Republican India will not be the Representative of the King. It is but a small step from this for the headship of the Commonwealth itself to go by rotation among its nation-members. The content of equality will then be fully incorporated with that of freedom of association and Delhi may take its turn one day with London as the capital of the Commonwealth. The agreement reached in London among the Dominion Prime Ministers registers how swiftly the world has moved, and along with it how nicely the wisdom of British statesmanship has ripened, since the infliction of Dominion status under duress on Ireland in 1921 provoked the train of events that has irritated that country into rebellious severance eventually of all Commonwealth ties. When in that year Lloyd George invited de Valera to a peace conference, the problem that faced him was to ascertain, as he himself put it, "how the association of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire can best be reconciled with Irish nationalist aspirations." The Irish view was that it could best be done by external association only. The British solution was Dominion status. In the conflict of viewpoints that

ensued it was the British contention that prevailed and Dominion status was imposed on an unwilling Ireland. De Valera devoted his energies in the succeeding years to a unilateral abrogation one by one of the symbols associated with Dominion status. The first to go was the oath to the King, "that greatest prevarication in history," then the appeal to the Privy Council, followed by suspension of the functions and office of Governor-General. De Valera characterised the English King as an alien king and in the war he played up neutrality as a vindication of the sovereign status claimed by him in practical disregard of the constitutional injunction declaring Ireland a Dominion.

The wisdom of British policy in the political field, reflected in the grant of home rule to Ireland, was not matched by equal wisdom in the constitutional field. The resulting tension between the two countries led to a singular development. While it impelled the Free State of Eire at every stage to emphasise her national as against her Dominion status, it stimulated the other members of the Commonwealth to realise the importance of reconciling constitutional forms with political realities. The constitutional content of Dominion status underwent in consequence a revolutionary transformation. But not before the momentum of the struggle threw Ireland herself out of the pale of the Commonwealth as a full-blossomed republic proud of her triumphant severance of the British connection.

The effects of the formal severance of political and constitutional ties between Eire and Britain are neutralised to a considerable extent by the vast scale of social relationships between the people of the two countries. There are some 150,000 Irish workers in British factories. Innumerable Irishmen have married English wives and settled down permanently in England. The common historical background of Anglo-Irish relations may be depended upon to undo all the acerbities of political and other disputes and lead the way to some final solution of harmony. No such background exists between the East and the West with their totally dissimilar civilizations. Can any pattern of constitutional commonalty be hammered out of such dissimilar elements held together by no common historical background? The valuable significance of the Irish precedent has lain in the removal of the blemish of subordination from the content of Dominion status. Membership of the Commonwealth has developed into a new form of association extremely solicitous of the integrity of nationalism of the States admitted to it, and by way of registering its emergence even the name Dominion is to be dropped hereafter. Whatever the untidiness of the transitional constitutional expedients, provided the intrinsic basis of equality is not impaired, and no encouragement given to aggressive and arrogant creeds, there will be scope for common striving for constructive ends and the peace of the world under the auspices of the Commonwealth.

Police Methods

MR. R. Vinayakam, representative of the Academic Council on the Syndicate of the Annamalai University has abstained from attending meetings of the Syndicate and withdrawn from all the committees of that body on which he has been serving. The reasons for this step are given by him in a letter to the members of the

Senate. In the course of that letter he states:

"The new Vice-Chancellor claims that he may or may not allow any item to be brought up before the Syndicate by a member. He claims such items ought not to be included in the agenda unless he considers them important. The logical effect of this attitude is that he can prevent the Syndicate from considering any matter whose consideration by the Syndicate he does not want. If, for instance, he is afraid the Syndicate may not favour his opinion on any subject, he may remove it from the purview of the Syndicate and reserve it to his own discretion, and if a member wants the Syndicate to discuss it, he may prevent it.

"I feel that this deprives the Syndicate of its ability to control and shape the administration, while it is saddled with its responsibility. This is a condition under which no independent and responsible member can function on the Syndicate with any satisfaction to his constituency or to himself. I have been unable to persuade the Vice-Chancellor to allow this privilege. As I felt that this is a fundamental, unequivocal right on which the responsibility of the Syndicate for the administration rests, I have indicated my protest by withdrawing from all the eight committees of the Syndicate in which I was functioning.

"I have indicated to the Vice-Chancellor and the Syndicate that I shall take up the matter with my constituency and, through it, with the Senate and obtain their decision. Till then, I have abstained from attending Syndicate meetings, as I feel there is not much use in attending the Syndicate where elementary rights are repudiated."

This is a sad state of affairs and educationists concerned for the integrity of university administration cannot but feel dismayed over the turn events have taken at Annamalai. There is no room for police methods in the governance of an academic institution of the university type. Democracy is rule by criticism. The contribution made even by adverse criticism to the tasks of Government is signalled in the British House of Commons by the convention that provides a salary out of public funds to the Leader of the Opposition. The executive and the opposition are component elements both contributing to the decision and policies adopted by democratic institutions

and the play of wit and argument on the anvil of debates is a very essential part of the working and discipline of public institutions of the democratic pattern. Whether in politics or

education, there is no room in a democratic age for authoritarians who are impelled to shut out criticism in order to sustain themselves in their positions.

Sotto Voce

Grand Babylon



DELHI is to have a posh hotel. Our Prime Minister, who finds nothing too small for his attention when it comes to safeguarding the reputation of India, has seen the need and is bent on supplying it. Recently the Government had a law passed under which they could requisition a good fraction of the accommodation in the existing half a dozen commercial hotels. It was alleged against these establishments that their tariffs were scandalously high; one, it seems, had charged twenty-five rupees for a dozen sandwiches. The remedy, clearly, is to have more hotels, especially as more Government jobs spring up in Delhi every month. And as private capital fights shy the Government have decided to step into the breach.

It is a theme worthy of Arnold Bennett, the dreamer of *Grand Babylon Hotel*. The contractors are sending a man on a round the world tour (or its nearest equivalent) so that all the latest improvements in hotel design and equipment could be incorporated in the building of the new palace. 'Palace' I say advisedly, for it is intended mainly for the housing of foreign dignitaries. In the good old days our Princes who holidayed in London impressed the habitués of the Ritz and the Savoy by taking not a mere suite of rooms but a whole wing.

Democratic India entertaining visitors must impress them no less by her magnificence at home.

The Government as caterer, say their critics, have not made such a resounding success of their job that they should seek to enlarge these activities. In the hostels run under their auspices, the fare is poor, the charges high and the service greatly to seek. But if patriotism calls for the exercise of Spartan virtues, should you grouse? The tapsters and the publicans may be angry because of prohibition. Indeed, one reason why private capital will not venture on hotel building in Delhi is that it may not be allowed to provide the all-powerful attraction of a cocktail bar. But you can have your choice of tea or *nira ad lib*; why worry?

The homeless refugee from Peshawar and the indigenous *bhangis* must, however, be puzzled by the Government's solicitude for the patrons of swell hotels when they in their tens of thousands swarm all over the place and can find no hole where they can hide their misery. When I was in Delhi last October my law-abiding soul was scandalised by the daily sight of policemen and refugees playing cat and mouse. Hardly had the lorryloads of carabined and batoned minions turned the corner when the

ejected families with their ragged sticks of furniture and bundles of old clothes would make a bee-line for another half-empty "square" as if moved by a common impulse. And there they would stay, calmly ignoring the protests of lawful "allottees," till the next police raid.

No doubt building satellite cities for settling the displaced takes time. And it may be argued that putting up a big hotel or two, which are in their own way badly needed, cannot be fairly objected to as amounting to diversion of men and materials to less important work. But in these matters priority must be governed as much by popular psychology as by logic. On the one hand the people of big cosmopolitan cities like Bombay see the surplus palaces of princes and mansions of the moneyed being requisitioned for public use. And they have been taught to read a revolutionary significance into these proceedings; the newspapers have enlarged them to the dimensions of the Fall of the Bastille.

On the other hand, they find that whoever else may gain by the dispossession of the rich it will not be they, the chawl-tenants and slum dwellers.

Their souls, so long subdued to resignation, could hardly be expected to rise to the heights of unthinking heroism shown by the Cockney driven into the country by Hitler's bombs. We have had imitation squatters but none of the genuine bull dog breed. The passion for freedom burns low in breasts which flutter as fearfully before the brown bureaucracy (whose appetite for office accommodation, by the way, is insatiable) as they ever did before the white.

Hospitality is a kingly virtue, but it can be practised in the hovel as in the hall. As a host Srutadeva the poor Brahman was as acceptable to Sri Krishna as the Lord of Mithila himself. Generations of distinguished visitors to England have grumbled at the costliness, inadequacy and discomfort of the hotel accommodation. But the British Government did not regard this as a slur on the nation. The very stuffiness of London has been a matter of pride for the Londoner. He seems to think that what is good enough for him should be good enough for his visitors. A very sensible view, which we could well adopt and save ourselves many headaches.

VIGHNESWARA

NEW STYLES IN SMUGGLING

HUNDREDS of drunken pigs and stocking-footed cattle have been smuggled across the Dutch border into Belgium within the past two years.

Illegal traffic in noisy livestock is a difficult profession, when they must be slipped by night across the closely guarded frontiers of Holland and Belgium. Hooves of cattle are muffled with heavy burlap socks, and to prevent mooing their mouths are smeared with soap, which has an attraction for the cattles' tastebuds. Rather than

moo, the animals constantly lick the substance.

Belgians buy their cattle and pigs in Holland with cheaply-acquired florins, get them across the border unseen by customs officials and resell them for Belgian francs.

The equipment for silencing cows is less expensive than getting the pigs drunk. Crude alcohol is fed to the porkers which then are jammed by threes into knapsacks to be carried "piggy-back" across the border for fattening.—United Press.

Bobo, the "sea serpent," which has frightened many a Monterey Bay fisherman by surfacing alongside small boats, has turned out, in death, to be an elephant seal.

Identification was made by attaches of Hopkins Marine Station, after the "serpent," seventeen and one-half feet long, was washed ashore near Fort Ord.

Scientists said that elephant seals, possessing a small trunk, teeth up to eight inches long and faces often coated with barnacles, could easily be mistaken for prehistoric animals. They once were fairly common in Northern California waters.—The New York Times.

SIDELIGHTS :

If allowed to become exclusive, engrossing, clannish, so as to shut out the general claims of the human race, the highest end of Providence is frustrated, and home, instead of being the nursery, becomes the grave of the heart.—CHANNING.

ONE of the questions put to the Minister for Industries and answered by him in the recent session of the Madras Legislative Assembly deserves greater public attention than it has received. As the questioner put it, it was a starred question. But it was changed over, without reference to his wishes, into the unstarred list. By whom and why? An explanation of the mysterious manipulation seems called for. An important difference between a starred question and an unstarred one is that other questions of a supplementary nature are permitted in the case of the former. The transference of a starred question to the unstarred category is understandable if someone in authority is interested in preventing a too close scrutiny into affairs connected with its content on the floor of the House. Now for the question and answer.

Question:

Will the Hon. the Minister for Industries be pleased to state—

- whether the Government gave any State aid to any factory at Katpadi;
- if so, what that industry is, when it was started, its present financial position and its latest dividend;
- what the amount granted is and when;
- who the directors are;
- how much of the loan has been so far repaid;
- whether any similar aid was promised or granted to any cement factory at Kurnool;
- who its directors are;
- what the amount involved is and when and how much was actually paid so far; and
- what the financial position of this particular firm is and what the dividend paid last year was?

Answer:

- Yes.
- The Sudarsan Oil Mills, Limited, was started on 30th November 1945. Its present financial position is sound.

Information regarding its latest dividend is not available.

(c) A loan of Rs. 10 lakhs was sanctioned on 17th June 1948.

(d) The directors are—

- Sri B. Venkatrama Reddi.
- " E. V. Narasa Reddi.
- " T. N. Venkatasubba Reddi.
- " B. Adinarayana Reddi.
- " M. B. Rangaswami Reddi.
- " R. Dasaratharama Reddi.
- " B. Rama Reddi.
- " T. Pattabhirama Reddi.
- " T. N. Raghunatha Reddi.
- Joint Director of Industries and Commerce (Government Director).

(e) The loan has to be repaid in twenty annual instalments and the first instalment has to be repaid only on 1st June 1950.

(f) The question of starting a cement factory at Kurnool is still under consideration. The Government have agreed to take up to 51 per cent of the shares of the company subject to certain conditions.

(g) The matter is under consideration.

(h) & (i) Do not arise.

"Sudarsan" in the title of the Mills aided is the name of the Madras Finance Minister's sister and mother-in-law. The Minister was one of the directors of the Mills prior to his assuming office. When he became Minister his shares in the concern were assigned to his wife in conformity with the excellent convention that no Minister of State should have a prominent stake in a commercial concern. Yet the propriety of the formality of such a dissociation was overtly belied in practice; for the latest meeting of the shareholders some two months back was held in the Minister's house. Other interesting points which the public will do well to notice in this connection are these: Of the directors, one is the Finance Minister's brother. Another is his cousin. A third is his brother-in-law. A fourth is his brother's brother-in-law. Two others are his "co-sons-in-law." Still another has

been his father-in-law's partner in business for over a period of 20 years. No industry has been actually started yet with the State loan of Rs. 10 lakhs granted to the Sudarsan Oil Mills. The loan was to cover the purchase of machinery, ordered but not received yet. The shareholders are mostly moneylenders. In the money market associated with their transactions the prevailing rate of interest is 12 per cent whereas the rate of interest under the State aid to industries' scheme is 3 per cent. The assertion, under item (b) of the answer, that "information regarding latest dividend is not available" is amazing. Was the non-availability of information due to the insignificance of the results of the State aid of so many lakhs? It would appear that actually a sum of

Rs. 59 was declared available for distribution as dividend.

In this feat of State aid performed in the name of the Madras Government there is fit material for investigation by an anti-corruption tribunal. Belcher was an angel of rectitude compared to some of the abusers of public funds for private ends that still flourish as Ministers in our midst. Yet the highest Congress authorities take no notice of what goes on. The fact seems to be that if a Minister can get together a company of legislators to vote for him in all eventualities, nothing else matters, he can be sure of his seat. Legislators' votes are fast liquidating standards of public life and the integrity of the administration.—SAKA.

"All workers, however isolated and freelance they may feel themselves to be, are members of one large team and all alike subject to the same rules and conditions. If one is playing on the right wing he must not try to do the left-back's work as well. He must pass that ball to the others at the right time, and when he is in the circle, shoot. This is only another way of expressing the obvious but important implication of the first principle that a worker who cannot or does not co-operate with others is a contradiction in terms."—UNA CORMACK.

P. NATESAN & CO., LTD.

Electrical Engineers

★

We can quote for:—

Electric Motors & Pumpsets, Ceiling & Table Fans,
High and Low Tension Insulators, 11 & 22
K. V. Switchfuses and Lightning Arrestors,
Transformers, Meters, Water Heaters.

★

Hard drawn bare copper wire, Aerial wires, V. I. R.,
C. T. S. & Flexible Cables manufactured by
THE NATIONAL INSULATED CABLE CO.,
(India) LTD., CALCUTTA

★

THIS FIRM IS NOW ENGAGED IN PUTTING UP A 110 K. V.
TRANSMISSION LINE FROM BEZWADA TO RAJAHMUNDY
FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF MADRAS.

Office:

10, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS-2.

A LAMP WAS LIGHTED

By S. PARTHASARATHY

I was about to step into my car to make my usual week-end visit to the Swamiji's asramam, when my friend, Raman, walked into view and shouted: "Hello, where are you going?" Raman, though possessed of many good virtues was an atheist. As I did not feel like disclosing to him my destination, I made no reply. But I withdrew from the car hoping that I could resume my journey after a few minutes' chat with him. But he was not to be put off. "I know where you are going," he said, "you are going to your Swamiji. Why are you ashamed of saying so?" "I am not ashamed of going there," I replied somewhat hotly. "Well then," he said, "let us get along. I am coming with you." "What!" I exclaimed, "you, an atheist, wanting to come! The Swamiji will be annoyed with me if I took you along. It will do neither of us any good if we go together." "Never mind," he said, brushing aside my objection, "I shall tell the Swamiji that I forced myself on you on this trip. Now start the car and get going." He was already in and I had no option but to take him with me. But as soon as we were in Swamiji's presence, I hastened to explain his presence. "He is Raman, an acquaintance of mine. (I was careful not to call him my friend). He is an atheist and he insisted on accompanying me in spite of my dissuasion."

