

Swatantra  
1949

August - 4 - 26 to 29.

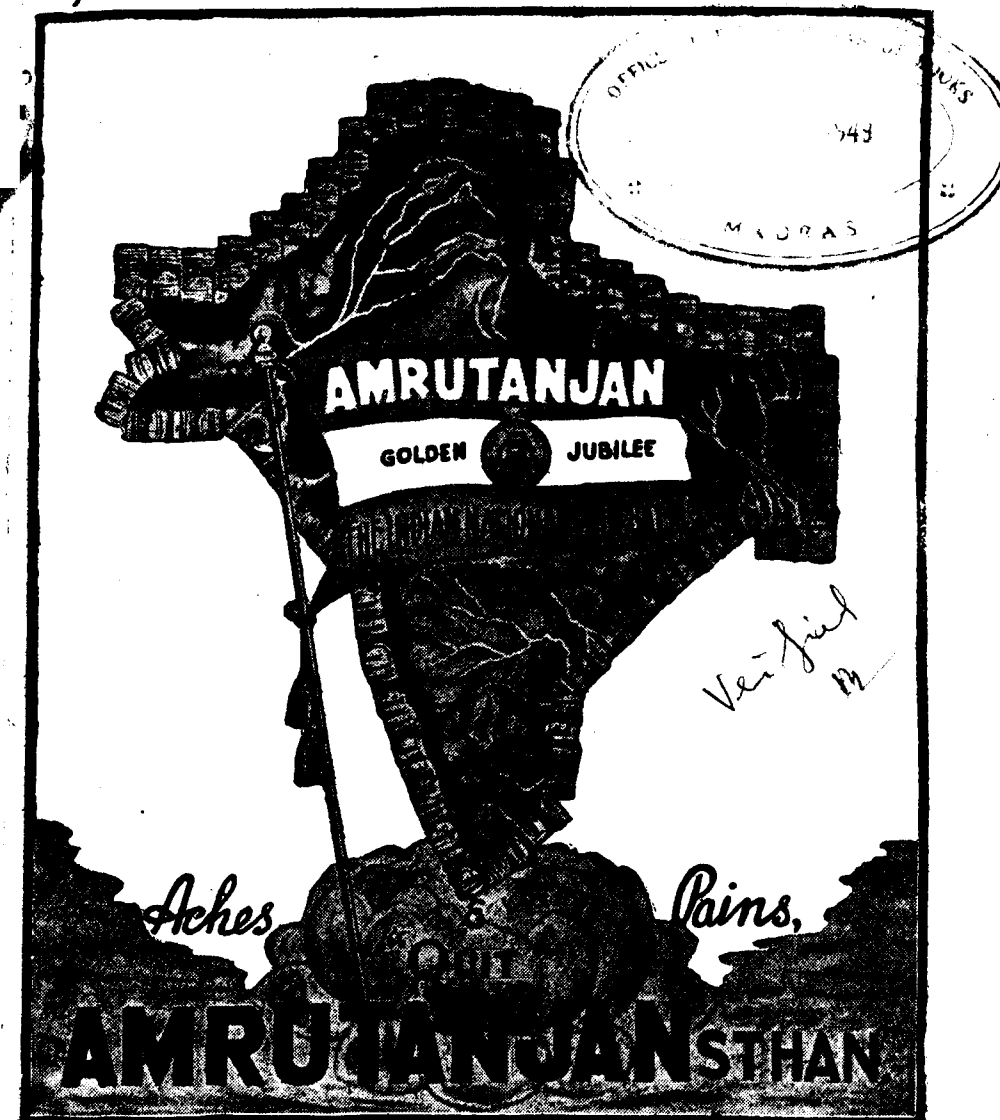


JL

ma, N46

N49.4.26.

93616.



**The HUB of ASIA**

and eventually of

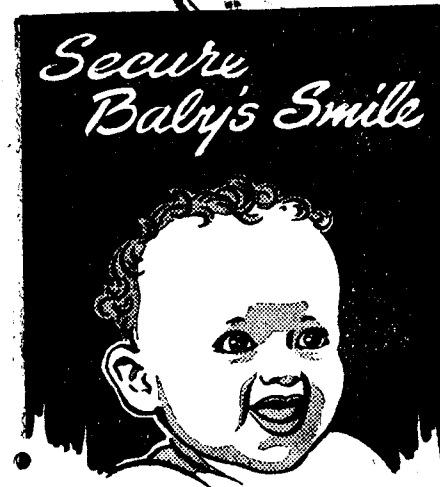
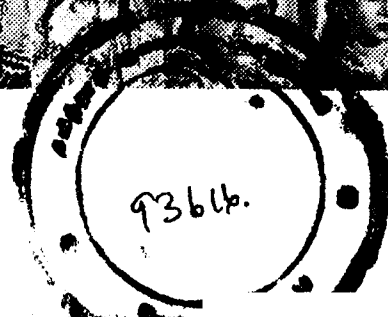
**The One World**

**THE MOST GLAMOROUS PICTURE  
OF THE YEAR &  
A FIRST-RATE COMEDY**

**JUPITER'S  
hannivin**  
*Kathali*

**TO SEE IT IS  
TO LOVE IT**  
EVERY ONE  
SEES IT ..  
STARTING **6th**  
from **AUGUST**

ADAPTED FROM SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT  
FEATURING: ANJALI DEVI • MADHURI DEVI • M. S. SIVABAGYAM  
S. A. NATARAJAN • K. R. RAMSINGH • K. SARANGAPANI • K. SATHIYAN  
PULIMOOTAI RAMASWAMY & OTHERS



**GET ZACURE  
for Gripe**

Baby's bouncing health is borne in his smile. Secure it by vigilant care. ZAC gets at gripe by neutralising acidity..there

is no more reliable remedy for teething wind and digestive discomforts. Agreeably sweetened. Baby takes to ZAC easily. Insist on ZAC.



**ZAC**  
*Safe Cure  
for Gripe*

**INDIAN MARKETING &  
DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD.**

Managing Agents:

**V. M. RAGHAVALU NAIDU & SON,**

9-10, Second Line Beach,  
MADRAS-1.

**SWATANTRA**

VOL. IV, NO. 26

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1949

CONTENTS

|                                                                       | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Cover Page—Bhaskar Roy Chowdhury                                      |      |
| Tamil Nad (Poem)—<br>By S. Guha                                       | 4    |
| Editorial Comments                                                    | 5    |
| Sotto Voce—By Vighneswara                                             | 7    |
| We And Our Language (Azad Qalam)<br>—By K. A. Abbas                   | 9    |
| Asia: Four-Coloured Jig-saw<br>—By Andrew Roth                        | 13   |
| Israel: Journey's End?<br>—By C. Viraraghavan                         | 15   |
| The Deo Report—By Tenneti<br>Viswanatham, M. L. A.                    | 17   |
| "State-Sanctioned Nepotism."<br>"National Herald" On Deo<br>Enquiry   | 20   |
| The Bombay Bonus Muddle—By<br>G. S. Bhargava                          | 21   |
| The Writing On The Wall—By<br>Ananth Rao Kanangi                      | 23   |
| Spotlight: Two Churches In<br>Europe                                  | 25   |
| Sutan Sjahrir May Come Back—<br>By Noel Buckley                       | 27   |
| "French Politics—Alas!"—By<br>Yusuf Meherally                         | 30   |
| Pothan Joseph—By T. D.<br>Jagadesan                                   | 33   |
| Problems Confronting Indians in<br>South Africa—By S. I.<br>Theogoraj | 35   |
| The State And The Party—<br>By M. N. Roy                              | 37   |
| Holiday Time In Britain—<br>By K. C. Raghavan                         | 40   |
| Sidelights—By Saka                                                    | 43   |
| The Art Is The Thing—<br>By Santha                                    | 45   |

# SWATANTRA

VOL. IV  
No. 26

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1949

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## TAMIL NAD

*(With profound apologies to Rupert Brooke)*

I prefer

The lovely, sunny Tamilnad.  
For Poona people are fanatics, fierce  
Being barren, squat and full of faith;  
And Sindhi men in the far North,  
Are huge and heavy and uncouth;  
And poets of Bengal make dilute rimes  
And Delhi's full of nameless crimes.  
The Andhras with their dirty pouch,  
Noisy and stiff, strong and smelly.  
And folks from Bombay are too much this-worldly,  
Cosmopolitan without being cosmic-minded!  
The male Malayalee is positively bad  
Too very pushy—it makes you sad.  
But Tamilnad, Ah Tamilnad,  
Arrogant Aryan and dark Dravidian,  
In dubious battle arrayed:  
And matrimony for a change!  
Truly a land, sad and strange  
So much gaiety, so much variety.  
One whole ministry for one full year  
And a nice, little enquiry besides!

—S. GUHA

## FETTERS ON THE PRESS

IT is reported that the Select Committee on the Madras Advertisements Tax Bill has postponed its deliberations for the time being as the Bill is not to be brought into effect till next year. It is a good sign that the original tone of urgency affected by the Finance Minister has given place to a less rash attitude of taking time for deliberation and reflection. If the interval before the next meeting of the Select Committee is utilised for a careful study of the constitutional implications of the new tax, it is not unlikely that the Government will be enabled to overcome their present distempers and take a right decision in accordance with the practice of progressive countries by dropping the tax altogether.

The decision of the Supreme Court of U.S.A. on the Louisiana newspaper tax is of great relevance in this connection. In July 1934 the Legislature of Louisiana passed an Act known as Act No. 23 of which Section 1 provided as follows:

"That every person, firm, association or corporation, domestic or foreign, engaged in the business of selling, or making any charge for, advertising or for advertisements, whether printed or published, or to be printed or published, in any newspaper, magazine, periodical or publication whatever having a circulation of more than 20,000 copies per week, or displayed and exhibited, or to be displayed and exhibited by means of moving pictures, in the State of Louisiana, shall, in addition to all other taxes and licences levied and assessed in this State, pay a licence tax for the privilege of engaging in such business in this State of two per cent (2 per cent) of the gross receipts of such business."

Nine publishers of Louisiana brought a suit challenging the validity

of the Act on the ground that it violated the Federal Constitution in two particulars: (1) that it abridged the freedom of the press in contravention of the Fourteenth Amendment; (2) that it denied to them the equal protection of the laws in contravention of the same Amendment. The lower court entered a decree for the publishers and granted a permanent injunction, against which the Supervisor of Public Accounts for the State of Louisiana appealed to the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court expressed the opinion, at the outset, that a determination of the question whether the tax is valid in respect of the point under review required an examination of the history and circumstances which antedated and attended the adoption of the abridgment clause of the First Amendment, since that clause expresses one of those "fundamental principles of liberty and justice which lie at the base of all our civil and political institutions." For the purpose of the appeal, the Court abridged that history, thus:

For more than a century prior to the adoption of the amendment—and, indeed, for many years thereafter—history discloses a persistent effort on the part of the British Government to prevent or abridge the free expression of any opinion which seemed to criticise or exhibit in an unfavourable light, now or then, the agencies and operations of the government.

The struggle between the proponents of measures to that end and those which asserted the right of free expression was continuous and unceasing. As early as 1644, John Milton, in an "Appeal for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," assailed the Act of Parliament which had just been passed providing for censorship of the press previous to publication. He

vigorously defended the right of every man to make possible his honest views "without previous censure," and declared the impossibility of finding any man base enough to accept the office of censor and at the same time good enough to be allowed to perform its duties.

The Act expired by its own terms in 1695. It was never renewed; and the liberty of the press thus became, as pointed out by Wickwar (the Struggle for the Freedom of the Press, p. 15), merely "a right or liberty to publish without a licence what formerly could be published only with one." But mere exemption from previous censorship was soon recognised as too narrow a view of the liberty of the press.

In 1712, in response to a message from Queen Anne Parliament imposed a tax upon all newspapers and upon advertisements. That the main purpose of these taxes was to suppress the publication of comments and criticisms objectionable to the Crown does not admit of doubt. There followed more than a century of resistance to and evasion of the taxes, and of agitation for their repeal. That the taxes had and were intended to have, the effect of curtailing the circulation of newspapers, and particularly the cheaper ones whose readers were generally found among the masses of the people, went almost without question, even on the part of those who defended the act.

May, after discussing the control of "previous censure," says: "... a new restraint was devised in the form of a stamp duty on newspapers and advertisements—avowedly for the purpose of repressing libels. This policy, being found effectual in limiting the circulation of cheap papers, was improved upon in the two following reigns, and continued in high esteem until our own time." Collett (Vol. 1, p. 14) says: "Any man who carried on printing or publishing for a livelihood was actually at the mercy of the Commissioners of Stamps, when those chose to exert their powers."

In the adoption of the English newspaper stamp tax and the tax on advertisements, revenue was of subordinate concern, and the dominant and controlling aim was to prevent, or curtail the opportunity for, the acquisition of knowledge by the people in respect of their governmental affairs. It is idle to suppose that so many of the best men of England would for a century of time have waged, as they did, stubborn and often precarious warfare against these taxes if a mere matter of taxation had been involved. The aim of the struggle was not to relieve taxpayers from a burden, but to establish and preserve the right of the English people to full information in respect of the doings or misdoings of their government.

Upon the correctness of this conclusion the very characterisation of the exactions as "taxes on knowledge" sheds a flood of corroborative light. In the ultimate, an informed and enlightened public opinion was the thing at stake; for, as Erskine, in his great speech in defence of Paine, has said: "The liberty of opinion keeps governments themselves in due subjection to their duties."

In 1785, only four years before Congress had proposed the First Amendment the Massachusetts Legislature, following the English example, imposed a stamp tax on all newspapers and magazines. The following year an advertisement tax was imposed. Both taxes met with such violent opposition that the former was repealed in 1786 and the latter in 1788.

The framers of the First Amendment were familiar with the English struggle, which then had continued for nearly eighty years and was destined to go on for another sixty-five years, at the end of which time it culminated in a lasting abandonment of the obnoxious taxes. The framers were likewise familiar with the then recent Massachusetts episode, and while that occurrence did much to bring about the adoption of the amendment (see Pennsylvania and the Federal Constitution, 1888, p. 181), the predominant influence must have come from the English experience. It is impossible to concede that by the words "freedom of the press" the framers of the amendment intended to adopt merely the narrow view then reflected by the law of England, that such freedom consisted only in immunity from previous censorship; for this abuse had then permanently disappeared from English practice.

For the test to be applied in the appeal the Supreme Court cited judge Cooley: "the evils to be prevented were not the censorship of the press merely, but any action of the government by means of which it might prevent such free and general discussion of public matters as seems absolutely essential to prepare the people for an intelligent exercise of their rights as citizens."

The Court then laid down the following conclusions:

The predominant purpose of the grant of immunity here invoked was to preserve an untrammelled press as a vital source of public information. The newspapers, magazines and other journals of the country, it is safe to say, have shed and continue to shed, more light on the public and business affairs of the nation than any other instrumentality of publicity; and since informed public opinion is the most potent of

ad restraints upon misgovernment, the suppression or abridgment of the publicity afforded by a free press cannot be regarded otherwise than with grave concern.

The tax here involved is bad not because it takes money from the pockets of the appellees. If that were all, a wholly different question would be presented. It is bad because, in the light of its history and of its present setting, it is seen to be a deliberate and calculated device in the guise of a tax to limit the circulation of information of which the public is entitled in virtue of the constitutional guarantees. A free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the government and the people. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves.

In view of the persistent search for new subjects of taxation, it is not without significance that, with the single exception of the Louisiana statute, so far as we can discover, no State during the 150 years of our national existence has undertaken to impose a tax like that now in question.

The form in which the tax is imposed is in itself suspicious. It is not measured or limited by the volume of advertisements. It is measured alone by the extent of the circulation of the publication in which the advertisements are carried, with the plain purpose of

penalising the publishers and curtailing the circulation of a selected group of newspapers.

Having reached the conclusion that the act imposing the tax in question is unconstitutional because it abridges the freedom of the press, we deem it unnecessary to consider the further ground assigned that it also constitutes a denial of the equal protection of the laws.

The analogy between the Louisiana tax and the proposed Madras tax is perfect and complete. The Madras tax, like its abandoned American predecessor is bad, not because it takes money from the pockets of publishers, it is bad because, in its setting, it is a deliberate and calculated device, in the guise of a tax, to limit the circulation of information to which the public is entitled. We may say to the Madras Government in the words of the Supreme Court, "A free press stands as one of the great interpreters between the government and the people. To allow it to be fettered is to fetter ourselves."

## Sotto Voce

### Time And The Alderman



THE City Municipal Corporation has decided to build yet another clock-tower, this time at Parry's Corner. Whether it was felt that the need for a *memento mori* was particularly great at this point where law and commerce swirl and eddy and the city's transport vomits its burden I do not pretend to know. But there was a striking unanimity about the suggestion that the money for the project must be found, if need be by economising on other items of expenditure. It reminded me of nothing so much as of the precious and hard-to-

spare weekly shilling the London poor pay to the undertaker to buy themselves a grand funeral.

There is something touching in the absorption of our city fathers in the fancy of the moment. To it rather than to any fickleness of purpose may be attributed the disconcerting frequency with which they shift their point of view. Thus, when at a recent meeting a member sought sanction to get a town-planning scheme altered at a particular point, his fellow-councillors bristled with righteous indignation.

It might be, they said, that the road was wide enough at that point and it was unnecessary to trench into the grounds of a private house for widening it further. But a scheme was a scheme, there could be no tampering with it at anybody's bidding; the public interest must be paramount.

Alas! the head (in this case, of Brodie's Road) only too often forgets the tail. The house in question seems to be located almost at the southern end where the road meanders into sylvan surroundings and the infrequent bus hardly disturbs its somnolent repose. And yet the town-planner seems to have found the need imperative to widen the road at this point. But at the northern end of the same road, where it empties itself into the vortex of Luz, it is so narrow and congested that to laymen like you and me doubling its present width,—which could have been done at one time without much unnecessary outlay might have seemed barely sufficient to safeguard life and limb. But the townplanner in his wisdom apparently thought this unnecessary. And a cloud-topping tower of flats was allowed to rear its head at the point as if by magic overnight.

Such, was the implicit faith reposed by the Corporators in their experts that they seem to have impatiently dismissed such feeble objections as were raised no doubt rightly regarding them as inspired by a maniacal love of silence. And every month that passes makes it more and more clear that the City Council is bent upon beautifying and improving not only the Luz but every other resort of the *ci-devant* aristocracy according to approved democratic notions. Restaurants, rows of brightly lit shops, picture palaces, pavements bulging with cheap American junk,—the transformation, with its right mixture of sociableness and smells, is well-nigh complete.

Clock towers are central to our democratic schemes of *decor*. For one thing they carefully eschew considerations of base utility. In the old days it was considered meritorious to donate choultries, maintain water pandals,

build *sumai-thangis* where the weary wayfarer could shed his burden and rest awhile. Even our dumb brothers were not forgotten. Cattle had their water troughs and the bluff upstanding stones against which they could scratch their itching sides when bothered by the tick. But not having discovered that Time is Money they were quite content to mark the passing of time by the peal of temple bells and the stars in their courses.

It is the sure mark of progress when art becomes functionless and ornament takes its place. I vividly remember the time when watches and bicycles fiercely competed for the first place as the craze of the hour. The wrist watch was still in the womb of time. But there was a whole hierarchy of time-keepers—from the Seth Thomas wall clock (grandfather's clocks and cuckoo clocks were rarities of which you had an occasional glimpse at a grandee's mansion), through a whole intermediate range of big and Little Bens, to little marvels of chromium-plated efficiency on which you could check up a split second. Every dandy's drawing room was a miniature jeweller's shop. And the principal pastime of the bucks was to pass the time of day (literally) with each other and amicably wrangle the superior fidelity of their respective chronometers.

Our indigenous brand of civic conscience is a thing of shreds and patches. Street corners continue to serve as urinals and the nights are given over to darkness and the mosquito. But John Citizen must have his clock-tower, even if he cannot afford to give himself the equivalent of that miracle of cheapness, the "Bee" time-piece. Not that he has much use for that spare five minutes, chasing which is the principal pre-occupation of the go-ahead West. But he derives a philosophical pleasure contemplating the chronic inability to agree of any two public clocks and the equally chronic inability of most of them to move their hands. And for the urchins their broad moon-face is a tempting target. It is as good as a cocoanut shy.

VIGNESWARA

## WE AND OUR LANGUAGE

THE Constituent Assembly very shortly is going to take up the question of the National Language—the Language that, sooner or later, must replace English as the medium for higher education and for inter-provincial cultural and administrative purposes.

It is a question which is at once vital and fundamental and, therefore, concerns every Indian—be he a Malayalee from the deep South or the Kashmiri from the extreme North—and not merely the rival North Indian protagonists of Hindi, Urdu and Hindustani who are never tired of propounding their respective views and, with an air of presumptuous authority, seek to impose those views not only on their North Indian rivals but on the people of the whole country.

This has not only engendered considerable friction and much unseemly controversy between the supporters of Hindi and Urdu or Hindustani, but also given rise to the fear among South Indians that the North Indians wish to impose their will in this matter, regardless of the wishes and interests of the people of the South. The cry of "Hindi imperialism," so cleverly and violently exploited by the non-Brahmin chauvinists of the Dravida Kazagam is not entirely without foundation.

### COMMON PEOPLE IGNORED

For many years the question of the National language has been considered and discussed on two levels of cultural exclusivism. It has been debated among scholars and savants, be they Mahamahopadhyas and Vidyalankars or Maulanas and Maulvis, invariably belonging to the upper class intelligentsia, and the common people for whom the national language was to be chosen or evolved have never been represented in these discussions. Their natural cultural background and affinities have been ignored. The Maulvis and Pandits have seldom paused to consider the interests or inclinations

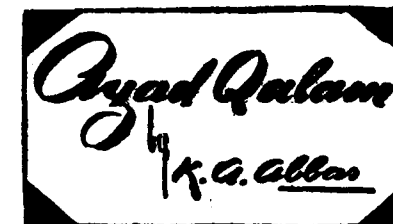
of the peasants in the fields, the workers in factories, the craftsmen in their workshops, the shopkeepers in the bazars, the soldiers in the army—the very people who, by virtue of their practical experience, are naturally gifted to evolve a *living* language.

Likewise, the language controversy has raged for many years exclusively between the scholars and philologists of North India, without the least consideration of what the people of other provinces might have to say about the question of a National language—as vital to a Tamilian or a Bengali or a Maharashtra as to the North Indian champions of Hindi and Urdu. In their egocentric vanity (born, perhaps, of the tradition of North Indians ruling over the rest of the country), the Pandits of Benares and Allahabad were as supremely indifferent to the opinion of the "Madrases" and the Gujaratis as the Maulvis and Professors of Lucknow and Aligarh were contemptuous of the non-Ahlezaban.

### A COMMON LANGUAGE FOR THE COMMON PEOPLE

It was only Gandhiji who, with his instinctive understanding of the needs and feelings of the common people, tried to restore balance and sanity to this controversy and, for the first time, propounded the revolutionary idea that a *common* language was to be for the *common* people, and, therefore, must be based on *their* simple vocabulary. His concept of Hindustani was not just a compromise formula to adjust the rival claims of Hindi and Urdu but an attempt to evolve a *common* language which would have its roots not in dictionaries and lexicons but in the life of the *common* people.

The aftermath of the Partition has done much to puncture the vanity and conceit of Muslim cultural chauvinists who were at one time talking of imposing Persianized Urdu on the whole



country—even as the Nizama had imposed it on millions of his Telugu-speaking and Marathi-speaking subjects! It is symptomatic of the demoralization and opportunism rampant in the ranks of former Muslim Leaguers, that many of them, performing a complete and amazing somersault, have now become staunch supporters of Hindi. The rest have hypocritically begun to invoke the memory of Gandhiji (whom they shamelessly maligned during his life), paying lip-service to Hindustani, in an attempt thus to salvage Urdu. It is delightfully ironic that the name of the former rabid Muslim Leaguer, Aizaz Rasool, was proposed last year for presidentship of the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan as a counterblast to the name of Mr. Savarkar. At the Hindustani Conference held in Lucknow to mobilize public opinion in support of Gandhiji's Hindustani formula being accepted by the Constituent Assembly, the Leaguers were conspicuous by their absence. It was Hindu and Muslim Congressmen and Gandhianites like Pandit Sunderlal, Maulana Sulaiman Nadvi and Hayathullah Ansari who sponsored the conference.

#### SHALL WE SEND THE TAJ TO PAKISTAN?

One need not waste any tears of sympathy over the inevitable and much-deserved discomfiture of the Muslim Leaguers who only wanted to use Urdu as a tool for their vicious communal propaganda for Pakistan. It is notable, however, that as a reaction against the "Urdu Jingoism" of the Leaguers, a reaction has set in among supporters of Hindi, many of whom now feel and some openly declare that "Now that Muslims have got their Pakistan let them take their Urdu there—we don't want it in our country."

In this kind of understandable but nonetheless regrettable reaction to the tragic reality of Partition, there are two fundamental fallacies:

1. Pakistan may be a Muslim State where non-Muslims are not tolerated, but India has decided to be a secular state where people of different religions and cultures have equal rights.
2. Despite the common misunderstanding, Urdu has never been and today certainly is not in India the

'language of Muslims.' While the *Spoken* language (call it Hindi, Hindustani or Urdu) is almost the same for the townspeople of Delhi, U. P., East Punjab and parts of Rajputana and C. P., in India today many more Hindus read and write Urdu than Muslims. The vast majority of Muslims in the South in Bengal and in Bombay do not know Urdu, while the vast majority of Hindus in the East Punjab know *only* Urdu.

It is necessary, therefore, to get rid of the communal complex while considering the language question.

It is a historical fact, however, that the inter-action of Persian and Sanskrit, and of Muslim and Hindu cultures, on each other produced many forms of cultural and lingual synthesis—of which the language variously known as Hindi, Hindustani or Urdu (depending on the proportion of Persian and Arabic or Sanskrit words in the usage) is one of them.

Today there is a move to disown this language and its literature—the legacy of hundreds of Hindu and Muslim and Sikh writers and poets like Ghalib, Ratan Nath Sarshar, Iqbal, Chakhast, Nizam, etc. etc.! We are suddenly asked to believe that this language which was evolved in India and is spoken or understood in no other country of the world (except Pakistan which has been carved out of India) is *not* Indian, and that its literature is not a part of our cultural heritage. Branded as something alien and un-Indian, it is to be disowned, and thrown out—as the U. P. Government has already done!

It is something as fantastic and suicidal as it would be to demolish the Taj and send it to Pakistan because its architecture also is a synthesis of Hindu and Muslim styles of architecture!

#### TOTALITARIAN 'PURGE'

Not only is the Urdu script, language and literature to be abandoned overnight but with totalitarian thoroughness, the common language of North India (now to be raised to the status of National Language) is to be purged not only of *all* Urdu words derived from Persian or Arabic but also of *all* popular 'corruptions' or adaptations of Sanskrit words which

will be replaced by pure, pedantic and original Sanskrit words. Popularly understood English words (like Rail, Radio, Station, Motor etc) will also have to "Quit India" and will be replaced by jaw-breaking Sanskrit words "made" by Professors.

Thus the natural process of the evolution of a language through popular usage will be reversed and a "manufactured," dictionary-derived language will be imposed by edict on the people.

The supporters of this "purification drive" have chosen to ignore the advice of Gandhiji, Pandit Nehru, Rajen Babu and many other national leaders who all wanted the adoption of the common and popular Hindustani (in both scripts) as the National Language.

But can they with the same impunity, defy the people and the natural and historical processes of cultural assimilation any synthesis? Can they create a National Language by legislation instead of popular usage?

#### PURE LANGUAGE MYTH

A "pure language" is as much a myth as a pure race—like Hitler's "pure Nordic Aryans." Except classical languages like Hebrew, Sanskrit, Latin and Greek (which are "dead," so far as popular usage is concerned) there is no "pure language" in the world. There are thousands of French words in English, even as there are French and English words in modern Arabic and modern Persian. Likewise, the process of history has "injected" words of Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian and Turkish origin not only into Hindustani *but in every single language spoken in India.* I have always known that there are innumerable Urdu words of Persian origin in Gujarati and Marathi and Bengali, but during my recent tour of the South I was surprised to hear hundreds of such familiar words in Tamil, Telugu and Malayalam. Rajaji, I understand, once wrote an article on "Arabic Persian words in Tamil literature." Words like "Inqilab" (Arabic), "Azadi" (Persian), "Kabab" and "Pulao" (Both Turkish) are understood in every part of India, even as words of Sanskrit origin like "Sundar" or "Ann" are understood everywhere.

I defy any of the "purists" to remove the Arabic-Persian pharase

"Inqilab Zindabad" from the vocabulary of Malayalee, Bengali, Maharashtrian or Gujarati workers and class-conscious peasants!

#### NATIONAL LANGUAGE

##### CONVENTION

That the inter-provincial significances of this national question are at last dawning on the consciousness of responsible advocates of Hindi is evident from the report that the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan is calling a National Language Convention in Delhi to which prominent scholars of all the major languages of India have been invited. (In the list published, alphabetically ranging from Assamese to Telugu, however, Urdu is conspicuous by its absence). This Convention is a happy and healthy development and will help to place the question of National Language in its correct all-India perspective. It will also help to dissipate the real and imaginary fears of "Hindi imperialism" and "North Indian domination" which have been prevalent in the South.

I submit that not only scholars and philologists but also the popular writers, journalists and poets of all languages—not excluding Urdu—should be invited to this convention, that it should deliberate and decide not only about the *selection* of the National Language (which, of course, will be and should be Hindi or Hindustani) but also about the means of its evolution, and the preparation of its standard dictionary.

Some years ago, a project was started by *Anjuman Taraqqi-e-Urdu* to prepare a popular *Hindustani* dictionary. The method for the selection of words for this dictionary was as sensible as it was ingenuous. A number of research workers were asked to go through the works of standard *Hindi* writers and note down all the words of Persian, Arabic or Turkish origin used by them, while another batch was to pick out Hindi words or words of Sanskrit origin from the works of standard *Urdu* writers.

This was an excellent basis for the compilation of a standard literary Hindustani vocabulary. The principle can now be extended to works of standard authors of *all* the major languages of India. Surely those Hindi or Urdu words of Sanskrit, Persian or Arabic origin have a natural place in

an inter-provincial, National Language which are already to be found in languages like Bengali, Gujarati, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, Kanarese and or Malayalam.

But the process of this selection must go beyond books—right into the middle of the people. Field workers must go out not only in the bazars of Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Ambala, Jullunder, Jaipur and Nagpur to find and record and collect the rich and picturesque vocabulary already used by the Hindustani-speaking people (no matter what the origin of any word) but also in the chawls and mills of Bombay, the *bustees* of Calcutta the various cantonments, to the remotest town and villages of every province and collect the Hindustani words which are already in common use. Thus alone shall we evolve a real, living, National Language with its roots in the life and speech of the common people.

#### BOOK OF THE WEEK

That factual reportage, even when supplemented by good intentions is not enough to constitute an objective history of a revolutionary epoch is demonstrated by *THE BIRTH OF INDONESIA*, By David Wehl (George, Allen and Unwin Ltd., London 15s.). The task requires an understanding of the economic, ideological and emotional impulses that provide the yeast for a revolutionary ferment such as has been in evidence in post-war Indonesia. In the present volume, the author (who is not without sympathy with Indonesian nationalist sentiment) has recorded the remarkably documented story of post-war events in Indonesia—the situation in Indonesia on the eve of, and immediately after, the Japanese surrender, the administrative vacuum created by the delay in the arrival of Allied troops, the consequences of Japanese occupation and propaganda, the birth of the Indonesian Republic and the alternating processes of fighting and negotiations, that have gone on between the Indonesian Republicans and the Dutch, ever since then. He quotes official documents, contemporary reports and eye-witness accounts to substantiate his narrative. He gives fairly balanced pen-pictures of the key figures in the Indonesian drama and even attempts mass psycho-analysis

to discover sexual repression as the root of the alleged excesses committed by Indonesian youths.

Incidentally, he throws revealing light on the unfortunate part that Indian troops, under British Command were forced to play in "maintaining law and order" which, in that context, really meant keeping down the Republicans pending the arrival of Dutch Imperialist troops.

What he fails to show, however, is the unlovely record of Dutch imperialism in the Indies repentment against which gave the Republican movement all its vigour and mass support. Mr. Wehl tries the impossible task of trying to be fair to the Dutch as well as the Indonesians, of holding the balance between Imperialists and anti-Imperialists. It is only by getting under the skin of an anti-Imperialist colonial sharing his thoughts and feelings that he could have vivified his coldly, 'deathly,' 'objective' record of events which constitute an inspiring chapter in the history of Asia's crusade against Western Imperialism.

#### STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"WASHINGTON: General Omar Bradley said that the United States' main mission under the joint defence plans with the Atlantic Pact nations will be to use the atom bomb on any aggressor. The first priority of the joint defence is American ability to deliver the atomic bomb."

"PARIS: Russia exploded its first successful atom bomb on July 10, in Siberia, said an anti-Communist weekly newspaper, *Samedi Soir* in a copyright article."

"LONDON: The influential London *"Economist"* described the forthcoming visit to Moscow of Pakistan Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan as "only one of several storm signals" which should not pass unnoticed in London."

#### HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NEW DELHI: At the tripartite (Government-Industry-Labour) conference Mr. J. J. Kapadia (Stock Exchange) referred to the mismanagement of industrial undertaking and gave some illustrations. He instanced a case in which managing agents of an industrial undertaking spent over rupees one lakh for a wedding in Bombay and said that the amount was debited to the mills account under the head 'property repair.'

## ASIA: FOUR-COLOURED JIG-SAW

By ANDREW ROTH

(This is the first of a series of four articles on recent developments in East Asia.)

UNDER the impact of the Chinese Communist victories and the Dutch colonial war in Indonesia, Asia has fragmented into four contending blocs. World War II broke up the pre-war *status quo* like a giant hand jolting a jig-saw puzzle. But the events of the past year have jostled the pieces into four differently-coloured piles.

These four Asian blocs are too fresh and unstable to have hardened into fixed alliances. Furthermore, some countries, like Indonesia and Malaya, torn asunder by civil or colonial war, have segments of their population in as many as three camps. Nevertheless it is difficult to assess any situation in Asia without first sorting the Asian countries into the four blocs to which their recent actions have assigned them. *Thus, the realization of an Asian anti-Communist alliance depends on the feasibility of linking together three of these blocs.*

The first of these blocs, best described as the "American dependencies," is situated in East Asia. It includes: occupied Japan, the remaining Koumintang segment of China, South Korea and the Philippines. Its spiritual leaders are President Truman and General MacArthur.

The second bloc, located in South Asia, embraces the "conservative-nationalist" states, including: India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, the truncated Indonesian Republic, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Trans-Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and probably Israel. Pandit Nehru is its outstanding figure.

The third bloc, of "colonial powers"—England, Holland and France—is also situated in South Asia and has Ernest Bevin as its leading personality.

The North Asian bloc of "Communist states" embraces the U. S. S. R., Outer Mongolia, North Korea, the Communist sections of China and, probably, the Republic of Viet Nam.

It has two leaders: Joseph Stalin and Mao Tse-tung.

The question of the moment is the alignment of these blocs in the "cold war." The Communist bloc is quite clearly on the Soviet bandwagon. Britain and America are trying to stabilize and unite the three non-Communist blocs with the eventual aim of forming an Asian Union. The Communists, contrariwise, are attempting to exploit the internal instability of the non-Communist Asian states and the contradictions between the blocs to prevent this Asian alliance. The result will determine the tomorrow not only of Asia but also, to a considerable extent, of the rest of the world.

The existence of a bloc of "American dependents" has been demonstrated by its common reactions to recent events.

In April, Harold Stassen, Republican presidential aspirant, called for a Pacific Pact and a MacArthur Plan as an Asian counterpart for the North Atlantic Pact and the Marshall Plan. Immediately a particular group of Asian leaders began rhapsodizing on how wonderful this would be. Elpidio Quirino, the Philippines' tubby President kicked off and was followed quickly by right-wing Koumintang leaders and by South Korea's aged President Syngman Rhee. Japan's Premier Shigeru Yoshida wistfully indicated that he would love Japan to join such a pact if it were not for the fact that Japan is an occupied-ex-enemy country with no international status.

One of the curious things about those who jumped on the Pacific Pact bandwagon is their close connection with Gen. MacArthur and the right-wing of American politics. General MacArthur has sent word to the Philippines that he would like to see President Quirino succeed himself. Korea's President, Syngman Rhee, is

the only head of state ever to pay a visit to General MacArthur in Tokyo and the General reciprocated by flying over for his installation as President. Premier Yoshida is the political representative of the Japanese big business class that General MacArthur thinks is America's best ally in Japan. And the Kuomintang rightwingers who have applauded a Pacific Pact are the same ones who have pleaded for General MacArthur to take over the defences of Kuomintang China together, of course, with an American army and a couple of billion dollars. In short, the "American dependents" are joining with American rightists to force on the U. S. administration a "Pacific Pact" it does not want—at least not yet.

This urgent clamour arises from the fact that these states are commonly characterized by a chronic instability. In South Korea the coterie of contending rightists around Syngman Rhee maintains its position in a country menaced by civil war through extensive use of police terror. In the Philippines the dominant Liberal Party has fragmented into two strident and corrupt sections while ex-collaborationist Jose Laurel prepares a comeback and the Communist-led Huk guerrillas forage in the countryside. In China, a faction-ridden Kuomintang wrangles on the verge of extinction. Actually, defeated Japan's regime appears the most stable because of its heavy conservative tradition and America's military and economic support.

These states are all anxious for the guarantees of U. S. military aid that the Pacific Pact would bring. These days one sees fewer American GI uniforms not only on Americans but—except in Japan—on armies the U. S. has trained and supplied. But, in the event of a major war, none of these regimes could defend themselves.

One of the other reasons for this enthusiasm about a Pacific Pact is that such a pact would give the above-mentioned leaders a more formal right to call upon the U. S. for economic aid as *Allies* instead of their present position as *dependents*. This dependence is clear from a brief glance at their economic status. The Philippines import twice as much as they export. The difference in foreign credits (al-

most 300,000,000 U. S. dollars a year) is now being made up by U. S. payments for war damages, veterans' pay and the like. At present fully seventy percent of Filipino exports go to the U. S., duty-free. Without U. S. payments and access to the U. S. market, Philippine economy would collapse.

South Korea is equally dependent economically upon the U. S. because the bulk of Korea's economic resources lie in Soviet-influenced North Korea. Since the end of the war the U. S. has supplied South Korea with over 350,000,000 U. S. dollars of food-stuffs, fertilizer, raw materials for industry, electrical supplies, transportation equipment and the like. More than three-fourths of South Korea's imports are U. S.-financed. Without this aid, which still continues, South Korea would long since have collapsed economically and, probably, politically.

It is possible to argue long and furiously over the valuation of U. S. aid to keep Kuomintang China afloat economically and militarily. Dean Acheson says the U. S. has spent two billions, those who want to continue aid say only one billion or less was spent, while those who have been opposed all along to aid to the Kuomintang contend that the figure should be over four billions. However, there is no argument over the fact that had this aid not come, the Kuomintang's collapse would have come much sooner.

Japan's catastrophic post-war economic position has also been cushioned by American economic aid. This already amounts to a billion U. S. dollars and is continuing at the rate of over a million a day. At present almost half of Japan's raw material imports are financed by U. S. funds. The only chance of putting Japan back on its feet economically seems to lie in the American-sponsored search for markets and raw materials in surrounding countries.

However, this American sponsorship of a Japanese economic comeback has aroused considerable resentment among the other American "dependents" who fear the revival of an aggressive Japan. In South Korea, President Rhee was criticized even by his rightist supporters for promising

(Continued on page 16)

## ISRAEL—JOURNEY'S END?

By C. VIRARAGHAVAN

AFTER 2,000 years and unnumbered vicissitudes the Jews have established a national home in Palestine, the land of Israel, in 1948. To understand modern Israel, and the Jewish achievement in the right perspective, a brief survey of the different stages of their national movement culminating in the establishment of Israel, is essential. The Jews had been condemned to dispersion and national annihilation several times in history. Having spread themselves all over the world they were virtually without a national home. In 1949, about 300,000 of them lived in Poland, 800,000 in Rumania, 4,400,000 in the United States, 450,000 in Palestine, 300,000 in Germany, 300,000 in Great Britain, 250,000 in France and the rest spread all over the world. The Jews in Poland, Russia and Rumania have retained their individuality as a community to a very great extent; whereas, the Western Jews have assimilated themselves with their environment. The adaptability of the Western Jews enabled them to freely intermarry with Christians. In Germany a third of the Jewish marriages were contracted with Christians. But for Hitler's Anti-Semitism, German Jewry would have been extinct. The expulsion of Western Jews caused a marked increase in the number of Jews in Western Europe and the United States.

Jewish agitation for a national home was started by the Zionist movement which, after some forerunners in Russia, was founded by Dr. Theodore Herzl, a Viennese journalist, in 1895. The establishment of a "national home for the Jewish people" in Palestine was the declared aim of Zionism. Britain offered Uganda instead of Palestine, but the Zionist Congress of 1903 rejected the offer insisting on Palestine on sentimental grounds. After the death of Dr. Herzl, the Zionists continued to hold congresses to further small-scale colonisation of Palestine. When Britain was anxious to win the support of the Jews many of whom were intellectuals and industrialists of note, during World War I,

the Balfour Declaration was made promising "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people," and legalising Jewish immigration. The Balfour Declaration was incorporated in the League Mandate which placed Palestine under British administration after World War I. The Arabs protested against the policy which recognised a "Jewish national home" in Palestine, referring to the McMahon correspondence of 1915, in which Britain had recognised the frontiers demanded by Hussein, Shereef of Mecca, for an Arab State which was to be the price of Arab help to the Allies in World War I. The Arab State of Hussein was to include Arabia proper, Iraq, Syria and Palestine. But the British recognition had excepted "certain districts lying to the west of the districts of Damascus, Homs, Hama and Aloppe" on the ground that they were not purely Arab. Later Britain contended that Palestine came under the non-Arab area specified. Britain had thus made contradictory promises in keeping with her imperialist tradition.

As Turkish Palestine was placed under League Mandate, Transjordan was detached from Palestine and made an Arab principality and excluded from Jewish colonisation. The Jews were allowed to immigrate to Palestine in limited quotas. There were Arab revolts in 1921 and 1929 which were quelled by the British. Following the second Arab revolt the Hope, Simpson and Passfield reports of 1930 recommended suspension of Jewish immigration and a legislative council for Palestine, which was to have an Arab majority. But this plan had to be dropped on account of Zionist opposition. The persecution of Jews in Germany brought a great flow of immigrants in 1934 and 1935, which led to renewed Arab disorders. To find a solution for the problem the Peel Commission was appointed in 1937 and it recommended the partition of Palestine. A fully independent Jewish State was to be formed out of the mainly Jewish districts along the

coast and in the north, while the rest was to be an Arab State. Jerusalem and Haifa were to be under British administration, and the Arabs were to get a corridor near Jaffa. This scheme was opposed by both the Jews and the Arabs, and had to be abandoned.

A Palestine Conference was called in London during February 1939, but the proposals of Britain were rejected by both the parties again. A British White Paper issued in May 1939 stated that it was not a part of His Majesty's Government's policy "that Palestine should become a Jewish State." Even the Arab claim to Palestine was denounced and the objective was stated to be the creation of an independent Palestine State in which "the essential features of each were secured." Such an independent Government must have treaty relations with Britain. Provision was also made, if necessary, for the postponement of the creation of an independent Palestine. The White Paper was a typical feat of political diplomacy. The Jews considered it an abrogation of the Balfour Declaration. The Arabs viewed it with little satisfaction and even the League Mandate Mission disapproved it. The British were particularly interested in controlling the affairs of Palestine due to its strategic importance in relation to the British Empire. Palestine flanks the Suez Canal. Moreover the port of Haifa, the terminus of the Iraq oil pipe, was a base for the British fleet. World War II prevented any further progress in the Palestine issue.

Meanwhile the Jews were not inactive. They drained the North-Palestine swamps, built the city of Tel-Aviv, and founded a number of industries. They had by then started even a university of their own.

After the end of World War II Arab nationalism ran high. There was a vigorous agitation for the evacuation of British troops from Egypt. All the Arab countries relegated their differences to the background to defy World Jewry. The Arabs denied the

right of the Jews for a national home in Palestine on the ground that Palestine had been Arab for 14 centuries and that the Jews who had freely mixed with the rest of the world for 2000 years were no homogeneous community. Britain had to express pro-Arab sentiments in her anxiety to prevent Arab alliance with the Soviet Union. The Arab League comprising the Governments of Egypt, Yaman, Saudi-Arabia, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon and Transjordan denounced the British Mandate over Palestine and declared Palestine autonomous. The Arab League also expressed its readiness to declare Holy War against the Jews. Meanwhile there was vigorous Jewish illegal immigration into Palestine in the teeth of British opposition. About 7000 Jews are still detained by the British at Cyprus. A Jewish brigade was organised which later developed into the "Haganah." Fights between Arabs and Jews broke out even when the British Mandate existed. Arab armies surrounded Palestine and the Jews were no less organised to meet the situation. Britain placed the issue before the U. N. O. and decided to withdraw realising the magnitude of responsibility falling on their shoulders and the futility of their age-long diplomacy in Palestine. The British Mandate duly ended on May 15, 1948. As the British were withdrawing the Arabs and Jews were already in the throes of fierce warfare. Though the Jews were outnumbered by the Arabs, the former excelled their adversaries in modern equipment, organisation and discipline. The Jewish-dominated areas of Palestine were proclaimed as the State of Israel on May 15, 1948, the very date on which the British Mandate ceased. The Jews occupied even Jerusalem and Nazareth. In the Arab-Israeli war the Jews emerged successful in so far as they had established their long-cherished national home in Palestine, before truce was ordered by the U. N. O. in July 1948.

request to increase trade with Japan, particularly now that reparations are shut off. And in China, not only liberal intellectuals but also conservative industrialists have been pushed toward a de facto Pacific alliance.

(Continued from page 14)  
rice to Japan on SCAP's request when rice is short in Korea. In the Philippines, President Quirino is running into considerable domestic criticism for acceding to General MacArthur's

## THE DEO REPORT

"COMPLACENT AND FALLACIOUS"

By TENNETI VISWANADHAM, M.L.A.

**EXTRACTS** from Sri Shankararao Deo's report on the allegations against the Madras Ministry have been published in newspapers; only portions denouncing the complainants have been published; in my opinion, they are likely to mislead the readers. I shall, therefore, endeavour to state as briefly as I can the fallacies in his wide and sweeping statements.

He charges us with having made allegations which are too vague. We would have been glad if he had quoted allegation after allegation which he considered vague and unsupported by evidence. He instances our charge that the Ministry failed to meet the Hyderabad situation. The looting that took place, the murders that were committed, the arson that was perpetrated for months on our border areas, the women that were outraged and the children that were dashed to death, are all vague things. The people that lost their lives and property on account of the Government not having taken action in time, will all thank him for the vagueness of their losses. The charge was made in April 1948 and it should be understood in the context of events then happening and not in the safe atmosphere created by the police action several months later. Likewise, with regard to the antipathy of the Ministry to non-Tamil areas, he charges us as being vague. Yes. The story of Ramapada Sagar is vague indeed to him. The low proportion of Telugu men in the services both in the Secretariat and the Presidency is vague for him; the throttling of Telugu Education in the city of Madras is likewise vague for him.

Then again he charges us with vagueness in our allegation that the Andhra section of the Ministry has tried to destroy discipline in our Congress ranks. The antipathy of the Telugu Ministers to the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee is vague for him. The bogus enrolment of 1,00,000 of members without reference

to local Congress organisations and the sending up of the list to him by the Ministerialists is vague for him; the cheque for Rs. 24,083 towards the subscription amount of members thus said to have been enrolled, drawn in his favour as General Secretary is vague; Honourable Kala Venkatarao, who though no office-bearer nor had anything to do with enrolment, issued the cheque, is vague for him. The Progressive Party started as a rival to the official Congress party is vague; the subsequent action taken by the present President in directing its dissolution is also vague. He is Shri Shankara; things that are concrete to us are illusions to him.

Then, the progressive decrease of land under food crops during the regime of this Ministry is vague. The decrease of area under paddy from 109,86,124 acres in 1946-47 by more than 5 lakhs of acres to 104,34,149 in 1947-48 is vague; likewise its further decrease in 1948-49 by another 2 or odd lakhs of acres to 102,29,000 is also vague. The reduction of ration of rice from 10 oz. to 8 oz. and to 4 oz. in relief shops per head is also vague; and all our allegations are those which any opposition can prepare against any Ministry at any time.

Then, Sri Shankara refers to the separation of the Executive from the Judiciary and says it is a matter of higher policy and one on which there is bound to be difference of opinion. The decision of the Constituent Assembly to have the separation, I suppose, is still a matter of opinion for him. The members of the Ministry against whom this charge is made, were members of the party which decided in favour of separation; a committee was appointed to work out the details it made in its report and a provision was made in the budget, too, by the Prakasam Ministry. It is this which was shelved by the succeeding Ministry and that is the charge. So no question of difference of opinion was "bound to exist." It

was a deliberate attempt to reverse a wholesome policy; couple with this the almost invariable provision in recent legislation ousting the jurisdiction of civil courts, and one can see the purpose.

Then the unkindest cut of all comes when he says "that disappointment (in not having a composite Ministry) must be one of the motives" for raising the allegations. Sri Shankararao Deo seems to be a psycho-analyst; but did he see the following in the letter addressed to the President of the Congress by Sri T. Prakasam on 4-4-1949 when the talks regarding the composite Ministry were being held at Delhi: "You will admit that it is not at all desirable that old Ministers should be adopted by the new leader at this juncture ignoring the charges made against them." Does this show that we were anxious to have a composite Ministry at any cost? Does this show that we were disappointed when it did not come about? Right from the beginning till now, the demand for a proper enquiry has been there.

Then on the question of communalism he is obliged to write, "Of course every Congressman will have to admit that this communal feeling has poisoned, especially in the South, the whole public and political life. It has encouraged nepotism, inefficiency and separatist tendencies and it is the duty of every Congressman to see that the communal feeling is eradicated root and branch from our public life."

It is in pursuance of this "duty" that during the Prakasam Ministry, twenty per cent if not 33-1/3 per cent as recommended by the Bhoré Committee could be reserved for merit as against the previous communal proportions in force, in regard to admissions to professional colleges and it is this which the succeeding Ministry reversed and yet Sri Shankara Rao Deo justifies it under the pretence of "social justice." You violate the fundamental right of man and parade it as social justice. You deny education on the ground of community and call it social justice. When the mind is perverse, perverse becomes the understanding and social injustice becomes social justice. And yet Sri Shankara would say it is the duty of "every" Congressman to eradicate

communalism root and branch. Social justice demands that more money must be spent to give the benefit of education and of training to the socially backward; you have money in the reserves; what purpose is more sacred than the spending of a part of it on medical and engineering Education? Yet you do not spend the money; you don't expand, although the capital cost involved in expanding it so as to take all the candidates who are above average would not be even twenty or thirty lakhs; you plead want of accommodation and you deny admission to many of the talented ones; you commit a national crime and call it social justice and there is Sri Shankara Rao Deo to brand the ousted ones as "vocal."

We are charged with vindictiveness when we refer to the resignation of the Chief Justice as being due to ill-treatment. Resignations arise out of a bundle of causes, it is true; but did the Chief Justice complain or did he not, on the eve of his resignation, about his relations with the Ministry? Were his speeches put before Shri Sankararao Deo; if he cared to ask us, we would have gladly done it. Schemes that were started in consultation with Mahatma Gandhi and Sri Kumarappa (as the official records would bear out) have, according to Sri Shankararao Deo, no guarantee of success in them and so we were wrong in referring to them.

Then he refers to our allegation of reversal of policy in abolishing the P.C.C. societies. Producer-cum-Consumer Co-operative Societies were started to place procurement and distribution of articles of food and other controlled articles in the hands of co-operative societies whose membership would extend to almost every producer and then to every consumer, so that the motive and scope to hoard and blackmarket and the opportunity for corruption are reduced to the minimum. The societies were first started in Malabar, then they were extended to the delta districts of East and West Godavari and Kistna and Guntur. Agents that made huge profits for themselves during war-time were eliminated. The Prakasam Ministry was mainly fought on this issue by the members that later became Ministers. In the fight

against Prakasam, a good number of these agents and millers were on the side of these would-be Ministers. After the Prakasam Ministry fell, from within six to twenty days the procurement and distribution was withdrawn from the societies and put mostly in the hands of those very agents and millers. Men with impartial appraisal of values can understand what it means.

Then Shri Shankara Rao Deo says, to illustrate his theme, that the cost of procurement of foodstuffs cost 8 crores during the Prakasam Ministry while it was only 2 crores during the Advisers' regime and that it was also less in the next year. This is a statement swallowed by Sri Shankara Rao Deo after it was given to him by someone without care or knowledge. In the Advisers' regime the procurement had just begun and it was done by agents on their own account and it did not cover all the area or all the important food grains; the scheme was completely put in operation throughout the province during the Prakasam Ministry; if a smaller figure was shown in the year succeeding the Prakasam Ministry the reason, not in my language but in the language of the Budget Memorandum is as follows: "The decrease in the revised estimate for 1947-48 (Rs. 452 lakhs) is due to the credits afforded in that year in respect of the transactions of the previous year relating to the purchase and sale of wheat and wheat products and the issue of rice from Government depots, the stoppage of the subsidised sales of wheat and the enhancement of selling prices of food grains issued from Government depots." As a matter of fact, the cost of purchase of rice in 1946-47 was Rs. 5,90,00,000 while the year after the Prakasam Ministry went out of office, it was Rs. 6,46,00,000.

It is not we that are choosing any stick but it is he that is choosing any stick to belittle the gravity of the position facing him and the Ministers.

But the astounding feature of Shri Sankara Rao Deo's report is the complacency with which the distribution or mal-distribution of permits and licences to relations and ministerial supporters is justified on the ground of its universality.

We should have no hope of rectitude in the administration, if men placed at the top develop this fatal attitude of complacency just to shield their friends in the provinces. Have we fought all these thirty years, sacrificing careers, liberty and property, in several cases on a sublime scale, at last to shatter our reputation and the reputation of the great Congress organisation on the rugged rocks of favouritism and personal profits, derived from public position? Is it for this that Sri Shankara Rao Deo descended upon Madras?

# 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. RAO & Co.,

32, Mint Street, Madras.

Also available at all good stores.

## "STATE-SANCTIONED NEPOTISM"

### "NATIONAL HERALD" ON DEO ENQUIRY

The *National Herald* (Lucknow) writes:

**T**HE garbled version of Mr. Shanker-rao Deo's report on his inquiry into allegations against Madras ministers, given in a Delhi weekly and circulated by a news agency, shows, following similar disclosures in the recent past, that important Congress documents are not safe. This leakage at least cannot be blamed on Pakistan's spies in India....

While the present corruption is not isolated corruption but class corruption, individuals holding high office have to fulfill certain standards and if they fail they have to go and if they do not go they have to be pushed out....

The question of car permits to M.L.As. and Mr. Deo's sapient remark that the scandal is general show how widespread the evil is. About 114 legislators got permits for cars in Madras and the Government had to seek a way out of conflicting claims. This is shameful....

The most serious of the charges is that the Madras Ministry is "blatantly communal". If it is found to be so, there should be no mincing of matters, as Mr. Deo seems to mince. The worst form of communalism has been practised, promoted and patronized in Madras by successive Congress Ministries with an aggressive air in connection with admission of students to educational institutions particularly to technical institutions. Mr. Deo has referred to the legitimate demand of non-Brahmins and the legitimate grievances of Brahmins, with an impartiality that shows that he is afraid of being frank. If admission to education is to be based on communal considerations, with the connivance of the Congress, it would

be a sad day for the future of the country.... Madras has been ruled by communal G.Os. for at least a quarter century without any agitation by the Brahmins either because of their intellectual superiority or intellectual pride or intellectual understanding of new social urges. If the non-Brahmins have not benefited by it, they cannot complain and clamour for more privileges at the expense of a minority, which does not claim any privilege except that of selection on merit. The definition of "backward classes" has not only led to confusion and State-sanctioned nepotism but has not given a chance to all non-Brahmin communities, for they have their own hierarchy of social distinctions, which do not allow fairness to the depressed classes but afford the cover of 'backwardness.' Casteism is as strong among non-Brahmins as among the orthodox sections and the federation of job-hunting cliques called the Justice Party, while proclaiming revolt against caste and Brahminism, only traded in the name of the non-Brahmin communities at large. Without mincing matters, the Congress leaders should advise the Madras Ministry to give up this invidious policy of penalising merit and subsidizing mediocrity which is not a safe thing for a new State or for any State, particularly in the technical services.

Unfortunately some Ministers have proclaimed communalism from the housetops obviously on the assumption that they can retain power, if not by merit at least by rousing rabid passion. The Brahmin-non-Brahmin communal cleavage is not less harmful than the Hindu-Muslim cleavage. But there is something timid about Mr. Deo's findings in this respect.

Begin; to have begun is half of the work. Let the half still remain; again begin this and thou will have done all.—AUSONIUS.

## THE BOMBAY BONUS MUDDLE

By G. S. BHARGAVA

**T**HE textile workers of Bombay met in a mass rally on 24th July and decided to go on an indefinite strike from August 16, 1949, as a protest against the Central Government's Ordinance authorising Industrial Courts and Tribunals to award a portion of the bonus sanctioned to the workers in National Savings Certificates. So many and so quick have been the developments in this bonus issue that it is worth recapitulating the whole story from the beginning.

In view of the fact that textile mill-owners have made huge profits during 1948-49, especially during the de-control days, the workers moved the Industrial Court for the declaration of an adequate bonus this year. The Socialist-led Mill Mazdoor Sabha and the Communist Girni Kamgar Union put forth the bonus demand on behalf of the workers, and the Congress Union, the Rastriya Mill Mazdur Sangh, being the "representative" union, was also a party to the dispute. The hearing of the dispute before the Industrial Court happened to be in the month of April when the hotly-contested bye-election to the Bombay Legislative Assembly from the North Bombay (City) Constituency was taking place. The textile workers were voters in the constituency and their bulk vote was sure to decide the result. So, on April 23, '49, two days prior to the polling day, the Industrial Court was made to sit till late in the evening, even though it was a Saturday, and declare a bonus of four-and-a-half months' wages. The Congress Union claimed that it was solely due to its efforts and due to the Congress Government's goodwill for the workers that the bonus was declared and on that plank sought the workers' votes. Not only that, Congress labour leaders like Mr. Abidali Jafferbhai said that the workers were entitled to six months' wages as bonus and that the Industrial Court's award was disappointing! It was thus a case of open overbidding.

But the bait failed and the Congress lost the bye-election. Meanwhile, the mill-owners have let loose a propaganda campaign that such an addition to the workers' income would put surplus purchasing power in their hands—it was calculated that the bonus earned by the lakh and fifty thousand textile workers of Bombay City would amount to four and a half crores of rupees—and aggravate the inflationary situation. Even certain local Congressmen repeated the charge, notwithstanding the Congress Union's earlier stand.

In June the Government of India issued the ordinance mentioned above. Besides the general provisions referred to above, it made specific provisions about the Bombay textile workers and ordained that one-third of the sanctioned bonus should be given in National Savings Certificates. Not only the fraction of the bonus to be thus paid was mentioned, but also the term of duration of the Savings Certificates was specified as twelve years by the Ordinance.

The Ordinance was greeted with severe, spontaneous protest from the workers. Non-Congress trade unionists disapproved the assumption, on which the ordinance was based, that surplus purchasing power lay with the workers alone and that it needed to be mopped up. They also deplored the arbitrary manner in which it was issued, without consulting the real representatives of the workers. Such an assumption, if allowed to go unquestioned, would lead to further inroads into the real wages of the workers, they argued. Besides, they urged, the ordinance also controverts the Payment of Wages Act, which lays down that "all wages are required to be paid in current currency."

The ordinance and the workers' reaction to it put the Congress Union in an unenviable predicament. But Bombay's Labour Minister, Mr. Nanda, came to its rescue and made it pass a resolution suggesting conversion of the Savings Certificates into cash-at-

will ones and forwarded the same, with his Government's recommendation to the Central Government. The Government of India again issued an amended ordinance whereby the duration of the certificates was reduced from twelve to seven and five years, that is, in effect from 18 months to cash-at-will. And on June 25, '49, the workers were offered these certificates instead of cash.

Meanwhile, the Communists have been trying to exploit the situation created by the unimaginative and partisan policy of the Government. Gauging the workers' reluctance to accept certificates in the place of ready money, the Communist Girni Kamgar Union asked them not to accept the certificates but to go on a protest strike on the appointed day, June 25, '49. The Socialist-led Mill Mazdoor Sabha, while opposing the strike call, advised the workers not to accept the certificates. The Congress Union asked the workers to accept the certificates and not to go on strike.

June 25, 1949 dawned to provide a trial of strength among the three competing unions. There was, of course, no strike on that day but the bulk of the workers did not also accept the certificates. Out of the lakh and odd membership claimed by the Congress Union, hardly a thousand accepted the Savings Certificates!

The reasons for this unanimous opposition of the workers to the acceptance of the certificates are obvious. To cash these certificates, they will have to stand for long hours in queues at post offices and lose wages for the day. Secondly, the workers will not allow the pernicious assumption of their having surplus purchasing power to go unchallenged. Why was it that the huge annuities paid to the princes were not treated thus, they rightly ask. Why was it, still more, that the textile mill-owners were allowed to pocket crores worth of profits, they say. Thirdly the workers resent the way the Government failed to take them into confidence and issued an ordinance with punitive clauses tacked on to it. Ordinance raj, they assert, will not be tolerated in the labour field.

Even from a practical point of view, the Ordinance does not serve the purpose it was intended to. After all this hullabaloo on the issue, the workers

naturally will lose no time in cashing the certificates, even if the Government succeeds in forcing them down their throats. It is difficult, under the circumstances, to convince the workers of the need for savings. Asoka Mehta, the Socialist leader, tried his best to prevail upon them but even their unbounded affection and regard for him did not deter them from saying "no." "If the Government have their *Izzat*, the workers too have their *izzat*." Thus, if there are to be no savings, what purpose does the ordinance serve? Let the *Times of India*, by no way sympathetic to the workers, speak: "...it is estimated that the issue of certificates will cost the postal department about 1,50,000 rupees in payment to the additional staff who will have to prepare them, and the mills, who may have to lend clerks, about the same amount in overtime allowance. With few workers likely to keep the certificates, the net result of the dis-inflationary ordinance would be thus an addition of Rs. 3,00,000.... *It seems that the best way out of the muddle will be to scrap altogether the clause relating to the payment of the Bombay bonus and thus avoid inconvenience, irritation and waste of stationery and money.*"

For some time, light seemed to dawn on the Government of India. The Finance Minister, Dr. John Mathai, on his way to London, met the representatives of the workers at Bombay and heard their point of view. He was also said to have been convinced of the wisdom of withdrawing the ordinance. Anyhow, he promised to meet the workers themselves on his return from London and study the situation at first hand. But, during his stay in London, the Bombay Government seemed to have intervened in the matter and pulled political strings. Even though discredited by the workers' unanimous opposition to receive the certificates, the Congress Union is the "representative" union and so, the Bombay Government is reported to have argued, that union cannot be overlooked during any negotiations with workers.

As a result of these behind-the-scene moves of the Bombay Labour Ministry, Dr. Mathai has changed his earlier decision. (It was said that political pressure was brought to bear on him that he should not over-

look a Congress union, even if the workers did not care for it.)

This sudden alteration of the Finance Minister's plans naturally created misgivings in the workers' minds. They feel it is a trap to thrust the unwanted certificates and leadership on them. This is the background of the strike decision. Considering the unanimous refusal of the workers to accept the certificates on June 25 last, the strike, if and when it materialises, is bound to be a success, irrespective of the Government's repressive machinery. In this connection, the Bombay Labour Minister has announced his decision to meet the representatives

of the Congress Union, the Mill-owners' Association and the local police to discuss ways and means of meeting the situation. In less euphemistic language, those are going to be partners who will jointly fight the workers. There can be two opinions about the wisdom of the strategy at this time, when the industrialists are trying to put the economy in reverse gear and close down the mills but it must be agreed on all hands that the responsibility for forcing the workers to this drastic decision lies entirely on the Bombay Government and its power politics.

## THE WRITING ON THE WALL

By ANANTH RAO KANANGI

AT a coffee house in Bombay, a shopkeeper sitting next to my table was asking a stranger: "Are you Congress?" The stranger just shrugged his shoulders and said, "No." Then the man said with greater enthusiasm, "Take my tip, brother, the Congress is going. I am not happy it is here. It does nothing to small businessmen like me."

