

Swatant-ree

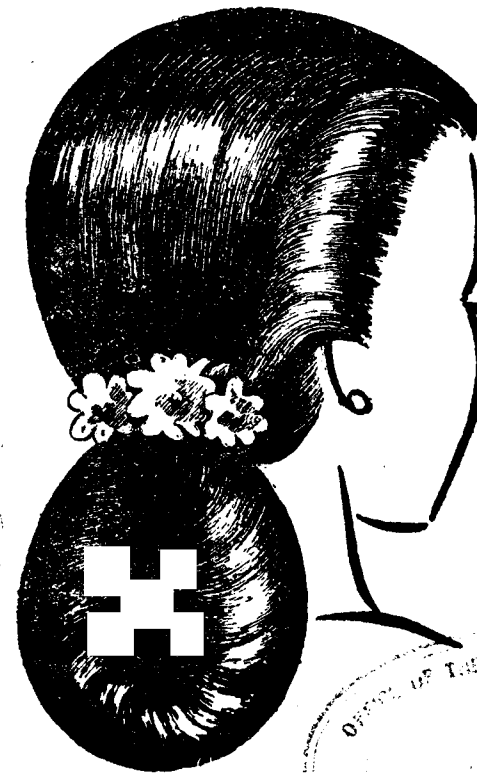
Vol. IV No. 1949

No. 39-42

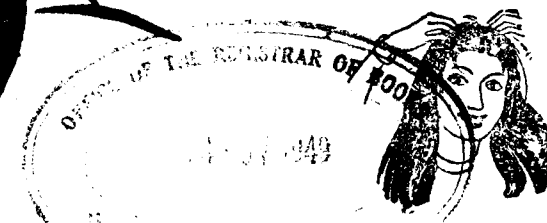
JL
ma, N46
N49.4.29
93611.

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.



TWIN AIDS TO BEAUTY



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

*Tomco coconut
Hair oil & shampoo*

TATA OIL MILLS COMPANY LIMITED

6th SUCCESSFUL WEEK!
Running to packed houses all over ANDHRA
BHARANI'S
LEILA-MAJNU



Direction : RAMAKRISHNA

Starring : BHANUMATHI, Nageswara Rao, C. S. R., Siva Rao, Arani,
 Krishnamurthi, Hemalatha, Sriranjini, Lalitha-Padmini

Songs : SAMUDRALA **Photography :** B. S. RANGA **Music :** SUBBARAMAN **Dance :** RAGHAVIAH

RELEASING ALL OVER TAMIL NAD FROM 5TH NOV.

THE
ANDHRA BANK
 LIMITED
 Estd : 1923

Head Office :
MASULIPATAM

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

Deposits Exceed
Rs. 5,00,00,000

Total Working Funds Exceed
Rs. SIX CRORES

Madras Office: 378, Esplanade,

Thyagarayanagar Office:

81/82, Pondy Bazaar.

Madras Office: 49, Kutchery Road.

CHAIRMAN

S. R. Y. SIVARAMA PRASAD
BAHADUR GARU

Rajah Saheb of Challapalli

MANAGING DIRECTOR

Sri Tadepally Srinamulu Garu

Branches & Sub-Offices all over
the Northern Circars.

All kinds of Banking Business
transacted.

London Agents:

MESSRS. BARCLAYS BANK LTD.

For Particulars:

Please apply to any Office of the Bank

K. VARNASY,
M.A., B.Com., LL.B., CALLEB.,
General Manager.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV. NO. 39.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1949.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
On the Cover— <i>Dr. John Dewey</i> (See Page 11)	
Cartoon— <i>By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury</i>	4
Editorial Comments	5
Sotto Voce— <i>By Vighneswara</i>	6
Sidelights— <i>By Saka</i>	8
New Delhi Diary	9
Dr. John Dewey, American Educationist	11
Nehru's Visit As Americans See It — <i>By P. Gopalakrishniah</i>	13
Red Herrings— <i>By A University Student</i>	15
Magnificent Man (Poem)— <i>By S. K. Chettur</i>	17
Our Radio Programmes— <i>By S. Rajagopalan</i>	19
India In The U. S. Press— <i>By William D. Allen</i>	21
"The French Game In Viet Nam" — <i>By Andrew Roth</i>	24
Consentment And Compensation — <i>By D. V. Rama Rao</i>	27
Sunlight In the Rafters— <i>By John Jacobs</i>	29
Sunlight In The Rafters— <i>By N. S. R.</i>	32
Cultural 'Purity' Indeed! (Azad Qalam)— <i>By K. A. Abbas</i>	33
The New West German Chancellor — <i>By Edward J. Byng</i>	36
Communists Against Stalinism— <i>By Albert Henrik Mohn</i>	38
Acharya Narendra Deva— <i>By G. S. Bhargava</i>	41
Authority And Individual Liberty — <i>By Edward Crankshaw</i>	43
Profile: William Green	47

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 39

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

SARDAR VALLABHBHAI PATEL

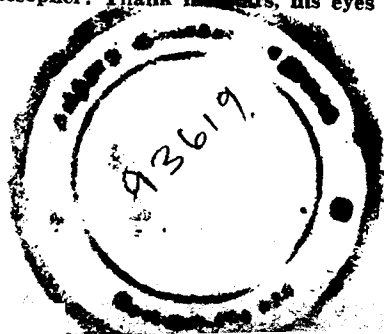


—Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury
PHILOSOPHER

Philosopher: How is it that I do not see him whose shraddh ceremony is being performed?

Answer: He is dead, a dreadful cobra bit him on his forehead.

Philosopher: Thank him, his eyes have been spared.



It is realised by one and all that Sardar Patel performed a unique feat in integrating the States with the rest of India. He counteracted the mischief of "Paramountcy" in the British plan of handing over power, which might easily have led to disintegration of the country. The common notion is that the Sardar achieved the integration of the States with a combination of bluff and compromise that overwhelmed the princes and subdued them before they could think of resisting. But actually the subjugation of the princes had its root in an earlier phase of leadership. It was the quick education in the administrative complexities of Hindu-Muslim collaboration which he gained when he became Home Minister in the joint Cabinet of Congressmen and Muslim Leaguers at the Centre of undivided India, that drove the Sardar through despair into acceptance of the partition, and it was the set-up of government that followed the partition which left no scope for the princes to set themselves up as independent under the umbrella of paramountcy.

The horrors of the carnage that accompanied the partition have made Congress leaders extremely reluctant to own responsibility for the decision to divide the country. Among the whole lot of Congress leaders it was C. R. alone that stood out bluntly and bravely for partition. All others spoke of it in accents of horrified disapproval. If the partition had been faced as a necessity and prepared for intelligently, the massacres that disfigured it might have been avoided. One of the rea-

sons why the partition was not accepted calmly in advance was the fate that overtook C. R. for having advocated such a step.

The full weight of Mahatma Gandhi's influence had been thrown against the idea of partition. The sole architect of the idea, C. R., looked like having been broken politically and became a much ostracised man. And yet it was a fact that before the Congress was aware of it, and against the proclaimed wishes of the Mahatma, a decision in favour of partition in the name of the Congress, had been taken. Such a decision, in the circumstances, called for the supremest exercise of fortitude, realism and strength. It could not have been taken but for Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. A plan whose advocacy had led to the outcasting of C. R. from the Congress fold was, in a moment of intuition, accepted by Sardar Patel as necessary and desirable, and put through quietly and brought out as an accomplished fact without any chance being given for opposition to develop momentum through discussion. Only Sardar Patel could have accomplished, without due constitutional authority, so daring a reversal of pledged Congress policy, only he could have impelled the Mahatma's acquiescence in it.