"Very good," said the Swamiji with pleasure in his countenance. "You should not have dissuaded him. Atheists are dearer to me than bigots, though only a narrow gulf separates them." "I do not want to be classed with bigots," protested my friend. "Pray listen," said the Swamiji, in a voice strangely blending both entreaty and command. "Imagine a circle with just a split at one place in the circumference. Atheism and bigotry, I would locate at the two ends of the line where it is split. But spirituality would be a great deal nearer along the circumference to atheism than to bigotry. The atheist believes only in the world of ocular and demonstrable proof. He treats all unaccountable happenings as either

coincidental or as having some yet undiscovered scientific origin. But his belief is generally rudely shaken when misfortune or ill-luck overtakes him. The transition from atheism to spirituality can therefore take place by a mere mental shock. But to the bigot, his God is the only God and his humanity is only to be found in the followers of his faith. He is, therefore, capable of committing the most heinous crimes against the rest of humanity. Instead of surrendering himself to the Divine, he, like the materialist that he is, seeks to appropriate the Divine to himself. The Divine exists so far as he is concerned first to serve his material and spiritual ends and then to serve the followers of his creed, caste or sub-caste, and for no other purpose. You would now realise why there is that similarity of purpose between some of your Madras politicians and the members of Dravida Kazhagam. It is not that these politicians are atheists. I know personally that some of them are Bhaktas of Muruga, Nataraja and Srinivasa. But to their bigoted minds, there is no humanity outside their community and outside the Tamil-speaking people. Many of the members of the Dravida Kazhagam are not at all genuine atheists: they even have Swamiars amongst them. I would prefer a genuine atheist. He, generally, follows a code of conduct formulated according to modern scientific and social ideas. He may be selfish in his outlook but never aggressive about his atheistical beliefs. He never tries to persecute his fellow-beings for their religious beliefs for he treats them not as vicious but as misguided people. The quality of hate which is present in the minds of the bigots is generally absent in his case."

"If atheists are good people, then why all this stuff about spirituality in this world?" asked my friend in a tone of exultation.

"It is a very proper question," the Swamiji complimented my friend, and proceeded: "Before I answer your question, let me tell you that spirituality is not the same thing as religion. Religion is the code of conduct for-

mulated for the people of a nation at some early age intended not only to guide them to spiritual ends but also in the various activities of their daily lives. The Dharma Sastras, the Koran and the Bible, therefore, concerned themselves with every aspect of human activity. But spirituality is interested in discovering the link behind the causation of all animate and inanimate phenomena not only in a large way but also in an intimate way."

"I have read some philosophy, but what use is this quest of the Truth as you call it?" asked my friend.

"That is again a proper question," said the Swamiji. "The man who understands the truth will not be committing the crimes that are responsible for making the world a place of misery today. The atheist though good in his small sphere is helpless against evil. Take the instance of the German people. You could not have a people more intellectual, more scientific in their outlook and more rational than they. Yet they allowed themselves to be led by a bigot like Hitler and are today undergoing unimaginable suffering. Why? Because rationalism has not that firm emotional grip over good that spirituality affords. As is commonly supposed it is not emotion that is transient but reason. By fanaticism and evil, reason is swept away. Take another instance, the organisations that have been started on a rational basis to prevent wars. What is their fate? The League of Nations has been wound up and when the U.N.O. came into its place, just then the talk of another war has also started. Imagine the astronomical amount of wealth, material and labour that was used during the last war being used for purposes of promoting human happiness. That should have been the ideal of the rational minded peoples of the West, but it did not happen. Today, poor India is spending 150 crores of rupees for the army and is at the same time hoping that the U.N.O. will guarantee peace to the world.

"Suppose instead of spending money and ingenuity on some rational way of securing peace in the world, we had followed the Gandhian way. Your Prime Minister would then have spoken not to the international politicians about peace but to the good

people of the world. He would have spent 150 crores not on an army of destruction but on an army engaged in the promotion of brotherly love among the peoples of the world.

"A rationalist is incapable of appreciating the emotional and spiritual quality of love. He cannot think of it as a link that will hold people together. He is accustomed to think solely of legislation and policing as measures to check deterioration in public morals. I will tell you a good story to illustrate the limitations of a rationalist. The manager of a factory in America was worried because production in his factory was below normal. He called in efficiency experts, welfare workers and psychoanalysts to devise schemes to improve production. They all failed. Feeling very depressed, he went to the head of a large section where women worked and forgetting his dignity asked for her advice. She was sympathetic. She said that the girls under her complained that the lighting was bad and had a depressing effect on them. He promised to put it right. He examined the lighting and found it perfect. He did nothing with the lighting. He went to the superintendent next day to report that the lighting was perfect. But the superintendent received him with a happy face and before he could say anything said that the girls were all feeling very happy after the change in the lighting. The production doubled. From that moment, the manager realised the superior value of love and sympathy over mere rational behaviour.

"The bigot is capable of rousing the passion of hate but when he preaches good, he becomes didactic and dry. The spiritualist, the man who has discovered the truth, or the man who has at least some glimpses of it, is capable of rousing in men the emotion of brotherly love. But for the spiritual greatness of Gandhi and but for our inherited spiritual outlook, we, I mean the Hindus and Muslims, would have killed each other to extinction like Killkenny cats. It is therefore essential that there should be in every country as many spiritual minded people as possible and to this end it behoves everyone to cultivate a spiritual outlook. True spirituality has nothing to do with religion. In

the Asrams of Aurobindo and Maharishi, you will see people of other faiths than Hinduism being accepted as devotees. They are not only not asked to change their religion to Hinduism but are even advised against it. According to the language of theology, the true Yogi belongs to no faith, though he is in truth the very

embodiment of faith."

"Swamiji," said my friend, "I will not say anything more at this stage, except that what you have said has made a great impression on my mind."

The Swamiji stopped talking. He lighted a small oil lamp and observed. "The lamp is lighted, it will burn."

THE NEW MINISTRY

By L. N. S.

King Log goes, but King Stork has come in his place; the master who objected to a servant glorying in the name of Perumal has now to tackle the same servant, but sporting the new name of Peddaperumal; from Phillip sober we may now appeal to Phillip drunk. Tammany is let loose throughout the country, and instead of an irremovable bureaucracy which we declaimed against (although it governed us pretty well), we are now up against an inescapable party caucus which bids fair to strangle us into perfect silence for the next fifty years.

If only we had one leader of outstanding eminence, courage and spirit of sacrifice in Madras, our ministerial politics might have been saved from the worst consequences of communalism. While the aims of SWATANTRA were in the highest degree disinterested and laudable, there is room for the view that its denunciation of communalism was an error in tactics. For, the effect of raising the alarm has been to enforce the wholly gratuitous idea that it was championing the narrow, sectional interests of brahmins alone. That this is an unfounded notion is evident enough; but it needs to be expatiated upon at some length, since it is calculated to give a distorted picture of provincial trends.

Actually, the truth of the matter is that the scramble for local power is organised by a group of highly clever and unscrupulous adventurers including brahmins who exploit the communal stunt to keep the vast masses of the people bemused with the notion that their interests are being promoted by the ministers, though the proof of it is far to seek. It is not merely brahmin merit that is being squeezed out, but it is the merit to be found in many gifted members of every other community which is sacrificed on the altar of group aggrandizement. Sri Omandur was believed to be the chela of Sri C. R. Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, the Congress President is said to be the god-father of Sri Kala Venkata Rao—the new king-maker. It is said in ancient mythologies that rivalries would flare up between gods and goddesses which

had to be paid for by the sorrows and miseries of common men. So also, with our politicians. Rivalries among them at top levels percolate to plebian levels, and circuses are provided to the common folk free of charge.

After all, the one-party system which is so openly and unashamedly promoted by Congress evangelists has no chance of being defeated except through disintegration from within. The magic name of Congress (associated in the popular imagination with the achievement of Independence) will still stand a good deal of wear and tear; and a new generation must emerge which could be free from the emotional and sentimental thralldom to Gandhi and Gandhism. The debasement of Gandhism to something cynically opportunist and time-serving will also take some time to be completed. When these twin forces meet, then will be the right and ripe moment for another revolution. Whether it will be peaceful or bloody will depend upon conditions which it is futile to try to visualise now.

It is in this context that the idea of a union of leftist parties in the country should be studied and promoted. There are, by the way, three Reddies in the new ministry; that fact must be left to do its bit in promoting the disillusion of the Naidus, Chettis, Mudaliars, the Pillais, and the thousand and one subdivisions on whom the ministry sprawls for its overall support. As Lincoln put it, even our communal carpet-baggers cannot hope to fool all the communities all the time. Nemesis will overtake them, and either sweep all of them into a common limbo or make them taste one common humiliation as till recently. It may be the curse of our country to endure minority rule; but a minority which makes capital of cupidities, aversions, vendettas and blind fears will hasten a disruption which is what we will be fit for if we fail to act sensibly and in season. For the art of government is the art of the possible; not the achievement of the impossible. And it is impossible to believe that a Younger Pitt is lurking unsuspected in Sri Gopala Reddiar.

IS THIS THE GERMANY WE WANT?

WE have all been so occupied with the conflict in Berlin, with the blockade, the counter-blockade and the dozen other moves which have been made in a spirit of tit-for-tit both by the Soviet and the Western Allied parties alike, and so harrassed by the fear that that unfortunate city might set off the conflagration of a third world war, that many of us have almost forgotten that peace in Berlin is only to be the forerunner of vast changes. The establishment of a tranquil Berlin is only the first step in the large and comprehensive plan for Germany decided on by the occupying powers at Potsdam.

We have heard the story of the two thieves who stole a great treasure and from that day onward each constantly planned to kill the other so that he could have the treasure all to himself. The occupation of Berlin had just such a sequel. The West has been trying to outwit the East and the East has tried to play identically the same game, so as each to have the greater hold on this key State of Europe with its vast industrial wealth and unquenchable virility. But since the East-West battle has ended in a cul-de-sac, the Western Allies have had perforce to admit that there was no longer any justification for holding up the Potsdam plans any longer. Germany will soon have a new constitution, but since Eastern Germany has become enemy territory, the new constitution is to apply only to the Western zones. The Soviet case is that it was precisely because this division had been planned by the Anglo-French-American authorities even early last year, that the blockade was imposed at all. It is unnecessary to go into the rights and wrongs of this statement at the present time. Enough has been said about it. But what has not been sufficiently stressed is that the over-all picture in Germany is changing—slowly but steadily. The details of the foreground remain the same—the divided city with its occupation armies, the sentries at the frontiers, the drone of the air-lift

planes overhead, the snows melting in the cities. But it is the background which draws our attention. The smudge of faded colour which we have hardly noticed for months and months has resolved itself into shapes and forms of human beings. We see faces with which we shall become more familiar by and by, we hear voices, shouts. Those are the German people. The defeated nation is raising its head again.

Of course, they could not have been kept as an inarticulate, blind mass of humanity in the background for ever. Germany could not have remained an eternal concentration camp, a "cancer in the heart of Europe." More even than the moral implications of such subjection on the future generations of Germans, is the need of the German industry and its raw materials by the West. Half a dozen ERPs cannot pull up Western European economy without German coal and steel.

The last few months have been busy months for Germany. Sixty-five Germans from the eleven States of the three Western zones, have been working in the little town where Beethoven was born, on a new constitution for their States. The going has not been easy, the situation beset with difficulties and disagreements and delay caused by the mortifying but unavoidable necessity to conform to the instructions issued by the Military Governors. This group of constitution-makers called the Parliamentary Council, consists of two chief parties, the Social Democrats led by Prof. Carlo Schmid who had commanded a German garrison during the occupation of France; and the Christian Democrats under 72-year old Dr. Konrad Adenauer; and the smaller "splinter" parties ranging from the extreme right to the extreme left.

Simultaneously with the drafting of the constitution, the three occupying powers set to work in Frankfurt on what is called the "Occupation Statute" which was to define the exact

relationship to be maintained between the new West German Government and the occupying powers. The drafting of the constitution was completed about the beginning of March and the terms of the Occupation Statute were approved early this month in Washington by the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France and the United States who had all congregated there to sign the Atlantic Treaty. The *London Times* is convinced that "only the sense of community created by the Atlantic Treaty made it possible for the three Foreign Ministers to settle in a few hours a long list of differences which had vexed their Governments for many months."

But though the final signatures might have been put down in an atmosphere of rosy hopes and benevolence and in a spirit of confidence and trust in each other, the months that have preceded it have been full of bickering not only between the Military Governors and the Parliamentary Council but among the Councillors themselves. There was disagreement at the very outset over the structure of the proposed new set-up of administration. The Social Democrats wanted a highly centralized Government while the Christian Democrats favoured the very opposite. Even after it was decided that it should be a federal Government, there were differences. The French, obsessed with the desire to keep Germany weak, wanted only a loose federation of the Lander. The Americans suggested it might be based on the U.S.A. model while the British leaned towards centralization. The Federation which evolved finally was a compromise of all these suggestions. But even after this preliminary obstacle had been overcome, the work on the constitution was considerably protracted by the inconsistencies in the sets of instructions which the Military Governors issued to the Council from time to time. There was much confusion in their own minds over the policy they were to follow on such matters as socialist legislation, electoral powers of the Lander, the place of Berlin City and the electoral procedure in the new constitution. The Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats could not reach agreement for a long time on certain ques-

tions, as for example, the "financial prerogatives" of the Federal Government, the extent of its power of legislation, the rights of the Second Chamber, taxation and the authority of the police force.

The German Parliament, according to the new constitution, is to consist of the Lower House or Volkstag (People's Assembly) which would have a membership of 400 directly elected representatives of the people, the election being on a 4-year rotation; and the Upper House or Bundesrat (Council of the Union) consisting of 48 members chosen by the Governments of the member-States. These two Houses would be in charge of railways and postal services, excise, customs, etc.

The President who, for the most part, would only be a constitutional *marionette*, is to be elected once in five years by a convention comprising the Volkstag and the elected representatives of the different Lander Governments. All administration is to be in the hands of the Chancellor and his Government. The Volkstag cannot by a mere no-confidence motion dismiss the Government unless it appoints a new Chancellor within six weeks of such dissolution and nominates a new Government immediately. If it is not able to do so, the President on his authority can dissolve the Volkstag. It is in the powers of the President that we see the most difference between this new German Government and its ill-fated predecessor, the Weimar Republic. In the latter, the President had not only appreciable emergency powers but could dissolve the Parliament on his own initiative and call for a plebiscite arbitrarily.

The Occupation Statute, for its part, terminates Allied Military Government in Germany and consigns the occupying powers to a supervisory role. The forces would be under military commanders while the allied establishments would come under the direction each of a High Commissioner, the three High Commissioners together forming an Allied High Commission which would be the supreme body of control. It was decided to keep the number of allied staff at a minimum so as to give the Federal Government more powers and responsibilities and also to reduce the

AUSTRALIA AND THE COMMUNISTS

By DAVID MARTIN

costs of occupation. The German Government is to be entirely in charge of all legislation without interference by the occupying powers except in such cases as where the legislation "is inconsistent with the Basic Law, a Land constitution, legislation or other directives of the occupation authorities themselves" or the provisions of the Statute or "unless it constitutes a graver threat to the basic purposes of the Occupation." But there would be certain departments which would be dealt with directly by the Allies themselves, such as Refugees, Reparations, Foreign Affairs, etc. The Statute, as expected, reserves wide emergency powers for the Allies, chief of which is the power to take over supreme control of the German Government, if and when necessary. The document also promises that the occupying powers would review the situation after a year and judge what needed to be changed or redone. The purpose of the Allied Governments, professedly, is the bringing of the German people under a "democratic, federal State within the framework of a European association." It is also believed that the new German Republic would negotiate a separate agreement with the United States thus becoming an integral part of the ERP.

But there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip. Just before the draft of the new constitution was circulated among the Lander Governments for final perusal and approval, the long-cherished resentment of the Social Democratic Party burst forth at a meeting of its executive on April 11 at Bad Godesberg, which forthwith rejected the draft constitution and

then and there made a new set of proposals. Their action was not entirely unwarranted. Some Christian Democrats were openly boycotting the Bonn constitution. Even after they had made many concessions and cut down the strength of the German Government, the occupation authorities continued to say the Government was still too powerful. These combined with what they called the "stiff-necked" attitude of General Clay in rejecting arbitrarily the German emendations to his memorandum regarding the Occupation Statute, had proved too much for the Social Democrats and resulted in their sulking and refusing to participate.