An artist at the same place said, "Communism is the revolt of the intelligentsia which has been let down badly by the Congress. Idiots prosper today. The Congress has done nothing to us."

A peon working in a commercial firm in the fort area said he liked the Congress. "These Lal Bavutawallahs are useless people. Socialists say things I don't understand. Nehru is like a God to me. I have his photo on the wall near my bed. I believe and follow him."

A teacher who had sent his family away said: "Can't afford it." He blamed the Congress for shortage of rice and cloth. Back home, he hoped his family would have enough to eat. He was not in favour of any political party. They are all alike, he felt. He said that the whole outlook of mankind must change. For this, education on sound and totally different lines was necessary.

A gharriwalla was being insulted by a drunkard. The latter was saying, "If you were lucky you would not have been a gharriwalla." The gharriwalla was touched to the quick and retorted, "I am not a blood sucker and a blackmarketeer. I have respect for what I do. I love my horse. It is better than the present day human being. I don't care for your humbug politics."

Some students were discussing the political situation, outside an Irani restaurant. A fruit seller and an elderly man with a bored face looked on. The students were excited. They were idealists, mostly of the Left variety. They liked Nehru. One of them however said, "Nehru is good. But why is he found in reactionary company? We must be bold and face facts." Then the students lowered voices and referred to a certain classmate of theirs in Room No. 12 of the hostel. "The Royist! We shall beat him tonight after switching off the light," one of them said.

A working journalist said the Congress Ministers had not given him a flat to live in. "I wonder why I should bother. I write according to the policy of the paper to which I am attached. Personally, I like Communists."

A Chitpaon Brahmin from Poona said he would leave the country if the Congress were to go. "Without

the Congress, we are nowhere. They are happily conservative and they respect all Hindu traditions."

A Gujarathi share-broker said, "You are asking too much. Who is the top section in Congress today? Who gets the cream in society? Who rules? I will leave the questions unanswered. I think I have talked too much. Diplomacy, bhai, diplomacy... nothing like it...."

From these general reactions one can make out that Congress is losing its hold on most of the people. There are however sections which cling to the Congress as a necessary evil. Some are sceptical about Congress rule and some are definitely antagonistic and some do not care.

The petty shopkeepers do not care if the Congress goes under because they are sure that when Socialists come they would certainly stand to gain. They are naturally envious of their bigger brothers who are helped by the Congress. They do not mind Socialism, but dread Communism.

The main opposition to the Congress comes from students, intellectuals, and the middle class which finds it difficult to make both ends meet. Also those who are affected by the pet schemes of Government which do none any good. The anti-prohibitionists run to a good number and they have moral supporters too. The students are definitely anti-Congress. Their idealism finds echo in the speeches of Socialist leaders. But even the ranks of students are broken up by the cleverly contrived plans of Congressmen in the Socialist garb. The middle class, driven to desperation, and suffering and patient all these years, is slowly developing a perma-

nent hatred towards all that is Congress and may vote for anything that is not Congress.

The fascist head of the Congress Government which appears every now and then has frightened the people and set them thinking. The persecution of artists, denial of civil liberties, curtailing the rights of the press, man-hunt by the police, detention of alleged anti-national and anti-social elements without trial, all these are tell-tale symbols of the shape of things to come.

"This will not go on," a prominent writer in the Bombay City said. "This will be stopped. People have been taxed too much."

In Bombay City at present the field seems to be very favourable to the Socialists. In the past, people did not have much confidence in the leaders of the party who were described as emotional, romantic. But the Socialists today are presenting to the people more and more practical and sound and simple and earthy propositions. They are talking in terms of food and cloth which alone move the people today.

The average Bombay citizen is disgusted and tired. He does not mind a change and he will stake his all for a change—for the worse or for the better. With more capable heads at the helm, the Socialists stand a good chance.

When the only religion worth believing in is food, when the only temple worth building is a neat, small house, the Congress cannot count upon the illusions which keep the masses at bay—patriotism, hero-worship, religion, Mahatma Gandhi, etc, etc.

In a quiet corner of a public park in the English town of Exeter, there is a Garden for the Blind. Easy of approach, it is planted with shrubs, trees and climbers, and flowers selected for the perfume of the leaves or blossoms. The beds and borders in which the flowers grow are raised on grassy banks so that the visitors may smell them without stopping. A metal plaque bears the following inscription in Braille: To the blind of Exeter, with the thought that your main pleasure in a garden comes from the sweet scents to be found there, these plants have been selected for your enjoyment." The plaque's raised dots have faded through constant reading by sensitive fingers.—(Adapted from VISION.)

## SPOTLIGHT

# TWO CHURCHES IN EUROPE

THE war between the Vatican and Communists acquired a new status and an official footing with the recent declaration by the Holy See that those Roman Catholics who 'knowingly and freely' contribute to the 'materialistic and atheistic' doctrines of Communism will be excommunicated. Although this merely codifies and reinforces a series of episcopal decisions on the matter, the new decree is in more ways than one important to the Catholics of Europe. It is aimed at removing such elements from the faithful who are likely to confer religious blessing and approval on the new Communist regimes in Europe. It will also seek to clarify the attitude of many Italian citizens who find it increasingly possible and fruitful to square their faith in the Catholic church with membership of the Communist Party.

There are at present three kinds of persons in Europe who have direct or indirect connections with Communism. The Catholics in the East European States who have to accept their terms of life from Communist rulers and have little option but to cooperate with them because of the powerful instruments of persuasion the state commands, cannot be said to be doing so 'freely.' They stand excluded from the excommunication decree. The second type of Catholics are those who do not subscribe to the 'materialistic and atheistic' doctrines of Communism but find themselves in substantial agreement with the Communists over particular economic measures to better the conditions of the people. The third type of sinners are of course the Catholics who have turned full-blooded Communists but formally remain Catholics because it is convenient and gives them a standing with the people. The decree is aimed at this section particularly while it may also steady a good many of those in the second category and force them to come to terms with what the Vatican believes to be their conscience.

The most immediate cause for the Papal declaration of war is to be seen in the recent attempts by the new Communist Prague Government to set up a national church. Czechoslovakia is predominantly Catholic in population and has for a long time kept the balance between the Church and State so as to allow democracy to function smoothly. The official figures put the strength of the Catholics at 9 million out of a total population of 12 million, which fact has necessitated the Communist rulers' cautious approach to religious questions. Religious freedom is guaranteed by the constitution and the co-operation of the clergy has been sought for pushing through many revolutionary reforms in education. Negotiations were going on between the Church and State to arrive at a working agreement the terms of which would include the support of the Church for the Communists' educational reforms.

The Roman Catholics were not absolutely free agents in these discussions and were no more national than the Czech Communists were. While the Communists looked for inspiration from Moscow, the Vatican was being consulted by the Roman Catholics at every stage. The relationship between Moscow and the Vatican being what it is, it is no wonder that the negotiations in Prague broke down completely.

The Communists who had expected that the talks would fail at one stage or another put into operation one of their familiar devices to combat great religious opposition—they created a schism in the Church. 'Catholic Action' as it was called, contained in its fold the section of the clergy which favoured co-operation with the Government, was against the Vatican's interference in Czechoslovakia's internal affairs and numbered about 2,500 priests out of a total of 6,000. It was explained that this new body was necessary as it was "a sincere effort of upright and educated Christians to prevent a schism in their own

ranks and to prevent falsification and distortion of the words of the Bible."

Simultaneously with the formation of the Catholic Action, there followed a systematic denunciation of the Archbishop of Prague, Josef Beran, who was thenceforward a traitor to the country. He was put under house arrest and it appeared very likely that Cardinal Mindszenty's case would be repeated in Prague. Thanks to the enormous popularity he enjoyed with the people, the Communists hesitated to take the drastic step and put him up for trial as a collaborator with an enemy power. However, they continued their campaign against him and vigorously followed up their efforts to strengthen the Catholic Action.

The rank and file among the clergy are by no means insensitive to the attractions of a Government-supported Church. Though there were a few religious riots in Slovakia and a defiance of restrictions by Archbishop Beran, the National Church is slowly taking shape in Czechoslovakia. The Government have drafted a new bill conferring various monetary benefits on the clergy in return for their co-operation with the Government. The Vatican was naturally alarmed at the loss of its influence and promptly announced the excommunication decree.

This move by the Vatican gave the Communists excellent ammunition to fight with. They could now prove to the people of Czechoslovakia that the Vatican was not in the least interested in the national welfare of the Catholics and that the people who resisted the Government's Church reforms were only the agents of the Vatican. In fact, Dr. Cepicka, Minister of Justice, addressing the Presidium of the Central Action Committee of the Czechoslovak National Front, made it the main theme of his attack on the Archbishop of Prague. The Church dignitaries, he said, had never "concealed their hatred for the Red Army and the Soviet Union." They also maintained contacts with foreign enemies. Cardinal Mindszenty asked for an entry visa to Czechoslovakia to meet Archbishop Beran, in order to get help for his illegal anti-State

activities in Hungary. Beran was obeying instructions from the Vatican "that the principle that the people is the source of all power is invalid." Lastly, Beran's opposition to the Church reform was inspired by the Vatican and Washington.

Without holding any brief at all for the Vatican, it would be worthwhile to study how far the Communists in Czechoslovakia sincerely believe in the things they defend against the Vatican. Is it to be called national interest when one is overwhelmingly in love with the Red Army and the Soviet Union? How real is the Communists' belief that the source of all power is the people? The history of Eastern Europe has shown that the 'people' in Communist language refers only to party members and supporters and the rest are classed reactionaries, anti-State elements and 'enemies of the people' to be tried by the 'people's courts.'

The history of political intrigue in which the Vatican has engaged itself all these years does not give it an advantageous position in its latest struggle for freedom against the Communists. The Pope has never been known to be an ardent supporter of democracy. It must also be noted that the struggle with the Communists in East Europe has been mainly over the question of education. For instance, in Hungary, the Catholic Church acquiesced in the sweeping economic reforms but roused itself to fight against the Government's attempt to take away their schools from them. In Czechoslovakia too, the bone of contention was education in schools. While the benefits of religious education to children when they are unable to discriminate is very doubtful, it must not be forgotten that the Communists' scheme of education for the young includes an equal amount of a religious belief in the tenets of Marxism, Leninism and Stalinism. Liberals all over the world who have looked with disfavour on the religious indoctrination of the young by the Church have no cause to rejoice if the Communists take over education. It would only mean the substitution of one Church for another.

## SUTAN SJAHRIR MAY COME BACK

By NOEL BUCKLEY

**BATAVIA:** When, on July 6, 1949 the United Nations Commission's aircraft touched down on Jogjakarta aerodrome bringing Soekarno, President of the real, if shrunken, Republic of Indonesia back from exile to his restored capital, one notable figure was not there to welcome him.

This was Sutan Sjahrir, a plump, cheerful little man whose name had been linked with that of Soekarno on many an occasion in the short troubled years of the young Republic's history.

Today, Sjahrir is by no means at loggerheads with the Republican Government and it may well be that in the not too distant future he will be called to high office again. But, for the moment at any rate, he does regard the Republican policy as somewhat too short-term in its objectives.

So, in an ordinary suburban house on Batavia's Java-weg, distinguished from its neighbours only by two tall chemara trees in its front garden, Sjahrir, former Prime Minister of the Republic, with his characteristic boyish grin, sat at home on July 6, quietly visualising the scenes of rejoicing taking place in Jogjakarta.

Chosen Prime Minister of the Republic in November 1945, three months after its declaration of independence, Sjahrir was put forward as the spokesman of its cause to the Allies, suspicious of Japanese-sponsored nationalism.

In this task, his clear record of sincere nationalism, his knowledge of Western ways and understanding of Western thought, his ability as a negotiator, his humour, easy manners and pleasant personality earned him the regard of the Dutch, British, Americans and Australians alike.

In the years since, this regard seems to have grown, despite crisis and conflict, even among the Dutch.

Just 40 years old now, Sjahrir received his higher education at Leyden. Two years after his return to Indonesia, in 1934, he was arrested by the Dutch as a political suspect and spent from

then until the Japanese invasion in 1942 in internment.

During the Japanese invasion, he maintained underground contact with the nationalist movement, but did not permit himself to be used by the Japanese in any capacity. He gathered about him unobtrusively a small group of young intellectuals to whom he talked about nationalism, socialism, and economics, about the problems he had wrestled with and the ideas he had developed during the eight silent years of internment, devoted chiefly to reading and thinking.

Detached from the Japanese administration but in close touch with political feeling, Sjahrir was one of the first, if not the first, leading nationalists to see the opportunity presented to his party as the Japanese neared the point of collapse.

His influence, operating directly on President Soekarno and Dr. Hatta now Vice-President and Prime Minister, and through his student-group, precipitated the declaration of independence.

This, as he relates in his recently translated book "Out of Exile," he had intended to be purely revolutionary and anti-Japanese in character; but events in the last stages passed out of his control.

Nevertheless, when, in August 1945, Soekarno and Dr. Hatta issued the declaration of Indonesian independence, Sjahrir attached over-riding importance to preserving the unity of the nationalist movement. By that proclamation, changed though it was from the original draft, the Republic was at least launched and his hopes lay, and still lie, with the Republic.

Sjahrir went along with the Republic, accepted high office in it and for eighteen months wrestled with its internal and external problems. Then, in June 1947, eighteen days before the first Dutch police action, when faced with strong opposition to his policy within the Republican Government, Sjahrir resigned from his post as Prime Minister.

When the police action began, he went abroad as roving Ambassador for the Republic, visiting India and the United States.

Sjahrir is sometimes described as a moderate; but this is perhaps misleading. He is moderate in the sense that he is essentially humane and would avoid the use of destructive force in the furtherance of his political ideals if at all possible.

But he is second to none among the Republican leaders in his determination to realise the Republican ideal of a completely sovereign, independent, Indonesian nation.

When Sjahrir ceased to be Prime Minister, he was appointed special adviser to President Soekarno and in this capacity he was with the President in Jogjakarta when Dutch paratroopers captured the city on December 18, 1949.

With Soekarno and the elderly Foreign Minister, Haji Agoe Salim, Sjahrir was later taken to Brastagi in North Sumatra.

He was the first of the leading Republicans to be released from close internment when, in mid-January, he was brought to Batavia to meet informally Jonkheer Wilhem Dress, the Dutch Prime Minister, who was then visiting Indonesia.

Since then, his only direct participation in the affairs of the Republican Government has been a few visits to Banka Island when his views on the subsequent developments were sought by President Soekarno and Dr. Hatta.

When negotiations were openly resumed between the Dutch and Republicans under the auspices of the United Nations Commission, Sjahrir was listed as a member of the Republican delegation. But he did not participate in either the formal or the informal talks.

The over-riding importance which Sjahrir attaches to Republican unity has prevented him from stating openly his disapproval of the course and results of the negotiations although his refusal to participate is regarded as an indication of this.

Sjahrir is an idealist. But he is also a shrewd statesman and his eight years of internment have taught him patience and detachment. He was deeply impressed, for example, by Gandhi's ability to remain detached, though sorrowing and helping as best

he could, during the turmoil in India at the transfer of power.

In his approach to national problems, Sjahrir's vision is usually on the long-term result. In the recent negotiations, he considered the Republican policy dangerously short-term in its objectives.

Great potential advantages have, he believes, been sacrificed for the symbolic restoration of the Republic Government to its former capital, Jogjakarta.

Furthermore, in the restoration of the Government to a small land area, he sees the danger of this being accepted by the world as a final result of the Dutch-Republican negotiations rather than as a single step towards final agreement. He fears, too, that serious difficulties may arise in securing implementation of a cease-fire order and, arising from this, he foresees the danger of a split in the TNI (Republican Regular Army) which would be a major disaster for the Republic.

Again, there is the so far undiscussed but potentially contentious issue of the future status of the former Republican territories—the territories held by the Republic before December last and comprising about half Java and three quarters of Sumatra.

Sjahrir would have carried the Republican Government to Atjeh, the independent territory of the pro-Republican Atjenese in North Sumatra, where the Republican leaders were free to go after their freedom had been declared unconditional on February 26 last.

From there, he would have entered negotiations for a firm and irrevocable date for the transfer of sovereignty and the withdrawal of Dutch forces, using Jogjakarta as a bargaining point and relying for his strength on the continued guerilla resistance of the TNI and the pressure of world opinion on the Dutch.

Sjahrir is pessimistic of present arrangements; but he declares with what one feels to be complete sincerity: "I hope I'm wrong."

Whatever the outcome of the preliminary agreement between the Dutch and Indonesians, whatever the outcome of the Round-Table Conference at the Hague this month (August), Sjahrir will continue his steady, methodical, almost Fabian progress

towards the realisation of his political ideals.

His political creed is a broad Socialism which places much emphasis on the dignity of the individual. "Humanity," he says, "is not made up of masses and classes but of millions of people."

His hopes are on the young and his political plans look far into the future.

About him again, as in the days of the Japanese occupation, are gathered a group of intellectuals, both within and without his Socialist Party of Indonesia.

His associates edit vernacular papers, write pamphlets, form discussion groups, interest themselves in trade unionism which is still in an early stage of growth in Indonesia, talk to the people in the villages, hold high office under the Republic, the Dutch and in the Federal states.

Sjahrir knows that his political ideas are beyond the easy comprehension

of the mass of his people and that a careful groundwork must be laid before he can expect mass political support.

But he is prepared to wait.

Cheerful and imperturbable, he says: "If I learned anything while I was a political prisoner, I learned to be patient."

If and when he is offered high office again in the Republic, he will still undoubtedly accept—provided that he feels that he can thereby serve his country.

Sjahrir has always been highly regarded by most of the foreigners with whom he has come into contact. Among those here now, there are many shrewd observers, men whose task it is to estimate political developments in advance, who believe that, in the future, near or distant, Sjahrir is certain to hold high office again and to exercise a most important influence on the affairs of his country.

**PATRUDU'S**

**'BALASANJEEVINI' (Regd.)**

Cures Infantile Liver & Spleen Disorders.

**Dr. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROR.**

11, South Mada St., Mylapore, Madras.

**KUMBAKONAM BRANCH:**

7, Sarangapani Koil  
East Street.

**TRICHY BRANCH:**

15, Pugulal Pillai Street,  
Teppakulam Post.

Consult our specialists at the above places.

# "FRENCH POLITICS--ALAS!"

By YUSUF MEHERALLY

(This is the first of a series of five articles by Yusuf Meherally who recently returned to India after an extensive tour of Western Europe.)

**I**F you like an orderly life, then London is the town for you. There is such perfect order everywhere, a rhythm in things to be found nowhere else, a sense of national discipline that is truly impressive in a chaotic Europe. But London is the city of contentment, Paris is the home of enchantment.

But gay Paris was gay no more. It was anxious and careworn. Prices were rising high in a regular crescendo, wages were limping far behind. One after another the necessities of life—sugar, milk, butter, meat, several vegetables had become scarce commodities. These were available freely only in the blackmarket, which was both wide and extensive. The standard of life of the working class and middle class was gravely threatened and discontent rose very fast.

When I arrived at the Hotel, the lady at the reception-desk apologised, because the room that was reserved for me had not been vacated. Its occupant, she said, could not leave Paris that day because of a strike in Air France. So I was given another room temporarily. The liftman was not there, so Madame, the proprietress, took me up. The lift-operators of the entire surrounding area were on strike for higher wages. Two days later, the underground railway, called Metro in Paris, as well as the buses, joined in a full-day's protest strike. The whole city's life was paralysed. These are the sole means of transport for millions of people every day. A month later, taxi-drivers started on a strike of indefinite duration, demanding higher fares, more petrol, more tyres. For the best part of two weeks, the tourists with dollars, pounds or Swiss francs jingling in their pockets, felt at a loose end.

In between, there had been strikes by butchers, bakers, postmen, textile workers and coal miners. The tempo was rising. The unrest reached the Government.

When I arrived in Paris there was no Government for several days. This was hotly discussed among all sections of Parisians, specially at cafe tables at night. Would the President of the Republic succeed in forming any government at all from the centre parties? The centre parties consisted of the Socialists, the MRP, and the Radicals. Monsieur Herriot, the veteran President of the Chamber of Deputies, declined to undertake responsibility on the ground of age, after several others had failed. Leon Blum failed because the Chamber thought that his government had more Socialists, than a Centre complexion. Schuman was turned out after forming a two-day government, because his Finance Minister was a Socialist who, they feared, would impose fancy taxes on the rich. There was positive relief when at last M. Queuille, a former Minister, was recalled from semi-obscurity and invited to form a less colourful government and the Chamber sustained him. Frankly, the foreign community in Paris was amazed. At last a politician had been found against whom nobody had any active grievance and so he could head the Government of France! M. Queuille's Cabinet had perforce to announce a raise in taxes. The underground Metro and bus fares were doubled, postal and telegraphic rates substantially increased; price of coal was stepped up by 23½%. Side by side there was an increase in wages, but even a blind man could see that the increase in prices of commodities and fares had more than swallowed up the rise in wages.

I discussed the situation among others with a French Cabinet Minister and a well known Editor. I was anxious to hear their explanations of the situation which filled not a few with more than mild bewilderment.

The Cabinet Minister was frankly bitter. Bit by bit, he said, France was going to the dogs. Governments were

so unstable and short-lived that Ministers could not settle down to any long-term plans. The British and the Scandinavian Socialists, he said, were more lucky in that they had a majority in Parliament and could carry through such measures as they wanted. In France the Socialists were tied to the chariot-wheels of other parties, which believed in Capitalism and could not get them to accept even mild Socialist measures. If they refused to join the Coalition Government, then the Fourth Republic would be finished in all but name. De Gaulle would come into power and would set up a most reactionary administration. He described the succession of strikes as distinctively political and several blamed the Communists for them. In their complete subservience to Moscow he said, they were initiating them in order to obstruct the recovery of France and to ensure the failure of the Marshall Plan. "But they are not going to succeed. The people have already begun to see through their game."

A few days later, a prominent Paris Journalist, the Editor of *Le Populaire*, the daily organ of the Socialist Party of France came to have tea with me. He had fought in the Resistance, been in a concentration camp in Germany and was acquainted with the statesmen of many countries. I talked to him as I talked to the others about the situation in India, about Gandhiji, Jawaharlal, the Congress organization, and its stern leader, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel and the growing strength of the Socialist Party and various persons associated with it, of the growth of the labour and the kisan movements and of the cultural tendencies of today. I then started him on my question and answer quest.

"The situation in France," he said, "is to a certain extent dominated by the Communist Party which is thinking of Russia every second that we are thinking of France. Their moral standards are different from ours. Above all they wish to destroy the Socialist Party in France."

"If the French Socialists like the British Labour Party had succeeded in obtaining a Parliamentary majority, it would have been altogether a very different story. We could then have carried through a good Socialist programme. But to work in a Coalition

Government and carry out the inadequate policies of others has proved heart-breaking. This the Socialist Party has done in the interest of France and, in the process, has greatly weakened itself."

"If the Socialists had been less moral in their political dealings, they would have made a much better public showing. They have thought of France, before the Party. The Socialists certainly know the needs of the country and they have not been afraid to take responsibility. If they had not done it, there would have been an end of French Democracy and of the Fourth Republic."

"Being in the Government, they cannot come out and say 'the Government is wrong.' Instead they go to the people and say: 'There is no other course.' They have been forced to pursue policies which they have followed as the greatest common measure of agreement. This has not proved popular with the people. The double-faced Communists who are the Opposition have taken the fullest advantage of this. There are many Socialists who feel that the line followed since the Liberation has not been happy and the Socialist Party is slowly but unmistakably weakening itself, in order to safeguard the wider interests of France."

"What is your forecast for the future?" I asked.

"France lives from day to day and from hand to mouth," was the reply, "and political forecast is so difficult. The Government is very weak. But the Coalition Government has lasted for fifteen months and may last another year, badly squeezed as it is between the De Gaullists at one end and the Communists on the other."

"In fact the Government is so weak that it has not been able to take advantage of improving conditions. The harvest has been better, the wheat crop particularly has been very favourable. Further, there has been very substantial American help under the Marshall Aid, but contrary to expectations, the Government has failed to profit by them."

"At times it seems that, far from profiting by these favourable factors, the Government is impotent. Every category of people is organising itself into syndicates, from butchers and bakers to taxidrivers and milliners

and to be "forcing" their views on the Cabinet. There is a widespread feeling that without such persistent pressure the Government will not do anything. By piece-meal concessions, it has actually strengthened such an impression. At times there is a feeling that Government has lost its hold. But nonetheless I expect the Coalition Government to survive for another year or more."

"What about World War III? Do you think it is coming soon?" This question I repeatedly addressed to almost every one I met. "The consensus of feeling here" he said, "is that the conditions for a new war exist. But the people do not want war. They are too tired. There is also the feeling that neither America nor Soviet Russia wants war. But nonetheless, there is a danger that the Russians might take some action which in their opinion would not lead to war, but which America might consider to be sufficient provocation and that may set-off a conflagration. I do not believe, however, that World War III is either inevitable or is even coming soon."

Meanwhile, the French Communists have been saying that if there is war, they would not take up arms against the Soviet Union. These declarations unleash the fear that France would not only be drawn into a war, but into a terrible civil war. The Communists openly proclaim that the Russian forces would soon be in Paris after the war breaks out and won't

they be right glad at the prospect?

So this is the picture of Paris. To be back in the City of Glory was indeed a privilege. But was it the same that one had known before the War? The historic monuments were certainly there; the museums with their master-pieces, the art galleries reflecting the most up-to-date artistic modes and moods. So were the cafes with the glittering conversation on every subject under the sun. But gone was the laughter and the proverbial gaiety. Instead, there was bitterness and cynicism; discussions often ended in wrangling and fist-cuffs.

Was this a passing mood or a set pattern? I passed slowly through the Boulevards and the by-lanes looking at the subdued glories of the Latin Quarter. The ghosts of the past seemed to rise up. One could almost see the Three Musketeers galloping away. I stood before the tomb of Richelieu at the Sorbonne—the glories of the Luxembourg, its bewitching gardens, the magnificent palace, which is now the Council of State. In the background of a rich past, in the re-invocation of history, there was consolation. Paris in its troubled history of 1500 years had often been down before, but phoenix-like had risen everytime to even greater heights. The present doldrums, the past suggested, was only a passing phase. History, with its beckoning fingers, would lead to a new enfoldment.

"Magic eye machines capable of sorting 600 letters a minute are being developed at the British Post Office Research Station. In a completely mechanised system the mail will be tipped into a separator, like a concrete mixer, which ever so gently will sort out letters from parcels and packages. The letters will then pass through a photo-electric system which measures their length and sorts out large from small. Then, all higgledy-piggledy, back to front and upside down, the letters have to be 'faced.' At present sorters arranged them by hand, face uppermost, with the stamp in the proper corner, for mechanical cancelling."

Under the new system, the letters racing past on a travelling band will be scanned by four "magic eyes" photo-electric cells which will detect the stamp, and turn the letters at ten per second to the right position for post-marking. Another labour-saving refinement is a device by which the human sorter, who is still necessary, of course, to read the address, presses a button which imprints an invisible fluorescent code on the envelope. The code represents the destination sorting office. As the letters then pass an ultra-violet light beam they are flicked into the right sorting box."—RITCHER CALDER.

## POTHAN JOSEPH

By T. D. JAGADESAN

POTHAN JOSEPH is a fascinating name in Indian journalism.

Joseph's rise cannot be said to be meteoric. At every turn he struggled



and ultimately merit triumphed. He started as junior sub-editor on the *Bombay Chronicle* then under the stewardship of the late B. G. Horniman. It was by an accident that he came to be associated with the paper.

Joseph took his law degree in the Bombay University in 1918, and had deposited Rs. 500 with the Registrar of the Bombay High Court for admission as an advocate. But the day after he arrived in Bombay, Horniman with his staff resigned and marched out 'en bloc' as a protest against some alleged interference by the Board of Directors. The Directors, frantically searching for scribes, appealed to Bori Bunder (*Times of India*) for the services of Mr. S. A. Raja. One of the Directors, J. B. Peitt, suggested that they should also send for N. M. Samarth, then Secretary of the Congress, because he was a good drafts-

man and could therefore be trusted to produce pregnant leading articles.

After arrival in Bombay, Samarth was hailing a Victoria driver in a feeble tone when, Joseph who was slightly acquainted with Samarth assisted him with a full-throated shout, whereupon Samarth offered the young adventurer a lift to the Fort. On the way Joseph casually related how he was functioning as a leader-writer to a paper in Hyderabad and Samarth became interested in him. Joseph was then taken straight to the *Chronicle* office. But Mr. Raja emphatically declared that the need of the hour was a slogging sub-editor and not an inspired writer, and the raw recruit readily consented on the spot to be merged into the sub-editorial anonymity.

A few days later, the old crowd with Horniman returned to office in jubilation. The News Editor finding a new addition in Joseph loudly complained to Horniman of the back-door entry. Horniman, however, retained Joseph, and thus began a memorable but chequered partnership of the two great writers.

Horniman gave full freedom to Joseph to write as he pleased. Though the style of the two differed, their method of approach was the same, they were actuated by the same standard of editorial fairness. Horniman was a great lover of Dickens' works, and Joseph too began to master Dickens. He perfected his style with study. Joseph is a most voracious but discriminating reader.

In 1919 Gandhiji stepped into the active scene of politics with *Young India*. To chalk out the exact scope of the new journal, he convened a small conference in Bombay and invited to it Joseph, Brelvi and Mahadev Desai. After exchange of views, Joseph was commissioned to write 'racy and readable' editorial paragraphs, while Brelvi and Desai were assigned the task of providing thought-provoking articles centering around the theme of the day, 'Co-operation wherever possible and opposition whenever necessary.'

For several weeks the honorary contributions of Joseph continued till on one occasion the unsparing editor in Gandhiji discovered an inapposite allusion to Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, in a paragraph of Joseph. After a short while Joseph left for Calcutta as assistant editor of the financial magazine, *Capital*. The late Mr. Jinnah was then Chairman of the Board of Directors of the *Chronicle* and when Joseph ran into him to take leave, Jinnah who had a sure eye for detecting talent sought to dissuade Joseph from leaving. It was too late, however. They parted with Quaid-i-Azam's prophetic words, "I fancy we shall meet again."

Again in 1924, Joseph rejoined the *Chronicle*. Following one of the major tussles with the Directors, Horniman with a loyal few headed by Joseph finally quitted the Meadows Street red building to promote a new daily *Indian National Herald*, financially backed by the late Sarojini Devi and K. F. Nariman. Joseph was made a Director, an ambitious post for which he had to pay through the nose when the paper became defunct after a brief, brilliant existence.

The following years saw Joseph in the Publicity Office of the G. I. P. Railway, the *Hindustan Times* and *Indian Express*.

In 1942, the League and Congress were at the height of their struggle. Jinnah who was eyeing the rapid forward strides of Joseph from a distance, summoned him to take charge of the newly proposed organ of the League, *Dawn* at Delhi. The Quaid-i-Azam was already convinced by reading Joseph's articles in the press that his faith in the Congress had weakened. During the parleys, the present Prime Minister of Pakistan, Liaquat Ali Khan, was also present. Disposed to straight deals, Jinnah always inspired confidence in those who came under his spell, and Joseph despite his mental calculations of security, spontaneously nodded to the terms of Jinnah, even without a contract. As a working journalist Joseph served Mr. Jinnah truly well, and laid solid foundations for the *Dawn* which is

still the official organ of Pakistan.

Joseph has the wonderful faculty of expounding diametrically opposite doctrines with equal felicity or vehemence. He has been editor of nearly 13 dailies and periodicals at various times, a record unequalled in the field of Indian journalism.

The leading cartoonists of the day like Shanker, Kittu, Gopi and Ramnath have all had the privilege of working with Joseph some time or other, and their success could in a large measure be attributed to the influence of Joseph on them.

Joseph is not only a born writer but a ready one too. Speed is an essential requisite for a successful writer on a daily, and Joseph is the very personification of speed combined with precision.

On January 30, 1948, the tragic day of Gandhiji's assassination, I was on the editorial staff of a leading Nationalist English daily of Bombay, which Joseph was then piloting. On that day he had left the office early. The city was thick with rumours and I rushed straight to the office for verification of the news. Joseph was already there bending over the teleprinter in solemn silence for more news. After a while, we all assembled in a dazed condition for a brief editorial conference and hurriedly decided on a one-page supplement before the usual morning edition. At 7-15 p.m. we began the work but all of us felt completely broken down, physically. By 7-45 p.m., Joseph with a bundle of papers in hand emerged from the editorial sanctum with a melancholy smile, the bundle being the leader on Gandhiji entitled "Saint and Sage." Straight to the press it was rushed without the ceremony of typing.

We all read it only the next day in cold print and the three column masterpiece was a supreme work of rare artistry. The leader which took him only a bare thirty minutes under the most trying circumstances is still regarded as the best on Gandhiji that ever appeared in the Indian press. Joseph alone is capable of such feats.

## PROBLEMS CONFRONTING INDIANS IN E. AFRICA

By S. I. THEOGARAJ

THE advent of India's freedom has in no way changed the position of Indians abroad; in the face of betrayal of promises and pledges they are today fighting the most unjust and humiliating measures resorted to by the Governments and peoples of the countries they have adopted. Indians in East Africa are no exception to this.

Though East Africa has been claimed the 'legitimate colony of the surplus of the Great Indian Nation', it was not till 1895 when the Imperial British East Africa Company appealed to the Government of India for labour to construct the Kenya-Uganda Railway that Indian workers migrated to East Africa. East Africa comprises Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda and Zanzibar. The total Indian population in these countries now is above two lakhs. In Uganda, Indians form about 5 per cent; but in none of these territories are Europeans numerically stronger than Indians. Nevertheless, Indian traders have been removed from their old centres; bus routes have been gradually closed to Indian bus-owners and drivers; fertile lands could neither be possessed nor occupied by Indians.

Recent developments in East Africa make the Indian feel more and more that he has become an unwanted element there. In Kenya, certain ill-effects which both the Indians and the natives fight have brought them together on the political field. If this co-operation evolves a machinery whereby the Indians and the natives could combine their efforts to achieve common political aims, the White man will eventually have to quit Kenya. But in the other three territories, the stress of even common disabilities could not bring these two communities together because the Englishman's 'Divide and Rule' policy is more effective with people who are not politically wise. The White move at the moment, therefore, is for a sort of a federation of these countries so that Kenya's voice might be enfeebled.

Racialism is rampant in East

Africa, though not to the same extent as in South Africa. Continued racialism has been the policy even in Government services. Government servants are divided into two groups. The first group is of officers of the "uniform" colonial service who are appointed by the Secretary of State. Non-European officers of this group are paid only sixty per cent of the European salary. In regard to the second group, in paragraph 6 of the Sessional Paper No. 2 of 1948, the Government said: "...the Government consider that the rigid confinement of a particular race to a particular set of scales might well prove inequitable in the case of outstanding brilliant individuals. It is therefore proposed that the Commission's scales in paragraph 100 should be re-designated A, B and C (instead of European, Asian and African) and that exceptionally able and useful individuals of any race should be advanced from scale to scale according to their merits." This White Paper was dated 25th June 1943 and up till today not one Asian has been promoted to "A" scale.

Another important event in the political life of East Africa is the recent passing of the National Registration Ordinance. For some time now there has been in operation a system of native registration of all adult males involving compulsory registration with finger-prints and carrying on one's person for production on demand, of the registration paper called "kipande." The African community has been demanding abolition of this system and the Indian community has all along supported this demand. Continued insistence by Indian and African members in the Legislative Council for its abolition resulted in Government's appointing a Sub-Committee of the Labour Advisory Board to report on the working of the *kipande* system. The Committee went out of its terms of reference and recommended universal registration, the only Indian member on the Committee, A. B. Patel, dissenting. The

system of compulsory registration by finger-prints, operated nowhere else in the world except in the case of criminals, is repugnant to every idea of democratic freedom.

The question of immigration control is the oldest cause of contention between Indian and White settlers in these territories. A major fight was put up by the East African Indian National Congress. But the White settlers, aided and abetted by the Government, succeeded in their design against the Indian community when the Immigration (Control) Ordinance, 1948 became law. The fees payable under this Ordinance have been increased enormously. Taxation cannot be levied except by and with the consent of the legislature. Fees may be imposed by the executive under general authority given by one statute or another. But in Kenya the executive has imposed what to all intents and purposes are taxes by regulation. It announced recently increase in the fees payable for the various passes and permits. The increase in four cases is 100 per cent and in three cases 300 per cent. No reason is given for the increases. This feat is achieved by the simple device of cancelling the relevant schedule and by substituting a new one therefor.

What then is the reason for the increases announced? It is obviously to restrict Indian immigration into East Africa and to admit permanently more Europeans than Indians. The Indian artisan who applies for an entry permit gets a temporary employment pass for two years. This means that employers have to pay passage money for every two years of service. Government do not pay passages to civil servants until after six years. When in two years' time thousands of these artisans will be required to return to India, they will not be inclined to do so within such a short period nor will the employers give them the passage money.

In spite of the Principal Immigration Officer's issuing temporary employment passes to Indians under an obscure section in the Ordinance, the 1948 report on migration shows that 5,576 Indians and 6,591 Europeans entered the Colony during the last year. Of these, 2,366 Indians and 2,608 Europeans were women. They were, presumably, wives and daughters

of local residents and had to come in any case. They cannot, therefore, be regarded as "new" people going to East Africa for permanent settlement.

What today distresses every nationalist Indian in East Africa is the religious bigotry and division-mania that has crept into the community as a result of the division of the mother-country. Rights which had been hard-won by the Indian community are being trampled underfoot. Recently there was a clash between Indian elected representatives on the question of appointment of Indian principals in Indian schools and there is now a demand to recruit Indian teachers on the basis of their religious denomination. Little boys in schools talk of their loyalty to this or that dominion of what was formerly India. The situation became so explosive that the East African Indian National Congress which met at Mombasa in August 1948 was led into the acceptance of the principle of division on the basis of sympathy for one dominion or the other. The organisation that had united the Indian community scattered all over the four territories and voiced their opinion had to take this step as "a lesser evil—but evil nonetheless."

The elections to the legislative and municipal councils has narrowed the gulf that once existed between the two communities and the gulf may easily be bridged with a little understanding and goodwill from either side. What the Congress has demanded is proportionate representation based on the single transferable vote, keeping both Hindus and Muslims on one roll. Though both the communities, especially the Muslim community in Nairobi (Kenya), refuse to forget their grievances, there is a feeling that whatever way an Indian gets elected to a legislative or municipal council, once there, he must speak for the entire Indian community. It is hoped that the Indian community will once again as in the past see that they do not fight on small things and jeopardise the future well-being of the whole community. They might still evolve and work out a scheme which while meeting the legitimate aspirations of each section of the community will yet maintain its central cohesion and capacity for collective action.

## THE STATE AND THE PARTY

By M. N. ROY

THE Congress Working Committee's resolution about the "problem province" of West Bengal raises issues concerning the relation between the State and the party in office. The party system, two or more parties running the administration of a country by turns according to the periodically given verdict of the electorate, is believed to be the basic feature of parliamentary practice. But the party in office is never identified with the State. Because, all the parties, in or out of office, are in the State. Identification of the State with any one of them meant elimination of the others and therefore destruction of the parliamentary system. That exactly is the significance of the resolution of the Working Committee.

Parliamentary democracy may or may not be the best form of government. That is a matter of opinion, and opinions differ. But once a political party is committed to it, the game must be played according to the rules. The party in office must not identify itself with the State; because, such a relation between the State and the party means destruction of parliamentary democracy and establishment of dictatorship. By passing the resolution, the Working Committee of the Congress usurps the function of the State, which is not legally permissible under the parliamentary system. The Congress Working Committee is not the sovereign authority of the country, and therefore is not legally entitled to issue orders effecting the legislative and executive branches of a provincial government.

Constitutionally, the right to dissolve the existing Parliament, under certain specified circumstances, and order a new election, belongs to the chief executive of the province. The Governor-General may advise him to do so, but he is not bound to act according to the advice. Otherwise, provincial autonomy is a fake. Under the new Constitution, it will be so; but the Act of 1936 is still in force, and the party in office is bound to

abide by it. The Governor-General being a Congressman, the measures devised by the party could be ordered by him. But constitutionally, under the 1935 Act, he is not entitled to issue such orders to a provincial government. The constitutional difficulty is overcome simply by the executive of the party in office usurping the function of the State—ordering dissolution of the Parliament, new elections and replacement of the present Ministry by an interim Ministry, the composition of which should be subject to its approval. The first part of the Working Committee's resolution recommending the above measures is obviously illegal, and not constitutionally binding on the provincial authority.

In the beginning, an attempt is made to mitigate the crassness of the usurpation by using the word "recommend." But the imperative replaces the recommendation in the second article. Apart from the illegality of the resolution itself, some of the measures ordered are highly objectionable, constitutionally. They again betray the motive of the party in office to usurp the function of the State. The orders are not issued through the appropriate organs of the State, but directly by the Executive committee of the party, which has no official *locus standi*.

One of the constitutionally objectionable measures proposed is replacement of the present Ministry by an interim Ministry. A provincial Ministry does not hold office on the authority of the Congress Working Committee. Its members, as Congressmen, are subject to the discipline of the party; but as Ministers, they are responsible to the Legislative Assembly, and cannot be ordered out of office until and unless a majority of the latter withdraws its support. Under the 1935 Act, the Governor also can dismiss a Ministry on certain specific grounds.

Since the Congress party commands a majority in the West Bengal Legislative Assembly, the fall of the

present Ministry could be brought about by the practice of issuing party whips. The object could be attained also through the instrumentality of the Governor who, as a Congressman, would dismiss the Ministry if the party required him to do so. The latter course is ruled out by the formality of disowning party allegiance on the assumption of a high position in the State. The purpose of this formality is to prevent the identification of the State with the party in office.

But the other alternative of permissible practice was available. Why was the constitutional method of overthrowing the Ministry by a vote of no-confidence of the Legislative Assembly not adopted? This question suggests itself. The answer is also obvious. Most probably, the Congress High Command is no longer sure of the loyalty of the entire parliamentary party in West Bengal. Hence the necessity of getting rid of the refractory lot, and getting a new group of disciplined Congressmen returned to the Assembly. But it still remains to be seen on what grounds the Governor will dissolve the present Assembly and order new elections. The Working Committee's resolution is a fiat for the party, but cannot be implemented except through the instrumentality of the Governor; and he is entitled to do so only on the ground that no Ministry can have a stable majority in the present Assembly. And the Governor's opinion must be based on fact—fall of successive Ministries. A demonstration of the fact will be extremely embarrassing:—Congress M.L.As. voting against a Congress Ministry!

The Working Committee's resolution further demands that before being dismissed, even if the ground for dissolution as specified in the Constitution is absent, the provincial Legislative Assembly should surrender its sovereign right derived from the electorate to the majority party. The resolution enjoins that the interim Ministry, which will hold the crucial election, should include disciplined Congressmen, who may not be members of the present Assembly; but that is not enough: The personal composition of the interim

Ministry should be submitted for the approval of the Central Parliamentary Board of the Congress. The Congress High Command thus usurps, on the one hand, the executive function of the State, and, on the other, the sovereign right of the elected Legislature.

What is the warrant for these drastic measures? The Congress organisation in the province is rent by internal dissensions. But that is not a peculiarity of Bengal. The scramble for the loaves and fishes of office is corrupting, demoralising and disintegrating the Congress organisation in all the provinces. Bengal is a frontier province; therefore it has a strategic significance. Why not, then, declare a state of emergency and let the province be ruled by martial law? The real concern is not so much for a proper administration of the province as for its control by one party.

If that was not the motive, less drastic measures, consistent with constitutional and democratic practice, could be preferred, and the result might conceivably be more effective for the administration and safety of the province.

The High Command intervened openly in the provincial affairs with the assumption that the present Ministry is unpopular. The only tangible ground for the assumption was the result of the South-Calcutta by-election. Only a short time ago, the Congress had lost a by-election in Bombay. Why should a similar event have particular significance in Bengal? And, if the by-election indicated loss of popularity, it was of the Congress. It can be reasonably apprehended that the drastic measures ordered by the Working Committee will have the contrary effect instead of recovering the loss. Growing dissatisfaction with the Congress will proportionately increase Communist influence in the educated middle class. Anti-Communist hysteria should not blind one to the fact that Communist propaganda appeals to the social and political idealism of educated middle class. The latter expected great things to come in the wake of national independence. If one-party rule will be the content of independence, the idealists would

# Can milk build strong bones?

2,000 years ago the Kashyapasmhita, a treatise on medicine, claimed that milk was a body-builder. Modern science confirms that milk contains almost all the food values necessary to the body. But unfortunately the yield of milk in India is much less than the demand. In the circumstances, children should have first priority to it because milk is essential to their growth and health. As they get older more of the other foods should be added to their daily diet, always aiming at a balanced diet containing proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins, minerals (found in fresh fruits, vegetables, pulses, fish, eggs, meat, nuts, cereals) and fats. Because children usually spend much more energy than adults fats are particularly necessary to them. One of the safest forms of fat to give them is Dalda. Made of purest vegetable oils it reaches the home fresh and clean in sealed tins.



**CAN DAL BE A SUBSTITUTE FOR MEAT?**

*Write for free advice today—or any day!*

**THE DALDA ADVISORY SERVICE**

P. O. BOX NO. 353, BOMBAY I

HVM. 93-172

rather favour the dictatorship of the party which promises the utopia—of liberty, equality and fraternity.

All these dangerous possibilities could be avoided if the interests of the country were placed above those of the party. Why should democratic practice be subordinate to party discipline? If it is true that the present Ministry does not command a majority in the Legislative Assembly, let it be replaced by another; and why should it not be a coalition, which always is the most democratic response to an emergency? If no stable Ministry can be formed in the present Assembly, let that be demonstrated by repeated fall of Ministries. Then, the Governor will have a constitutional ground for dissolving the Assembly

and ordering a fresh election.

It seems that the High Command is afraid that the Congress will lose further ground in the meantime, if democratic practice was allowed to run its course, and the result of the election may be forfeiture of power in the province. Therefore, a rush election of a Ministry which will be nominated by an authority outside the province. Democracy is placed under a heavy discount by the party in office identifying itself with the State. This is not the way to a harmonious political life, efficient public administration and orderly conditions. Bengal will be forced to choose between dictatorship and chaos. That is a challenge to the democratic spirit and love of liberty, which alone can lead the crucial province out of the crisis.

## HOLIDAY-TIME IN BRITAIN

By K. C. RAGHAVAN

**LONDON:** The biggest migration of American tourists to the shores of Western Europe is going on this summer. The U. S. State Department has already issued 1,75,000 passports this year for Europe alone, and in the streets of London and Paris one hears the unfamiliar American drawl and takes for granted the sun-glassed, flashily clad Yankee tourist, armed with camera and a fat bill-fold. Many of them have brought their cars over, as most European countries are encouraging the influx of dollars with special rations for the foreign motorist. From Britain to the Continent it is the easiest business, to-day, to transport one's car—even by air!

For the hundreds of thousands of Britons who are going over for a short holiday in France, the main attraction, though they would blush to confess it, is the food! After months of British rations, they will now, on their £35 allowance, be able to eat their fill of beef-steaks, pork chops, five-egg omlettes and fruit with cream—rare items on present-day British menus. France has recovered surprisingly from those early post-war years. Today, one may buy from the amply-stocked shops unlimited quantities of sweets and chocolates, ham

and pork, chesse and butter, tea and coffee, sugar, milk and eggs—all of which are doled out in meagre rations in Britain. So alluring is this vision of paradise across the Channel, that launches and ferries at seaside resorts and ports are doing booming business, carrying day-trippers across to the French coast, each with £5, and almost 18 hours of happiness before them.

Among many attractions offered to the holiday-maker in Britain to-day well-nigh the most popular are the luxury, long-distance, motor-coach tours, whose traffic has increased 300 per cent since 1939. These tours are patronised almost exclusively by middle-class people, about 40 per cent of them Britons. In the 1947-48 season 34,200 coaches had a turnover of £5 million. The tours work out to about 7d. (7 annas) a mile, and one may choose from a number of planned holidays in different localities, some of them lasting a fortnight and more than 1,600 miles of travelling by road. Service includes all meals, the best hotel rooms and a guide to each coach, who also acts as entertainer and master of ceremonies. A 11-day tour to Scotland costs £30, all expenses included. A six-day visit to the

**RELEASING SHORTLY**

**MANGAYARKARASI**

CHINNAPPA... KANNAMBA....

ANJALI DEVI... KRISHNAN... MATHURAM,

DORAI... LALITHA... PADMINI

Direction JITEN BANERJI  
Associate P.T. MOORTHY  
Studio NEWTONE...

### DISTRIBUTORS

For Madras City:

M. A. ETHIRAJULU NAIDU ESQ., 2-A, Gengu Reddy Road, Egmore, Madras.

For North Arcot, South-Arcot, Chingleput, Chittoor:

KUMARAVEL PICTURES, 19, Madox Street, Choolai, Madras.  
STAR PICTURES, Star Talkies Buildings, Trichinopoly.  
RADHAKRISHNA PICTURES, Trichinopoly, Chandra Pictures Release.  
COIMBATORE PICTURES LTD., Coimbatore.

For Tanjore:

For Coimbatore:

For Mysore, South Canara & Coorg:

R. V. PICTURES, 157, Subedar Chatram Road, Bangalore-2.  
CEYLON ENTERTAINMENTS LTD., 114, Horton Place, Colombo, Ceylon.

For Ceylon:

For Salem:

ASOKA PICTURES, Gugal, Salem.

Shakespearean country comes to £14, while a fortnight in the Lake Districts and Scottish Highlands can be managed on £45.

Summer, one soon recognises, is not just a season in Europe. It is an industry. Britain, with her acute dollar-shortage, is not far behind the scramble for "green-backs." Suggestions have been put to the Government for extending the holiday season by a few months. Holiday and tourist industries have been occupying the attention of the authorities. Britain is preparing for the biggest boom in tourist travel in years. Last year alone, 5,05,000 visitors came to Britain, spending £33 million, apart from fares. Of these, 1,40,000 came from the dollar countries, bringing with them 50,000,000 dollars. Britain in 1949 is spending almost half-a-million pounds on publicity, and expects her 1949 earnings, including fares, to exceed £55 million.

Among various steps taken by the Government for the reception of tourists in Britain has been the brightening and stepping-up of efficiency in air-ports, ports and railway stations. The Government have expressed an open favouritism and discrimination in the issue of building licenses and the according of supplies

to those hotels that can prove themselves capable of entertaining a good number of dollar visitors. Ninety per cent of hitherto Government-requisitioned hotel accommodation has been released. Even the amendment of the Catering Wages Act, which has lowered the standard of service in many hotels, has been contemplated.

British Railways are offering holiday fares over a longer period this year. In the House of Commons, members have said that, if necessary, £2 million should be spent in "pepping up London" with bright lights. Open-air restaurants and Folies Bergeres shows, a la Gay Paree, have been among other more exotic ideas advanced by romantic M.Ps. Blueprints, however, are already being drawn up for the "1951 Festival of Britain," which will be the biggest event in Europe since the London Olympics, and which it is hoped will be a high-water mark in British tourist traffic. As an Indian, looking on with surprise and admiration at the efforts of Britain to compete with the rest of the world's romantic spots for the attraction of tourists and dollars, one cannot help wishing that we in India would take steps to step-up our own tourist-trade. (Copyright).

#### HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Theatrical history nearly achieved a repeat performance in the arrest in Prague of people who coughed, "apparently in derision," during the showing of a pro-Soviet propaganda film. Something of the same sort happened in Paris when Napoleon ordered a play, "Christophe Colomb," by his favourite Lemercier, to be staged at the Odeon. Latin Quarter students, who had no use for Lemercier and his feeble efforts, crowded the theatre on the first night to laugh and hiss. On the second night, by the Emperor's orders, soldiers were stationed in the theatre and over a hundred of the scoffers were arrested. At the third performance Napoleon himself attended. This time there was no noisy disturbance, but when the curtain went up, half the audience donned night-caps and pretended to go to sleep. This silent protest made even the Emperor smile. Next day he ordered the release of the prisoners and allowed the play to be withdrawn.—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

As we conquer peak after peak we see in front of us regions full of interest and beauty, but we do not see our goal, we do not see the horizon; in the distance tower still higher peaks, which will yield to those who ascend them still wider prospects, and deepen the feeling, the truth of which is emphasized by every advance in science, that "Great are the Works of the Lord."—SIR J. J. THOMSON.

A true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen.—RUSKIN.

Nature alone is always true to herself, she alone through the ages never lies, never changes, never hesitates.—EDEN PHILLPOTTS.  
MAGIC EYE WILL SORT LETTERS

## SIDELIGHTS

Were he my brother, nay my kingdom's heir, such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood should nothing privilege him, nor partialize the unstopping firmness of my upright soul.—SHAKESPEARE.

SRI Shankarrao Deo has by means of his report done as much harm to the credit of the Congress organisation as a single individual can hope to do. He damned communalism theoretically. But he gave his blessing to it as a matter of practical politics, grandiloquently characterising it as a form of social justice. He made nepotism look natural and reasonable by assuming that a high order of integrity was too much to expect and cast too great a strain on ordinary human nature. He showed himself partial to Ministers and exonerated their misdemeanours on the ground that many others elsewhere were no better. He as it were administered "saving" to Ministers in trouble with a reckless prodigality that destroyed the morale of government as such. If excuses are to be made for the corrupt with descriptions of the general prevalence of corruption throughout the country, there is no meaning at all in holding an enquiry of the sort that Sri Deo did. On no legalistic valuation of the powers of his position was Sir Stafford Cripps disbarred from ordering in his own favour as Chancellor of the Exchequer all the Swiss francs he needed to enable him to go to Switzerland for the treatment that his doctors had prescribed as necessary for his health. But he took no such advantage of his legal powers and invited Mr. Attlee to look into the relevant papers and pass judgment. The glory of the character of British Ministers, with its dependable influence in the shaping of integrity of permanent officials and official departments, is a product of restraint and discipline, packed with examples of rectitude of the stamp displayed by Sir Stafford. Quite the reverse is the process favoured by Sri Shankarrao Deo here.

His so-called exoneration of some of the Ministers is worthless as a certificate of character as it only fixes them in a general setting of degeneracy without any special claims to uniqueness in the matter of misbehaviour. It is not complimentary for a Minister to be absolved this way. But in his anxiety to protect the accused Sri Deo seems to have forgotten the sting of belittlement inflicted in the process of his caretaking. On intelligent minds the impression made by the report is the very reverse of the one apparently sought to be created. It does not create sympathy for the Ministers as persons harshly accused. It exhibits them under considerable whitewash with hints of shade below of anything but white colour. In view of the pains in advance to justify the Ministers before the proposed further enquiry, the publication of the report and its manner of publication betray a sophistication in excelsis that has overshot the mark. Sri Deo's report has never had an authorised publication. It just leaked out. Was the leakage a stroke of engineered intrigue, or was it an expression of the A.I.C.C. Secretariat's lack of elementary trustworthiness and competence?

There has been a decline in the prestige of the Congress since Dr. Pattabhi assumed the office of President. All the important Congress leaders of South India combined to get him elected with high hopes that he would impart a healing touch to the disrupted politics of Madras Province. But from the moment of victory in the presidential election he fell into an unbalance and has not recovered since. He antagonised all who sought to honour him with offensive rebukes affecting the manner of the Mahatma until none were left to persist in the folly. With his choice of Sri Kala Venkata Rao as Secretary, he landed himself into a miserable mire of group politics. The office of Congress President has been allowed to become a vehicle for the consoli-

dation of a Pattabhi faction in provincial politics. His involvement in ministerial intrigues has ousted him from primary in Congress affairs. The result is that he is now nowhere in the picture as a factor to count in the disposal of the Madras crisis. Other mentors lead the Congress while nothing is left in the President's hands except that empty title bereft of influence and prestige.

Notwithstanding the anxiety of Dr. Pattabhi and Sri Deo to shield the Ministers, and the proneness of Premier Raja to vacillation, it is unlikely that things can now be hushed up, having gone so far. But if they are to be fully brought to light, the accused Ministers should be made to quit office pending fuller investigation into the charges against them.

THE picture on the Cover Page of this issue of SWATANTPA is that of Bhaskar Roy Chowdhury. He is the only son of Sri Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury, the renowned Principal of

the Madras School of Arts. Bhaskar learned Kathakali from Gopinath, Bharata Natyam from Vidwan Yelappa and Kathak, North Indian dance, from Sri Hiralal of Bangalore, tutor of Vijayantimala. Ram Gopal invited him last week to dance and asked him to give one item on two shows, (1) Alarippa (Bharata Natya) and (2) Snake-charmer's dance. Bhaskar complied and Ram Gopal characterised his performance as "marvellous." Bhaskar intends to take to dancing as a profession. He has a fine taste for music and is an adept in designing ornaments and costumes. He is not fond of text-book studies but is a voracious reader, otherwise. He is well versed in wrestling and came out winner in the Inter-Collegiate Boxing Tournament last year. He is a keen swimmer and a devoted physical culturist. Physical culture is a religion with him. Bhaskar's parents are very sympathetic to his artistic aspirations and place no obstacles on his freedom of choice of profession. —SAKA.

## THE ART IS THE THING

By SANTHA

FASHIONS are like moods. They are as unpredictable, as capricious, as little based on reason and, if anything, more fleeting. And the Bright Young Things (female) of the city of Madras don and doff them with an unimpeachable *savoir faire* which would put a worldling diplomat to shame. Any talk of waste of energy or any accusation of frivolity would go completely over their heads. And the staid and conservative while arguing that the idleness in which these highly-coloured Birds of Paradise wallow is a sin and a shame, privately thank God that it hasn't led them into any more iniquity and improbity than fashion-mongering.

One wouldn't mind so much if 'fashion' confined itself to the outward habiliments of women when it would only be an expensive pastime, but when it intrudes its satyr face into Art, Culture and such profundities, it is nothing if not sacrilegious. Either one is an artist or one is not and no amount of fashion can make one so. But try to convince the young charmer of this and all you get is a reproachful stare.

Two years ago, soon after Pandit Nehru's return to India from the Commonwealth Conference, making clay models was all the rage and many a stream-lined mansion sprouted a grubby back-room or attic in which the young artist haunted by illusions of a latent genius, clad in becoming dark trousers and white blouse, dabbled in mud and water with tireless perseverance and when she finally left it to pursue a less grimy pleasure, one found ranged on a low wooden shelf little cracking blobs of mud of indistinguishable lineament—of man or beast God only knew. I once came upon a pretty statue on one of many such wooden shelves that I saw at that time, but learnt that it was the handiwork of the young artist's brother who had popped into the sanctuary for a quarter of an hour on his way to a football match to put his harassed sister in the way of the rudiments of clay-modelling. And at another time

While I was sitting watching one of these young artists pressing with an anxious frown and irresolute, ineffective hand a small ball of mud into some sort of shape, a visitor was announced. Forthwith, forgetting me in her haste and obvious relief from the boredom of artistic creation, she flew to the mirror and hastily drew a muddy finger across her cheek and another across the sleeves of her spotless white blouse and tore downstairs, pink and panting. Her strategy was not in vain for I soon heard a chorus of exclamations at her indefatigable pursuit of art and apologies for the intrusion.



....and drew a muddy finger across her cheek....

But this artistic upsurge dried up in less than eight weeks. Last summer modelling gave place to painting. That was, I noted, soon after the exhibition in the Museum of the works of many famous artists from all over India. Paint-boxes and brushes soon became an indispensable part of one's ensemble during the day. Easels were set up, canvasses bought in abundant profusion and the pictures, when they were completed, as they were with incredible speed, were put on the ground with their faces to the wall so as to dry, in which position I swear they remain to this day. Club conversation then was full of New Art and Old Art, Cubism

**water and Cunjee  
are easy to make this way**



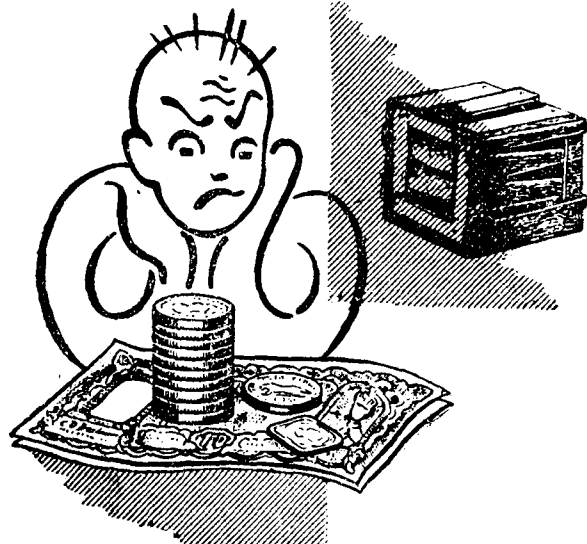
**BARLEY WATER :** Mix a paste of two level tea-spoonfuls of Purity Barley with water and simmer for only five minutes with one pint of water. Add salt, sugar or lime to taste.

**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. 654, CALCUTTA

## SAVE YOURSELF



## SUSPENSE AND EXPENSE

Damage or loss of goods consigned by rail is causing the public and the railways a great deal of unnecessary worry and expense. Sound packing, clear labelling and distinct marking will save consignments from being damaged or lost in transit and thus spare the consignors and consignees suspense and help to save the railways Two Crores of Rupees every year which at present they pay in compensation claims.

GIVE YOUR WARE PACK LABEL MARK CARE



Issued by the Indian Government Railways

and Surrealism and the styles of Monet, Picasso, Jamini Roy, Amrit Sher Gill and Roy Chowdhury were all brewed together on canvases by eager hands into one inglorious mess of colour.

This summer it was swimming. Movie magazines in March were sold out in their hundreds and by April the shops had been stripped of anything in the shape or form of a swimsuit. There were, of course, the innovators, who with two brightly-coloured handkerchiefs and six inches of elastic wrought miracles in the art of covering oneself up inadequately when under water. It was considered

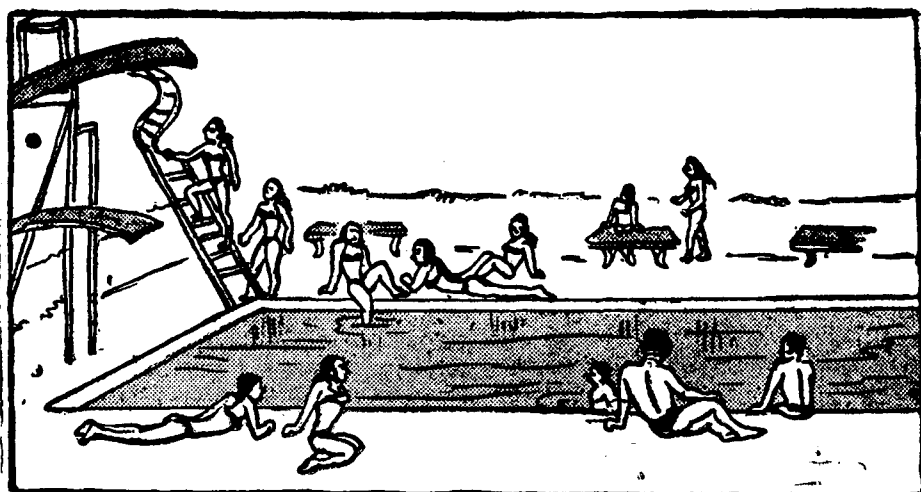


There were, of course, the innovators....

quite *chic* and smart to be seen about with your swimming instructor, your hair looking as if it had just been pressed into subordination with a wet towel and the rest of you smelling of soap and water. Very few of them, needless to say, knew swimming but all without exception knew how to wade. But it never occurred to anyone who saw them disporting themselves in waist-deep water and on the banks (with their feet in the water) in varying attitudes of bashfulness, to wonder why they had come. There were some unimaginative and mundane crea-

tures however, who were much impeded by this kind of display and migrated in disgust to waters where there was less opportunity for exhibitionism and more for exercise—the sea.

A fashion, once it dies, becomes very dead indeed. I didn't realise how dead till last week when I dropped into the Museum to see an exhibition of the oil paintings of the French artist, Monsieur Pierre Devaux. Seeing groups of women in coloured sarees and sun glasses converging at the Museum along with me, it surprised me as much as it delighted that they should have come in the hot midday sun to pay homage to a dead pastime. But I soon found that their destination was indeed not the same as mine. They turned right. I turned left and wended my way through Memorial Stones and Relics of the Past, down a flight of stairs, then through an even bigger hall full of Stone Figures of the Early Ages and there looking like the Hall of Silence in an old Babylonian palace was the gallery I had come to see. There was not a soul in sight. A sleepy peon in a khaki dress looked at me through half-closed eyes. There were about twenty paintings in all, hung on woden partitions placed near the windows obviously to catch the light. The peon handed me a catalogue of the pictures with their prices marked neatly on the right hand side. I am no art critic, so my opinion is worth nothing. But the paintings—all of them nature scenes from Mahe, Pondicherry and Colombo—seemed to me the work indubitably of a capable young man but not an inspired artist. The colour effects were too brilliant. The leaves were too green and the road a too bright red. The flowers were too neatly arranged in the vases on far too prim tablecloths. The "Nude" was done in the new style to which I am rather allergic. The two portraits of the "Indian Girl" and the "Indian seamstress" seemed neither in the new style nor in the old conventional style. "Pondicherry Harbour" and "Colombo Harbour" were of all, the only two paintings in which there were no bold patches of bright colour and the contrast of sea and land afforded some relief from the prodigal splashes of blue, red, green, violet and orange



....disporting themselves in various attitudes of bashfulness....

in the other paintings. But as I have confessed already, mine is a lay, irreligious eye, not an artistic eye.