It was the partition that did the real integration of States with Provinces within India's reduced territory. Partition enabled a strong Central Government to emerge unhampered by internal dissension, and the very emergence of such a Government destroyed the atmosphere of congeniality for all rival claimants.

to sovereignty. Had the princes depended for their strength on internal forces within their own domains, they might have taken advantage of the paramountcy clause and competed with the Congress in a competition for power. Or had there been dissident elements within the framework of the Central executive they might have bargained with some of them to the discomfiture of the others and thereby prolonged their own tenure of authority. With neither of these aids, the withdrawal of British power deprived the princes of the only support on which their status rested, and when the support was gone and nothing else was substituted for it, their quick collapse followed as a matter of course. It has been given to Sardar Patel to prove to be an instrument of Destiny for the liquidation of the foredoomed States.

The immense concentration of power bound up with administrative control over the new regimes established in displacement of the old States, has made Sardar Patel a formidable force not less important than

the Prime Minister himself. His influence in Government is regarded as irresistible. While full credit for survival in a period of frightful peril and difficulty is honourably due to him, equally is the responsibility his for such blemishes as still disfigure Congress rule. Our food problem is far from being solved satisfactorily. The country has become a paradise for black marketeers. Departmental standards of justice and uprightness have deteriorated. Corruption, clan-nishness and communalism are everywhere rampant. Some of the Ministers adorning the Congress Cabinets are not worth their salt. There is undue tenderness for several of them demonstrably shown unfit for their posts. While taxation has gone up enormously, there has been precious little of improvement in the condition of the common man. There is prodigious wastage of resources in barren ways. These are all problems awaiting the constructive statesmanship of Sardar Patel. We wish him as a birthday present better success in dealing with them in the days to come.

Sotto Voce

Industrial Philanthropy



AN English publisher, confronted with a delicate problem in morals, has solved it in the neat English way. One of his lady novelists is so firmly persuaded that her latest effusion was dictated to her by the spirit of a priest of Old Atlantis who lived sixty thousand years ago that she will accept no royalties but only typist's charges. Impecunious authors have often grumbled that

typist's charges take away ninety per cent of the royalties. So the lady may not after all lose much. Anyway she has the satisfaction of serving as the handmaid of Inspiration. The publisher, for his part, humours the eccentric genius—and eccentricity often makes a best seller—and keeps the surplus cash, about which there is

nothing ghostly, though a "ghost" may have produced it.

Here is an almost perfect parable of the progress of Communism. Young men at Annamalai University, whose cigarette bills average almost as much as their tuition fees, suddenly discover that life is not worth living—because the Vice-Chancellor has raised a wall between the men's and women's hostels. And just as Henry VIII the predestined polygamist found a thousand reasons for indicting Popery because the Vicar of Christ would not allow him to rampage like the Bull of Bashan, our ardent youth of Annamalai have been goaded by an inflamed libido to demand the root and branch destruction of the University. They are firmly persuaded that the shade of Karl Marx has got them by the throat. And they are as proud of it and as scornful of personal consequences as the lady-novelist hag-ridden by the prehistoric priest.

The ghost must have spoken in Old Atlantean—unless ghosts have the gift of tongues. And the lady confesses that, though she miraculously enough typed at ninety-three words a minute, she did not "understand his text." But, lo and behold, as the words materialised on paper, they turned into English of the common or garden variety. Observe the close affinity here too in the descent of Communistic inspiration. The fumes from the Germanic brain of Old Karl, first cooled and collected in the turgid English of Engels, then distilled in the Russian alembic of Lenin, pass through a thousand conduits and infect the drains at Annamalai, causing an epidemic of intellectual typhus.

In the Fatherland of Communism the hated institution of the family is far on the road to rehabilitation—unless the bourgeois papers lie—and Stalin has discovered and proclaimed that woman's place is in the home. But the young bloods of Annamalai regard the segregation of men and women as an intolerable insult to their common humanity. And as they hurl themselves at the brick wall barrier between the two hostels, they see

themselves as the heroes of a second Bastille. Poor Dr. Manavala Ramanujam is no ogre. If he had to stand a nerve-racking siege for the best part of a night he may console himself with the reflection that God never designed him any more than He designed Louis XVI, for riding the whirlwind and directing the storm.

The Communists began their little experiments at Annamalai rather earlier than they did at other educational institutions. Conditions were more favourable, because authority was riven from top to bottom by a fatal split and the basic requirements of a university were lacking. More than a decade ago the Congress Ministry then in power could not resist the temptation to rejoice over the discomfiture of an old Moderate. Srinivasa Sastri had to eat humble pie, while the Congress preened itself as the protector of the liberty of the young—to misbehave.

A university is a fellowship of learning. It is the great teacher, the dedicated scholar, the brooding spirit awaiting every new dawn that makes the university. Palatial buildings, huge collections of books, up to date laboratories are all very well in their way. But too many of our universities seem to think that these are all that matter, and from their point of view they are perhaps right. Graduates are made like table-moulded bricks. They are a by-product of an activity which is very familiar to us but which lacks a name.

Let us call it industrial (as distinguished from pure) philanthropy. It has achieved elephantine proportions in the domain of education. And you will note that the eye of the pachyderm is the smallest part of it. Similarly in the economy of many of our universities which we owe to private philanthropy the building, catering and furnishing industries loom larger than scholarship. No wonder that these establishments are rarely able to attract or retain the men who can focus the energies of youth on creative tasks. The only true discipline is allegiance freely given to a master mind.

VIGNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

As the touchstone tries gold, so gold tries men.—CHILLO.

AFTER the Radium scandal, the Secretariat scandal. There is an Assistant Secretary part of whose duties it is to open and dispose of sealed tenders for the sale of Government property in his department. Tenders were called for in the usual course for the purchase of a Chevrolet van. There was only one tender who offered to buy the van for Rs. 500.

On 21st September this year, the Assistant Secretary enquired whether, in case the Government decided to sell the van to the tenderer, he would be prepared to take delivery of it at the Secretariat immediately by paying Rs. 500 as offered by him *plus* sales tax. On 22nd September the tenderer replied, stating that he was quite ready to pay the price and the sales tax and take delivery of the van. On 28th September the Assistant Secretary wrote a letter to the tenderer that his offer "has not been accepted and that the vehicle has been disposed off."

How was the vehicle disposed of? It was bought by the Assistant Secretary himself, the very person entrusted with the duty of opening sealed tenders and passing orders on them!

On October 3, the following advertisement appeared in the *Hindu* and the *Mail*:—

For Sale: Covered delivery van—Chevrolet—1938 model—excellent running condition. Well suited for caterers, beedi factories, film studios. etc. Rs. 5,000 or nearest offer.

This van was the same van as the one that had been the subject of the tender. It was sold for Rs. 4500 on 10th October and the Assistant Secretary received a cheque for that amount from the purchaser.

Meanwhile the tenderer for the vehicle got wind of the transaction and warned the purchaser that he would be taking delivery of the van at his own risk, as he, being the sole tenderer, had a prior claim to it. The purchaser thereupon instructed his bank not to honour the cheque given by him to the Assistant Secretary. The tenderer also submitted a petition to the Chief Secretary for reconsideration of his case. Not receiving cash for the cheque at the bank, the Assistant Secretary has had a lawyer notice issued to the purchaser claiming payment of the cheque money.

Is it open to an officer of Government to trade in his own account making use of confidential information contained in sealed tenders, and can he tender at all for the purchase of goods in respect of which it is his official duty to deal with the tenders of others, for such goods?—SAKA.

CHARACTER

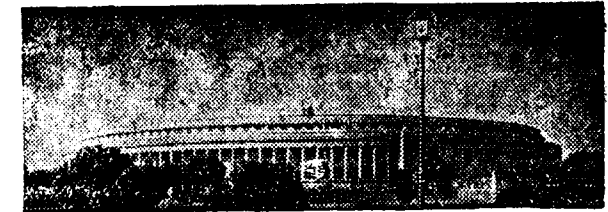
Character is like a tree and reputation like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing.—Abraham Lincoln.