This does introduce an unforeseen complication into the already long drawn-out process of German constitution-making, but there probably is no need at all to worry about it much. It is likely the parties will soon reach a compromise and pass the drafted constitution with perhaps a few minor changes. But the danger of setting up such a decentralized Government would be as the *London Times* says, that "were the new German democracy to break down or prove incompatible with the realization of Germany's social ideals, its failure might provoke a swing not towards centralization only but towards dictatorship as well." But since this constitution is to last only till occupation and since also the Western Allies have already been bitten once in the case of Germany, we may quite optimistically hope they will be doubly careful this time and promptly and effectively put down the slightest deviation from their concept of democracy.

—SANTHA.

History proves that all those stories about women drivers are no accident.

As far back as 205 B. C., the Romans passed a law prohibiting women from driving chariots.

Prof. Roger L. Morrison, curator of the University of Michigan transportation library, said in an interview that it is the first known legislation of its kind. The Roman women were infuriated, he said, and started a protest which lasted 20 years.

"In the 180s B.C., they stormed the Capitol and roughhoused the senators," Prof. Morrison revealed. "Marcus Cato made a speech for women's rights and they were given the right to drive."

Meanwhile, in Athens, an official by the name of Lycurgus successfully lobbied for a law clamping down on women drivers.

"Mrs. Lycurgus, his wife, was the first one to break it," Prof. Morrison said, "and was fined 6,000 drachmas."

Later, Julius Caesar found himself confronted by jammed streets and irate pedestrians, so he passed a law prohibiting downtown parking. That was in 50 B. C.—CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE.

SYDNEY: The trial for sedition of Lance Sharkey, the General Secretary of the Communist Party of Australia, has sharply raised the question of the real strength of the Red movement in this Dominion. During the opening stages of this trial which I attended, the Public Prosecutor described Russia as "the only potential aggressor at this time."

This prosecution—launched because of published statements by Sharkey that "Australian workers would welcome Soviet forces if, in their pursuit of an aggressor, they were to come to Australia"—is significant for three reasons. It is the only case in which legal action is being taken against an important Communist leader for this kind of statement, though others have come out with similar declarations in many countries. The outcome of the present trial may become a precedent for sedition trials abroad. Lastly, the very fact that the Australian Government has felt itself prompted to launch proceedings is indicative of its estimation of its opponents as a force which can no longer be ignored.

If one were to judge merely by reports currently appearing in the Australian press, one might easily reach too striking a conclusion. Hysteria around this subject is reaching extraordinary proportions, and the personal intervention of the Empire Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, against an alleged Communist attempt to capture the Australian scout movement, subsequent to the dismissal of a Red scout master in Queensland, is only one of the somewhat Quixotic examples that could be quoted. Australia is not on the brink of a Red revolution, though the Australian Communists are each day receiving thousands of pounds worth of free publicity in the Dominion's leading newspapers.

Events in S. E. Asia, and above all in China, to which Australians are becoming almost daily more sensitive, have much to do with this. Of all the Communist parties in the "white"

parts of the Empire, the Australian is the most militant, and perhaps the most dangerous, though its actual strength, in figures, does not seem too impressive: there are not more than 16,000 party members which would give it a numerical strength not greater than that of the British party.

But the real influence of the Communists cannot be measured in this way. The Sharkey trial is making this clear. It is held under the Commonwealth Crimes Act, under which the defendant has to prove innocence, and against this act the Communists, on the opening day of the trial, have succeeded in mobilising important sections of the workers, notably in Sydney where the whole port was made idle.

Communist strength lies not in the political field but among the trade unions. The waterside workers, the iron workers, the coal miners and the shearers (the latter important in a country largely dependent on its wool industry) are acknowledging Communist leadership. In order to break this hold, the Government is now considering legislation which will make elections of office-bearers in trade union organisations secret—at the moment it is still largely conducted by open ballot. Theoretically the Communists should be able to bring the wheels of industry to a complete standstill whenever they chose. But in practice this would largely depend on the popularity of the issue on which they chose to make their stand. A trial of strength lies ahead in the coming months: the Communists have given notice of their intention of making the question of nationalisation of the mines an issue of primary importance. This might well lead to a show-down along a broad front.

The Communist Party has emerged from illegality only in the middle years of the recent war. It has, therefore, experience in underground work, of which the Government is taking

note in its opposition to requests, coming from the two big parties out of office, which demand that a new ban be imposed. The Government is also aware that such a move would not be particularly popular with even those moderate and non-militant unionists who are fighting the Communists in the factories under leaders who are currently trying to lead the Australian T.U.C. out of the World Federation of Trade Unions, alongside the moderates of Holland, Britain and America. The Australian political climate, with its traditional stress on militancy which has surrounded rebels with a halo of glory ever since the days of struggle against a penal regime, is a factor which must be taken into consideration.

Already the Communists have succeeded in drawing into their ranks many of the country's intellectuals, as for instance such authors as Katharine Susannah Prichard, a novelist of international standing. Accusations that Communist-influenced scientists have infiltrated into the secret realms of atomic research, and into work developing around Australia's famous "rocket range," have frequently come from America. Even Australia's Defence Minister had to admit recently that his representatives, for the reason stated, are *persona non grata* at certain top-level military discussions taking place in London and Washington.

It is against such dangers that the Australian Government hopes to be guarding in its tightening up of security measures which have led to the creation of A.S.S.—a new Internal Secret Service along American lines—and the intensified "screening" of members of the all-important Council for Scientific Research.

Sharkey himself, the Party's outstanding leader, is not an intellectual, though his standing among Marxist theoreticians is high. He is especially known for his castigations of "right wing deviationists" in the international Communist fold, an attitude which has led his party into a clash, more significant than generally understood, with the Communist Party of Great Britain. The latter he accuses of being guilty of many crimes in the political calendar, but above all not sufficiently radical hos-

tility to the Labour Government and—perhaps most significant of all—of failing to give a correct lead to the colonial parties among which India's is included. This criticism has assumed the proportions of an open split.

Sharkey was the delegate of the Australian Communists to the Congress of the Indian Communist Party Conference in Calcutta last year and, while his stay was brief, it led to far-reaching consequences. He had been invited to give advice—and he gave it. He contributed to the rout of that section of Indian Communists, under P. C. Joshi, who believed that co-operation with "bourgeois" progressives was still possible—i.e., with Pandit Nehru and his counterparts in Burma and Indonesia. In this he made front against R. Palme Dutt, the leading English Communist strategist, who had visited India a few months earlier.

Sharkey's visit, and the policies leading up to it, have contributed in making the Australian, and no longer the British Communist Party the party supplying intellectual leadership to its brother organisation in S. E. Asia and the Western Pacific. Two factors have supported this change: Australian opposition to the teachings of Earl Browder, a former U. S. Communist leader who, shortly after the war, advocated the voluntary dissolution of individual Communist parties and their merging, man by man, in Labour and Socialist parties, and the prominent role which Australian Communists have been able to play in the movement that has developed around the defence of Indonesia against the Dutch.

In that field they have been conspicuously successful. They have succeeded, for instance, in persuading British seamen to leave Batavia-bound ships at Sydney, at a time when no such pressure was exercised on sailors in English ports. Nevertheless the strong campaign carried on in the press and on public platforms against their party has had some effect, at least: it has drawn away the middle-class element which was beginning to make up a not insignificant Red sector. There exists also a noticeable increase of strong-handed opposition against Communists, especially among

the "New Guard," a para-military section of returned servicemen who have lately broken up Communist meetings in scattered parts of the country.

Red victories in China, Indo-China and adjacent countries have strengthened the self-confidence of Australian Communists who feel themselves placed in a strategic position. For the first time they are going to contest many seats in the federal elections which will take place towards the end of this year but for which the main parties have already opened their campaigns. Menzies, the opposition leader (to whom the communists refer as "Pig Iron Bob" because he sent scrap iron to Japan before

the war) has promised that he will deal harshly with them should he return to power. He is making this promise a major battle cry.

Hanging over this, as over all other political questions in Australia to-day is the greater one of prosperity or depression. At the moment a quarter of a million jobs remain unfilled. But a break in international raw-material prices would be capable of transforming the scene almost over-night. The Communists claim that the break is coming, with all its threats to Australia's high standard of living. Whether or not it does come, the present trial and an ever rising wave of strikes leave no doubt that a bitter struggle lies close ahead.—(Copyright)

"MAY DAY: A HISTORICAL SURVEY"

By ASOKA MEHTA

MAY Day, the day of international labour solidarity, was born in America, in the great movement for the eight-hour day that swept over the country in the eighties of the last century. In most countries the eight-hour day has been won since, but from 1890 onwards the first of May is being observed as the day for worldwide demonstration of the working class solidarity. Its fighting tradition is still as fresh as of yesterday.

The original May Day was a day fixed by the Federation of Organised Trade and Labour Unions—which later became the American Federation of Labour. It declared in one of its Conventions that "eight hours shall constitute a legal day's work from and after May 1, 1886."

The first May Day saw hundreds of thousands of workers on strike and in demonstrations in Chicago, New York, Detroit, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Washington, St. Louis, Philadelphia and other cities.

In the city of Chicago, a demonstration for the eight-hour day took place in the Haymarket Square. Important leaders and organisers of the demonstration were George Engel, August Spies, Louis Lingg, Adolf Fischer and Albert R. Parsons—all were members of the First Workmen's International. The same day at the picket line of the McCormick Harvester plant in

Chicago the police let loose a brutal and ferocious attack. A number of workers were shot and killed by the police. A big protest meeting was therefore called on May 4, in the Haymarket Square.

The long suffering workers, sweating year in and year out for twelve hours for a pittance just enough to keep body and soul together, poured out into the square, full of hope and fight for a better deal—and full of protest against the murder of their class brothers.

Here were the workers, with banners, songs and bare fists. There, on the other side of the square were the police—with their pistols drawn—just waiting for an excuse to attack the workers.

Suddenly an agent provocateur—that is a company stooge—threw a bomb into the midst of the police. Like a flash, the police fury was released on the assembled workers. The demonstration was turned into a riot. The incident gave an opportunity for all the big wigs from one end of the country to the other to unleash a campaign of fury against the working class.

A country-wide hysteria was worked up. Every big newspaper joined in framing the workers with the bombing and howled for the blood of the May Day leaders. And the courts were

leaders were soon arrested, charged and convicted.

Spies, Parsons, Fisher, Engel and Lingg were sentenced to death. Michael Schwab and Samuel Fielden received life sentences and Oscar Neebe 15 years. The charge was that by their speeches—which were usually expositions of Socialism and trade unionism in a language the masses understood—they *might have* incited some unknown persons to throw a bomb. To such an elemental stage of pure violence the class struggle had returned that the law, which is there for the protection of the master class, came to be treated more cavalierly by it than by its wage slaves. Incidentally, Judge Gray, who gave this atrocious sentence was for some time the President of the Steel Trust and one of the most important figures in the capitalist world of America.

Let us remember the heroic names of the first May Day martyrs, who unflinchingly faced death in defence of the working class demands. They are Parsons, Spies, Engel, Lingg and Fischer.

One of these, Parsons, escaped arrest. He could have easily sunk in obscurity and lived his full span. But he chose otherwise, and thus saved himself really. When he heard about

calmly into the court room and addressed the minions of capitalist justice in an unruffled manner thus: "I do not expect to leave this place alive. But I could not bear to be at liberty, knowing that my comrades were here, and were to suffer for something of which they were as innocent as I."

And Spies calmly turned to his executioners a moment before he was hanged when the black hangman's hood was already over his head—and said, "The time will come when our silence will be more powerful than the voice you strangle today."

For the leaders, the struggle thus meant the martyrdom of legal lynching. But their death did not go in vain. They gave their lives so that their wives and children may live. For many of the workers, the struggle resulted in a shorter work day.

Upon a request from the AFL for support of the eight-hour day, the Labour and Socialist Second International voted in 1889 at Paris to make May 1, 1890 a day for world-wide demonstration of working class solidarity. Every year since, May Day has been observed as an occasion for international labour unity.—(Copy-right).

One might compare the countries of the world to-day to clocks. Each country registers a different time, but outside their time there is one time for the whole world, registered on one clock, with a time-bomb attached to it. Unless the countries of the world can synchronize their time and their sense of reality, that time-bomb is likely to explode. The one hope for the world is that many people in all countries should realise that they are equi-distant in time from a disaster which will affect all if it is allowed to happen. For it is only the recognition by all of them—the prosperous and the poor, the victorious and the defeated, the socialist and the capitalist—that they are at the same distance in time from an event which may destroy civilisation, which can save them all.—STEPHEN SPENDER.

**
In the past twenty years no type of man has changed more strikingly than the autobiographical author. Aforetime it was the fashion for such a person to display a self-confidence which amounted to self-love, to tell how through the vicissitudes of life he had never failed but honourably. He was expected to have a tale of triumph to unfold; and in the course of unfolding it his childhood and youth, the soft or callow periods before he was important, even in his own eyes, received rapid (and generally rather playful) treatment.

Today our tastes have moved to the utmost limits of the other extreme, and the complete man is frankly regarded as a bit of a bore—we have "had him," as they say—and it is rather the unformed, the emergent character that holds our attention most keenly: the assembling of the complexes in the nursery; the thwarting, repression, or perversion of instincts in school days; and last of all the shattering climax, the hero's adolescence, that period when in the course of the turmoil of growth deep terrible irrational impulses become a felt part of his career as a sentient being. That is the present-day predilection.—CHRISTOPHER SYKES.

DEMOCRACY AT THE CROSSROADS

By G. S. BHARGAVA

IN the very first year of our independence the faith of many of us in democracy and its adaptability to India is badly shattered. It has given place either to a craving for dictatorship or to a feeling of frustration, both of which are unhealthy for a growing nation like ours. On the one hand, the party in power is equated with the State and all criticism of the Government is frowned upon as sedition and disloyalty to the country itself. On the other hand, constitutional and democratic means of achieving political ends are mocked at as reformism and anarchy is elevated to the glorious heights of revolution.

The happenings in North Malabar, last year, illustrate this fact glaringly. In North Malabar, especially in the taluks of Chirakal, Kottayam and Kurumbranand, the people's sufferings have been unprecedented, even the gruesome memories of the Moplah revolt paling into insignificance before them. No doubt, most of them started with the Communist-sponsored disturbances but it was the Congress Government of the province which gave them the handle to whip up popular discontent.

The Madras Government has nothing constructive to its credit, except the notorious fad of prohibition. Even that is more a political stunt than an object of faith in the precepts of Gandhiji, as can be assessed from the haphazard manner in which it is implemented. Without even thinking of alternate arrangements, the Government have declared whole areas dry, rendering hundreds of toddy tappers jobless. The Government excise staff was converted into prohibition police and a few sycophants of the Ministers were made propaganda officers, but the future of toddy tappers was never thought of. This hit palmy Malabar severely, rendering thousands of its working class destitute and unsettled. The Government never sought to find alternate employment for them. To aggravate their distress came the de-control policy of the

Government, enforced at the bidding of the capitalists though ostensibly claimed as a Gandhian precept. Prices mounted up with amazing rapidity and the blackmarket flourished. Landlords had huge stocks of grain in their granaries, while the working classes could not get even a bare morsel.

Behind this is the social structure of Malabar. It is a place where neither the gifts of nature nor the talents of man have been properly harnessed in the interests of society. The old joint family system, or *tharawad* as it is called in Malabar, is still in vogue whereby 75% of the land is owned by five or six large families. These families are, by themselves, unable to cultivate these vast acreages, nor will they lease them to others. The result is that there are two extremes in society—the very poor and the very rich—existing side by side here. The poor have to live on the charity of the few fabulously rich feudal houses or eke out a meagre living by cutting firewood in the neighbouring forests and selling it in villages and towns. This is a regular scene in Malabar.

This widespread popular unrest provided the Communists with a stick to beat the Congress Government with. They worked up the mass discontent to its highest pitch and provoked the people to anarchical activities. Loot, murder and arson were openly preached as means of alleviating people's misery. In short, the Communists planned a big *coup* and did not hesitate to visit severe punishment on political opponents for the mere sin of differing from the party line. In places where they had no following, they struck terror into the hearts of the people and brought them down to submission.