Curiosity led me to the other parts of the Museum to see what was occupying the attention of my Bright

Young friends. I found them bent zealously over the bones of prehistoric animals and I learnt later they had all taken up dancing and in the interest of the Terpsichorean art had come to study the bone formations of all mammals and make copies of antique jewellery.

## CAUVERY BAR SOAP

A Product of  
**THE METTUR CHEMICAL &  
INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION LTD.**

Mettur Dam—Salem District.

Available at all leading Stores.

Managing Agents:

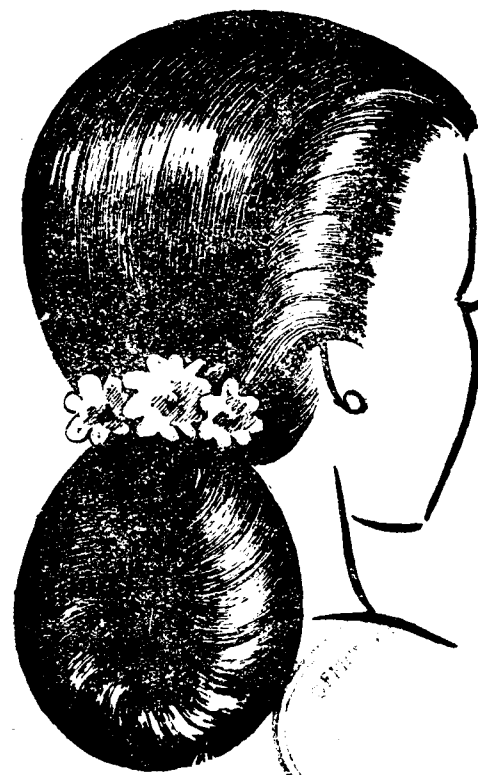
**SESHASAYEE  
BROS. LTD.,**  
TIRUCHIRAPALLI.

Sole Selling Agents:

**THE ALLIED INDUSTRIAL  
DISTRIBUTORS LTD.**  
120, Armenian Street, Madras.

## Lovely Hair

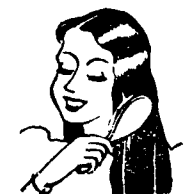
is coveted by all and it can be yours if you make correct use of those twin aids to beauty—Tomco Perfumed Coconut Hair Oil and Tomco Coconut Oil Shampoo. Use them regularly.



Wash your hair at least once every week with Tomco Coconut Oil Shampoo.



Massage scalp with oil to promote healthy growth of hair.



Brush your hair daily to bring out its natural beauty and enhance its lustre.



**Tomco coconut  
Hair oil & shampoo**

**TATA OIL MILLS COMPANY LIMITED**

A SIGNAL HONOUR...

*the Critics who know Movies Best say...*  
it's a **WONDERFUL**  
MOTION PICTURE



Now Running At

|               |    |              |
|---------------|----|--------------|
| MADRAS        | .. | Paragon      |
| "             | .. | Lakshmi      |
| MADURA        | .. | Chintamani   |
| COIMBATORE    | .. | Raja         |
| "             | .. | Shanmuga     |
| TRICHINOPOLY  | .. | Wellington   |
| SALEM         | .. | Palace       |
| TIRUNELVELI   | .. | Royal        |
| TANJORE       | .. | New Tower    |
| KUMBAKONAM    | .. | Diamond      |
| MAYAVARAM     | .. | Sundaram     |
| CHIDAMBARAM   | .. | Vaduganathan |
| TIRUPAPULIYUR | .. | New Cinema   |
| VELLORE       | .. | Sai Baba     |
| CONJEEVARAM   | .. | Raja         |
| PONDICHERRY   | .. | Ratna        |
| NEGAPATAM     | .. | Baby         |
| TIRUVARUR     | .. | Baby         |
| KARUR         | .. | Ambihai      |
| TUTICORIN     | .. | Coronation   |
| VIRUDHUNAGAR  | .. | New Muthu    |
| PUDUKOTTAH    | .. | Brahadambal  |

Also at all important centres in Andhra Desa.

## 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, KUTCHERY ROAD.

Thyagarayanagar Office:  
31/82, Pondy Bazar.

### OTHER OFFICES:

Amadalavalasa (Vizag Dt).  
Amalapuram.  
Anakapalli.  
Arundelpet (Guntur).  
Bapatla (Guntur Dt.).  
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. 27.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1949

## CONTENTS

|                                                                             | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| THEN AND NOW (Poem)—By<br>Manjeri S. Isvaran ..                             | 4    |
| EDITORIAL COMMENT ..                                                        | 5    |
| SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara ..                                                | 6    |
| SIDELIGHTS—By Saka ..                                                       | 8    |
| OF FREEDOM AND OURSELVES (AZAD<br>QALAM)—By K. A. Abbas ..                  | 10   |
| THE MEANING OF FREEDOM—By<br>Achyut Patwardhan ..                           | 13   |
| SALUTE TO "SAVERA"—By An<br>Indian Journalist ..                            | 15   |
| BRITISH INDIAN STERLING—By Prof.<br>T. K. Doraiswami Iyer ..                | 16   |
| DEO REPORT: A SORRY PERFORMANCE<br>—By S. Rajagopalan ..                    | 17   |
| TWO YEARS OF FREEDOM: A RETROS-<br>PECT—By Dr. Pattabhi Sita-<br>ramayya .. | 20   |
| TIME FOR DE-CONTROL—By T.<br>Viswanadham, M.L.A. ..                         | 23   |
| KANNAN—MY LOVER—By Bharati<br>(Translated by K. S.) ..                      | 25   |
| WHITHER, GOVERNMENT?<br>—By Baroo ..                                        | 26   |
| ASIA'S CONSERVATIVE-NATIONALIST<br>BLOC—By Andrew Roth ..                   | 29   |
| "A TOUR OF THE FRENCH REVOLU-<br>TION"—By Yusuf Meherally ..                | 33   |
| SCIENTIFIC APPROACH NEEDED FOR<br>ECONOMICS—By D. N.<br>Visweswariah ..     | 39   |
| THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—By<br>C. R. Myleru ..                           | 40   |
| OUR AGRICULTURAL EQUATION—By<br>J. C. Kumarappa ..                          | 43   |
| THE DIFFERENCE—By P. N. Sampath ..                                          | 46   |
| LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..                                                    | 47   |

## THEN AND NOW

(Overheard the Statue of Queen Victoria before the old Senate.  
Buildings soliloquize)

By **MANJERI S. ISVARAN**

HIGH from her throne Victoria saw  
the breaking of order and law;  
the good Queen-empress now doth see  
her empire gone and India free.  
I do remember, muses she,  
how after the Great Mutiny,  
my Proclamation it was heard  
by India's peoples; every word  
I do remember crystal-clear  
to mourning hearts did restore cheer.  
But now the land is torn in twain,  
all peace is lost, mounts high the pain;  
too many changes everywhere,  
too swift, too thoughtless; I declare  
Governance should be done with care.  
All through I sit and watch, oh dear!—  
who was the sculptor put me here  
to sit and watch beside the Bay,  
Bertie and George a little away,  
Willingdon, Ripon, and Munro,  
upon whose heads the passing crow  
sheds its droppings; O, what a sight  
of those that once did rule with might!  
But soft!—what was it that I heard,  
whispering wind or wave or bird:  
*For the sake of the nation's health  
We stay within the Commonwealth.*

# SWATANTRA

VOL. IV  
No. 27

SATURDAY, AUGUST, 13 1949

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## TWO YEARS OF FREEDOM

THESE two years of freedom have brought no happiness or contentment to people. On August 15, 1947, they went wild with joy and excitement over the independence that had come. They celebrated the advent of independence with delirious enthusiasm. Twelve months later there was a marked decline in popular rejoicing on the occasion of the first anniversary of Independence Day. A year's experience had knocked down the initial jubilation over the era of freedom that had supplanted the British regime. In the succeeding year all lingering doubts as to the character of the freedom that had come vanished from people's minds. It was no longer a thing of exhilaration and joy. Instead of the Atmosphere of spontaneous popular festivity on the eve of Independence Day we have now one of laborious angling for the reluctant interest of indifferent citizens, on the part of a few Congress officials in due process of performing a duty.

The spirit of freedom prizes liberation from alien rule as a hallowed event and cherishes the day signalled by it as a sacred landmark in the national calendar. How is it, then, that a revulsion of feeling in exactly a contrary direction has been brought about in our midst? Dispassionately considered, the explanation is that within less than two years the taste of freedom has been turned into dust and ashes in the mouths of its supposed beneficiaries, as a result of the vagaries of those on whom its handling as administrators has devolved.

It is in the provinces that rulers come into direct touch with the

governed. The character of Congress rule in the provinces determines therefore the popular attitude to the Congress as the party in power throughout the country. The Congress came to power on the wave of a mass response to its appeal before which no other party could stand. The architect of that appeal was the Mahatma. Its objective was, next to freedom, social welfare. The burning of self at the altar of the public good was the discipline that the Mahatma preached for the observance of Congressmen. For a quarter century they stuck to it and rose from one pinnacle of influence to another and swept all rivals at the polls.

At the time of their great political triumph, however, Congressmen turned their back on the Mahatma and violated his teaching. The small combined to oust the great. In a province like Madras, for example, it is not the towering giants that were in the vanguard of the freedom struggle as exemplifiers of service and sacrifice that guide the policies of the Congress now. The political victory of the Congress that resulted in placing the Congress in power brought others to the helm that had remained previously in comparative obscurity. These new leaders are standard-bearers of doctrines and values the very opposite of those that had won for the Congress its position of supreme prestige in the country. There is very little difference in outlook between them and the parties routed at the polls by the Congress in successive elections. It is well known that one such defeated party, the Justice Party, with its banner of com-

munalism, was the most implacable opponent of the Congress all the time that the Congress waged its battle with the British imperialist rulers. But this very banner of communalism of the Justice Party has been adopted by Congress leaders who have stepped up as Ministers in the wake of the political victory of the Congress against British power.

The distinguishing mark of communalism is concentration of interest on one section or more of people excluding others. The result of the adoption of communalism by Congress Ministers in Madras has been the identification of the interest of Government with sectional elements. From this it was a natural translation for the Ministers to act as though Government existed only for themselves and their supporters. The permit scandal referred to by Sri Shankarrao Deo in his report illustrates the shrinkage of Congress standards from service to self-seeking.

Independence has lost its relish to

people because Congress Ministers in charge of provincial administration have eschewed the path of service in conformity with the non-communal standards of the true Congress creed of Gandhian fashioning, and set themselves up as agents for personal and group exploitations of State power. In disgust at this degeneracy people are turning away from the Congress. It is the glamour of one or two great names like those of Pandit Nehru that is preventing the increasing disillusionment of the public with Congress rule from passing on to its next logical stage of mass repudiation. But the verdict of the electors of South Calcutta is an indication of the inadequacy of even the biggest heroes in the Congress for rallying popular loyalties to its side, unless they abandon their present policy of looking helplessly on while corrupt communalists clothed with the authority of Ministers go on with impunity playing ducks and drakes with the good name of the Congress.

## Sotto Voce

Alnaschar



A first anniversary is the time for rejoicing, a second for anxious thought. The child's babble is delightful. But if the years do not bring him speech his parents do not mistake his gibbering for the dialect of Heaven; they call in the laryngologist. We have been assured again and again that it was a glorious victory that we won on the never-to-be forgotten 15th of August. And Mr. Nehru, like the young Alexander, fights his battles over again, regurgitating his verbal triumphs on the Calcutta maidan. But our Freedom remains so elusive

that one is tempted to ask with the poet,

*They use the snaffle and the curb  
all right,  
But where's the bloody horse?*

Finding a snake in the house the husband, says a Tamil quip, shouted to his wife, "Hi, run quick and call a man." "Not a single Britisher shall remain to taint the air," was the slogan which filled the ear on the eve of Independence. And the Britisher was only too glad to oblige—for a consideration. Civilians were retired

with fancy compensation; planters unloaded bankrupt estates on the indigenous war profiteers; we could have had the pick of the Nobel Prizewinners, refugees from Nazi persecution, for our universities, but patriotism stood in the way. And, how soon!, the wheel has come full circle. A seven-man delegation is winnowing the earth for technical personnel. Foreign industry is being wooed back with every allurements. And, who knows, the retired planters are quietly rebuying the estates for scrap value.

No wonder that people are grumbling. The Britisher at least kept up appearances. The Collector's camping in a village meant a compulsory levy on everybody within a radius of five miles. A bill for Rs. 7-9-11 was duly presented and paid at the end of the visitation. If the obsequious Revenue Inspector saw to it that only the tips were included in it, how was the Collector to know? Likewise the honour of British jurisprudence was maintained intact—by making the District Magistrate unobtrusively do all the unpleasant things. The British Parliament salved its conscience with Quinquennial Reports and we in India lived by faith.

The Qui Hais may have boasted in their club verandas of being little Caesars. But it was left to a popular Minister to tell a gathering of Secretariat employees in a moment of genial expansiveness, "We Ministers are the visible gods whom it should be your business to please." And though one Briton in four lived by India, it is Swaraj that has given us authentic first-hand knowledge of the dog fight for spoils. The notoriously venal eighteenth century saw the impeachment of Warren Hastings. But while the Congress carries on a Gilbertian enquiry into ministerial misdoings in Madras, its General Secretary, one of the faithful Gandhian brigade, has in the manner of jesting Pilate asked, "What is corruption?"

When the war was won the British people told Mr. Churchill not too gently that they had no further use for him, and he acquiesced, though not exactly with a good grace. But if it

suited Britain to depart in a hurry and leave the Congress to hold the baby, that is hardly warrant for the Congress supposing that it is indispensable or even qualified. For nothing have these two years been more memorable than for our failure to find new men. In a democracy free elections are the only recognized way of tapping new talent; the Congress is busy putting the cart before the horse, making a new Constitution without bothering about the people's will.

They resent the charge of being a one-party Government; but you do not become a Coalition by picking half a dozen individuals who have no following and adopting them after carefully sterilising them. You cannot jail the R. S. S. in their thousands for their communalism and shrug your shoulders helplessly at the rampant sub-communalism of the Madras Ministry. You may denounce the Indian Communists as traitors and murderers; but if you invariably couple it with admiration for some of the abstract virtues of world communism you will merely be called an old maid for your pains by the young blades who look to the Pope of the Kremlin for absolution.

People are not impressed by photographs of the Prime Minister driving a tractor or the Governor-General pushing the more gentle plough; they are quick to see the fallacy of Mr. Nehru's argument that as Gandhiji solved the cloth problem by preaching the spinning wheel we may solve the food problem by breaking up flower beds. We are still being assured at regular intervals that we shall not yield an inch in Kashmir, but the Cease-fire in effect regularises Pakistan's aggression; similarly, in regard to the evacuees, we maintain the highest traditions of diplomatic correctness, but they keep the land and the loot. Our solvency is unimpaired; but Provincial loans lie heavy on the hands of the underwriters and the World Bank does not consider us a good risk. Still Alnaschar-like we dream of world-leadership; may Vishnu preserve us from a like awakening.

VIGNESWARA.

# SIDELIGHTS : :

Every politician, whatever his party or programme, promises the voters the goods they want in return for the power he wants. It is the concept of Power which is devouring the world we live in .... Give us ALL the power, the politicians say, and then we shall be able to establish the conditions under which there can be no famine, no neurotic disorders, no more war. But this is the one demand which human beings must reject, unless they plan to abdicate as human beings.—MANAS.

AFTER two years at the helm of Free India the Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, continues as adorable as ever. There is none to dispute his popularity throughout the country. It is spontaneous, firm, undisturbed by doubts, unconnected with achievements, and therefore undislodgable by disillusionment. Not that the Nehru regime has been wholly a failure. It displayed phenomenal energy in tackling the difficulties caused by the influx and outflow of millions of refugees. To have overcome the impetus to disintegration of administration engendered by the outbursts of mass violence that accompanied the partition, was a feat worthy of the toughest of administrators anywhere in the world. But it belied hopes of corresponding efficiency in other branches of government.

The Deputy Prime Minister's speciality of one-track will has imparted to the Nehru regime a certain stability. Peace and order have been well established, and the discordant potencies of hundreds of rulers of States left constitutionally fit for mischief by means of fissiparous self-assertion, have been wiped out. If the princes had started to give trouble, there is no knowing how long the resources of the States Ministry might have been engaged in the effort to establish its supremacy. It was the reputation for iron strength of the Sardar that produced the atmosphere that impelled the rulers of the States to surrender without a fight, thinking resistance to be hopeless. Sardar Patel's genius lay in the swift assumption of the bravado of omnipotence for the sake of the national advantage of it.

The Sardar is not ungente to his close associates. There is, to some extent, the guile of diplomacy in the roughness of the exterior that covers him as an administrator, investing him in general esteem with a dreaded capacity for ruthlessness. His reputation does not draw mobs to him, but it is an asset to the Government as it does not encourage rebels and malcontents to take liberties. His quelling power is far in excess of the ammunition on hand for coercive use. Even those who are dissatisfied with Sardar Patel for his affinities with capitalists realise with what marvellous economy of means he has brought about the difficult task of integrating the States into a common political set-up. But all his alliances are tactical and his one passion is the building up of a strong State. His abilities compel the respect even of his antagonists who value him for the ballast he brings in the midst of all discontents on ideological grounds.

While credit is due to Sardar Patel for a tidy output within the limits of the departments in his charge, every defect of the Government as such is attributed to Pandit Nehru as Prime Minister. There is no secular subject on earth on which he did not ponder much and write voluminously or speak eloquently during the period of struggle with the British. In his period of office, few of his utterances of earlier years have gone unviolated in practical application. Every passing day adds to the impression of an incongruity between the idealistic concepts of his pre-office days and the compromises that have become chronic of his present position as Premier. The warmest admirers of Pandit Nehru find it hard to find excuses for the nepotism that has become rampant in the Centre and in the Provinces. There is far too much wastage over schemes that do not materialise quickly. A ton of speeches that bring no balm covers an ounce of social benefit. Propaganda is treated as more important than public welfare.

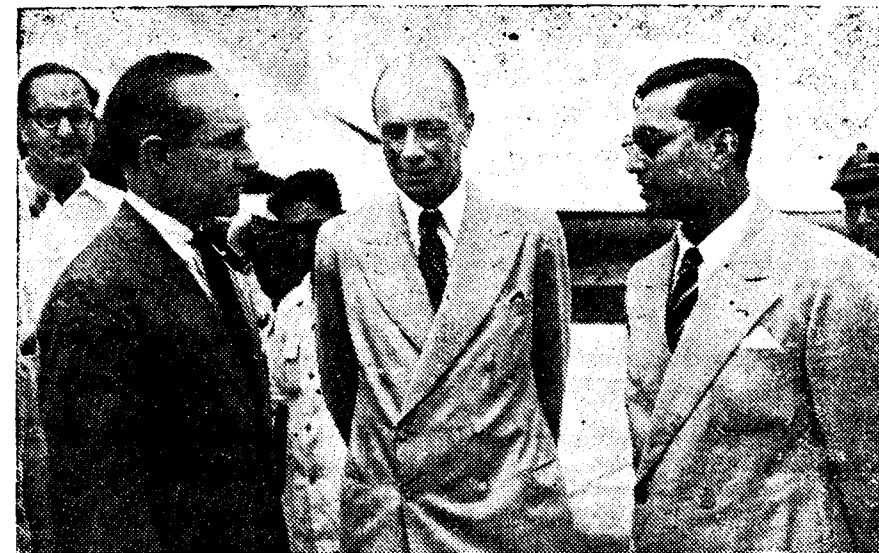
Policies are announced from the Centre and flouted with impunity in the Provinces. Hope has gone out of people. Frustration has become widespread.

The Prime Minister is loved for his

bravery, integrity, public spirit and the purity of his intentions. But the impress of his personality, it is felt, is not stamped on the character of the administration. A party that has outlived its nobility of purpose, has gained greater predominance.—SAKA.



Pandit Nehru with Dr. Mohammed Hatta, the Indonesian Prime Minister who paid a visit to Delhi recently.



Dr. Van Ruyven, the leader and three other members of the Netherlands Delegation to Indonesia, being received at New Delhi by Mr. A. TH. Lamping, Royal Netherlands Ambassador in India and other members of the staff. Dr. Van Ruyven is at the centre.

## OF FREEDOM & OURSELVES

**AUGUST** is the month of anniversaries—the most eventful month in the history of modern India, the month which is associated in our memory with some of the most significant and stirring episodes of our freedom struggle.

The first of August is Tilak Day—the death anniversary of the great Lokamanya—and has been observed as such by Nationalist India for the last twenty-nine years.

Lokamanya Balagangadhar Tilak breathed his last in Bombay on the midnight of July 31, 1920, and was cremated the next day on Chowpatti sands where his statue still marks the spot. His funeral procession—and the complete hartal on that day—was the first striking mass demonstration of the people's new spirit.

Since then every year Tilak Day was observed as a day of national remembrance on which the nation paid its homage to the leader who gave us that dynamic slogan: "Freedom is my birthright."

### TILAK ON UNITY

It is surprising that the memory of Tilak who, by his opposition to the Moderates led by Gokhale and by his many acts of defiance of imperialist authority, had proved himself to be a radical and a revolutionary, should have been 'owned' and exploited by the Moderates for so long. No less strange that the Hindu Mahasabhis and even the R.S.S.-wallahs should claim any kind of ideological affinity with the same Lokamanya who was mainly instrumental in bringing about the famous Lucknow Pact between the Hindus and Muslims. His words on that occasion still ring down the years, a plea for the most tolerant and generous treatment for the minorities in a multi-religious, secular state:

"It has been said by some that we Hindus have yielded too much to our Muslim brethren. I say that we could not have yielded too much.... I would not care if the rights of self-government are

granted to the Muslim community only, so long as they are granted to Indians. And so if you believe as I do that Swaraj is our birthright, then it is very important that you stand on this platform, united, united in race, united in religion, and united as regards all shades of different political opinions."

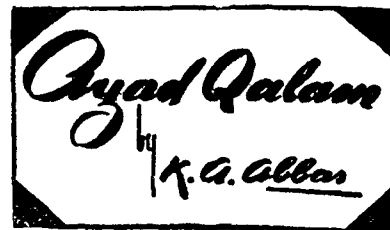
Even by the wildest stretch of imagination, these words can hardly be construed—or, rather, misconstrued—as a sanction for communalism, intolerance and fanaticism which several alleged followers of Tilak want to spread today in his name!

### TILAK AT PEACE CONFERENCE!

It is not generally known that, but for the refusal of the Government to grant him a passport and, soon after, his untimely death, Tilak might have represented Nationalist India at the historic Versailles Peace Conference. He had been deputed by the Indian National Congress to represent India at the Peace Conference. After the passport was refused to him, Tilak wrote a letter to Clemenceau, President of the Peace Conference, urging him to press India's claims to be free. In the course of this letter he wrote:

"It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the imperative importance of solving the Indian question for the purpose of ensuring the further peace of the world and the progress of the people of India. India is self-contained, harbours no design upon the integrity of other States and has no ambition outside. With a vast area, enormous resources and prodigious population, she may well aspire to be a leading Power in Asia. She could therefore be a powerful steward of the League of Nations in the East for maintaining the peace of the world."

It is another inscrutable "If" of history to imagine the consequences if Tilak's powerful voice had been allowed to be heard at the Peace Conference at Versailles in 1920.



### MARCH OF FREEDOM

August 1 is important in our national history not only because on that day the nation lost one of the greatest patriots, but also because on that day began our decisive march towards freedom.

It was on the same day that Tilak was cremated that the Congress inaugurated Non-Cooperation under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. This was the first occasion when Nationalist India pitted its non-violent strength against the might of the British Empire. On that day, the mantle of Tilak naturally and inevitably fell on the shoulders of Gandhi. And India, under his leadership, resolved to abandon for ever the process of petitioning for political reforms; from this day forward it was to be not an agitation but a struggle for freedom. It would be non-violent, but it would be a struggle!

By a historic coincidence, twenty-two years later, it was again in August that the A. I. C. C. met to take the most momentous and most delicate decision in the whole life of the Congress. It was on August 9, 1942, that the "Quit India" resolution was passed at the Gowalia Tank Maidan. Three speeches on that day—of Gandhiji, of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and of Maulana Abul Kalam Azad—still echo in one's memory, each keyed to a different emotional pitch (the Mahatma so cool and the Maulana so impassioned) but all of them firm in the conviction that India had no alternative but to take the fateful plunge into a country-wide anti-imperialist struggle, if imperialism ever was to "quit India."

### "AUGUST REVOLUTION"

The "Quit India" movement, in both its violent and non-violent, open and underground aspects, came to be popularly known as the August Revolution. For, this time the movement was not allowed to fizzle out after the arrest of the leaders on the 9th of August. Nor was it restricted to the familiar pattern of the former Congress satyagraha campaigns. This time the injunction to "Do or Die" was translated into action—often violent action—by the vast mass of the people. It was as if the pent-up resentment and fury of a whole people was suddenly released. No doubt some acts of regrettable and needless vio-

lence were perpetrated. But, on the whole, the "August Revolution" led by the young socialists or by local leadership thrown up by the revolutionary storm, testified to the revolutionary temper of the people, roused to fever pitch by the repression of imperialism.

Many were the inspiring and thrilling episodes enacted during the August Revolution—instances of illiterate but patriotic peasants setting up parallel governments, of whole railway lines being captured and run by the people for several days, of unarmed or ridiculously, inadequately armed people defying not only the police but even the military sent out to crush the revolt, of secret radio stations being run and operated by young college girls, of a net-work of communication and "espionage" and counter-espionage to fight back the governmental censorship. No one yet knows the whole story—for it has not been set down in full.

The "August Revolution" of 1942 still awaits its historian!

### ATOMIC AUGUST

August, again, is the Atomic Month—for it was on August 6, 1944, that the Atomic age was ushered in at Hiroshima. The bomb that completely wiped out that Japanese city, with almost its entire civilian population, not only gave the deadliest weapon of destruction in the hands of war-mongers, but, by splitting the atom, violently disturbed physical laws and natural equilibrium the full awful consequences of which act are yet to be calculated.

The Atom Bomb over Hiroshima ended the Second World War—and (in view of the sensational disclosures made by Professor Blackett in his book, "The Political And Economic Consequences of the Atomic Bomb") inaugurated the Third World War! It is still in the "cold," undeclared stage but no one knows when shooting might start.

It is appropriate, and somewhat hopeful, that August 6 is being observed, though still on a restricted scale by small cultural bodies like the P. E. N. as "World Peace Day" to consolidate the forces of peace. But the movement for Peace and sanity has to be vigorously organised as the war-mongers are organising for

destruction, if the world is to be saved from atomic self-destruction.

It is significant and ominous that just a few days before the anniversary of the destruction of Hiroshima, a General of the U. S. Army should have declared that, of course, the U.S. would straight away use the atom bomb in a future war. No less ominous is the report (still unconfirmed) that Russia has at last perfected her own atom bomb. Meanwhile, the U.S. State Department has summarily rejected the Quakers' appeal to make a gesture of Peace by submitting atom bomb manufacture to the internal control of the U. N. O.

#### WHEN FREEDOM CAME

And, finally, August 15 is Independence Day—the day on which, formally and constitutionally, power was transferred from British to Indian hands. But the smiling, jubilant faces—bright with the glow of freedom—that one saw on the morning of August 15, 1947, seem to be but memories of the dim, distant past. The laughter, the songs, the slogans, the drum-beating and dancing, all the merry sounds of the Festival of Freedom, seem today like ghostly, mocking echoes.

When and what took away from us that happy glow of freedom?

Partition did it! Millions of refugees both in India and Pakistan will sigh

for their homelands on this August 15.

Inter-communal massacres did it! Guilt corrodes the consciences of the perpetrators while bereavement burdens the hearts of the victims who survived.

Corruption did it!

Hunger and starvation did it!

Denial of Civil liberties did it—as Freedom tended more and more to become a mockery of Freedom!

The Imperialist stranglehold of the Crown Link on our complete independence did it!

The continued menace of prices and landlords and monopolists and black-marketeers and other exploiters did it!

Our government's fatal fascination for the very imperialists, who held us in chains for so long, did it!

They did it—and we ourselves did it!

But we can restore liberty, prosperity, peace—and that glow of freedom—to ourselves! Our destiny is in our hands—if only we realize it, and think, and understand, and organize ourselves, and fight for our rights, our bread, our freedom! The people who defied the greatest empire in history can surely not be defeated by our indigenous exploiters. We can still make of August 15 a day of national rejoicing!

#### THE NEGLECTED CHILD



## THE MEANING OF FREEDOM

By **ACHYUT PATWARDHAN**

INDIA completes her second year of freedom with a sense that she has triumphed over the initial battles of survival; yet freedom has still not become the master-weapon with which to win our second war of independence against poverty and injustice. We are oppressed by the recognition that the ends of social well-being for which freedom is the means are still far from being attained. We are still living under the shadow of distress and want and the anniversary of our liberation is for us a day of earnest stock-taking.

It is not as though we have suffered reverses on every front. Two years ago India was an unstable balance of provinces and states; she could not be expected to endure a split-personality, half-feudal, half-free. That in all of these territories, the rule of princely autocracy has been finally terminated without serious conflicts is, indeed, a definite advance. Similarly, the fact that during the critical week of military action in Hyderabad, there was no outbreak of civil strife in any part of India is a creditable feature. This suggests that the people had recognised that our freedom can be preserved by a secular democratic outlook, far more effectively than by copying the mentality of the Muslim League. The cease-fire in Kashmir and the triumph of the peoples' struggles in Hyderabad with the aid of the Indian army are the outstanding achievements of the past year.

However, in the field of economic reorganisation the record of the past two years is dismal and the dark shadow of a crisis is lengthening as we step into the third year. Almost as disquieting as the actual symptoms of instability, is the failure of the Congress Governments to wake up to the gravity of the problems that they are tinkering with. In this field both the Governments and Big Business seem to be obsessed with old-fashioned concepts; monetary problems seem more significant to them than the actual production of goods and services necessary to meet the primary needs of the people.

Some of these difficulties have arisen out of the situation which faced the country directly after the attainment of freedom. Thus, more than five million persons, uprooted from their lands and homes have had to be cared for and provided with the elementary resources of livelihood. During the past year, no clear and long-term projects have been put into effect to absorb these unfortunate countrymen into socially useful activities. The Government has spent more than fifty crores upon the relief of the displaced persons. But this vast expenditure has been more philanthropic than in the nature of a programme of mutual aid and self-help.

Similarly, the Government has directed our scarce exchange resources to the purchase of food from other countries to meet the crisis of food shortage. Over two hundred crores worth of foodgrains have been imported during the past two years. The high price paid for these imported foodgrains amounts to giving a subsidy to foreign farmers, in addition to the normal Indian prices. This scale of expenditure might easily have been utilized to step up our home production and procurement.

In both these fields the vast expenditure undertaken by the Government could have yielded better results if it had been planned in terms of our long-range needs. The Government's economic policy which was meant to please all has succeeded in pleasing none. The outlook of SARVODAYA of which so much is heard has, however, failed to provide the Congress with a uniform criterion of policy with the result that criticism is levelled both from the Right and the Left.

The capitalists have complained about the increase in Government expenditure, and the level of direct taxation. They have refused to pull their weight either in regard to investments or the level of production. On the other hand, the Government has failed to implement the solemn assurance of the Finance Minister to bring down the level of prices and the

cost of living. Existing rates of dear-ness allowance where they exist are definitely below the cost of living index. Millions of those whose earnings are not able to keep pace with the high cost of living feel a growing sense of frustration.

We need more food, yet peasants are ejected from their lands in every province in the name of the sacred rights of property. Whereas individual liberty of the citizens may easily be curtailed by emergency powers, the law is powerless to prevent ejectments and thus help to augment our food production. Similarly the lower-salaried middle-class in the towns and the landless sections of the rural population have suffered grievously from the rising cost of living. These elements are unable to protect their living standards as peasants or industrial workers have done up to a point. This has contributed to the mood of social unrest.

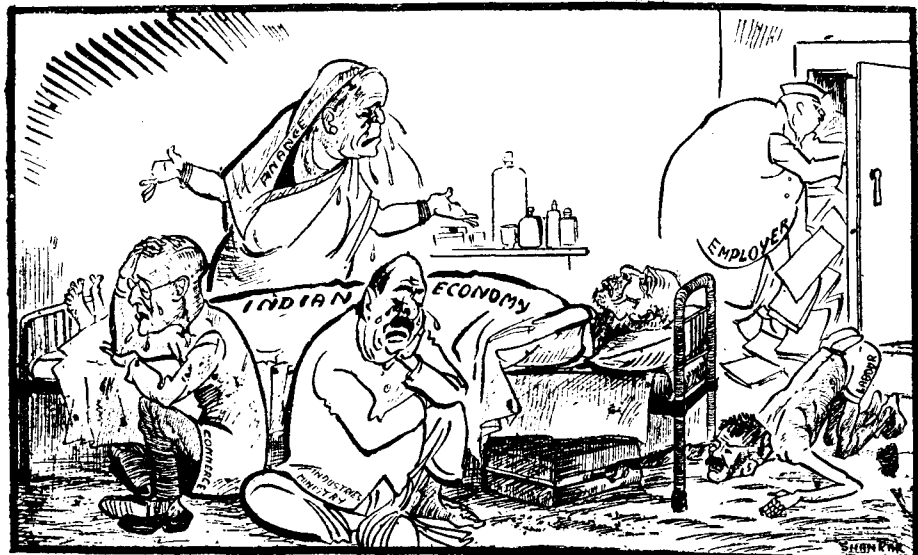
These discontents do not arise out of malevolence. They are not due to the activities of a handful of trouble-shooters. They are a warning that Government policy fails to reflect the needs of these millions. The cumulative result of these developments is a note of discord and bitterness in our public life. It is true that the Communist party is exploiting this weakness to disrupt the basis of political

authority. But it would be wrong to overstress the Communist element or to play down these unfavourable trends which have asserted their strength through some recent bye-elections.

There is another aspect of the situation which must be placed in a correct perspective. Capitalist opinion has often criticised the ever-increasing State expenditure. Paradoxical as it may appear, an increasing scale of State expenditure is thoroughly consistent with a regime of austerity. A welfare State must become the provider of essential amenities to the defenceless citizen. It is not the scale but the direction of the Government expenditure which is a matter for sincere concern.

A democratic Government demands a constant communion between the citizen and the State. At the end of the second year of freedom, this integration has not been reflected adequately in our public affairs. Indifference and dependence upon Government are, however, not attributes of a democratic public opinion. The people for their part must remind themselves that they have triumphed against the all-powerful British Government. Unless they assert their will and create a powerful body of opinion, they cannot hope to influence Government policy.—(Copyright).

#### RELATIVES HAVE BEEN CALLED



## SALUTE TO "SAVERA"

By AN INDIAN JOURNALIST

IT is in a real sense gratifying to note that although only two years have elapsed since the partition of this sub-continent, forces working for its re-union are already asserting themselves. Even more cheering is the knowledge that re-union, when it comes, will be on a basis we have never known before. For it will be a coming together of the masses of both countries—masses disillusioned with the sterile cry of religion and roused to a new consciousness of class and economic considerations.

Of the strength of the forces of the Left in our own country, we have a fair idea. What, however, is generally missed, and is therefore all the more comforting to know, is the vitality of Leftist thought in Pakistan. For it takes two to bring about the sort of unity we are thinking of, and there would be no cause for optimism if the triumph of progressive ideas in one country was unmatched by similar developments in the other. It is precisely because this disparity is not likely to arise that one is emboldened to think that the salvation of this sub-continent is assured, and that in the not too distant future.

There is a general tendency among Indians to imagine that while they belong to an enlightened, secular state, their erstwhile compatriots across the border are living a benighted, theocratic life, steeped in intolerant communalism. To the extent that the very existence of Pakistan is due to communal logic, there is a certain truth in this belief. But there is evidence to hand to show that the intelligentsia of Pakistan is every bit as emancipated as our own, and perhaps better organised.

I have deliberately said better organised because it requires no little organisation to produce a journal of such uniform excellence and such consistent courage as the progressive writers and thinkers of Pakistan have produced in 'SAVERA' (literally, 'DAWN'). I can think of no Indian magazine that can even remotely compare with this magnificent two-monthly; among foreign periodicals I

can think only of the American "Masses and Mainstream" and the British "Our Time." 'SAVERA' has set a new standard in Urdu journalism, not only in technical perfection and literary merit, but also in its surprisingly progressive politics, its deep humanity, its emphasis on the economic aspect and its utter rejection of the religious line.

Some of the most famous names in contemporary Urdu literature are associated with 'SAVERA'. Poets, short-story writers, essayists and critics vie with one another to make the magazine a treat to read. Conducted from Lahore, there are Pakistanis as well as Indians to adorn its pages; Hindus and Sikhs as well as Muslims to give of their best in a cause synonymous with peace and progress. Khwaja Ahmed Abbas and Krishen Chander jostle in its columns with N. M. Rashid, Saadat Minto and Zahir Kashmiri.

'SAVERA' can boast of having published some of the finest literature that the holocaust of the partition and in particular the assassination of Gandhiji inspired. Perhaps it was for this very reason that it earned the ill-will of the Pakistan Government and that its twice-jailed editor (Zahir Kashmiri) was ordered to suspend publication for six months. Contributors and associates were shadowed, intimidated and harassed by the police. Wild charges of treason and fifth column activities were levelled against the producers of the magazine—merely because it refused to toe the official line in respect of Kashmir and play up to communal sentiments. One can understand the anxiety of the Government, too, if one remembers that there is not a single serious reference to Mr. Jinnah's death in the two numbers that have appeared since his death!

I repeat that the continued production of this magnificent magazine is an act of stupendous courage in the conditions now prevalent in Pakistan. It is also an act of unshakeable faith in the ultimate triumph of the forces of progress, not in Pakistan alone, but

throughout the world—for 'SAVERA' makes no secret of where its international sympathies lie. For all those of us who think similarly, it is a message at once of hope and cheer and a welcome reminder that the forces of truth and freedom are not so weak after all:

*And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in  
the light,  
In front the sun climbs slow, how  
slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is  
bright.*

## BRITISH INDIAN STERLING

*By Prof. T. K. DORAISWAMI IYER*

A U. P. A. cable dated 8th August points out that the terms of the recent India-United Kingdom sterling pact are being looked upon as being very favourable to India in the financial circles of the United States. It is also apprehended that in the forthcoming Washington Financial Conference this agreement will come up for very adverse comment. It is said that the British Conservative Party is also disturbed over it and in the House of Commons it is expected that there will be severe criticism of the agreement. A due sense of proportion is required in judging the merits of this case. India, whose economy was admittedly very backward and lopsided, was subjected to an almost unbearable strain on account of the heavy demands made upon her limited resources for the conduct of a global war with which the foremost political parties in the country, the Congress and the Muslim League, asserted India had nothing to do. In these conditions the British who ruled over the country obliged the Americans no less than themselves by making India the base of operations for conducting the war against Japan. The U. S. A. was no less interested in the concerns of the Far East than Britain and the soldiers of the U.S.A. were quartered in different parts of the country and their needs were attended to by the Government of India. Thus, the accumulation of the sterling balances was brought about in no small degree by the drain on real resources to which Indian economy was subjected on American account. Though the mechanism employed bears a British

name and the balances to the credit of India are referred to as sterling balances, American interests were served by this means as much as British interests. In these circumstances it is hardly fair for the United States to stand in the way of the incalculable damage done to Indian economy being repaired to some slight extent by releases from time to time from the sterling balances.

In the last analysis the spokesmen of Indian financial interests are not a little responsible for the ignorance exhibited by American financial interests about the true nature of the sterling balances. There is as much resemblance between the sterling balances and lend lease amounts as there is between chalk and cheese. India will do well at least at this stage to call into requisition her best financial brains and bare the true facts underlying the nature of the sterling balances so that it may not be said that India lost a very good case for want of able and proper presentation of it. The sterling balances are often referred to as the result of the 'sacrifices' made by India. The term 'sacrifices' is not quite appropriate in this connection since it may carry the implication that India parted with commodities that constitute a surplus. Far from this being the case, the balances were the result of a ruthless exploitation of resources which deprived millions upon millions of the people of India of the wherewithal for their very existence. The entire economic structure of the country, agricultural and industrial, was laid prostrate as a result of the policy that led to the accumulation of the balances.

## DEO REPORT: A SORRY PERFORMANCE

*By S. RAJAGOPALAN*

SRI SANKAR RAO DEO'S preliminary report on the allegations against some of the Madras Ministers, has rightly come in for scathing criticism all round, and one feels that it is the obvious result of an enquiry which was neither public nor judicial. Sri Deo apparently endeavoured to find out at the outset whether there was a *prima facie* case for inquiry, but even so it is highly problematical if a judicial tribunal charged with such an enquiry, would have come to the same conclusion or pronounced itself so strongly on some of the vital questions.

In a judicial enquiry, the complainant will first be examined as also his evidence; he will be cross-examined by the opposite party. Then if the complaint be found to be false, frivolous or vexatious, it will be thrown out. Else definite charges will be framed against the accused who will then enter upon his defence and produce his evidence. Evidence is taken in open court and each party can know the documentary evidence adduced by the other. After arguments by counsel, judgement will be pronounced. The judgement will be confined to the matter in issue, and the court's findings have to be governed only by the admissible evidence in the case. Irrelevant findings or observations to the prejudice of third parties will be expunged by the appellate or the High Courts. These wholesome principles have not been adhered to in the Deo enquiry and that perhaps explains why the report has failed to satisfy any party. What happened was this: Sri Deo came to Madras, went through the allegations, examined the Government records and confidential files, interviewed a few of the Ministers from whom he obtained particulars in the nature of counter-allegations against the complaining parties and went back to Delhi to draft his report. In other words, he came, he saw and he damned all, as it happened the accusers more than the accused, and the allegations more than the

extenuations. This was certainly not quite a satisfactory method. The matter was supremely important. A number of Ministers were involved and also a good crowd of M. L. As. The accusers were not men of straw, but people of the highest integrity and ability, who had literally surrendered their all for the country's freedom.

Above all, these allegations had their roots in a communication sent up by Mr. Konda Venkatappayya from his sick bed, to Mahatma Gandhi just a few days before his martyrdom. Sri Deo no doubt regards the nature of the allegations in general as "serious and grave," yet he says that some of them were "motivated by political considerations" and he is led to conclude that "disappointment must have been (not, be it noted, was) one of the motives." Now it would be almost sacrilegious to say this of Sri Konda Venkatappayya or Sri A. Vaidyanatha Ayyar or Sri Prakasam. Sri Deo could not have been unaware of the views of Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel, in some of their public speeches, regarding certain unwelcome trends in the Ministry, not to mention the criticisms in the daily press. Even otherwise, as a principle of law and equity, the motives of a litigant are irrelevant provided his action is not false or vexatious. In politics, especially in democracies, the personal factor is seldom to be dissociated from the support of overthrow of Ministers. For instance, in Pakistan, it was given out that Mr. Khuhro's exit was due to personal misunderstanding but did that prevent an open and judicial enquiry being made?

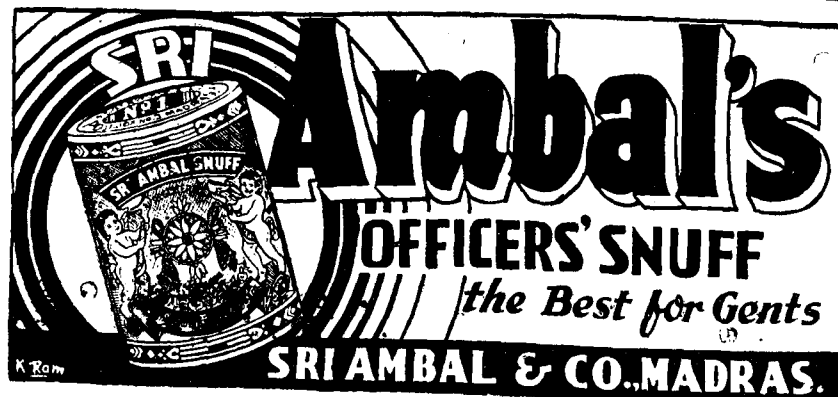
It would appear that 114 M. L. As by virtue of their position as such obtained permits for cars, and this Sri Deo admits "had antagonised the general public and also a section of Congressmen who had unfortunately failed to obtain such licences and permits." Obviously this was not a very desirable state of affairs; and a thing wrong in itself cannot become right simply because the complaining party

too would have participated in it. Nor is the circumstance that it obtains in other provinces too a mitigating factor. Sri Deo would however condone it straightway. What he says is this: "Congressmen honestly feel that this is one of the ways of helping Congressmen who have suffered for the cause of the country and are in distress." If so, why not extend it to all the Congressmen alike, (assuming that all the 114 had suffered and are in distress)? Indeed the question of rewarding Congressmen for past sacrifices has only rarely engaged the attention of the Government. The complaint in Madras had been that most if not all the appointments in recent years, went to the war service people and promotions to those who used the big stick in 1942, the familiar argument which was trotted out being that Congressmen should not look for rewards for their sacrifices. Again, if it be a merit to reward past sacrifices, what about Brahmins, who have quantitatively made tremendous sacrifices but who have fared so badly at Sri Deo's hands? Why his sneering reference that "Brahmins are naturally very vocal and make a great noise which can be heard far away" for the very elementary right of educational facilities? Sri Deo can as well take to task the South African Indians to whose position South Indian Brahmins are in a fair way of being approximated, whose cries are heard still farther away, at the United Nations Assembly. Sri Deo finds justification for this injustice in the "communal complexion of the voters" which is far from the truth. The voters who threw out the Justice Party lock, stock and barrel on two

occasions gave their verdict decisively against communalism in any guise; and when the Ministers seek to perpetuate it, it becomes the duty of high-souled personages like Sri Vaidyanatha Ayyar, to bring it up to the notice of the powers that be. The question cannot be solved offhand or by *ipse-dixit*s.

On the Gentle-Omandur episode, Sri Deo has been less than just to the accusers. Sir Frederick Gentle suddenly resigned and it was so mystifying. All sorts of rumours and surmises were bandied about in the press and even in the legislative assemblies. The Government could have issued a press communique or released the correspondence. Sri Deo finds upon perusing the files that a memo of the Central Government was responsible for the whole affair. It does not however appear that this was within the knowledge of the complaining party. Hence Sri Deo was not justified in attributing it to the "vindictive attitude of thinking any stick to be good to beat your opponents with." We should say much rather that in the absence of definite evidence, Sri Deo should not think stick to be good enough to beat his colleagues with.

Sri Deo has been unable to condemn or justify the closing down of the producer-cum-consumer co-operative societies inaugurated by the Prakasam Ministry in fulfilment of the Congress constructive programme. The sentiments uttered by him in this connection are admirable and one feels that they sum up the whole value of his report. Says he: "We will have to go deeper into the matters which will enable us to say who was right and who was wrong."



*Well-Matched!*

Fine birds - fine feathers. Traditionally and today, for quality and distinction, the choice of discriminating men and women, India's handwoven fabrics have stood the test of time. Bringing together classic and modern trends in admirable fashion, CO-OPTEX fabrics are easily distinguished and owe their superiority to the incomparable skill of our Cottage Weavers and Dyers.

SAY YES TO  
**Co-optex**  
FINEST HANDLOOM FABRICS

**THE MADRAS HANDLOOM WEAVERS PROVINCIAL  
CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.,**

"Holloways Gardens", 34, Pantheon Road, Egmore,  
MADRAS.

# TWO YEARS OF FREEDOM: A RETROSPECT

By Dr. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

**T**WO years of freedom have not been an unmixed blessing in India. They have been complicated by events and developments altogether of an unexpected nature.

The partition was the first disaster. The very birth of freedom began in a calamity, which was followed by the usual infantile ailments by the dozen and the score. They have had to be dealt with and treated.

An exodus of one crore of population one way and the other and the killing of ten lakhs of people during and before the exodus were disasters of the first magnitude.

To feed and clothe, to house, educate and treat these ten million people was not an easy matter. Townships are being built, land is being distributed, shops are being constructed, wayside homes are being improvised and everything possible is being done to help the so-called refugees, whose lot is unenviable, whose fate is uncertain, who have nothing to call their own, who do not know what they should live for, since partition was not of their seeking, nor was it effected with their advice or consent.

The very day of the declaration of the freedom of India was the day on which the Princes of India—562 in number—were declared free to do what they liked, to join either Union or not to join any.

Thus, these lions in the cages were let loose upon society all at once, and it took nearly two years to train them and bring them under control. Groups of states have been formed. Individual states have been abolished, except in the case of Mysore and Hyderabad. Kashmir had to face a war initiated by Pakistan under the guise of a tribal raid. Police action had to be taken to subdue the rebellion of the Nizam.

The states were thus brought under and the third calamity was tided over but the government of the groups of states demands detailed attention.

The fourth was the distaster of inflation by which prices rose. One hundred and seventy crores of currency notes in circulation before the war, became 1,270 crores at the end of the war and the upward trend was not stopped even then. The price index rose beyond all expectation and country-wide discontent prevailed over the cost of food while the scarcity of the food itself was added to the discontent.

Thus, after 150 years of British rule, India had to go in search of food, bowl in hand, round the world, without money to pay for it, for the supply of her dollar pool resources was scanty. While this was so, the nation was not prepared for rationing because it had never been trained in the art of self-reliance and has always been looking up to Government for help.

Indeed, all initiative had been killed and therefore it was that people looked for extraneous aid.

Rationing on a wide scale introduced dishonesty and promoted black-marketing. Blackmarketing and bribery became rampant.

Both these were the legacy of British rule in India, especially during wartime to secure help in war. But in India such help was discountenanced by the nation and even opposed by the Congress, so that the Government had to pamper the people, the officers, the merchants, the press and everybody who offered to co-operate with them in the war.

The high scale of morals which obtained once went low, standards degenerated and ultimately, when the British left, bribery and black-marketing remained as a legacy to be tackled by the immature and newly formed Indian Republic.

Then came the demon of inflation. River projects had to be held in suspense because of inflation. Purchase of zamindaris had to be reconsidered because of inflation. Prohibition policy

was slowed down because of inflation and cottage industries had to give place to imported consumer goods because of inflation. Things were contrarywise and no one was sure that the election programme of the Congress could be put through.

There has been much delay in the nationalisation of key industries. We had neither the money nor the talent for taking over such things.

In spite of these, the Army in India had to be made the Indian Army, the Industrial Finance Corporation with a capital of 30 crores of rupees, the Damodar Valley Administration with a capital of 10 crores of rupees and the Relief and Rehabilitation Trust with a capital of another 10 crores of rupees, have been brought into being.

The Congress Government has had to face an uphill task. The co-operation of the people has been halting, and even grudging. Whereas in self-governing countries every man identifies himself with his nation and his government and judges all things from the standpoint of his government alone, here in India people do the contrary and each man wants to profit by self-government.

What is Swaraj? How is Swaraj going to help me? Where and when can I advance my interests under Swaraj? These are the natural questions put to themselves by some of the political sufferers on the one hand and a good reaction of the public on the other. Not that all are guilty of such perversity but that the first reaction to the enjoyment of power by a few has naturally whetted the appetite of some at least of those whose disinterestedness in public service has not been of the highest order.

We have therefore had to combat, not a Pakistan, not a natural cataclysm not an accident of economics, but our own kith and kin, men who have stood by us in winning our independence but who, after freedom has been established, are anxious to live a better life, to educate their sons, marry their daughters, house themselves comfortably and ensure food and clothing for themselves with decency, if not in luxury.

On the top of these questions came our relations with foreign nations. Twenty-four of them have sent repre-

sentatives to Delhi and taken our representatives from Delhi in the diplomatic line. To find all these men and their assistants, their executives, their secretariats, and to see that all these representatives of India hold high the honour of their motherland in foreign countries where they are called upon to bear on their shoulders responsibilities, altogether without experience, was no easy task.

While this was so, we have had to render help to Burma, negotiate the emancipation of Indonesia and the civil liberties of Indians in South Africa, besides discussing the problems of Junaghad, Kashmir and Hyderabad before the United Nations Organisation.

Our worst experience, however, has been with the Communists. They had changed their tactics on 16th December 1945, when they published a confidential document that there should be plenty of strikes, whereas till then they had discouraged all strikes. The change of policy was due to the knowledge that the Congress was coming to power.

Strikes and outbursts of violence were the order of the day and in Hyderabad in particular, in Bengal, Andhra and Kerala generally, these outbursts have attained a certain notoriety which was unexpected.

But after the decision in Calcutta in April 1948, at the World Conference of Communists, that they should raise their tempo and become aggressive, one should have known what to expect of them in one's own country.

With the Communist outbreak in Malaya, Burma, China, Indonesia and Indo-China, India cannot be too cautious about the possibilities of the future. Nor do current events ward off such apprehensions.

This, in short, is the story of the freedom of India. This is the dark side of our success.

But these two years have had their bright side as well. Our achievements are many.

Prohibition has been well-nigh established. The Agrarian Reforms Committee has prepared its report. Zamindari Acts have been passed, to abolish the zamindaris in Madras and Bihar, while in the United Provinces legislation in this behalf is on the anvil.

Rural reconstruction has been seriously taken on hand. Village panchayats are being organised everywhere.

Scientific education is making rapid strides with the establishment of technical colleges, science laboratories and centres of research in pure and applied science.

The battle with malaria is being waged with sternness and determination. The problem of food and disease has become one and indivisible. There are two lakhs of square miles of land which is highly fertile and where rainfall ranges from 50 to 120 inches but which is infected with malaria. This is the sub-Himalayan terrain and some areas in Orissa. Unless you wipe out malaria, you cannot cultivate the land.

This double problem is being bravely faced by the Government of India. Malaria has been wiped out in the Wynad region at a cost of Re. 1 per capita per annum. All this requires a large increase of doctors, nurses and midwives, of whom supply is not a half, a tenth, or a hundredth of what it should be according to modern standards.

Amongst the external problems, easily the most complicated one has been how to link India with the Commonwealth, from which the republican character of the Indian constitution must naturally separate her.

Months of thought and deliberations have led to the decision that India may well continue to be a member of the Commonwealth. In the transitory period such a link is considered to be a source of great assistance and, whatever may be the positive nature of the assistance, negatively the disadvantages that will be obviated by such a link cannot be underrated.

It is seldom that political prophecies come true. But when one turns over the pages of recent Indian history, one wonders how prophetic the resolutions of the Congress passed by the Working Committee on 14th July 1942 and by the A.-I.C.C. on August 7 and 9, 1942, have proved. In the former of these resolutions the following words occur:

"The Congress would change the present illwill against Britain into goodwill and make India a willing partner in the joint enterprise of

securing freedom for the nations and peoples of the world and in the trials and tribulations which accompany it. This is only possible if India feels the glow of freedom.....

"In making the proposal for the withdrawal of British rule from India, the Congress has no desire whatsoever to embarrass Great Britain or the Allied powers in their prosecution of the war, or in any way to encourage aggression on India, or increased pressure on China by the Japanese or any other power associated with the Axis group.

"This proposal of the withdrawal of British power from India was never intended to mean the physical withdrawal of all Britishers from India, and certainly not of those who would make India their home and live there as citizens and as equals with the others.

"If such withdrawal takes place with goodwill, it would result in establishing a stable provisional government in India and co-operation between this government and the United Nations in resisting aggression and helping China."

The Congress, with rare foresight, stated in its resolution of the A.-I.C.C. in Bombay on August 7 and 8, as follows:

"The freedom of India must be the symbol of, and prelude to, the freedom of all other Asiatic nations under foreign domination. Burma, Malaya, Indo-China, the Dutch East Indies, Iran and Iraq must also attain their complete freedom. It must be clearly understood that such of these countries as are under Japanese control now must not subsequently be placed under the rule of any other colonial power."

It is thus that India has taken a hand in liberating the South-eastern nations, in rendering timely aid to Burma and in mobilising the moral forces of 22 nationalities in India at a conference on behalf of Indonesia against Dutch aggression. It is therefore a matter for pride and satisfaction that the labours of the Congress have borne fruit. Burma has been rehabilitated and Indonesia is well on its way to full freedom and republican government.

The rest of the nations of the world, whether in the Eastern or Western

hemisphere, are living in the midst of confusion and carnage or a studied patronage of them. It may be that India, living in the midst of trees is not able to discover the wood. But countries abroad are able to take a clear view of the happenings in this country, the age-long principles by which this Oriental nation has regained freedom, and the utter contrast between these principles and the principles and policies adopted by the imperialistic nations of the world, in the East as well as in the West.

The Negro leaders of America are the first to acclaim the high principles of Satyagraha and Ahimsa and they look forward to India to be able to influence the American Republic, particularly the southern half, in combating their anti-Negro spirit.

Poll-tax has been levied on the Negroes to thwart their citizenship rights. But the whites have joined them in a Satyagraha movement to cancel it.

The high esteem in which the Prime Minister of India has been held by the U.N.O. in Paris recently, and in England at the Commonwealth Conference, is a testimony positive to the position that India holds in the comity of nations. There is little doubt that, with his visit to America in October next, he will have doubly ensured the place of pride for India in the halls of honour of the world's nations.

India in bondage was a fruitful cause of the world's wars. India free is a guarantee of world peace.—P.T.I. (Copyright).

## TIME FOR DE-CONTROL

By T. VISWANATHAM, M.L.A.

WHILE the Government are saying that they have so many Grow More Food schemes, and short range and long range programmes, they do not see what is actually happening. The following figures are very revealing:

### AREA SHOWN WITH CROP (Madras Province)

#### Paddy Irrigated And Unirrigated

|                                      |            |
|--------------------------------------|------------|
| 1355 (1945-46)                       | 11,013,530 |
| (From Administration Report).        |            |
| 1356 (1946-47)                       | 10,986,124 |
| acres.                               |            |
| 1357 (1947-48)                       | 10,434,149 |
| (Season & Crop Report).              |            |
| 1358 (1948-49)                       | 9,300,000  |
| (In round figures) Press Communique. |            |

Likewise there is a fall in the production of paddy.

|      |                 |
|------|-----------------|
| 1356 | 7,342,450 tons. |
| 1357 | 6,462,150 "     |

These decreases have occurred in the districts of Nellore, Chingleput, South Arcot, Chittoor, North Arcot, Salem, Tiruchirappalli, Tanjore, Mathurai, Ramnad, Tirunelveli, Malabar and South Canara, and have far outweighed the increases in Visakhapatnam, East and West Godavari, Kistna and Guntur districts. The professions of the Madras Government that they have done this and that to increase

production are belied totally by the actual figures.

The control of prices and movements of foodstuffs and articles necessary for agriculturists, applied from time to time and the differential price fixations are responsible for this result. And even what is produced is not made fully available, as hoarding is the inevitable result of price controls and restrictions on movement. The question has not been studied, I am afraid, by the statisticians and economic advisers.

The provision for yearly fixation of prices in the Agricultural Bill just published by the Government of Madras will only add further to the confusion and uncertainty.

Controls may succeed only in diverting particular commodities to particular places as in war time and that for a short time; but they cannot, in the nature of things, succeed where they are spread over millions of acres and millions of men, whose life is not the life of prisoners in a jail. The different rates at which rice is available in different places to-day, is itself a demonstration that controls stand self-condemned. In Visakhapatnam district, it is available at 60 to 70 rupees per bag of 87½ measures while it is available at 28 to 32 rupees

In the neighbouring district of East Godavari. While in Tanjore a measure of rice costs 8 to 10 annas, it costs Rs. 1-4-0 at Madras. One might say that this is the black market rate; but if the policy leads to black-marketing, non-availability, wastage and spoiling of foodstuffs in Government godowns (a thing unheard of at any time in merchants' godowns), uniform bad quality and widespread corruption of officials, it is time it were revised.

Our average production of rice in Madras Province is put at 50 lakhs of tons of rice. This would feed 3 crores of people per year at 16 ounces a day or 4 crores per year at 12 ounces a day. Add to this the imports ranging up to 4 to 7 lakhs of tons. Even assuming that 4 crores are adults for the purpose of eating and assuming that vegetarians and non-vegetarians consume an equal quantity of rice, we should have enough rice. But as it is, we are getting only 8 ounces per head per day which, when cleaned, comes to only 5 to 6 ounces. What has become of the rest? The controls have secreted it while the rising generation is under-fed. Not all the machi-

nery can cure the situation; for blackmarketeers and some officials are in it. The only cure is to remove the controls altogether. My remedy is:

(1) Do not 'monkey' with prices and movements;

(2) If in any corner of the country food is wanted, Government must purchase at the nearest market at the local price and rush it to the place where it is wanted. The cost involved in this would be less than the cost of "State trading" and subsidies. The Madras Government has spent more than eleven crores as subsidies.

(3) Make transport (including available military transport) easy and cheap if possible for movement of foodstuffs.

(4) Disband the Civil Supplies Department.

The argument that decontrol has failed cannot be accepted; it was not given a fair trial because inter-provincial and inter-district movements were controlled and restricted and only rationing was removed. This kind of partial decontrol had inherent in it the seed of failure.

## KANNAN-MY LOVER.

By BHARATI

(Translated by K. S.)

Like a worm on a fish-hook, a flame unprotected,  
For a long, long while my heart throbbed in anguish.  
Like a caged bird did I in loneliness languish.  
All things it had longed for my mind now rejected.

And as on the mat I lay alone  
The sight of my mother herself made me weary.  
Your chatter, my dear, I found endless, dreary.  
Like maladies I dreaded you, friends my own.

Of food, of sleep, I took no thought.  
Perfumes repelled me and blossoms vexed.  
My temper was fitful; by all things perplexed,  
Never a glimpse of comfort I caught.

Milk was bitter. My down-bed hurt badly.  
My gay parrot's prattle pierced my ear.  
"No hope!" declared four doctors, severe.  
"Ill-starred!" the astrologer added sadly.

In a dream, on a day, beyond men's sight,  
One touched my bosom; I knew not who,  
I opened my eyes. He had vanished from view.  
But in my heart was a strange delight.

My brain became cool; straight my frame.  
My home and each chamber their music resumed.  
Desire was born and joy again bloomed.  
Fear fled, my friend, and beauty came.

From the spot his hand did once surprise  
A sweetness, a great, new peace there grew.  
I wondered and wondered, "Who could it be, who?"  
And Kannan stood before my eyes.

### Jammi's LIVER CURE

TAKES THE DREAD OUT  
OF CHILDREN'S LIVER  
COMPLAINTS

Unless it is too late, Jammi's  
Liver Cure is the one infallible  
remedy for enlarged liver and spleen  
in children, as proved by thousands of  
successful cures in the past years.



**Jammi Venkataramanayya & Sons**

Mylapore, Madras Sandhurst Rd., Bombay 4. Harrison Road,  
(Phone No. 8139) (Phone No. 41593) Calcutta  
Also at: Lucknow, Bangalore, Trichinopoly, etc.

# WHITHER, GOVERNMENT?

By BAROO

THE crisis in Indian economy which intelligent observers discerned in the equivocal pronouncements of Mr. Neogy several weeks ago, is now too evident for even the Government to ignore, though what they are going to do about it is still far from clear. This time it is capital and not labour which is threatening to strike. Dissatisfied with the profits that they can make under a system of controls, textile mills are preparing to close down and let the Government do its worst knowing full well that the Government's worst is not going to be too bad.

Indeed, the Government's worst thus far has taken the form of sanctimonious appeals to the sense of patriotism of indigenous industrialists and more businesslike blandishments addressed to foreign capital. Minister Mookerjee's assurances of equal treatment to foreign capital have been fittingly accompanied by Ambassador Vijayalakshmi's rather pathetic invitations to Yankee dollar kings to extend their activities to this helpless country. Not that other Government spokesmen have not been soliciting American investment and aid. For months now, Indian representatives on United Nations bodies have been openly begging for help.

It is not surprising therefore that our own capitalists should show their contempt for an impotent Government by continuing to do exactly as they like and paying scant attention to its half-hearted policies. If it pays them more to speculate and to black-market than to produce honestly, why, they will speculate and black-market rather than produce. What does it matter to them if their activities throw thousands of men out of work, keep the naked unclothed and the hungry unfed? Do they not know that nothing that they will do will get them into trouble and that the Government dare not offend them?