To my mind, the best and most faultless character is his who is as ready to pardon the rest of mankind, as though he daily transgressed himself; and at the same time as cautious to avoid a fault as if he never forgave one.—Pliny the Younger.

Character is a by-product; it is produced in the great manufacture of daily duty.—Woodrow Wilson.

You can no more blame your circumstances for your character than you can the mirror for your looks.

NEW DELHI DIARY



IT is one thing for us to be proud of Gandhi, quite another to be proud of ourselves on his account and appropriate to ourselves the halo of that martyr. But we tend to confuse the two things, especially the more 'patriotic' among us. The fact is that we carried the body of the Mahatma, the apostle of non-violence, to the cremation ground on a weapons carrier, with fighter planes circling round above—not to speak of the violence of the 1942 movement and the subsequent communal massacre. Yet our spiritual chauvinists would have the rest of the world yield moral leadership to a supposedly non-violent India.

Consider the coverage of Pandit Nehru's American tour by Indian press correspondents. From their despatches it would seem that Nehru has, by his speeches, effected a moral conversion in America. In his address to the U. S. Congress, Nehru himself was carefully modest in stating India's experience and its possible lesson for other countries. Speaking of Gandhi's peaceful yet effective technique "which led us not only to freedom but to friendship with those with whom we were till yesterday in conflict," Nehru said: "How far can that principle be applied to wider spheres of action? I do not know. For, circumstances differ and the means to prevent evil have to be shaped and set to the nature of the evil. Yet I have no doubt that the basic approach which lay behind that (Gandhian) technique of action was the right approach and the only approach that ultimately solves a problem satisfactorily. We have to achieve freedom and to defend it. We have to meet aggression and to resist it and the force employed must be adequate to the purpose. But even when preparing to resist aggression, the ultimate objective, the objective of peace and reconciliation, must never

be lost sight of, and heart and mind must be attuned to this supreme aim and not swayed or clouded by hatred or fear."

Wise and realistic words these, and the appreciative reaction they evoked in America was duly recorded by the Indian correspondents. But later when Nehru, at Columbia University, coupled the statement that "aggression has to be met" with the forthright and at least seemingly contradictory declaration that "there is another way" than violence to meet problems, including evidently the problem of aggression, the reaction of American opinion was by no means unanimously favourable. Nor was there—and how could there be in a country actively preparing to meet the threat of Soviet aggression—entire agreement with Nehru's later thesis in a New York address that fearlessness is an adequate and superior substitute for armaments. Of the resulting criticisms of Nehru by Americans our Indian correspondents had nothing to say. It was left to the *Statesman* to fill the gap—and a valuable service it has rendered in this matter—by printing the candid if also, among the chauvinists, unpopular despatches of its special correspondent in America, Neal Stanford.

His words deserve to be read and re-read, because too many of us are as uncritical in recommending non-violence to the world as we are oblivious of it in our own practice at home. Stanford writes:

"With no disrespect to his (Nehru's) sincerity, Americans mentally ask whether he really believes that the passive resistance which Indians used successfully against British colonialism could be used with any chance of success by Tito against Stalin's imperialism. Again, he declares that the way to preserve peace is not to surrender

to aggression, not to compromise with evil, not to prepare for war; and he deplores, as do Americans, the colossal cost of armaments. But Americans ask: if there is to be no surrender to aggression, no compromise with evil, does not somebody have to be physically a little stronger than the potential aggressor? That means, if you like, preparing for war—though Americans prefer describing it as preparing to see that the peace is not broken.

When Pandit Nehru takes the West to task, however graciously, for 'colossal expenditure' on arms, suggesting that part of that outlay might be used for more enduring purposes, some American eyebrows go high. For if Washington is spending too much on defences, then it might also be thought that the sizable existing Indian Army and the heavy defence costs are more than India's financial status suggests she can afford. It might be asked whether she is not maintaining such costly defences partly at least because of the regional Kashmir dispute with Pakistan, just as America is carrying a costly arms budget because of the global dispute with Russia. If this advice to cut arms costs and spend the savings on economic development is good for the West, it might also be thought to be good for India as well."

This is sharp criticism indeed but it is legitimate and intelligent criticism which we need to hear and to consider seriously. In contrast, the Indian pressmen who have been drawing the picture of an America dazzled by the glamour of 'Mahatma Jawaharlal Nehru' have done a double

disservice: their reports, on the one hand, tend to inflate further our bloated national self-righteousness and, on the other, create the false impression that Americans are a soft-headed lot of materialists now suddenly awakened to spiritual light.

The fact is that there is wide divergence between the message of Gandhi which Pandit Nehru has been expounding before American audiences and the policies of the Nehru Government in Gandhi's own land. Does this divergence make Nehru's speeches hypocritical?

Acharya Vinoba Bhave, a leading member of the small surviving band of true Gandhians, discusses this question in *Harijan* of October 23. Referring to the speech by Pandit Nehru at the National Defence Academy (shortly before he left for the U. S.) in which he declared that India's military strength would be used only in self-defence and never in aggression, Vinoba Bhave says: "There is a definite conflict between military training and Bapu's teaching . . . Man is made of spirit and body both of which appear to be mutually contradictory. When the body adjusts itself to the spirit then the conflict is the least. We have to reach that stage of the spirit, but before that this restrained militarism becomes indispensable in many circumstances. We have of course to break this militarism and rise above it. Till our country acquires that (moral) strength, military training and our professions of non-violence, though patently contradictory, will stay. We need not be ashamed of that. Some people of late accuse Pandit Nehru of hypocrisy on account of such contradictions; but, whatever his other failings, he is completely free from this failing."

WHAT IS THE LARGEST BIRD IN THE WORLD?

The largest living bird, as far as height and weight are concerned, is the African ostrich. It does not even have any close competition for this honour. Large males have been found to measure eight feet in height, and the maximum size is probably over eight feet.

Some extinct birds were considerably larger than ostriches, notably the moas, a group of ostrichlike birds whose remains have been found in New Zealand. Almost complete skeletons nine to ten feet in height have been discovered, and it is thought that the largest of them were almost 12 feet high.

However, there is no evidence that they ever attained a height of 18 feet, as some textbooks have stated. Another extinct group of birds, the elephant birds of Madagascar, were more massively built than the moas and produced larger eggs, but they were probably not so tall.

—SCIENCE DIGEST.

DR. JOHN DEWEY, AMERICAN EDUCATIONIST

DR. JOHN DEWEY, whose 90th birthday is celebrated in the United States with a series of dinners, conferences and the issue of several anniversary publications, is a world-renowned educator and noted American philosopher who has influenced contemporary thought and championed progressive causes since 1887.

Since the death of William James, Dr. Dewey is regarded as the leader of the pragmatic movement in philosophy. He still remains very active—both mentally and physically—and has a keen interest in current social and political problems.

PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Dr. Dewey often has been referred to as the philosopher of the plain man. It has been said: "there is hardly a phase of American thought to which he has not made some contribution, hardly an aspect of American life which he has left uninterpreted. His influence has extended to the schools, the courts, the laboratories, the labor movement and the politics of the nation."

Dr. Dewey's philosophy is based on experience (instead of tradition or dogma) as the ultimate authority in knowledge and conduct. He has complete faith in the scientific method of inquiry and the power of human intelligence to create a better society.

According to Max Eastman, noted author, "John Dewey . . . is the man who saved our children from dying from boredom as we almost did in school." It was largely due to his teachings, says the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, that "the centre of gravity shifted from the subject-matter of instruction to the child to be taught. As a consequence, the school began to change from a place where children prepare for life to a place where children live."

On Dr. Dewey's 88th birthday, the *New York Times* wrote: "Dr. Dewey has influenced the teaching of millions of children in this country and abroad. His voluminous writings have been translated into almost

every language. As the father of the progressive educational movement, he has had a running battle with the traditional educators for more than half a century." The *Times* added that during recent years his theory of progressive education has been challenged more than ever.