When the disturbances flared up, the Government retaliated with all the ruthlessness at their command. While doing so, they unmistakably sided with the monied classes. Hordes of Malabar Special Police (notorious

for their repressive capacity during the days of our freedom struggle) were stationed in villages to harass and frighten the people. Vengeance was wreaked on the poor, misguided peasants who joined the Communist adventure. Instances of imprisoning mothers on charges of harbouring and feeding their own (Communist) sons—acts which were not considered as crimes even under the Defence of India Acts of old—were the rule rather than the exception. In this programme of mass terrorisation the police were guided by the zamindars, landlords and the anti-social elements in their pay. Houses of alleged Communists and their relations were burned down, their property looted and women-folk insulted. People were dubbed Communists according to the sweet will of the local Congress Party office-bearers and landlords, and thrown into prison without even the semblance of trial or sentence. The so-called Desh Rakshana Sena, sponsored by the Congress, acted as a group of informers settling old scores in propitious times.

The Communist revolt has fizzled out. Its only achievement was tightening the grip of repression and supplying a pretext for unadulterated police raj. On the plea of facing an emergency threatening the very foundations of the State, the Madras Government have choked all civil liberties. By an amendment to the Maintenance of Public Order Ordinance (1948) even the right of *habeas corpus* was removed.

Between these two extremes the people have suffered and are still suffering untold hardships. The Malabar Special Police and Communist workers vied with one another in inflicting misery on the common people. As a result of this ill-conceived Communist adventure, the forces of Socialism in Malabar have received a serious set-back. The people's morale is at a low ebb and it will take months, perhaps years, before they can again utter a word against any form of tyranny. Fear has gone deep into their hearts and reduced them into mere moral pulp. Many of them may have even misunderstood all this misery as a weakness of Socialism itself.

It is to avoid this catastrophe that respect for democracy and democratic means is necessary. Undoubtedly the people of Malabar were entitled to get redress for their legitimate grievances. They should fight for it but not the Communist way. By breaking open and looting the granaries of a few landlords, the peasants of Malabar could not bring about a social revolution. By killing a handful of policemen and capturing a few lethal weapons from police stations and outposts, they had not established *Kisan Mazdoor Raj*. Only they had released the flood-gates of official repression on their own heads and had paid heavy penalties for their ignorance and credulousness.

When hunger, especially of hundreds of thousands of people surpasses a limit it is easy to goad them to anarchical activities, to provoke them to plunder and loot. But our resentment against the party in power should not blind us to the safety of our country. Our championship of social justice should not mean hitting at the foundations of our new-born State. When such a vast mass of organised humanity demands justice, any Government, however conservative it may be, will have to concede it. Where opposition to the necessary new order is blind and democratically insurmountable, as in Russia where there was no period of middle-class rule, violent revolution is inescapable. But to apply the Russian technique in every country under every clime is unalloyed fanaticism.

The culpability of the Madras Government was no less. It had acted in a way which would put anyone in doubt about its bonafides. It was bent on retaliation and not rectification of the wrongs of its own people. It had unfailingly betrayed its weakness for totalitarianism.

This desire, on the part of people in power, to strike at the roots of democratic instinct and make way for an authoritarian rule is not confined to Malabar alone, nor to the single province of Madras. It is growing to be a countrywide tendency. In Andhra, for instance, at the time of procurement of foodgrains last year, this tendency was much in evidence. The procurement levy was collectively laid on villages so that the wealthy

and the influential people could escape with the minimum contribution, making the poorer sections pay the lion's share of it. Thus there were instances of peasants with barely a few bags of paddy for their home consumption for the whole year, being made to surrender half or three-fourths of it towards procurement. To feed themselves and their families, such peasants had to borrow again, at blackmarket rates, from their rich neighbours who had evaded procurement.

In such circumstances the feelings of the peasants could be easily imagined. The Communists cleverly capitalised the situation and instigated the peasants to rebellion. In the skirmishes that invariably ensued, the procurement staff of the Government were at first manhandled and beaten. Later, the Special Police would arrive on the scene and let loose an orgy of repression. Many a Telugu peasant woman fought and received injuries in such clashes. But for the opportunist leadership, the peasants would have saved their paddy as well as their ribs. They were entitled to protest against the way the Government was prosecuting its procurement policy but not by breaking the head of a solitary *tahsildar* or a village officer.

Besides this eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth mentality of men in power, there are unmistakable signs of a drift towards the rule of the thumb in all the Provincial Governments. A selfimposed feeling of superiority has overtaken our Ministers, especially those whose accession to power has been questionable. Their past lives and present capacities have nothing to do with their professions of self-importance. A Minister in C.P., sometime ago, ordered an editor out of a tea-party because the latter criticised an act of the Minister. This is, obviously, not a mere case of super-sensitiveness but a blatant sign of megalomania. Another "popular" Minister from U.P. slapped a policeman on the face because the latter had the audacity to point out that

the Honourable Minister was driving on the wrong side of the road. In Bombay, a Minister when censured for celebrating his son's marriage on the third day of national mourning declared on the assassination of Gandhiji launched proceedings against the paper!

This is not a catalogue of isolated instances but a collection of typical cases. The background to these incidents will be supplied by the frequent speeches of our Ministers and Congress Party higher-ups, warning the workers, sermonising the peasants and praising the profiteers and the princes as patriots.

Let me conclude with a relevant extract from the powerful thesis of Mr. Kingsley Martin, who in an article entitled "The Gods are athirst" in the *New Statesman And Nation* (4th April 1948) ably upheld reason against fanaticism and democracy against totalitarianism.

"No end can be achieved by means that are not compatible with it. If we fall into the historical and moral morass of urging intolerance because it seems for the moment to pay, we may, perhaps, achieve power, but we leave the job to be done by others who remember what it is. Today, the gods are again thirsty. In the struggle for power men believe themselves beyond good and evil. Tolerance, individual loyalty, pity for suffering—these become "proofs" of "weakness"; it is forgotten that these virtues have survived because they are the basis of all successful human co-operation. A moral relation between individuals and groups is still important and it cannot be right or wise to be reckless and intolerant because other people are. It is the historical role of the Third Force to moderate the folly of fanatics and to repair the damage when the purges are over. They may retort, as they are squeezed out, that those who draw the sword often perish by the sword, leaving to others to make and use the plough-shares—if they can."

THE MOTHER

By Padma Seshadri

LITTLE Sridhar held on to his uncle's arm trustfully. His face was alight with eager expectation. Now and again he looked up at his uncle and asked him, "Is it time to start? Will the 'puff-puff' wait for us, uncle?" His uncle Krishnaswamy kept on answering the childish queries patiently, yet his mind was troubled, sorely troubled. Sridhar was the beloved child of his only sister, Kamala. He, Krishnaswamy, had come in response to a wire from his sister, to take the little one away from his parents. Kamala's husband was being removed to the Madanapalle Sanatorium for treatment of the dread disease that had attacked him; Kamala was to accompany him. As the child could not be taken along with them, she had wired to her brother. Hence the bustle, the excitement, and the ardent eagerness of the little lad.

It was time to start. Kamala came to her son, and hugging him tight, showered kisses on his soft little face. She was determined not to give way to foolish tears, as she did not want to spoil the child's departure by any show of emotion. Sridhar hugged her in return and said, "Mother! Mother! I shall come back to-night and tell you all about home, mother!" The little one could not understand that the "puff-puff" would take him right away from his beloved mother; that it would perhaps be many months before he gazed on her again. If he had known this, he would not have consented to go with his uncle.

The farewells were said quickly; Sridhar was taken to the sick-room to bid good-bye to his father. Sridhar was ill at ease in the atmosphere of a sick room; he felt uneasy and filled with a vague dread. Even the figure of his father, with the gaunt, familiar features, failed to rouse any emotion in him. He visibly shrank from the emaciated hand his father put forth to touch him. It was with a sense of escape that he finally left the room,

and, in a few minutes, the house. As the taxi carried him away, his last impression was of his beautiful, young mother. She had shed several rose-petals on him in her close embrace, and he was aware, even in the taxi, of the elusive, pleasant fragrance that he always associated with his mother.

Ever afterwards, Sridhar vividly remembered his arrival at his uncle's house. When the train halted at their destination, Krishnaswamy lifted the sleepy boy in his brawny arms, and carried him to a jutka. The jolt of the jutka woke up the child, and he demanded, peevishly, "Is this the way back home, uncle? Will mother be waiting up for me?" Krishnaswamy kept silent, as he did not want to provoke the child to tears and attract the attention of passers-by. Instead, he softly patted his little nephew, thinking to lull him into a doze. But the childish voice set up a wail. A grubby first was thrust into a little mouth, and a wee, muffled voice began to cry for "Mother."

By this time, they had arrived. Krishnaswamy's wife, Sushila, a gentle girl, came forward at the sound of the jutka, and attempted to take Sridhar into her arms. But he resisted her, and beat her away. He clung to his uncle, passionately reiterating, "Mother! I want my mother!" Nothing that the motherly Sushila or the patient Krishnaswamy said had any effect on Sridhar. He cried, sobs racking his little body, the tears pouring in an unceasing flow down his cheeks; he cried as if his heart would break and refused to be comforted. Finally, worn out with hunger, with the unaccustomed train journey, and with his tears, Sridhar slept.

Sridhar stayed in his uncle's home for six long months. There was not a day in those months during which the child did not think of his mother. His aunt Sushila was gentle, loving and indulgent, but beyond a feeling of

affection for her, Sridhar felt no deeper emotion. His heart longed for his mother as a thirsty traveller in a desert longs for a drink of water. His waking hours were full of thoughts of his mother, and his dreams were invariably kind to him, bringing his distant mother close to him.

He grew used, during these weary months, to the pity of the casual visitors; these well-meaning but obtuse visitors, invariably inclined their heads towards Sridhar, and asked curiously, "Who is that boy?" The same answer was given each time.... "Our nephew, Sridhar, you know. His father, poor man, is at Madanapalle, and the child's mother is with him." Then followed the inevitable "Tchu, Tchu" sound of sympathy, together with a pitying glance thrown in his direction. Occasionally, an emotional visitor would even clasp the boy fervidly and shed tears of pity. Sridhar, fiercely resenting their pity at first, soon grew accustomed to it and accepted it all as part of the life at his uncle's house.

When Sridhar had been six months with his uncle, it happened one day that he was playing in the front verandah of the house. Hearing a sudden hubbub, he looked up to see his aunt Sushila in tears, while his uncle held an orange slip of paper in his hand, his face expressive of acute grief and dismay. Frightened and uneasy, Sridhar ran up to them, and looked up into their faces, a mute enquiry in his eyes. He was caught up in a fierce embrace by his uncle, while his aunt kept on crying, "My poor Sridhar! Poor fatherless little mite! Unfortunate little child!" Not understanding fully, yet the child sensed that some calamity had occurred in which he seemed to be involved. Impulsive tears started to his eyes and he wept bitterly.

Krishnaswamy went away that night, to be with his sister and arrange for the funeral. Alone in the house with Sushila, Sridhar felt bewildered and forlorn. The longing for his mother grew unbearable. He wanted to smell her sweet fragrance, wanted to wind her long, luxurious hair around his tiny fingers. His ache made him sleepless at nights so that he grew hollow-eyed and wan. Sushila tried in vain to coax him out

of his lethargy. He grew dispirited and did not play about as he used to do.

A fortnight later, Krishnaswamy came home. He told Sushila, "Kamala is with my father and mother in our home village. She wants the child to come to her. That is the only comfort she has, poor girl. It is sad indeed, that at twenty-five, Kamala has to don widow's weeds and renounce all the joys of this world!" His voice ended in a sigh. But Sridhar, who had been listening eagerly to this conversation, understood only one fact, and his heart leapt with joy. His mother wanted him! He ran to his uncle and cried out, "Uncle! Mother wants me! You said mother wants me! Shall we go, please, uncle?" The husband and wife gazed at the eager face of the lad and their eyes grew misty.

Uncle and nephew were on the train; at last, Sridhar was going to his mother. His joy knew no bounds. The excitement of the train journey and the eager expectation of seeing his mother, had wrought a wonderful transformation. Sridhar radiated happiness.

The train started. Sridhar was so excited that he could hardly keep still.

"Uncle, will father be there, too?"

"No, Sridhar."

"Where is father, uncle?"

"He has gone to the God above, Sridhar"

"Has his fever gone, uncle? Is he happy now?"

"Yes, dear boy, he is well and happy."

The others in the compartment listened with pity to this exchange of talk between the man and the child.

As the train sped on, Sridhar fell silent. Images of his mother crowded in on him. The musical sound of her bangles that preceded her entry into any room; the sweet fragrance of the flowers, jasmine, champak or rose, that always adorned her hair; the soft feel of the lovely seed pearls that she wore round her neck, that used to slip through his delighted little fingers; and her luxuriant, glossy hair that he used to ruffle and caress. He remembered, how when his

mother had put up her hair into a knot, he had wept and demanded that it be let down her back, that he might play with it. The long, thick braid fascinated him. With a joyous trembling, he recalled the sweet perfume of the soap she used, that used to cling to her. His mother—his darling, dearest mother. His young, beautiful mother! Mother, oh how his heart ached for his mother! Gradually, the little tired eyelids closed, and Sridhar slept, a contented little smile on his lips.

With a jerk, the train drew into the small village station. Krishnaswamy shook his little nephew, "Wake up, Sridhar! we have arrived!" Sridhar woke up and hastily scrambled to his feet. Just a short while, and he would see his lovely, young mother. His heart beat high with expectation.

The jutka stopped at the door of a typical village house. Sridhar tumbled out and ran inside, his strong little legs carrying him swiftly. "Mother, Mother!" he cried, and his childish voice echoed through the house. He was not aware of the many curious glances cast at him. He ran straight on, full tilt into a woman who stood in the way blocking his path, who caught him up in a close embrace. He struggled; he kicked; he screamed. "Leave me! Leave me! I want my mother!" But the woman hugged him the tighter, and wept aloud, "Sridhar! Look at me! Here I am, unfortunate child!" The child stopped crying suddenly and looked up, petrified.

The woman who held him so tightly was indeed his mother! But, but—she had no glowing seed-pearls round her neck; no bangles jingled on her wrists. She was attired in a dull, white saree; her head was covered, but in the



T. P. Kallasam who has had training in music under Viswanatha Bhagavathar. He has been giving free musical performances for the past seven years. A friend of Sri Rajamanickam Pillai.

excitement, her saree had fallen back, revealing to the child's horror-stricken gaze, a bald, shining pate instead of the perfumed, luxuriant mass of hair that used to delight him. The child gazed and gazed and grew sick at heart. This, this was not his dream-mother! This was not his lovely, vivacious mother! This was a stranger, a hollow-eyed, pale shadow of a woman, with a white saree and a hairless head! Sridhar hung his head and wept aloud. Gone was his ardent eagerness; a lonely, bare ache filled his soul, and he lifted up his voice in agony and wept.

And the lookers-on, not divining the cause of the child's grief, looked wise, and said, "See! The child has wisdom beyond his years. He is crying for his dead father, poor mite!" and wiped their eyes.

A device that automatically answers the telephone and takes a message for a person when he is away has been invented in the United States. The phone robot works by electrical induction and is called the "Tele-Magnet." The manufacturer, the Mohawk Business Machines Corporation of New York City, says it soon will be available commercially.

The two main parts of the machine are an arm to lift the receiver, and a wire recorder. The apparatus goes into action the second time the phone rings. The arm picks up the receiver and makes the connection, and simultaneously starts a phonograph record containing instructions to the caller in the owner's voice. These instructions explain that he is not in the office and direct the caller to leave a message with the "Tele-Magnet" at the sound of a chime signal. The message is recorded and is played back by the owner when he returns.

EXECUTIVE'S INROADS ON THE JUDICIARY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

SOMETIME ago, Babu Rajendra Prasad pointed out the anomaly of prescribing the most exacting standards for those who have to administer the laws, viz., the judges, but none at all for those who have to make them. This is perhaps inevitable in democracies where the government is by the people, especially so when every adult is a voter and every voter may become a legislator or Minister. Epic India solved the problem by separating the power to make laws from the power to govern. The laws were made by the holiest of men who could always take a detached view of things freed from prejudices. Neither the King nor the people could alter or go behind them. Gokhale endeavoured to spiritualise politics and as a first step inaugurated the Servants of India Society wherein select people were drafted to embrace a life of poverty and self-abnegation and devote their whole life to study and social service. In the course of his brilliant address at the Diamond Jubilee Celebrations of the Madras Advocates' Association, our illustrious Chief Justice has emphasised the need for a separate department of Government with expert personnel from outside the class of party politics: the department must be engaged in juristic studies and social enquiries which have to precede legislation: for legislation should not be the result of mere "one-sided lobbying." Justification for these sentiments is amply to be found in the recent trends of legislation in our Province.