Truly, the lack of self-confidence that our Government suffers from is colossal. Even in the face of the gravest danger signals, it is powerless to bestir itself and stands gaping like a

being paralysed. The sands of time are running out and with them our only present resource—the sterling balances. Our trade figures are heavily deficit, our production curves still precarious, and our food shortage acute. The man in the street is suffering as he has not suffered at any time since the beginning of the war; he is bitter and very angry. Things could hardly be in a bigger mess. Yet the Government is jogging along as if there was nothing really wrong with the country. Rather, it knows that things are not well, but has not the courage to face issues squarely, preferring to put them out of its mind instead of exerting itself and taking the drastic action that is called for.

For it is not as if there was no way out of the present impasse. It is only that the Government, having lost faith in the people, has become a boneless wonder, uncertain of itself, incapable of assertion. It has forgotten that the repository of all life, all vitality, all power is the people—and not the moneyed few it has begun to mistake for the State. The people are capable of working wonders, of achieving miracles—if only their confidence is won and they are led properly. But instead of basing its strength on the active goodwill and support of the people, the Government is trying its best to forget their very existence and to deceive itself that all will be well if it keeps the upper dog happy.

Perhaps this attitude is due to a deep fear that there will be even greater economic trouble if the present owning classes are meddled with, that production will come to a complete standstill if their patience is tried overmuch and that there will follow that dread thing—Chaos. All these fears are the natural result of a lack of faith in the masses—they are aspects, in fact, of a basic fear of the masses themselves. And what can you expect of a Government that is afraid of its own people?

Yet the Indian people are still sound at heart and more than capable, if properly treated and led, of lifting the country out of the mire.

**IT'S THE LAST STRAW**

I'm used to heavy loads, in fact I've been brought up to them. But there is a limit, if you don't mind my saying so, and after that it becomes too much even for me. The limit in question is the tonnage of your vehicle. It's all very well to think of the springs, but in the end, I have to do the final springing and carry the full load. So if you have a 4 ton truck, please don't put 4½ tons on it. Because I'm warning you, it may be the last straw which will make me collapse.

**DON'T OVERLOAD**

**DUNLOP**

TRADE MARK

DCX 8

Conversely, the vested interests that our Government is so careful about, are inherently weak and tottering, and incapable of offering any resistance in the face of a determined Government effort to get things going. If only the Government knew its mind and followed a genuinely popular policy, there would not be a day's stoppage of work, not a semblance of chaos.

I have already had occasion to remark upon the tame manner in which land owners from West Pakistan have submitted to drastic cuts in their claims to equivalent areas of land in India. Now the owners of building left behind in Pakistan have agreed to the same principle of compensation graded to a steep sliding scale. The way in which the rulers of Indian States have peacefully buckled under pressure from above and below is another proof, if proof is still needed, that the propertied classes are incapable of making a stand against a real attempt at expropriation. For the men of money have no legs to stand upon, and their feet are feet of clay.

How would a genuinely popular Government, a Government suffering from no inhibitions in respect of the rich, act in the present emergency? It would solve its food problem not by ploughing up Government House lawns, but by establishing a new and vital contact with the tiller of the soil. It would not hesitate to expropriate parasitic elements whose only title to the land is the mischievously misconceived recognition granted to their ancestors a century and more ago by a regime since departed. It would not wait for hundreds of crores of rupees to be made available before it righted a wrong long overdue for redress.

Such a Government would abolish the black-market overnight by a bold policy of currency reform. It would demonetize the present currency and allow it to be exchanged for a new currency at a sliding scale such as the Russians used recently. All the tainted

money—money literally coined out of the blood of the Bengal dead and out of the sufferings of millions of inarticulate men and women—would thus disappear at one stroke, and its erstwhile holders would be deprived of their stock-in-trade for black market activities. With the withdrawal of this "war wealth," would end not only speculation and the black market, but there would result an immediate fall in prices and disinflation. All that the Inquiry Commissions and the controls have not been able to achieve these two years would be brought about in a fortnight.

Such a Government would, after this mopping up of surplus purchasing power, have enough resources to start new industries with printed money, and would not have to look to a "shy" money market to subscribe to its loans. It would not need to make safe-worded appeals to capitalists to keep up production, but would take over any factory which followed obstructionist tactics. It would step up all kinds of production to such an extent that it would not have to import food, and would be able to pay for its imports of machinery by increased export of raw materials. It would not have to beg incessantly for American aid, nor coddle its own money bags.

How can we have such a Government? Can our present Government transform itself into such a Government? Can even Nehru break himself free from influences which are making him act contrary to his own views held and expressed so clearly in the past? Or has he reached his highest point and is now set irrevocably on the downward path?

All this is idle day-dreaming. It is futile to expect a sudden transformation in Nehru. It is best to realise that the present Government is in the grip of interests that will never let it reverse its direction. The present Government is fated to pursue its present policies till it is replaced.

How best to replace it is another question.

Freedoms are opportunities which history has shown to be essential to the development of personality.—**HAROLD J. LASKI.**

It is not good to have too much liberty. It is not good to have all one wants.—**PASCAL.**

## ASIA'S CONSERVATIVE-NATIONALIST BLOC

By **ANDREW ROTH**

**WHEN** Pandit Nehru mustered

Asian states last January to consult on helping the Indonesian Republic, he disclaimed any intention of forming a bloc. In actuality, however, the very convening of this conference helped precipitate the long-jelling bloc of Asian conservative-nationalist powers, including: India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, the Indonesian Republic, Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Trans-Jordan and probably Israel.

It is perhaps strange to mention Israel and the Arab states or India and Pakistan in the same bloc. But every bloc in the world has its internal conflicts. There is commercial competition between the U. S. and Britain all over the world but few would deny there is an Anglo-American politico-military bloc. Yugoslavia is certainly a thorn in the Soviet side on many doctrinal matters but they manage to vote together on almost all major issues in the U. S.

In all of these states the *status quo* is challenged from the left. Although, in almost all these states the Communist challenge is the best-organized and the best-advertised, there are important other elements who wish to alter the *status quo* through drastic social and economic reforms. In India, publicity has centred on the insurrectionary activities of the Communists but little attention has been paid to the opposition of the growing Socialist Party. In Ceylon, Socialists, Communists and Trotskyists are in opposition. In Siam the recent uprising against the strong-arm regime of ex-collaborator Marshall Pibul Songgram was dubbed "Communist" by the Marshal, who is anxious for U. S. and British arms, money and approbation. But the insurgents consisted primarily of supporters of Nai Pridi—former chief of the Allied underground—backed by the Navy, and the new Premier was to be Nai Direk, a democratic Socialist who was formerly Ambassador to Britain. There is little doubt, however, that the small Communist group in Siam encouraged this

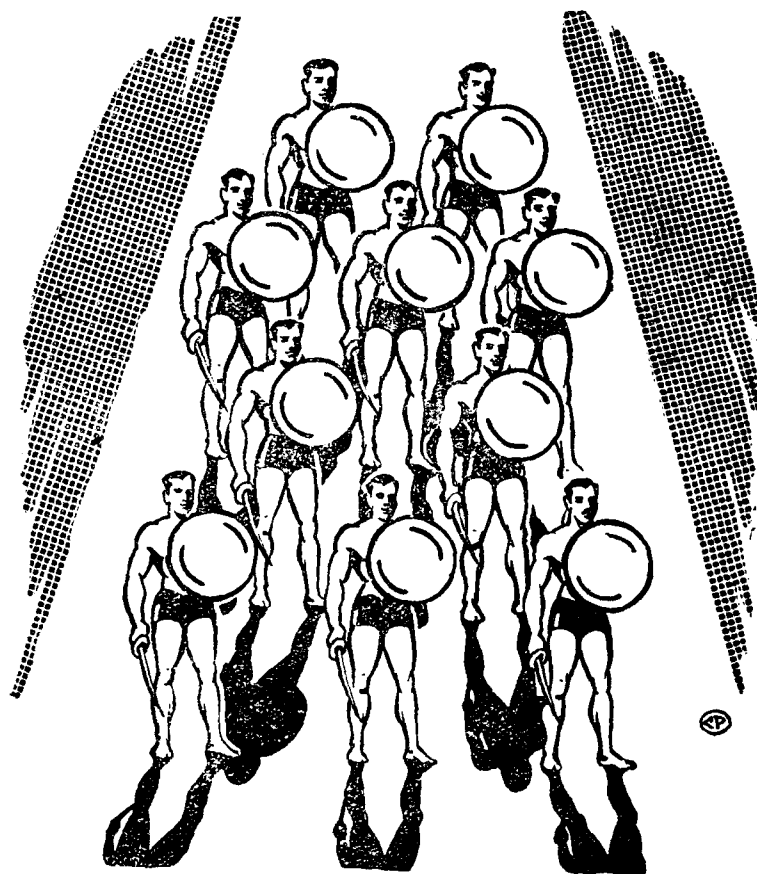
revolt because they favour every move against the *status quo* in those countries whose regimes are affixed to the Anglo-American camp.

Pandit Nehru, the leading theoretician of this emerging bloc, has frequently stated that he does not want India to belong to any camp. And he is undoubtedly sincere in resisting any attempt by the Soviets or the Anglo-Americans to drag India in their wake. But India—like the other "conservative-nationalist" states—is indubitably part of the Anglo-American camp, bound there by ties of economics, arms and politics.

India is bound economically to Britain because its currency is tied to sterling, because Britain owes India large amounts of money, because India wants to take advantage of Commonwealth tariff advantages and because most of the big Indian firms are bound by agreements to British cartels. These are among the most compelling reasons which have kept India in the Commonwealth. Burma is also kept semi-attached to the Commonwealth—despite its earlier severance—because virtually all its markets are within the Commonwealth. Similarly Iran and Iraq are tied close to Britain by ties of oil, Trans-Jordan because of British subventions.

Most of these States in South Asia—including independent Burma and Siam—are, either by treaty or *de facto*, members of Britain's defensive military bloc. Most of the armies are British-trained and some are British-officered. Many have treaties under which British forces have special rights in case of war.

Although the U. S. concedes that South Asia is predominantly a British zone, the postwar has seen increasing American inroads in this area. American oil interests have substantially increased their share of Arabian oil. The export of American products to this area has substantially increased over prewar. U. S. economic penetra-



## 10 out of 10 Can Have it FREEDOM *plus* SECURITY

Plan for a Lifetime. Yours, the Freedom — of opportunity, of work, of service . . . . .  
Prepare for Security too. A lifetime of Freedom plus Security. Prithvi sustains your freedom. Prithvi secures your future. Plan for perfect protection with a Prithvi Life Policy.

**THE PRITHVI INSURANCE COMPANY LTD.**  
12, ANGAPPA NAICKEN STREET, MADRAS - 1.

tion has loosened the economic ties which once bound Siam close to Britain. India, Pakistan and other countries in this zone look to the U. S. for loans and other assistance in economic development beyond that which they can get from Britain. In this zone Israel, Saudi Arabia, Iran and Turkey are already predominantly reliant upon the U. S. in economic matters, while retaining British connections.

The possibility of exploiting Anglo-American economic competition is one of the distinctive advantages of the "conservative nationalists" of South Asia over East Asia's "American dependencies"—occupied Japan, South Korea, the Philippines, and Kuomintang China. Not only do the "conservative nationalist" regimes, on the average, have more stability than the "American dependencies" but they gain further from their ability to play Britain off against the U. S. in the case of Indonesia, the Republicans attempt to play off the U. S. against Holland.

But although these states are willing to exploit Anglo-American differences, there is scarcely any of them that will bid the Soviet against the Anglo-Americans. They are only willing to play up their anti-Communist nature in order to secure economic and military aid from the U. S.

The key and turning point of the relations between the conservative-nationalist bloc and the colonial powers was the conference on Indonesia convened in New Delhi last January. Britain and America were extremely interested in this conference. For one thing it was convened at the invitation of Pandit Nehru and India is considered by them to be the keystone of the formation of a South Asian anti-Communist alliance. It is for this reason that topdrawer Anglo-American diplomats have lavished such attention on India and buttered up Pandit Nehru so actively.

Another reason was that the Dutch attack on the truncated Indonesian Republic threw a glaring spotlight on the still significant conflict between nationalism and colonialism. Of course the Dutch have not done longer and more cruelly in Indochina. But Indochina has been kept out of the news and out of UN.

Indonesia has not only had the UN as its stage but it is a Moslem country, with resultant support in Pakistan and Arab world.

British diplomats were concerned at first that India would raise the anti-colonialist banner. But, on January 8, Krishna Menon, India's High Commissioner in London, told Mr. Bevin that while India wished Britain would be more sympathetic to the Indonesians, it had no desire to split the non-Communist world on this issue. As soon as it was clear that India's fear of Communism was stronger than its enthusiasm for Indonesian independence, British diplomats breathed easier.

What Nehru's actions on Indonesia meant in terms of world politics could soon be seen. Australia's Foreign Minister H. V. Evatt subsequently told newsmen that he thought an anti-Communist alliance in South Asia was "quite possible." *The Economist* applauded Nehru's actions on Indonesia as an "outstanding diplomatic feat" and welcomed the "moderation" of the conference as "impressive." It was happy that Nehru's "farewell speech to the Conference spoke... of the great part Europe and America had played in world history and of Asia's desire to play a full part of peace and cooperation."

The Indonesian Republic's uncompromising friends were not so happy. *The Pakistan Times* accused the New Delhi conference of "placing too great faith in the willingness of the 'powers that be' in the UN to do the right thing by Indonesia."

But the furious attacks came from the Communist bloc—which had not been invited by Pandit Nehru. The Chinese Communist radio stigmatized those Asians attending as the "feeble-minded bourgeoisie of Asia." The Soviet *Literary Gazette* attacked them as the "obliging lackeys of Anglo-American imperialists."

After the Indonesian Conference there was no doubt that after a formula was worked out, India would stay in the Commonwealth, thus serving as a bridge between the colonial and conservative-nationalist blocs. It also followed that Burma—which like Ceylon has always been deeply influenced by India's example—would fall in line. Burma has turned to the

Commonwealth for assistance in suppressing the Karen and Communist rebels. These developments toward a British-led South Asian bloc will be carried still further in the Commonwealth defence talks scheduled for Ceylon later this year.

Before these advances result in a South Asia bloc a number of difficult hurdles must be surmounted, some with explosive booby traps attached. The Indo-Pakistan conflict over Kashmir is not easily capable of a solution satisfactory to both sides. British statesmen, including Earl

Mountbatten, have attempted to impress on Pandit Nehru the urgent necessity of complete Indo-Pakistan understanding as essential to Asia's anti-Communist defence. On the Middle Eastern flank of South Asia there is not only the violently bitter conflict between Zionism and Arab nationalism but also explosive feuds among the Arab leaders. And the Indonesian leaders have already retreated so far that they may well lose many of their militant followers to the insurgent Communists.

Liberty is of four kinds, based on its four different aspects: national liberty, personal liberty—freedom to think as we will, to act and speak as we will, to worship where we choose or not to worship—political liberty and economic liberty. These four do not pull together and in the same way. We may have to sacrifice a part of liberty of one kind to preserve three of other kinds. Various restrictions of one sort or another are imposed on us.—**LORD SAMUEL**



**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.

**Neem**  
TOOTH PASTE  
(CALCUTTA CHEMICAL CO.)

Calcutta Chemical Product

CC 6/48-49

## "A TOUR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION"

By YUSUF MEHERALLY

ONE of the best ways of catching the spirit of a place is to find the points where the past mingles with the present and may be, illumines the path to the future. Such a stirring point, I think, is the Paris of the French Revolution. What a trip of exploration it is! Guides for such a venture are not easily available. One has to fall back essentially on one's knowledge of French history and literature and on one's heavily marked books, guide books, maps, pictures and memory. Conventional tourists on a holiday or out for a good time can hardly be expected to bother about such an adventure, in preference to the glitter of the show-places that surround them on all sides.

So let us start on a tour of the French Revolution. The obvious starting point is the Place de la Bastille. Here stood the notorious prison-fortress that the people stormed and captured on July 14, 1789—a date memorable in the history of freedom. The echoes of this tremendous fall reverberated through the kingdoms of Europe. A large number of aristocrats, correctly reading the sign of the times, emigrated from France. For a while, business came to a stand-still. But King Louis XVI who maintained a regular Diary did not make any note of this momentous event in it, as if nothing worthy of record had happened on that day! His two passions were hunting and making locks and on that day he was hunting in the pleasant forest of Meudon, a few miles away. When at last the gravity of the news was borne in upon him, he exclaimed: "Why, this is a revolt," to which the reply was: "Sire, this is not a revolt, but a revolution."

Paris in 1789, with its 700,000 inhabitants presented the dual spectacle of riotous luxury and the utmost distress. According to contemporary records, in one single area of the city there were as many as 31,000 registered as unemployed. Food shortage was grave and prices were mounting rapidly. Long queues at the baker's

shops thoroughly exasperated the people. When the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was apprised of this distress she remarked: 'If the people have no bread, why don't they eat cake?'

The Bastille had fallen but the expected millenium had not come. The Royal Family was at Versailles and the long-suffering and hungry housewives of Paris resolved to go and present a petition to the King. The procession soon became a march, a demonstration, a great, big, huge protest. Spirits rose and the inclemency of the weather led further to the fraying of tempers. By the time it arrived at Versailles, it was a seething mass of revolt.

Lafayette arrived in the nick of time to save the situation. But the angry women insisted on the Royal Family accompanying them to Paris. There being no way out, the King reluctantly agreed and the crowd marched back in triumph to the capital on Oct. 6, 1789. To other puzzled Parisians the women replied: "We shall not want bread now. We have brought with us the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's boy." Such was the spirit of the people. But still there was no positive ill-will against the King, no widespread demand for his deposition.

The present day tourists, following the route of the procession to Versailles, meet with many landmarks on the way—Sevres, whose potteries were then and still are famous the world over; the historic Castle of St. Cloud with its lovely forest walks; finally the magnificent palace and gardens of Versailles, built under Louis XIV. From his day to the Treaty of Versailles, which was signed here in the wake of World War I, to the present time, it remains one of the grandest sights in Europe. No fewer than 36,000 people worked for 20 years to build the chateau and lay out the gardens. It is spacious enough to entertain 6000 guests at a time. Over one hundred of the promising sculp-

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

Head Office: MADRAS.

## Transacts

LIFE  
ACCIDENT  
MARINE

FIRE  
WORKMEN'S  
COMPENSATION

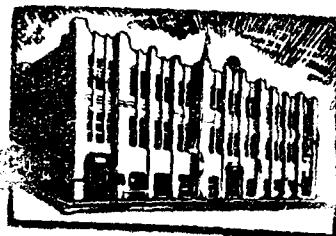
MOTOR  
MISCELLANEOUS,  
ETC., ETC.

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.

(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.

tors of the time laboured assiduously for years, to beautify the surroundings. As one passes through the memory-laden halls, galleries, and courtyards, one cannot help feeling the pulse of history.

Living in such luxury, the Court was completely out of touch with the people. When the latter's anger boiled over, the whole world stood astonished at the events that followed.

When the Revolution broke with the Church, ecclesiastical property was widely confiscated. Where the Pantheon stands today, formerly stood the Cathedral of St. Genevieve, the Patron Saint of Paris. The Saint's remains—she had been buried there for over 1250 years—were dug and publicly hanged at the Place de la Greve, the place where common murderers and notorious dacoits were hanged. The magnificent golden tomb was sent to the Mint to be melted down. This Church was reconstructed as the Pantheon, France's Westminster Abbey, the place where the great ones of the country were to rest. Mirabeau, the dominant leader of the people during the early years of the revolution, was its first occupant. The bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau were brought here in great pomp, not long after, from their graves. Its still later occupants include Victor Hugo and Emile Zola.

All this makes the Pantheon with its beautiful frescoes of St. Genevieve, Joan of Arc and of other figures from French history and revolution, a tantalising place to visit.

With the rise of the revolutionary temper, the King, weak and hesitant, was forced to agree to one popular demand after another. All feudal privileges were surrendered. He was forced to agree to the new Constitution, drafted by the National Assembly, to which was attached the famous Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen issued earlier in 1789.

Meanwhile, thousands of nobles had migrated from the country. They started intriguing with foreign courts. By April 1792, both Austria and Prussia were at war with France.

The King seeking to regain initiative fled from Paris with the Royal family. He had gone no farther than Varennes when he was arrested. The flight has been the subject of many stories and paint-

ings, but enough to say that he was brought to Paris and virtually confined to his Palace of the Tuilleries.

On August 10, 1792, revolutionary volunteers, consisting largely of non-Parisians, mostly from Marseilles, marched on the Palace. They were singing a thrilling new song—the marching song of the Battalions on the Rhine which after them, came to be known as the "Marseillaise," a song whose stirring tunes were to penetrate into every corner of the world.

As the attack on the Palace developed, the Royal Family sought refuge from the National Assembly, and were confined to what is known as the temple, an old castle built centuries ago by the Knights Templars. Now only a tower remains to remind us of its ancient site.

Five months later, the King was tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal and condemned to death. He was guillotined on January 21, 1793, at the Place de la Revolution—now called Place de la Concord, in the very heart of Paris. Every visitor passes this famous place several times to and from sight seeing.

The Queen followed her husband to the guillotine on October 15, 1793. Her last letter to her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, is a pathetic document. In the *Chevalier de Maison Rouge* by Alexander Dumas, a novel full of action and picturesque setting, one can read about the efforts to rescue her. A more historical version will be found in *Marie Antoinette* by Stefan Zweig. Upton Sinclair covers the same ground with fresh intuition in a drama also called *Marie Antoinette*.

How could the leaders who sent the Royal couple to death know that they themselves would follow them to the guillotine, condemned in their turn by the Revolutionary Tribunal? Danton and Camille Desmoulins were thrown in the improvised pit along with hundreds of others in what subsequently came to be known as the Cemetery of the Medaleine, where the King and Queen's bodies had been thrown. Robespierre, the leader of the Terror along with St. Just followed suit a few months later. With Robespierre's execution on July 28, 1794, ended, what the historians call, the period of the Revolutionary Terror.

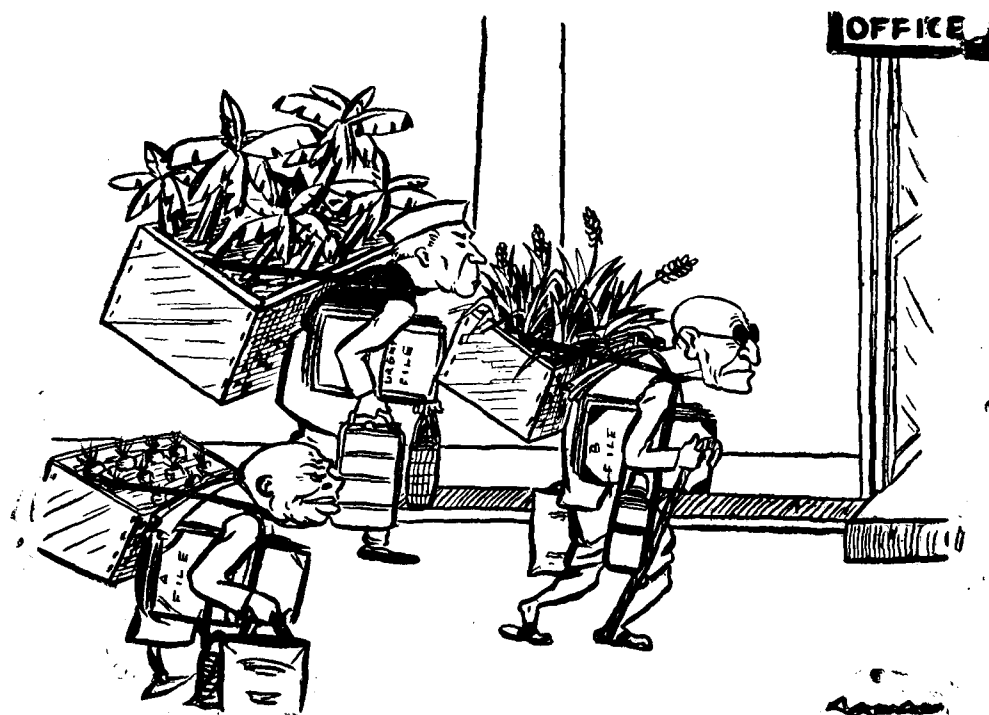
Only a few years later, after various turns and twists, Napoleon was to become the absolute master of France.

I thus spent days in joyous excitement on a tour of the French Revolution. Today one can roam about in the beautiful garden of the Tuilleries; the palace no longer exists. Or one can go from here across the bridge that crosses the river Seine to the massive prison of the Conciergerie, from where Marie Antoinette, the Girondists and many others were led to the guillotine, and which is a "must" for every visitor to Paris. One can again

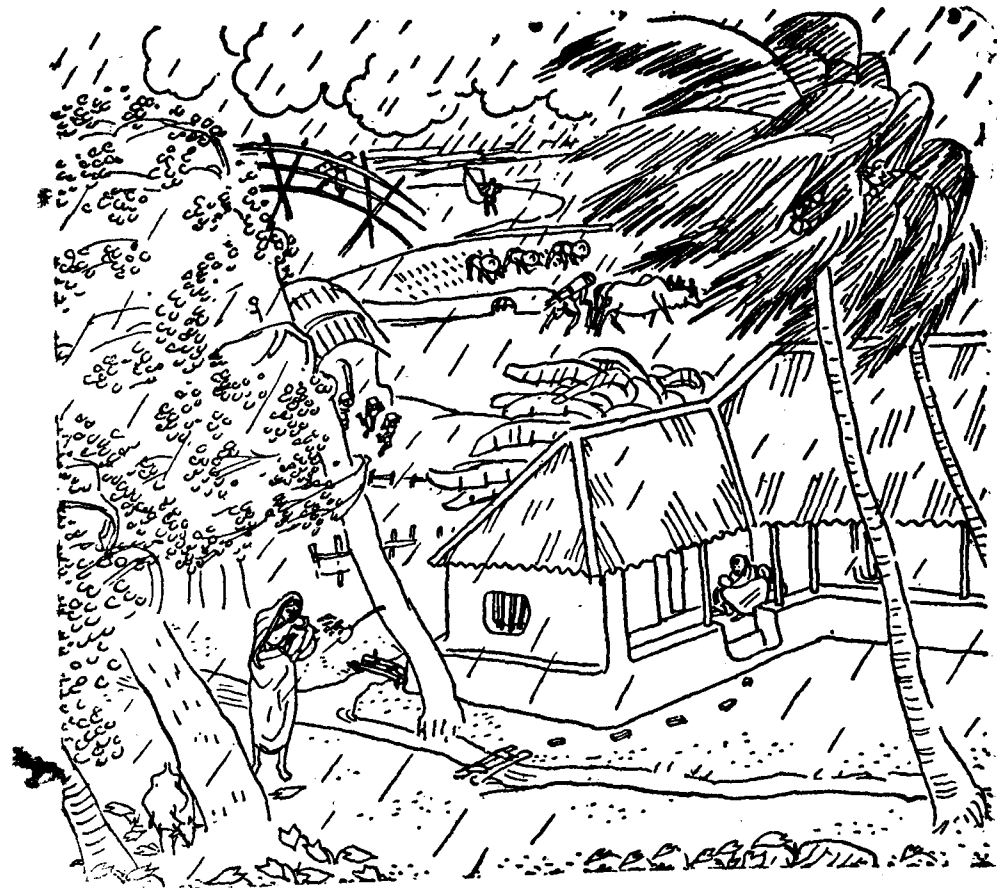
look up the many priceless historical mementoes associated with the names of the great ones of the Revolution in the various museums, most notably at the Carnavalet. Here one can read the Manifestoes of the Revolution in the original; or examine the model of the Bastille, or the paintings of Hubert Robert showing its demolition; or glance at the last order of Louis XVI as King of France; or a case-full of documents, dresses, medallions, documents, are here that stir the memory and grip the imagination. What a rewarding trip it is, exploring Paris of the French Revolution!

Everyone loves his liberty. The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his grandmother. Is it with the love of the mother-in-law for the daughter-in-law, with the love for Pakistan, with the love for charka we Indians love liberty? Among these which would liberty prefer?

## A BOX-OFFICE IDEA



"Those who have no lands or backyards can cultivate in boxes."  
—Pandit Nehru.



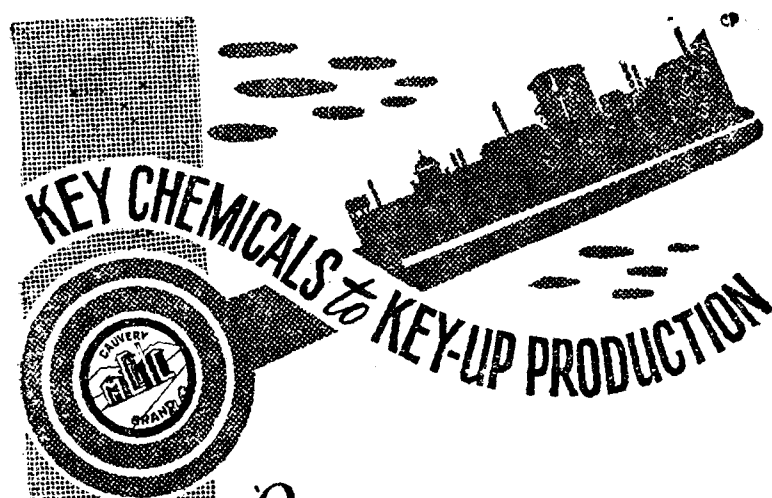
## Rains

Clouds scud across the darkened sky. The slanting rain beats down on thatch and tile, and trees bend and sway before the boisterous wind. At a time when Nature is conceiving a new crop deep in the earth, man shelters dismally in his home, damp and cold. But he has his comforts still—his fire, his food and the sustaining warmth of his friendly tea. Tea warms the body, warms the heart and enlivens the mind when things around are dull and depressing.



Any Time is Tea Time

INSERTED BY THE INDIAN TEA MARKET EXPANSION BOARD



**Cawery Brand** LIQUID CHLORINE, BLEACHING POWDER and CAUSTIC SODA as Basic and Heavy Chemicals are key factors in modern industrial production. They strike a high note too in the promotion of a better standard of public health and sanitation. Millions of gallons of water are made safe for public consumption by the sterilising action of LIQUID CHLORINE. The making of soap, rayon, paper and rubber depends to a large extent on CAUSTIC SODA. The expanding textile industry calls for a greater output of BLEACHING POWDER. In the manufacture of these key chemicals the Mettur Chemical & Industrial Corporation Limited have set a high standard.

### THE METTUR CHEMICAL & INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION LIMITED

Mettur Dam • South India

Managing Agents:  
**SESHASAYEE BROS.  
LIMITED.**  
TIRUCHIRAPALLI

Sole Selling Agents:  
**THE ALLIED INDUSTRIAL  
DISTRIBUTORS LTD.**  
120 Armenian Street, Madras 1.

## SCIENTIFIC APPROACH NEEDED FOR ECONOMICS

By D. N. VISWESWARIAH

THE reaction against capitalism stems partly out of a feeling that it has failed to deliver the goods, literally as well as figuratively. Its productive technique is excellent, based as it is in the ultimate analysis, upon the scientific approach to things. Its distributive technique, however, is largely empirical and often irrational. The arch rebels against capitalism, Marx and Engels, indeed often referred to *their* own dialectics as "science."

The origin of the various economic crises, the most recent crisis included, should be traced to the unscientific "theories" of modern economics. There is, for example, a halo about a "favourable balance of trade," which means merely that a country aims to send out more of her goods and services than she is willing to receive in return. England during the 19th and the early part of the 20th centuries, in spite of her free trade policies, virtually gave away to other countries something like £2,000 million worth of capital goods. Such a *gift*, although not international, compares with the present day Marshall Aid, and in retrospect should be seen as a result of the emphasis on a "favourable" balance of trade.

The most recent crisis in world trade arises out of the lack of a sound international currency. At any rate when Britain was the centre of world finance, geography demanded that she should both buy and sell freely in the world markets. This enabled her own currency, the pound sterling, which was also the international currency in those days, to be neither soft nor hard. The facts of geography on the other hand have determined that the U.S.A. need only export or give away her goods without the necessity of having to buy or receive an equivalent amount from other countries. The influx of goods into the U.S.A. has therefore been severely discouraged by high tariff walls which few countries have been

able to scale with success. American "loans" have therefore been largely unrepayable. American insistence upon payment in gold has been equally irrational because, apart from the fact that it is physically impossible for other countries to pay in gold, the metal is not even useful to the U.S. for monetary purposes, gold being "sterilized" for the most part since about 1923.

It is curious to reflect that the U. S. should be willing, through various devices like loans, lease lend, and now the Marshall Aid, to make a present of her goods and services to foreigners, while at least a portion of the vast surpluses might very well have been consumed at home. During the thirties an influential movement calling itself Technocracy contended that the productive powers of the U.S. permitted a much higher standard of living for everyone in the land with at the same time only a six-hour working week for labour. Technocracy, however, for its success demanded that the capitalist structure should be scrapped.

Such a radical change in the American economy is most unlikely and meanwhile every kind of device is concocted to divert the production surplus to foreign countries. Marshall Aid or something like it is envisaged even after 1952 for Europe, and as against the original intention of the Marshall Plan to make Europe as self-sufficient economically as possible, there is now considerable pressure put on Congress to see that as much as possible is bought out of Marshall Aid funds by the individual European countries direct from the U.S.A.

There are at present these two trends: American desire to export and not import; the rest of the world feverishly trying to cut out American purchases owing to the universal dollar famine. The two trends are mutually contradictory. The insistence upon payment in gold is becoming more and more impossible of achievement as all the gold is steadily

gravitating towards the vaults of Fort Knox.

Under these circumstances a return to gold as the basis of a new international currency, implied in the International Monetary Fund, is bound to fail. Such failure is already evident in the present dollar-sterling-gold crisis.

The distribution of goods, both nationally and internationally, is in evident need of a scientific treatment. Certainly the use of gold in international trade appears to be an anachronism. A sound international currency, neither soft nor hard, has to be discovered afresh, and it is doubtful whether professional economists with the load of orthodox

learning on their minds can usefully contribute to such a discovery. Professor Haldane has recently claimed that men of science are not a "race apart" but that they know more about the byways of "humanistic culture" than their colleagues on the arts side concerning the main problems of science. This may be true, and anyway distinguished scientists have even risked their popularity by investigating alien fields such as spiritualism. So far, however, the scientists have not paid any real attention to economics. The need for a scientific approach to economic problems has at no time been more urgent. The world of science and the world of unscientific economy have for too long lived in uncomfortable juxtaposition.

## THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

By C. R. MYLERU, M.A.

IT was already late; the stars had begun to shine, and since there was no moon, it became dark. Ramu and I who had come to the junction station in my *jut*, decided to return home, especially because we had forgotten to provide the bandy with lamps and the Malayalee policeman at the Salem Market turning was a very troublesome fellow. I asked Ramu to get the carriage ready, while I sauntered along slowly a few paces in advance. I did so intentionally, for my pony and I were no friends. Whenever I approached her, she showed a distinct desire to salute me by kicking away in my direction with her hind legs, and once or twice she actually manifested it to my unutterable pain in the right thigh. I was not prepared to continue to be friends with her when she persisted in welcoming me in this way. So, I used to ask Ramu to deal with the pony.

Just then, whom should I see there but my college professor Mr. Ramachandra Ayyar, with his walking stick laid on his neck and his hands pulling it down at the ends, his head bent down, his upper cloth trailing behind him in the dust, while he muttered something to himself. He stopped suddenly in the middle of the road, and taking down his walking stick drew

some figures very deliberately in the dust, shook his head in a thoroughly self-satisfied manner, and said 'Yes, that is it, yes. I knew I was right,' and laughed in self-appreciation and then marched on. We all knew him as a very absent-minded person, who never cared about what was going on around him, but who always thought about his own physics problems. It was also rumoured that he would sit up in the middle of the night in his sleep and begin arguing out some question with his thoroughly frightened wife whom he would rouse up by his talk. Once, and only once—and it is definitely known that he never ventured on it again—he was asked to go to the market to buy some vegetables. He marched straight to Sambasiva Chettiar's grocery store and asked the astonished merchant to give him one viss of brinjals and an anna's worth of plantains. Only after the Chettiar's telling him it was a grocery store and not a market did he realise that he had gone to the wrong place. Once when he promised to buy his wife some knick-knack from Madras, the careful woman who knew her husband's failings tied a knot in his handkerchief so as to make him remember it. It appears the professor went to the shop and took out

Releasing on

19th AUGUST

at all important centres all over TAMILNAD.

# BHASKAR PICTURES' NATYA RANI

with

B.S. SAROJA • VASUNDHARA  
JAYAMMA • RAJAMANI  
BALIAH • THAVAMANI  
CHARLIE • LALITHA • PADMINI •

DIRECTION: B.N. RAO

STUDIO: GEMINI

SONGS: D.K. PATTAMMAL



the handkerchief in which the knot had been tied, but unfortunately, at the last moment, when the shopkeeper asked him what he wanted, he couldn't remember what his wife had asked him to buy, and stared at the handkerchief scratching away at the few hairs on his head. He remembered this incident however and seems to have told it to his wife and some other friends. We boys somehow managed to get at these stories, and we used to spend hours together relating to one another the escapades of our physics professor. And, of course, he never knew any of his students. The stories of his calling people by the wrong and very unlikely names, were very many. Many of us used to get offended at first, when he called us by all kinds of names. For example, once he addressed one Easwaran, the son of an orthodox Brahmin priest as "Hallo! Ubayatullah!" and then corrected himself saying "I mean Mr. George"—to the great diversion of all around, except Easwaran, who took it as an insult, until we all told him that the poor professor had meant no offence.

Now, as soon as I saw him, I saluted him and said 'Good evening, Sir.' He returned the wish but looked in another direction. By that time Ramu had tied the horse to the cart, and driven up to us. I was about to jump in and drive away homewards when Ramu who had seen our professor suggested that we could take him also in the carriage. I agreed, and turning to his began, "Sir... the bandy."

But, I have forgotten to mention one important thing about our professor. In spite of his absent-mindedness in all matters, with regard to money he was very alert and had the reputation of being an extremely frugal man. Many people who thought they could deceive him, imagining he was absent-minded in this respect also, had come to grief.

No sooner had I begun the sentence, than he said "No. No. I shall walk back. I want a long walk."

"It is very dark and there is no moonlight. The roads are bad and a number of reptiles are likely to be about," I said.

But he said "I know that, but I am accustomed to walk on dark nights. I don't mind it."

Ramu who was in the *jut*, thinking that he could persuade him easily, said: "We can get home in ten minutes; it is a fine horse, and our bandy is a rubber-tyred vehicle."

The patience of the professor was becoming exhausted. "That is all right, I prefer to walk."

I tried a final argument in despair. "Sir, I shall leave you at your door, near your house."

The man was furious. "What? Won't you go away when I say I don't want a *jut*. Tsha! Salem has become hopeless. These *jutkawallahs* won't go, even when one says that one does not want to go by *jutka*. If I get into the bandy I suppose I should pay; this being night time you would demand double the usual fare." He was going on at this rate whirling his cane dangerously in my direction.

I had never expected this. I thought that the professor would have remembered me at least who was his neighbour. He had mistaken me for a *jutkawallah*.

I told him as gently as I could (of course choking with laughter), "I am your neighbour, Advocate Gopala Ayyar's son. It is our own bandy. Please get in; we shall go quickly and comfortably."

He was in a very awkward position. Poor man, he didn't know what to say. "Tsha! What a fool I was. I am sorry. Please excuse me for my rudeness. I couldn't see you properly because it was dark (As though it would have been different if he had seen me even in broad daylight). What is your name—I forget" and he got into the bandy.

"Madhavan," I said immediately, thinking that otherwise, he would make me "Zachariah of Hibbathullah!"

For a whole week afterwards, all of us were talking about this incident and almost split our sides with laughter. Everyone agreed that this was by far the most interesting of all the incidents connected with our absent-minded professor.

## OUR AGRICULTURAL EQUATION

By J. C. KUMARAPPA

OUR vision is often blurred by the smallest of dust particles that settle in our eyes. When this happens even the Sun would look blurred. In the same way, sometimes those most important elements that affect us are forgotten because of some immediate preoccupation. The most fundamental economic activity of our country is agriculture. Apart from its magnitude it is the most creative of occupations. It supplies practically all our needs and without it we cannot live. The largest number of our people can only find their living on the land. Yet because of the glamour little particles of dust such as the cinema shows, money economy and air travel present, we forget the perspective and lose our sense of proportion. Our being lost in this way results in a maladjustment which brings us all our problems connected with food and other prime necessities. Hence it is that we should pay great attention to agriculture and the disabilities under which those who take to that occupation labour.

There are certain things which in nature form common property. If we import into such the conception of private ownership immediately we shall be bringing about maladjustments in society. Air, water, land, forest resources, mines are all examples of such natural wealth. No man can lay claim to any air. The most that people have done is to lay claim collectively to some use of water adjoining their land, but especially of recent years land has gone into private ownership instead of being common property to be held for use only in the interests of the people at large. The idea of trusteeship in property can best be seen in such rights of usage.

At the present time people have parcelled out the land for various purposes—in towns and cities for buildings and, in villages, some hold the land as a form of investment and they get their turnover from such

ownership by letting it out to some one who in his turn possibly may let it out to some one else and ultimately it goes into the hands of one who will use the land for creative purposes. A seed is sown and it brings about a ear containing, say, 50 grains. The worker retains 20 for himself and parts with the other 30 to the so-called *landlords*. The term landlord is itself a misnomer, as we have seen there can be no lordship over land and therefore these 30 grains taken by the landlords is a misappropriation or exploitation of the labour of the actual cultivator. Under various pretexts, over and above these intermediate landlords, the State claims a share also. Thus it is that agriculture becomes nobody's industry and loses all attraction as a form of occupation. If an occupation is not attractive it follows naturally that incentive for improving and developing that occupation disappears. We see therefore that the form of ownership in land has a vital bearing on the efficiency of the occupation.

In former days in our country land was looked upon as an instrument in the hands of the community as a whole. Individuals were allowed to use it for purposes of cultivating under certain conditions. We may say this pristine usage was closer to the relationship prevailing in nature and therefore we shall have to approximate to this if we aim at solving our problems in this connection.

Income arising out of land can only be a social question. It should be lifted out of the plane of industrial investments. The man who tills the land should get all he needs and he must be conscious of the fact that he is doing public service while he is driving the plough in a straight furrow.

If this conception of land-holding is correct, then it follows that, nature being what it is in our land, there is a lag between production and consumption. We cannot be always producing because of our dependence on nature. On the other hand, we can-

not exist without consumption. This being so, the difference between production and consumption has to be bridged by provision being made out of previous production. This was done in the past through the farmer retaining to himself two to three years' supply before sending anything to the market as surplus, but with the growth of the money economy and various attractive tinsels about the farmer, he is drawn away into disposing of his crop even before it is harvested. This improvidence which is but natural under existing conditions makes it imperative that the same money economy should come to the aid of the farmer by extension of credit especially for productive purposes. Unfortunately this financial credit in commercial and industrial sectors has developed as a parallel to private property and ownership. Therefore it is very closely related to the fact of possessing property. If a farmer has no property he cannot, under this system, command credit-worthiness. Whatever may be the merits of this credit system in industrial and commercial sectors, it just does not fit into our conception of the nature of agriculture as an occupation. If agriculture is an occupation in the interests of society and if the community is also a partner in this undertaking, it follows that the credit of a farmer who only holds land for use must be the very fact that he is working for society. We do not impose on the Government which is supposed to represent public service such a conception of credit where its holding of private property would be the basis of its borrowings. In the same way, the very fact that the farmer's activities are aligned to nature and his working in co-operation with other members of society should entitle him to all aid that the State can give. Of course, it is understood that out of the production the community will demand its share for this accommodation. Hence we come to the position where the farmer is entitled to as much credit as he needs instead of his credit depending on the extent of his private property.

Another point at which the money economy impinges on the ideology of agriculture set forth above is the price fixation. With the growth of money economy, price has assumed

an importance all its own. The economic activity of man today is often controlled almost through the price mechanism. It is so powerful at present that a financier sitting in London or New York can control the life from cradle to the grave of a native living in a jungle remote from all traces of civilisation. This price mechanism is worked through the monetary organisation.

Ordinarily there are many checks and counter-checks on the working of this mechanism as long as it works within the industrial and commercial sectors of the economic organism but when it crosses that line and enters into agriculture followed as an occupation, it becomes an irritating cause. In America, Australia and other such countries they have got over this problem by converting agriculture from an occupation into an industry, that is, production for exchange in export market primarily when it stands in the same competitive world as iron, steel or oil. When this is done, it removes all humanitarian consideration. The one purpose of this agricultural industry then is to produce profit and not to supply the prime necessities of the workers. Hence it is we witness the phenomenon that tons of potatoes or wheat or corn could be destroyed in a starving world. When people stand aghast at such actions, it only shows that they have forgotten the principles that govern industry as distinct from an occupation. In such soul-less industries prices are fixed ruthlessly to ensure profits and the usual process is to take into consideration the supply and demand. If the supply is in excess and as a consequence they fear a fall in prices, the apparently logical approach is to cut down the supply. Hence the destruction of what has been produced.

To one who follows an occupation, this method of approach will be meaningless. He wants to satisfy his needs not merely by earning profits. He is not concerned with markets primarily and therefore the conceptions that underlie price fixation in the industrial sector are altogether foreign to agriculture.

Besides, the methods by which prices are fixed in the industrial sector have a very close bearing on the cost of production. A bicycle manu-

facturer takes into account the cost of steel, rubber, paints, etc., and the labour involved, depreciation of machinery used and then fixes a margin of profit, taking into consideration a return on the overhead investment. Supposing his cost comes to Rs. 100 per bicycle he adds to it other contingencies as transport to his market, insurance, interests, commission to salesmen, etc., by an additional charge of 75% and fixes the price at Rs. 200, leaving him a comfortable margin of 25% on the cost. If he does not get this price, he does not sell the articles or he goes out of this business into some other which will pay him what he demands.

In the case of agriculture, the position is different. The price is not fixed primarily by the producer. The market prices are fixed in Liverpool or Chicago by men who know little or nothing about agricultural conditions in India and where even if it is fixed locally by the Governments concerned, there is no attempt to co-relate the price with the actual costs of the producer. They take into consideration some industrial and other articles that are necessary for the farmer and fix the price. This practically comes to the consumer himself fixing the price. In the industrial sector we saw the producer fixing his price of the bicycle on his cost of production, say

Rs. 200 per machine. But supposing this function of fixing the price is allotted to the consumer we can well imagine the price being fixed at Rs. 125 instead of Rs. 200. Can any industry with such a system of fixing prices ever be a paying concern? It is because of this that we often state that agriculture does not pay. Agriculture can only pay when the agriculturist is in a position to demand his price and get it.

Generally speaking, the agriculturist is disorganised and, comparatively, financially weak. These factors combined with his lack of education throws him over to the wolves which prowl round in the competitive world.

Hence if we have to save agriculture, we have to amend our concept of land ownership, land usage, costs of production and the prices of agricultural products. Unless we do that, it will not be possible for us to face the food problem by extraneous factors based on violence, expropriation and coercion. *There is much talk today of becoming self-sufficient in food by 1951, but there is hardly any effort made to rectify the fundamental defects in the machine. If the Governmental organisation ignores the factors that have come into our education, it will be impossible to raise our agriculture on a footing that will meet the situation and solve our food question.*—N. P. S. (Copyright).

The Government of India has set apart 90 per cent of permits and licenses for established importers. There is no reason why the ten per cent who may be newcomers should not be Congressmen. But let Congressmen not become mere brokers for merchants. Let them become merchants themselves, and thus take away the sting from the permits and licenses given to them.—**Dr. B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA**

#### WAR AND PEACE

There is one good thing about war. The killers have the decency not to insult public intelligence by pleading insanity.

A militarist is a man who is always willing to lay down your life for his country.

War, it seems, not only doesn't pay, but isn't even paid for.

Peace is in sight. The Christian nations are agreeing to protect each other from one another.

I once went to a prominent book shop in the city and asked for a copy of the Draft Constitution of India. The bookseller looked puzzled, then regarding me through the corners of his spectacles, said imposingly: "We don't sell periodical literature here. Go to a news stall."

Politicians turn to and fro in their parties, weaving and unweaving combinations.

# THE DIFFERENCE

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE problem of bread is the problem of life. Rather, the main problem of life is the problem of bread, of sustenance. The minimum ambition of an individual is to be able to feed or sustain himself. The multifarious other ambitions of the human kind come only afterwards in priority and importance. One talks or hears of the "struggle" for existence only because of the difficulty of finding food for oneself or of finding the means of meeting that end.

The bulk of humanity in the present-day word really "struggles" for its living. The bloated prices and acute scarcity of foodstuffs, the maldistribution of food due to social and economic inequalities and iniquities, and the rank mishandling of the food economy, have contributed to the parlous state of affairs prevailing today in large areas of the world.

The governments of the day are faced with the tremendous task of finding food for their people. Starving stomachs are the seed-bed of disease, discontent and dangerous revolution. While the Governments are all well aware of this, their individual attitudes to the food problem vary according to their respective capacities to understand and deal with it. International rivalries and power politics, and the profit motive prevent nations having surplus food from going to the aid of needy people elsewhere. We have heard of the destructive and indecent wastage of surplus wheat and coffee in the Americas while people were actually dying of under-nourishment and starvation in parts of Asia and Europe.

While starvation, scarcity and shameless destruction of available surplus have characterised the food deals of other countries, Soviet Russia has introduced the welcome novelty of supplying free bread to its people. The Soviet citizens are compulsorily made to work all the same, each according to his capacity. There are, therefore, no permanent unemployed in that country. Professional beggary

is a punishable offence in Russia. Though the Russian is compelled to work for his State, he does not resent or shirk it, because he is assured of his daily bread. He is therefore an enthusiastic worker. The traducers of Soviet Russia have been swept off their feet with this one supreme act. Also, the prestige of Communist Russia has been considerably enhanced.

In their attitudes to the press, there is difference as between the Communist States and countries outside the pale of Communism. Gagging the opposition press is not a peculiar feature exclusive to either of them. While the gagging is complete in Communist areas, it is discriminatory and discretionary in the democratic countries. In the democratic States, the liberty of the press is systematically curtailed by the enactment of strict press laws and by demanding deposit of monetary securities from opposition papers. Once a paper transgresses the prescribed limits, either it will be penalised in a court of law or the deposited security will be forfeited. The laudable feature about the treatment of the press under democracy is the reasonable limits of liberty allowed to it.

In Soviet Russia, things are not so wholesome for the free press. Apparently there is no opposition press in that country. Papers which criticize or condemn the communist government in power, will be summarily liquidated together with the proprietors, printers and publishers thereof. This complete strangle-hold on the press has successfully prevented Soviet citizens from seeing and hearing the opposite viewpoint.

It is a feature of democracy that outspoken journalists, not to speak of the fiery penmen of "People's Age" and allied papers, have been able to function, more or less, without any great hindrance or repression. The distinct advantage which the free supply of bread has given Soviet Russia is thus offset by Russia's relentless restriction on press liberty and her intolerance of opposition.

# 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.

## Shanker Rao Deo's Enquiry

All the excitement with which we have been waiting for the report of Shri Shanker Rao Deo on his enquiry into certain allegations against some of the Congress Ministers in Madras has boiled down to strong resentment and dissatisfaction. On certain charges which he has dealt with in his report he has been wishy-washy and on certain charges which he admits in his report as bonafide and consequently detrimental to national interest, he does not recommend any punitive measures, but merely minces matters and on certain other charges, to substantiate which he himself seems to be in possession of facts and proof, he seems to be moving, surprisingly enough, in the direction of favouring grant of pardon.

From the report we are able to see clearly that certain charges are absolutely meaningless and frivolous having their origin in the disappointment the complainants have suffered politically. Frivolous complaints such as "Madras Ministry has completely failed to meet the situation arising out of the aggressive activities of Hyderabad and is unable to give protection to life and property on the border areas" cannot have the approval and sanction of the people at large. On the other hand the people would certainly unhesitatingly condemn such complaint as agitation for agitation's sake.

Coming to the charge of communalism in the matter of admission into the educational institutions and recruitment to service we find Mr. Deo justifying Government measures. He says that "there is a general feeling among Non-Brahmins that they are left behind in the race of life because they are very much backward in education and therefore they are naturally very anxious to get all kinds of opportunities to make up the past deficiency. They feel and legitimately so that if this (Government service and admission into educational institutions) is left to open competition they will have very little chance of holding themselves against the advanced communities, especially the Brahmins, though they may be in small minorities." If there is to be a gradation or classification of communities in such matters they cannot conveniently classify them only as Brahmins, Non-Brahmins and Backward Classes. If, as Mr. Deo has pointed out in his report, the reservation of seats is to be made less favourable to those who are intellectually advanced, it should be noted that there are castes and sub-castes amongst

Non-Brahmins whose intellectual capacity is not even. If seats are reserved for Non-Brahmins only, such people as Mudaliars and Naidus who are the most advanced people intellectually amongst Non-Brahmins will occupy all the seats reserved in the name of Non-Brahmins and it will result in making the less advanced people among the Non-Brahmins more miserable. So, if they want to make this classification perfect and if they want to prove that they are not out to victimise the Brahmin community (birth is only an accident) let them reserve seats separately for each caste and sub-caste, so many for Naidus, so many for Mudaliars, so many for Naickers and so on. Mr. Deo refers to the past deficiency of Non-Brahmins and backward classes and says it should be made up. At whose cost? In the first place how has the deficiency occurred? Because of neglect of the studies and absence of proper control over the school-going boys. Such deficiency will repeat itself and will go on repeating itself unless there is an incentive to study. Policies of Government based on rank communalism and rabid factionalism will not bring about the desired change. If open competition is encouraged it may give an incentive to the Non-Brahmins and backward classes to take proper pains lest they should lag behind in the race of life. It is painful to read Mr. S. Deo summing up that "all the difference is about how much should be reserved and how much to be thrown open to competition." The problem is not so simple as he puts it. If the blatant communalism that too often raises its head in the South is to be eradicated root and branch, the experiment should be made from the field of education and service, ensuring equality of opportunity in practice and not merely in words, as sweet words butter no parsnips.

As to the misuse of permits we find the report saying that "there are certain extenuating considerations in this respect. The responsible Congressmen do it bonafide because they honestly feel that this is one of the ways of helping Congressmen who have suffered for the cause of the country and who are in distress and therefore think nothing much wrong in it." Such a statement from such a responsible Congressman is, to say the least, shocking. People are getting sick of the Congress because of such malpractices and it is high time there is a purge. Enquiries in camera will not justify the people. Those who are alleged to be guilty of cor-

ruption and nepotism should be judicially tried. Whatever might be the technicalities nothing seems to be more democratic and constitutional than an open trial of those who are charged with such serious offences.

S. E. RAGHAVAN.

#### Pandit Nehru's Future

Pandit Nehru is caught in the snares of the capitalists and is finding it a hard task to free himself. He is also forgetting the revolutionary ideas and thoughts which had inspired and placed him on an equal pedestal with the great personalities of the world. He is glamourising the common man with plentiful flowery language, while the poor man's food is being cooked with many taxes. He is slowly losing the glory of his past life.

V. J. WILLIAMS.

Tirupati.

#### Dr. Srinivasa Raghavan

In the article on the late Dr. Srinivasa Raghavan by "T. S. P." published in SWATANTRA of 23rd July I find a reference to Tillaisthanam Rama Iyengar, a prominent disciple of Sri Thyagaraja and an uncle (father's brother) of Dr. Seema, as having made a wooden cradle with his own hands for this nephew. This is not correct, for Rama

Iyengar was not alive when the late Doctor was born. Actually the cradle was made by the uncle for an elder brother of the Doctor who died a few years ago in his nineties. Rama Iyengar passed away in his early fifties when this elder nephew was still a young boy.

The article curiously does not refer to the date of the Doctor's demise. I had the privilege of an intimate association with the Doctor for nearly twelve years and was one of the few that were with him when he passed away in the manner he had long wished to. He and his devoted wife celebrated the Panchami Day (Thyagaraja Day) every month singing the Saint's Kritis. His greatest desire was to leave this world on such a day as he was singing. That desire was indeed fulfilled. On the last Panchami Day (July 14) the usual bhajana was started. The Doctor had sung four kritis when he felt a pain within him, rushed to his bed, shouted "Rama" thrice and closed his eyes in eternal slumber.

It looks tragic that an authentic tradition ends with his death. Hundreds of kritis with their true rendering have gone. The Doctor set a high value on sincerity and truth. If music lovers and musicians will remember this, his memory will be honoured.

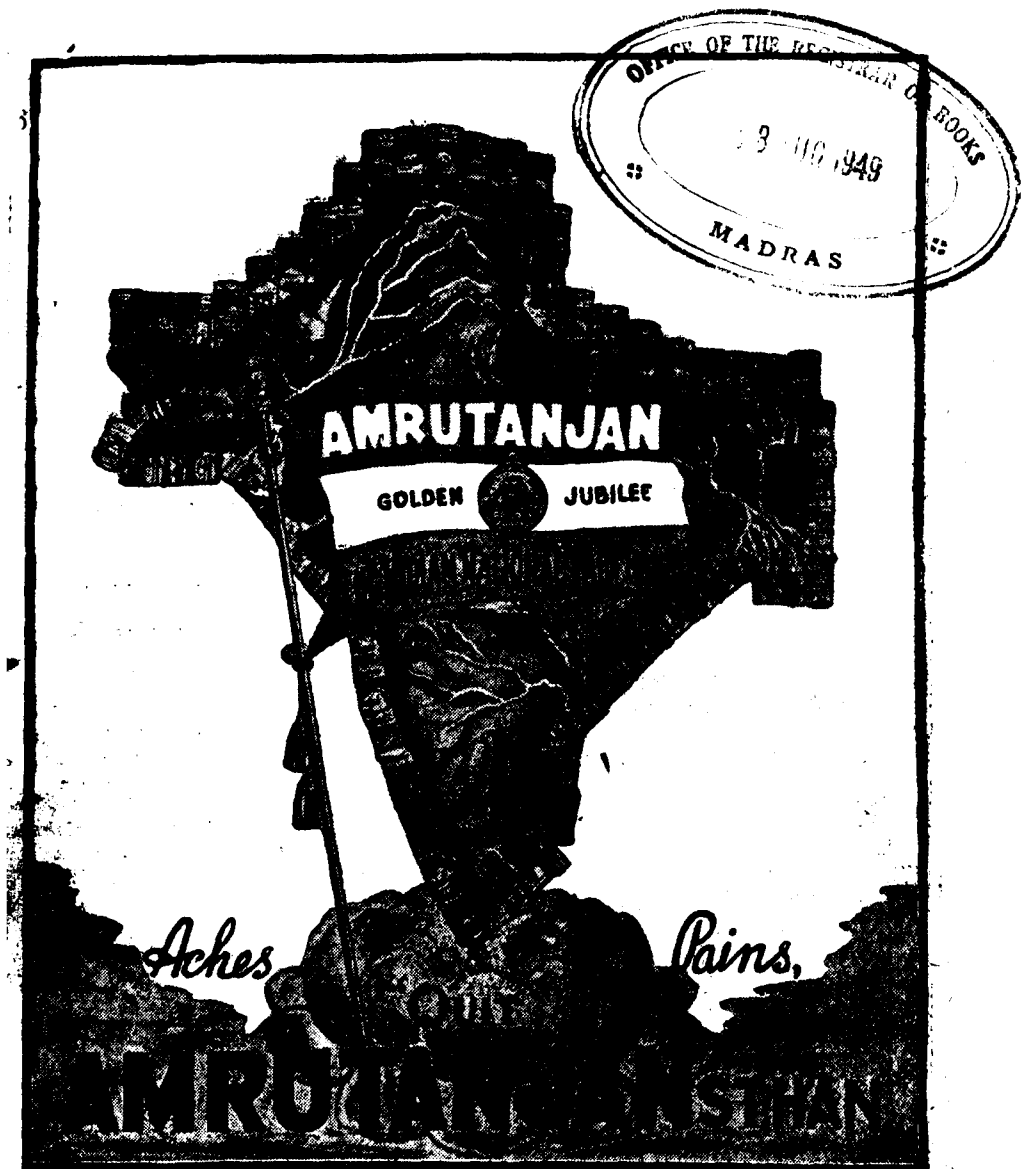
S. PARTHASARATHI.

FIRST  
and BEST

**MYSORE SANDAL SOAP**  
Cleanses and beautifies! Recommended for use on the most sensitive skins.

Available everywhere.

Govt. Soap Factory, Bangalore.



**The HUB of ASIA**  
and eventually of  
**The One World**

# FROM 19<sup>th</sup> AUGUST BHASKAR PICTURES NATYARANI

with B S SAROJA • VASUNDHARA • JAYAMMA • RAJAMANI  
B.S RAJA IYENGAR • BALIAH • THAVAMANI • CHARLIE • LALITHA, PADMINI

at  
**CROWN**  
MADRAS  
and at

|             |              |
|-------------|--------------|
| Madura      | Sri Devi     |
| Coimbatore  | Lighthouse   |
| Tinnevely   | Palace       |
| Conjeevaram | Kannan       |
| Vellore     | Taj          |
| Rajapalayam | Dhanalakshmi |
| Bangalore   | Sharada      |
| "           | Swastik      |
| "           | New Opera    |

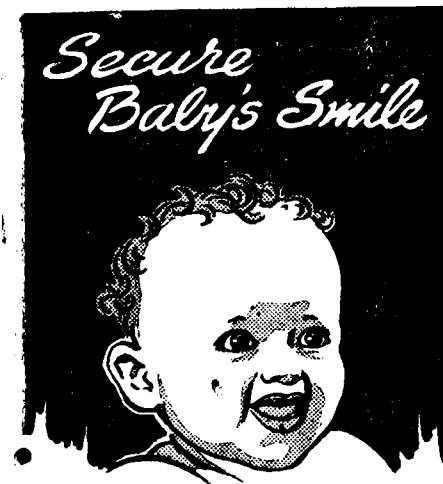
AT MADRAS  
Daily 3 shows:  
3, 6-15, 9-30

DIRECTION:  
B. N. RAO

STUDIO:  
GEMINI

SONGS:  
D. K. PATTAMMAL

DANCES:  
V. MADHAVAN

## GET ZACURE for Gripe

Baby's bouncing health is borne in his smile. secure it by vigilant care. ZAC cures gripe by neutralising acidity—there is no more reliable remedy for teething wind and digestive discomforts. Agreeably sweetened. Baby takes to ZAC easily. Insist on ZAC.



**ZAC**  
Safe Cure  
for Gripe

INDIAN MARKETING &  
DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD.

Managing Agents:

**V. M. RAGHAVALU NAIDU & SON,**

9-10, Second Line Beach,  
MADRAS-1.

# SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 28.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1949

CONTENTS

|                                                                                      | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ON THE COVER—THE SACRED EAGLE<br>ON THE HILL OF TIRUKKAZU-<br>KUNDRUM (See Page 33). |      |
| ON AN AJANTA FRESCO OF A GOD-<br>DESS (Poem)—By S. K.<br>Chettur                     | 4    |
| EDITORIAL COMMENT                                                                    | 5    |
| SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara                                                            | 9    |
| SIDELIGHTS—By Saka                                                                   | 9    |
| THE MYSTERY OF SUBHAS BOSE<br>—By Shibdas Banerji                                    | 11   |
| ARE ROYAL HAREMS OUTDATED?—By<br>Edward J. Byng                                      | 14   |
| JINNAH—AND HOW PAKISTAN CAME<br>ABOUT—By Dr. Sachidananda<br>Sinha                   | 17   |
| THE PRESS IN A FREE INDIA—By<br>I. K. Lakshminathan                                  | 20   |
| TWINKLES—By S. Krishniah                                                             | 22   |
| PARIS: ART CAPITAL OF THE WORLD<br>—By Yusuf Meherally                               | 24   |
| PROFILE: DR. HENRI QUEVILLE:<br>PREMIER OF FRANCE—By<br>George Slocumb               | 27   |
| THE SPIRIT OF ISRAEL—By C.<br>Viraraghavan                                           | 29   |
| ASIA'S COLONIAL BLOC—By Andrew<br>Roth                                               | 31   |
| THE TAMIL EAGLE—By Purasu<br>Balakrishnan                                            | 33   |
| WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR FOREIGN<br>POLICY?—By G. S. Bhargava                          | 40   |
| CURE FOR COMMUNISM—By Baroo                                                          | 42   |
| LETTERS TO THE EDITOR                                                                | 44   |

# SWATANTRA

VOL. IV  
No. 28

SATURDAY, AUGUST, 20 1949

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## ON AN AJANTA FRESCO OF A GODDESS

By S. K. CHETTUR

Stone sculpture sprung to life beneath my eyes  
Of living blue-veined flesh, no longer stone,  
Twin breasts of loveliness and sweet surprise  
Breasts that I love but may not claim my own:

Those sages great who wrought Ajanta's caves  
Knew Nature's rounded perfect loveliness  
And sand in stone within those dim enclaves  
Of God-like beauty, man may not caress.