In replying to these challenges, Dr. Dewey has cited results instead of theories: "Our public schools are far more democratic today than they were 50 years ago . . . Children receive more freedom in the classroom and are permitted to take a greater part in school activities than they were at the turn of the century . . . Basically, the gap existing between the progressive and the traditional school has narrowed considerably in recent years." The problems now confronting education, he feels, revolve around the lack of inspired teachers and the need to induce capable students to enter the teaching profession, plus the need for increasing both the prestige and the monetary reward of teaching.

DEWEY'S IMPRESSIVE INFLUENCE

Sidney Hook, professor of philosophy at New York University, writing recently in the *American Scholar* about Dr. Dewey, said: "No one who visits with him, or reads the articles that still come from his pen, can fail to be impressed by the contemporaneity of his interests in ideas, cultural movements and political events. He keeps abreast of the best among the new books. He has a keen appreciation of modern art. He follows the latest articles in technical periodicals like the *Journal of Philosophy*, as well as the avant-gardiste *Partisan Review*.

"Dewey believes that the ideas and attitudes of literary men, confused or not, have a much greater impact upon modes of thought and feeling in our culture than those of technical philosophers—a view not altogether adequate in explaining the influence of his own philosophy. He is, therefore, particularly interested in what poets, novelists and literary critics are thinking. He regards both philosophy

and literature as far less decisive in their cultural effects than the consequences of modern science and technology." Hook added that for one who has had no technical training in those fields, Dr. Dewey is surprisingly well informed, especially in modern physics.

INTERNATIONAL FIGURE

Dr. Dewey became an international figure after World War I—the only living American philosopher and educator widely known outside the United States. He was invited to Mexico, China, Japan, Russia, Turkey and South Africa to aid in educational programmes. His theories, however, could be put into practice only to the extent that foreign nations were committed to the democratic way of life.

Dr. Dewey is frequently referred to as the foremost educational philosopher in America. His writings include many books on education. His "School and Society" has been translated into several languages, including Japanese. His most recent works are "Freedom and Culture" and "Problems of Men."

EARLY LIFE

Dr. Dewey was born on October 20, 1859 in Burlington, Vermont, where his father kept a general store. The lad earned his spending money by delivering papers after school for one dollar a week and, when he was 14, he worked during the summer in a lumber yard. He finished high school and entered the University of Vermont at the age of 15. He was only an average student until his junior year, when he took a course in physiology. The text-book was written by Thomas Henry Huxley, a disciple of Darwin's theory of evolution. The youth was electrified by the ideas presented and, as a result, worked furiously during his senior year. He graduated at 19 with the highest marks on record in philosophy.

His first job was teaching high school in Oil City, Pennsylvania, for \$40 a month, then teaching district school in Charlotte, Vermont. There he wrote his first article and submitted it to the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, published in St. Louis, Missouri. When it was accepted, he decided to be a philosopher. He

thereupon borrowed \$500 from an aunt and entered the graduate school of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland. The next year he won a scholarship and also got a job teaching the history of philosophy to the undergraduates. When he took his doctor of philosophy degree, the President of Johns Hopkins offered him a loan to continue his studies in Germany. Although the young philosopher was deeply grateful, he didn't want to borrow money and said he was satisfied to stay in the United States.

He was then offered a job as instructor in philosophy at the University of Michigan at \$900 a year. There he fell in love with Alice Chieman, one of his pupils, whom he married in 1886. Like Dewey, "she had a passionate interest in the life of ideas." That same year he was made assistant professor and his salary was raised to \$1,600. Except for one year at the University of Minnesota, Dewey spent ten years at the University of Michigan. He became head of the department of philosophy in 1888 at a salary of \$3,900. One of his duties was to investigate the high schools of the state, and this started him on the general problem of "democracy and education."

In 1894 he was invited to head the combined department of philosophy, psychology and education of Chicago University at a salary of \$5,000. There he founded the famous Dewey Laboratory School, where he put into practice his theory of "learning by doing."

The Deweys had six children. One of his biographers has said it was the children clambering over him while he worked, "who kept the problems of philosophy thoroughly mixed up in his mind with the problems of education." Because of a disagreement with the university over the experimental school, he resigned his post.

WORK AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

At the age of 40 he was called to Columbia University, where he became professor of philosophy in 1904. Following his retirement in the early 1930's, Dr. Dewey continued to receive his \$12,000 annual salary as professor emeritus in residence until 1938. In

1932 he was appointed honorary president of Henry George School of Social Science in New York. In April 1948, he refused an invitation to receive an honorary degree at Charles University in Prague after he learned of the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia.

In June 1948, he was awarded one of the first honorary degrees conferred by the New School for Social Research in New York—Doctor of Humane Letters. In conferring the degree, the school described him as the "greatest of living American phi-

losophers." In February 1949, he received the 15th annual award of Abraham Lincoln High School, in New York City, for his "contributions to modern education through development of extra-curricular activities based on his principle of learning to do by doing."

Dr. Dewey, who now lives quietly in New York City, still retains an active interest in the social and political problems of the world. Concerning his age, Dr. Dewey declares "a person gets old because he bends over.... I hold myself up."—USIS.

NEHRU'S VISIT AS AMERICANS SEE IT

By P. GOPALAKRISHNIAH

NEW YORK: We listened the other evening to an able and conscientious journalist who had just returned from a long sojourn in China. Unlike some pretentious experts who have never left home, he offered no blueprint for American policy in China. He affirmed two propositions which seemed utterly convincing no doubt because they fortified our own convictions. One is that Chiang is through; his one and only effective battalion is mobilised behind the typewriters in the U. S. A. and further investment in his cause can bring only new dividends of disaster. The other is that there is no decisive evidence of Titoism in the Chinese Communist hierarchy. He did not deny that the heresy may emerge; he merely contended that we would be foolish to base our strategy upon our wishes. When we pressed him to offer a tangible proposal for American action he responded: "The only clear cut and sensible policy we can formulate for China is a decent, affirmative policy in China. The current American pilgrimage of India's Nehru indicates that this advice is taken seriously by State Department policy-makers. We are less confident that the counsel is accepted by some Congressional leaders and some major moulders of American opinion." We hope Nehru's visit will crystallise support for this view despite the crude hostility of our leading isolationist journals. Although many pious words have been written

about Nehru's journey, the significance of an intimate and authentic partnership with India has not been widely faced. This reticence may reflect unwillingness to confront the implications of a close accord with Nehru: (1) Nehru's regime embodies a faith and a philosophy infinitely more meaningful than negative resistance to Communism. It is instinctively and passionately anti-imperialist. It is a produce of the quest of oppressed, wretched millions for a better way of life. They would be astounded to hear a responsible leader decry the welfare State. The Indian upsurge is a dramatic battle for creation of a State responsive to the welfare of the people. (2) India is an immediate test of President Truman's point-four program. India needs wheat and tractors. She needs economic and technical aid. But she will not barter her bitterly won independence for such assistance. Neither Nehru nor the Government he represents can be bought. They must be treated as equals. Despite the poverty of their land, the leaders of India have far more dignity and self-confidence than the battered incompetent royalists of Greece. Whatever else India's chieftains may need, they possess the crucial resource of leadership, the affection and loyalty of millions of their people. Nehru is a complicated man. He is a philosopher statesman willing to endure many reversals in the long flow of history.