Our legislatures have always functioned in dread of the civil courts of the land. The Religious Endowments Act of 1927 set the ball rolling by introducing a parallel organisation and the pending Mutts Bill almost wholly supersedes the jurisdiction of the courts. In election proceedings, the appellate jurisdiction of the High Court was sought to be abrogated by making the election tribunal "persona designata". But this did not cut much ice, since the High Court could and

did interfere by means of a writ of certiorari. Now the tendency is towards vesting the administrative functions with all the powers hitherto vouchsafed to the courts.

Legislation may aim at achieving social well-being and justice, but it may so happen that by reason of a too stringent enactment, the remedy may be worse than the disease. Take, for instance, Act XI of 1947 under which no person belonging to the depressed classes could be discriminated against in hotels and restaurants. The offence is properly made punishable with a fine of Rs. 50 only but is made cognisable, that is to say, a police officer may arrest the offender without a warrant. Discrimination of people in public places, is certainly inexcusable, but is it of the same category as murder, decoity and arson? Even Sec. 153 (A) I.P.C. (promotion of class hatred) is made a "non-cognisable" offence. In criminal offences, it is a fundamental principle that liability should never be vicarious and that every crime should involve "mens rea" (a guilty mind). Juvenile smoking is no doubt an evil thing though the problem is best tackled by the head of the institution—(in a mofussal college, Dr. Karamchand Wade stamped it out in a trice). In Madras a Bill has been sponsored to deal with it. The dangerous feature about it is that the parent or guardian of the offender will be punished, even though, as often happens, he is away from his ward or is not aware of it himself or had dissuaded him from it.

"The Blackmarketing Bill" is the despair of the jurist. No one can under-estimate the perils of black-marketing which in Bengal literally swallowed millions of human lives, but certain provisions of the Bill are highly retrograde and indefensible. The Act provides imprisonment, and also forfeiture of property and that is as it should be. The offender has to exhibit his conviction at the top of every business letter of his. This is no doubt a deterrent factor, but what

about the case of those who had been sentenced for cheating, criminal misappropriation and the like? Upon a third conviction the offender may be "absolutely or conditionally" prohibited from continuing his business or he may be banished from his place for such time as may be prescribed. This power is exercisable by the Government and there is no right of appeal against any proceeding in that behalf or redress in the courts. One shudders to think of the consequences of vesting such large powers in the Government which is usually run on party lines. Nor is this all. The Act is a veritable engine of oppression to the Press. As the provisions stand at present, the Government may select any journal and direct it to publish a full text of the proceedings against a black marketeer and "it shall be the duty of the editor, printer and publisher" to publish it forthwith on pain of imprisonment for 6 months or

fine of Rs. 1,000 or both. It will be no defence if there is no available space in the paper or if for reasons beyond his control, the editor is unable to publish it in extenso. Even if the paper concerned had published it before, the obligation to print the full text of the Government still persists. Obviously the most proper step would be to withdraw Government facilities to the offending paper, but to clap the editor or printer in jail is hardly justifiable.

As C. E. M. Joad in his "Decadence" has aptly observed, "if the impulse to power as it expresses itself in the ambitions of able and vigorous men, is not to be harmful to communities, it must be hedged round by restraints. These restraints are imposed by law and custom. Hence the making of a country's laws must be entrusted to men who are subject to scrutiny and supervision in the interests of those who are subject to the laws made."

THE MINISTERIAL TANGLE

By M. P. BHASKARAN

I notice that the recent shuffle of the Madras Cabinet has provoked almost all newspapers (even the thoughtful **SWATANTRA**) into satiric and disgusted comment. Everybody appears to be fed up with what is called, in adorable journalistic, the 'Madras Ministerial Tangle.'

I, for one, deplore this. It seems to me ungrateful to attack the very persons who give so much of their time and energy to provide the people of this province with such enjoyable 'tamasha,' gratis.

Just imagine the state of things if our M.L.As and others were dull, unenterprising people who put the welfare of the province before their personal interests. Why, then, the annual election of our leader would be a formal affair, with a foregone conclusion. One Premier and one set of Ministers would continue to dull the proceedings of the Assembly. The M.L.As, instead of occupying themselves with feverish jockeying, lobbying, sparring, ducking, and crawling for position, would settle down to warming their Assembly seats for a monotonous five years. The Press would lose nearly a month of magnificent headlines.

And what would the poor President of the T.N.C.C. do?

But now we have something to look forward to every year, a new Premier, as selfless and devoted to the cause of the people as the one who preceded him, and more or less the same set of Ministers

who are as devoted to their new leader as they were to the leaders of the previous years.

People think that the stability of Government may be endangered by the annual shuffle of the Cabinet. Facts prove this opinion false. We have been having a change of "horses in mid-stream" practically every year, and the Government goes on with the same amount of stability as when they started. Moreover, every Premier when he assumes office, swears that there will be no change in the policy of the Government, which is the Congress policy (what the Congress policy is now, nobody knows) and that his becoming Premier is just an accident. The policy will go on, though Premiers come and go; so why shouldn't we have the additional pleasure of having a new Premier every year?

I hope Government will carry this idea to its logical conclusion. Since the policy never changes, its administration can safely be left in the hands of our capable Secretaries to Government, with the Ministers left free to do what they like most, and what the people like them most to do; preside over meetings, attend tea-parties, lay foundation-stones, cut tapes, throw open bridges, canals, roads, tunnels, receive civic addresses, etc. etc. Somebody has to throw open bridges and roads and such things, and who are more fitted for it than our popular Ministers?

ART AND THE SCREEN

By PRITHVIRAJ KAPOOR

(Modern India has the second largest movie industry in the world. But the majority of its products deals with a remote world of religious myths, magic and fantasy. In this article, Prithviraj Kapoor, the veteran character-actor, emphasises that the spirit of commerce that prevails in the Indian screen today should not crush the spirit of culture.)

THERE is a subtle magic in all great art that defies precise definition. Playwrights and actors deserve well of their country because they further its cultural well-being. They hold a lively mirror up to Nature and show us what we are and what we ought to be. They are the abstract and brief chroniclers of our time. True artists never forget that they have a mission to fulfil. Their creative instinct fills them with a divine discontent—

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the day for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

The Indian screen is in a sorry plight today. There is precious little to commend in most of the Indian pictures. While the American or British film industry has an educated and therefore a more discriminating public, our producers have to depend entirely on the illiterate masses of our country for good box office returns. We have had really good pictures in the past—though few and far between—but when a conscientious producer finds that rivals in the field can concoct a bigger box office hit with little effort and less expenditure, he loses heart and, very often, his head as well. The inevitable consequences is a vicious circle among producers, distributors and exhibitors, which is detrimental to any kind of progress in our film world.

Hollywood gives at least ONE good picture for half a dozen mediocre ones because they endeavour to cater to the taste of people from varied walks of life. But it is a different story with us in India. There is no concerted effort to dish out something better, something that will appeal to educated classes. In the existing circumstances, Government alone can clear up the mess and save the Indian screen from further deterioration by banning such films as are cheap from

the point of view of art. That is the only way to break the present vicious circle and give the necessary incentive to the producer and director to make better films.

Genius cannot remain unrecognised for ever. The competitive spirit can never convert mediocrities into masters. That is why the idea of encouraging such a spirit by the annual award of a coveted trophy to the best actor or actress is not only futile but also harmful. They have Academy Awards in Hollywood but I doubt whether such awards help to discover the true artists.

I have been in the show business for over two decades now. And even though I started my career on the screen, I still prefer the stage because it is the actor's paradise. It is definitely a better medium for histrionic talent, for the propagation of one's views, for the realisation of one's ideals. The popularity of the screen has thrown the stage into the background. Even a great city like Bombay cannot boast of a single modern house for dramatic performances. Nevertheless, our people are still interested in the stage. I know from my experience that my shows have to be produced under the most unfavourable circumstances and performed at odd hours in the morning both on working days as well as holidays. And yet the response of the people and their enthusiasm have been magnificent. I can only hope that our efforts will not go in vain for want of finances or the necessary encouragement from the Government.

There is an uneasy feeling in some quarters that the glorious tradition of our classical music is demeaned by our screen. This is not completely justified. Did not Gurudev Tagore advise the fusion of the ancient and the modern to bring our music closer to the masses? Art has no frontiers.

Jingoism in art is ridiculous and ruinous. There surely can be no harm in accepting the good things of western music so long as we do not despise or forget our own heritage. Absorption and assimilation are characteristic of our culture.

Indian films have no international market worth the name. With the present standard of our pictures, it will be pure moonshine to talk of overseas audiences. Even if we are able to overcome our inherent shortcomings in some remote future, we will be confronted with a greater difficulty—the difficulty of language. But why dream of foreign markets when our own home market is glutted with foreign films? Our actors and actresses, our directors, technicians and

musicians are in no way inferior to their foreign counterparts and their shortcomings, whatever they are, are mainly due to the conditions under which they are compelled to work.

In the existing circumstances, producers have to keep more than one eye on the box office. But while they do so, they should not completely ignore the educated public. The spirit of commerce should not be allowed to crush the spirit of culture. Otherwise, art and artistic talents are degraded. I feel that even today our producers can effect a compromise by producing at least one good, artistic and purposeful picture after four or five so-called box office hits.—(Copy-right).

Mr. BHAKTAVATSALAM'S "SECULAR STATE"

By V. S.

In his recent broadcast from the A.I.R., Madras, Mr. Bhaktavatsalam dwelt on the need for reservations and concessions to backward classes and religious minorities in regard to opportunities for education as well as recruitment to Government service. According to him it is at present a handicap race "where the stronger are in front and the weaker far behind" and "safeguards there have to be till a general process of levelling up is effected." The present territorial and communal considerations peculiar to Madras Province are not, according to him, "a betrayal of the secular ideal." They will, on the other hand, "effect a general levelling up and pave the way for equality which is the surest foundation for the secular State."

In regard to the attitude to be adopted towards the imparting of religious instruction by a secular State, Mr. Bhaktavatsalam opines that the nature of the instruction imparted should be based on "fundamental values and universal truths." It should therefore lay stress on the universal laws on which all religions agree rather than on the dogmas or beliefs of any particular religion. Mr. Bhaktavatsalam however wants "religious groups" to conduct schools and impart instruction on the lines stated above. He concluded his talk by saying that "the State shall have no religion; but it shall have a philosophy that will motivate and mould its actions."

The arguments advanced for continuing the existing communal G. O.'s peculiar to Madras Province cannot stand a close scrutiny. Pursuing the analogy of a

handicap race as between the strong and the weak, Mr. Bhaktavatsalam's conception of levelling up is as ridiculous as adjusting the rules of handicap of a race so that all should reach the winning post simultaneously. It will be no race then. It will be mere manipulation and trickery. A State that finds the need for retaining such artificial rules of handicap with a view to levelling up differences cannot be said to pursue a secular ideal nor to have the philosophy of love in its veins. It is the surest way for perpetuating ill-will and encouraging mediocrity. Who is to judge whether the desired "levelling up" aimed at by Mr. Bhaktavatsalam has ever been reached and how? Where in this wide world has such a "levelling up" become possible? To fasten all the existing ills on what are called "privileged communities" is not statesmanship but an exhibition of weakness and ineptitude.

Mr. Bhaktavatsalam wants religious instruction in schools laying stress on fundamental values and universal truths. Religion without dogma is philosophy. Why call it religious instruction and entrust it to religious groups? Why not it be merged in the general course of instruction itself, the teaching being entrusted to those who have special aptitude for such work? In a secular State, it is safer to regard religion as a private and personal concern. Religious bodies can never take an impartial view of all religions and cannot develop the tolerance required to impart instruction free from dogmas.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE NORTH-WEST

By BAROO

SIR Olaf Caroe's solicitude for the stability of the North-West Frontier might have passed notice as yet another British platitude on peace had it not been for his own recent part in shaping the destinies of that province. As it is, his views must necessarily reflect those of the British Government; no wonder there is so much Russophobia in them. The oil of Iran and the route to Singapore and Australia, are it would seem, still worth protecting from the long reach of the Soviets, and what better line to contain Communist might than the Hindu Kush and the Indus River?

Britain's allergic reactions to the least little Russian moves in Central Asia have broken the peace of our continent on three different occasions already. Her continued interest in this region bids fair to provoke a fourth Afghan War. That Sir Olaf's statement should have come so soon after the news that Kabul and Moscow had for the first time exchanged greetings on the anniversary of the Afghan Independence Day, is ominous enough. That Khan Abdul Qayum should have gone so far as to tell the B.B.C. that Afghanistan should be "integrated" with Pakistan, and to encourage tribesmen to agitate for the return of ex-King Amanullah leaves no doubt that Pakistan has the full support of the British Government in its aggressive attitude towards its neighbour.

From the Indian point of view it is frankly gratifying to see Qayum and Co. stew in their own juice and act as Britain's catspaws. That the situation in the Frontier is more than serious is borne out by a number of recent happenings. The release of the sons of Frontier Gandhi is an indication of Qayum's disappointment with the Pir of Manki Sharif, once his chief supporter against Ipi. Again, the Frontier Government's disclaimer that it was Pandit Nehru who was sought to be implicated in a conspiracy against Qayum's life that figured a certain Panditji, is too patent an after-thought to point to

any other conclusion but that it is anxious not to offend India at this juncture. Its recent communique on Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan's health yields to the same explanation. Fact is, Pakistan cannot afford to fight at all, let alone fight on two fronts. We can therefore safely look forward to a peaceful solution of the Kashmir problem, news of the violation by Pakistan of the cease-fire notwithstanding.

Skilful handling of this present situation can yield good results to India. It is not a diplomatic impossibility to retain the goodwill of both Afghanistan and Pakistan and yet achieve a good deal in Kashmir. We possess the confidence of the Khudai Khidmatgars (whose wanderings in the wilderness might well soon be over) as well as of the Poona Sirdars, phoney as their value might be. It is the British who seem to be cut out for a set-back in any case. Their tacit support of Pakistan is certain to estrange the Afghans, and even if they succeed in building the N.-W.F.P. into a bastion against Russian influence, they will discover that it can get in through the back-door of Kashmir.

Indeed, the conflict in Kashmir has spelt the nemesis of the entire strategy that inspired the British to cut this country into two. In trying to make sure of at least a portion of it, to wit Pakistan, they have helped both the new dominions to veer to the left. The economic distress engendered by the Partition was bad enough for the health of the individualistic ideology the Western Democracies stand for; the war in Kashmir has intensified it many-fold. The future will show what use our Communists have made of their opportunities during these months of travail. In Kashmir proper, they have certainly not sat idle. The summary abolition of landlordism in the Valley, and the sustained attack on capitalism that is being carried on by Radio Kashmir might well prove to be the inspiration of impatient reformers elsewhere.

ARTHUR E. MORGAN

ARTHUR E. Morgan is one of the members of the All-India Universities Commission appointed by the



Arthur E. Morgan

Government of India, and now touring the country, visiting university centres and contacting educationists. He is easily the most remarkable man in that Commission; for he is the only member of it who won his academic spurs after producing graduates by the score.

He has not been merely a book-worm but has taken a leading part in the organisation and perfection of what is known throughout the world as the T. V. A. scheme. His interest in education is marked by a combination of unconventional methods with intense idealistic fervour and unconquerable faith in the potentialities of human nature. About 40 years ago, he took over the management of a high school which was languishing for want of public support, and so revolutionised its methods of teaching as to make it one of the leading institutions in the U.S.A. Antioch College, as it is known, is a unique institution. It bridges the gap between scholarship and vocational training. Students earn and learn by turns in the

course of five years. The college functions throughout the year. The entire course of 5 years or 260 weeks is distributed as follows:

90 weeks at work;

120 weeks at study;

and 50 weeks of vacation.

Thus, theory is polished through practice—practice is enriched through theory. The entire course thus combines intensive and extensive training. Mr. Morgan claims with complacent pride that the men of his college are in greater demand in all departments because of their rounded training as specialists and as human beings.

He is greatly interested in Gandhian ideas of basic education, and is emphatically of the view that we should have more Wardha centres to build up national character side by side with national prosperity. He is, for a Westerner, remarkably free from the tendency to worship machines; at the same time, he thinks that we should avail ourselves more widely of the facilities provided by electric power to eliminate human drudgery.

To a question whether he thought if conditions in India would favour the development of colleges like his, he replied that official control here seemed more widespread than was necessary. Asked on what lines the report of the Commission was likely to be on, he merely smiled quizzically. From which, it seems permissible to infer that the crushing weight of orthodoxy found in it is likely to vote for the *status quo*.

Mrs. Morgan is also scientifically trained, and their marriage is an example of a marriage of minds.