These breasts are symbols of the great unseen  
Inviolable magic of Eternity,  
God-distant, strange, remote, a passionate paeon.  
Of love too deep for human ecstasy:

O lovely breasts! I praise them thro' my tears  
And know the sorrowing music of the years....

## THE LESSON OF CHINA

THE U. S. White Paper on China is a significant document, not for its formal admission of defeat in one sector of the global campaign against Communism, but for the lesson which it offers to democratic statesmen everywhere, who will profit by it if they are wise. It is, briefly, that no Government, in the present world conditions, can for long escape annihilation by the Communists which does not *deserve* to survive.

This truth is, of course, no new discovery. It has been the burden of the criticism of American foreign policy by the democratic Left. There have been constant warnings, from this quarter, of the moral impropriety and practical futility of expending financial and material resources to sustain corrupt, dictatorial regimes like those in Greece and China. But the politics of war leave little scope for moral discrimination, and so the U. S. Government went ahead with the Cold War, extending aid to all comers who bore the anti-Communist ticket. Official spokesmen, from the President downward, referred to the recipients of American aid in Greece and China as if they were of the same political calibre as, say, the Labour leaders of Britain. This lumping together of all and sundry, as spotless democrats threatened by the Communist peril, has been a chief weakness of post-war American foreign policy—now rudely brought home by the failure of that policy in China. The criticism of the democratic Left has thus been vindicated by events, and may be ignored hereafter by democratic statesmen only at their peril.

Evidently one of those who have learnt nothing from the Chinese experience, the Republican opposition leader in the U. S., Mr. Thomas Dewey, recently charged that the Administration had "thrown the key to world peace into the bottom of the Pacific" by the inadequacy of its aid to China in recent months. Predicting that after a total victory at home the Chinese Communists would overrun neighbouring lands, Mr. Dewey also warned his countrymen that "while saving 270 million Europeans, we may be losing one billion Asians to the Communists."

But it is evident from the White Paper (even if the final version has been, as Mr. Drew Pearson said it would be, toned down from the original draft), that the U. S. Government will not persist in a proved error. It seems impossible that after publicly denouncing it, the U. S. could proceed to help the Kuomintang to attempt the reconquest of lost territories or even the defence of remaining ground.

However, the U. S. will undoubtedly seek to prevent Mr. Dewey's prediction from coming true, by strengthening the East Asian nations against open or veiled assaults by the Chinese Communists. This strengthening, surely, cannot be merely military. What General Wedemeyer recommended for China, after his mission to that country in 1947, has now been disclosed: "A five-year programme of military and economic assistance to be conditioned upon their (the Nationalists') willingness to take steps looking towards military and economic reforms."

If, as a result of the Chinese experience, this need for internal reforms as the only insurance, in the last resort, against Communism is remembered and diligently fulfilled by the democracies, the passing of China to totalitarian rule will be largely compensated. For, it will be idle to pretend that any great loss of democracy has been suffered by the Chinese people as a result of the Communist victory. It marks the replacement of one dictatorship, which kept the masses in a state of poverty and ignorance, by another which will at least give them bread and literacy—though the benefit will be accompanied by an odious political and cultural regimentation little better than the former state of illiterate ignorance.

Another result of recent events in China may be noted: the puncturing of the theory that the Chinese Communists are 'different.' For over two decades, sympathetic observers from the West, greatly impressed by the many achievements of 'Red China' in peasant cooperation, education and political organisation, have painted Chinese Communism as an indigenous, realistic movement of social and economic reform, in contrast to the doctrinaire, Moscow-centred ideology of Communist parties in other parts of the world. This notion, compounded of wish no less than belief based on observation, has had wide currency. Edgar Snow, one of the foremost among the friendly interpreters of 'Red China,' wrote recently: "The Chinese party alone in the world today is led by a Communist who has never been to Russia. He is the only Communist chieftain ever expelled from a party—not once but several times—who remains in power despite a Comintern order for his removal. Mao is the only Communist leader—Tito excepted—who has publicly criticized Moscow's agents. Fifteen years ago Mao Tse-tung led in the arrest and removal from power of the last Comintern 'specialist' sent to assume active direction of the Chinese Politburo."

That might have been so 15 years ago. But today the Chinese Communists are themselves proclaiming their Marxist orthodoxy and exclusive allegiance to the leadership of Moscow. In a statement issued towards the end of June last, Mao Tse-tung explicitly affirmed his party's loyalty to Russia, and gave his reasons: "The people of China must either side with imperialism or socialism (meaning Communism). No third line of action is possible. Straddling the fence is a futile thing." The party's adoption of this position was elaborately defended by Liu Shao-chi, a member of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, in an article in the Cominform journal of June 1, 1949. He said: "Only the Communists and the world proletariat, only the Soviet Union and the New Democracies, are the true and reliable friends of all oppressed nations fighting for their liberation and national independence.... It would be extremely erroneous and harmful to harbour any illusions about the good faith of American imperialism in giving the Chinese nation any real aid, independence, peace or democracy." And those who have hoped to see Mao emerging as an Eastern Tito will be hardly reassured by the resolution passed by the Chinese Communist Party's Central Committee on the subject of Tito: it condemned "the anti-Soviet position of the treacherous Tito nationalist clique" and congratulated the Cominform on its war against Tito, saying that the Cominform was thereby "fulfilling its obligations to the cause of preserving world peace and democracy."

It might be objected that Tito himself was equally lavish in genuflections before the shrine of Moscow until his apostasy, and that, therefore, the present declarations of loyalty notwithstanding, Mao may yet revolt. Such a development is not impossible. But its value for the democracies may be doubted. It will be just another case of dictators falling out, similar to the present rift

between Stalin and Tito. For, Mao has made no secret of his views on democracy. Answering the critics who call the Communists dictatorial, he said sarcastically in his June statement: "Esteemed gentlemen, you speak the right word. We are just what you think us to be. The people of China, fortified by scores of years of experience, order us to exercise a

people's democratic dictatorship, that is, deprive reactionaries of their voice and let only the people have their say."

There have been few dictators who have not invoked the name of "the people;" and the Communist definition of "reactionaries" can be most comprehensive, being arbitrary.

## Sotto Voce

The Pivot



THE middle class has suddenly leapt into the news. Mr. Nehru discovered it when on a visit to Calcutta—so I presume, since before that crucial event his mind largely gestured in terms of mass contact. The Governor-General too has been sharing his burgeoning ideas on the subject with the citizens of Bombay. The statisticians of the Government of India have recently furnished a certain amount of grist to the mill. And Mr. B. Rama Rau, the Governor of the Reserve Bank, has unbent for a moment, amidst his austere pre-occupations, to tender kindly advice to a section of the community which has little use for banks of any kind.

The middle class should feel duly gratified by all this attention—if, that is, there were such a thing as the middle class. Newspapers forty years ago used to be full of the woes of the *bhadralok*; while Anglo-Indian administrators looked upon them as Satan's lieutenants and breeders of Revolution. Well, the *bhadralok* have taken a long time dying. Clerks who earn the princely salary of thirty rupees a month regard themselves as much middle class as their predecessors of the first decade of the century,

though the latter's thirty rupees could buy more of goods and services than a hundred can today.

Paradoxically enough, the middle class is less definably itself today because there are more men and women who shelter under that umbrella than ever did before. The postman who is paid more than the clerk at the counter has naturally ceased to be deferential to the latter but none the less secretly envies him his sedentary life on a stool. And if he had a son or nephew he would rather that he got a more 'respectable' if leaner billet as quill driver than succeeded to the paternal beat and bakshish. It is true that certain black-coated jobs are not so much sought after now as they once used to be, the reason being that the prizes are too few. But the callings which have supplanted them in the popular favour have a glamour not wholly dependant on cash value.

It is the fascination exercised by social esteem that clever people like C. R. overlook when they tell the middle class that it cannot afford to pick and choose but must be prepared to do any work that offers. It

is a fallacious assumption that any increase of population such as we seem to be headed for must mean an increase of working-class jobs; are the poor supposed to take in each other's washing? That apart, there is the irresistible impulse to climb to be reckoned with. In a contractual society the worker will not stay put; he is apt to be more of a snob than the petty-bourgeois because "highlife" is even more a matter of hearsay to him.

Mr. Rajagopalachari could not refrain from a dig at the caste-complex which, against all the evidence, he chose to regard as an incubus afflicting the middle class alone. But, he unconsciously contradicted himself when he expatiated on the virtues of the old craft system under which every man followed his father's occupation, having learnt it at his feet from the earliest years. In reality it was caste that taught the hereditary craftsmen not only contentment but pride in their ancestral vocation. On the other hand it is social snobbery, not inborn aptitude or inherited skill, that determines the choice of a job nowadays.

Mr. B. Rama Rao wants the middle class to save itself by sending its women to work. Apparently he regards salaried jobs alone as work;

which is not surprising, since we are dominated by the cash nexus. Actually middle class women have always done as much and as important work as the women of any other class. They have moulded their men-folk for the responsibilities of the balanced life. In the old *ashrama* scheme the householder held an honoured place. The Bhagavata describes him as descended from the waist of the Virat; the weight of society rests squarely on him. And it is the devoted housewife who helps him bear the burden; as another old saying has it, "It is the housewife that makes the house."

When a kettle boils a rotatory motion is set up, the heated water going up, the cooler coming down. It is even thus that a competitive society is agitated over the fire of ambition. The more fluid the classes are the greater are the hates that collar them. A true middle class, unlike the fortuitous concourse of atoms which usurps the name to-day, will be to society what the *grhasta* was to the old *ashrama* order. It will be in the world and yet not of it. It will not turn up its nose at manual work, but it will not make a fetish of it either. And it will avoid like the very devil avocations which stultify the mind or coarsen the soul. It will have the poise of the unwobbling pivot.

VIGNESWARA

#### SENTIMENT AND OPINION

Sentiments are what unites people, opinions what separates them. Sentiments are a simple bond that gathers us together; opinions represent the principle of variety that scatters. The friendships of youth are founded on the former, the cliques of old age are to be blamed on the latter. If we could only realize this early and arrive at a liberal view as regards others in cultivating our own attitude of mind, we would be more conciliatory and try to collect by the bond of sentiment what opinion has dispersed.

#### THE INACCESSIBLE

I shall tell you something that many serve as a guide in life: there is in nature what is within reach and what is beyond reach. Ponder this well and with respect. A great deal is already gained if we impress this general fact upon our mind, even though it always remains difficult to see where the one ends and the other begins. He who is unaware of the distinction may waste himself in lifelong toil trying to get at the inaccessible without ever getting close to truth. But he who knows it and is wise will stick to what is accessible; and in exploring this region in all directions and confirming his gains he will even push back the confines of the inaccessible. Even so he will have to admit in the end that some things can be mastered only to a certain degree and that nature always retains a problematic aspect too deep for human faculties to fathom.—From.

WISDOM AND EXPERIENCE (GOETHE).

## SIDELIGHTS :

Nothing is rarer than real goodness.  
—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

OF all Andhra leaders, Desabhakta Konda Venkatappayya alone commanded the confidence of Mahatma Gandhi. During the quarter century of Gandhian leadership, to be anywhere near the helm of affairs, the goodwill of the Mahatma was an indispensable need. Gandhian appreciation did not synchronise with mass suffrage in all the provinces. Where it did, the province concerned found a respectable place on the political map of India. But disequilibrium inevitably followed when popular provincial leaders failed to get the trust of the Mahatma, or unpopular ones achieved it.

Non-cooperation was the key to the heart of the Mahatma. His lieutenants were drawn from the initial batches of non-cooperators, mostly lawyers, who in response to his call, threw up lucrative practices at the bar and threw themselves heart and soul into the turmoil of risky politics. But among the non-cooperators themselves, the ashramites who took to Satyagraha with vows of lifelong celibacy, abstemiousness, non-possession and the like, formed a superior species with closer access to the favour of the Mahatma. As Satyagraha was the means to the capture of the citadel of power for the Gandhian hierarchy, there was a lot of assiduous cultivation of the externals of renunciatory fervour on the part of its ambitious members. Political aspirants worked themselves into poses appropriate to spiritual sanyasins. To the Mahatma, politics and religion were one. But to many followers of the Mahatma the spiritualising of politics was a mere matter of tactics, though advertised with all the zest of propagandist affectation. Even then, the momentum of the pose carried a large number in the velocity of its current, and landed them into feats of impressive heroism. It was as if the soul and spirit of the Mahatma worked through different bodies

nullifying all adverse motives. But when his work was done, and with the fruition of it the need for being tactical waned, it was rapacity that asserted itself and it is the erstwhile Satyagrahi that holds now the palm for greed.

Sri Konda Venkatappayya lacked the gift of consolidating power and influence by taking advantage of situations. He was a singularly tactless being, inefficient in the ways of the worldly-wise. He was the first in Andhra Desa to abandon the earlier tradition of liberal parliamentary activity and turn to the Gandhian path of non-cooperation. He arrived at non-cooperation by instinct and not calculation. The force of his sincerity made itself felt on the Mahatma who picked him in his region as the monitor for his disciples. But despite such powerful propulsion Sri Venkatappayya foundered midway without attaining the primacy which in similar circumstances C. R., for instance, attained in Tamil Nadu. C. R. and Tamil leaders generally have steered clear of grand titles like Desabhakta, Desodhharaka, Ratna and Kesari and contented themselves with the silent substance of power. In South India if not in all India, the most perfervid of mass response to the more daring and sensational items of the Gandhian programme came from the people of the Telugu districts. But in the wielding of power and control over the Congress organisation their inconspicuousness has been as great as their loyalty. Sri Venkatappayya is the key figure illustrating this anomaly.

He was rich in patriotic fervour but deficient in executive capacity except in emergencies like an earthquake or a cyclone when high tension emotionalism became itself an ingredient of efficiency. Like Dr. Pattabhi he was a careful man with money. He therefore failed to rouse the enthusiasm of the Andhra temperament which has always been coldly severe to the thrifty, lavishing prodigal sympathy

on the reckless and the improvident. The Andhras are a peculiar people, with very limited resources of admiration for the successful and the prosperous. On the other hand they rejoice in mothering ruined leaders victimised by adversity. Desabhakta Venkatappayya never reached the degree of involvement in difficulties required to extract from Andhras the thrill of devotion, and the result was that mass support by-passed him, sterilising him politically in the process.

Courage, daring, recklessness, the glamour of renounced wealth, the privations of sacrifice, all these belong in Andhra to Sri Prakasam, contributing to a popularity colossal in its proportions. He is the adored idol of millions. Just when there was a risk of his losing that position, rescue came in the form of dethronement from the premiership. Had the favour of the Mahatma blessed Sri Prakasam, there would have been perfect equipoise between mass power and top direction, such as prevails in U. P., and the importance of the Andhra area in the national set-up would have shot up in consequence. In inter-provincial political affairs there is a lot of malevolence and jealousy behind the scenes shaming at

times even the cut-throat competition of the commercial world. The continual pouring of venom into the ears of the Mahatma to poison him against rivals that might prove formidable if unchecked, has been a feature of the strategy of eminent Gandhians now much in the limelight, and it was to some extent due to the success of that strategy that the confidence of the Mahatma was for years reserved exclusively to the Desabhakta among Andhra leaders. He could be trusted not to put it to any too dynamic use, they felt.

Sri Venkatappayya had his flaming moments of passion when he outdid the bravest in valour. He became on such occasions the conscience of the community; and his words acquired power and became keen and cut with the sharpness of the razor's edge. They went home then with all the vigour of integrity of an unspoilt critic of whom nothing ill could be said. For there was no negative virtue from which goodness springs that the Desabhakta lacked. None other could have denounced the nepotism of Ministers and legislators so devastatingly as he did. It was rooted in the purity of a call to duty responded to without thought of self solely in the public interest from the very threshold of death.—SAKA.



Boy: Have you got any vitamin tablets to cure deficiency in Mathematics?

## THE MYSTERY OF SUBHAS BOSE

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

*The Netaji mystery is deepening fast. News from knowledgeable sources reveal stories—stranger than fiction. The article published below is perhaps the first serious attempt to probe deep into the subject to prove that the Formosa air-crash was a myth and that Netaji is still living.*

ACROSS the tape a message came. The sub-editor handling it jumped up in his seat. "It can't be true" he exclaimed.

It was a dark night in Tokyo. The drone of a lonely bomber high above the tallish building of the Domei News Agency could be heard clearly.

The news broke in.

August 17, 1945. Reuters took it over at London.... Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, New Delhi. The news broke like an atom bomb in India. SUBHAS BOSE DIED IN AN AIR CRASH IN FORMOSA. People all over South-East Asia and in India rubbed their eyes and devoured the news. They couldn't believe it. Someone, somewhere, was playing some trick, they thought.

August 1945. With Russia's declaration of war against Japan things in the Pacific theatre of war were changing swiftly. The capitals under Japan's occupation were buzzing with all sorts of news and the chief among them was the news of the Allies' demand for an immediate Japanese surrender. It caused a flutter all over and Netaji's Azad Hind Government was not silent about it.

On the morning of August 15, 1945, Gelang airport at Singapore was humming with activity. Top-ranking Japanese and Azad Hind military officers were seeing off Netaji Subhas bound for Bangkok enroute to Fukuok in Japan. Colonel Habibur Rahman was with Netaji in his plane as his ADC.

The same evening Netaji reached Bangkok. He kept working till the dawn broke next morning. In between, he met persons of importance and was found closetted with them for a considerable time.

Ultimately his plane landed at Taloku, the capital of Taiwan in northern Formosa. This was the

place from where Netaji was to have his last hop across Tung Hai or the East China Sea to Fukuok in Kyushu in the southernmost island of Japan. The aeronautical distance between Taioku and Fukuok is approximately 800 miles—two and a half hours' air trip for a bomber of the Japanese Air Force.

It was here again that Netaji stopped for the night and conferred with some high officers of the war-time Japanese Government.

August 17, 1945. The dawn fell with all its native beauty but there was a hush, a deathly silence and an iron curtain over Taioku. The officials of the air port were found to be very busy, for a VIP (very important person) was taking off.

Across the aerodrome, the VIP stood along with some uniformed high-ranking officers of the Japanese Wing, and was seen sipping a cup of tea and talking in an undertone. There was silence all over. A telephone rang somewhere near, in a booth, and a young girl in pink took the receiver off. "Yes, Yes...yes...it's okay" she poured into the transmitter her muffled voice.

The bomber in which the VIP was to fly glided along the runway and stopped to pick up its precious cargo. the propeller moved at a terrific speed... the plane shook... the VIP and a few others moved into it. The plane ran on the concrete runway... it ran at a tremendous speed and took off into the air. It went up and up. It flew ahead and disappeared...

A drone somewhere... a thunderous drone... and up over there a furiously blazing thing came toppling down on a field somewhere... a few miles away from the aerodrome...

The wreck was there... blazing..

A charred body was identified as belonging to Lt. General Itagaki.

Netaji's body could not be identified....and there was silence, a deadly silence....only the reports of the News Agency is there....No more....**"SUBHAS BOSE, HEAD OF THE AZAD HIND GOVERNMENT DIED IN AN AIR CRASH."**

No investigating commission's report, no corroboration of the circulating story, no newspaperman's findings....nothing but a deadly silence!

Four years have gone by since Netaji's alleged plane crash. Four years have passed and no news is there to tell us conclusively if Netaji is dead or alive.

The various accounts given of the air crash fail to prove conclusively that Netaji was at all involved in the air crash, at Taioku.

"Is Netaji alive?" the question is asked. Netaji's older brother Sarat Bose says, "Yes, I believe he is."

On Sarat's recent return from Europe he said "Recently I had the opportunity of meeting a European woman journalist connected with a weekly paper in Switzerland who was at that time in Japan. She had contacted many people and tried to know details about the air tragedy. She is also convinced that the air crash story is a myth."

Furthermore, Dr. Radha Binod Pal, a Judge of the Calcutta High Court, who went to Japan as a member of the Supreme Court that sat to deliver judgment on the Japanese war criminals recently told us that reports that he had heard at Japan made him believe that Subhas is alive.

Now let me analyse from the factual available accounts of the air-crash if Subhas was actually in the plane that crashed at Taioku air port.

Subhas, it was reported, flew in a bomber that carried him and his party alone.

According to A. N. Sircar, an ex-Minister of the Government of Azad Hind, Lt.-Col. Habibur Rahman accompanied Subhas on his journey to Japan. Some newspapermen who had been at Saigon then, and who saw Subhas off at the aerodrome on his journey onward, did not see Col. Rahman accompanying his chief. This naturally throws grave doubt on Col. Rahaman's assertion that he was

in the plane when it crashed and he saw Subhas dead. I believe that there was an occasion when the leakage of the news of Subhas' escape was dangerous in the interest of the nation but the time is now gone when any more secrecy is needed. It is very doubtful if Col. Habibur Rahman accompanied Netaji on his last journey at all.

The plane came down in flames. There was a terrific crash. Everybody died. Doesn't one feel like asking: How did Col. Rahman escape the fate that all his companions met with?

Netaji was reported to be using an exclusive plane. Then, how does it fit in with the news that Lt. General Itagaki, who was nowhere in the picture died in the air-crash? Someone has to clear this hopelessly befogged fiction before it could tolerably be made believable.

A few years back, I happened to meet a newspaperman whose name is Alfred Wagg. I travelled with him on a long-distance railroad journey and became intensely interested in what he had to say about Netaji's death, for he had extensively travelled in China, Japan and the Far East. He had even been to the spots where the reported ill-fated plane was alleged to have crashed. He was definitely of the opinion that the air-crash photographs published by the Japanese Press were faked, for they did not correspond with the site that he had himself visited and which was reported to be actually the spot where the plane crashed. Wagg did not believe that Subhas was involved in any plane crash.

I am of the firm opinion that the Japanese Government and the Press in Japan did us a great service by telling the world that Subhas was involved in a plane mishap and that he died as a result of the crash.

But have not the circumstances changed now? The truth must now be told.

Herr Heins Von Have, a German, a director of a business concern at Hamburg, has something very interesting and illuminating to say about the Subhas mystery.

During the last world war, Herr Have was kept interned in India from where he escaped to Burma via the Arakan mountains. To dodge the

British he donned the uniform of a British captain. Mistaken for an English soldier, he was captured and sent to Tokyo and kept interned there. Subhas Bose happened to know this gentleman and on his personal identification he was released.

This happened a few months before the alleged death of Netaji.

When the report of Netaji's plane crash was splashed in the Japanese Press, Herr Have was greatly disturbed. He made frantic efforts to get details of the crash. In Tokyo, the news centre of Japan, he could not come by any reliable news of the crash. It puzzled him a lot. He went to Formosa Islands and among others met the officials of the Taioku airport. But none could say anything definitely about the accident. None had seen the dead body of Subhas Bose. Greatly intrigued and disappointed by the extraordinary vagueness of the reports he returned to Tokyo and made further attempts to investigate into the incidents.

Even the much-advertised Netaji's ashes were not to be seen by him anywhere. He was extremely anxious to participate in ceremonies connected with Netaji's ashes. He could not, in spite of his best efforts, come by any such thing.

Undaunted and resolute, he continued his investigations. The Japanese Foreign Office ultimately told him in plain language that if he was a "true friend of Netaji," he must not continue his investigations, for the "Netaji mystery was a top secret."

Herr Have believes Netaji is alive.

So far nobody, at least none of the Governments concerned, has proved that Netaji is dead. I can well understand the intentions of the Tojo Government in Japan, but surely the British Intelligence Service or MacArthur's Administration in Japan has some information?

The current belief in China, Japan and in all the South East Asian countries is that Netaji is alive. That belief is deep-rooted here in India. Isn't it, then, imperative that something should be done to investigate whether,

1. there really was an air crash near Taioku air port on August 17, 1945,

2. it was really Netaji's bomber that crashed,

3. Netaji was involved in it and his body was identified, and

4. Col. Habibur Rahaman was actually in Netaji's plane as it took off on its final hop?

Liberty: From filow and mountain and exhalation  
The sunlight is darted through vapour and  
From spirit to spirit, from nation to nation,  
From city to hamlet thy dawning is cast,—  
And tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night  
In the van of the morning light.—**SHELLEY.**

.. ..

There was once a philosophical hedge-hog covered with spikes like the rest of his species. One day this deep thinker said to himself: "what is the good of all this collection of unproductive bayonets, which bristle on my back at every alarm? This war-like preparation must be annoying to my neighbours. I will get rid of them." And so he did, the idiot! for a weasel came along, and finding him defenceless, gobbled him up like an egg.—**LABICHE.**

.. ..

#### A MIXED METAPHOR

Writing of a statement made by Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Lord Lothian said: His picture of a jackfoot Britain ruthlessly stifling Indian freedom does not really hold water.

.. ..

A national Government is one in which all parties forget themselves.

# ARE ROYAL HAREMS OUTDATED?

By EDWARD J. BYNG

*With the rulers of Egypt and Iran divorcing their wives because there have been no male heirs, the possible next marriages of the two sovereigns are causing conjecture. Will they adhere to monogamy or set up harems?*

ONE of the principal topics of conversation throughout the Muslim world today is the question: Who will succeed the recently divorced beauteous queens of Egypt and Iran? At the same time, many a present-day conversation from Morocco to Pakistan is dominated by comment on an amazing fact revealed by these two royal divorces—that the young kings of Egypt and Iran had flouted hallowed Mohammedan royal tradition by adhering to monogamy and dispensing with the age-old institution of a royal harem.

It is now admitted both in Cairo and Teheran that both royal divorces were due to the fact that neither of the two royal divorcees had given her husband a son. But while under Moslem law and usage only sons can succeed to a throne, Mohammedans are entitled to four legitimate wives and an unlimited number of concubines, all of whose children are considered legitimate. Consequently, Mohammedan rulers, who usually have big harems, almost never lack male progeny entitled to succeed their father to the throne. The only exceptions to dynastic successions from father to son in Africa and Asia exist in a few Moslem countries which have preserved the original, age-old Mohammedan usage whereby a ruler is succeeded not by a son but by the eldest member of the entire dynasty.

When potential successors to the two divorced queens are discussed in the Near and Middle East, the names of various young women of high birth, beauty and wealth make the rounds of the bazaars and homes. In connection with the throne of Iran, conjecture toys with the names of the royal princesses, Faika, and Fathia, sisters of Egypt's 28-year-old King Farouk. Faika is 22, Fathia 18, and both are as beautiful as their

eldest sister, 27-year old Fawzia, the former queen of Iran. Prominent among potential candidates for the queenship of Egypt is a cultured and attractive young woman of Turkish descent, Princess Azizah, now in her early twenties.

Many conservative Mohammedans blame the young sovereigns of Egypt and Iran for having allowed their recently ended romances to interfere with the custom of Moslem rulers maintaining a harem. These critics oppose royal monogamy on the grounds that since the Moslem faith knows no illegitimate children inside a harem, the latter is by no means merely to serve a Mohammedan king's pleasure, but is primarily intended to assure to him lawful succession to his throne, and thereby to assure stability to his country.

This important consideration of dynastic and domestic policy may actually compel those modern and progressive young monarchs, Farouk of Egypt and 29-year-old Shah Mohammed Reza of Iran, to set up harems, as their fathers did before them. If this happens, the successors of those beautiful divorced queens, Fawzia of Iran and Faride of Egypt, may find their status at their husbands' court more restricted than that of their predecessors.

One of the most common errors about Moslem customs is the belief in the West that the principal wife in a Mohammedan ruler's harem, often referred to as "the favourite," is that one among the monarch's spouses whom he loves best. Actually, this post of honor is held by that one among a Moslem king's four full-fledged legitimate wives allowed by the law, who first gave him a son. Again, contrary to general Western belief, it is not the "favorite" or "wife No. 1" who rules the harem.

That privilege is strictly reserved for a Mohammedan ruler's mother.

Almost all Mohammedan rulers of the conservative type, such as the Sultan of Morocco, the Bey of Tunis, King Abdullah of Transjordan, and the Nizam of Hyderabad, have extensive harems. The organisation of most of these institutions is largely modelled on that of Turkey's former imperial harem.

The harem of the Sultans of Turkey was a vast, complex organisation. In this connection it may surprise Occidentals to know that by far the greatest number of a royal harem's inmates is not there for the sovereign's personal pleasure. The majority consists of his female relatives, his father's widows, and other elderly women who had been members or attendants of the harem at one time or another and who now enjoy a care-free existence, a kind of "old-age pension in kind," at their royal master's expense.

The elaborate organization of the imperial harem in Istanbul, as it existed before Turkey became a republic in 1923, is of great interest because it still serves as a blueprint for major royal harems throughout the Moslem world. Of the three hundred odd members of Sultan Mehmed Vahideddin's harem, for example, four were the Sultan's legitimate wives and about 30 his concubines. The rest, or more than four-fifths of the inmates, had nothing to do with the Sultan's love life. Almost 100 of them were male and female relatives of the Sultan and elderly one-time wives of former sovereigns, and around 60 were eunuchs.

For almost 100 years, ever since the middle of the last century, Turkish imperial eunuchs wore no such colorful dresses as U. S. movies assign to them. Instead, their regulation attire was the stambuliyeh, the long and sober black coat known as a "Prince Albert," matched by long black trousers on the western model. With this they wore the fez, the typical brimless red headgear common among city dwellers in Mohammedan countries.

The imperial harem had also servants who were not eunuchs. They all wore white. Their dress was the same as the eunuchs', with the cha-

racteristic difference that their "Prince Albert" coats had stiff collars that went right up to their ears. The object of this oddity was to prevent the wearer from looking sideways, whereby he might catch an "unscheduled" glimpse of some harem beauty.

The ruler's wives and concubines were elaborately organized in specific groups. "Novices," that is, young girls who had just joined the harem, were known as ajem. After a period of training in deportment and etiquette, they were known as jariyeh, later rising to the status of concubine, with the title of honour, gueuz-deh.

The next highest class inside the harem's female hierarchy was formed by the ikbal, concubines who had given the ruler one or more sons. Then came the top group, made up of the sovereign's four wives. They bore the title kadyen effendi, something like "Her Ladyship." The principal wife was called birindji kadyen effendi, "Her Ladyship the First Lady." But all these women, like the rest of the harem, were subordinated to the valideh, the ruler's mother. Circassian and Georgian women, who are famed for their beauty, blonde hair and blue eyes, are highly prized in all royal harems, and generally in the upper classes of Egypt and other Moslem countries.

Contrary to western ideas, by no means every young, attractive inmate of a royal harem is favoured by her master's intimate attentions. In many cases such young women are given in marriage to men prominent in public life. In Turkey it was considered a great honour to have a former inmate of the imperial seraglio for one's wife.

The only occasions when a female member of Turkey's imperial harem was allowed to go out was a pleasure ride with some of her mates in one of the court's luxurious horse carriages, or an outing on the fairy-like Bosphorus in a boat rowed by the Sultan's oars-men. I repeatedly saw veiled young women of the imperial seraglio, as they were taking the air without being permitted to get off the carriage or boat, or even to throw back the veil that hid their faces in public to get a little more air. Later,

I met several Turkish princesses socially, among them Princesses Durru Shehvar and Nesslishah. The exquisite manners, remarkably extensive education and general culture of these Mohammedan royal beauties impressed me deeply.

By contrast to other Moslem rulers of Africa and Asia who run their harems along conventional lines, King Ibn Saud of Arabia, one of the Moslem world's most colorful personalities, has set up a "marital system" of his own. While his harem, including female relatives and servants, is said to have over 400 members, the king, instead of increasing the number of his concubines, likes to divorce and replace his four legitimate wives at frequent intervals. The total of his divorces and remarriages has been conservatively estimated at over 150. But his ex-wives, continue to live in the royal quarters at Er Riyadh, the king's desert capital, and are well looked after.

With the exception of modern

republican Turkey, which has adopted the Swiss civil code and, incidentally, has decreed polygamy to be a felony, divorce is easy among Mohammedans. All the husband has to do is to say three times to his wife before witnesses: "I send thee from me." On the other hand, if a Moslem woman wants a divorce, the husband seldom refuses to grant her wish. Moreover, Mohammedan law stipulates that a divorcee is entitled to all the property she brought into the household, and to continued maintenance of the living standard to which she is accustomed.

Now that the absence of heirs to the thrones of Egypt and Iran has led to sensational divorces in those countries' royal houses, the problem of the next marriages of the two young sovereigns assumes a highly political character.

On the solution of this pressing problem depends the very existence of two among the vast Moslem world's most prominent dynasties.

#### THE POETS LAUREATE



From left to right: Poets Valathole Narayana Menon (Malayalam); M. Govinda Pai (Kannada); K. S. Krishnameorthi Sastrigal (Sanskrit); Namakkal Ramalingam Pillai (Tamil). Chellapilla Venkata Sastry, the Telugu Poet Laureate was too ill to come to the official presentation of awards.

## JINNAH-AND HOW PAKISTAN CAME ABOUT

By Dr. SACHIDANANDA SINHA

THE subject of Jinnah's defection from the Congress, and his slowly turning from an advanced nationalist to a rank communalist has been discussed by various responsible persons during the last few years. The present Prime Minister of India in his well-known book (*The Discovery of India*) published in December, 1947, that is, while Jinnah was alive, wrote: "Jinnah left the Congress, not because of any difference of opinion on the Hindu-Moslem question, but because he could not adapt himself to the new and more advanced ideology, and even more so because he disliked the crowds of ill-dressed people talking in Hindustani who filled the Congress. His idea of politics was of a superior variety, more suited to the legislative chamber or to a committee room. For some years he fell completely out of the picture, and even decided to leave India for good. He settled down in England and spent several years there."

Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru had misread the whole of Jinnah's character, as his own is, in almost every respect, just the reverse of it. From the very beginning of his career the greatest craving of Jinnah's heart was to be the first and foremost in every walk and sphere of life. So long as Congressmen gave him that chance, he was with them; but on the appearance, in 1920, of the new Congress leader, Mahatma Gandhi, Jinnah—one of the shrewdest of men—at once discovered that, for more reasons than one, it would be absolutely impossible for him to retain that supremacy over the Congress which he had already obtained to a very great extent, and which he fervently aspired to establish ever so much more, in the fulness of time. The first indication of this spirit in Jinnah found expression in the proceedings of the annual session of the Congress held at Nagpur in December, 1920; that is, after the holding of

the special session in Calcutta the previous September, at which the non-co-operation resolution was declared to have been carried by a large majority. By that time Gandhiji had already acquired such mastery over the imagination of the vast majority of Congressmen that they had come to call him "Mahatma."

When, therefore, Jinnah referred to Gandhiji, in the course of his speech (opposing the non-cooperation resolution) as "Mr. Gandhi," there was a tremendous uproar and the audience shouted at Jinnah to call Gandhiji "Mahatma Gandhi." This *contretemps* became quite a serious affair, as Jinnah would not submit to the dictates of the audience, or to its hectoring attitude; and the President, the venerable Shri Vijayaraghavachariar could not control the very tense situation. The incident is referred to, at some length, in the book called *Meet Mr. Jinnah* by Mr. A. A. Ravooof, and is recorded in detail in the Congress Report. It was the beginning of the trouble which led ultimately to the partition of India, and the creation of Pakistan.

Jinnah grasped immediately that the predominance of Gandhiji over the Congress was to be wholly exclusive, and no one (not certainly the anglicised Jinnah) could successfully compete with a leader like the new one, who was a conglomeration of asceticism, mysticism, pacifism, vegetarianism, teetotalism, non-cooperation, non-violence, *charkha* spinning and renunciation of the world. Jinnah at once realised that in the struggle for absolute supremacy over the Congress he would soon go to the wall, and so the game was not worth pursuing. Jinnah then became so grievously disappointed, with his public activities in the country, that he settled down in London to practise before the Privy Council. But there is no doubt that he was merely biding his time and watching his chance to return to India at the earliest oppor-

tunity, as soon as a suitable occasion presented itself. Jinnah played the same part at that time as had been played by Baber's son, Humayun, when driven out of India by Sher Shah; and just as Humayun returned and won the kingdom he had lost, so did Jinnah return and succeed in carving out a Dominion for himself.

A split in the affairs of the Muslim League gave Jinnah the chance of his life to assume control over the advanced branch of that body, and then absorb its weaker section, which was at that time under the influence of His Highness the Aga Khan, and over which the latter had presided at its session held in Calcutta. This is quite clear from a study of the record of public affairs in the newspapers of the period, after the sulking Jinnah's return to India, and the solidarity of the Muslim League under him, and its growing strength and power, from day to day. The trouble was that Jinnah's growing popularity amongst Muslim masses, based as it was on absolute communal fanaticism, was never reckoned with seriously or given due weight, by the leaders of the Congress party. There was a series of correspondence between Jinnah and Dr. Rajendra Prasad, on the one hand, and Jinnah and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, on the other. But unlike the British ruling class in India who brought themselves to recognise the importance of Jinnah, and his party, with an obvious motive, the Congress leaders failed to take Jinnah and his League at its proper worth.

Inexperienced at that time in the work of administration—for want of opportunities, as he was till then a mere outside critic of it—Pandit Nehru refused to recognise any party in the country other than the Congress, as worth notice; for he declared that "the parties that mattered in India were the Congress and the British, and others should line up with the Congress, if they intended to survive," which proved, in the long run, a wholly wrong estimate of, at any rate, Jinnah's Muslim League. The Congress had also declared, later, that it had accepted office (as Ministers in the Provincial Government) not to work the Reform Act of 1935, but to wreck the new constitution

established, by working it from within, which estimate also proved as wrong as that of the Muslim League being beneath notice. These, and similar other acts and declarations had helped Jinnah materially, and he scored a signal and substantial triumph over the Congress party in the Central Legislature, in forcing them to reject unwisely the Federal part of the constitution embodied in that Act, and to declare about the MacDonald communal award that the Congress neither rejected, nor accepted it, whatever that might mean.

**DON'T LET  
COUGH  
WEAKEN YOUR  
LUNGS**

**TAKE KASAN  
AND PLAY SAFE**

Kasan goes to the very roots of cough trouble, and brings you instant relief. Kasan is both a tonic and an antiseptic to your respiratory system, and it cures cough like magic.

**KASAN**

**PROTECTS YOUR LUNGS**

**ANDHRA PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS, LTD.**

**SEZWADA (S. I.)**



*Madras Stockists:—*

**Messrs. RAO & Co.,**

**32, Mint Street, Madras.**

*Also available at all good stores.*

Jinnah's answer to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's challenge was to the following effect: "There is a third party, namely, the Mussalmans. We are not going to be dictated to by anybody. We are willing to co-operate with any group of a progressive and independent character, provided its programme and policy correspond to our own. We are willing to work as equal parties for the welfare of India." Yes, as an equal party but not as one toeing the line of the Congress party. Here was a clear and specific challenge; but so impervious the Congress was then to anything not in entire accord with, or rather in absolute submission to, its own views, that Jinnah's statement, and the underlying propositions it conveyed, were totally ignored, and treated as beneath notice. Tact (as had fortunately re-asserted itself in the formation of the Central Government at Delhi by the inclusion of non-Congressmen) had at that time become conspicuous by its absence in Congress leadership in its dealings and relations with Jinnah.

Undeterred by Jinnah's threat, the Congress embarked on a Muslim mass contact scheme, with a view to scoring against the Muslim League and its leader, who, however, remained unperturbed. Sir Muhammad Iqbal (as his correspondence in the 'official' biography of Jinnah shows) deliberately and persistently goaded Jinnah to adopt an out-and-out hostile attitude towards the Congress and to demand unequivocally a separate Muslim State in India. Iqbal's words were as follows: "The Congress derides the political existence of Muslims in no unmistakable terms. The other political body (the Mahasabha) whom I regard as the real representative of the masses of the Hindus, has declared more than once that a united Hindu-Muslim nation is impossible in India. In these circumstances it is obvious the only way to a peaceful India is a redistribution of the country on the lines of racial, linguistic, and religious affinities. Many British statesmen also realise this. I remember Lord Lothian told me that my scheme was the only possible solution for the troubles of India. I agree with you that our com-

munity is not yet sufficiently organised and disciplined. But I feel that it would be highly advisable for you to indicate in your address at least the line of action that the Muslims of North-West India would be finally driven to take."

Iqbal further clarified his view as follows: "To my mind the new constitution with its idea of a single Federation is completely hopeless. A separate Federation of Muslim Provinces, reformed on the lines suggested above, is the only course by which we can secure a peaceful India, and save Muslims from the domination of non-Muslims. Why should not the Muslims of North-West India and Bengal be considered as a nation entitled to self-determination?" The author of Jinnah's biography—issued while Jinnah was alive—states as his conviction "that these letters of Iqbal have exercised influence on the mind of Mohammed Ali Jinnah." Later history of India, closing with the formation of Pakistan, has shown the great influence exercised by Iqbal on Jinnah from that time onwards. It led Jinnah,—or misled him—until, departing from his earlier nationalist patriotism, he struck the following wholly discordant note: "We are different in everything, we differ in our religion, our civilisation and culture, our history, our language, our architecture, our music, jurisprudence, and laws, our food, our society, our dress—in every way we are different. We can't get together in the ballot box." Such was the manifesto of Jinnah's totally false two-nation theory, wrong in almost every detail, but which was swallowed avidly, without test or analysis, for want of capacity, by millions of Muslims all over India—particularly strange to say, in the Muslim-minority provinces—and embodied in a resolution at the session of the League, held at Lahore, in 1940, which was shouted at the pitch of their voice as their war-cry and slogan by the Muslim Leaguers, until the Congress leaders, fed up with the situation, and frightened by the League's threat of a civil war, yielded assent to Lord Mountbatten's suggestion, in 1947, of the formation of Pakistan.

# THE PRESS IN A FREE INDIA

By I. K. EZHUTHACHAN

SHOULD India seek democratic fulfilment as a single nation, the Fourth Estate should have not merely the conventional freedom of expression but also the means and conditions to implement that freedom. These conditions, political and economic, are best encouraged, fostered and developed through a uniform policy from the Federal Centre which should, therefore, have the Press included, even as Defence and Public Health, in the Union List. The advertisement tax on newspapers sponsored by some Provincial Governments is a timely danger signal. The Constitution of free India being written up now had better incorporate provisions to obviate unwholesome interferences with the Press at Provincial and State levels.

The Press is the friend, philosopher and guide of the State and constitutes a special liaison between the government and the people. The consideration for the Press the world over stands endorsed in India in the traditional respect for learning and knowledge. The modern Press has, no doubt, commerce in it; but, who can deny that, despite latter day sophistication, the Press concerns itself with humanities and continues the evangelical zeal for the common good as no other trade does?

The advertisement tax is a frank repudiation of the special consideration extended to the Press and the facile cynicism which marked out the defence of the measure in a Provincial Legislature recently reminded one of the popular story current in Malabar about a Namboothiri and his servant. The Namboothiri was a very learned man well versed not only in human but animal anatomy. The servant was the good old obedient dunce. One day a goat broke into the Namboothiri's pet kitchen garden. The goat is a most susceptible animal and, learned as the Namboothiri was, he could not easily decide where to strike the intruder without however, killing it. The servant who was nearby, however, gave the animal a sound

thrashing which left it as hale and hearty as it came. The Press might survive the advertisement tax even as the goat the thrashing; but the need for judicious discrimination is there all the same.

Even if it be conceded for the sake of argument that the Press is a mere industry or trade as commercial as the oil or textile mills, it must be borne in mind that an industry or trade is not taxed on the sole ground of State needs. The capacity of the industry or trade is a vital and relevant consideration and where capacity is lacking and the industry is of paramount national importance, it is not only not taxed but subsidised. The capacity of the Press of India has never been ascertained and knowledgeable circles agree that it is hardly self-supporting. While the language Press is generally still in the pre-rotary-and-Linotype stage of evolution, not all the English Press is equipped with both. Maybe the war boom has put a handful of proprietors on the road of the newspaper barons of the West. In the post-war period of today, the fact, however, is that even those proprietors are finding the road slippery while, compared with the Western countries, the Press of India remains undeveloped or underdeveloped. In these circumstances, the Press and the Pressmen constitute the first charge if and when a surplus accrues in the industry and not the State.

Against the context of free India, it is imperative that the Press of India should reorganise and expand. The mechanical aids and technical equipment which have helped quick and efficient production in the West and made the Press the powerful factor it is today have to be harnessed and the Press of India has to institute a more efficient internal and external service. While the newspapers of the West have their representatives in important capitals of the world, top-ranking papers of India are not all represented even in the nerve centres of the country. The

expansion of the press costs much at every stage. With literacy below 20 percent, circulation is restricted in India and even in the West where circulation is counted in millions, circulation by itself has never enabled a newspaper to make its way. The expansion of the Press in India has to be financed solely through increased revenue from advertisements. Business in India has never advertised on the scale it has done in the West and the proposed tax hits the Press at one stroke.

The intriguing aspect of the proposed tax is the persistence with which it is sponsored despite universal opposition and the rather uncertain return anticipated. Statements have been made in authoritative quarters hinting that, if the Press had not been as outspoken as it was in respect of its possible attitude under certain conditions, a more agreeable line could have been followed notwithstanding the budget deficit. The proposal to exempt small papers is also not a case of unmixed justice and

generosity as is made out, since it can always be worked into a trap for the unwary to toe a particular line.

A united country under parliamentary democracy based on adult franchise is the ideal that free India has set before herself. Rightly has the major emphasis been shifting from the Provinces to the Centre after partition and the Constituent Assembly is now regrouping subjects between the Union and the Provinces. Disruptive forces are still abroad and the centripetal trends have to be reinforced and strengthened by a sustained drive towards unity and democracy. This drive has to be initiated and undertaken by a Press with an All-India outlook and bias more than any other agency and this could be considerably helped if the Press is included in the Union List and the Government of India were to follow a uniform policy in all the Provinces. Necessary provisions in this behalf can still be incorporated in the Constitution while the Constituent Assembly is in session.

**PATRUDU'S**

**'BALASANJEEVIN'**

**Cures Infantile Liver & Spleen Disorders.**

**Dr. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROR.**

**11, South Mada St., Mylapore, Madras.**

**KUMBAKONAM BRANCH:**

7, Sarangapani Koll  
East Street.

**TRICHY BRANCH:**

15, Pugalai Pillai Street,  
Teppakulam Post.

**Consult our specialists at the above places.**

# TWINKLES

By S. KRISHNIAH

MY children are in the next room. It is their study hour and my wife is trying to curb their uncontrollable mischief and making a tremendous effort to teach them some nursery rhymes. They know plenty and, while I am eavesdropping, I hear them recite to her, sing-song fashion, the ones they have been taught. Their mentor is satisfied and proud, and she proceeds to teach them a new poem.

The new poem is "Twinkle, twinkle little star."

She is reciting the lines word by word and making the children repeat them after her—but I am not listening any more. I am thinking of little Myesh, his father and his mother.

How often trivial things serve to touch some chord in our brains and set in motion a train of thoughts! The nursery rhyme "Twinkle, twinkle little star" should serve to bring to one's mind the happy childhood days when one learnt to lip it from one's mother and then proudly declaimed it before the father—sweet, tender memories of happy days—as Wordsworth says:

"Sweet childish days that were so long

As twenty days are now."

But the thoughts that are awakened in my weary brain are not pleasant ones. They are not of my distant childhood either. I am thinking of what happened just a year ago....

Jesudason and I were classmates. I have chosen to give him that name because it serves to impress on you the fact that he is an Indian Christian. We had been in college together and good friends. We had even been roommates for a year.

When we got out of college, Jesudason was lucky enough to get a good Government job. Shortly after this he married a very pleasant-faced, sweet-natured girl. I have always looked upon Jesudason's home as ideal because there seemed to be so much comfort, love, and religion there, and, above all, the most essential thing—happiness. I visited them frequently and spent many hours with them because I found that atmosphere conge-

nial and soothing to my high-strung nerves.

Both husband and wife were truly Christian—not only in their faith but also in thought, word and deed. I have never heard Jesudason say an unkind word about anybody.

Of course they had a child—a boy. He was born two years after their marriage and he was growing up nicely. He called me Uncle and although Jesudason sometimes looked daggers at me I had the privilege of spoiling little Myesh with sweets and chocolates. Myesh was intelligent and good looking and I was very fond of him.

Even after I married I kept up my friendship with the Jesudasons. I always spent a few hours every Sunday with them after they returned from church.

They were such a happy contented family that it was a shock to me when the chill fingers of hard cold reality touched their life. Perhaps those who believe in God and love Him overmuch are subjected to ordeals by Him. What a disconcerting thought! But I cannot think of any other explanation.

Little Myesh contracted typhoid fever. For nearly two weeks the fever racked his frail body and Jesudason, upon my advice, consulted the best of physicians. The mother nursed the child with exemplary solicitude and I wonder whether she slept a wink during those horrible days. But little could be done to alleviate the suffering which Myesh was passing through. I spent all my leisure hours with them since, being the oldest friend of the family, I felt it my duty to give them at least the moral support which my presence would afford them.

After nearly a week of tantalising suspense we were told by the doctor that there was no further use in hoping. I remember that distinctly. Jesudason, the doctor and I were standing in the verandah and the light of the gloaming illuminated our ghastly features.

Jesudason waited for a moment before he spoke and within that moment

his face changed its expression. The haggard look of anxiety and suspense had given place to a clam, resigned expression.

"Thank you, doctor," he said holding out his hand and without a tremor in his voice, "You have done your best. The rest is in God's hands."

The doctor left and Jesudason summoned his servant and sent him to fetch the Pastor. I sat down on a cane chair because I knew that if I went back to the sick-bed I would not be able to keep my emotions in leash before the suffering child that was already on its way to the Great Unknown.

The Pastor came after a few minutes. He entered the sick-room and I could hear indistinctly Jesudason telling him about Myesh. In another few moments Jesudason came up to me and stooping down put his arm round me.

"Come in, will you? I don't think Myesh has much time left. The Pastor is here and we are going to have a word of prayer."

I followed him.

Myesh was perfectly conscious but he was writhing in agony. His face was contorted by the unbearable torture and seeing him racked with pain made me almost cry out. But I found both Jesudason and his wife composed although unshed tears gathered in the mother's eyes making them coruscant. She was standing on one side of the bed and the Pastor on the other. Jesudason and I were standing at the foot. He was holding fast to my hand as if he needed extra strength to carry him through the ordeal.

The Pastor opened the Bible and read a few verses and then said a short prayer. He then opened the hymn book and bidding us join him he began:

Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast,  
There by His love o'ershaded,  
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

The Pastor sang well enunciating each word clearly. Jesudason joined him occasionally but I could see the mother only moving her lips. She could not sing because her heart was too full of sorrow. The atmosphere became hallowed and only the twitch-

ing agony of poor Myesh continued.

The song was over and we could see life ebbing fast from the emaciated body of the child. Almost suddenly his movements ceased and he held out one hand to his mother. She took it and knelt down beside him. It was obvious he wanted to say something to her. She put her ears to his lips and with a great effort Myesh spoke.

"Mummy...sing Twinkle."

She understood what he wanted. She swallowed hard and freed her throat from the grief that was choking it. It was her darling's dying wish and she began in a rich contralto and carried through without a single false note or tremor.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

Myesh made superhuman efforts to join his mother in the song. His lips formed many words but half way through he breathed his last. But the mother carried on bravely and concluded the song. There was no mark of agony or suffering on that face which Death had touched with his clammy hand. Pale and emaciated it still wore a contented look and did not bear a single vestige of the torture that had racked the frail body a few moments ago.

"There is one less on earth; one more in heaven." It was the Pastor who broke the silence.

I wrenched my hand free from Jesudason's tight grasp. I walked out to my seat in the verandah and sat down. It had been too much. What a relief it was to cry....

Perhaps, Myesh, you are up among the stars now and do not any more wonder what they are. Your Mummy and Daddy are hoping to join you there soon. I wish I had a faith so wonderful as theirs. I only hope that I shall have as much fortitude and happiness as you when the call inevitable comes for me, and that somebody will sing to me, holding my hand, that strain which floated with you into another world, just so that I may not forget, at that moment, the tranquillity and peace which suffused your countenance when the clammy hand of death touched your fevered brow.

# PARIS: ART CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

By YUSUF MEHERALLY

PARIS has been called the Art Capital of the World. Very justly too, and not only for her wonderful museums and art galleries. For some centuries now, to her have been attracted artists from far and wide, famous as well as those in search of glory. It is the ambition of most artists all over the world to study art or show their work in Paris. The cafés in the Latin Quarter hum with their excited conversation. Many artists one runs into here have hardly the price of the next meal in their pockets. The Boulevard St. Michael, the famous road that has been called "the intellectual capital of Europe," is full of these young hopefuls—the pavement artists, who exhibit their works on the footpaths and seek to lure any sympathetic passer-by into buying one of the products of their shining hopes. The struggle of unrecognised talent is terrific. But there is something in the atmosphere that seems to compensate for their hardships. And some of these have lived to be famous and rich.

Many of the more famous painters whose names have been associated with Paris, especially the Modernists, have been "foreigners," not French. The names of Picasso, Modigliani, Chagal and Miro out of so many readily come to mind. Picasso now 68, no longer lives in Paris but in a "village" on the French Riviera, with his young and beautiful wife. Matisse who is 80, a typical Frenchman and the most liked of them all, lives quietly, full of years and honours, not far from Paris.

The salons of Paris have also exerted a great influence on artists and writers. It is only the artists who have already made a mark that can hope to be invited to the salons in the homes of the cultured or the very rich. Being present at some of these artistic gatherings is a real intellectual treat and I am tempted to describe some of my very pleasant experiences.

It was a beautiful September evening and the sky was resplendent with stars, as it seldom is in late autumn. At Madame Jeanne Ranay's dainty apartment a diverse and interesting company had come together. The light in the drawing room was subdued and the guests were talking, arguing, gesticulating with an abandon that is so characteristically French. A young poet whose work was causing some stir recited his newest compositions with much spirit. Another gave us some exquisite songs. A scientist returned from a long expedition showed photographs of his explorations—those of underwater life were really novel. Choice refreshments added to the good humour of the company, while the hostess noiselessly flitted from one guest to another—encouraging those who were listening to talk and those who were talking to eat and generally making everybody comfortable.

Madame Ranay is a noted authority and consultant on the Dance. She is also a novelist, a poet, a world traveler and an art-collector. She has travelled from Paris to Mexico, Guatemala to New York, and from Shanghai to Kashmir. She visited far-away Peru to study the civilisation of the Incas, and Bali to view its dance forms and patterns; sat at the feet of Gandhiji and enjoyed the hospitality of the Nizam in the heyday of his power.

Almost the first things that capture one's attention on entering Madame Ranny's tastefully decorated parlour are two large-sized paintings of Agapoff. The painter himself was one of the party, smilingly and shyly sitting back in the dim light. He was typical of the many artists who had made Paris their home.

Nicolas Agapoff, born in Russia, came to Paris when very young and drifted from literature and political philosophy to art. For years he had to struggle along before recognition came. He is a great lover of Chinese art and an indefatigable

collector. He showed me his collection of fans, of mirrors, and other things. As the conversation warmed up, we learnt that for several years he worked as secretary to a person who was operating on the Stock Exchange! But a stage came when he could stand this life no longer, resigned the post and devoted himself to art. "I discovered little by little," he said, "that life is short and one must discover oneself. I do not believe I have any great talent, but I believe in being myself. It is better to lisp but be oneself."

"Very few people," he continued, "go straight to what they are destined for. I myself had zig-zagged a great deal. But I think now I have come to what I most wanted to become. I am satisfied if I please even a few. If the public is now interested in what I am doing, that is something additional to be thankful for."

Today Agapoff is one of the leading decorative artists of Paris.

Having heard a great deal about the well-known dancer, Jose Torres, I was delighted when an invitation came to meet him. He was sailing shortly for the United States, where he was giving a series of performances in New York, at the celebrated Metropolitan Opera. He had created sixty dances and a number of ballets. He was busy with rehearsals and so there was a chance of not only talking to him but also of seeing him dance.

As one enters his studio, one notices that the flooring is wooden. At the other end of the long room, there is a huge glass window thirty feet high. There were big mirrors on both sides and a big piano in the left corner. The walls were plastered with photographs, posters, sketches, costume hats, bits of designs and what not. There was also a portrait of Torres by Therese Elsen, a Belgian artist.

He is extremely good looking, gay, and vivacious. As he started dancing, to the accompaniment of the piano, he had castanets in each palm. We were thrilled with his various dance items. His body had a suppleness, an agility and an expressiveness that is so difficult to define. His spirit seems to be in his amazing nimble feet.

After the rehearsal was over and he had wished goodbye to various friends who had come to wish him *bon voyage*, he took me to his private rooms upstairs. These were in partial disorder, lavish with things that were to go with him on his tour. One specially designed costume had no fewer than one hundred thousand shining "tickies"—sequins, all carefully put on by hand. He was quite excited about his American tour. It was his first visit to that country and he bombarded me with questions. Later he brought the conversation to Gandhiji. When he heard of the Mahatma's assassination, he said, he had been deeply moved and had shed tears. "We looked upon Gandhi as first among human beings. He was a God to us."

Jose Torres is a Spaniard who has settled down in Paris like innumerable other artists. When I asked him what he thought of the city of his adoption, he said: "Paris is terrible now. But it is Paris. We love her. We cannot do without her."

It was quite late by now and I left his place carrying with me a profusely illustrated book on Jose Torres, which he had inscribed and given to me. It was written by our mutual friend, Madame Ranay.

On another day, I was invited to the home and studio of Paul Landowsky, the internationally famous sculptor. In Rio I had seen the gigantic statue of Christ on the Corcovado Hill, standing 130 feet high. It is one of the glories of Brazil. For miles around it dominates the landscape. It has become a symbol to every visitor to Rio. The sculptor who made this statue is Paul Landowsky. He is also responsible for the huge statue of Sun Yat-sen, the father of the Chinese Revolution, in the famous Memorial at Nanking. Not only is he regarded as one of the greatest sculptors of France but also of the world. His works have found their way into many countries. At 74 the master looked a venerable figure, tall and erect and full of mellowness. He and Mrs. Landowsky took me around the studio. It was a marvellous treat.

His life's ambition is not contained in the numerous pieces of art he has given to the world, but is to build a

Temple of Humanity. He has cogitated and worked over the project over a period of years. What a magnificent scheme it is! It will require millions to translate such a grandiose but beautiful idea into practice. If it can reach fruition it will without doubt become one of the wonders of modern France. I saw several of the huge panels he had created, for this. One depicted scenes from the *Ramayana* and another from the *Mahabharat*; still others dealing with the civilizations of Egypt, of Persia in the days of Zoroaster, of China in the heyday of Confucius, of Greece and Rome, of the Renaissance and the Reformation, of the Inca and Maya civilizations in South America. It was a bold and daring idea—History summarised and depicted in marble, shown with a sweep of imagination that was stupendous. The conclusions that all the people of the world had contributed to the making of the world had gone into the making of the pattern of civilization; that their progress was a many-coloured quilt and as much the child of synthesis as of continuous change; that differences of caste, creed, race, colour should not be allowed to distort men's march towards a still greater all-round progress in the future—are really thrilling.

The master's own career was very varied. Born in Paris in straitened circumstances and orphaned at the age of eight, his life was a great struggle. When he was only five, he made his first piece of sculpture in wax. As 18 he managed to enter the most famous art school in the world, the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris. He confided to his musician brother, who was as gifted and as poor as him, "In seven years time I shall have complete freedom." That prophecy came true, for at the age of 25, he won the famous Prix de Rome and

with it came recognition. In later years, he was to become the Principal of the famous art school where he was himself a struggling student.

I asked him what masters had influenced him. He replied that he was most influenced by life and nature. He could not say that he had been inspired by giants like Michael Angelo or Donatello. He added, a moment later, that he had great admiration for Rodin and Barye, the two great sculptors of France. He had likewise devoured everything that Delacroix had painted and written. The writings of Flaubert also had influenced him, specially his *Salambbo* and his *Letters*. There was such love for art in them and such love for honesty in art and purity in heart.

Paul Landowsky is a member of the Institute de France, the famous Academy and therefore, by French reckoning, an immortal. But he himself was modest and completely unassuming. Two of his sons were killed in the war and another was one of France's well known musical composers.

Suddenly I turned to Madame Landowsky, and asked her: "How does it feel to be married to a genius?" She smiled and replied: "The answer to your question is not simple. Admiration is important in any love. I adore his work. My husband is so simple that I sometimes wish he was a little less genial and a little more egoistic. But there you are." And she burst out laughing.

I was specially pleased to discover that Paul Landowsky is an admirer of Indian art. He was also very fond of Rabindranath Tagore. "I heard him recite his poems in Paris. It was quite an experience. To me Tagore, because of his great versatility, is the Indian Leonardo da Vinci."

The members of a legislature being told that they were the meanest thieves in the world, resolved to kill themselves. So they brought shrouds and, laying them in a convenient place, prepared to cut their throats. While they were grinding their razors some tramps passing that way stole the shrouds.

"Let us live, my friends," said one of the legislators; "the world is better than we thought. It contains meaner thieves than we."—  
AMBROSE BIERCE fable.

## PROFILE:

# DR. HENRI QUEUILLE: PREMIER OF FRANCE

By GEORGE SLOCOMB

WHEN Henri Queuille was called on to form the present French government, a coalition of Radical Socialists, Socialists, Popular Republicans and a few affiliated groups, he was generally regarded in the light of a physician attending the last agonies of a dying patient. The patient was the Fourth Republic, which seemed to many observers a few months ago to be irremediably doomed because of the incapacity of the National Assembly to form a viable Government which would resist Communism on the left and Gaullism on the right.

Henri Queuille was chosen for the death-bed job because he was not only a doctor of medicine but also had had long experience with other doomed ministries. The fact that the Republic is still alive, that Communists and Gaullists have not gained in strength since Dr. Queuille took power, that the cost of living has begun to go down a few points, that the Government has weathered one of the most dangerous semi-insurrectionary coal strikes in French history, and that the Premier has backed his own beliefs by launching one of the greatest loans since World War 1, seems to show he is a good doctor, and that the patient is being nursed back to health.

In the recent county elections, the Communists and Gaullists each lost approximately 3 per cent of their following, even though De Gaulle's party won the greatest number of posts of any single group. But the parties in Queuille's coalition Government held a two-to-one advantage over the Gaullists and a slightly larger margin over the Communists. De Gaulle is seeking power because he says only he can give France the strong leadership she needs. The Communists want to overthrow the present Government because they say it is too pro-U. S., and anti-Soviet.

Fortunately for Queuille's Government the Communists and Gaullists detest each other. And, in the opinion of neutral observers, the voting in the county elections strengthened Queuille's hand.

In spite of this record of success, Henri Queuille is still practically unknown outside France, and even in his own country he has been content for many years to take a back seat on the political stage. He was born 64 years ago in the little town of Neuvic, in the department of Correze in Central France, a region of indifferent land, small farmers and minor industries. For thirty odd years he was mayor of the town which saw his first efforts to build up a practice as a young country doctor, and, like Edouard Herriot, the mayor of Lyons, he is prouder of his long association with his city than of his premiership.

Typical of his modesty is the reply he made in the years before World War 1 to a wealthy patient who saw him struggling to repair a small car which had broken down in the street, and who offered to send his own chauffeur to work on the car. "A poor country doctor," he said, "has to learn to do everything himself."

The friend who told me this story also related that the present Premier, after the collapse of France in 1940, refused all offers from Marshal Petain and Premier Pierre Laval to take office under Vichy and, having lost his own practice on his entry into politics, set to work to make a living for himself and his wife by operating a small charcoal-burning plant in a wood he owned. He cut down the trees himself, burned the charcoal and sold it in bags to the owners of the charcoal-burning motor-trucks and cars which began to appear on French roads during the German occupation. (Many of them are still to be seen.) Every day his fellow citizens could see

their mayor sturdily pedalling the five miles to his charcoal plant in the wood on an old bicycle. His wood-chopping might have ended in disaster, for his axe slipped one day and cut off part of the finger of one hand. When I talked to Premier Queuille not long ago, he showed me the mutilated finger.

Like his friend and fellow-mayor, Herriot, Queuille is a lifelong Radical and passionate believer in the principles of republicanism and democracy. He fought on the Radical ticket many years ago when his native town and the surrounding department was largely conservative, and when the Radical candidates were regarded much as the more advanced Socialists are today. He entered the Chamber of Deputies before World War I and, until the fall of France, figured in two out of three ministries in those tumultuous years. He voted against the Petain constitution with 80 other Senators and Deputies in 1940, and thereafter was a marked man. The Correze department was one of the first strongholds of the Maquis, and the modest household of Henri Queuille in Neuvic was in close touch with them.