An aristocrat by birth, he has suffered stoically in Indian prisons and fashioned a political creed that is an extraordinary compound of idealism and skepticism. He mingles an awareness of the tragic quality of man's fate with an affirmation of man's hope. Most of our politicians would be baffled by him; yet in an almost Rooseveltian sense, he perceives that politics is the art of the possible. He is clearly one of the massive figures of this era, and we shudder to imagine him in conferences with Senator Bridges, Cain, Jenner, Malone or some other representative of the know-nothings. No doubt they would call him a Red; they have not even dimly understood that democracy's answer to tyranny rests with men like Nehru and that not a single branch of the National Association of Manufacturers exists in India. And India is our hope in Asia. Nehru is not infallible. His regime may err and falter. But it is essentially committed to the vision of a free society. That is the only commitment we may legitimately demand in the association his visit symbolizes.

MRS. ROOSEVELT ON NEHRU

Writing about the Prime Minister's

visit to her home in Hyde Park, Mrs. Roosevelt said in her nationally published column: "For 20 minutes before the Prime Minister left, other near neighbours came in to have the honour of meeting him and to speak their good wishes. It is inspiring to feel how much interest there is in even being able to see this man from such a faraway country. Many people have read a great deal about him, but they never before have felt very close. In spite of that, he seems to have impressed his personality upon the people of the United States until we are convinced that he is one of the people we must know. I have always thought ever since I first saw him, that he gave one a sense of being a calm center no matter how much of a storm raged around him. That is no less my impression even now. He is a great and strong man, sensitive and gentle as well. But I felt that Sunday we were perhaps not giving him as much time as he might like quickly to take in learning what the people of this country are really like. We move him from one conference with the great and powerful to another and I think he might like a little quiet just to receive impressions."

THE WAY OF A WOMAN

When the present Queen of England was still the Duchess of York she was the honoured guest of the great French Colonial Exposition at Vincennes. There, one sunny afternoon, in an open air garden, she was served tea by the guiding genius of the exposition, the distinguished former soldier and statesman, Marshal Lyautey.

Now, on this occasion, the excitement and the unusual exertions to which the Marshal had been subjected had reduced him to the condition of a tired and disillusioned old man. Greatly admiring the old warrior, the Duchess wondered how she might help him regain his former attitude of cheerfulness and well-being.

"Monsieur le Marechal," she finally said, "you are so powerful, you have done so much for your wonderful country, and you have created this great exposition—would you do something for me?"

"For you, madame?" the old warrior replied. "But what can I do for your Royal Highness?"

"Why, this," said England's future queen. "The sun is in my eyes. Will you please make it go away?"

The Marshal was about to disclaim such powers, when suddenly the sun went behind a cloud.

"Thank you, Monsieur le Marechal," the Dutchess exclaimed gratefully.

The old soldier beamed with happiness.

The Duchess, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, whispered to a fellow-guest, "I saw the cloud coming."—WALL STREET JOURNAL.

Chairman (finishing eulogistic speech)—"Our dear old friend here has lived amongst us for forty years, is living with us now, hopes to live amongst us for many years to come. Gentlemen, I can only add that we are looking forward to burying him here."

RED HERRINGS

By A University Student

THE account of Government's treatment of the Annamalai affair reads like a caricature of reality. The official version of the incidents typified in the Registrar's statement to the Press which apportioned the whole blame neatly between Communism and the innate depravity of the student, is naturally the most flattering to the authorities, and if accepted, absolves them of all responsibility. But surely, no question is quite so simple. The Ministry of Education which, in spite of the autonomous status of the University, is the final authority in the matter, is obliged to face the fact that grievances do exist. However serious the lapses of the students, it has to find out how Dr. Manavala Ramanujam, the Vice-Chancellor, managed to find himself in opposition to the greater part of his students.

At least four members of the University Syndicate have made no secret of their resentment at Dr. Ramanujam's methods in the Syndicate. One of them has refused to attend Syndicate meetings as a protest against his rule that no motion may be brought forward that has not his personal sanction. Another of these four, who has been dubbed a Communist because of his popularity with the students, was willing at an early stage to talk to the students if the Vice-Chancellor would look into the nature of some of the points in the students' memorandum. It is not known what these points were or what happened to the offer. This is mentioned here only to demonstrate that at least four members of the Syndicate recognized the *bonafides* of at least some of the grievances.

The memorandum had one feature which enabled the University authorities to make a plausible misrepresentation of the demands to Government and Press: it was couched in phraseology which was unmistakably Communist. This may be taken to prove perhaps that the demonstration of the 26th September was organized by Communist stu-

dents; it cannot be taken to prove anything more. The ferment which culminated in the demonstration existed prior to its organization by politically interested individuals. The Registrar has carefully glossed over the fact that only three of the fifty odd students against whom disciplinary action has been taken are Communists. This is hardly surprising, because since 1946, Communist influence in educational institutions in this province has been rapidly disappearing—a fact Government would normally point to with pride. Annamalai has been no exception to this rule. The recrudescence represented by the apparent leadership given to this movement is not only temporary, it is totally artificial and Dr. Ramanujam can claim all the credit for it. The students' Action Committee, now attempting a rapprochement in Madras, is no political set-up, consisting as it does of all hues of political opinion from deep blue and mild pink to red, with patches of non-partisan yellow. The initiative in finding a basis for reviving classes was taken on the side of the students by the non-Communists of the Committee, in spite of the lack of enthusiasm exhibited by their Communist colleagues. The latter sincerely believe that an appeal to the powers that be would be futile, and judging from the interview with the Education Minister and Mr. Bhaktavatsalam's stated opinions in the matter last week, it would appear that they were right.

The most important of the grievances of the students has not even been mentioned by the Registrar. This was, firstly, Dr. Manavala Ramanujam's unexplained enhancement of the hostel establishment charges by 60%, and of tuition fees by 25%; then, the longstanding complaint of the Engineering College students that owing to the lack of equipment the Electrical Engineering Degree is not recognized outside. The Vice-Chancellor has maintained that in the interests of discipline he cannot submit to an examination by the stu-

dents. It is only fair to the students to remember that in the beginning the questions were neither impertinent nor calculated to embarrass the Vice-Chancellor. They were both of vital concern to the students.

The only two points mentioned by the Registrar in his statement are accented in a manner that is calculated to make any sympathy for the students seem a sanction to incontinence. These were the demands which in the Registrar's words asked the authorities to "keep the hostel gates open right through the night," and for "the scrapping of artificial segregation of men and women students." By juxtaposing these demands with his unqualified statement regarding Communist inspiration of the demonstration he managed to convey the impression that the whole thing was an ideological campaign for free love.

The problem is a very different one, and it is Dr. Ramanujam's problem rather than the University's. The history of Dr. Ramanujam's obsession with the morals of his students is a very painful one. If it had not been the cause of so much hatred—there is no other word for it—for him among his students, it would have been a huge joke. In the very short time that he was Principal of the Presidency College, he succeeded in altering the whole pattern of the relations between men and women students in the College, treating them as though they were Freudian Yahoos who would break up society if they were not completely segregated and carefully watched. If there was no trouble in Presidency College, it was not because there was no resentment but because there were certain professors who used their influence over their students to prevent them from organizing themselves against authority.

In Annamalai as in other hostels, the rules regarding late hours were such as to put the student on his honour but they were just adequate to the purpose. There were no instances of spectacular abuse to have justified Dr. Ramanujam's sudden decision to close hostel gates and lock in the students after 9 o'clock in the night. The implication of the new rule reached ridiculous proportions when he extended it not only to

members of the staff but to persons like the manager of the India Coffee House. This gentleman, it is rumoured, refused to have his private life supervised by Dr. Ramanujam, whereupon the Vice-Chancellor had the Coffee House closed down. The most damaging feature of the whole affair is Dr. Ramanujam's personal supervision of the enforcement of these rules, which led him to keep watch over the grounds of the College clad in a dhoti and banian in the small hours of the morning.