Smiling, simple, and seventy—Mr. Morgan is a live wire the like of whom we cannot hope to produce for a long time to come amidst us; for we lack the exhilarating challenge of multitudinous opportunities which is—America!

If there is to be a dissenting report from the Commission, look out for Mr. Morgan's signature under it.

MAY DAY

MAY Day (which is being celebrated today by millions of workers all over the world) is an older institution than Communism or even Socialism. Originally a festival of spring, an Occidental and cosmopolitan version of the Persian *Nav-roze* and the Indian *Basant Panchhmi*, May Day has come to assume a special significance for the toiling masses who now regard it, and rightly, as Workers' Day.

In the ancient, the medieval and the feudal eras, holidays were dedicated to the gods and the goddesses, emperors and kings. Most of the festivals had either a religious or a monarchical connotation. There were Holi and Diwali and Christmas and Easter and Eid and Moharram, Empire Day and King Emperor's Birthday. It is but appropriate that the Century of the Common Man should see the development of secular and proletarian festivals like May Day.

"MAY DAY MUBARAK"

May Day is the day of the new spring (when a young man's fancy turns lightly to love); it makes the season of the renewal of life, when the earth assumes a gay new mantle of green; it is an occasion not only for joy like the other festivals, but of Hope which rises eternal in the human breast—specially in the season of spring! In the calendar of human progress, May Day marks the season of the ascendance of the working class. In more than sixty countries it is celebrated every year by men and women of diverse faiths and no faith, by white and brown and yellow and black peoples, as the day for the realisation of the working class.

It is celebrated by all the workers, no matter what their political affiliations—by Communists and Socialists, the Reds and the Pinks and their shades, by the Anarchists and the Syndicalists, the Revolutionaries and the Constitutionalists, by the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. in America, by the Labour Party in Britain. In Russia, of course, it is celebrated with particular eclat as the greatest

of the great days, with a mammoth parade in front of the Kremlin. In India every year an increasing number of workers belonging to all the political parties are learning to observe it, and even the Government of India has "requested" the employers of Labour to grant May Day as a holiday.

Let May Day, then, become a secular National holiday for all of us. A "Worker" is not necessarily a mill-operative in a greasy over-all; the peasants and the clerks and the shop assistants and the journalists and the writers and the teachers are also workers. May Day should be a day of hope for us all.

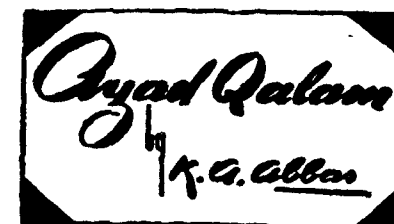
So many of our festivals have not only a religious but even provincial and caste significance. Even the major Hindu festivals like Holi and Diwali and Dusserah are differently celebrated in different parts of the country. Observances like May Day will help to achieve not only proletarian solidarity but also a sense of national unity, transcending religious and provincial considerations.

May Day can and should develop into a National Festival. But already it is an *International Festival*—indeed, it is the *only* universal festival observed all over the world. Through its message of the solidarity of the working class (which, after all, means ninety per cent of the people) of all the countries, it fosters international understanding and strikes at the roots of racial and national barriers.

And so, on this day of hope and the renewal of life, let the message ring out from man to man, from country to country, across oceans and over frontiers and boundaries, a greeting charged with the spirit of the new age: *May Day Mubarak*.

"WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET"

Sinkiang, the westernmost and almost independent province of China which lies above Tibet, and whose boundaries touch both India and the Soviet Union, was for many years the



scene of international diplomatic intrigue in which the British, as usual, played an important part. During the British regime India was the 'base of operations' for imperialist intrigue and operations in many countries of Asia and the Political Department of the Government of India used to have its finger in the affairs of Afghanistan, Iran, Iraq—and in Sinkiang—the ostensible reason in each case being the perpetual fear of the Bolshevik Bogey. And the British Political Agencies in these areas were almost always staffed by Indians.

Sinkiang or Chinese Turkestan was a part of the old Chinese Empire and, therefore, came to be a part of the territories of the republic, but racially and culturally it had little or nothing to do with China, and had far more pronounced affinities with the people of the Central Asian republics of the Soviet Union. The population is largely Muslim in this area. The result was a continuous political tension and the Chinese central government was not always able to exercise full control over this province which often made a bid for sovereignty. This was ideal political climate for British diplomatic intrigues and the Political Agents' fingers were often visible in the Sinkiang pie. At one time there was even a British-inspired move to 'bestow' a King upon the people of Sinkiang and a British convert to Islam, Khalid Sheldrake, who spent many years in India, openly declared that he had received an "invitation" from the Muslims of Sinkiang to come over and be their King!

One is reminded of all these things on reading the latest news from Sinkiang—the obscure but vital spot 'where three empires meet'—which, according to an American correspondent now in Sinkiang, "will be more oriented towards Russia than towards a Communist-dominated China". Three districts of the province which lie on the Soviet border, it appears, have been independent for the last three years, calling themselves the "East Turkestan Republic" but now they seem to be veering towards re-union with the rest of Sinkiang which, in its turn has been shedding its anti-Soviet bias. According to this source, Sinkiang might break from China (even Communist

China) and become a republic, closely associated with the neighbouring racially homogenous Russian republics.

India's links with Sinkiang are as old as A.D. 65 when Buddhist pilgrims travelled to China along the Silk Road, via Yarkand and Kashghar. Since then Indian traders have kept constant contacts with this part of the world and even in 1944 when Mr. K. P. S. Menon travelled to China via Sinkiang he met many Indians there. In his *DELHI-CHUNGKING* (Oxford University Press), Mr. Menon describes a dinner given by the Indian traders in Kashghar:

"Today the Indian traders in Kashghar—there are only half a dozen of them, doing little business—invited me to luncheon at the 'Hindu serai'. Formerly there used to be Hindu serais in all the important cases in southern Sinkiang. They have gone with the wind like the Hindus themselves; and the Hindu serai in Kashghar is all but deserted. However, our hosts had beautified it by hanging carpets everywhere—Khotan, Kirghiz and Persian carpets on the floor, the walls and the ceiling. The leading Indian trader, Pandit Beharilal, struck me as more Pandit than a trader. He is proficient in Sanskrit, quotes the Bhagvadgita, composes poems in Hindi, has a smattering of English and is collaborating with Gillett (the Political Agent) in preparing a Turki grammar."

India has had trade and cultural relations with Central Asia for many thousand years. Chinese pilgrims to India, and Indian pilgrims to China, travelled through this territory; students from China and Central Asia came to study at the great university of Nalanda. Indian traders have been travelling along the Silk Road, exchanging merchandise with the commercial centres of Turkestan and China. Kashmir is the natural link between India and Central Asia. It was a pity that, during the British regime, Indians became associated with imperialist machinations in this part of the world. It is necessary that our old commercial and cultural relations with our neighbours be resumed and restored on a basis of goodwill and friendship, and the ancient ties that bind India with Central Asia, be renewed.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

American writers generally have a vigour and virility of expression which their British counterparts lack; also the Americans have experimented with a variety of literary techniques in the field of the short story and the novel which would appear to the sedate followers of Dickens and Hardy as not only unorthodox but revolutionary and outrageous. Hemingway, John Dos Passos and Saroyan are typical of these original trends in American literature. The peculiar technique used by John Sanford in his novel, *THE PEOPLE FROM HEAVEN* (Liberty Book Club, New York),—the montage-like effect of juxtaposing the main story with quotations from and references to Christopher Columbus and the early colonists, and the 'camera eye' cross-section of the psychology of the large number of characters who crowd the story—is not, therefore, so amazing as the masterly manner in which he delineates character and creates dramatic tension by the conflict of all that is mean and base in human beings with all that is good and friendly and noble.

"The People From Heaven" is not the first American novel to treat the Negro problem with sympathy and understanding. But Sanford views it not as a Negro problem but as a human problem—of the viciousness and violence that is deep-seated in the hearts of certain human beings. Lynching and murder of Negroes, Jim Crow laws and racial discrimination, are all but manifestations of a socio-psychological disease which is eating into the very vitals of American humanity. The title of the novel alludes, with bitter irony, to the original Americans' naive reaction to the arrival of the white men. As Christopher Columbus wrote in a letter:

"...And the others went running from house to house and to the neighbouring villages, with loud cries of 'Come! Come to see the people from heaven!'"

The down-to-earth, 'muscular' prose of Sanford, unadorned but vitalised by the use of earthy metaphors and eloquent use of the common man's idiom, mark him out to be a writer of distinction whose work needs to be better known in this country.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"LONDON: Indian, African and colonial students demonstrated against Dr. Daniel Malan outside the West End hotel where he is staying.... A motor van bearing a representation of Dr. Malan and a painted swastika was driven past the hotel several times.... The demonstrators chanted, 'Malan is a Fascist. Malan is race hater. Malan is menace to world peace. Stop British support to Malan... (Later) Police stopped an attempt by these students to burn a life-size effigy of Dr. Malan.'"

"PARIS: Italian left-wing socialist leader Pietro Nenni told the 1500 delegates at the 59-Nation World Congress For Peace: "To a new war we will respond by an uprising of all peoples."

"NEW DELHI: The Government of India have agreed to the establishment in India of a number of factories by British concerns for the production of consumer and other goods.... A liberal policy is generally being followed towards foreign investors."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"BIHARSHARIF (Bihar): A station chowkidar died and four others including two women took ill after drinking toddy.... The station chowkidar who sampled the toddy said it was not good. The others took a glass each by turn to taste it. Soon after they all collapsed."

"CALCUTTA: One person was stoned to death and about 15 others manhandled by angry Calcutta crowds following a child kidnapping scare.... Six women were among the victims of mob frenzy, some of them with young children."

"BOMBAY: Unemployment is said to have led Ramniklal Nihalchand to put an end to his life by jumping from the balcony of the fourth floor of Kapoor Mahal, Marine Drive."

"BOMBAY: Bombay C. I. D. have unearthed a racket of two tricksters who, posing as the disciples of the famous Haji Malang, a *pir* of Kalyan, have cheated several persons to the extent of Rs. 16,000.... The accused (Sebastian Sequira and Krishna Maloji Savant) claimed to possess the power to convert the gifts given to them into gold, silver and diamonds."

POWERFUL MARITIME PROVINCE OF KERALA

By Dr. K. B. MENON

(Secretary, Socialist Party, Madras)

IT is unfortunate, but not surprising, that the demand for a Kerala Province should get so inextricably mixed up with the general demand for linguistic provinces. This has clouded thinking and confused issues. It is the presence of two small States that makes the demand for Aikya Kerala different from other demands for linguistic provinces.

It is a travesty of truth to say that the people of Cochin and Travancore fully back the merger proposal. The very politicians who are today going about shouting for merger were a few weeks back heard vehemently to denounce and to disown the merger in the Council, at public meetings and in conferences. The recent Aikya Kerala Conference convened at Alwaye by the Aikya Kerala Committee made up exclusively of representatives from the Cochin Prajamandal, the Travancore State Congress and the Malabar Congress passed a resolution unanimously demanding a United Kerala Province including Cochin and Travancore on a fully democratic basis. It was a large and representative gathering of Congressmen of all shades of opinion and also of all territorial units.

A more authoritative official document recording the considered opinion of the Cochin Prajamandal is the manifesto issued on the eve of the elections to the Cochin Assembly a few months ago. "The Cochin Prajamandal believes in the necessity for the creation of a Kerala Province," says the manifesto, "by integrating the States of Cochin and Travancore, the French possession of Mahe and the Malayalam-speaking territories of the Madras Presidency. This integration is in the best interests of the common man inhabiting these areas, for then alone he can find a full expression for himself. A small State like Cochin is unable to provide elementary modern amenities or to meet the social, political or economic needs of the people. The Prajamandal extends its co-operation to all inte-

rested in working for this integration." It was on the basis of this manifesto that the Prajamandal sought the votes of the people of Cochin in the last election. Yet there was not heard in the Council Chamber a single voice of protest when Sardar's representative presented to the members his ultimatum. Mr. V. P. Menon made it very clear that he was only a messenger, that he had no authority to change even a comma and at the Council meeting his attitude was one of "take it or leave it." Both Mr. Ikkanda Warriar who is a member of the Aikya Kerala Committee and Mr. P. Govinda Menon who but recently published a pamphlet advocating Aikya Kerala easily toed the line. Thanu Pillai who is not holding any responsible position in the State or in the Congress dared to raise his feeble voice. It was however smothered by the Sardar who promptly issued a warning against any organised popular protest.

One cannot accuse Sardar of being inconsistent. The policy of merger is in keeping with the general all-India policy of the States Ministry. That policy is to maintain the States and the Rajahs not in their pristine purity but as a consolidated block in a camouflaged way as a substantial bulwark against the onslaught of progressive forces. The moral and material support of these stalwart scions of Raj families might prove to be of invaluable service in an emergency. There is much to learn in that respect from the British experience. Merger with the Madras Province would completely wipe away all traces of the two States and their princes as happened in the case of Pudukottah. The other alternative, that of constituting a United Kerala including Malabar and installing the Cochin Province as Rajpramukh, as Mr. Kalappan wanted, would have meant major dislocation in the existing set-up and immediate acceptance of the principle of linguistic provinces.

Sardar followed the line of least resistance.

The merger was made necessary by the transference of certain portions of the State revenue to the Central Government under the new constitution. The suggested merger of the two States, however, is not likely to solve the financial stringency, the newly created States not being a viable unit. It is only 9,000 sq. miles in extent. Its population averages about 800 per sq. mile and its per capita income to about Rs. 17 per annum. Unless Section 290-B is equisitioned and neighbouring territories from the Madras Presidency are annexed the standards of administration and of living in the new Union of Kerala States are bound to deteriorate still further. Advocates of Aikya Kerala will urge the annexation of Malabar to the Union as a solution to the problem. But it will not solve it.

Malabar is economically very backward and her resources are so recklessly wasted that unless huge capital is sunk in irrigation and prevention of erosion, she is likely to be more a liability than an asset. Malabar coast is one of the most thickly populated parts of the Presidency, the average density being 686 while that of the Presidency is only 321. Her per capita income is only a third of that of Andhra or of Tamilnad. The average per capita income in urban areas in Malabar is only Rs. 4 per month. In the rural areas it is obviously much less. Her dwindling production is so precarious that she can hardly feed herself for four months in the year. Rainfall is abundant, land is fertile, people are industrious and intelligent, nature is rich and gorgeous. Yet the Malayali is as poor as a Church mouse. One can only describe Malayalees as beggars squatting on beautiful carpets of green gold. If Kerala Province is to be a viable unit and discharge its obligations as a State much more territory than Malabar should be added to the Kerala Union of States. This may horrify ardent protagonists of linguism but when people's stomachs rub against their spine,

language will never serve to solve their agony.

The formation of a Kerala Province should not be viewed from the narrow angle of language. There are other considerations that are more vital both from national and local points of view that should receive priority. India has a long coastline and she is more vulnerable by sea than by land. In the history of modern India those who controlled the Indian waters controlled the destiny of the Indian continent. It was after the lapse of the Zamorin's supremacy over the Indian seas and the loss of control over the Straits of Malacca by the Vijai Kings that India and South-East Asia became the happy hunting-ground of European imperialism. The British paid little attention to the defence of the coasts because of Britain's unquestioned supremacy over the seas. It is, however, significant that Great Britain took no chances and never allowed any of the maritime States to stay autonomous even in name. An exception was made in the two Southern States of Cochin and Travancore. The importance of the Cochin harbour was not then recognised. In any new scheme of defence of the long coast-line, this harbour—the best in South-East Asia and perhaps one of the best in the world—is bound to be the polarisation point. Kerala with her prolific population and potentially rich hinterland will also have an important and integral place in the whole scheme. Alone, she will remain weak and ineffective. If more territories lying to the interior like Coorg, a Chief Commissioner's Province, and Nilgiris and even portions of Canara in the North and Tinnevely in the South are added, she will be a bastion of strength to the Indian Union from the defence point of view. Instead of attempting to form the little linguistic province of Kerala, the Government of India should build the powerful maritime province of Kerala covering the whole of the West coast and extending from Mangalore in the North to the Cape in the extreme South. Integration, not division, is the need of the hour.

We all intend to live healthy lives, and sometimes we are scared into doing it.—HUGH SCOTT.