In 1943, when General de Gaulle and the Supreme Allied Headquarters in London were anxious to make personal contact with those of the political leaders of the Third Republic who were not compromised by their association with Vichy, a Lysander plane was flown by the Royal Air Force to a small landing ground in the Correze department, and Henri Queuille was picked up. The field in which the Lysander landed was guarded by peasants, and the operation was successfully carried out, although Madame Queuille, who refused to leave France, narrowly escaped arrest.

Some days after his evacuation I met Queuille in London. He was the first and only member of the old guard of the Radical party, and the first ex-minister to join General de Gaulle in London. A few weeks afterwards, he left London for Algiers, where he became one of the leading

members of the newly formed French Provisional Assembly. Since the war he has been the effective leader of the Radical party, since its titular chief, Edouard Herriot, is prevented from active participation in party politics by his position as President of the National Assembly.

Since he became Premier, Henri Queuille has not belied his pre-war reputation as the most silent minister on the Government benches. During his 23 ministries he held unchanged the lowest record of speeches. With the exception of one short radio address and of occasional and brief interventions in the Assembly, he has maintained his habit of silence. He believes in letting the others talk in public. In private, however, he converses easily, in a low musical voice. He has a sense of humour, but is not given to *mots* or *boutades*, the French equivalent of wise-cracking. When he invited President Truman and Generalissimo Stalin to meet in France, it was not done with any intention to provide a diplomatic situation, or to claim for France an exaggerated place in any eventual four-power talks, but merely to express a commonsense as well as a hospitable view of the *impasse* created by Stalin's and Truman's refusal to meet the other on their home ground.

Physically the Premier is not striking. He is slight, unobtrusive, modestly and even shabbily dressed. His smile and his round eyes are the only traits on which the political cartoonists can play, but they have succeeded in making him one of the most inoffensive-looking, amiable and honest of French politicians, which means he is popular with that hard-boiled corps of caricaturists.

Eloquent of his simple and even austere habit of living and his lifelong integrity is the fact that neither Gaullists nor Communists have blown the slightest breath of scandal against the present Premier. And this abstention from personal abuse is far more than a negative tribute to honest Henri Queuille, the little doctor from Correze.—(Copyright.)

## THE SPIRIT OF ISRAEL

By C. VIRARAGHAVAN

THE State of Israel was admitted into the United Nations' Organisation on May 11, 1949. A mediator and a conciliation commission were appointed by the U. N. O., to bring about peaceful relationship between Israel and the Arab countries. The problems that the one year old tiny State has to face are numerous. Its very existence in the midst of hostile Arab countries is a problem. Jewish immigrants from Europe are flooding into Palestine and they have to be absorbed. The future of the Arab refugees has to be settled. The infant State's relationship with the three great powers has to be defined. And there are other political problems along with truce violations in different parts of Palestine.

The ship of State is captained by the veteran Zionist leader Dr. Chaim Weizmann. Born in Russia in 1874 and naturalised in Great Britain, his political experience dates from 1906, when he got Balfour interested in Zionism. He conducted negotiations leading up to the Balfour declaration. He was also professor in the Leeds University. His war-time discoveries in chemistry accounted for his political influence in Great Britain. Having been the president of the Zionist World Organisation and the Jewish Agency almost continuously from 1921, he has been rightly accepted as the father of the newly reborn Jewish nation. As a creative leader he is aptly compared with Masaryk. He is a source of inspiration to the millions who are building up a State in Israel against great odds.

Tel-Aviv is the seat of the Israeli Government. 183,000 was the census figure of Tel-Aviv in 1946. The present estimate of its population is about 340,000. Situated on the sands of Sharon, Tel-Aviv presents an appealingly modern picture. What was a sea-front movie-theatre houses the present Parliament. North-west of the city, Israeli and Jordan legionnaires are placed just a street's width apart.

Ben-Gurion, the Prime-Minister, declared on the eve of the inauguration of Israel that all subjects shall

have equal rights in Israel. The Sabbath and Jewish festivities have been fixed as days of rest. But other religious groups are not forbidden to have their own Sabbath and festivals as holidays. There is an Arab minority of 120,000 in Israel. Arabic and Hebrew are both compulsory languages in the State. Even to the 'Hneseth' or the Constituent Assembly which was inaugurated on February 1949 at Jerusalem, three Arabs were elected.

The Jewish Trade Union Council, the HISTADRUTH which forms a State within the State similar to the British Trade Union Congress, is by far the most powerful political group in Israel. It advocates equal pay for Jews and Arabs strictly adhering to the principles of modern trade unionism. The MAPAI resembles the British Labour Party, and holds a bare majority in the Tel-Aviv Parliament. Ben-Gurion who is supposed to be a socialist of the Bevin type, must either depend upon MAPAI the extreme left-wing labour party, or the MIRAH the clerical conservative party. There is also a chauvinist political group called IRGUN-ZWI-LEMI, a semi-military group whose storm troopers carried out some time ago a campaign of terrorism. This party is backed by wealthy Jewish industrialists of the United States. They have designs to include Trans-Jordan in Israel.

Despite multifarious problems, the leaders of Israel have lost no time in drawing up extensive plans for the full utilisation of the potential resources of Israel. The Prime Minister has himself assumed the office of Supreme Economic Adviser. A savings movement has been started. The Israeli economic blue-print aims at self-sufficiency. An important aspect of their scheme is to scale down the import of luxury goods. They are bent on reducing the high cost of living now obtaining due to war shortage. The Israeli-Arab war came just when economic recovery was beginning after World War II. Hordes of immigrants have accentuated the problem. At present Israel is entirely depen-

dent on foreign imports for food. It is probably the reason why they are feverishly planning to step up agricultural production. In this connection, the Negev region promises to afford relief. North Negev is an extension of the rich green plain that stretches southwards from Tel-Aviv toward Gaza, and eastward toward the southern Judean hills. This area is laced with stream beds. The subterranean streams are being put to use through pumps and cisterns. Thousands of young men and women are sinking wells and cementing great rain traps. Military bulldozers level out hills and clear the loose sand from arable soil. Jewish pertinacity is transforming desert into farm lands. Ben-Gurion calls Negev the "lung of Israel."

The Israeli Socialist Prime Minister and Cabinet have drawn up a four-year plan for settling a million immigrants either in essential industry or on the land. The plan has placed the whole population on an austerity level. Along with cities and towns canvas cities are mushrooming along the coastal plain. There is ample scope in Palestine for the shipping industry and maritime development. It is gratifying to note that Israel has inaugurated her national economy without foreign debt. But internal loans have been raised. Financial contributions are flowing in from world Jewry and American Jewry in particular.

The democratic Socialism of Israel is apt to be suspected as tending towards Communism in Anglo-American circles. The ill feeling that Israel displays towards Britain is understandable if one remembers how the Arabs stormed Jerusalem with British guns, day and night. Jerusalem built from and resting on the Judean hills seems to be a personification of the "permanence of the

Hebrew idea." Anyhow Israel realises that she has to depend on any of the three world powers, the United States, the Soviet Union or Great Britain for its survival in the Middle-East, sandwiched between hostile Arab countries. Israel now is pursuing a neutral policy in international politics with no commitments. Dollar contributions from the United States will be cut off if Israel declares itself pro-Communist. Haifa, the great port of Israel, is still under American control. The harbour is filled with American war-ships and its air-fields too are in American hands. Haifa is one of the biggest and busiest ports of the Middle East and contains a number of oil refineries. Mount Carmel in Haifa combines the ancient architecture of Jerusalem and the modern concrete of Tel-Aviv.

One is prone to perceive a paradox in the newly born republic of Israel. Modernism displayed by technical and intellectual advancement and conservatism stressed by archaic beliefs co-exist there. Though the Arabs allege that the Jewish immigrants are Communists, yet the orthodoxy of some Jews seems to avert possibilities of Communism in Israel. Pork is banned in Tel-Aviv as in Mecca. Even when the Constituent Assembly was inaugurated, Dr. Weizmann the President was accompanied by twelve members, representing the twelve tribes of antiquity. No wonder the clerical party is enjoying great prestige. Nevertheless Israel will serve as a very great modernising influence, with its democratic Socialism and technical intellectual equipment. The spirit of the West is being carried to the Orient by the sons of Israel. Neutral Israel may soon be termed the Switzerland of Asia. That deserts could be made gardens by determination and organised effort is being proved beyond doubt by the Jews.

#### A spoonerism

She is a maiden hairless and cappy.

#### A howler

Chivalry is the attitude of a man towards a strange woman.

#### A Limerick

There was once a doctor named Oast

Whose cures were effected by post,

But one patient's wife

Got the shock of her life,

Reading, "Cut out his kidneys and toast."

## ASIA'S COLONIAL BLOC

By ANDREW ROTH

**DURING** the past year the colonial powers of Asia have sufficiently surmounted economic and political rivalries to become a fairly well-knit bloc under British leadership. They now wheel and manoeuvre together to confront not only the nationalist and Communist movements which threaten their positions in Asia but also pressures brought against them by the U. S.

England, France and Holland all emerged from the war with battered economies and demands for independence rising in virtually all their colonies. In varying degrees, their positions have been dependent on the economic privileges got from political control of Asian colonies. Fully 16 per cent of Holland's national income has come from utilizing Indonesia's vast wealth. Britain has long got the largest chunk of its dollar credits from Malaya's rubber and tin and additional wealth from its protected position in its other Asian colonies. For France, Indo-China has been a rich source of profits.

Faced by the tremendous post-war independence pressures in Asian colonies, only Britain had the objective intelligence to retreat as much as compelled to politically in order to retain a maximum of economic influence. This far-sighted policy—made possible by the Labour victory in Britain in contrast with the coalition regimes in France and Holland—was denounced by most Dutch and French leaders as a "betrayal." The Dutch were particularly bitter at the British between 1945 and 1948 because the British were pressing them to come to terms with the Indonesians while simultaneously siphoning off much of Indonesia's smuggled trade through Singapore. The British, in their turn, were irritated by what they considered the obdurate refusal of France and Holland to confront colonial realities.

All three have also had to contend with increasing American attempts to chip away at their privileged position in their colonies and other areas of predominant influence. Throughout

South Asia these powers have had to erect hard currency barriers to prevent greater incursions of American trade.

During the last year, there has been a marked growing together of these colonial powers. This was produced first by their growing belief that Western Europe could only survive by close political, economic and military collaboration reinforced by the United States. This collaboration in Europe was soon reflected in South Asia. Its clearest manifestation was the cold shoulder which Britain turned to the Indonesians in 1948 after the friendly neutrality of the previous years. Sutan Shahrir, received in state by the British in Singapore in 1947, was ignored in 1948. The British made it increasingly difficult for the Indonesians to finance themselves by sneaking their exports past the Dutch blockade into Singapore.

The greatest influence welding these countries together was the coordinated series of Communist uprisings in South-east Asia beginning in the spring of 1948. These, together with Communist victories in China, made the issue confronting the colonial powers the stark one of survival. There was no question of real compromise with the Communist nationalists so long as the colonial powers stayed on the U.S. side of the "cold war" and the Communists on the Soviet side.

As a result of these developments Britain moved closer to the France-Dutch viewpoint of considering any real nationalist movement or political upset as favouring the Communists.

At the end of 1948 the British began thinking actively in terms of a South Asian bloc, with the colonial powers' bloc as its core. Early in December, London sent one of its top Far Eastern experts to Paris to review the Indo-China situation with Leo Pignon, French High Commissioner for Indo-China. The purpose of the talks was to push British plans for general anti-Communist co-ordination on the police and intelligence levels in South-east Asia.

Britain, France and Holland agreed to get behind Siam's "strong man" and former Japanese collaborator, Marshal Pibul Songgram, because he is anti-Communist.

The reopening of colonial warfare in Indonesia by the Dutch last December put a severe strain on the British-led colonial bloc. The British were annoyed because they felt this action was not only "unwise and unnecessary" but feared its own chances of forming an anti-Communist alliance with the "conservative-nationalist" bloc led by India would be swept away by a storm of Asian wrath against the colonial powers.

However, Britain, because of its basic loyalty to the colonial bloc, has swallowed its irritation and discreetly supported Holland in its fumbling efforts to retain control of Indonesia. Actually, in January, when Holland's military progress seemed more impressive than it later turned out to be, many of Britain's government experts apparently decided that perhaps the France-Dutch "strong policy" against Asian nationalists was better in a Communist-threatened colonial world than Britain's "conciliatory policy" which had opened Burma to the Communists. These increasingly pro-Dutch British officials have regarded the American and Australian criticisms of Holland as "excessive and unfortunate."

In the U.N. the British delegation's weight has been thrown on the Dutch side, always voting in favour of Dutch-requested delays and other Dutch efforts to settle with the Indonesians largely on their own terms. When Pakistan, India and Ceylon banned Holland's airline, Britain permitted it to land on Mauritius.

Britain's basic loyalty to the colonial bloc and this bloc's internal cohe-

sion has been demonstrated by its organization of resistance to American policy on Indonesia, which has been somewhat more pro-Indonesian than British policy. At one point there was some agitation in the U.S., supported by some Senators, to cut off E.R.P. aid to Holland. At a secret meeting on January 29 of the British, Dutch, Belgian, Luxembourg and French Foreign Ministers it was agreed that all would work together against any such economic sanctions.

The colonial bloc also attempted to prevent U.S. pressure on Holland through America's control of arms. There was a certain amount of concern in the U.S. that America's supply of arms to Holland under the North Atlantic Pact would release arms which Holland could ship to Indonesia. In April the colonial bloc attempted to circumvent any such determination against Holland by having the U.S. supply all of Western Europe's arms in one package, to be distributed by the colonial powers. However, Dean Acheson would have none of it.

The temporary agreement on Indonesia, on terms preponderantly favourable to the Dutch, and Burma's requests for Commonwealth aid are victories for the colonial bloc and have cleared the way for further developments in an Asian containment of Communism. But it is highly questionable as to how stable this new Asian *cordon sanitaire* can be. The highly conciliatory attitude of the Indonesian Republicans and the decision of the Burmese Government to appeal to the Commonwealth for aid gives their Communist opposition a fertile propaganda field for attacking their "capitulation to imperialism."—N. P. S. (Copyright).

**Freedom:** Exemption from the stress of authority in a beggarly half dozen of restraint's infinite multitude of methods. A political condition that every nation supposes itself to enjoy in virtual monopoly.

**Liberty:** The distinction between freedom and liberty is not accurately known; naturalists have never been able to find a living specimen of either.

**Liberty:** One of imagination's most precious possessions.—**THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY—AMBROSE PIERCE.**

## THE TAMIL EAGLE

By PURASU BALAKRISHNAN

THE dust of dreary earning days had been settling on my mind, day after day, year after year. The rain had held back for long and I was parched up; I could almost cry with Andal or Tagore for a cloud of grace or for a shower of mercy. In my own language, I longed for a breath of inspiration—of fresh air—of thought—and of no thought—to blow across the arid stifling emptiness of the heart. I was alone in the midst of my patients who were making me conscious every day of the bondage of the human flesh. I was utterly alone in the midst of my people with their clock-like regularity and their all-too-normal sanity and all-too-clear vision which goes with precious money. I wanted to forget Time for a while; I longed for the company of vast empty spaces and of lonely hills. I wished to taste of something—soul-life, if you will—which was still beyond my conception, but which, even across my scepticism, appeared to me clothed in a flame-like beauty in the hymns of the Alvares and the Salvite saints.

Then came a little opportunity across my dusty way. My friend R—, a singularly sweet-tempered person, invited me to join small party of pilgrims who were availing themselves of a facility, recently provided by the Government, of a Suburban Transport Service to visit Tirukazhukundrum and Mahabalipuram. A trip by bus is not exactly the ideal for one who would wander as a cloud, who would fain track the Peerless one who walks invisibly through the shifting Maya of the universe. But it was the best under the circumstances, under the pressure of irrelevant life. And I gladly accepted the invitation. The prison-bars of existence would not be broken, they would just yield me a lengthening room, and what time the bright sun traverses the sky would close upon me again. I would meander with the road and soar with the hills when I could be as leisurely as the cow on the grass or as free as the eagle on the hill. But now I was thankful for what the present moment offered me.

I was troubled besides in my mind on a matter of expediency. How was I to win my liberty from my patients for a day? There was only one way out of the difficulty; and it led me to the door of every one of them in the evening so that they might not have to see me the next day. It was a thankless task. An old woman among them—one whom I had never imagined capable of such shrewdness and virile outspokenness—actually held the mirror to my intentions, and would not let me pass off for a tenderly considerate

doctor who visited his patient—her grandchild with palsy—a day earlier than he had scheduled. I realized that I could not be cleverer than all my patients. And obviously it was not the propitious time for me to travel with a donkey—or with a bullock-cart (not in it)—if you will insist on my being true to my situation. Nor could I forget Time in this trip. I had to catch the bus in the morning at eight o'clock in the midst of a motley throng, arrive at Tirukazhukundrum at half past ten, make a Madras out of it for a while with the party, dine at a hotel in time to catch the bus for Mahabalipuram, leave that place in time again to return to Tirukazhukundrum for tiffin, and so at last be back at Madras at nine o'clock or later in the night. The bus would hold the balance very nicely indeed between the moon and sixpence—or rather, between the moon and two rupees and a half for the journey and extra for dinner and tiffin.

### II

The day had already started pouring its liberal sunshine when we got into the special 'Picnic Bus' near the High Court at eight o'clock of a Sunday morning. There was a trailer attached to it; and in addition there were two more buses, carrying a little city of itinerants in which our own party was lost, so that not only had I contracted for the next fifty-three miles to Mahabalipuram but had enough cackle of voices at my elbow to jar on the silence of the morning. I consoled myself that one should still be able to preserve the meditative silence of one's own mind, and that clear vision should certainly go with quick wheels. Thus I started my little pilgrimage in the least enviable of all humours; but again I had no knapsack on, towards which I might feel hostile, as did Christian of old. I listened to the moving tower of Babel when I listed, and I yielded to my thoughts again as they came upon me. The shriek of goblins innumerable from the cage of commonplace and difficult life died away little by little; and for one day, like Pippa, I shall live for the day only—for the moment only. And though in fact I did so, the regret that arose from the sense of burden and uncertainty one was labouring under, could not be easily thrown off like an unwanted husk. The congenial moment called forth beside it the elder shadow of the insulted years in which something important and vital to my being had been missed; and this imparted to the trip the quality of a dream. It was my intention to record it fresh as soon as I awoke from it; but it

has now been fairly erased from my mind by the many days of reality that followed, so that it is now but a patch of a dream. How much less were it then possible for me to dream as I like. That I shall do one day, trotting on the banks of the Kaveri with a donkey or a bullock, should free action become possible for me—or rather, should I become capable of free action. But for the present, for the trip to the Hill of the Sacred Eagles and the Rock-Hewn Dream by the Sea, I must content myself with what this bus could give me.

We certainly were not left without society or conversation in the bus. My friend R—talked about the weather and the camera (he was a photographer by hobby). It was a hot summer day, not ideal for a picnic; and certainly there was no Ooty pleasantness to be looked for. He had with him his German camera which he handled as carefully as though he feared it might burst like a soap-bubble. We discussed the duration of the life of an eagle, whether the eagle or the elephant had the longer life.

"Nobody has yet seen the death of an elephant in its natural surroundings," said a friend of mine, a zoologist. "A strange instinct makes it aware of death, when death comes near; and it takes itself quietly to a hidden spot and gives up its life."

"Mute inglorious Bhishmas!" I thought.

But my friend, the zoologist, had nothing positive to tell us about the life of an eagle. We were naturally interested in this question as we were visiting the Hill of the Sacred Eagles where day after day, from time immemorial, like the punctual sun himself, at about noon, two eagles alight on the summit of the Hill and partake of the divine offerings from the hands of the waiting priest. My friend R—remembered his having seen the sight thirty-five years ago. I myself recollected my grandmother mentioning to me her pilgrimage as a girl to the Hill to have 'darshan' of the Eagle-Saints. An assistant librarian in our midst, who seemed to be on intimate terms with old books, informed us that there was proof of the feeding of the eagles by a certain Dutchman who visited the Hill on January the 3rd, 1681.

Listening to their talk, I fell to musing by myself. I called back to my memory the Saivite saints of long ago who had sung of the Hill and its Lord. Sambandar who lived in the eighth century A. D. sings of "The Hill of the holy Eagles," and calls it "Home of the Self-exiled Lord," "beloved of the Lord who dallies with his woman-half" but he does not refer to the feeding of the eagles. He calls it the Hill of the Sacred Eagles—so does saint Sundarar who lived in the same age. However, this term may not refer to the feeding-ritual and to the bright legend

connected with it, but to a different one—that every yuga a pair of eagle-saints have been attaining salvation here—Chanda and Prachanda, Sampathi and Jatayu, Sampukunda and Magutha, Pusha and Vrittha for the four yugas.

The ancient imaginative spirit of the Tamil Land figured these two eagles as a pair of shaggy hermits whose restless souls quivered in their preternatural wings, sustaining them in their daily pilgrimage from the Ganges-laved Benares in the north to the sea-washed Rameswaram in the south, following their sure preferences for these two shrines for their bath, for Conjeevaram and Madura for their worship, for the Sacred Hill of Tirukazhukundrum for their spare meal, and for Chidambaram for their nightly repose. To certain science-dried spirits this old myth may appear childish, primitive and inane. But for youth and all ductile and congenial minds, mythology is still dynamic—the hill is still sacred, the eagles are still God-sent guests. Every day they bring on their flapping wings the message of the rishis of the Rig Veda:

Common be your prayer;  
Common be your goal;  
Common be your mind and thoughts;  
Common be your heart and desires;  
United be your aspirations.

They are living symbols of the spirit of Valmiki whose compassion flowed to the wounded Krouncha bird, the poet who described the whole stretch of the Indian scene from Lanka to Ayodhya, as it unrolled itself before Rama and Sita in the celestial car. They breathe the spirit of Kalidasa who described the same panorama of sea and land at equal length in a poem of far shorter compass, the poet who described also the stretch of India from Ramagiri to the Himalayas in another poem. In these birds of mythology Tagore would have found a kindred spirit; so too would have Bankim Chandra whose song of salutation to India, reverberated through the length and breadth of the land. "Hail to you, mighty birds! You are of my race!" thus Bharati would have greeted them rejoicingly—if we had seen him on the Hill—Bharati whose vision of India, among the visions of all our poets, was the most complete and prophetic, Bharati to whose measures the young of Tamil Nad bound, as lambs to a tabor's sound. It occurs to me, to fly to other things with different associations, that this story of the eagle would have appealed greatly to Coleridge who sang the lay of the albatross; to Stevenson who loved Pan, and wrote, "There is one story of the wars of Rome which I have always very much envied for England." He relates how when Germanicus was going down at the head of the legions into a dangerous river on the opposite bank the woods being full

of Germans—there flew out seven great eagles and without pausing or wavering disappeared into the forest where the enemy lay concealed. "Forward!" cried Germanicus, "and follow the Roman birds!" To appropriate the eagles as fellow countrymen, remarks Stevenson, was to make imaginary allies of the forces of nature—an illusion easy to produce, but one which we may not decry.

When from these thoughts I became more alive to my surroundings I found that the thoughts of my friends had taken a similar direction. They were discussing the significance of the eagles.

"They are supposed to come from Benares," one laughed. "There must be plenty of eagles in the hills over there."

"Then why should only two come for the feeding? Why not a lot of them, or a varying number of them on different days?" put in another.

"The priests would have trained only two eagles," the rationalist answered.

"But why not any of the others come in the wake of these?" the other persisted.

"On some days only one comes; and on some days they don't come at all," a third observed. "And then the priest says that there is some sinner in the crowd."

This remark brought to my mind a patient of mine, of may be thirty-five, a very prosperous businessman from Gujerat, who told me that he had once shot at the bird. I asked him in alarm, "You shot at the bird?" "Not the bird," he corrected himself. "My friend simply fired a shot into the air. And the birds never came that day."

"Anyway it is a wonderful phenomenon that has been present for so many years," my friend R—remarked. "And they come every day to take the vegetarian non-violent food—and of that too, just a little."

"It's a health-giving place," his wife put in. "People visit the Hill or stay there to get cured of diseases."

This put an end somehow to the discussion for a time.

"Look," my friend R—whispered suddenly into my ears. "That's a Bengali there. I shall talk to him in Bengali. You'll see how much he will be pleased... they are ever so much pleased if you talk to them in their language."

He started a conversation with the Bengali. I listened with great interest to the language of Tagore, although I did not understand anything of it. By the side of the Bengali sat a very comely woman, probably his wife. Quickly I scanned her features with the thought, "She is a woman from Tagore's land." A similar thought had occurred to me when I saw her husband, although I had been in Calcutta many years ago; but the interest with which the thought invested the woman was much more than it did the man—I do not know why, except if it be that I had not the chance to see cul-

tured Bengali women as I had to see Bengali men.

These thoughts took me back to the Sacred Hill again. Laugh and mock if you will at the myth and the offering to the eagles; we were going to a hill which had been hallowed by immemorial associations, the hill which had been touched by the feet of the great Saivite saints—where twelve centuries ago illumination had dawned on Varadavurar, "the poet of jewelled speech." Sceptic and unbeliever one may be; but when one thinks that one treads the very earth which men whose faith was like the Himalayas had trod with their godlike gait, one imbibes a sense of reverence and humility even in one's disbelief.

Like a pendulum my mind swung back again from my thoughts to the talk of the others. For some time I enjoyed listening to the Bengali which I did not understand; but then, being cheated of the conversation by my ignorance of the language, I turned towards the window and looked out upon the long-familiar sights and scenes receding and giving place to fresh views and new pastures. English speech drew my attention back to the life inside the bus—the great, noble, precious, myriad-voiced English tongue which I love at least as much as I do Tamil. They were talking of the Tamil language. The topic had arisen naturally from the name of the Hill to which we were bound. The Bengali had remarked that it was difficult to pronounce especially the letter "zh" in it.

"That's a compliment to us," I said. "It shows we are more developed in the finer powers of mankind. That's why we are able to pronounce Sanskrit words with their pristine purity of accent, better than most people."

As I record this, I recollect that Chartres Molony, in his immature and puerile book, remarks on the unpronounceability of "the last letter of the word 'Tamil,'" which letter, he says, "has (more or less) the sound of Zh, with a suggestion of R, and a slight inclination to L." I was glad when I read it because to me it was an index of the greater culture of our vocal muscles. I recollect again, as I write these words, that Steevens in his book goes the usual way of most foreigners in doing injustice to the virile Tamil tongue—a language whereof, he says, Sundaraperumalkoil is a fairly representative mouthful. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing and when to this is added conceit and arrogance, it is unforgiveable; the equivalent of "Sundaraperumalkoil" in English is, "Beautiful Lord's Temple." However—there is some truth in Steevens' observation; only he had chosen a wrong example... and one need have no scruples in admitting that Tamil has its weaknesses as well as its strength, just like any other language.

When after many days of the stress and strain of every-day life with its imperative and ignoble demands and anxieties one sits down, under the sword of reality again, to record the impressions of a fleeting fictitious freedom, one's mind loses the freshness of the dream; and further one sorts out what impressions remain in the mind and rearranges them. And so I find that in the above record I have let my recollecting mind take one direction only, while my experiencing mind had taken several directions at the same time. I have not yet drawn the other side of the moving picture—that outside the bus—against which that inside the bus was constantly being framed.

Sitting on a corner seat, looking outside or inside the window, as the vague inclinations of an autonomous mind prompted me, I enjoyed the bus-ride much more than I would have, if I had done the trip by car myself, when I would have contracted not only for the fifty-three miles but also to the steering wheel, the brake and the clutch. The short fictitious liberty appeared the sweeter to me, with more of a stolen joy, as the bus sped in the direction of my house for about four miles, retracing the old familiar roads which I had traversed but an hour ago to catch this same bus. I could almost have snapped my fingers at Cathedral Road which took off from the bus-route towards my house, and at Gopathy Road which took off at the same junction towards my professional rooms, and a few minutes later, again at Theogaraja Road which pointed in the same direction. Then along the smooth trunk road for a considerable distance, on which even the bus-wheels seemed to glide, past Saidapet, past St. Thomas Mount and Tambaram, past Chenglepet, and still nine miles onward to the Sacred Mount, forty-four miles from Madras, the road lay across long stretches of rice-fields—through fields of air and glowing sunshine—through avenues of tamarind and coconut trees, palmyras and date palms. For the greater part of the route the trees stood in a long file on either side of the road. The massive-headed tamarinds and other trees of the "kondrai" type which were yellow-flowered—the avenues of these gave the path an atmosphere of a romantic relative seclusion—say, something like that of the path of the man-crowded earth itself speeding through space. But I liked better than these the roads with the long file of coconuts and palms on either side across the plains. For these gave me the feeling of myself, the speeding bus, the road, and the trees, all merging into the general scene and becoming one with it. The palms and the dates, with their thin tall upreaching trunks and small feathery heads, standing at regular

open distances from each other did not cut off the road from the fields and the sky, but served rather to mark the road and the mad bus as part of the whole, and no more. Soon the sun came blazing above the scattered hills. Faster and more fast the day boiled; and by ten o'clock the sun seemed to be caught by the very spirit of mad aggression; and it was pleasant to think that very soon we would reach the Sacred Hill, and willy-nilly leave the place before noon, dine at the hotel, and get into the bus again for Mahabalipuram, all before one o'clock.

#### IV.

And now I come to the real dream—or rather to one of the two dreams—Before my eyes which began looking expectantly ahead a few minutes after Chenglepet was passed, the lower temple-tower shot into view amidst a luxuriance of green foliage, a brown and sedate presiding beauty. I said "the lower temple-tower" because I did not know at that time that it was only one of the four towers of the lower temple which itself was well-removed from the foot of the hill. And as the bus curved round for some distance, I found that I was at the very foot of the slope; and looking up I saw the temple perched proudly as a fortress upon the summit of a foliage-bearing height of may be five hundred feet. A hymn from the ancient Devi-Mahatmyam sprang to my mind: "Salutations to the Mother who as Beauty indwells in all things—salutations to Her, salutations and again salutations,"—what if the deity of the temple was God Vedagiriswara, the deity of the lower temple was Goddess Tripurasundari, both of them meet names for this haunt of ancient peace and beauty. I remembered too how Tagore, with the unerring instinct of a poet had observed that "India holds sacred, and counts as places of pilgrimage, all spots which display a special beauty or splendour of Nature,"—the top of a hill, where rivers meet, by a water-fall, or by the sea-shore, so that from one's perception of the beautiful may arise a vaster communion and a sense sublime of the universe.

But my mind received a jolt from things of divers sort at the foot of the Sacred Mount. There was an outlying swarm of human bees from the buses; and what happened next unmasked at once the inexorable physical and physiological basis of life, from which there is no escaping. And then my sense of reverence suffered a rude shock. Where the man-made stone staircase upon the hill began—thanks to the modern man—there was, in the shape of a man demanding tickets, the spirit of today—the spirit of sheer commerce, of systematized and legalised trading upon religion, of exploiting things whose existence was not our handiwork, which indeed we could never shape into existence, and

which therefore ought to be the common property of all. We found we had to buy tickets to climb the Hill—to climb Nature's Hill and to see Nature's Temple—for the Temple today is no longer man's but Nature's—so far is it removed from the spirit of man today. True the fee was a paltry sum but the temple should be open as the free wind and the sun to the poorest of the poor. True the money was collected, they said, to meet the cost of laying the steps. But this only made it plain that the country is no more a temple-dreaming one; and therefore the less right had we to exploit temples commercially. Let people, who will, pay, subscribe to or collect funds, but it is wrong to tax the people who visit a temple. It lays the axe straight on the universality and sanctity of religion. It is a far cry indeed from this to the ancient Varadavurar who trod and prayed on this Hill, who spent the King's treasury on matters religious.

As I climbed the stony staircase, my mind was ruffled again. Squatting on the foremost steps and rattling his begging bowl was a leper.... Ah yes, the disease came here, praying for God's grace, a praying for cure, may be for death. A nized him as a leper; but I could. The meaning of the diffuse shiny patches over his body and face, fading insensibly into the surrounding skin, was clear to me. And this increased the spirit of Irony hovering round the ancient Hill. How many similar pairs of cringing, pitiful eyes I saw as I walked up, faces desperately begging, tongues madly invoking God's blessings on me—all for a copper which I might throw them—mothers with suckling babes, infants with swollen and sodden bodies due to malnutrition.... there were far too many of them for me to give money to each; and so I walked blindly and guiltily ahead.

I had not been half-way up the Hill when I paused to look around me. Only at two or three points on the ascent, where it curved and there was a gap in the rock on the western side, and the lie of the hill was such that all obstacles to the eyes fell away, could one have an unhampered map-like view of the plain. It was a rich green landscape, stretching southward from the slope for miles to the horizon, under a brilliant blue sky, dotted with minaret-like palms. Closer to the hill, and yet not near, lay the tank of the lower temple, like a bit of the sky infolded by the earth, with four massive towers, one for each quarter of the sky, which embellished and animated the scene, without disturbing its repose—nay, rather giving to the solitude a silent voice. I forgot for a while the annoyances of existence, the petty circumstances and degradations even around this hill.... The sun was pleasant under the trees which held back his beams; and

softly breathed the south wind. Twice again, as I climbed the hill, I passed and looked back where the spot was favourable to catch a view of the scene around me.

In the middle of the ascent the path broke into two; and my slowing steps had hardly reflected my uncertainty as to which to follow before a couple of mendicants, nearest to me, were vociferous in their directions to me: the western one was for the way up to the temple, and the eastern one for the way down from it; the temple should be gone round only in the auspicious clockwise direction. How abject is poverty, how soul-blighting it is, I thought. How hard the poor try to please—for small mercies, very small mercies, which may or may not be forthcoming! I felt altogether uneasy to take their directions free; I slipped two copper coins into their tins and dashed ahead. And so in fifteen minutes I attained the summit and was standing at the back of the temple. Entering it from the western side—the eastern side was a miniature precipice—I went into the dark sanctuary—a mysterious one, in a very physical sense. The subdued light which entered the temple through apertures and small casements was lost in a deeper night there. But coming out to the southern window, to the fresh air and sunlight, I felt the beauty of the temple again, especially of the structure as a whole on the summit, and of the panorama of towers and tanks and fields and trees stretching below the hill.

Leaving the temple, I repaired hurriedly to the northern crag behind it to see the far-famed eagles of this Hill alighting on its summit and eating the offerings. A crowd had already gathered there under an open shed of iron and zinc, a modern innovation put up by some pious seeker after merit, and may I add, also of a sort of immortality, for his name and native place were inscribed boldly there, on a scale befitting the extent of the shed. What poor sort of immortality was this, I wondered, and what a vanity is this seeking after immortality.

To the eastern side of the shed, removed a few feet from it, and presiding over it with its gradually rising eminence of thirty feet or so, was what I may call the Eagle Prominence like the trunk and head of an enormous elephant, where the two guests of the air alight every day, with the sun upon their wings, and accept the tribute of man. At the foot of this eminence is the Eagle Well, with water at a limb's depth from the level of the darsan-shed, water which ever defies the ever-returning sun, and is reputed to possess cleansing and curative properties.

Suddenly what is it that strikes my ears?... The voice of Pankaj Mallick, inimitable, soft like the gliding of a rainy cloud, memorable and wistful like the flashes running through it. But to

speak the truth, this voice disturbed me on the top of the Hill. . . . Some party in the crowd were enjoying a gramophone record; and my silent resentment rose up against them. And some of them were smoking cigarettes and rattling away in Hindustani. And then other songs by other artists flowed from the gramophone. These people were making this hill and the temple a butt for their lewd, vulgar restlessness. I catch myself and wonder, "Am I proud or narrow-minded, am I a zealous bigot?" I almost see the wise, kind brows of Shakespeare before me, smiling, "Dost thou think that because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" and for a moment I am not sure of my own feelings. But then the spirit of reverence which is in my blood, as a heritage of centuries asserts itself; and I think, "There may be cakes and ale—but not cakes and ale everywhere. Who knows but that at a particular stage of one's development, the cakes and ale may probably fall away from one by themselves, without anything of one's own say in the matter?" The people who were making merry on the hill—did any of them think it probable that there was an elaborate code of procedure and conduct (right or wrong is no concern of mine at the present moment) laid down by our ancients in such a matter as visiting a temple, with details on bath, dress, attitude of the mind, and the like?

At eleven the priest walked to the Eagle Prominence with dishes of offerings and an umbrella, and sat down to wait for the guests. In a few minutes one of them came wheeling down the air, perched on the prominence near the priest, walked a few steps towards him very sedately after an eagle's fashion, and ate a moderate and quick meal—truly the monarch of all he surveyed. . . . the whole crowd watching him as it would watch a king. . . . while click went my friend's camera. . . . and then the eagle-guest flew away in dignified silence. What did that little brain contained in that small head behind those twinkling eyes think of the human crowd on the hill-top? How varied is the lot of creatures, as of men, that one or two eagles should be honoured thus in a unique way, while others live and die just like eagles! And did it make any difference to this eagle? Do the hills laugh? The Hill of Tirukazhukundrum must know.

We waited for half an hour. . . . for forty five minutes more. . . . till the priest opened out the umbrella over his head. . . . till our patience was exhausted. We had to remember the clock—or rather the watch on my wrist,—we were in a hurry for the dinner and the time-obeying bus—But the other eagle came not. We saw it indeed sailing in the air above the northern hill, ever and anon flying uncertainly

towards our Mount, while the priest beckoned to it, sounding the dish against the rock. But it heeded not and came not and we left the hill.

"Mind, if the other eagle comes here shortly, we shall have proved ourselves to be the sinners in the crowd," laughed my friend R.

"Anyway, there will be only one eagle in your photograph, and so much the pity," I said.

But when a few days later he showed me the photograph (reproduced on the cover page) I realized that so much had been really gained by this fact. For a symbolic effect, it occurred then to me that against one man there should be only one bird, not two. Two birds in the photograph would have marred its serious solemn purpose and degraded it into a pretty thing. . . . In spite of canting dilettantes, a photograph may sometimes be as artistic as a painting. To me this photograph stands as a perfect symbolic picture of the great ideal of friendship between man and bird blazing the message of Tirukazhukundrum in a glory of light and shade, and with the majesty of bold contours and lines. And for this reason I shall conclude my impressions by dwelling a little on this picture. Great men have written great things about certain paintings. What if, for a change, I say a few things on a photograph? It is a festival of light shown by the flesh—and the prominent beads on his chest, and the pure white cloth on his loin, white like the flooding light itself, and to this effect; while on the bird have lightly fallen bits of the glowing sky which, together with the bird's pose, full of life and light movement, make it the vital, throbbing centre of the picture. Happily there are no clouds in the sky—dainty commonplace effects—to detract one's attention from the main symbolic figures. A brilliant blaze of light bursts limitlessly, like the expansive soul of man, above the clean-cut verge of the naked rock.

I recollect the words of the biblical psalm, "Thy youth is renewed like an eagle's."

#### V

The next stage in our journey was Mahabalipuram for which, after a very hurried meal in a hotel at Tirukazhukundrum, we got into the friendly bus.

Among the hours of my life to which I look back with peculiar gratitude as having been marked by a memorable dream-like quality, and by a rainbow-like freshness of the spirit, are those spent among the immortal stones and images of the Rock-Hewn, Sea-Kissed Mahabalipuram. But alas that the dream is fled! However I shall renew the dream one day as the eagle renews its youth, and try to imprison the dream in words.

## Her meals are cooked with **DALDA-**

*to help restore the energy for her daily dancing*



**Supplies the fat you need in a balanced diet**

# WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR FOREIGN POLICY?

By G. S. BHARGAVA

IN the context of present-day world politics the small powers have really no foreign policy. As the rival power blocs of Anglo-America and Russia grow more and more defined, the many small powers have simply to walk into either of the war camps and lose their individual identity and freedom. They have either to accept dollar aid and fight the Communist "menace" or side with the "forces of freedom and democracy" against the imperialists. The reasons for this singular absence of an independent, third line of foreign policy are that economic power and weapons of war are accepted as the only effective instruments of foreign policy. Thus, those countries which are not economically fully developed, which are militarily weak (which do not possess the atom bomb) and which have no agents in other countries to disrupt those states and sow seeds of civil war in their national lives are unworthy of the privilege of possessing a distinct foreign policy!

What we may ask is India's position? According to the above mentioned classification she must be a satellite of either of the power blocs. Neither her economic strength nor war-potential is high enough to enable her to indulge in the luxury of an independent foreign policy, except by way of establishing costly embassies in different countries. But we have an advantage over other similarly placed countries. We have another equally powerful weapon—the psychological weapon—which we could wield with great advantage. Our capacity and fitness to handle it are also unique.

Unlike other colonial countries, India was not without a foreign policy of her own—different from that of her masters—before she was free. It was not after the advent of independence that India began to interest herself, and participate, in world politics, but twenty years earlier. By the 'twenties the Congress under the leadership of Jawaharlal Nehru

developed an independent foreign policy which it pursued faithfully till August 15, 1947. "The Congress gradually developed a foreign policy which was based on the elimination of political and economic imperialism everywhere and co-operation of free nations. This fitted in with the demand for Indian independence. As early as 1920, a resolution on foreign policy was passed by the Congress, in which our desire to co-operate with other nations especially to develop friendly relations with all our neighbouring countries was emphasised. The possibility of another large-scale war was later considered and in 1927, twelve years before World War II actually started, the Congress first declared its policy in regard to it." (*Discovery of India*)

The Congress which was then out of government had neither the wherewithal to develop the economic resources of the country nor could it boast of military power. So it wielded the psychological weapon so effectively as to compel world attention. On behalf of India, the Congress expressed its unequivocal support and sympathy for China under Japanese aggression, and Republican Spain under Franco's onslaught. It condemned, in no uncertain terms, the rape of Abyssinia by Mussolini and the conquest of Czechoslovakia by Hitler. Unmistakably it also condemned Anglo-French connivance at Fascist aggression as also American apathy towards the growing world crisis. In spite of the then Congress President Subhas Chandra Bose's opposition, the Congress managed to send a medical mission to China.

The world situation was then no less uneasy and fluid than at present. In spite of tall talk about internationalism and a new world order, nationalism was the dominant note everywhere. In the words of Jawaharlal Nehru: "In the contest between nationalism and internationalism nationalism was bound to win. That had happened in every country and

in every crisis; in a country under foreign domination, with bitter memories of continuous struggle and suffering, that was an inevitable and unavoidable consequence. England and France had played false to Republican Spain and betrayed Czechoslovakia, and thus sacrificed internationalism for what they considered, wrongly as events proved, their national interests. The United States of America had clung to isolationism, in spite of their evident sympathy with England, France and China and their hatred of Nazism and Japanese militarism and aggression. It was Pearl Harbour that flung them headlong into war. Soviet Russia, the very emblem of internationalism, had followed a strictly national policy bringing confusion to many of its friends and sympathisers. It was the sudden and unannounced attack by the German armies that brought war to the U. S. S. R."

The choice, too, for India was no less difficult than now. In the place of the present-day power blocs, there were the two evils of fascism and imperialism confronting the country. There was also, of course, as now, no question of choosing the lesser evil. There was also no possibility of remaining passive by simply saying "no" to both the evils and existing in isolation. That would have only meant falling between two stools. There was a need to pursue an independent line, a third course of action, positive action, as the Quit India Resolution did. It expressed its solidarity with the victims of fascist aggression as vehemently as it opposed the continuancy of imperialist domination over India. By ending the latter at the earliest possible opportunity it sought to destroy the former.

Today, unfortunately, our foreign policy lacks such positiveness. The fundamental ingredients of a positive policy are absent in it. It is true that we have not got either the economic power or the military strength which entitle a nation to play a leading role in world drama. But we do still possess the psychological weapon, which the Congress had so effectively used in pre-Independence days, and which can be used equally effectively now. We should wield that weapon

and play a positive role—the role of bringing together the peoples of the world on a common platform of peace—instead of pursuing mere negative "neutrality."

The freedom-loving peoples of the world (including those of Russia and America,) will have to be made aware of the disaster another war would mean and won over to the side of peace by demanding unequivocally the (1) end of colonialism in all forms and climes, (2) implementation of social justice, and (3) equal returns to human labour throughout the world.

For action on these lines, an evaluation of the international situation, in the light of ever-growing Russo-American rivalry, is necessary. In Soviet Russia the people are ruled by a single party dictatorship. Russian economy is not sufficiently industrialised and so the Kremlin is at present busy accumulating capital. To speed up the task and to compete with the capitalist world, Russia is seeking to distribute the burden of this capital accumulation over an ever wider area. Hence its expansionist urge. This, Stalin hopes to achieve, with the help of a huge army and a web of agents, in the shape of Communists, in the different countries. America, on the other hand, anxious to preserve her outmoded capitalist economy, is acquiring more and more territories to employ gainfully her accumulated surplus of capital. This competition is bound to lead to a clash of arms. And now with the signing of the Atlantic Pact, the world is virtually divided into two warring camps. Both the East and West are striving their utmost to enlist as many supporters as possible. In this gloomy, explosive atmosphere only those nations and peoples who are striking an effective neutral attitude comprise the silver lining. They are the reservoirs of goodwill and fellow feeling, which, if released in time, can prevent a world conflagration. To avert the catastrophe, the forces of socialism in America and those of democracy in Russia (both of which, though seemingly non-existent, are only dormant) will have to be promoted. The internal economy of England is already being steadily socialised. India, under these circumstances should not have done any-

thing which might tilt the scales. The decision of the Government of India to continue in the Commonwealth has robbed our neutrality of much of its significance. From a middle-of-the-road course, we are drifting slowly but steadily, into one of the war camps. It is bound to be interpreted abroad as alliance with the Anglo-American bloc. Consequently, our neutrality will be viewed with suspicion by Russia. Though we have not chosen to emulate Britain in her internal economic policy, we have decided to imitate her in foreign policy. Even as late as in 1946, Pandit Nehru felt: "Dominion Status, even when that status approached independence, seemed an absurd limitation and a hindrance to full growth. The ideas behind Dominion

Status, of a mother-country closely connected with her daughter-nations, all of them having a common cultural background, seemed totally inapplicable to India. It meant certainly a wider sphere of international co-operation, which was desirable, but it also meant at the same time lesser co-operation with countries outside that Empire or Commonwealth group. It thus became a limiting factor, and our ideas, full of promise of the future, overstepped these boundaries and looked to a wider co-operation."

The repercussions of a lack of a positive foreign policy are beginning to be seen in Nepal. What has happened to the "promise" and our ideas and hopes of a "wider co-operation" which Pandit Nehru spoke about?

## CURE FOR COMMUNISM

By "BAROO"

IT is indeed an ill wind which blows nobody any good. Thus it is that the Government's Communist-phobia, while it has inspired so much repressive legislation and executive action, has also resulted in the relaxation of official policy towards all other political parties. The Sangh, the Socialists, and the Akalis should all be grateful to the Communists for the greater freedom that they are now enjoying. It is a question of any stick being good enough to beat the Red dogs with. The greater fear has driven out the lesser fears.

Thus it is also in two other directions. Government's changed policy towards the question of evacuee property is explained by its awareness that refugee opinion must be heeded if the Congress is not to lose all refugee votes at the next elections. But most gratifying of all developments is the progress made towards truce negotiations with Pakistan. Here at last is an indication that not only our own but also the Pakistan Government has realised that it cannot risk continued hostilities without further worsening its economic position and thus playing into the hands of the dreaded Communists.

All of which goes to show what a powerful, and what is more important, what a salutary influence the Communists are exerting on our politics (just as international Communism is exerting on international politics). It is frightening to think what would happen if the hard core of Communist resistance against reactionaries and war-mongers were to disappear from the world. What check would there then be against the misuse of brute power by rulers anywhere?

None, of course. There would then be no reason why the Dutch should hold parleys with the Indonesian Republicans, or the British not return to India, Pakistan and Burma. There would then be no trouble in reinstating the Kuomintang in China or French authority in Indo-China. Nearer home, there would be nothing to prevent the Congress doing exactly as it liked with any of its political rivals and leading the country to war with its neighbour, however disastrous these policies might be. But how silly to have said this—when there wouldn't be any Congress or any Pakistan, only British rule!

A world without Communism would

therefore be a world of slavery and unbridled colonialism. It would be the sort of world that Hitler set out to create for his Herrenvolk. In the present context, it would be a world held in ransom to the Yankee dollar, a world teeming with a hundred septic Kuomintangs. Nay, worse, for there would be no need then to subsidise any Kuomintangs. If you can imagine Kuomintangs fereft of foreign aid....

Of course a world couldn't last—if only because Western industry wouldn't know what to do with its produce. The rest of the world, necessarily colonial, would be so poor it wouldn't be able to import anything while Western internal economy, capitalistic, wouldn't let its own workers buy a great deal. Some sort of Communism would be the only way out of this. So there!

Yet there are people naive enough to imagine that not only can we afford to do without Communism, but that we are not safe as long as it continues to exist anywhere in the world. Many imagine that Communism is a thing that can be rooted

out, and done away with, once for all. They write letters to Editors, giving each his own recommendations on how to fight this alleged threat to so-called "culture," "democracy" and whatever is meant by the "way of life" they are so anxious to uphold. They do not realise that Communism can only be countered by removing the causes of its existence—and that this necessitates acting along Communist lines. In other words, there is no cure for Communism except Communism.

Although this is a fact one cannot get away from, and a conclusion that is irresistible, there is a danger that the men who matter will not learn their lesson without making an attempt to crush Communism. Since such an attempt would involve the whole world in an atomic war, it concerns every thinking person to do what he can to prevent such an attempt being made. This can best be done by refusing to succumb to the hysterical propaganda emanating from the West, and by recognising that there is no answer to Communism except Communism.



His Excellency the Governor planting saplings on Independence Day

# 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.

## Ram Gopal's Dance Shows

Your publication recently of an article on Ram Gopal's greatness prompts me to write this letter. I had been to his shows in the city on three different days. The first thing that struck me while I was present in the hall on all the three days was that there appeared some coldness and lack of enthusiasm in the dances performed by the various artistes. Ram Gopal appeared like fulfilling an unpleasant task. There was hardly any novelty in the fare provided. While the inclusions of "Garuda" and "Sandhya Nrittya" which could be considered his specialities, in the regular programme is understandable, one fails to see any justification or importance in Ram Gopal (of all others) doing the same Thillana, the same Alarippu and the same Sarigakongu on all the days. And holy of holies—the thing becomes inexcusable and insulting when he starts explaining the meaning of the words and the significance of the mudras in his rendering of the Sarigakongu to audiences in Madras, who are well acquainted with the padam and most of whom, besides, are connoisseurs of Bharata Natyam and know and can well understand the abhinayam. It is all right in Paris or London or Copenhagen where you can gain additional advantage by this type of pre-explanation of dances but it is ridiculous in India, particularly Madras, which is, rightly, the home of Indian dancing.

Then about Ram Gopal's Kathak technique. I think the great dancer left much to be desired in his performance of the Kathak style of dancing as could be seen in his "Moghul Miniatures." The sloppiness becomes clear when one notices that Kumudini, who partners him in this shows more freedom of movement and gestures than Ram Gopal. She was the only one in the troupe who seemed to have had a little knowledge of dancing though her Bharata Natyam was not perfect.

I really wondered on seeing the new faces that comprised Ram Gopal's troupe at the St. Mary's hall performance last week if something is not basically wrong with him, because he always seems to be losing good partners. He thus was deserted by Mrinalini who made such a brilliant success of herself independently in her recent tour; by Tara Chowdhry, who looked comely and fitted in well in his dances; and, last of all, Shevanti who though she received little notice when she performed with

him in his troupe before his going abroad, appeared with him in London in his recent tour but later on is reported to have left him.

One feels that Ram Gopal should, to continue to remain at the top, create something new as a great artiste.  
AN ART-LOVER.

## Future Of Zamindars

I desire to offer my observations on the article entitled "Slogans are no solution" contributed by Mr. S. Rajagopalan in SWATANTRA dated July 30, 1949. His criticism of the difference in treatment given to landed and non-landed interests is correct. But the stand taken that zamindars should come under the head "absentee landlords" while other landlords should not, may not answer questions connected with economic equality. While the zamindars failed to spend the surplus money wisely, the other class managed to get into jobs and monopolised business. Some zamindars spent their surplus money innocently on the other class. Going into such details as these is certainly painful, in view of the hitherto good relationship between these classes. But why point out one particular class instead of graciously assisting a new set-up on socialistic lines? Ramnad.

RAJKUMAR R. KASINATHA DORAI.

## Threat To The Middle Class

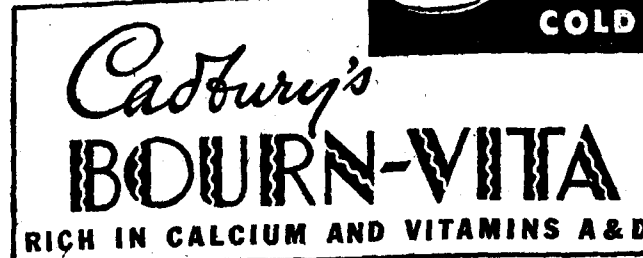
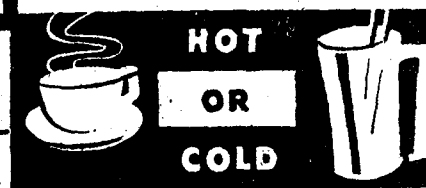
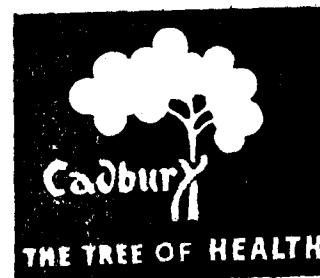
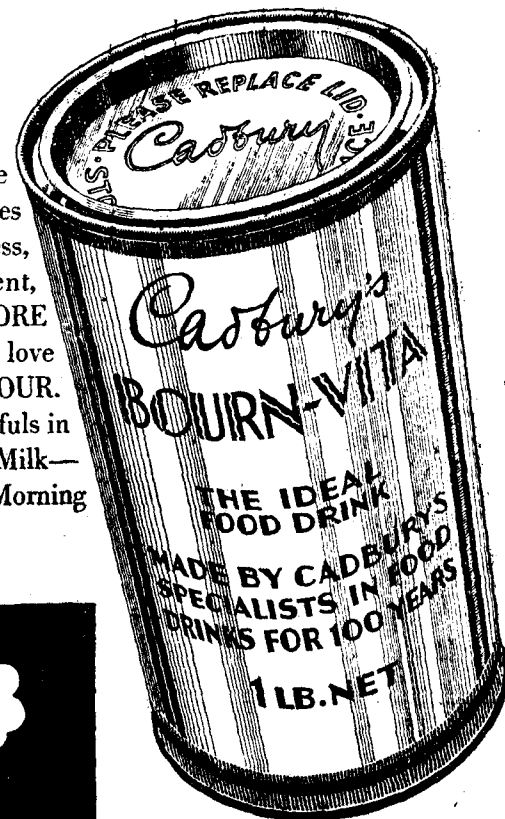
The article on "Pauperization of the Middle Class" by Mr. G. Parthasarathy in your issue dated 23rd July is quite opportune and has brought into bold relief the condition of the middle class in our country at the moment. The conditions described in the article are suitably illustrated and supported by the letter of Mr. M. Pattabhirama Reddy in your issue dated 30th July and a report about the enquiry into the middle class family budgets published by the Government of India.

Taking into account all these facts I feel that the recent comment of Mr. Shankar Rao Deo about the danger of young intelligent boys and girls joining the ranks of anti-social forces on account of educational opportunities being denied to them could be appropriately applied to the middle class also. By the pauperization of the middle class it is not economic forces alone that are set in motion but also deep-rooted psychological reactions which might take a turn in any direction.

Tanjore. M. VENKATESWARAN.

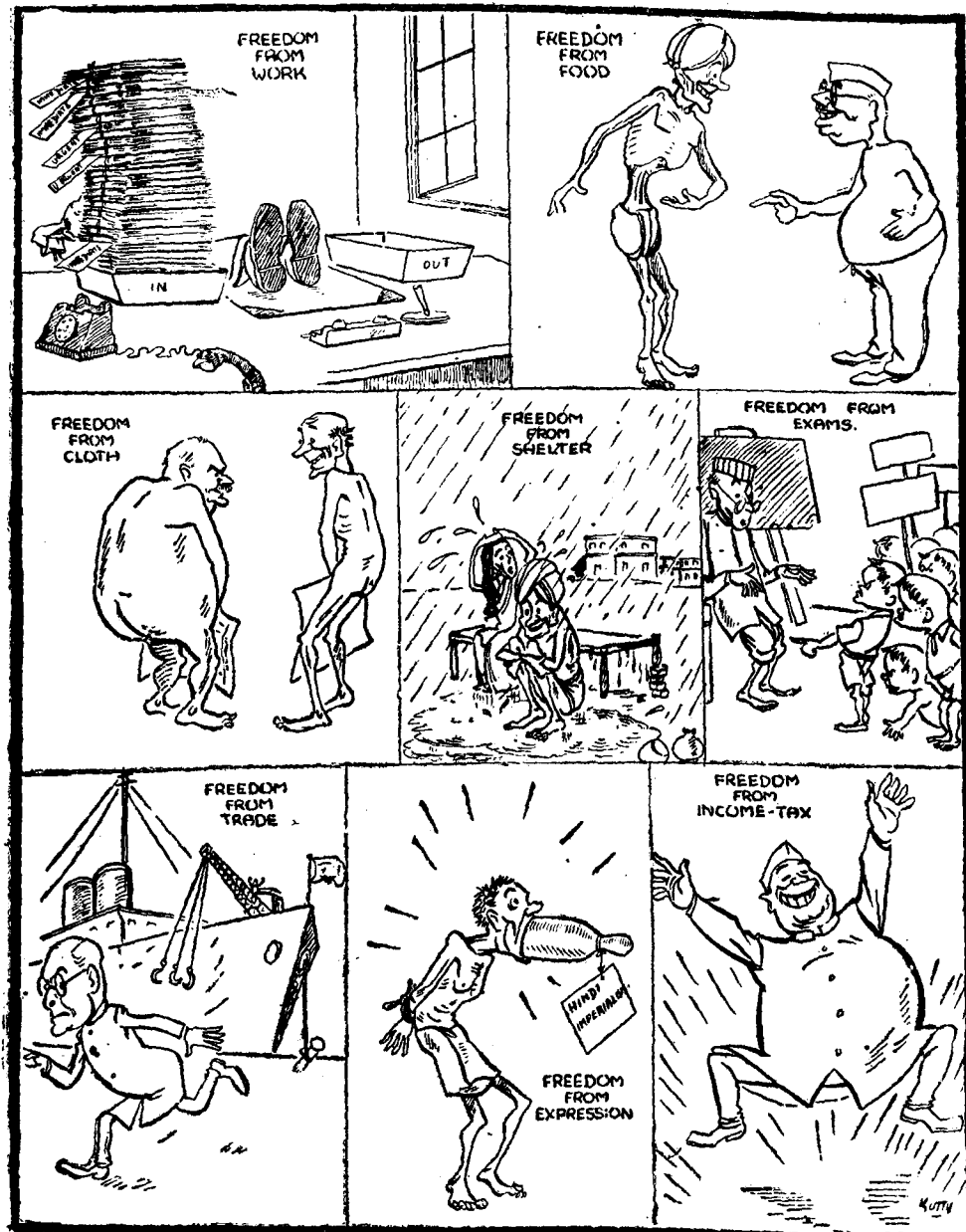
# DRINK YOUR HEALTH

For ATHLETES and INVALIDS alike BOURN-VITA gives you MORE goodness, MORE nourishment, and therefore, MORE ENERGY. Children love the chocolate FLAVOUR. Take TWO teaspoonfuls in a cup or glass of Milk—HOT or COLD—Morning and Evening.



CADBURY FRY (INDIA) LIMITED  
P. O. BOX 1417, BOMBAY - P. O. BOX 251, CALCUTTA - P. O. BOX 1725, MADRAS

## THIS INDIA



Courtesy—Shankar's Weekly

### Jurisprudence For Accountants

On 1st July 1949, the profession of the accountant or auditor in this country entered upon a new phase of its history. Up to that date, it was subject to a certain measure of Government control. Now it will depend for its future and for the name it carves for itself in the public esteem on the newly constituted autonomous body of Chartered Accountants who will henceforward preside over its destiny. Autonomy is in itself a good thing and when it is extended to the professional courses of learning, as in this case, it is not only desirable but also vitally essential if such professions are to be protected against the inroads of executive authority and against over-much centralization which is one of the flaws of democratic socialism. When democracy everywhere tends to deify the State and to give the people collective socialism at the cost of individual liberty, when the State under democracy has yet to draw the line between what pertains to Government and what to the individual citizen, this act of the Legislature conferring autonomy on one of the vital arteries of commerce is a commendable measure of prudence.

But there are also limits to autonomy. The autonomous body envisaged in the Chartered Accountants' Bill should not at any time freeze into a conservative body of men who will abuse autonomy and make a fetish of this precious principle. The impulse to ride roughshod, the tendency to misuse power and the possibilities of becoming inflexible and rigid are as much present and real and pervasive in an autonomous body as in any Governmental machinery. We should therefore be forewarned by these probable portents and elect to positions of responsibility men who will be inspired by the highest motives of altruism, men possessed of imaginative vision and minds that can function in broad sweeps.

Though industry and business methods in India are not so ramified and various as in England and America, the efficiency

obtaining even in this limited field of work has not reached the scientific levels of precision and thoroughness that Western technique has developed. One of the essential conditions for such development is the inculcation of a robust sense of social responsibility and personal ethics. There has been a conspicuous falling away from ethical principles and cultural concepts everywhere in recent times and liberty of thought and expression in various spheres of human endeavour has often been misconstrued for licence to do what one chooses. This is a dangerous tendency.

Visualized in the context of this danger, the introduction of jurisprudence as a subject of study for prospective accountants and auditors is a thoughtful contribution to the common weal. Jurisprudence is the science or philosophy of human laws, and human laws have their roots in an imposing corpus of social and personal ethics. This corpus has been the resultant cumulative wisdom of the ages distilled from the experience of mankind as it evolved through slow and tortuous centuries of progress in different parts of the world.

A study of the essentials of jurisprudence is certainly desirable. But what reduces its importance in the eyes of students is the rigid form in which it is cast when it is doled out to them for the limited purpose of answering a test-paper.

If as a profession, Accountancy in India is to reach the heights of precision and scientific technique as in the West, it needs to be thoroughly reorganized on rational principles of jurisprudence and along lines that will not kill initiative in the prospective Chartered Accountant. The Accountant or Auditor is not an automaton balancing debit and credit along the dusty track of a routine-ridden existence but is an intensely human individual with a personality of his own, one who forms an integral part of the commercial life of the community.

S. JAYARAMAN.

It ought to be as absurd for a man to boast of his humanity as to boast that he speaks instead of barks. That we have better reasons and longer memories than beasts is what gives us the right to call ourselves men. But that we do more harm to each other than beasts do to beasts is evident enough, and it is equally evident that we do it without reason. We kill each other not for food or for sex-desire, as beasts do, but to glut an independent impulse to cruelty. One may say that the cruelty of beasts is more rational than ours.... To kill, to rend, to destroy, to hurt other living things is an impulse in us stronger than it is in dogs and wolves and tigers. It is one of the few impulses for which no good use can be found.—Max Radin, in "Epicurus My Master."



NOW ON SHOW  
AT THE  
NEWEST AND NOVEL

★  
**CHITRA**  
(MOUNT ROAD)

★  
Filmistans Outstanding  
Musical Entertainment

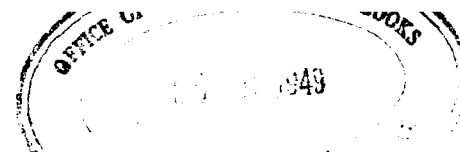
**A C T R E S S**  
(HINDI)

SWEET REHANA,  
PREM ADIB,  
MEENA

Story by  
K. AHMED ABBAS

Daily 3 shows: 3-15, 6-30, 9-30

*Special Accommodation for Ladies for the last three  
classes.*



*Now Running at*  
**CROWN**  
TALKIES, MADRAS  
*and at many other  
important Stations*  
AT MADRAS DAILY 3 SHOWS  
3 • 6-15 • 9-30

**BHASKAR'S**  
**NATYARANI**

L.S. SAROJA · VASUNDHARA · JAYAMMA · RAJAMANI · B. SRAJAYENGAR · BALIA · THAVAMANI · CHARLIE · LALITA · PADMINI  
DIRECTION: B.N. RAO · STUDIO: GEMINI · SONGS: D.K. PATTAMMAL · DANCES: V. MADHAVAN

## FOR ALL VARIETIES OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY OF BEST ENGLISH MAKE

### Needed for Growing More Food

1. NATIONAL DIESEL OIL ENGINES
2. WORTHINGTON SIMPSON PUMPS for all sizes
3. CROMPTON ELECTRIC MOTORS
4. WORTHINGTON SIMPSON PUMPSETS  
directly coupled with Crompton Motors
5. WORTHINGTON SIMPSON MONOBLOC PUMPSETS  
with B. T. H. Electric Motors
6. AGRICULTURAL PLOUGHS  
(Bullock-Drawn)  
SEEDLING & MANURING MACHINERY  
FENCING MATERIALS & TRACTORS



Apply to:

## INTERNATIONAL AGENCIES

Head Office:

15/16, Angappa Naick St.,  
MADRAS.