The artificial segregation of men and women is likewise an innovation of the Vice-Chancellor, and the plea for its removal need not have provoked Mr. Bhaktavatsalam's savage denunciation. It referred in the main to the wall which the Vice-Chancellor had built across the road leading past the ladies' hostel. Dr. Ramanujam could have found little real support for this wall from his colleagues and he cannot point to a single instance where the freedom to walk past the women's hostel which was all that was involved, resulted in disaster. Nor can he point to a single benefit resulting from this wall. Mr. Ruthnaswami, the former Vice-Chancellor, did not think it necessary to impose such drastic restraints, nor evidently did the people who built the University. Segregation in Presidency College only drove men and women students who wanted to talk to each other outside the College, which is hardly an improvement. Exactly the same thing is bound to happen in Annamalai; parents who approve of Dr. Ramanujam's intentions would do well to keep this in mind. Any fuller comment must involve a personal indictment of the Vice-Chancellor, and that is not desirable at this very confused point. We cannot but hope, however, that an enquiry will be made into the allegation that Dr. Ramanujam invested the affair with a communal colouring in order to break the unanimity of the students. The "sober section of the students" which "grew to sufficient strength to rescue the Vice-Chancellor from the Guest House" was strictly a communal one, and "grew" only after Dr. Ramanujam got at them.



MAGNIFICENT MAN

By
S.K. CHETTIUR

Piling up armaments day by day,

Increasing his store of guided missiles,
Glorying like a child in his wealth of death-dealing rockets
Man, in 1950, blusterer and murder,
With the mark of Cain upon his brow,
The gibbering monkey with the rose-garland
Has reached the height of his criminal lunacy . . .

DO not say: It is a question of ideologies,

Do not plead: it is for living-space,
Or for a place in the Sun, or in the Moon.
The Sun is too hot and the Moon is not bloody-minded enough
for him,
Magnificent man, the conqueror of earthquakes,
Creator of artificial rain and the iron lung,
Artificial inseminator of cattle,
The monkey with the rose-garland
Whose petals are the lives of men . . .

LOOK at his transcendent Philosophy:

Look at his white-as-milk-and-moonshine Poetry,
Look at his translucent Art,—
Magnificent man:
Who collects funds to build a hospital,
Who gathers pieces of wood for crutches for lame men,
Who knows how to cure leprosy and cancer,—
But his hospitals are not full enough
And his cemeteries show large green empty spaces:
And so he will destroy his fellow-men
The gibbering monkey with the rose-garland,
The Cannibal with the lust of murder in his heart.

NOT philosophy, not Art, not Poetry

Has taught him loving kindness
Towards his fellow-men.
Even monkeys scratch the backs of each other
But magnificent man
Sticks a bayonet in his brother's guts

Incinerates him with a flame-thrower
 Smashes him out of existence with an Atom Bomb,
 Magnificent man, the glory of the Universe,
 The criminal lunatic at large,
 With his Malans and his Molotovs, his Hitlers and his
 Churchills, his VanMooks and his Chiang-kai-sheks,
 Different types of dictators
 With the same rose-garland in their hands,
 The rose-garland of the lives of men.

WHEN is it to end, this murder?

When is it to stop, this blood-lust?
 Is there no Super-Monkey to keep these gibbering Monkeys in
 order?
 Must the rose-garland always lie in the dust,
 The rose-garland of the lives of men?
 Must the great wailing and lamentation
 Of hundreds of mothers who gave the fruit of their wombs
 Who watched their sons grow to manhood,
 Only to be mowed beneath the sickle of sudden Death,
 Must this go on for ever? . . .
 Magnificent Man
 Ignores the answer: does not know
 There is a question.

ONE day the Monkeys will go too far:

The rose-garland will be shorn of all its petals:
 There will be no more rose-garlands and
 No more Monkeys to trifle with them—
 And this earth, cold, chaste and beautiful
 Will swing with sheer beauty thro the night,
 Leaning out towards the Moon, looking up towards the Stars,
 Without Man, the imbecile,
 Without Man, the murder
 With his discordant lusts and hates and petty triumphs—
 And there will be one vast cemetery on earth:
 The petals of the rose-garland will have been strewn to all
 the winds of heaven . . .
 Magnificent Man,
 Artificial inseminator of cattle,
 Ruthless destructor of his own fellow-men,
 Having flung his ultimate Atom-bomb . . .

OUR RADIO PROGRAMMES

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

SIR C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar recently adverted to the plight of the "long suffering radio audience" to whose "delectation, only the second rate, the second best and the third best music" is regarded as sufficient, and one hopes that his eminently just castigation will not pass unnoticed. As if by way of comment comes the news from Masulipatam that the authorities have been petitioned to remove the "radio noise" which, it is stated, has been causing "mental worry and annoyance." It is now well over a decade since broadcasting came into our midst and it is worth while to enquire into the causes of the seeming deterioration in radio programmes.

Broadcasting in India is State-owned, unlike the B.B.C. which is State subsidized. In consequence it has not merely been designed to educate and entertain but also to function as the mouthpiece of the Government, in a way superseding the press even. The State with its enormous resources could initiate ambitious schemes for the development of broadcasting in this vast country as well as arrange for important programmes irrespective of expense. On the other hand, being a State concern, it could not encourage free thinking. In the old regime even in regard to such a personage as Sir Maurice Gwyer free thinking was rigorously discouraged. Indeed during the war years, which in Madras practically coincided with the inauguration of the Madras and Trichy Stations, war propaganda and news absorbed a major part of the programmes. Members of the National War Front had the free run of the radio. During the days of the national mourning for the Mahatma, people who had never taken kindly to Gandhian politics or ideals, were allowed to broadcast, including even members of the Black Shirt Organisation.

The educational broadcasts of our regional stations are really commendable and no praise can be too high for them as well as for the evening

rural programmes which have done much for adult education and enlightenment. To their intrinsic excellence is due the fact that our people, especially our rural folk, have become radio-conscious in a surprisingly short period. To say this is, however, not to say that there is no scope for improvement. For instance, Sanskrit and Sanskrit literature and culture, are still anathema to our radio men. This is to be lamented. A. I. R. Trichy takes infinite pains to broadcast the "Tamil Festivals," but cannot think of relaying even a single 'Vedic Parishad'; and the Madras Station which is hard put to orchestrate a book of ethics like Tirukkural, leaves severely alone Valmiki Ramayana. Certain solemn occasions like the anniversary of Mahatmaji's martyrdom could be more appropriately celebrated by discourses than by music performances, both irreverent and inappropriate, all day long.

News relay has become a primal function of broadcasting. As it is, news relay occupies one-tenth of the total entertainment hours and is far in excess of the time allotted to educational and university broadcasts. We should have more of "headline news" such as the B.B.C has made us familiar with.

One-fourth of the time devoted to music each day is taken up by recorded music, which consists mostly of film music on generally not very elevating themes. Production of new records is scanty and we have to hear, or rather endure, the same pieces *ad nauseum*. It is only this part of the programme which has made the radio 'noisy' and a source of annoyance. It is difficult to understand why people should be bored by music of this type for upwards of two hours each day, when it is common knowledge that large numbers of artists are fruitlessly waiting for a chance to give a radio concert. Even otherwise, each station has a well paid staff of "Nilaya vidwans," especially in the Madras Station, whose instrumentalists are far ahead of even our top ranking vidwans. Somehow our pro-

gramme chiefs have developed an indifference to good music and classical music, which are doled out to us only in homeopathic doses. Thus, for example, as against two hours of recorded music each day, the inimitable full dress A.I.R. orchestra entertains us for not more than half that time each week. A regular music concert should last for at least two hours but in Madras we have concerts only bi-weekly (even during the Navarathri festival). In this as in most other matters, Mysore leads the way. The 'ragam, thanam and pallavi' broadcasts in Madras are deservedly popular and are looked forward to eagerly as bringing out the sublime elements in our music, but why should it be preceded and very nearly spoiled by the extremely noisy feature "Folk Songs"? Our radio organisers, it is true, spare no effort to bring in our top artists before the mike, but it must be confessed that with a few honourable exceptions our leading vidwans seldom take to their radio programmes with the same gusto as to their other concerts. After all a radio audience extends throughout the globe, comprising the sick, the aged, the infirm and the poor. No doubt what the radio pays them is negligible compared with the fabulous sums they attract elsewhere, but the money factor ought not to influence them at all, even as it did not the giants of old like Mahavaidyanatha Iyer, Krishna Iyer, Sakaram Rao and others. Radio authorities can however arrange for excerpts from the concerts in the various music sabhas, as is done during the Christmas conferences. Preservation of Carnatic music, especially of the classical variety, is of paramount importance and our radio stations can do a lot in that direction by orchestrization and by building up a permanent music gallery.