DR. AXEL MUNTHE: AN APPRECIATION

By VISALAM P. SIVARAMAN

TO think of Dr. Axel Munthe is to think of his great book the 'Story of San Michele.' It is not for nothing that this book was translated into as many as 26 languages years before he passed away. "Dr. Munthe said he wrote the book because he could not sleep; as a result he has kept the world awake.

One can call the book the Reminiscences of a Doctor. We find in it a harmonious blending of tragedy and comedy, humor and irony, reality and fantasy, poetry and science. Within the short space of less than five hundred pages he has dealt with a variety of subjects and every one of them grips.

"Work, work, work!"

"I was to take my degree in spring ... Already I had learned to handle the sharp-edged weapons of surgery to fight on more equal terms the implacable Foe who, scythe in hand, wandered His rounds in the wards, always ready to slay, always at hand any hour of the day or of the night."

Yes, the Foe is Death. The story of San Michele is essentially a story of Death. "Death is seldom out of my thoughts" says the Doctor. "I have seen him slay one by one all those I have tried to save."

How does this grim tyrant approach his victim?

"Sometimes he came rushing through the ward striking right and left, young and old in blunt fury like a madman, throttling one victim with the slow grip of his arm, and tearing away the bandage from the gaping wound of another till the last drop of blood has oozed away. Sometimes he came on tiptoe, silent and still, closing with an almost gentle touch of His finger the eyes of another sufferer who lay there almost smiling after He had gone.... I did not even know he was coming.... My mission was at an end when His had begun.... He alone had read the last missing chapter in my medical handbooks where everything is explained, the solution offered to every riddle, the answer given to every question."

Talking of patients Dr. Munthe says: "They seemed quite upset when I told them that they looked rather well.... but they rallied rapidly, when they were told that their tongue was rather bad. My diagnosis in most of these cases was overeating.... but nobody liked it. What they all wanted was Appendicitis. Appendicitis was just then much on the demand among the better-class people on the look-out for a complaint. All the nervous ladies had got it on the brain if not in the abdomen, thrived on it beautifully...."

On Hypnotism and Insomnia Dr. Munthe has very strong views. "Hypnotism is not to be encountered in hypersensitive, weak-minded and ill-balanced people" he says. "The contrary is the truth. Intelligent strong-willed people are more easy to hypnotise than dull and stupid people. The therapeutic value of hypnotism in medicine and surgery is immense. Even more striking is the beneficial effect of this method in the most painful of all operations.... Death."

And here is an instance: "In the autumn of 1915, I spent two unforgettable days and nights among a couple of hundred dying soldiers huddle together under their blood-stained great coats.... We had no morphia, no chloroform, no anesthetics whatsoever, to alleviate their tortures and shorten their agony. Many of them died before my eyes insensible and unaware.... my slowly repeated words of hope and comfort resounding in their ears, the terror of death gradually vanishing from their closing eyes."

Yet more terrible is Insomnia. "Sleeplessness is the most common cause of suicide. It saps a man's strength; it sucks the blood from his brain and from his heart like a vampire. It makes him remember during the night what he was meant to forget in blissful sleep. It makes him forget during day what he was meant to remember. Memory is the first to go overboard, soon friendship, love, sense of duty, even pity itself are



DR. AXEL MUNTHE

"A few friends, a few books, indeed a very few, and a dog is all you need to have about you as long as you have yourself."

one after another washed away. Despondency alone sticks to the doomed ship to steer it on the rocks to total destruction."

The doctor's profession was not a trade but an art and any trafficking in suffering was, to Dr. Munthe, a humiliation. No doctor should send a bill to his patient: "The doctor's profession was a holy office on the same level as that of the priest—where surplus money should be forbidden by law. The doctors should be paid by the State and well paid as judges in England. But they should not count visits or write any bills. What was to the heart of the mother the value in cash of the life of her child you had saved? What was the proper fee for taking the fear of Death out of a pair of terror-stricken eyes? How many francs were you to charge for every second of the death-struggle your morphia syringe had snatched from the executioner?.... Excessive accumulation of wealth was a cleverly concealed theft from the poor.... The trick of making money out of almost anything was a special gift

of very doubtful moral value. The possessors of this faculty should only be tolerated to carry on, on the understanding that, as with the bees, a large slice of their golden combs should be distributed among those who have no honey to put on their daily bread."

A humanitarian at heart, Dr. Munthe was a friend of the animals. Monkeys, birds and dogs.... in all these he found good company. He has studied their lives, just as he has studied the lives of fellow human beings. "One can deceive a patient, deceive a dog but not a monkey" he says. "The monkey can deceive you and this often out of sheer fun. Monkeys love to make fun of us. But the slightest suspicion that we are making fun of them irritates them profoundly. You must never laugh at a monkey, he cannot stand it. Monkeys are extremely sensitive. A sudden fright brings them into hysterics; a noise turns them pale, and they blush very easily not from modesty, but from anger." Birds! Birds! The doctor loved to see them come in thousands and he loved to hear them. Of the cruelty of man to birds, he says: "Thousands of birds on their way through the forest fluttered helplessly in the nets the cunning of man had stretched. In the evening they were packed in small wooden boxes without food and water and despatched to Marseilles. They go on calling out night and day, till they die. Long before science knew anything about the localisation of the various nerve-centres in the human brain the devil had revealed to his disciple man his ghastly discovery that by stinging out the eyes of a bird with a red-hot needle the bird would sing automatically. Only a few birds in a hundred survived the operation, still it is Good business...."

He has much to say on dogs as well. "The intelligence of dogs is proverbial but there is a great difference of degree.... There are even stupid dogs though the percentage is much smaller than in man. On the whole it is easy to understand the dog and to learn to read his thoughts. The dog cannot dissimulate, cannot deceive, cannot lie. The dog is a saint. The dog is afraid of disease, afraid of death. He is reluctant to lie on his master's bed while the master

is ill. He leaves his master at the approach of death."

Death! The doctor's fight with Death in the cholera-ridden slums of Naples is the grimmest chapter in the book. "As the epidemic approached its climax they began to fall down in the streets as if struck by lightning, to be picked up by the police and driven to the cholera-hospital. . . . What was the good of washing in this filthy water, what was the good of disinfecting, when everybody and everything around me was infected, the food I ate, the water I drink, the bed I slept in, the very air I breathed. . . . I was also terrified by rats. Millions of rats who had been living unmolested in sewers, invaded the town. Intoxicated by the sulphur fumes and carbolic acid they rushed about the town like mad dogs. . . . If you hit them with your stick they would turn round and hang on to the stick like a bull dog. Several bitten men and women were taken to the hospital. Several small children were literally eaten up."

The Philosopher, the doctor, the friend of animals and birds,—all these are eclipsed by *Dr. Munthe the Poet*. Talking of the best goods sold at the cheapest rates, he waxes eloquent: "All that is really beautiful is not put up for sale at all, but is offered us as

a gift by the immortal gods. We are allowed to watch the sun rise and set, the clouds sailing along in the sky, the forests and the fields, the glorious sea, all without spending a penny. The birds sing to us for nothing, the wild flowers we may pick as we are walking along by the roadside. There is no entrance fee to the star-lit hall of the Night. The poor man sleeps better than the rich man. Simple food tastes in the long run better than food from Ritz. Contentment and peace of mind thrive better in a small country cottage than in the stately palace in a town. *A few friends, a few books, indeed a very few and a dog is all you need to have about you as long as you have yourself.*"

"The Story of San Michele" is an expression of the mind and heart of a great man. Behind the stories and character sketches, behind the humour, pathos, tragedy, and comedy, behind all these stands out the Man—Dr. Axel Munthe—an emblem of kindness and pity and a symbol of virtue. Written in the freely flowing prose of a master of the English language, although its author is a Swede, the book will live for ever.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit.

Embalmed and treasured upon purpose for a life beyond life."

WARD PRICE

By NEWS HAWK

OUR leaders have always a partiality for foreign newspapermen. It was Gandhiji who set the pace in this matter. His historic interview given to George Slocombe from Poona prison created a world stir when it was published. Since then several British and American newsmen have scooped Gandhiji. Stuart Gilder got a world beater for *News Chronicle*.

Pandit Nehru is keeping up the Gandhian tradition. Recently, he accorded an interview to Ward Price which assumed international importance. Reuter had to cable most of the contents of the talks between the Prime Minister and the correspondent back to this country.

George Ward Price is a veteran. He has the distinction of having talked

with Hitler and Mussolini. He is a living link between the great newspapermen of the last generation and those of the present day.

It was as a war correspondent that he attained distinction. Born in Chester 57 years ago, Ward Price made his entry into journalism by sheer accident. As an undergraduate at Cambridge, he found himself at the start of a four months' long vacation with very little money to spend on holiday pursuits. He accordingly wrote to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*, to say that he was proposing to walk across Europe to Jerusalem, and would contribute articles on his adventures in return for payment of his expenses.

Fleet Street at that time was full of celebrities. The late Tom Marlowe

was editing the *Mail*. He scented traces of journalistic enterprise in Ward Price. He invited him to the office, asked him to abandon the trip to Palestine and gave him accommodation as space man in the reporters' room of his paper. It was here that Price cut his first journalistic tooth under the able Walter G. Fish who was at that time the News Editor. After completing his course at Cambridge, Ward Price took to journalism in earnest. He joined as a special correspondent and was posted to Berlin.

Right from the start he was lucky. He happened to be the only newspaperman on board the ill-fated Zeppelin airship, "Deutschland" which crashed. He cashed in his experience and cabled to his paper the story of the crash and the miraculous escape of all the thirty-three passengers.

The crash story was a dramatic and unexpected sequel to the first flash message he had sent. "We are sailing steadily at a thousand feet. The crowds are gazing upwards and cheering."

Two more years were to pass before Ward Price got his chance as a war correspondent. He was asked by his office to proceed to Turkey to cover the First Balkan War. The Bulgarian army invaded Turkey's European province of Thrace, laying siege to Adrianople, pushing back the Turks at Kirk Killesse and pressing on to win the battle of Lule Burgas.

Ward Price was on the scene. From a ridge, he got a front line view of the hostilities. He wrote a brilliant two-column despatch and transmitted it across. The despatch has lost none of its freshness with the passage of time. "It was almost uncanny to think that it was the agreeable Bulgarians with whom I had been staying six weeks ago who had smashed and broken and savaged the sturdy Turkish peasants into these faint, limp, drooping-eyed wrecks, who lay on the floor of the carts just as they had

happened to fall when lifted in. And all in the cause of progressive decentralisation in Macedonia!"

Price soon quitted Turkey. He was posted to Paris. He was there when the first European war began. He witnessed two decisive days of the battle of Marne. In September, 1914, he witnessed the deliberate shelling of the Rheims Cathedral. He left France to act as official war correspondent at the Dardenelles, and from there, after the evacuation at the end of 1915, went to Salonica. He reported the rigours of that epic campaign in the first book he wrote, "The Story of the Salonica Army." He was transferred to Italy from here.

Then came peace and Ward Price was at Paris. He got a scoop from Marshal Foch. It created a stir in diplomatic circles. In 1922, he witnessed the fire at Smyrna during the war between the Turks and the Greeks. He had plenty of thrills and adventures. Disguised as an Arab, he once paid a visit to Abdul Karim, ruler of the Riff tribes at Morocco. Abdul Karim gave him a cordial reception and entrusted to his care a letter to be given to Ramsay MacDonald, who was then the British Premier.

In 1925, he went as one of the press representatives to West Africa with the Prince of Wales in the "Repulse" and interviewed several celebrities. He subsequently visited South Africa and South America. He wrote a book describing his experience. The Prince of Wales wrote the preface to this book.

He sampled several countries and wrote many more books. His contact with dictators is conveyed in the book, "I Knew These Dictators."

"The Year of Reckoning," published in 1939 was prophetic as it conveyed news about the possibility of war in Europe.

Ward Price is a bachelor, wedded solely to his profession. He has a flair for interviewing people. No wonder Pandit Nehru came under his spell.

The Largest encyclopedia ever compiled was never printed and no longer exists. This was the Chinese encyclopedia Yung Lo Ta Tien, compiled by Yung Lo during the Ming dynasty. When completed, it comprised 22,937 books. Scores of copyists were employed and eventually three copies were made. Two were destroyed when the Ming dynasty fell, and the third during the Boxer Rebellion.—THE LEADER (London.)

THE ANTI-CORRUPTION DRIVE

SMALL FRY SHOULD NOT BE MADE SCAPEGOATS

KAUTILYA'S simile likening public servants and the King's revenues to fish and their element illustrates a perennial truth. Verily, it is as difficult to detect a bureaucrat in the act of making corrupt use of his powers as it is to catch a fish drinking water. Yet some people seem to imagine that it is quite an easy task purging the administration of its corrupt members. Deterrent sentences on offenders brought to book by agencies such as the Special Police Establishment will, they think, perform the miracle. This, however, is far from being the case, for the number of transgressors is legion, and what is more, includes many members of the very agencies which are devised to catch them. Which rather complicates the matter.

An anti-corruption drive, to be successful, must have definite objectives and must be based on an accurate and realistic assessment of the forces it means to fight. For "corruption" is a vague term: there must be few public servants who are not corrupt in the wider sense of the word. For every act in which official authority is put to personal use is, strictly speaking, a piece of corrupt practice; according to this definition, public servants can be really honest only if they have no influence attached to their offices, for it is usually impossible to avoid being benefited, in a personal sense, by one's official position. But this is clearly impossible, and therefore it is very necessary to draw a distinction between the various degrees of corruption that exist, and to choose which ones are to be fought. It is no use starting a general witch-hunt that will come to nothing.

It is obvious that for quite some time to come, the facilities that attach to official position must be overlooked. The passage of time will destroy them as surely as it will destroy the exceptional prestige that authority enjoys in this country, and when local government comes into its own and avenues of employment

more attractive than public service come into being, officials will lose much of their importance and cease to be looked up to. Only then will the invisible perquisites of office go. All premature attempts to destroy them are bound to fail.

The more active forms of corruption, can, however, be attacked without delay. But even here, it would be well to consider the causes of such corruption, and try to remove them in a radical manner. Corruption starts in one of two ways. There is the common human weakness of trying to get something for nothing, a weakness which has small beginnings but might develop into a complete lack of integrity. Then there is the desire to live better than one can honestly afford to, a desire made more poignant these days by inflationary conditions, and circumstances of real want among the lower officials. While exemplary punishments can prove very effective against cases of greed unaccompanied by hardship, it is the prevalence of real financial distress among the poorly-paid that makes it morally difficult to adopt a strong line towards them.

The problem of corruption among officials must therefore be tackled simultaneously from above and below. Every effort must be made to increase the real wages of the hard-hit official, so that his need to supplement his income by unfair means diminishes as his stake in his job increases. Since it is not possible to immediately restore real wages to their pre-war levels an impetus should come from the top to live in the simplest possible manner, so that the poorly-paid official is helped to make a virtue of necessity and to fight temptation.

Simultaneously, a drive against corruption must be initiated at the highest level, at the level where temptation cannot be put forth as a mitigating factor, and where it is greed for money alone which motivates the dishonest. The moral effect

of strong action against highly placed officers cannot be over-estimated—it is far better to sack one big shot than penalise a hundred small fry, who otherwise feel that they are being made scapegoats of by persons too powerful to be apprehended.

Offering relief to the hard-pressed, and striking fear into the hearts of the prosperous, so that such fear slowly seeps down to the lowest levels

—these must be the guiding principles of any campaign against corruption. The education of the general public into better habits can be taken up at the same time through all the means of propaganda at the disposal of Government. These methods will achieve results where the present haphazard search for offenders has degenerated into a confusion of the means for the end.

JOURNEY TO PRAGUE

By K. C. RAGHAVAN

THE wheels pound their insistent rhythm through the floor of the carriage. I am sitting in pleasant privacy in a plush-lined compartment. This is very good, I say to myself, after years of uncomfortable, crowded Indian trains. I am in my shirt-sleeves, though, outside in the early morning sun, I see the fields covered with glistening hoar-frost, and occasionally a stream or rivulet still and glassy with ice. Inside the compartment one travels in a semi-tropical atmosphere, hermetically-sealed against the invasion of soot, which, in trains, always has a knack of getting into the most inaccessible parts of the human body. The books on Czechoslovakia which I bought in Brussels, are lying idle on my lap. I prefer to look out through the windows on the farmers ploughing the fields with their teams of huge horses, on the neat, pretty houses with tall, sloping, red roofs, on the orderly, well-planned villages huddled around a small, stone church and tucked away into a valley or a foxhole dug into the hill-side, on the bare branches of the pine forests and on the desolate, smooth, broad roads that cut through the country-side like grey, ribbons of steel. Yes, I think, this is a very beautiful country; very beautiful, in a very orderly way!