Branches:

Room No. 406,  
'Hotel Tokyo,  
TOKYO (Japan).

No. 40-III Main Road,  
Gandhinagar,  
BANGALORE.

N. C. THIMMA REDDY, B.A., B.L.,  
Sole Proprietor.

# SWATANTRA

VOL. IV, NO. 29

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1949

### CONTENTS

|                                                                   | PAGE |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ON THE COVER—H. E. THE GOVERNOR AND THE PREMIER OF MADRAS         |      |
| MODERN WORSHIP (Poem)—By R. S. Amritharaj                         | 4    |
| EDITORIAL COMMENTS                                                | 5    |
| SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara                                         | 7    |
| CRIPPS, BRITAIN'S MAN OF THE HOUR—By Matthew Halton               | 9    |
| JINNAH—THE COMMUNALIST AS I KNEW HIM—By Dr. Sachidananda Sinha    | 12   |
| RAMGOPAL'S DANCE SHOWS—By K. Kylaseswar                           | 15   |
| SAROJINI NAIDU'S GIFT OF LAUGHTER—By Dr. Amaranath Jha            | 17   |
| THE RED STAR IN THE EAST—By Andrew Roth                           | 19   |
| LABOUR IN FRANCE—By Yusuf Meherally                               | 22   |
| THE HEART OF A CROOK (Short Story)—By S. Krishniah                | 25   |
| FAIR WAGES AND PRODUCTIVITY—By A. Sachidanandam                   | 29   |
| THE CONGRESS DECISION ON LANGUAGE POLICY—By D. V. Rama Rao        | 31   |
| THE GREATNESS OF KONDA VENKATAPPAIAH—By D. V. Ramaswami           | 33   |
| MONEY POWER IN THE INDIAN PRESS—By G. S. Bhargava                 | 34   |
| HOW RICH IS THE UNITED STATES?—By Saul K. Padover                 | 37   |
| HOLLYWOOD'S SEARCH FOR NEW YOUNG TALENT—By P. G. Gopalakrishnayya | 40   |
| SIDELIGHTS—By Saka                                                | 41   |
| "KANNIYIN KATHALI"—By Santha                                      | 42   |
| NEOMYCIN, CONQUEROR OF TUBERCULOSIS—By Waldemar Kaempffert        | 44   |
| LETTERS TO THE EDITOR                                             | 47   |

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 <sup>+</sup> |
| 3. ITEOL       | 6. SEDATIN    | 9. VITOMALT                 |
| 4. JECORAL     | 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.

# MODERN WORSHIP

By R. S. AMRITHARAJ

I wondered too, if God could not be found  
In better ways than lying on the ground  
And dreaming of him.

So I brushed up my hair,  
Scented myself with additional care  
Tucked in a hankie and put on the coat,  
Tightened the tie that was loose round my throat,  
Wasted five minutes in a fruitless search  
For a clean pair of shoes and went to church.  
A crowd of young dames in contrasting hue  
Of light green and white and dark red and blue,  
Standing in groups steeped in apparent converse,  
Many a student and teacher and nurse.  
A handful of men hanging lonely about,  
Smart in his tweed or silk, lean man and stout.  
I lingered aloof with nothing to do  
Till entered they all, the worshippers true.  
Then with swelling chords that rent the air  
The organist proclaimed that he was there.  
We stood up to hear the choir boys sing  
The barbarous song of a Hebrew King.  
They sat down to enjoy their well-earned slumber  
While the padre read out a Chapter from Number.....

\* \* \*

Their worship is done. God returns to Heaven  
And stays there in peace till next Sunday seven!

# SWATANTRA

VOL. IV  
No. 29

SATURDAY, AUGUST, 27 1949

ISSUED  
WEEKLY

## "DOGFIGHT AROUND A CARCASS"

ONE of the articles adopted by the Constituent Assembly provides that Public Service Commissions need not be consulted as to the manner in which "appointments and posts are to be reserved in favour of any backward class of citizens in the Union or a State." In criticism of this provision it has been observed that backwardness is defined nowhere in the Constitution. Such an omission does not seem however to be the worst of the objection. According as occasions arise, most things left undefined in the Constitution will come up for definition in the courts, and before very long it may confidently be expected that a body of judgments of the courts will spring up rectifying the present omission and giving the clearest indication of the meaning of "backwardness" for the benefit of all concerned. In the matter of reserving appointments to the backward, it is not on the ground of difficulty as to the meaning of any particular word that objection need be raised. It is to be raised, on the other hand, to the very principle itself, the principle of reserving posts in the public service to special classes for any reason whatsoever. For whatever reason reservation is made, it will militate against the basic purposes for which Public Service Commissions are intended, of which the most important are the upholding of uniformity in standards of recruitment and promotion and the safeguarding of a fair deal to all members and would-be members of the services, impartially and without favouritism of any kind. Once a breach in rectitude is made by the admission of one

reason for importing discrimination, when that reason ceases to serve the purpose, another is bound to be discovered plausible enough to take its place as a workable substitute.

In the principle of special provisions of privilege and preferential treatment for the backward, as adumbrated in the Constitution, there is the germ of degeneracy. The psychological effects of the principle will be dreadful, as much on those sought to be benefitted by it as on those sought to be discriminated against. The beneficiaries will begin to hug backwardness as a title to preference instead of being ashamed of it and repudiating it. An evil that is sought to be removed will in this way perpetuate itself. The existence of a proportion of public servants exempt from normal standards of recruitment and treatment, will inflict on the rest a sense of injury and disinheritance. The incentive for putting forth one's best will disappear if the rewards of service are ordered on considerations other than competence and the proved value of the work done. Already, in the name of uplifting the backward, some of the Ministers in power have in these two years been acting in disgraceful disregard of the proprieties of administration, and their infectious example has tainted the credit of Congress Governments. Nobody now depends on good work to count as a recommendation for recognition and reward, and very few look to the Ministers as exemplars of impartial justice for the redress of any wrong. A considerable part of the energies of public servants is at

present devoted to the cultivation of avenues of approach for influencing the Ministers in their favour. The atmosphere of wirepulling is all-pervasive. Hopes of a change for the better have been damped by the continuance of discrimination in the name of help to the backward still being cherished inexorably as one of the sanctities of the Constitution.

Real help to the backward cannot come in the form of privilege through evasion of the common standards applicable to the rest of the community. The elimination of backwardness is not a feat to be achieved spasmodically through particular care of any specified class. It can come only as the result of a civilised way of governing, with an integral attack on poverty, the root of all backwardness. Britain's example in the fight against poverty as conducted by the Labour Government since the war is of supreme value to administrators everywhere who wish to see the end of backwardness. The average Briton is living now far better than before the war though the standard of living of the upper classes has declined. The rich are taxed to the hilt so that the common man should not live in miserable poverty as before the war. In Britain today there is complete employment and poverty is virtually eliminated. A striking picture is given by J. B. Priestley of the contrast between the Tory rule of pre-war Britain and the revolution in standards of government introduced by the Labour Party in power since the war. Of pre-war Britain Priestley says:

"In those days we had grim regions known as depressed areas filled with gray-faced, decent men who had not worked for years and who saw no hope in the future. We had hordes of children who were clearly suffering from malnutrition. Conspicuous waste and horrible want existed side by side. If you had the money, you could eat yourself sick in a restaurant and yet be surrounded by people who had not had

a good square meal for years. The threat of unemployment and of being thrown out in the street made employees servile, anxious and secretly bitter, and did no good to the people able to wield this threat. A man with a social conscience could not be happy in such a society, which satisfied only fools and rogues. And the fools didn't realise that all the seeds of economic decay had already been placed there; and the rogues, asking for nothing but quick, easy money, didn't care."

Of the post-war Labour regime in Britain, Priestley says: "We have changed most of this. Nobody guzzles, nobody starves. Both waste and want have vanished. We live in something that is beginning to resemble a civilized society, and not a dogfight around a carcass."

"For my part," concludes Priestley, "I am more mentally and spiritually at ease in this post-war Britain than I was in the pre-war Britain."

In India we are still in the stage of dogfight around the carcass. Our rulers have not acquired a sense of direction. If they have a social conscience, it is exhausted in theoretical paper idealism. Few practical programmes emerge. The people are fed with the dope of communalism while want and waste and poverty continue in the same appalling degree as before. The ministerial campaign against backwardness is not always humanitarian. It is often caste-ridden. The same measures by which backwardness is attempted to be overcome in one sector of society serve to create it in another. Worst of all, the Ministers are crippling themselves as instruments of the public good by outrageous mishandling of the administrative machinery making it a haunt of nepotism unattractive to able men of independent spirit. The inroads of the "backward" on the services will be the undoing of Governments persisting in such a policy, as it will bring deterioration of the very means by which social welfare is to be planned and worked.

# Sotto Voce

## The Cautious Prude



THE chronic litigant is one whom you recognise by his ragged bundle, his *sang froid* and the fertility of his invention. Moin Nawaz Jung, who represents a non-existent Hyderabad before the U. N., has discovered yet another justiceable grievance. It is the refusal on the part of the Special Tribunal to allow certain lawyers to appear in Kazim Razvi's defence. Razvi himself has unkindly punctured the Nawab's pretence by declaring that he is quite satisfied with the lawyers who are now defending him. But Mr. Roberts of the British bar, while courteously conceding that they are all that could be wished for, naturally thinks that he could have done his bit to help.

Mr. Roberts complains that the Tribunal's decision has prevented him from discharging a sacred trust, to wit, his obligation to Razvi's wife, now in Karachi, who had engaged him to defend her husband. He conveniently overlooks the fact that, Mrs. Razvi being in Karachi behind the iron curtain, it is impossible for anybody in India to know whether she is a free agent or what her real wishes are. But the U.N. is beautifully innocent of these stark realities. And Mr. Roberts no doubt relied on that adroit note of sentiment to stimulate the sympathetic attention of Lake Success. And Moin Nawaz may be expected to make the most of it.

Mr. Roberts knows that legally he has not a leg to stand on. He, therefore appealed to the Tribunal's discretion. That body may, in making up its mind, have well doubted

whether the application had been made bona fide in the interests of justice, whether it had not been engineered by Pakistan to embarrass India. The avidness with which the self-appointed representative of Hyderabad has seized on the issue would seem, indeed, to go far to justify such doubts. But, having said all this, I must confess that I should have felt happier if the Tribunal had acceded to Mr. Roberts' request.

It is true that Mr. Roberts' petition to be enrolled as a practitioner had been rejected by the Hyderabad High Court on the ground that he did not know Urdu. But that need not have stood in the way of the Tribunal giving him *ad hoc* permission. As for the language difficulty, he could have been left to his own devices; if his ignorance did handicap him he would have had only himself to blame. Of his legal competence there could be no question. And, while it is a fact that other able lawyers are available in plenty in Hyderabad, nothing would have been lost by setting aside technical objections and allowing the accused or his people to nominate a lawyer of their choice for the defence.

It seems to me that in this matter as in regard to so many questions at issue between India and Pakistan, faulty tactics on our part has made it only too easy for our enemies to obscure the truth and besmirch us. And we do not improve the situation by violently oscillating between the extremes of amiability and *amour propre*. A startling example of this instability has just come to light in the Government's curious attitude to-

wards religious proselytism. Freedom to preach and propagate one's faith has with ostentatious broad-mindedness been proclaimed a Fundamental Right. But converts to Christianity are denied the special concessions which are being given to Harijans who remain in the faith of their fathers.

That argues a particularism surprisingly at variance with the theatrical gesture embodied in the Constitution. There is, in fact, a very good case for confining the benefits to Hindu Harijans on the ground that the idea is by all legitimate means to consolidate the Hindus. But our raucously secular State is stopped by its own doctrinaire declarations from putting forward that plea. Logic, however, is not its strong point. And so we find the Madras Government notifying the Director of Public Instruction that the aforesaid concessions may be granted to Christian converts to Hinduism provided "authenticated certificates regarding

conversion from Christianity to Hinduism are produced."

What is the principle behind it all? If poverty is the test for the grant of these concessions, why discriminate against Christians or Muslims? If the intention is to give a leg up to Hinduism, why confine the benefits to Harijans alone? In offering them to reconverts to Hinduism are the Government emulating the methods of the proselytising faiths which have always relied mainly on economic inducements to swell the flock? And if for the first time in history Hinduism under its self-appointed protectors is going to enter the competition for numbers, why content yourself with winning back lost sheep? Why not try to get in as many of the stray ewes and lambs of others as possible when you are about it? There may be something to be said for the fanatic, nothing at all for the calculating prude.

VIGNESWARA

*For Comfort, Economy and Service*

**MYSORE SILKS**



MANUFACTURED BY

**GOVERNMENT SILK WEAVING FACTORY,  
MYSORE.**

## CRIPPS, BRITAIN'S MAN OF THE HOUR

By MATTHEW HALTON

IF you were asked who is the greatest man in Britain you would have to answer, "Winston Churchill." Even if you had doubts as to the complete accuracy of that reply, it would be almost churlish not to make it. Mr. Churchill wears the authentic cloak of greatness and his name is stamped on history. But if you were asked who is the greatest brain in England there could, equally, be only one answer. The answer is Sir Stafford Cripps, the Minister for Economic Affairs, whose job of saving Britain from bankruptcy will be almost as hard as Churchill's was of saving her from conquest.

"Sir Stafford Cripps is certainly the ablest man in the Labour Government," said Churchill. "It is pleasant to think that we have at least one first-class intelligence now brooding upon our affairs."

Sir Stafford has a brain of the most extraordinary power, grasp, lucidity and speed. In addition, he is one of the most fascinating and paradoxical characters in the political world.

Cripps is a devout Christian—but he has no sect because he thinks the churches do not really preach or practise the doctrines of Christ. He is an aristocrat—and a Socialist. He earns fortunes and gives them away. He was a brilliant scientist; he became a brilliant lawyer; and I think he will be a Prime Minister. He is warm-hearted and generous and loves mankind—but he is so austere that, as one of his friends said, "he hardly gives you a chance to love him." He is absolutely incorruptible.

"There, but for the grace of God, goes God," sneered Churchill once.

Cripps is an ascetic; a vegetarian and a teetotaller. He utterly disdains the meretricious tricks of the demagogue, but crowds flock to hear him speak. He is a great Socialist—but the Socialist party expelled him from its ranks in 1939. He has "loved the New Testament and lived only for the poor"—but the poor find it hard to love him. Above all, however, he has the

brilliant organizing brain that is Britain's greatest need today.

I once asked Sir Stafford whether it was his Christianity that made him a Socialist. He replied: "It's partly that, of course. I don't see how a man can be a Christian and not a Socialist. But also, capitalism is so shockingly inefficient and crude that it is an affront to an ordered mind." We shall see whether he can make Socialism more efficient.

Cripps comes from a famous radical family. His father was Alfred Cripps, later Lord Parmoor, Attorney-General in the first Labour Government. Sir Stafford is the ninth member of his family in four generations to be an M. P. His father, three uncles, a grand-uncle, two great-grandfathers and his great-great-grandfather were all in Parliament, and each one was a progressive, inspired by Christian liberalism. In fact, his ancestors have been aristocratic defenders of the underdog since the time of Willmus Cripps, Sire Crispe de Stanlake, in the reign of King John. In the words of Patricia Strauss, his biographer, "Historically, Cripps is as inevitable as Churchill.... For Churchill, history is a colorful pageant of battles and Rule Britannia.... For Cripps, it is the story of the common man."

His whole background is one of good breeding and Christian socialism. His mother was a sister of the famous Beatrice Webb. Naturally, then, Sir Stafford was steeped in Fabianism from childhood.

"When you grow up," wrote his mother one day, "you will find heaps and heaps of work of every sort and kind waiting to be done—and never imagine that God has not given you the power to take your share in helping the world to better and nobler things."

Stafford Cripps went to school at Winchester, one of the two or three oldest and most exclusive public schools. He was a happy boy who lived a happy life, but his brilliance was plain from the start. He won a

science scholarship to Oxford University, and his work there was so distinguished that Sir William Ramsay, the great chemist, invited him to join his research staff.

Cripps decided, however, that he wanted to become a Socialist leader in a brave new world, and he turned to law as a career and preliminary to politics. But even while studying law he continued scientific work. He invented a device for measuring the density of gases, and, while still a boy, he was lecturing before the Royal Society on such subjects as "The Critical Constants and Orthobaric Densities of Xenon."

His success at the bar was phenomenal. Within a few years of graduating he was famous. In his early 30's he was earning \$50,000 a year. And later on—in the spare time he took off from politics—he was earning \$150,000 a year.

Sir Stafford generally appeared in highly complicated suits involving big corporations. Famous luminaries of the bench and bar expressed something like awe at his brilliance.

"He is the most formidable examiner of technical experts in the history of the British courts," said one law lord.

It was his advocacy in the courts that broke the German dye trust in 1930. Describing his marshalling of fact and argument in that case, another law lord said: "It was positively an aesthetic as well as an intellectual pleasure to see him at work."

But at the same time, said another K. C., "his most passionate desire in any case is to see that justice is done. I have known him to spend strenuous days and tireless nights without reward of any kind, refusing all tempting offers, to see that some poor persons should not be prevented by poverty from obtaining justice." Scores of times Sir Stafford has refused fat briefs from rich men and rich corporations so that he could appear for poor men whose cause he thought was just.

During all these years Sir Stafford Cripps was growing in fame as a Socialist leader. In the wasted and tragic years between 1933 and 1939, he led the campaigns for a common front against Hitlerism and fascism.

In those years Maynard Keynes called him "the heir of eternal liberalism." But being an honest man who regards it as an unforgivable sin to say one thing in private and another in public, he was guilty of what the *Manchester Guardian* called "crashing indiscretions." For example, in one speech he claimed that the Tories were using Buckingham Palace as an instrument of propaganda for their own purposes. The Tories cleverly put out the word that Cripps and the Socialists were attacking the monarchy. And the smug trade union leaders began to rub their hands and say, "Cripps will never go places. He's finished now."

A few years later, these same people actually managed to kick Cripps out of the Labour Party.

It happened in 1939, not long before the war. Ever since Munich, in 1938, Cripps had been working night and day for a popular front of all men—Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists and Communists—so that the Chamberlain Government, perhaps the worst in British history, could be thrown out. Now, the Labour movement quite rightly suspected the Communists and their motives, but it was an infamous thing to expel Sir Stafford Cripps from the party as they did, simply because they wanted to have nothing to do with a popular front. On that day the Labour party blew its brains out.

He was still an exile from the party when the Coalition Government was formed under Churchill in 1940. An extraordinary thing happened then. Though Cripps was a member of no party, he was made a member of the War Cabinet and the leader of the House of Commons. Since then the Labour Party has readmitted him, and it now admits he is its greatest man.

Sir Stafford Cripps lives a quiet life with his wife, Isobel, and he still gives his money away. Even when he was earning what someone called "fabulous and fantastic sums" at the bar, he and Lady Cripps would draw up a careful budget each year, and give the rest of the income to others.

This money was given away in many causes, most of them unknown to the public. Sir Stafford's country house is at Filkins, an ancient and

beautiful village in the Cotswolds. Some years ago, the local council decided to tear down many of the old cottages in Filkins and replace them with new but ugly modern houses. When Cripps heard this, he offered to rebuild the whole village at his own expense; and he did, with the result that Filkins today is one of the dream villages of England, each new cottage harmonizing perfectly with others that are centuries old. One of Cripps' closest friends is a stone-mason in that village, with whom he spends hours discussing craftsmanship and design.

Sir Stafford's enemies like to call him "Christ and Carrots" because he is a religious man and a vegetarian. His vegetarianism comes from World War I, in which he suffered severe abdominal wounds. For many years he was almost always in pain. His doctor said he must not eat fruit and vegetables. But one day a friend of his returned from Tahiti and advised Cripps to adopt the regimen of the natives there and eat only raw fruit and uncooked vegetables and milk.

"Well," said Sir Stafford wearily. "I've tried everything else so I might as well try this." Since then his health has become almost perfect. His vitality and energy are astonishing.

Cripps was a light drinker until he first went into Parliament. After a short time in the House of Commons he was distressed to see that many M. P.'s were "drinking the edge off their intellects," as he put it. There and then, as a sort of quiet protest, he gave up alcohol completely.

At a moment when greatness is needed Britain once more has a man

who has all the hallmarks of greatness—all but one; he somehow lacks the power to enthuse people with the ardour and the faith that moves mountains.

It may be that this weakness stems from his virtues. It is partly due to his own invincible pride and integrity; it would be utterly impossible for Cripps to stoop to demagoguery. Moreover, a saint seldom wins fiery support in politics. One of his best friends speaks of his "almost inhuman rectitude," as if to say that if only the man would sin a little, or even reveal a few human weaknesses, people would love him more.

"When Cripps talks," said another friend, "you stand shivering in the icy blasts of cold logic—but people want to be warmed up at times."

Indeed, Cripps moves through the warm seductive atmosphere of politics with an icy self-sufficiency and a kind of intellectual arrogance that will not stoop even to conquer. He would toss away the highest honors rather than feel in any way compromised in his own soul. The man is revealed in one of his own phrases: "There is no such thing as a good catchword."

He is a remarkable character. And there are signs now that he is warming up—speaking not only as the greatest brain in Britain, but also as a warm-hearted and friendly leader. He is speaking in the authentic accents of a Prime Minister of the first order. It is my guess that if Labour stays in power Cripps will lead it soon, in spite of the jealousies around him. —(Copyright).

#### TRAFFIC SIGNS

Traffic specialists of the Economic Commission for Europe have proposed that a system of picture signs be substituted for the lettered signs which create difficulties in Europe because of language variations.

Wherever a triangular sign of a cow appears the motorist would recognize a warning that he is approaching a cattle crossing and would be on the alert for animals along the highway. A sign of a car careening on two wheels would be a warning that the highway is slippery when wet.

A triangular sign displaying a smoking locomotive would warn that the approaching railroad crossing is not equipped with gates. Two dromedary-like humps on a triangular sign would be translated to mean that a bumpy stretch of road is ahead.

In any country, the outline of two children's figures on a sign would serve as a signal for the motorist to slow down and watch for a school or playground near the highway. A man digging would be read simply as a warning to be wary of workers along the highway.—KATHLEEN TELTSCH.

# JINNAH—THE COMMUNALIST AS I KNEW HIM

By Dr. SACHCHIDANANDA SINHA

**H**ETERODOX and matter-of-fact, no mystic but an advanced rationalist, wholly western in thought, manners, and habits, Jinnah was ever conscious of his great talents, and cold intellectuality. He handled the resources of English as a debater and writer with great ease, but possessed only a smattering not only of Urdu, but even of his mother tongue, Gujarathi. Since 1936, when he took over the active leadership of the Muslim League, he had been frankly and unequivocally a communalist, and was evidently proud of it. On the eve of the Cabinet Mission's arrival in India in 1946, he openly declared: "I don't regard myself as an Indian." Jinnah worked upon the imagination of the Muslim masses by confronting them with the fear of Hindu domination. He and his followers never fought for the political freedom of India but only, negatively, against the idea of a Hindu hegemony over Indian Muslims, and positively for Pakistan—the creation of a so-called homeland for Muslims in parts of the country where they were in a majority, even by a small percentage, (as, for instance in undivided Bengal and the Punjab) and not absolutely, as was actually carried out ultimately, and accepted by Jinnah.

The problem of Jinnah's conversion from nationalism to communalism is a study in pathology of the super-ego, which is regarded by psychiatrists as an incurable disease. It had apparently appeared in him early enough, but it went from bad to worse as years passed. From the time of his early career at the Bar, it was discernible; for when a Judge of the Bombay High Court said to him: "Remember, Mr. Jinnah, you are not explaining points to a third class magistrate," in a flash came the reply: "My Lord, allow me to tell you that you are not addressing a third class pleader." No, there was nothing third, or second, class about Jinnah, in any shape or form. His was a vaulting ambition to be everywhere

the first and the foremost, or nothing. That was Jinnah all over. And all his life he was a man who never allowed himself to be sat upon, by any one in any sphere of activity—be it law, politics, or social life.

Jinnah could never bring himself to play the second fiddle to another; he must be at the helm or nowhere. Better to rule in hell than to serve in common with others in Heaven was evidently his ideal; better to be the first Governor-General of a moth-eaten, divided-apart, truncated State of Pakistan than a Governor of the largest State in the Federation of Union of India or even its Governor-General. The astonishing feature of Jinnah's success was that he had been, during the last twelve years of his life, the acknowledged leader of Islam in India, for the fascination of a "homeland for the Muslim" was too strong for them to resist when inflamed by Jinnah with religious zeal or fanatical frenzy. And so Jinnah, driven by the logic of events into a tight corner, accepted a State not only parcelled out into two parts more than a thousand miles apart from each other, but with the provinces of Bengal and the Punjab cruelly bifurcated much against his wishes. The main cause of Jinnah's success was the wobbling of the Congress party which, with its declaration of the acceptance of the principle of self-determination, could not help conceding it to those provinces or parts of provinces which, having a clear Muslim majority, were entitled to secede from the Indian Union, on that principle.

It was in these inevitable circumstances that Pakistan, long the one dream of Jinnah, became a reality. During the last decade of his life Jinnah, having come to wield influence and power with Muslim masses, and also with the British Government, had become a confirmed egoist, and sedulously cultivated an insufferable arrogance, and developed an unprovoked offensiveness, in public

conduct. This was such a pity, because in private life he still continued to display a captivating charm, and a genial urbanity.

But Jinnah the politician, and the leader of the Muslim League, was a wholly different person. It was the latter who frequently insulted Gandhiji, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Maulana Azad, and Dr. Rajendra Prasad, on every effort on their part at a rapprochement. He also rubbed hard Fazlul Huq, a League colleague of his, on the wrong side; and Huq—by no means a saint—rebellious against Jinnah, fired out: "This man is more haughty and arrogant than the proudest of the Pharaohs." Similarly, Nawab Yar Jung Bahadur, of Hyderabad, after the breakdown of the Simla talks, in 1945, spoke of Jinnah as follows: "He has given repeated examples of his bad manners, most un-Islamic, by his uncompromising and rude references to some great men in this country, not excluding even Gandhiji. He has used expressions like 'show boy' and 'quisling' about his political opponents which are most unbecoming."

The Hon'ble Mr. Mahomed Ali Currim Chagla—the present Chief Justice of Bombay—not long ago made a reference to his early apprentice days with Jinnah, and his later break with him, as follows: "When I returned to India, I was fortunate enough to get into Jinnah's chambers. But it was more his politics than his advocacy that attracted me to him. While Jinnah espoused the nationalist cause I worked with him, in my humble way. Then black clouds came over the horizon, and Jinnah and I parted company."

Even after the establishment of Pakistan, Jinnah (though holding the office of Pakistan's constitutional and not military Governor-General) betrayed a feeling of malicious enmity towards India and in his last recorded Independence Day message made the absolutely false charge of genocide, when he said: "Disappointed in their efforts by other means to strangle the new State at its very birth, our enemies yet hoped that economic manoeuvres would achieve the object they had at heart. With all the wealth of argument and detail which

malice could invent or ill-will devise, they prophesied that Pakistan would be left bankrupt, and what the fire and sword of the enemy could not achieve would be brought about by the ruined finances of the State."

Fresh light is thrown on the subject in the course of an address delivered by Lord Mountbatten at the Royal Empire Society (London), in October, 1948, in the course of which the last British Viceroy said: "Mr. Jinnah made it abundantly clear from the first moment that so long as he lived he would never accept a United India. He demanded partition, he insisted on Pakistan. On the other hand, the Congress had stood for keeping a United India, being violently opposed to any form of partition, and up to the time I went out, it had never been indicated that they might consider anything else. But when I saw Pandit Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi, and others, they agreed that if it was not possible to keep a United India without a civil war—and I was convinced that the Muslim League would have fought, for Mr. Jinnah had made that very clear—they would accept partition. But they did insist that that partition must also ensure that no non-Muslim majority areas were in Pakistan. That automatically meant a partition of the great provinces of the Punjab and Bengal." This was the first time that the inner history of the partition of India was revealed by the highest authority.

Lord Mountbatten continued: "When I told Mr. Jinnah that I had their provisional agreement to partition he was overjoyed. When I said that it logically followed that this would involve partition of the Punjab and Bengal he was horrified. He produced the strongest arguments why these provinces should not be partitioned. He said that they had national characteristics, and that their partition would be disastrous. I agreed, but I said how much more must I now feel that the same considerations applied to the partitioning of the whole of India. He did not like that, and started explaining why India had to be partitioned, and so we went round and round the mulberry bush until finally he realised that either he could have a United

India with an unpartitioned Punjab and Bengal, or a divided India with a partitioned Punjab and Bengal, and he finally accepted the latter solution." Well, it was the same old tale—better to rule in hell all by oneself than serve in Heaven and share the glory with others. That was just like Jinnah as he was, and as he lived all his life.

Jinnah, a Khoja—a descendant of a Gujarati Hindu converted to Islam—with all his talents, intellectual gifts, high position at the Bar, and in the public life of the country, needed a wholly different treatment from what was meted out to him at the Nagpur session of the Congress, in 1920, and at later stages of the controversy. As Mahatmaji wrote in one of his articles in *Harijan*: "Have you enquired as to why the Muslim community in India, as a whole, is so keenly interested in the affairs of Muslim countries abroad, and no appreciable proportion of it takes any active interest in the internal political life and advancement of the country? The Mussalmans take less interest because they do not yet regard India as their home, of which they must feel proud. Many regard themselves, quite wrongly, as belonging to a race of conquerors. We Hindus are in a measure to blame for this aloofness on the part of the Mussalmans. We have not come to regard them as an integral part of the nation. We have not set out to win their hearts. The causes for this unfortunate state of things are historic and were in their origin inevitable."

The above striking remarks of Gandhiji find ample corroboration in the observations of those Britons and Americans who came in contact with Jinnah during the last few years of his life and activities. Mr. P. C. Alexander—an Englishman long connected with India, to which he paid frequent visits in recent years—who saw Jinnah time after time, wrote of him shortly before his death: "The Quaid-e-Azam was one of those who believed that any means would be justifiable to achieve political ends. When he found that patriotism would not help him to realise his ends he forged a new weapon—communalism—which was to become a substitute for patriotism." That is how Jinnah's

lapse from nationalism to communalism struck Mr. Alexander, who wrote further to the following effect: "Mr. Jinnah knew that patriotism among the Muslims was the greatest hindrance for the achievement of his political ends, and he had no qualms of conscience in strengthening a weapon which was sure to yield him quick results. Muslim communalism was a safe and dependable plank in his political crusade, and he did not want to take any risks by widening it."

"In every incident Jinnah saw the machinations of the Hindu mind, tricking and thwarting him; and every occasion was made the vehicle for demonstrating his inflexibility, his intransigence and his adherence to the central principle." So wrote Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, M. P., in the obituary of Jinnah which he contributed to the *New Statesman*, the famous London left-wing weekly. The writer continued: "He appeared vain because, to increase his prestige in India, he was obliged to seem high and apart. If he were to meet Mr. Gandhi, the Mahatma must come to see him, or else India would think Mr. Jinnah the less important. If the Gandhi-fellow who sits behind the scenes and pulls the strings, and never comes out into the open, ran Congress like that, then Mr. Jinnah must be the equivalent *deus ex machina* of the Muslim League. It was all in the logical pattern, and it succeeded." Another Member of Parliament (Mr. David Gammans) recently said, in the course of an address at the Royal Empire Society, London: "The creation of Pakistan is one of the most fantastic happenings of this age, and shows how individuals can still determine history, for Pakistan was the creation of one man—Mr. Jinnah."

Let us now turn to a distinguished American authority. Dr. Stanley Jones in his recently published book *Mahatma Gandhi: An Interpretation*, writes: "I saw Mr. Jinnah in April, 1947, just before partition was decided on. He did not rise when I came into the room, but sat still and motioned me to a chair—the world must come to his feet, was the attitude. I begged him to hold the country together. I said

that though I was from the South in the United States, it would have been a tragedy if we had won the Civil War, and the country had been divided. We are all glad now that we are one people. I suggested that just as Utah, with its different religious faith, was a unit under a Federal Union, so Pakistan could be a State under a Federal Union, keeping its own religion and culture intact. His reply was: 'How large is Utah? We are a hundred million.' And then I made this suggestion: 'If the Congress would concede Pakistan, would you say that you would be willing to enter a Union with the rest of India?'"

Dr. Jones proceeds: "He went off on a tirade against the Hindus and the Congress, and my heart sank; I felt we were getting nowhere. Then he suddenly stopped, reached for a cigarette, his manner changed, he softened and said: 'If I may say so, your suggestion is childish' (he had to put me in my place before he would accept anything I said). 'But if the Congress will concede Pakistan then I will say that I will enter a Union with the rest of India.' 'And mean it?' I said, grasping his arm. 'Yes, and mean it,' he replied. We parted on this cordial note." Later, "I sent a letter with this account of Mr. Jinnah's statement to Acharya Kripalani, the President of the Congress, and his reaction was: 'There is no trouble about the Congress conceding Pakistan. We are fed up. We will concede Pakistan either within the Union, or without the Union. Will you please get Mr. Jinnah to give us this in writing?'"

I took it also to Vallabhbhai Patel and Jawaharlal Nehru. They were sceptical. 'There is a catch in it somewhere,' said Nehru, 'but it may prove a basis of agreement.'

"Vallabhbhai Patel was more sceptical still," continues Dr. Jones. 'What does he mean by entering a Union with the rest of India?' I replied, 'I don't know, but we talked of Federal Union.' So I wrote to Mr. Jinnah. He wrote in reply completely reversing himself, saying that I had entirely misunderstood him! I had to send this account of what had happened to the people in whose breasts I had raised hopes of a possible settlement without dividing India." We read in the same book: "In an interview with Mr. Jinnah, he began to say that there can be no co-operation with a society based on caste. I refrained from saying that there could be no co-operation with a society of theocratic fanaticism, such as was being proposed in Pakistan, based on the Shariat."

These quotations from Dr. Jones's book, throw much fresh light on Jinnah's character as a communalist. In the chequered history of mankind few, very few had for the satisfaction of their inordinate pride, or over-leaping ambition, or frustrated hopes, or lust of power, or all combined, produced a greater measure of bitter acerbity, internecine strife, and deplorable ill-will, resulting in horrible bloodshed and tremendous loss of life and property, than Muhammad Ali Jinnah.

## RAMGOPAL'S DANCE SHOWS

By K. KYLASESWAR

IN the interests of proper understanding and evaluation of our great dance art, I cannot help writing this after reading "Art Lover's" letter in your issue of August 20, about Ramgopal's recent dance shows. The tone of that letter appears to be typical of an unfortunate mentality of certain people in S. India, who can never recognise their own great men and who cannot bear any well-deserv-

ed praise of distinguished persons and their pioneering service.

'Art Lover' finds fault with Ramgopal dancing the same "Alarippu" and "Tillana" on all the 5 days of his show. The writer does not evidently know, that the "Alarippu," the small invocatory first item in a Bharata Natya programme, is not of different kinds and is almost the same in all artists. Though there are half a dozen

tillanas, no artist learns more than one or two and even if more than one Tillana is learnt by a few artists, the rhythmic mances displayed in them are almost the same. So it is not the tune that counts so much as the efficiency and attractiveness of technique, grace and style of individual artists. Among the Tillanas, "Gourinatyaka" is considered as the best and no wonder Ramgopal expounded it in all the 5 days of his show.

Moreover, his shows on the five days were intended for different kinds of audiences, so that if one set of people could not see them one day, they could witness them on another day. That is the way of season shows all over the world. Not even the best South Indian lady artist can give 5 different Tillanas on 5 successive days.

"Art Lover" presumes too much about himself and the Madras audiences, when he says that Ramgopal's prefacing explanation of the meaning of the padams and their 'mudras' before dancing them, was not only uncalled—for but also an insult to the intelligence of himself and the Madras people. On the contrary, in spite of the great popularity gained by Bharata Natya nowadays, it is notorious that very few among the audiences seem to understand properly its unique technique in rhythm, mudras and facial expression. Even among South Indian lady artists, not many are found to interpret sentiments or to show mudras correctly. Most of them render their art mechanically as the teacher taught them. Ramgopal, knowing the real nature of the art and the audiences as well, did only the right thing when he prefaced his abhinaya for the padams by explaining their meaning and mudras. The audiences too, instead of resenting it, applauded it as a real service to the art and their understanding of it. Many popular lady artists and connoisseurs, who were present there, declared that his exposition of the art was much more correct, clear and impressive than anything they had seen before.

'Art Lover's' jibe at what he thinks to be wrong with Ramgopal in losing his erstwhile partners successively, shows not only the writer's want of understanding about artists and their troupes but also lets the cat out of

the bag, as to the interested purpose of his jibe, which in his blind admiration for one or two pet artists of his liking, goads him to belittle another great artist. Nowhere in the world has partnership of talented artists in dance been known to endure for any length of time. A less known artist first joins the troupe of a well-known artist as a partner for earning some name and popularity. Immediately after achieving it to some extent, the lesser artist forms a troupe of his or her own to seek his or her own fortune independently. The originally famous artist takes in new partners. The same thing has happened in the case of Ramgopal also. Even the world-famous Anna Pavlova had to separate herself from her partnership with the still more famous Nizhinsky, because her male partner got more applause than she!

Above all, it is nothing short of jealousy of little minds, if people ignore the invaluable service rendered by Ramgopal not only in representing India creditably at the International Festival of Arts in America at the request of Pandit Nehru, but also in courageously presenting for the first time, South Indian Bharata Natya in Europe, America and Turkey and winning for it international appreciation as the best dance system in the whole world. All earlier globe-trotters had been presenting only hybrid or less classical types of dancing and it was given to Ramgopal with his exceptionally alluring personality and efficient training under the greatest living teacher Meenakshisundaram Pillai of Pandanallur, boldly to present before Western audiences, this most classical and refined Indian art.

'Art Lover,' instead of belittling the great art and service of a distinguished artist like Ramgopal, will do well to remember all real art lovers and connoisseurs should only consider the quality of the art that is actually presented on the stage and the service that artists render to the art and the country and should not allow their judgment to be coloured by irrelevant prying into the private, personal and business affairs of any individual artist or influenced by the usual jealousies among artists.

## SAROJINI NAIDU'S GIFT OF LAUGHTER

By Dr. AMARANATH JHA

"A vast and inextinguishable laughter."—SHELLEY.

MRS. NAIDU said, in a letter quoted by Arthur Symons in his Introduction to her "Golden Threshold," speaking of her father that "he has a laugh that brings the roof down." Symons himself says of the young Sarojini, "Then there was her humour, which was part of her strange wisdom, and was always awake and on the watch. In all her letters, written in exquisite English prose, but with an ardent imagery and a vehement sincerity of emotion which make them like the poems, indeed almost more directly, un-English, Oriental, there was always this intellectual critical sense of humour, which could laugh at one's own enthusiasm as frankly as that enthusiasm had been set down, and partly the humour, like the delicate reserve of her manner, was a mask or a shelter." He quotes Sarojini as saying, "Of all things that life or perhaps my temperament has given me I prize the gift of laughter as beyond price."

In the appreciation contributed to the volume entitled "Mahatma Gandhi," (1949) containing tributes from Polak, Brailsford and Pethick-Lawrence, Mrs. Naidu thus describes her first meeting with Mahatma Gandhi in 1914.

"I had not been able to meet his ship on his arrival, but the next afternoon I went wandering round in search of his lodging in an obscure part of Kensington and climbed the steep stairs of an old, unfashionable house, to find an open door framing a living picture of a little man with a shaven head, seated on the floor on a black prison blanket and eating a mossy meal of squashed tomatoes and olive oil out of a wooden prison bowl. Around him were ranged some battered tins of parched groundnuts and tasteless biscuits of dried plantain flour. I burst instinctively into happy laughter at this amusing and

unexpected vision of a famous leader, whose name had already become a household word in our country. He lifted his eyes and laughed back at me, saying, "Ah, you must be Mrs. Naidu!" Who else dare be so irreverent? "Come in," said he, "and share my meal." "No, thanks," I replied sniffing. "What an abominable mess it is!" In this way and at that instant commenced our friendship."

This gift never deserted her. Even in moments of intense political passion, of grave national crisis, when serious decisions had to be taken, in spite of physical pain and severe ill-health whether in the quiet of her home or in the solemn atmosphere of the Government House, in the presence of the Mahatma or in the gathering of young and reverent students, surrounded by little children, Mrs. Naidu never ceased to be gay and vivacious. She made fun of persons who never resented being laughed at, for they saw that the next moment she would laugh at herself.

It is hardly possible to remember all her witty remarks and amusing stories. I recall a few, but there must be scores that others will remember. They actually lose much of their flavour when put down on paper. How can one reproduce the mischievous twinkle in the eyes, the eloquent gestures, the marvellous mimicry?

(1) Quite early in her poetic career, she received a letter from a well-meaning writer, who said he had appealed in vain to various Government offices, and as a last resort appealed to her to let him know where he could obtain "a poetic license."

(2) In a general knowledge test, candidates were asked to say what they knew about some well-known persons. One of them, referring to Mrs. Naidu, wrote "She is the widow of the Indian National Congress."

(3) On another occasion—this time in South Africa—the chairman of a meeting while introducing her to the audience, said, “Mrs. Naidu is so well known that the less said about her the better.”

(4) When she went to Madras after her marriage to Dr. Naidu the chairman of a public meeting, wishing to claim that she had become a South Indian, began by saying, “Now that she is married unto us....”

(5) In Ceylon, at Colombo, after her speech, the convener of the meeting in thanking her and praising her eloquence, said, “Indeed we believe now why she is called the naughty girl (sic Nightingale) of India.”

(6) A South-Indian in a hurry to catch his train, trod on the steps of an Englishwoman, who protested. There was an altercation which brought her husband there. He asked what the matter was. The South Indian said: “This does not concern you. This is strictly between me and this woman.”

(7) Mrs. Naidu knew, while she was a student in England, a friend from South India. Several years later, she met him in India and asked him how he was, what he was doing, whether he was married, etc. “I hope you have married a pretty wife.” “What pretty?” he said. “Tolerable—decent—will do.”

(8) Once at a meeting in Madras, there was voting on a resolution. The husband and wife voted on opposite sides. The husband was enraged, and he started shouting, “Why for she vote against me?”

(9) Mrs. Naidu came to my house for tea, in the early nineteen-twenties. On the wall, there was an enlarged portrait of hers. She looked at it, and said, “Don’t I look a ravishing beauty in this?” Many years later, she saw a small painting of her by Jamini Roy on my table, and said, “Am I really as old and ugly as all that?”

(10) There was, some years ago, a polished and genial Indian officiating as Governor of a province, at whose house a dinner party was to be held. His Excellency was told that to his right would sit a lady interested in Tennis and to his left another

who was a great musician. He spoke with knowledge of Tennis to the former, and he asked the latter: “You must be interested in classical music, such as that of Gilbert and Solomon” (sic “Sullivan”).

(11) The same gentleman held a high position in an Indian State. At the annual exhibition, near the entrance gate, sat a young man, selling false moustaches, crying “Charlie Chaplin moustaches for two annas, Sardar-i-Azam moustaches for four annas.”

(12) An elderly member of a distinguished family once told Mrs. Naidu that as a member of the Council of State he was a member of the House of Lords and Jinnah was only a member of the House of Commons. He thus had precedence over Jinnah and had the privilege of taking senior ladies in to dinner. “What do you talk to them?” he was asked. “What, you think I can’t chit-chat, this-that?” Mrs. Naidu: “Of course, you can chit-chat, this-that: but how do you start a conversation?” “That’s easy. When the lady sits down and I sit down, I turn to her and ask, “Madam, how old are you?”

(13) She told me that in the early summer of 1947 she had gone into a small shop in Delhi. Presently, as she turned back she saw a tall burly man standing: he came up to her, and asked, “Are you Mrs. Naidu?” On being assured that she was, he exclaimed in obvious distress and disappointment, “Hai Gayi Jawani” (“Alas youth is gone”). It appeared that he was a notable from the North-West Frontier who had last seen Mrs. Naidu twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Naidu said, “That was the frank and uninhibited Pathan. A man from the United Provinces might have felt similarly but he would never have blurted it out in a shop.”

(14) Mrs. Naidu related that a prominent member of the Constituent Assembly told Feroze Gandhi, “Your father-in-law (the Prime Minister) suffers from the foot and mouth disease.” He hastened to explain—“always talking, always walking.”

## THE RED STAK IN THE EAST

By ANDREW ROTH

THE world has been reshaped by the impact of mounting Communist victories in China. It is indubitably the most dynamic element in Asia today. But its import is multiplied by the fact that Chinese Communist armies are the advancing edge of a bloc of States which are more contiguous geographically and more unified and dynamic politically than the three blocs which oppose it. The Communist bloc includes: the U.S.S.R., Outer Mongolia, North Korea, Communist China and *perhaps* Ho Chi Minh’s Republic of Viet Nam.

One must be somewhat hesitant about conclusions on this Communist bloc because the relations between the Communist parties of different countries, even where they are the dominant parties, are almost always of a subterranean character and shrouded in secrecy. Despite this certain things are fairly obvious.

The Communist bloc is not uniformly monolithic. The Outer Mongolia and North Korean regimes have been set up under clear Soviet auspices and mechanically reflect any change in Moscow’s Asian thinking. The Chinese Communists, on the other hand, while having clear and strong ideological links with Moscow, have won their victories mostly on the strength of their own quarter-century of herculean efforts in the Chinese countryside. While undoubtedly orthodox Stalinist Communists, particularly on international affairs, there is very little evidence of Soviet influence on their internal affairs and they are strongly nationalistic.

It is not even sure that Ho Chi Minh’s Republic of Viet Nam can be included in this bloc because in many ways it is the “orphan of Asia.” Ho Chi Minh, although Moscow-trained and undoubtedly a Marxist, is certainly not an orthodox Stalinist at present. It is interesting to note that he is not listed as a Communist in the U. S. Congressional report on

“Five Hundred Leading Foreign Communists.” The Vietnamese Communist Party has been disbanded and replaced by a Marxist Group which operates as the most influential minority in a nationalist coalition. The Viet Nam representatives at the Communist-dominated Calcutta Youth Conference in March 1948 refused to go along with the splitting and insurrectionary policies proposed there. Even more interesting have been the answers of Ho Chi Minh in a recent radio interview with *Newsweek* editor, Harold Isaacs. In this interview Isaacs asked: “To your knowledge has the French Communist Party taken any steps to hinder France’s war against Viet Nam?” President Ho answered a flat “No.” He refused to come out flatly against the Marshall Plan or Tito. He thought that Viet Nam could develop free of either American or Russian influence and he had “no fear” it would become anybody’s satellite.

Despite these views, which must be considered heretical or “reformist” by orthodox Stalinist standards, President Ho is being pushed toward the Communist bloc. The U. S. is supporting the French attempt to instal a puppet regime under Bao Dai. The conservative-nationalist States of South Asia have almost entirely ignored Viet Nam and recently Marshal Pibul’s rightist regime in adjoining Siam has made it very difficult for the Vietnamese mission and refugees there. It would not be surprising therefore if the Vietnamese accept arms from the Chinese Communists when the latter reach the Viet Nam border. There is no concrete evidence however, of a treaty between the Viet Nam Republic and the Chinese Communists, as reported by the French propaganda services.

There are increasing evidences of growing economic integration among the countries solidly in the Communist bloc. North Korea has become a trading outlet for goods exported from or imported into Manchuria

North Korea and Manchuria are sharing the power of the Japanese-built Yalu River hydro-electric development and there is a rumour that some is being sent to the Vladivostok area of Soviet Asia. There seems to be a small barter trade between Chinese-Communist Manchuria and Soviet Siberia, with one of the main elements being Manchurian wheat for Soviet gasoline. There are two large Soviet-Korean corporations operating in North Korea.

Political coordination also grows apace. Radio Peiping and Radio Pyongyang (the North Korean capital) faithfully mirror the Tass and Radio Moscow depictions of world affairs, sometimes adding their own oversimplifications and distortions. One of Radio Pyongyang's favourites is that the Soviet Union won the Pacific as well as the Atlantic wars almost single-handed, with the U. S. just standing on the sidelines.

During recent months these political bonds have been strengthened by a regular exchange of delegations. A Korean youth delegation attended the Chinese youth Congress in Peiping in April. When they returned they reported that Mao Tse-tung had praised North Korean leader Kim II and the Communist General Chu Teh predicted that Korea would soon attain sovereign independence and unification—under North Korean auspices, of course.

The formal relations with Moscow of these Asian Communist States vary considerably. Outer Mongolia has economic, political and military alliances with Moscow. North Korea, which has been recognised only by the U.S.S.R. and its allies, signed a ten-year economic agreement with Moscow in March, with no mention of military assistance, (although some sources insist a secret military assistance pact was also signed). Communist China, on the other hand, has no formal relations at all with Moscow which still recognises only the Kuomintang regime in China. The link between Peiping and Moscow is not formal but ideological and the most difficult thing to discover is precisely how strong this link is.

One of the questions which excited interest on the rim of the Commu-

nist States is the question of the degree of their military co-operation. The leaders of the American-supported South Korean Republic claim that the North Koreans concluded a mutual assistance agreement with the Chinese Communists as far back as 1946. It is alleged that several North Korean divisions fought with the Chinese Communists in Manchuria and that, in return, the Chinese Communists have promised help to the North Koreans in wiping out the South Korean Republic. This may be true but there is no solid confirming evidence. There have been Koreans with the Chinese Communist Army, but they may well have been recruited from the more than a million Koreans residing in Manchuria.

There is even less evidence of truth concerning the French-spread report of a military alliance between the Chinese Communists and the Vietnamese or the Kuomintang-spread report of a North Korea-Chinese Communist-Burmese Communist military alliance. Both of these come from Governments anxious to expedite military and economic support from the U. S. by exaggerating the Communist menace. There have been attacks by Chinese bands in North Burma and North Viet Nam, but intelligence reports indicate these were by non-political bandit gangs which flourish in the border area.

This does not mean, of course, that the Chinese Communists will not help their Communist allies in countries on their periphery. In a speech in April—quoted extensively in *Pravda* incidentally—Jen Pi-shih, important theoretician of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, declared: "Under the influence of the Chinese revolution several hundred million people in South-east Asia are already waging a heroic struggle." Although the figures used are a typical exaggeration, there is no doubt that the Chinese Communist victory is not only encouraging the four hundred thousand Communists in all of South Asia but is also pushing to the left segments of the ten million Chinese in South-east Asia. But despite their current victories the Chinese Communists have some seven hundred miles to go to the South

China border and three thousand to their inner Asian frontier and are not likely to dissipate their strength externally until they have consolidated their hold on China.

Edgar Snow and a number of other China specialists have speculated on the interesting possibility of Peiping, rather than Moscow, becoming the capital of the Asian Communist bloc. There is no doubt that Mao Tse-tung and his colleagues have pioneered in applying Marxism to Asian problems. In the course of their twenty-five-year struggle they have not only consolidated their own power but also nurtured almost as many Communist leaders in other Asian countries as Moscow has. In North Korea, for example, three of the top five Communist leaders are products of Yen-an, the Chinese Communists' war-time capital. Ch'oe Yonggum, C-in-C, and Kim Muchong, Deputy C-in-C of the North Korea People's Army were for many years high among the leaders of the Chinese Communist Army. Kim Tubong headed a Korean school and the League for Korean Independence, both of which had their seat in Yen-an. Sanzo Nosaka, top Japanese Communist leader, also based his Japanese People's Emancipation League in Yen-an during the war. Vo Nguyen Giap, second only to Ho Chi Minh in the Vietnamese leadership, is also believed to have been in Yen-an briefly during the war. Ho Chi Minh himself was in close touch with the Chinese Communist leaders in the period after 1925.

As important as these personal contacts has been the impact of successful example. Because China's problems are more similar, Asian Communists—and other Asian leftists as well—have tended to study its example more than Russia's. It is not accidental that, outside of China,

Chinese Communist pamphlets have their widest circulation in India.

The question of an Asian Communist bloc with Peiping as its capital rather than Moscow has not yet arisen. It is only likely to arise if Peiping comes to feel that Moscow is as much of an antagonist as Washington. It is not likely to arise as long as the world is divided into its present blocs. The Chinese Communist leadership now feels that in a Soviet-American war the U. S. would unseat them as well as the Soviet leaders if victorious.

At present the Chinese Communist leaders are not only unrestrainedly attacking the U. S. and the colonial powers but also those Asian States which lean toward or are part of the Anglo-American camp. When Radio Moscow attacked the New Delhi Conference on Indonesia as "an Anglo-American scheme to aid Western domination" of South Asia, the Chinese Communist radio attacked Nehru, Soekarno, Quirino and others as the "feeble-minded bourgeois" of Asia, allegedly selling out to the "Anglo-American imperialists." Their unreserved sympathy went only to the Communists in South and East Asia, fighting not only against Western influence but also against those nationalists who prefer to keep their countries in the Anglo-American camp.

The focus of the "cold war" competition in Asia must now inevitably shift to the States on China's periphery—one of the richest, most complicated and unstable zones in the world. Although it now leans towards the Anglo-American camp it is very difficult to predict where it will end up. It is only possible to state that a wholesale shift in this zone will tip the world balance of power as much as the Chinese revolution already has.

A simple fracture is not one where a bone is broken in one place only, nor does a compound fracture mean a number of breaks. The definition depends on whether the skin is broken: if it is, the fracture is compound; if not, simple.

Behind the artisan is the chemist, behind the chemist a physicist, behind the physicist a mathematician.—W. F. WHITE.

If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?—THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

# LABOUR IN FRANCE

By YUSUF MEHERALLY

THE trade union movement in different countries of Europe, outside the Russian sphere, can roughly be divided into three distinct organizations, associated with the Socialist, the Communist and the Catholic viewpoints respectively. In some of the countries there are more than three organizations, but generally these three form the predominant pattern.

Labour unity was a high desideratum of differing Left parties from the middle thirties onwards. This seems once again to have receded into the past.

The coming of Hitler to power in Germany in 1933 and his smashing up of the labour and progressive movements of every differing shade of opinion created an alarming situation. His persistent attacks on the Bolshevik ideology and on Russia as its harbinger, made Moscow feel apprehensive that the Nazis intended to attack the Soviet Union, possibly with the connivance of other capitalist powers. The international policy of World Communism thereupon went through a sharp change. For years the Communists had denounced the Socialists and other independents as "reformist traitors," "betrayers of the working class," "agents of the bourgeoisie" and so forth. There was now a sudden change in their international line. The policy of the Popular Front was advocated and Communists came forward asking for working class unity, as well as for the formation of political united fronts between all anti-fascists.

In France the repercussions of the rise of Hitler had been more keenly felt and ideas of an united front were therefore more readily welcomed. The C. G. T.—Confederation Générale du Travail—the General Confederation of Labour, had been for many years the centre of the working class movement in France. It was formed in 1902 and for the next two decades, it was the most representative trade union body in the country. In 1921, there was a serious split. Communists started a new rival organization and, curiously enough, called it the United C. G. T.! Numerically and otherwise,

the split greatly weakened the trade union movement in France. The membership of the C. G. T. was two millions. Now the combined membership of both the C. G. T. and C. G. T. U. fell to somewhere about eight hundred thousand.

The years from 1920 to 1936 were largely those of little progress and much stagnation. In February 1936, unity in the French labour ranks was re-established at an extraordinary Congress held at Toulouse. The Communist C. G. T. was dissolved and merged into the C. G. T. Working class unity was achieved.

In India also it will be recalled that a few months before this, the All India Red Trade Union Congress was dissolved and merged into the All India Trade Union Congress where the friendly Congress Socialists and other independents proffered to them hands of friendship, under the magic name of United Front.

In 1938 when I was in Paris, the C. G. T. was a powerful and dynamic organization. Its influence was widely felt. Its General Secretary, Leon Jouhaux, was a great figure, respected by Socialists and Communists, by the Government and the people alike. A veteran of many battles, he had been General Secretary of the C. G. T. right from 1912.

I had visited the imposing offices of the C.G.T. and had talked to Jouhaux and some of his colleagues. Those were the days of the Popular Front. Under the Premiership of Leon Blum the Socialist leader, notable gains had been achieved. The forty-hour week, holidays with pay, right of collective bargaining and nationalisation of the Bank of France had been won in 1936. The C. G. T. was playing an increasingly important role in preventing, by working class pressure, the victory of aggressive conservative forces which had deeply penetrated into French political and economic life as well as into the armed forces and were later to bring about the collapse in World War II.

The Nazi-Soviet Pact in 1939 created great confusion both in the trade union and political movements.

Thorez, the leader of the French Communists, deserted the French Army and escaped to Russia. But after Hitler's attack on the U. S. S. R., the Communists fought very bravely in the Resistance movement and distinguished themselves. When Liberation came, the only party that had a widespread organization was the Communist Party. Both in the guerilla forces as well as in the trade unions they had built up a very powerful organization for themselves.

From 1945 to 1947, the French Communists were at the zenith of their power. The party membership rose to one million and three hundred thousand and the C. G. T. which they had come to control substantially had six million members. General de Gaulle had invited them into the Government and there were five Communist Ministers who wielded great influence. At that time they had no fewer than thirty thousand well-trained full-time party members, each of whom received a monthly allowance from the party.

During the years of the Resistance and after the Liberation, a new wave of unity had started in France. French Socialists, especially many of the younger members, felt very near to the Communists and a Committee of Harmonisation was appointed to bring about fusion between the two parties. Even when the idea of merger had to be given up, the Socialists continued to work in close collaboration with the Communists and on more than one occasion refused to join any Coalition Government without them.

The Communists were the largest single party in France having polled 26.1 per cent of the votes in the elections of 1946. Maurice Thorez had been Vice-President of the Council of Ministers and a Communist was Minister of National Defence. Now they demanded the Premiership, which the other groups refused.

A struggle followed in the Cabinet and the Communists threatened to put the whole industrial life of France out of gear, because of their power over the trade unions, and their control over the C. G. T., if the demand was not conceded. They felt sure that it was impossible for any Government to carry on without their

support. Soon the Communists went into Opposition. The Marshall Plan became yet another big item of controversy and the Communist efforts were directed to disrupt and bring about its failure. For two years after Liberation, the Socialists had refrained from criticising the Communists and had kept up the United Front. Now with the Communists taking up a directly aggressive line, the relations between the two parties started deteriorating.

The Communists in order to ensure the failure of the Marshall Plan embarked on a series of widespread political strikes and succeeded in creating for a time great disturbance. This led finally to a split in the labour movement also.

In December 1947, after the failure of the general strike, feelings became very strained and an important section seceded from the C. G. T. and formed the C. G. T. Force Ouvrière. The veteran trade union leader, Leon Jouhaux, also withdrew and became Secretary General of the new body.

From this time began the slow decline of the French Communists both on the political and the labour fronts. They still continue to be a most influential force. But a year and a half ago they were a State within a State; now their power is greatly reduced. The membership of the C.G.T. which they control has fallen from six millions to less than two millions; the Force Ouvrière took away one million members. The remaining three million members were lost to the trade union movement. The Catholic unions—the French Confederation of Christian Workers—claim one million members.

I had talks with several of the leaders of the Force Ouvrière. They spoke about their great difficulties as well as their hopes, the campaign of misrepresentation that was carried on against them and of the efforts they were making to improve the conditions of the workers. Monsieur Robert Bothereau, the Secretary-General Adjoint of the Force Ouvrière, said that the Communists were realising the tremendous blunder they had made by leaving the Government. "They are," he said, "making desperate efforts to get back. The fomenting of indiscriminate strikes has cost

them an appreciable part of the support from both the working and the lower middle classes. The strikes have been frankly political, in order to ensure the failure of the Marshall Plan. They have two objectives to further. The first is the establishment of a so-called democratic Government with themselves as part of the Government, and secondly, the support of the USSR along the shores of the Atlantic. With these objectives the Communists tried to extend labour unrest throughout the whole of France. They began with iron, steel and coal and are preparing to extend it over the docks and the railways. France has had a succession of unstable Ministries. It has become so very difficult to stabilise economic life. The Force Ouvriere has fearlessly stood by the just demands of the workers and has pressed hard for them. I am very hopeful that we will make good progress in the future."

While I was in Paris, a big strike, initially affecting 200,000 coal miners was launched upon. It was the month of October and winter was round the corner. The strike was supported by all the different labour federations and was a protest against a proposed reduction in staff by 10 per cent. French coal mines had been nationalised by law on May 15, 1946. The nationalised mines in that area produced 173 thousand tons of coal daily or more than 50 per cent of the total French output. The leaders of the strike expected that such a huge tonnage loss would, in a short time, help to paralyse key industries and force the Government to grant their just demands.

Even apart from retrenchment the workers had genuine grievances; prices were rising fast and had far outstripped the increase in wages. Their purchasing power had been greatly reduced and their lowering standard of life was further threatened.

The strike came with full force. Government offered various concessions with the result that all except the Communist section stopped supporting the strike. But it was carried on, even though with dwindling numbers. A stage came when sabotage was resorted to. Water

started entering the pits and the salvage machinery was rendered ineffective. Machines were damaged and spare parts broken up. The Government moved in troops and a number of clashes took place. The situation appeared very serious for a time.

It was at this time that the French Socialist Party convened a private meeting of their principal workers, both from Paris and the surrounding areas, in order to explain to them the situation as it had developed. The Socialist Cabinet Ministers were there; so were several of the leading office-bearers of the Socialist Party, political and trade union leaders and members of Parliament. Though the meeting was not open to either the press or the public, and was in the nature of a heart to heart talk between the Ministers and the party organizers, I was invited to attend. For three hours the debate went on, the Ministers explained under what circumstances the miners' strike had been brought about and the part they played to secure for them their just demands. They explained their difficulties in working in a Coalition Government and expressed readiness to resign if the party so decided. I could see that the meeting broke up in no great enthusiasm. The French Socialists seemed to be in a quandary. They were fearful that if they resigned from the Government either de Gaulle and the Right reaction would seize power or the Communists would plunge the country into a civil war. On the other hand, to continue in a halting Coalition Government was to see the gradual but steady diminution of the influence of the Socialist Party.

The failure of the miners' strike was a serious blow to the strength of the Communists and in the Cantonal elections that followed in March 1949, the Communists lost no fewer than 526,000 votes. Likewise the circulation of their daily paper *L'Humanite* which in 1947 was in the region of half a million dropped to practically half that figure, to 256,000.

Monsieur Queuille the Prime Minister, seems to have improved his position and has kept himself in power for nearly a year. A remarkable feat indeed, for, when he came into power there were few who gave him even a few weeks.

Short Story

## THE HEART OF A CROOK

By S. Krishniah

THE fourteen horses turned the bend and started the home-run with Khalid Zoman, the outsider, leading. Second came Black Legion, the second favourite, trying its best to catch the outsider and appearing still full of energy. The horses reached the beginning of the second enclosure and suddenly a thousand voices went up in one tremendous shout.

"Dahman! Dahman!!"

Dahman was the first favourite and it was challenging from the outside pulling away from the bunch and showing a redoubtable turn of speed. The horse was putting its best foot forward and the jockey was using every ounce of his riding ability.

Manohar, immaculately dressed in a blue pin-stripe suit, held his binoculars to his eyes with his left hand. But his eyes were not looking through the binoculars at the panting horses. His eyes were looking down at the bulging hip-pocket of the man in front of him, a notorious and lucky patron of the turf. Between the long artistic fingers of Manohar's right hand was concealed a razor blade and only its sharp edge protruded.

A mad shout went up as the horses neared the first enclosure. Two seconds more, reckoned Manohar.

A dexterous movement of his right hand slit the bottom of the hip-pocket he had been looking at and with another deft movement a bulging wallet was in his hands. Barely had he taken it out than an individual of nondescript appearance standing a little further away clutched the wallet and relieved Manohar of it.

Khalid Zoman, Black Legion and Dahman crossed the winning post locked together and a moment of tense pin-drop silence prevailed and then... then... a gasp of relief escaped in one breath from the waiting multitude. The Judge's decision had been announced. Dahman, the first favourite, had won the race after all.

"Dahman!" shouted Manohar excitedly and joyously as if he had put even his underwear on that horse. He quickly elbowed his way through the bustling crowd and disappeared. Actually Manohar had not backed any horse for a single rupee. He had not come to the race-course to bet. He had come to make money; and money is not made by backing horses. He was no fool. He knew that two minutes after he had stolen the wallet it would be lodged safely in the hands of his faithful chauffeur in the second enclosure. Thank God for good assistants!