No agency catering music to the people at large can afford to overlook the fact that for the best music to be relayed the artists as well as the subject matter should be selected on the ground of their intrinsic excellence alone and not on any extraneous considerations. And it is precisely because this has not been done that music of the third rate variety has come to be relayed. Broadcasting is

a Central subject and our radio stations should keep free from provincial jealousies or politics. Take, for example, the Trichy A.I.R. A few years ago a movement convulsed the whole of Tamil Nad with the object of encouraging what was called Tamil music. There was of course nothing essentially wrong about it. If it could help resuscitate the priceless gems of Tamil music such as Tevaram, Tiruppugal, the kritis of Arunachala Kavi, Gopalakrishna Bharati and Papanasam Sivan, no one could complain, but the way the movement was directed did harm both to Tamil as well as to music. An idea wholly foreign to the concept of music itself was developed, namely that *sangita* should subserve *sahitya*, that is to say that you cannot appreciate music unless you understand the subject matter also. Now this does not obtain anywhere else in the world. Only the other day Colombo Radio relayed from the B.B.C. an excellent rendering of Sri Tyagayya's kriti in Chittaranjani by Mr. John Mar. In the Andhra, Kerala and Kannada tracts, one does not meet with any such theory. Even in Tamil Nad, the trinity, Sri Tyagayya, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri as well as other vidwans like Swati Tirunal, Ponniah Pillai and Ramnad Srinivasa Iyengar, sang their compositions in any but their mother tongue. Again, the 'varnas' which are exquisite musical pieces are mostly in Telugu. Tamil was by no means neglected: for virutham, raga-malikai and for dance music, no other language can take its place. The movement has by no means advanced the cause of music or resurrected the old Tamil classical compositions, but it has left a lot of communal and linguistic jealousy behind. The Trichy Station has been its foremost victim. Its musicians and artists, including the instrumentalists and the Nagaswaram singers have to sing mostly Tamil songs, and many of them have chosen to sing their own musical compositions! In the pre-agitation days every music concert began with a varnam and ended with a virutham and that was the musical "sampradayam". Now varna singing which is a necessary prelude even to music learning, is all but obsolete, and will certainly be out of place in a purely Tamil concert.

HOW THE U. S. A. LEARNS ABOUT INDIA

INDIA IN THE U. S. PRESS

By WILLIAM D. ALLEN

Editor, World in Brief, New York

THE world we live in is suffering from a swelling of the horizon. Our minds are under a great strain, in all lands, trying to adjust our personal local realities to a rapidly increasing awareness of the one world reality. One of the worst symptoms of this lack of balance and clear perspective is the American journalistic tradition by which good news is no news, by which the news "worth printing" is predominantly concerned with Conflict. Indians are reported in the U. S. to feel aggrieved at the scarcity of news in the American press about the wonderful achievements of Free India. Indians express surprise that the only times their country gets on American front pages is when there is rioting or destruction in India. They should find consolation in the fact that this is not a sign of anti-Indian feeling but merely the American editorial policy concerning all news. If an American leader of wide popularity makes a very important speech, the U. S. press will feature a single egg thrown at the speaker, and forget to tell much of what he was saying. India is neglected and misinterpreted in the U. S. newspapers and magazines but so are most of other nations and so is much that is fine in American life.

Another general truth about American journalism that influences India's foreign relations is a truly extraordinary fluctuation in what the editors consider popular demand. After long indifference, there will be a rush of interest in far-off lands like India in relation to the vaguely growing political awareness of the inter-defence of all nations. Of course Americans also are interested in the India of mystery and pageantry and never tire of tiger hunts and jewel-laden maharajahs married to American waitresses.

Because of these special conditions, any serious study of what the U. S. is reading about India in magazines and newspapers is difficult and baffling. I have tried to examine the subject and

I have the impression that there is a general increase in appreciation of India in the U. S.

There is reason to expect India to be increasingly drawn into the vast conflict between the U. S. and the "Western democracies" on the one hand and U.S.S.R. on the other. If this conflict intensifies during the next year or two, India can expect that American publications will publish much more than ever before about her. India will assume that this increase is because of improved public relations work by the India officers in the U. S., and that it indicates a real popular awakening of the American public to the importance of India. While I hope this may prove correct, I very much doubt that it can be considered enduring unless America is meanwhile educated concerning aspects of Indian life and culture that are separate from the temporary political tension featured in headlines.

The New York Times is unquestionably the American paper most interested in reporting foreign affairs including news of India. The New York Herald Tribune has much less space for foreign news but is certainly among the papers most interested in India. The Christian Science Monitor is one of the most admirable U. S. dailies but I do not deal with it here because its whole attitude, so non-commercial, is quite apart from usual journalistic trends in U. S.

Taking May 1949 at random as a test, here are the India items I found in the two main New York papers. There was one story from Mr. Trumbull in India to The N. Y. Times and two by Miss Parton from India to The N. Y. Herald Tribune. These papers ran a total of three editorials on India. The Times announced a forthcoming book on Gandhiji by Vincent Sheen and carried an exchange of "Letters to the Editor" on India. Activities of the United Nations contained various references to India

in both the papers. Cabled news items from India totalled 52½ inches in *The Times*, 43 inches of space in *The Herald Tribune*. There were four large photos of Indians. This material included articles and photos concerning Ambassador Vijaya-lakshmi Pandit's arrival, which received considerable attention all over the U. S. As I see it, her wide popularity in the U. S. press would have been the same if she had come as representative of the least significant nation on earth, for she has the elements of what the U. S. considers newsworthiness—and newsworthiness in the U. S. has little relationship to significance. She and her daughter in their saris were beautiful women from any viewpoint and the sari invariably makes a pleasing impression on the American crowd. That and the fact that she was the first woman ambassador to the U. S. were the reasons for her receiving wide press attention.

What do American correspondents report from India? In the one story from Mr. Trumbull to *The N. Y. Times* during May, he gives his impressions after one or two days in Gilgit: "No one seems to know... what country Gilgit is in." And "the people, without doubt, are for Pakistan."

Mary Parton during the same month in two long articles to *The N. Y. Herald Tribune* talks of the struggle of the Harijans to gain in practice the rights guaranteed them in recent legislation, and of non-violent strikes going on in India. The headline of the first of these read, "Untouchables Pressing Demand for Social Reformation—Struggle against Caste Hindus Takes Hold even in Remote Villages as Tensions Increase." In this 27 inch report, Miss Parton deals mainly with one small village in which Harijans were even worse off than before laws were passed to help them. She had just one sentence in which to say that such a depressing condition was not necessarily nationwide. Her other article dramatized the idea that at any one time there were about 50 non-violent strikes going on against the Indian government.

There is every reason to think that both these correspondents of the two big U. S. papers that are most well-intentioned, pro-One World and against racial discrimination, were

honest and well-trained. It would be unscientific to assume that they were consciously anti-Indian. Rather, one should bear in mind that to their American minds, news and conflict are nearly synonymous. One senses in their writings the subconscious survival of 19th century attitudes of the Anglo-Saxon. Their personal honesty cannot overcome the mental handicaps inherent in the U. S. press. The fact remains that their stories encouraged readers to think of India as a miserable, tortured, second-rate nation—which a more balanced perspective indicates she is not.