I try to imagine the rumble of heavy trucks on these empty roads, the thunder of heavy artillery, the rattle of machine-guns, the high-pitched, screaming gears of the tanks, and the shrieks and moans and shouts of the wounded and dying. I cannot. This scene of utter peace and ineffable beauty on this spring morning impres-

ses itself on my consciousness. For, this is Germany—the dreaded War-Lord of Europe. But it is March 1949. The War is four years back. It is spring—the season of hope—and despair and terror is a hazy, half-forgotten nightmare of the past....

....9-00 a.m. I am feeling hungry and also very thirsty. I have had no breakfast, and not even the indispensable cup of coffee. However, I am told I must wait till 11-30 a.m., when I will be given lunch—and the cup of coffee if I need it then. This denial to a human being of his early morning coffee or tea would be regarded as an act just short of the criminal in India. I look at my books and gaze at the scenery, with uncomplimentary thoughts regarding European efficiency rumbling volcanically in my mind. And they call this the Grand European Express! I decide to concentrate on my books. I am going to Prague, and I must read up something about Czechoslovakia. Anyway, I have to stick it out till 11-30 a.m....

....Page 75. I do not feel like reading any more. The lunch was fairly good—and I got my coffee—though it was without milk and sugar! I was told that these two items are practically non-existent in Germany. Water too seems to be a rarity. At lunch I was unable to get anything milder than red wine and mineral waters.

The German cities and towns we pass through seem all alike. There are the same blackened shells of burnt-out buildings, the same rubble in the streets, the same wrecked, rusting locomotives and wagons, the same torn-up rails. But, I cannot

help experiencing a thrill when I find myself looking on historic cities and battlefields like Aachen, Nuremburg and Liege. We have already passed through Belgium and the British, French and American zones of occupied Germany. In an hour or two we will cross the Czech border, and will be on the other side of the Iron Curtain....

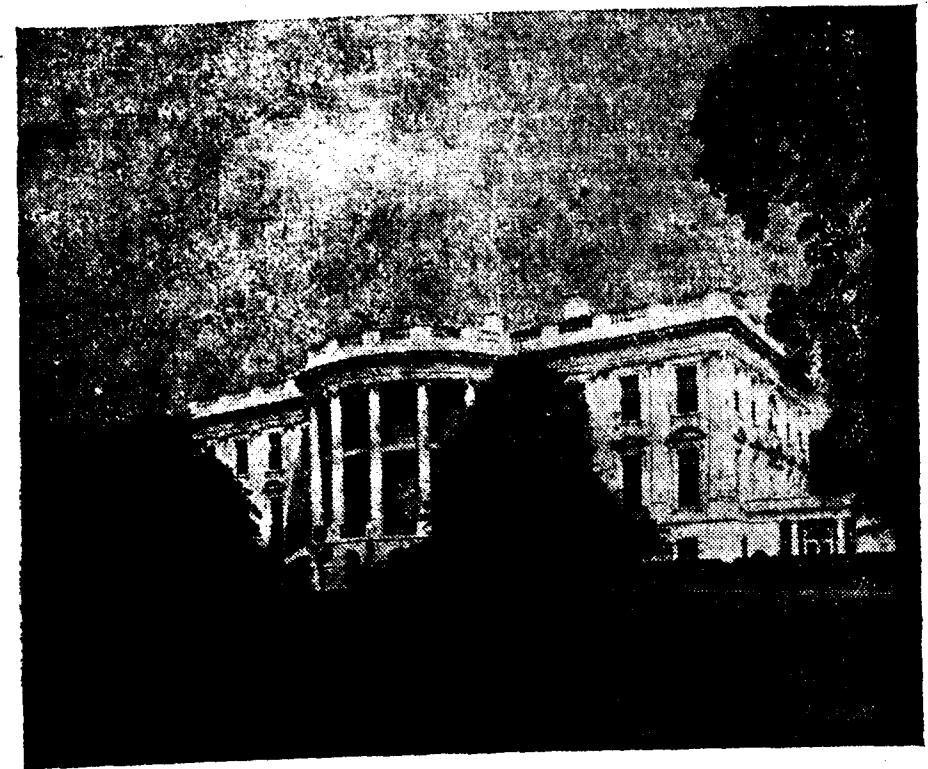
....So I am now in Czechoslovakia. I am surprised to see it looks just like the other half of Europe. I am supposed to be now in Communist State, but I see no red flags, no troops or police, no orderly rows of workers' cottages. The country-side and farms do not look as charming as their German counterparts; but then, the cities and towns have huge, towering, grey blocks of flats; and here and there one sees domes and spires rising out of a forest of rooftops. The roads are busy with noisy, streamlined Czech cars that race with our train; the people look well-dressed and well-fed; the children are mostly flaxen-haired and pretty. Here and there I see a playing-field where a football match is going on. The passport officers were courteous to our little party of Indians, for I am not travelling alone to Prague. There are also some ladies with us—wives of members of the Indian Embassy at Prague—who add a bit of colour in their gay, coloured saris and salwars and pyjamas.

I read in my book that the Republic of Czechoslovakia was born in 1918 and holds tenth place in Europe with regard to population (122½ lakhs), and thirteenth place as regards area. I look at the fields, divided into lozenges by fences and read on: "Forty-eight per cent of the land is cultivated, 11

per cent meadow land and 30 per cent woods....The richest mineral resource is coal. Thirty-five per cent of the population is engaged in agriculture and the same number in industry...." I look up and see the smoking chimney-stacks of the town we are approaching, and at the goods-trains at the station-sidings with their large crates and covered wagons loaded with machinery and other exports, labelled "Made in Czechoslovakia." I read on: "There are altogether 17,000 factories and other industrial undertakings. Of the remaining 30 per cent of the population, about 8 per cent are engaged in trade, 7 per cent are State employees or in independent professions and 6 per cent in transport. Nowhere else in Europe can such a balance be found between agriculture and industry."....

....It is 9-00 p.m. Our train is scheduled to be in Prague at 9-05 p.m. One cannot help being pleasantly surprised, after grim experiences in the Grand Trunk Express, when the attendant tells us we will be in the station in five minutes. Outside we already see the lights and neonsigns, the bright crossword puzzles of apartment windows in the night sky and the trams and cars crawling in the streets. I began to tidy up my compartment and get my things in order. Electric trains flash past, filled with workers from office and factory. Occasionally one sees, outlined in the deepening dusk, a baroque dome or gothic spire. We steam slowly into the station. I look out and see the lighted platform, the crowd, the advertisement posters. I am in Prague—ancient capital of Bohemia—in the heart of Europe.

WHITE HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF U. S. PRESIDENTS



THE White House, official residence and traditional home of American Presidents in Washington, D. C., is undergoing the most extensive repairs in its history. The foundation is being deepened, interior walls are being rebuilt, new floors of concrete and steel are being put in, and the whole structure is being fireproofed. Estimates of the cost of repairing the executive mansion range as high as \$8,000,000. The work will require at least a year for completion.

While the work is going on, President and Mrs. Harry S. Truman and their daughter, Margaret, are living across the street in Blair House, the United States Government's guest house for distinguished foreign visitors. The adjoining Blair-Lee House is being used for guest rooms and quarters for some members of the White House staff.

Although the White House has undergone a number of changes in its

150 years, the simplicity and spaciousness of its original design have been preserved. These characteristics are being maintained during the current reconstruction work.

Lorenzo Winslow, White House architect, says that the arrangement and simple classic style of the formal rooms of the White House "will not be altered one iota." Models have been made of the art decorations in the ceilings and elsewhere to insure that they will be restored exactly.

The East Room, or "great hall" of the White House, is the scene of major state gatherings, and is done in white and gold. It is 87½ feet long and about 45 feet wide. Three immense crystal chandeliers with thousands of glittering pendants hang from an elaborately decorated plaster ceiling. The walls are of paneled wood.

The East Room has been the scene of festive and tragic assemblies. In

it the daughters of several Presidents were married. Funeral services for Presidents were held there, and the body of Abraham Lincoln, the Civil War President, lay in state there.

There are three formal reception rooms on the first floor. The Green Room has early American furniture and a green Aubusson rug with the coat of arms of the United States. The Blue Room, usually used for state receptions, is decorated in the style of the first French Empire and is in the shape of an ellipse. It is considered by many to be the most beautiful room in the White House. The walls are finished with white-enameled wainscoting and are covered with heavy corded blue silk brocatelle, window draperies are of the same material. The Red Room is identical with the Green Room in size and shape. Its wainscoting is enameled white. Its wall covering is of damask. The draperies are red, the furniture is upholstered in red damask, and the parquet floor is covered by a red Aubusson rug.

The State Dining Room, at the west end of the mansion, balances the East Room. One hundred persons may be seated around its great horseshoe table. Paneled English oak, after the late Georgian manner, covers the walls, and the ceiling is decorated in plaster bas-relief. There is a central silver chandelier, and on the west wall a large fireplace. The velvet window draperies, upholstery and rug are all green.

Although the spacious grounds and the formal rooms of the White House have remained unchanged through succeeding administrations, the "First Family's" living quarters on the second floor of the White House have undergone changes with each successive occupant.

The second floor has seven bedroom suites, a library and a study, all joined by a wide hall running the length of the building. The four corner suites include small dressing rooms. On the third floor are 14 rooms—guest rooms, several storerooms, the sewing room, servants' quarters and the house-keeper's room. The family dining room is on the first floor.

On the ground floor of the White House are a library, the china room (in which is housed a collection of



A corner of the east room in the White House, where formal receptions are held.

china used by the various Presidents), a room with radio broadcast facilities used by the President, a swimming pool and the White House kitchens.

The cornerstone of the Presidential mansion was laid in 1792, during the administration of the first President, George Washington, who outlined plans for the structure. The site was chosen by Major L'Enfant, French engineer who laid out plans for the city of Washington. Architect for the mansion was James Hoban. His design incorporated characteristics of the houses popular in Ireland and England at that time.

The first occupants of the Presidential residence were the second President, John Adams, and his wife, who moved into the grey sandstone structure in 1800 while it was far from complete. The interiors were unfinished and shacks occupied by workmen still cluttered the grounds.

The east and west terraces were constructed during the administration of the next President, Thomas Jefferson, who also had the grounds further laid out and landscaped.

The mansion was burned by British forces who captured Washington in 1814, while James Madison was President. The fire destroyed the interior and part of the walls. The work of reconstruction was begun in the spring of 1815. The building was painted white—and thus later became universally known as the White House. President Monroe moved in in 1817. The south portico was completed in 1824, the last year of his administration, and the north portico—the present front entrance—five years later.

No other important structural changes were made until 1902, when, during Theodore Roosevelt's administration, Congress appropriated \$540,000 for construction of a new executive suite for the President and other changes. The improvements included a porte-cochere for the reception of guests at the east entrance, the rebuilding of nearly all the first floor, enlargement of the State Dining Room, redecoration and refurbishing of the entire main story, and addition of more servants' rooms. The changes and decorations restored the interior, as far as possible, to plans

originally conceived by George Washington.

Modern interior facilities were added to the White House as they appeared on the American scene. Gas lighting was installed in 1848, and central heating in 1853. Electric lights were added after 1889, and in 1902 the first telephone switchboard was introduced.

Only minor repairs were made from 1902 until 1927, when the roof and attic were reconstructed. No major changes were made during the war, but air-conditioning equipment was installed. President Truman added a balcony to the south portico of the White House in 1948.

Engineers and architects examined the building for months before recommending the present repairs. The White House was closed to the public in November 1948. Architects have pointed out that other factors besides age have contributed to its precarious condition. Little structural steel was used in the original building, and the walls have been weakened by apertures cut for installation of modern gas pipes, plumbing, and electricity circuits. Millions of tourists and official guests have added to the strain on hall floors and stairways. Before they were closed for the repair work, the public rooms of the White House were open to tourists five days a week.—USIS.

NEW PLASTIC TIES KNOTS IN BEAMS OF LIGHT

Light beams now can be tied in knots.

Piped through lengths of a new amber-colored flexible plastic, the beams can be bent and twisted like a rope. Light entering one end of the clear solid plastic rod flows along all its contours and emerges at the other end in a bright concentrated spot.

The "light pipe" can be made in lengths up to six feet and with thicknesses of a quarter inch to two inches. Light has been "piped" before but not through rods of almost unlimited flexibility. A beam does not leak from the sides of the tube because of the internal reflection within the pipe.

Called fosterite, the plastic was developed as an insulating material for radar units by Newton C. Foster of the Westinghouse Electric Corp. Research laboratories. It was adapted as a light carrier by Dr. Richard C. Hitchcock.

Dr. Hitchcock said the new development "may find special application where a highly directional beam is needed to illuminate tight, difficult-to-reach places and where conventional methods won't work."

The Wall Street Journal.

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.

A Modern Cincinnatus

In ancient Rome, Cincinnatus came from the plough, ruled the City State for time, and went back to the plough. In the twentieth century, Ramaswami Reddi came from his village of Omandur where he was a cultivator to the metropolis of the province, was elected leader of the Congress Legislature Party and was summoned by His Excellency to form and head a Ministry including distinguished veterans like Dr. Subbaroyan and Dr. Rajan. Having finished his work, he has announced his intention to go back to his oldest calling. In spite of Carlyle, the days of miracles and heroes are not past.

Ramaswami Reddi is and must be a legend for all time. He did not complete even his secondary school education, and when he was elected leader he was unknown to the general public. To me, at any rate, he was not even a name. I was surprised at his receiving the mantle of leadership and enquired who this man was who stepped into the limelight from a dark corner, and learnt he was a staunch Congressman who as such was very familiar with His Majesty's gaol and he would in all probability be a leader without taking office, a duplicate Sir Pitty Theagaroya Chetti. But he met His Excellency, agreed to form a Ministry and took oath as Premier. Madras has not known a stranger Chief Minister.

There was a drive everywhere, and not in his departments only. There was determination, courage, reckless courage if you will, in the man from the village which forced admiration.

He made the best speeches of the time of all the Ministers and in fact of all the public men in the Presidency. He spoke from the heart to the heart. He spoke sense and reason except in his reply to the Hindu Religious Endowments Bill debate where his history was wrong, and he descended to pure stump-oratory.

He did not know how to yield, though he gave in once when there was a conflict between him and Dr. Subbaroyan which is the exception which proves the rule.

With my esteemed friend Diwan Bahadur T. Anantachari he hunted for the corrupt, and they together began the cleaning of the Augean stables. They scattered dismissals and compulsory retirements north, south, east and west. They added a new terror to office-holding, and there were tremors and apprehensions everywhere. My friend is well fitted to chase the inefficient out of office, but

Omandur who also believes in the cult of efficiency, did not serve long enough to give him the chance, and with Omandur's passing my friend cannot exercise what would be his most agreeable occupation. Of late years the n'er do weels are everywhere, filling responsible offices and positions and doing nothing or harm, feeling a smug self-satisfaction which only the mentally decrepit in great luck can experience. A gentleman with a broom is required. How can he be set on the task?

Only one fault has been suspected in Omandur. I hope the suspicion is false. Brahmins were anathema to this pious man who wore his piety on his sleeves more than he should have done. I remember taking a query from a High Court Judge to the late Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar in 1921—"Was he aware that by working for the people's Government he was working for the supremacy of the non-brahmin community?" Mr. Iyengar answered in decision "Tell the Judge I am very aware of it. In fact, I am working for it, as they swamp the brahmins in numbers." Let the majority community have all the offices, if it must, but let not a bright brahmin boy be turned away from an educational institution to provide for an average non-brahmin youth. In other fields, the rule of communal proportion may spell only comparative inefficiency which any worthy Government ought to prevent, particularly as it has served its purpose, but applied to the sphere of education it would extinguish bright sparks and retard the progress of the country. Even Dr. Subbaroyan publicly lamented a year ago the mentality of the present Congress Legislature Party. As one wishing, if not hoping, well of that party, I wish to sound betimes a note of warning in the national interest as the party is forming a Government again.

P. C. SUNDARAM AIYANGAR,
Retired District Judge.

Cricketers Shocked

I am the ex-captain of the Kalpathi Cricket Club, Palghat. I and my fellow cricketers are shocked to hear of the drastic action of the Cricket Board against Lala Amarnath. This is an insult to all the cricket-loving men and women in India. A protest should be immediately launched individually as well as collectively to uphold Lala and save cricket from unscrupulous administration.

Palghat.
C. M. GOKARNATH