Manohar walked to the bar, ordered a bottle of beer and idled his time looking at sarees during the next two races. There were a few hurried movements among the police officers in the race-course. The stout gentleman who had lost all his money was seen talking to them and going about with them. A few people talked about pick-pockets and smiled incredulously. Manohar looked bored and listless. As he finished his beer and was returning, a man walked past him.

"Over six," he said.

Manohar walked on as if he heard nothing.

Just after the last event, Manohar left the race-course and went to his car. His chauffeur was already there.

"I'll drive," said Manohar and got into the driving seat.

His chauffeur instead of getting into the back seat got in beside him.

It took Manohar nearly ten minutes to wriggle out of the car park and get on to the main road in the middle of a stream of vehicles proceeding to Madras from Guindy.

"Six thousand four hundred and twenty-eight," the chauffeur said.

"Good," commented Manohar laconically.

The chauffeur thrust a wad of currency notes into Manohar's hand.

Manohar took it and without looking at it, carelessly thrust it into his trouser pockets.

"How much?"

"Four thousand four hundred and twenty-eight."

"You've taken your share?"

"Yes, Sir, and I've given Ram his thousand."

"Good."

They had not gone far when Manohar heard a screech of brakes and a crash. An accident? He stopped his car and a look of annoyance clouded his face. The long line of cars came to a standstill. He heard that there had been an accident a little distance ahead and he got out of his car and walked up to where a crowd had already gathered round a lorry. Manohar elbowed his way to the centre where a solitary policeman was asking the crowd to disperse. No sooner had he gained the front line than a bloody spectacle met his eyes.

A man was lying under a truck in a bloody mass and a motor-cycle, twisted out of shape, was lying beside the vehicle. Manohar went nearer and stopped to look under the truck.

"My God! It's Prabhu!"

"Do you know him, Sir?" asked the constable.

"Yes, I know him pretty well."

A police officer had meanwhile arrived and the constable started to explain to his superior the details of the accident.

"That can wait," said the Inspector peremptorily. "The first thing is to get this man to hospital." He turned to Manohar. "You seem to know him, Sir. If you have a car, will you take him to the hospital?"

"Certainly, I was about to suggest it."

The police officer made room for Manohar to drive his car to the spot where the accident had occurred and four or five people helped to carry the almost lifeless body of Prabhu on to the back seat of the car.

"Inspector!" Manohar called. "I shall send my driver to this man's house. So far as I know he has only one relation living and that is his mother."

"Yes, thank you," the Inspector replied.

Manohar instructed his driver to take a taxi and go to an address which he gave him and bring Prabhu's mother to the General Hospital. Manohar's motive in sending his chauffeur on this mission, apart from being humanitarian, was due to the fear that his chauffeur might not be as composed as he himself was in the presence of police officers especially with stolen money in his pocket.

Two constables got into Manohar's car to hold the unconscious man and Manohar drove off heading for the hospital.

Manohar and Prabhu knew each other tolerably well. Even a pick-pocket like Manohar looked down upon Prabhu. Prabhu was a drunkard and a debauchee. He had been a good boy until his father died. His father had left all his money to his only son and the possession of wealth had turned Prabhu's head. He had taken to drink and had ruined himself completely. Then came races and demi-mondes. The wealth that had appeared enormous at first had dwindled steadily and swiftly. His widowed mother had remonstrated at first but Prabhu had become bull-headed and had treated her with hard-hearted callousness. After he had run through all his money he bullied his mother for more. She was forced to yield. He had even beaten her one night in a fit of drunken brutality and pushed her into the street at dead of night. But the mother still loved her son although she was forced to give him her precious jewels to be sold and the proceeds given to prostitutes.

Manohar had heard a lot of things about Prabhu and had known them to be true. Perhaps, Manohar thought, it was better that Prabhu died. He did not look as though he would survive. But suppose Prabhu did die; what would his mother do?—she, who was used to the luxury of her husband's high living? It was true that during the last few months Prabhu's mother had to go starving frequently because there was no money. It was a tragedy whichever way one looked at it.

Manohar parked his car at the General Hospital. A few wardboys lifted Prabhu out and took him to the casualty ward. A doctor—a young house-surgeon, perhaps—made a cursory examination and went away to bring a surgeon. The older and more experienced man came and made a thorough examination but even Manohar could see that life was ebbing fast. He wondered whether the mother would arrive before Prabhu died.

"Are you his friend?" the surgeon asked Manohar.

"Yes, doctor."

"Perhaps you know that there is no hope."

Manohar remained silent.

"Any relatives?"

"Yes. His mother is in Madras. We've already sent for her."

Their conversation was arrested by a low moan which came from Prabhu. They turned to look at him. His eyes were open.

"What's his name?" the doctor asked Manohar.

"Prabhu."

"You had better speak to him."

Manohar went near the table on which Prabhu's mangled body was stretched out.

"Prabhu! Prabhu!" he called.

A faint ray of consciousness seemed to glisten in those roving eyes.

"Prabhu! Prabhu!" he called again.

Prabhu's eyes rested on Manohar.

"You....You! Manohar?" he asked faintly with surprise.

"You see, you were involved in a motor accident and you're in hospital and...."

The doctor interrupted Manohar by pulling at his sleeve.

"Prabhu," the doctor spoke coming nearer, "You have only a few moments to live. Your mother is coming soon. But it may not be soon enough. Do you understand me?"

Slowly Prabhu inclined his head in the affirmative.

"If you have anything to say or do, you must hurry. You may not be conscious for long."

A strange light seemed to twinkle in Prabhu's eyes. He looked round the room.

"We have a policeman and your friend here. You can communicate anything without fear."

"Yes....alone....Manohar...." Prabhu spoke with difficulty.

Manohar looked blankly at the doctor.

"Alone...." continued Prabhu, and looking at the doctor: "Go...."

"I think he wants to say something to you alone," the doctor told Manohar and walked out of the room. The nurse, the house-surgeon and the constable followed him out.

"What is it, Prabhu?" asked Manohar going still nearer.

"Money...."

"What about money?"

"Here....thousand...."

"Do you mean to say that you have with you a thousand rupees here? Then you better give it to me," Manohar's face became eager and his eyes shone with greed when he heard about the thousand rupees. "You know what these ward-boys are. They'll steal your pants off you! Where is it?"

"Here....pocket...."

"In your trouser pocket?" asked Manohar and put his hand into the blood-soaked garment and pulled out a purse.

The dying man watched Manohar with steady eyes. Manohar opened the thick purse and pulled out the contents of each compartment. Papers, bills, letters, coupons and other things came out but no money.

"There's no money here," Manohar's voice was urgent. "Where have you got it? Tell me, quick! You haven't much time."

Prabhu laughed.

"Thief!" he said and his face contorted by pain, laughter and cynicism looked hideous.

"What do you mean, Prabhu?"

"You....thief!" Prabhu seemed to breathe easily. "I always suspected....you once stole....my money....no proof....today proof....too eager, eh?....thousand rupees!....I don't have one pie!...." Prabhu's face

twisted again into something between a laugh and a sneer. A small trickle of blood was oozing out of a corner of his mouth. "Robber!... Gentleman.... Thief!"

"Shut up!" Manohar hissed. "You are no better. You're a low-down rake. You, who don't even respect your mother, wasted all your father's money, you can't accuse me. Drunkard! Scamp! You syphilitic swine!"

Prabhu twitched his lips in an insolent smile but frothing blood hindered his speech.

"But never stole.....never a thief....a pick-pocket...."

His eyes closed and his head lolled to one side. Prabhu had embarked on his voyage to the Great Unknown.

A few minutes later a taxi rolled up to the casualty ward and an aged lady got out. She was Prabhu's mother. Lean and haggard, this erstwhile wife of a rich businessman was clothed in a torn cotton saree. Her face bore vestiges of a great beauty but care and worry had ploughed deep furrows into it. Her hair was snow-white and she was thin, and her big dark eyes were dry.

Unmitigated woe had dried up the fount of tears in her.

She tottered forward towards the room in which her son lay. Manohar met her at the entrance.

"He is dead," he announced.

The mother was shocked to a standstill. Manohar gave her time to get over it and while gazing at her he knew that there was no truer picture of suffering motherhood.

"Your son was an acquaintance of mine. He was conscious a few minutes ago. He asked me to tell you that in his dying moments he regretted all his actions and he hoped you would forgive him. He entrusted me with this wallet and asked me to give it to you. It seems he had some luck at the races today. It contains four thousand four hundred and twenty eight rupees."

The mother could scarcely believe the words she heard. She took the wallet that was given to her and opened it to find a wad of green bills. Her dry eyes clouded and slowly she regained the power of speech.

"Thank you, Mr....."

But she found herself alone with the body of her son.

## FAIR WAGES AND PRODUCTIVITY

By A. SACHIDANANDAM

THE committee on Fair Wages appointed by the Government of India has submitted its draft report to the Labour Central Advisory Council. It held that the determination of a fair wage depends mainly on the basic needs of the worker and the wage paying capacity of the industry taking also into consideration the statutory benefits which add to the total earnings of the employee.

Assuming that the living wage, which means a heavy burden on the already overtaxed industry seeking tax relief, should be deferred to a distant date, the curious attitude and strange apprehensions of the employers over any wage increase directly or indirectly, calls for some examination. Some of them have gone so far as to disapprove even such a principle as profit sharing, perhaps because, in the present circumstances, it adds to earnings at the cost of the industry.

There seems to be sufficient force in the argument put forward by employers that wage increases hitherto have resulted in increased absenteeism and a general decline in productivity. The Economic Adviser to the Government of Madras in his statistical analysis of absenteeism (Labour Law Journal, July) has come to this curious conclusion: "Other things being equal in the existing Indian conditions, absenteeism seems to bear a direct positive correlation to the wage level. Where there is no determined effort on the part of labour to realise a progressive standard of living, incentive to work is apparently produced only under the pressure of dire necessity." It is an unhappy conclusion that a starving stomach is the best incentive.

There has therefore been a din from every quarter that the productivity of labour has fallen considerably and that any wage increase would be detrimental to the national and industrial interests. But it seems wholly beyond the point merely to throw the blame on labour. The Committee on Industrial Productivity in Great Britain reported: "The

increase of industrial productivity depends on certain basic requirements as (a) adequate supplies of raw material, (b) adequate supplies of good coal, (c) adequate supplies of electric power, (d) sufficient and up-to-date capital equipment especially machine tools, (e) proper use of existing equipment and manpower, coal production and consumption." The Committee on Fair Wages also fell in line with this and declared that the worker is only a factor of productivity and has no direct control over the state of machinery, quality of raw material or the managerial and technical efficiency which are also components of production.

But isolating labour for specific consideration, one cannot help observing two factors playing an important part in lowering productivity. One is the increased absenteeism and the other is the much talked-of 'go-slow' process in industry. Will the worker do justice to the State, society and the employer by restricting production? Surely he cannot hope to prosper in an impoverished world. Neither can he get continued employment through restricted productivity. His standard has considerably increased but the production doesn't keep pace with it. This unfortunate system of restrictivity has made serious inroads into the economic and technical capacity of industry resulting in much regrettable waste of human energy and machinery.

The workers say that the prevailing scarcity of food and consumer goods and the mounting prices of every commodity have enervated them, affecting adversely their capacity to produce. They plead that external influences over which they have little control have lowered their productivity, while insanitary housing and the consequent ill-health have increased absenteeism.

To undo the artificial check on economic progress, a radical change in outlook is needed. The Committee on Industrial Productivity in Great

### MAKING ARTIFICIAL RAIN

Experiments being carried out in Britain point the way to the possibility of controlling the weather. Attempts to cause rain by using special chemicals have been successful.

The shortage of water caused by an extremely dry and hot summer this year prompted a British firm to undertake these experiments. They have been carried out with the co-operation of the Air Ministry's Weather Forecasting Service and Royal Air Force pilots. Suitable cloud conditions were watched for by the meteorological station and the firm's experts were notified as soon as these seemed likely to occur.

Planes fitted with containers holding about 300 lb. of solid carbon di-oxide, named "Drikold," were kept in readiness at the airfield. Under suitable conditions this quantity of the chemical was dropped into cloud formation at a height of 10,000 feet. Shortly after a pilot flew beneath the cloud and met a sharp shower. Observers stationed on the ground reported that rain developed some five minutes after the chemical had been dropped.

Following this initial experiment a second test was made with a larger quantity of "Drikold." This was dropped into clouds at a similar height. Seven minutes later the cloud increased by some 500 feet at the top. Twelve minutes after this a rainbow was seen. This was caused by the sun striking heavy rain which was falling from clouds into which the chemical had been dropped.

Britain suggested the following measures for an overall increase in productivity: "In England the manufacturing industry can increase productivity by improved detail of existing processes and the re-employment of labour and machinery. It should be realised clearly that there is a great avoidable waste of manpower and that better use of men and facilities offers most immediate increase in industrial productivity. There can be little doubt that variety reduction by standardisation of many of the products of industry and especially of components of different products is essential in relation to productivity."

India should forge ahead with quick replacement of old machinery with new capital equipment. The method of wage regulation in India has been one of establishing a minimum wage and stabilising it with an element of security by making it a time wage. But the employers are not empowered to give a lower wage to under-rated men, apparently due to fear of victimisation. The leaders of trade unions do not favour the underpayment of inefficient men.

If employers are not to be forced against their will to pay more to the less deserving, and if employees are not to suffer victimisation there appears one way out. There should be a modification of the wage system.

The time wage operates successfully only when employees have a genuine interest in the factory. Generally this element is lacking. The employers should bring round the workers to put in some more life and interest in their work. If wages are linked to production and if these are correlated to co-operation in industry, through mutually beneficial adjustment of unit-rate after securing for the worker regularity of employment and gradually increasing the standard of living then it may gain general consent. The workers' representatives at the Tripartite Conference on Industrial Truce are reported to have agreed to work in co-operation with the management for a fair rate of wages. The employers' delegates at the Fair Wages Committee have agreed to a fair load of work for a fair wage. Difficulty arises over the statistical fixation of the actual fair load of work and also a reasonable wage rate. Intensive exploitation amounting to exhaustion will result in deteriorated national health and so is detrimental as a long range policy. It must again be emphasised that the employers should not be at liberty to let go the able bodied unemployed. Mere insurance for the worker to protect him from the hazards of factory routine is not enough. Extensive social security measures should take shape to protect the workers from exploitation and unemployment.

Ancient Pompeii, the archaeologist's treasure house, is still producing finds, after two centuries of digging.

The latest is a temple to Bacchus, found eight feet underground in an antichoke patch, when a worker noticed a stone which seemed to have come from an ancient structure. The archaeologists went to work and found extensive remains of a 2,200-year-old center of worship of the historically notorious Bacchanalians.

The basement of the structure was still a brilliant red. Stone carvings of Bacchus, holding a bunch of grapes, and of his friend Silenus, who was celebrated for his almost perpetual drunkenness, were discovered in good condition. Seven of the temple's columns were found, but the columns' tops were missing.

The Bacchus cultists were sex worshippers. Their rites became so scandalous that the Roman Senate banned the religion in 186 B.C.

\*\*

\*\*

\*\*

\*\*

The Scientist does not study nature because it is useful. He studies it because he delights in it, and he delights in it because it is beautiful.  
—HENRI POINCARÉ.

## THE CONGRESS DECISION ON LANGUAGE POLICY

By D. V. RAMA RAO

WHILE the recommendations of the Congress Working Committee with regard to the medium of instruction in bi-lingual areas is to be welcomed by all, in view of the regrettable fact that some provincial Governments tend to put a narrow interpretation on it the need for a fair interpretation and full implementation, both in letter and in spirit, of the Working Committee's resolution as well as the resolutions of the Central Advisory Board of Education has to be impressed on all provincial Ministers. The following suggestions made with a view to ensure full implementation of the same, it is hoped, would receive due consideration by the Congress as well as the Central Educational authorities:

The work of demarcating bi-lingual areas may be entrusted to a Central authority like the contemplated Secondary Education Commission instead of leaving it to be done by the provinces and the demarcation should be done preferably in consultation with the representatives of the linguistic minorities of the concerned bi-lingual areas.

In the matter of implementation of the recommendations it is desirable that representative headmasters of schools in bi-lingual areas should also be consulted as they are generally conversant with the nature and practical implications of the problem.

Provincial Governments should be advised to make adequate arrangements without delay for opening primary schools or sections for linguistic minorities also in bi-lingual areas where they are in reasonable numbers. To ensure a proper supply of teachers for such schools, training schools or sections should also be started.

The implementation of the recommendations should not be made dependent on the financial condition of the province concerned as it may prove unfair to the linguistic minorities especially where the problem is

most acute; for instance, Bihar, Orissa and Assam, being comparatively poor in financial resources, may plead financial inability, in which case the Oriyas of Singbhum, the Bengalees of Manbhum and the Andhras of portions of Ganjam-Koraput would be deprived of the benefit of the recommendations. It is suggested, therefore, that the Centre should, if necessary, come to the aid of such provinces. In all probability, the additional expenditure involved, if any, would be negligible. Otherwise, bi-lingual areas would continue to be spots of friction.

The desirability of posting in bi-lingual areas, educational officers conversant with both regional languages, needs to be considered.

In this connection, it may be mentioned that the demand for re-adjustment of provincial boundaries would not, in all probability, have assumed the present proportion had the bi-lingual problem been satisfactorily solved earlier. Lack of a proper understanding and early solution of the bi-lingual problem has been primarily responsible for the emergence of the linguistic minority problem. Hence the suggestion that a bi-lingual cum linguistic minority commission should precede the appointment of the Linguistic Provinces Commission. Had that suggestion received some consideration not only boundary controversies would have become less acute, but, quite possibly, even the question of linguistic provinces would have become less pressing. Due to the confused and fluid policies obtaining in some provinces, especially with regard to bi-lingual areas, there has been not only a sad fall in educational standards, but instead of basic or craft-centred education which is loudly professed by all as our objective, actually education is becoming a language-centred one with a vengeance. Thus an Andhra of Ganjam-Koraput districts in Orissa would have to learn five

languages, namely, Telugu, Oriya, Hindi, English and Sanskrit before he completes secondary education. No wonder if educational standards continue to deteriorate. So, even though the Working Committee has enunciated some wise principles with regard to the medium of instruction in bilingual areas, the problem needs both vigilance and thought for some time to come and the appointment of a bi-lingual advisory board may prove useful.

The Working Committee resolution says that the provincial language will be the medium of instruction at the University stage. Apart from the doubtful wisdom of the Working Committee making recommendations in a matter which is best left to educationists and the University Commission, it may be pointed out that such a recommendation amounts to arguing in favour of complete linguistic division of the country both administratively and culturally; for, cultural contact among the various language groups is sure to suffer as there can be hardly any scope for free movement of either students or professors from one language area to another. Moreover, the best intellectual talent would tend to gravitate to the Universities adopting the all-India State language as medium (which is likely to be Hindi and which as such would come to occupy in course of time the place of English) because since every one would learn Hindi as second language, naturally, students and professors who wish to join other Universities than their own regional ones could be attracted only to those adopting Hindi as medium. It is, therefore, primarily in the interests of non-Hindi speaking areas, apart from the interests of national integrity, to adopt a common language as medium at the University stage if Universities in the non-Hindi areas are to serve countrywide utility and not become culturally isolated. Further, since all-India reports, State documents, inter-provincial communications and important journals having an all-India character besides central institutes like the Bangalore Science Institute would have of necessity to adopt a common medium, it requires to be dispassionately considered whether it would not be both practical and desirable to have a common medium in

all the Universities instead of the provincial or the regional language.

As for replacing English, necessarily, we have to go slow as wisely envisaged by the Working Committee. It may be noted that the experiment of replacing English by Urdu in the Osmania University at Hyderabad has not yielded encouraging results. It is just possible that after five or ten years when a more dispassionate atmosphere comes to prevail, Universities, at any rate like those of Madras, Calcutta, Bombay and Allahabad, which have developed into cosmopolitan centres of learning, might prefer to continue English as the medium. Similarly, several journals in the country might continue to be published in English as English has come to occupy the foremost place as the international vehicle of thought and culture. While taking all possible steps to ensure a due place of honour to the all-India State language (i.e. Hindi) and while encouraging regional languages to develop fully, let there be no hasty decision regarding the medium of instruction at the University stage or with regard to completely replacing English.

It is definitely to our advantage to retain as far as possible internationally recognised scientific terminology, numerals, etc. Dr. Paranjpye points out that although it may be difficult for an Englishman to follow French, it is easier for an English scientist or mathematician to follow a French book on science or mathematics as the terminology, numerals, etc., are common and hence familiar. Dr. Paranjpye points out, too, that the nomenclature of scientific terms was largely given by the respective discoverers and inventors and since many of the recent discoveries and inventions have been the achievements of Westerners, naturally the names given by them have been universally adopted. The learned doctor further points out that Dr. J. C. Bose named his apparatus Tejometer which is a combination of Sanskrit and Greek words and has since gained world-wide currency. In future if Indians were to make discoveries and inventions the names given by them might similarly gain universal currency. Dr. Paranjpye rightly warns, therefore, that unless we have well-

recognised equivalents we might impose an unnecessary strain and even cut ourselves adrift from the main currents of modern scientific thought by devising an unfamiliar terminology.

The tendency of insisting on the use of provincial numerals, which is unfortunately the case in some provinces, is detrimental both from a provincial as well as a wider view because even if pupils are taught in provincial numerals they would have to learn Arabic numerals also which

alone have gained world-wide currency. After all, numerals are mathematical symbols and have little literary significance and it is not easy to understand what advantage can accrue by each region adopting its local numerals and the like. Let us, therefore, beware of misguided zeal lest by our shortsighted and confused policies we isolate one language group from another besides cutting ourselves adrift from the broad currents of world thought and culture.

## THE GREATNESS OF KONDA VENKATAPPIAH

By D. V. RAMASWAMI

**DESABHAKTA KONDA VENKATAPPIAH** PANTULU was a born fighter against evil in every walk of life. As a top-ranking political leader, or as an astute lawyer, as a practical social reformer or as an uncompromising moralist and puritan, he lived an exemplary life and was a beacon light to many a young man and woman of Andhra Desa. Some may not know that he distinguished himself not only as a great advocate at the bar, but also as a poet, artist and scholar. He wrote soul-stirring devotional poems, acted the heroine's part on the stage and gave dissertations on Tilak's philosophy of the Gita.

Even before the entry of Mahatma Gandhi into the arena of Indian politics, Desabhakta had renounced his lucrative practice as a leading lawyer of the day—that was in 1910—and devoted himself to the cause of rational administration and integration through linguistic redistribution of provinces. Soon he became the natural leader of the Andhras and rose to the topmost rank, winning the love and esteem of Mahatma Gandhi himself.

Throughout the period of his leadership, he laid the greatest emphasis on moral character—purity in thought, word and deed. He possessed a very tender heart, and was highly tolerant of others' failings; but nothing irritated him more than

meanness or attempts to gloss over unworthy and dishonest actions. He held the torch of truth high and set up a very high standard of conduct for political and civic workers. He had on occasions to fight even some of his best friends and colleagues like Sri Prakasam, Dr. Pattabhi and Sri Sambamurthi, but he commanded their respect as his motive was transparently noble and selfless.

Desabhakta was a true disciple of Gandhiji as he strove throughout his career not for material gain but for the advancement of humanity on the road of progress by strengthening the character and developing the personality of national workers engaged in constructive activities. One great and all-absorbing thought of Desabhakta was how to achieve unity among Andhras and their integration into a prosperous and happy province. But before he could see the fulfilment of his cherished desire, death has taken him away. The last three years of his life, after the accident which involved fracture of his leg at the ripe age of 80, were years of agony and strain to his spirited soul; and death therefore came to him as deliverance from suffering. But he lives through his unique contribution to the progress and glory of the Motherland whom he worshipped in all truth, sincerity and fervour.

# MONEY POWER IN THE INDIAN PRESS

By G. S. BHARGAVA

**SPEAKING** on the press in England, Britain's Minister for Health, stormy Aneurin Bevan once said that it was the "most prostituted" in the world. Judged by the same yardstick, the press in our country today cannot be described in less uncomplimentary terms. There are, no doubt, a handful of exceptions which are struggling valiantly to keep up their independence, but such cases are not wanting in England even.

The bane of the Indian press is its proprietorship which is exclusively in the hands of Big Finance. During the pre-independence days, the capitalists of this country, in spite of their participation in the war effort, were flaunting nationalist colours. The *Hindustan Times*, for instance, notwithstanding the huge war contracts run by Seth Birla's factories, was vociferously nationalist; its editors even courted a couple of prosecutions and sent up its circulation. The economic and social aspects of the struggle were not emphasised then and on the political plane there was not much difference between the interests of Big Business and those of the country at large.

The dawn of independence brought the socio-economic aspect to the fore and defined the differences between the self-interest of the few and the good of all. Even during the days of the Interim Government (1946-47)—the period of political transition—the capitalists started their game. The way the "nationalist" press in the country mis-represented, mis-interpreted and ranted against Liaquat Ali's budget in 1947 (and compelled the Congress Party in the Central Assembly to oppose and tone down the same, in spite of Pandit Nehru's agreement with it) is an instance in point.

Then started the phenomenon of what Upton Sinclair called "money writing." Efficient editors, capable writers, bright cartoonists and economists have been bought over to man the chain newspapers let loose over

the country. Money bags accumulated during war years inveigled the hordes of middle-class intelligentsia who got introduced to a new life of prosperity. Then the press became a capitalist enterprise with all its exploitation and horror plus the absence of trade unionism. The "bought-over" talent formed the privileged stratum of loyalists whose sycophancy is weighed in gold. The sweated sub-editor, reporter or proof-reader bore the brunt of neglect and exploitation. Except in cases where they made common cause with the press workers, as in the *Times of India* of Bombay, the white-collared, lower-stratum of staff never received justice at the hands of press barons.

Public opinion in the country is largely moulded by the press. It is the only medium of large-scale propaganda also, as the radio is beyond the reach of most of the middle-class families even. Under the circumstances the capitalist domination of the Fourth Estate amounts to a virtual thought-control as far as progressive opinion is concerned. Opinions came to be formed at the bidding of money power. To cite a tragic instance, which is by no means exceptional, a veteran editor who had run for years perhaps the only progressive daily in the country, and who had even suffered imprisonment during one of the national movements, has recently written an article advocating chain newspapers and condemning certain papers critical of the Congress and the Government as "yellow." Three years ago, before his association with the capitalist newspaper chain which he is serving now, the self-same editor was tearing down such chains! He also honestly believed, at that time, that the system was pernicious and detrimental to the growth of free and honest journalism.

The capitalist propaganda which newspapers indulge in is very subtle. Like slow poisoning, it first benumbs the progressive opinion and gradually seeks to kill it. It has the typical

gangrene growth. The capitalist press is vociferously pro-Congress and pro-Government, bitterly anti-Left and very often swears by the name of Gandhiji; but in matters of economic policy or the legalisation of the R. S. S. or the partition of Kashmir, it rubs in its opinion very subtly. The *Hindustan Times*, the most powerful of the capitalist papers (it has of late been elevated to the status of an official organ of the Government of India by the Government spokesmen at UNO and our Ambassadors abroad) identifies the Congress with the country, does not tolerate even the slightest criticism of the Congress and the Government, tears down the Socialists (very often kills even the scanty news about them), but in between this service of the motherland expatiates on the need for still higher rate of profit and less wages in industry (to check inflation) and pleads for abolition of direct taxes and controls on prices. Sometimes it even adopts a mildly angry tone at the Government for the red-tapism that delays such economic reforms.

When the war in Kashmir was at its highest and When India was considering it a life and death struggle on which depended the repudiation of the two-nation theory, the *Hindustan Times* and certain other members of its chain, suddenly started sermonising on the huge unnecessary expenditure on the Kashmir war and the need for better relations with our sister Dominion. They suggested the partition of Kashmir between India and Pakistan as a way out of the dispute. For merely publishing a report that such a division of Kashmir between the two Dominions was being mooted, the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore was stopped by the Pakistan Government, even though it published a contradiction and an apology the very next day.

In our country, on the other hand, the *Hindustan Times* receives especial treatment at the hands of the Government. Similarly, when there was a serious difference of opinion between Sheikh Abdulla and the ruler of Kashmir, all the capitalist papers backed the latter against the former.

In the case of the ban on the R. S. S. also the capitalist press has always wanted the Government to

lift the ban and come to terms with the organisation. In the minds of the editorialists of those papers are two water-tight compartments, one which makes them swear by the name of the Father of the Nation and the other which applauds the very instruments of his assassination. Neither the capitalist press nor the P T I (news agency) ever felt the shortage of space to report the details of the R. S. S. "Satyagraha" last year, the full texts of Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri's statements demanding high class treatment to R. S. S. prisoners, the details, and speculation even, of the truce talks between the Government and the R. S. S. and the particulars of the constitution supposed to have been prepared for the body. A few of them even wrote editorials extolling the "good work" done by the R. S. S. during the communal riots at Delhi and elsewhere. Some of them wondered why the Government could not gainfully employ the R. S. S. to fight the Leftists!

The most effective vehicle of capitalist propaganda is the news agency with its net-work of teleprinter service. The Press Trust of India, which in its earlier API form was notoriously anti-nationalist and pro-loyalist, today serves the purpose of capitalists very well. In those days when the API was serving the British Government loyally, the Press had at least other sources of obtaining the Congress news and views. Today, there is no such possibility, as more often than not, the Congress party and its branches side with the vested interests against the toilers. Even the All India Radio broadcasts, are not unbiassed reports, but one-side propaganda dished out by the PTI. Any anti-Congress activity gets killed on the lines of the PTI. The speeches and statements of an anti-Congress or anti-capitalist nature are often misrepresented. The most frivolous sentiments expressed by a Congress non-entity get the better of even the most significant pronouncement of an opposition leader.

Arthur Koestler in his brilliant book, "Scum of the Earth" reveals the propagandist nature of the Vichy Press Agency during the days of Marshall Petain's regime over France. He quotes a news despatch announc-

ing the death of M. Vladimir Jabotinsky, the much adored hero of the Jewish masses of Russia and Poland, and points out the propagandist's hand even in the obituary notice. The despatch read: "Jabotinsky, journalist and author, Chairman of the New Zionist Organisation, died in New York at the age of 59. He had gone to America to raise a Jewish Legion which was to fight on the side of England." (italics mine). Koestler wrote in his diary: "First wondered why Vichy Press Agency cares about a dead Jew; re-reading the obituary noticed propagandist aims of emphasizing that Jews are on England's side, that is, anti-French." (!)

There is still another aspect of propaganda which both the PTI and the capitalist press specialise in. Let me quote an example. Mr. S. K. Patil, Mayor of Bombay, recently visited certain countries of Europe and the U. S. A. on the TWA concession ticket. Countless Indians and foreigners undertake such trips which are too hurried and short to be either business or study tours. Also Mr. Patil went in his personal capacity and not as a representative of the Corporation. From 15 days in advance of his departure till his return to India and the special press conference in Bombay, there was not a day when his tour was not advertised by the PTI. Every morning, the PTI would remind us that the Mayor of Bombay was on a "100-day globe-girdling tour," that till that day he had covered such and such countries where he met such and such people, and said such and such things, and would repeat the details of the rest of his programme, recalling in the end that Mr. Patil's son

and daughter were in the U.S.A. and that he would meet them there! At least twice a week, we were being treated to special despatches giving Mr. Patil's impressions of the things he had so far seen and the persons he had either met or wanted to meet; with off and on his valuable opinions on the developments in this country and his suggested remedies for the ills of the world!

A few weeks earlier, Dr S. Radhakrishnan visited England and came back. About him and his trip the PTI had only two reports—once when he left Bombay and the second time when he landed at Santa Cruz. No programme of his arrival or departure, no impressions, no views, not even a hundredth of the attention paid to Mr. Patil was shown in his case.

I understand the PTI had specially instructed its foreign correspondents to meet Mr. Patil and publicise all he wanted to say. In the case of Dr. Radhakrishnan no such arrangements were made, obviously because he would not rush in where angels fear to tread.

In other countries only people of the stature of a Wendell Willkie receive such high power publicity when they are abroad. Private visits are rarely taken note of.

Caught between such a news agency and the proprietary interests of the capitalists, the Indian press is what it is today. Those newspapers which seek to pursue an independent line are either starved for advertisements or handicapped for news service, unless they can boast of their own correspondents in every centre.

Nature her self must be our adviser, the path she chalks must be our walk; for so while we confer with our own eyes, and take our rise from meaner things to higher, we shall at length be received into her Closet-secrets.—WILLIAM HARVEY. (1653).

Cigarette smokers may soon be confronted with two problems—selecting a brand and a particular flavor such as apple, peach, etc. A recent announcement from a Canadian concern states they are going to build a pulp mill to manufacture cigarette paper from fruit orchard trimmings. Today most of the cigarette paper comes from flax straw.

It is maintained that fruit-trees paper gives a "milder smoke," by giving off less acid and aldehyde. Further, it furnishes a market for the farmers' fruit-tree trimmings.—SCIENCE DIGEST.

## HOW RICH IS THE UNITED STATES?

By SAUL K. PADOVER

*A rare combination of history scholar and up-to-date commentator, Saul K. Padover has a knowledge of European politics and the U. S. scene based upon first-hand observation and study. He has held important Government positions, and has written several books, including a biography of Thomas Jefferson. At present he is a lecturer at the New School for Social Research in New York.*

IS the United States rich enough to continue indefinitely its present programme of supporting a large part of the world?

There has never been anything in history to compare with this drama of one nation, a newcomer among the front-rank powers, pitting its economic strength against political disintegration on a world-wide stage. It is a new phenomenon altogether.

New, also, is the emergence of the North American continent as an economic-political force of the first magnitude. One recalls with surprise that it was only a century and a quarter ago, a short time as history goes, that the young North American countries were feeble and in danger of European invasion. The foremost power of Europe then came to their assistance. It was George Canning, the great British Foreign Minister, who encouraged U. S. President James Monroe to issue his now famous doctrine warning European powers to keep their "hands off" the Americas. "I called the New World into existence," Canning said, "to redress the balance of the Old." He spoke more prophetically than he knew.

The wheel of history has since turned full circle, and today the New World, but particularly one country in it, is doing its utmost to save the Old.

The economic figures are staggering. To mention but a few: In the last year or two, the U. S. has given money and goods to Turkey worth about \$250,000,000; to Greece, about \$500,000,000; to China, about \$750,000,000; to Britain \$3,750,000,000; to Western Europe under the Marshall Plan, around \$5000,000,000. The latter involves close to \$1,000,000,000 worth of bread and grains, more than \$500,000,000 worth of cotton.

\$330,000,000 of petroleum, and \$250,000,000 of coal. Although some of these products are purchased in other countries, such as Canada, the U. S. remains the main source of supply under the European Recovery Programme.

For the next four years, moreover, Washington is committed to supply Western Europe with more than \$12,000,000,000 worth of food, goods and machinery. In addition, there are, and will be, military commitments in Europe, Asia and the Mediterranean that will run into countless millions.

So far, the U. S. economy has been able to take this expenditure in its stride. The country is prosperous as never before—employment and national income are at an all-time high, and the foreign-aid expenditure seems to be painless. Most people hardly feel its cost. But there are critics who say that the U. S. is living in a fool's paradise, that no nation can afford so costly an experiment in foreign affairs. These Cassandras argue that the whole foreign aid programme is perilously undermining the national economy by depleting the natural resources. Unimpressed by the fact that the U. S. is prospering, they recall Voltaire's story about the man who was falling off a high steeple. Midway, the man was asked how it felt. "Pretty soft," he replied, "—so far."

The real question, then, is whether the U. S. can really afford to do what it is doing. Or, stated differently, how rich is it?

There are two ways of looking at the economic picture. One is actual and potential production. The other is natural resources.

Three observations strike one about U. S. economy: (1) its incredi-

ble productivity, (2) its dynamism and flexibility, and (3) its continuous growth and improvement.

In all history, there has never been anything as fabulously productive as the U. S. industrial economy. It is astonishing to realise that one-fifteenth of the world's population, living on about the same amount of the world's land area, produces 60 per cent of the world's industrial goods. In different words, 140,000,000 people in the U. S. manufacture more goods than the rest of the earth's 2,000,000,000 people combined.

A process of uninterrupted improvement is going on in both industry and agriculture. New methods are being applied in the fields, new inventions in the factories. A legion of scientists and technicians, operating in superbly equipped laboratories, are constantly devising ways to improve and enrich the economy. They produce new materials—nylons and plastics, for example, are responsible for the growth of a big new industry—and invent labour-saving techniques.

Over-all production is higher than it has ever been, amounting to \$256,000,000,000 for 1948. This is about three times as much as 10 years ago. This prosperity has spread to all classes.

Wages have more than doubled in the last 12 years and are now probably the highest anywhere. In 1936, the average worker's annual income was \$1,133, or less than \$22 a week. Today, it is around \$2,800 a year, or close to \$59 a week. To be sure, prices have risen about 75 per cent, in that period, but even so, the worker's purchasing power is still greater by about one-half than it was before World War II.

Like most other U. S. citizens, the worker has money in the bank. This is shown by the personal savings figures. In 1947, Americans saved \$8,800,000,000. In 1948, there was an additional \$4,000,000,000 saved.

There is a story told about President Roosevelt and Premier Stalin at Yalta. Stalin wanted to know about the earnings of a U. S. worker.

"About \$240 a month," said Roosevelt.

"How much does he need to live on?" asked Stalin.

"About \$200," replied Roosevelt.

"What does he do with the remaining \$40?" Stalin wanted to know.

"That," the President answered, "is none of my business." Then he asked Stalin how much a Russian worker earned and was told 800 rubles a month.

"How much does he need to live on?" Roosevelt demanded. When Stalin told him it was 1,000 rubles, Roosevelt asked where the Russian worker gets the additional 200.

"That," said Stalin, "is his business, not mine."

The productivity of the U. S. industrial system is also seen in the constantly mounting corporate profits and corporation wealth. In 1939, corporate profits after taxes were a mere \$5,000,000,000. In 1947 they were more than \$18,000,000,000. In 1948, despite higher taxes, the figure was \$20,400,000,000. If one adds industry evolution adjustments, one gets a total corporation profit for 1948 of nearly \$31,000,000,000. These are, in truth, astronomical figures, matched nowhere else at no time.

Yes, but—say the critics, to produce this flood of wealth, the country is rapidly depleting its resources and exhausting its reservoir of the raw materials that nature has so lavishly bestowed upon the U. S. In a given number of years, these sceptics say, the basic natural resources will have been used up and the country will face poverty and a steadily declining standard of living. In other words, they insist, the U. S. cannot keep up the pace.

A careful examination of the state of natural resources, however, shows that the pessimists are greatly exaggerating their case.

Consider, first, the most important natural resource of all—land.

Despite a great deal of soil abuse in the past and much erosion today, the U. S. still has more farm land than it has ever used or needed. Of the 530,000,000 acres of land suitable for planting, only 340,000,000 have ever been in use. But this has been more than sufficient to feed the country well, and to export about 15 per cent of the surplus food. Even if the U. S. reaches its maximum population of 175,000,000, as has been predicted, in another generation or two,

it will still have some 150,000,000 acres of farm land more than would be needed to feed everybody.

Thanks to scientific agriculture, production is going up all the time. In the past 10 years, the yield of cotton per acre has doubled, and that of the average crops has increased by one-third. Between 1936 and 1945, the U. S. produced 890,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. In 1946, production of wheat went up to 1,156,000,000, and in 1947, to 1,400,000,000 bushels.

But, the alarmists say, the soil cannot continue fertile, without fertilizers, and everywhere, including the U. S., there is a shortage of phosphates, nitrogen and potassium, the essential plant nutrients. But that is not altogether the case. According to the report of the Secretary of the Interior, the U. S. has tripled its production of nitrogen in the past six years; but the demand for it is so great that the country now produces "only enough to keep pace with domestic requirements. However, "special measures" could increase the output. As for phosphates, the U. S. has enough to last about 600 years.

Of the surface resources, only timber has been seriously depleted. A century or so ago, half the area of the U. S. was forest. Today, it is only about one-third, or 624,000,000 acres. For generations, U. S. lumbermen indulged in wild and reckless felling of trees, but in recent years the Government has tried to halt this dangerous waste. There is a programme of reforestation, and continuous production is maintained. Nevertheless, the U. S. must make up its timber deficit through import, particularly from Canada.

In regard to resources below the ground, the U. S. is particularly fortunate. It has nearly everything needed to support and supply its gigantic economy, and in sufficient quantities to last hundreds of years.

Measured in terms of the average annual rate of consumption, the U. S. has the following known reserves of some of the most important resources:

Ironore.... enough to last 76 years  
Potash..... enough to last 99 years  
Molybdenum.... enough to last 157 years

Helium... enough to last 235 years  
Bituminous coal & lignite....  
enough to last for 4,386 years  
Magnesium, nitrates and salt ...  
enough to last for ever.

The known petroleum fields may be exhausted, at the present rate of use, in about 15 years, but there are inexhaustible possibilities in substitutes. Petroleum can now be made, and fairly cheap (as the Germans have shown), from natural gas and shale to produce 100,000,000,000 barrels of oil, or more than five times the present reserves—enough to last at least 75 years. As for coal, there is so much of it that the chief of the U. S. Bureau of Mines has estimated it would produce petroleum for 2,000 years.

"The nation," President Truman told Congress in his last message, "is exceptionally well supplied with coal, reasonably well off in iron ore... and potentially self-sufficient in petroleum."

These, indeed, are the basic ingredients of any modern, high-powered economy. All the other minerals, of which the U. S. has no abundance, such as zinc, copper, nickel or tin, can either be imported, as they have been in the past, or substituted. Daily the great laboratories are finding new alloys. The U. S. can even produce its own rubber.

To the question, then, "How rich is the United States?" one can answer that it is richer than most people realize. Moreover, it has the inestimable advantage of a large population skilled in the arts and sciences of modern life. This lucky combination of vast natural resources and a big population with technological skills makes the U. S. the unique country it is. This amalgam is unduplicated anywhere else. Canada, for example, has size and resources, but a small population. China and India have big populations, but limited resources and few skills. Russia has both great resources and a large population, but inadequate skills.

Nothing short of political stupidity or an atomic war could undermine U. S. prosperity or halt its material progress. The basic wealth and the industrial structure are so enormous that the U. S. can, without too great a strain, continue its \$5,000,000,000 a year foreign aid programme almost

indefinitely. This has, of course, far-reaching political implications. In the present "cold war" between the East and the West, U. S., economic power may well tip the scales of vic-

tory in favour of the West without bloodshed. If the Russians are counting upon a weakening of the U. S. economy, they are making a grievous error.—Copyright.

## HOLLYWOOD'S SEARCH FOR NEW YOUNG TALENT

By P. G. GOPALAKRISHNAYYA

**NEW YORK:** Since fear always seems to hang over Hollywood, you can find no studio official who will announce publicly that today's crop of screen lovers are just about washed up. But privately many studio representatives will confide that Clark Gable, forty-eight; Ronald Colman, fifty-eight; Gary Cooper, forty-eight; Spencer Tracy, forty-nine; Robert Montgomery, forty-five; Walter Pidgeon, fifty-two; William Powell, fifty-seven; Irene Dunne, forty-five; Claudette Colbert, forty-four; Bette Davis, forty; Greer Garson, forty; Joan Crawford, forty; and Ginger Rogers, thirty-nine, have all seen their best days and are gradually on their way out. These brave men who prefer to remain nameless, point out that their studios have embarked on the greatest hunt for new screen talent since the advent of the talking picture. Few realize, one official said to me, that several of our biggest stars are on their last legs. The public is tired of the same old faces and so are our cameramen. When an actress grows old a camera can hide it only so much. The average moviegoer today is a nineteen year-old high-school girl with two years of high school education. It is getting increasingly difficult for these girls to fall in love with actors who are older than their grandfathers and the box-office is showing it. Movie executives are attempting to remedy this box-office slump in a hurry. M. G. M., for example, after having reduced its list of contract players from 120 to sixty has added thirty additional names to its star pay roll in the last ten months. These include such youngsters as Den Taylor, Barry Nelson, Howard Keel, Mario Lanza, Frank Fontaine, Bridget

Carr, Paula Raymond, Jin Mitchell, Peter Thompson and two dozen others relatively unknown today but tomorrow the backbone of the studio's star list. Universal-International has signed seventeen newcomers, among them Maria Toren, Steve MacMally and Howard Buff, while Twentieth-Century Fox has embarked on a policy of immediately building up new actresses by casting them opposite full-fledged male stars. Deborah Paget, for example, a sixteen-year-old actress who gets \$100 a week, is starring opposite Jimmy Stewart in "Broken Arrow." Cecil Aubrey, a French actress and Cornella Burch, a German, are both scheduled to star opposite Tyrone Power and Montgomery Cliff, respectively, in two films which Fox plans to shoot abroad. Even Paramount Pictures, content these many years to concentrate on the talents of Bing Crosby, forty-five, and Bob Hope, forty-six, is said to be in the market for new talent. Paramount in the last year has developed John Lund into a top flight star and would very much like to discover two or three leading ladies. The same holds true for Columbia Pictures which has a contract list of only twenty-five players.

Over at Warner Brothers there is a concentrated effort under way despite "The Fountainhead" to build young Patricia Neal into a star of the first magnitude. And Doris Day, it is hoped, has already hit that rung. Despite the fact that M. G. M. has just signed Ezio Pinze, fifty-seven, to a fabulous contract in an effort to lure women over thirty into the movie houses, Hollywood is avidly scanning the country for talented young blood available at reasonable prices.

## SIDELIGHTS :

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies which are out of the reach of the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.—Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

IT is announced through widely distributed handbills that Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, back in Madras, "will appear in select snapshots of music, drama and dance" at St. Mary's Hall this Sunday. Music, drama and dance are allied branches of art but each is served by a special talent. Rarely is equal perfection attained in all the three by one individual; the demands made by each on the time, energy and devotion of the learner are so exacting that a single life is not sufficient to meet them all. To acquire proficient skill in one is to dabble in the others. If not in the same person, at least on the same forum, all the three talents meet, as for example on the screen. There one comes across a medley of different perfections not always complementary and at times incompatible. Together they make a great confusion. But order is achieved because there is a director external to them to supervise, save conflicts and impose discipline.

Harindranath's talent is not of one track. It is of multitudinous variety. The hard discipline through years of toil that artists have to undergo to attain perfection, is saved for him. Many sorts of skill have come to him untaught like endowments of nature. The compression of so much variety in such limited compass makes for strain. But as there is no external director imposing his will, internal turmoil is ceaseless.

A limited objective with limited means of reaching to it, tends to make people happy. Every little advance towards the goal produces the thrill of conquest over an impediment, an achievement to delight over. A similar excitement is denied to the too brilliant, overburdened with too many gifts, to whom no objective

seems worthwhile for long. The unbalance of overmuch of talent has played ducks and drakes with Harindranath and made a mess of his life.

Not for him the zest of competitive struggle for success against rivals engaged in a common race. Superiority of attainments has defrauded him of the urge to labour for the sake of exercise to the faculties. Things that come without effort are not very highly prized, and one effect of Harin's consciousness of genius has been to cheapen for him the value of the prizes of victorious endeavour. Money, power, wine and women comprise about the whole of the variety of pleasures and ambitions that fill the cup of life for people in general. Harin has no use for them except when deprivation forces a stimulus in their favour; but that is pretty frequently. With any kind of possession the prompt use he makes is to rid himself of it. He oscillates between hectic activity to correct the follies of renunciation and disgusted change-over from surfeit to abstinence to destroy the fruit of activity. In between the two extremes, there is a constant striving to return again and again to some spiral of cosmic values, with rungs of ascent from the particular to the universal. One feels that not merely merit and virtue but every passion of the blood is turned into account as a propelling force in this never-ceasing quest.

Sri Harindranath is a poet to whom poetry comes without effort like the air that one breathes. He not merely sings songs, he composes them. His music, like his writing, is an ebullition of his mastery of the nuances of sound and sense in the structure of words. So also is his dance, a mustle of movement and stillness. They all come from him with torrential vigour. He is in fact a phenomenon. The wonder of it is superb. The vitality of his art seems however to have got scattered and lost its way in a maze

of philosophic aspiration nearer as yet to excitement than spirituality. The enchantment of distance is a valuable ingredient of the attraction to saints and sages which he cannot do without. All the anguish of a soul

in unstable equilibrium with its gaze fixed on the saints looks at you through all the joys to the senses which he is empowered to shed by means of music, drama and dance, like the sun the light.—SAKA.

## 'KANNIYIN KATHALI'

By *SANTHA*

"KANNIYIN KATHALI," an issue of Jupiter Films is an Indianised adaptation in Tamil of Shakespeare's drama "Twelfth Night." This is not the first time in the history of the South Indian film industry that a producer has tried to orientalise this fabulous British dramatist. Some years ago, the experiment was tried on his "Merchant of Venice" which, however, turned out to be a sad failure. "Kanniyin Kathali," while certainly not marking a milestone in the progress of Tamil films, is at least a more credible presentation than its unfortunate precursor, though the general feeling

one has when one thinks of it as a Ramnoth-Sekhar production, is one of disappointment. They could have done better, much better. One has only to lean back and remember *Vandemataram*, *Sumangali* and *Devata* to be convinced this certainly is not the best this team is capable of.

The story deals with the adventures of a young twin brother and sister, Adityan and Chandrika, children of an exiled king (the exile engineered by the machinations of a wicked C-in-C, Durjayan) who are separated by a shipwreck. Adityan dedicates his time to finding his lost sister while Chandrika, the more resourceful of

the two, gets her into service in the disguise of a boy named Kalaimani with the King of Vasanthapuri, Vasanthakumar, after escaping from the fishermen who had at first befriended her but who had soon been stricken by her beauty and turned amorous. But as the close associate of Vasanthakumar with whom she promptly falls in love, Chandrika has an uncomfortable duty to perform, and that is to act as a love-messenger to the king languishing in silent passion for the lovely but disdainful artist-dancer, Mekhala. Torn between jealousy and a stern sense of duty, Chandrika performs her task, albeit a little half-heartedly, but here an unforeseen complication sets in. Mekhala, infatuated by the delicate beauty of the young envoy, soon makes obvious and unashamed advances to him (her). But this state of affairs, of course, could not continue for long and soon word of Mekhala's passion for the young messenger and their dalliance, is carried to the king by Alankara Bhupathi, a limpet of the court who had for long cherished an open passion for the beautiful dancer. The king reacts as expected and orders the boy to be arrested and himself goes to Kalaimani's house to berate him on his treachery. There he meets Chandrika (who had disgustedly shed her disguise and was clad as a woman should be) and on the rebound, falls madly in love with her. His servants, meantime, arrest poor Adityan, the twin brother, who had come to the city in the course of his search for his sister. Complications mount up with incredible rapidity and the treacherous C-in-C is again brought into the picture, this time panting with impassioned desire for Chandrika. All the tangled threads, however, are soon resolved; the king gets his girl and Mekhala, after all, gets the exact male duplicate of her former love and all ends happily.

'Stardom' in Indian films is merely a technical expression unrelated to actual talent or merit. It is a rolling attribute passed from actor to actor, and is often conferred on the undeserving for reasons obviously other than histrionic. So, though the actual title does not mean much, I think Anjali Devi is headed for the



Anjali Devi and Mathuri Devi in a scene.



Anjali Devi as Mekhala

top of the ephemeral ladder of film stardom because she has all the appurtenances required for such an elevation—beauty, talent and a very delightful smile. She is slim,—which is less than what most of our women stars are—nimble on her feet and is a graceful dancer. She has not yet learnt to act, of course, but if she is willing to learn and lucky enough to get always the right director, there is no reason at all why she should not go far, indeed very far.

There are only two other reasons why the film is worth a visit—its dances and its settings. Some of the dance sequences like the earlier ones of Anjali Devi are especially good, but the performances towards the end tend to become hybrid varieties of an unhealthy mixture of jitterbugging, Hawaiian hip-swinging and Bharata Natyam of a very elementary and crude variety. Padmini and Lalitha dance with their usual naive grace, but their art does not seem to have derived much good from the succession of dance directors through whose hands they have passed. Their dance

in "Kanniyin Kathali" had presumably, an idea behind it, as most of the other dance sequences had, but it was difficult to find out what it was or where. It was not quite understandable in the first place why they should have been brought into this picture at all. There was enough dancing without them, and good dancing at that.

Mr. Sekhar who was in charge of the art direction shows a slight tendency to go berserk in some of the dance sets. The symbolism wavered between a clever obscurity and an artless obviousness though one or two of the ideas like the idea of the web were quite exciting. The photography was noticeably good only in the dance sequences.

Mathuri Devi has neither the height nor the slimness to carry off the role of a man successfully but she improves as the picture progresses and turns in one of its best performances. S. A. Natarajan as Vasanthakumar makes of the character a well-fed buffoon. His depth of passion is

portrayed by the closing of one eye and an embarrassing preoccupation with pillows and cushions as he languidly transfers his sleek form from one heavily upholstered divan to another. K. Sarangapani conducts himself with his usual ease and unself-consciousness. K. Sayiraman who appears as Buddhisali, the simpleton companion of the king, might have exploited to better advantage the natural gifts he possessed which were fortunately suited to the role—his long thin body and face.

The picture lacks quiet restraint but escapes many of the faults with which many Tamil films usually abound. There is a certain subtlety and suggestiveness, and much symbolic representation. It is refreshing to find that Mr. Ramnath's conception of sex and beauty are different from that of most directors. Mekhala's figure was not offensively played up. Which was a pleasant change from the usual, rather vulgar concentration on the overabundant femininity of the stars in many of our Tamil films.

## NEOMYCIN, CONQUEROR OF TUBERCULOSIS

By **WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT**

(Science Editor of New York Times)

DR. SELMAN A. WAKSMAN, prominent American scientist, and a student of his, Hubert A. Lechavallier, have discovered a new antibiotic or germ-fighter which may prove to be a conqueror of tuberculosis if it survives the tests on experimental animals to which it is now being subjected. "Neomycin" is the name of this promising agent.

Dr. Waksman, head of the Department of Microbiology at Rutgers University in New Jersey is the man who discovered and isolated streptothracin in 1942 and streptomycin in 1943. Both are antitubercular, but of the two streptomycin is the less toxic. Neomycin comes from the same type of soil, mold-like organisms that yield streptomycin. Like other antibiotics, penicillin included, streptomycin in many cases loses its efficacy after repeated administration. The bacteria undergo some change that heightens their resistance to the

particular antibiotic with which they are in contact.

Despite this limitation, streptomycin is the only drug that has been used on a world-wide scale with some success in combating tuberculosis. Of the six tons of streptomycin produced every month in the United States, about 75 percent is devoted to the treatment of tuberculosis. There is also the difficulty that streptomycin attacks the eighth or auditory nerve, so that dizziness manifests itself. This toxic sting is removed by converting streptomycin into dihydrostreptomycin. In this chemical modification, streptomycin is less harmful to the body. But the problem of overcoming bacterial resistance still remains. For this reason Dr. Waksman decided to look around for a new antibiotic against which bacteria, especially tubercle bacilli, would not acquire immunity.

## Dependable Detergent

CAUVERY's the Soap that Saves Laundry Bills. Clothes last Longer and Washing is made Easier. Turns to Abundant Lather—Sweeps out Dirt in Minutes.

FOR HARD TIMES—A SAFE STANDBY

# CAUVERY BAR SOAP

TIME-SAVER :: MONEY-SAVER TOO



A Product of

## THE METTUR CHEMICAL & INDUSTRIAL CORPORATION LTD.

Mettur Dam :: Salem District.

Managing Agents:

**SESHASAYEE  
BROS. LTD.,**  
TIRUCHIRAPALLI.

Sole Selling Agents:

**THE ALLIED INDUSTRIAL  
DISTRIBUTORS LTD.**

120, Armenian Street, Madras.

Streptothracin and its relative streptomycin are extracted from one of a whole class of mold-like organisms technically known as actinomycetes. Many of these undoubtedly contain important undiscovered antibiotics. It was from certain of the actinomycetic or mold-like organisms related to the species streptomyces fradiae that Dr. Waksman and his pupil, Lechavalier, isolated neomycin. If a better antitubercular agent than streptomycin could be found anywhere it would probably be among the streptomyces. So Dr. Waksman and his associates explored this particular streptomyces group of mold-like forms for an antibiotic that would be non-toxic, stable and effective against tubercle bacilli that acquire resistance to streptomycin.

How many tests he and his associates actually made of various molds before discovering neomycin Dr. Waksman does not know. There must have been many thousands. The number of antibiotics with antitubercular properties that turned up in the streptomyces group was astonishing. But when they were tested for toxicity, stability, and the power to overcome acquired resistance they were found wanting. Still, one antibiotic stood dramatically apart. Dr. Waksman christened it neomycin.

There is no guessing about the potency of this neomycin so far as culture-tube experiments go. Antibiotic potency is measured exactly in accordance with methods that have long been standard in all bacteriological laboratories. It is expressed in units, a unit being that amount of material which will arrest the growth of a standard bacterial culture in one milliliter of broth (the culture medium). This neomycin-containing broth had an activity as high as 100 such units enough to excite a bacteriologist.

When isolated from the broth and diluted by as much as 250,000 times its volume, neomycin was still able to stop the growth of streptococcus

aureus, the microbe that produces boils on the neck, as well as other microbes. More important was its potency against bacteria to which streptomycin is resistant. Lastly neomycin was not too toxic. So far as culture-tube tests went, here was an antibiotic which had none of the disadvantages of streptomycin and against which disease germs, tubercle bacilli included, developed hardly any resistance.

All this was impressive, yet not impressive enough. There are at least a dozen antibiotics that paralyze tubercle bacilli in glass but that are powerless in the living body. So experiments on animals were carried out. The bacteria on which neomycin has been so far tested in animals are staphylococcus aureus, salmonella schottmulleri (responsible for a type of paratyphoid fever) and Shigella pullorum, which causes dysentery and diarrhea, especially in fowls. These micro-organisms were selected because they are either highly sensitive or highly resistant to streptomycin. Dr. Waksman and Mr. Lechavalier were especially concerned with overcoming resistance. In this respect neomycin proved to be far more effective than streptomycin.

The case for neomycin in animal tuberculosis has still to be proved. Dr. Waksman is the first to say so. But why has neomycin not yet been thoroughly tested on tuberculous animals? Because there is not enough of it at present. Dr. Waksman keeps in a desk drawer a tube that contains about two thimblefuls of powdery neomycin that must have cost thousands of dollars. "We need 10 times as much to conduct a satisfactory experiment on animals infected with tuberculosis," he explains.

Animal tests are under way. Not until they are completed and the results appraised will it be safe to say how effective neomycin is as a conqueror of tuberculosis.—SCIENCE DIGEST (Released through USIS).

Only half of the area of the United States has been mapped at all and only about one quarter by adequate, up-to-date methods.  
—SCIENCE DIGEST

## 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.

### Bureaucratic Methods

I am a retired gazetted officer, a landholder paying annually a kist of more than Rs. 250 and the President of the Village Vigilance Committee. Myself and my son are gun licence-holders for the past 20 years or more. On 9th December, 1948 I sent to the District Magistrate, Chingleput, the two licences for renewal for the current year. My son's renewed licence was received earlier while that of mine was received on 23rd February 1949. Before the receipt of my licence the sub-inspector of police, Velaicheri, sent a constable demanding the licences for his scrutiny. I sent a note saying that on receipt of my renewed licence, I would send both the licences for his scrutiny. As soon as my licence was received I sent on 26th February, 1949 both the licences to him through a friend of mine. After a delay of several weeks my son's licence was sent back by the sub-inspector on 3rd April, 1949 through the Vetti of the Village without any note. My licence was not received. My letters to him elicited no reply. Some time later the sub-inspector, Velaicheri—probably another incumbent—came to the village and told the villagers that my gun licence was cancelled. Though I was in the village he did not inform me of this. I thought I would get a letter from the District Magistrate and waited for a long time with no result. Eventually I addressed the District Magistrate on 23rd April, 1949 on the subject and till now I have had no reply notwithstanding two reminders and another registered letter. If my gun licence had been cancelled automatically the renewal fee paid by me should have been refunded to me. The peculiarity of the case is that at first the District Magistrate renewed my gun licence and subsequently the same Magistrate cancelled the same. It is therefore clear that the cancellation was due to a report of the sub-inspector, Velaicheri, which the District Magistrate accepted and acted on without giving me an opportunity to explain matters. This smacks of the British bureaucratic method.

C. G. CHAKRAPANI,  
Retd. Asst. Director of Fisheries,  
Tambaram.

### Congress Then And Now

It is now 29 years since I joined the Congress. What was it then and what is it now? All these 29 years I served the institution faithfully and loyally. I was not a part-time Congressman; I was not

doing anything else most of the time. So one can imagine with what amount of grief and heaviness of heart I am leaving the institution. I now look back. The day when MAHATMA GANDHI raised the slogan of Non-Cooperation there was nothing but sacrifice for the cause of the country before us. Several ruined their careers, but there is no cause for regret. Their sufferings have not gone in vain. There was nothing but the common bond of love and sacrifice that tied together all Congressmen. There was no difference of caste or creed nor rich and poor. Everyone strove to be pure in word, thought and action.

There was a time when a Congressman was worshipped. Actually, camphor was burnt before us when we were marching to Vedaranyam during the Salt Satyagraha days. It was very embarrassing but it had its own effect. Congressmen strove to be honest and when people put more confidence and faith in them, they thought that they must rise still higher and purer. This thing cannot continue for ever. There is a limit to all things. The descent has come. There is no use in making a post-mortem examination now. It is a fact that degeneracy has set in and the organisation has come to ridicule. The sooner the organisation and the name vanishes the better for the country. Let not a pure name be made use of by self-seeking and power-maddened men.

N. SOMASUNDARA IYER,  
Vellore

### State Aid For House Building

As important as food and raiment is shelter. One notices hundreds of vacant house sites scattered all over the newly developed extensions of every town. These site owners, I am sure, are too ready to build houses on their sites but are deterred for want of sufficient funds.

Why not the Government consider extending State aid to these site owners as is being done in the case of industries by granting money loans at cheap rates of interest and supplying building materials at fair prices? The Cooperative Department could very well be entrusted with this work.

Rajahmundry.

P. SURYANARAYAN.

### Whom To Believe?

Different statements are issued by different responsible Ministers of the

Government of India upon the same subject.

Last year, Sardar Patel described the Security Council as an Insecurity Council disturbing the peace of the world. But the next day Pandit Nehru commended the work done by the Security Council and said, "If any peace is to be established in the world, it is only through the Security Council."

John Mathai, the Finance Minister, told pressmen at Calcutta a few months back that the Government were seriously endeavouring to bring down the prices of the essential commodities to a lower level. Earlier, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, the Governor-General, speaking at a reception accorded to him by the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, told the Chamber that the prices of the essential commodities would be stabilised.

Recently a communique was issued by the Government of India that they were considering as to how the execution of the Ramapadasagar project could be expedited at a cheaper rate. But Sri Jairamdas Daulatram, the Food Minister, who visited Madras recently told pressmen that the Ramapadasagar project could not be undertaken now for economic reasons.

Many similar instances can be cited. Ministers seem to forget that they are responsible members of the Government while speaking at public gatherings. The public are not in a position to know whom to believe when the Ministers contradict each other.

KURELLA SOMESWARA RAO, B. Sc  
Chodavaram.

#### Task Before The Congress

On account of various reasons the need to reform the Congress has come home to us. This body which has changed its revolutionary character and become a political party has to be carefully reorganized in order that it may win the hearts of the people at large.

Every institution is judged, firstly by the amount of good it does to the people, and secondly by the type of men that lead it in various places. What has the Congress done so far to help the poor and middle classes by whose vote it has to stand or fall in the next elections? Can we at least be sure that none among the poor, the old and the disabled are starving at the present time? As a person that is allowed to die slowly of starvation cannot be expected to vote for the Congress, it may be desirable to find out the amount of starvation and semi-starvation obtaining in the country due to poverty at present and remedy the situation.

The character of the leaders in the various places counts for much. The Indian temperament is such that it

refuses to be led by men that are not great idealists. So, if selfishness, narrow-mindedness and absence of the spirit of service are found in any of the party-men that wield power in the various parts of our country, we may have to deprive them of such power. In spite of all our admiration for democratic forms, the Central Government will do well to take over into its hands the administration of such parts of the country temporarily till the next elections. This may be a sure way of winning the hearts of the people at large and teaching a good lesson to the Congressmen that have fallen from their ideals. The Centre can carry on the administration of such places with the help of men of character and capacity who can be had in plenty.

P. V. SURYANARAYANA.

Narsapur.



THE ANDRA PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS LTD. BEZWADA  
MADRAS

Madras Stockists :—

Messrs. RAO & Co.,

32, Mint Street, Madras.

Available at all good stores.