One of the two editorials in *The N. Y. Times* in May was devoted to praise for the work going on in developing a great medicinal drugs factory in Bombay province. While not so stating, the editorial clearly suggests that this is the first and only activity of this kind here. Its tone is that of an explorer finding a little ray of light in a dark continent, in a nation it describes as "underprivileged." The other *N. Y. Times* editorial deals with India, Philippines and Ireland and expresses the view that their abandoning England is a very unwise concession to narrow nationalism. *The N. Y. Herald Tribune* editorial is one of praise of British flexibility and diplomatic skill in keeping India in the Commonwealth.

Two of the best ways of getting significant, constructive news into the U. S. press, I conclude from examining the above newspapers, is through "Letters to the Editor," on controversial subjects, and through the Indian delegation to U. N. Statements that are pleasant about India stand a better chance when made at U. N. meetings than when issued from the Embassy here or if sent from India.

As to the cable news from India mentioned above, it seemed on the whole to give an amiable picture of India, even though here too it is the "striking" and the personal rather than the significant and educational that is stressed. Most of the items dealt with Gandhi or Nehru, names already familiar here, with a picturesque maharajah, with beggars, a Red riot, and a tiger cub taking an airplane trip.

Instead of simply regretting the strange ways of U. S. journalism, Indian publicists might persuade

newsworthy personalities to take advantage of America's love of the personal to carry across constructive news. Thus an American editor who will ignore the significant facts of India by themselves will be glad to quote some picturesque or famous person stating these facts. Two of Gandhiji's sons gained attention because of visiting New York in May but neither said anything of real significance such as could have been planned for them to say.

The N. Y. Times is the only U. S. newspaper that has kept a published index for many years. Here are the numbers of items listed in it on India for a few months of 1949 chosen at random. This does not mean entire articles are referred to: during January, 22 items on India; February, 27; May, 40; first half of June, 27. Since my own efforts in May netted far fewer than 40, I imagine the index includes much duplication.

Weekly and monthly magazines in U. S. are naturally more thoughtful and balanced than daily newspapers in their interest in India. But even they are caught in the fascinating whirlpool of conflict and personality. During Gandhiji's life there was far more popular interest in him than in India. Pandit Nehru has inherited this responsibility of being to Americans the personification of India. Another generality of journalism holds true as regards magazines—the assumption that truth about all foreign lands is most likely to be reported accurately, impartially, by the Anglo-Saxon. Thus the alleged experts on India are mostly Americans or Englishmen. A further generalization also applies—the sudden concern for some aspect of India on

the part of many editors. For one reason or another, these sudden eruptions of Indian news or background facts are amazingly repetitious. Since the basic cause for their publication is to compete for a very temporary reader attention there is only time for superficial research among easily available sources. These are usually American sources, very few magazines and newspapers published in India apparently gaining the attention of American journalists.

The U. S. has admirable indexes for its own magazine literature. I examined one of these. *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and counted the following articles listed as dealing with India under a few years chosen at random. A number of duplicated references are included: From May 1947 to April 1948 there were 133 articles and from that date to June 1949, 50. Thus a total for the period of Free India of 183 articles. From May 1945, to April 1947, 273 articles; July 1943 to April 1945, 134 articles; July 1941 to June 1943, 253 articles. My general impression is that the scarcity of articles since April 1948 is a very good sign of relatively good developments in India, since "good news is not news."

Another fine index, of Industrial Arts, reports on magazines of industry, commerce, shipping, agriculture, etc. In it I count only 7 articles on India from January to May 1949; 24 during 1948; 18 in 1944; 13 in 1939; 10 in 1934; 11 in 1932. A striking majority of the references are to articles in two non-Indian sources: the Foreign Commerce Weekly of the U. S. Department of Commerce and the "Economist" of London.

PHOTO-COMPOSING MACHINE MAY REVOLUTIONIZE PRINTING

A new machine has been developed in the United States which revolutionizes printing processes by eliminating the use of metal type. The new device makes "present methods of printing obsolete," says Dr. Vannevar Bush, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who participated in its development.

The new machine eliminates the use of metal type by photographing letters and punctuation marks directly onto film. Within a few minutes, the film can be developed, engraved on a printing plate and made ready for the presses.

William W. Garth, Jr., President of the Foundation, says the photographic machine will compose properly spaced lines four to five times faster, at least ten times clearer and at about half the cost of present linotype machines that form and set lines of type from molten lead.

"THE FRENCH GAME IN VIET NAM"

By ANDREW ROTH

WHILE Bao Dai frolicked on the Riviera last winter at French expense, the French government was brought to the rude realization that 1949 was Indochina's "year of decision." The victorious southward march of the Chinese Communists made it likely that they would have a common border with Vietnam before the year's end. And within that country, despite a force of 120,000 French and colonial troops, expenditures of \$1 million a day and casualties of 4,000 men a month, the French had been stymied.

Furthermore, the appeal of the puppet players in the Indochina theatre was fast fading. General Xuan Van Naguyen had been manfully standing in for Bao Dai but had been able to do precious little, squeezed between the suspicious hostility of his fellow countrymen and the clumsy political ineptitude of his French sponsors. He had been named head of the "provisional Central Vietnamese Government" in May 1948 but he was not a happy choice. Although Annamite by birth, he is French-educated, has French citizenship, a French wife and can scarcely speak Vietnamese. Until the French pushed him forward in 1947 he had never taken any part in Vietnamese politics. He has been smart enough to realize that to be a *good* puppet and secure popular support, he has to appear not to be a puppet. But stubborn, colonial-minded French officials on the spot made it impossible for him to fool his fellow countrymen. Thus, on one occasion he proclaimed "freedom of the press" and the French commanding general ordered him to shut down thirteen papers. The crowning blow came last year when the reluctance of the French to ratify the June 1948 agreement and transfer any real power to his "provisional Government" killed any chance for building a pro-French regime of any popularity in Indochina. Last winter in Saigon I asked one of General Xuan's cabinet members how many Vietna-

mese supported their regime. "Probably about one percent," he replied. About Ho Chi Minh's support he said: "Almost all—about 99 percent."

This conjuncture of events finally pushed the French government to play Bao Dai, their "last card." They decided to grant Bao Dai enough concessions to send him back and to back him up with military reinforcements and, if possible, diplomatic and perhaps economic help from the U. S.

The gap between the French offers and Bao Dai's demands hinged around several key subjects. Bao Dai felt he had to be able to offer a united country (i.e. Cochinchina joined to Tonking and Annam) possessing diplomatic relations with foreign countries, its own army and its own currency.

Last January the French decided to meet him half-way and by March 8th, Bao Dai and French President Auriol signed an accord. It is significant that this accord was never presented to the French Parliament, where the Government was dubious of securing a majority backing. The accord was not made public until Bao Dai's ascension. The closest the French government dared come to a parliamentary discussion of its Indochina policy was in March when it had to ask for approval to eliminate the semi-autonomous position of Cochinchina within Indochina, thus preparing the opening wedge for the Bao Dai agreement. Despite the limited character of the bill submitted, a tumultuous debate ensued, with both the Communists and the Gaullists attempting to secure a full-dress Indochina debate. After a stormy all-night session, the Government won approval for the Cochinchina bill and dexterously secured a postponement of a general discussion. During the acrimonious debate Paul Rivet, a former Socialist, attacked Bao Dai as a "night club emperor."

Bao Dai was formally launched as re-established Emperor and Chief of State on June 14th with twenty-

one gun salutes and a new flag: three gold bars on a red background. Not only was his flag the same colour as the Republic's but, in his inaugural speech, Bao Dai paid tribute to the Viet Minh-led resistance saying that Vietnam's new status was a "result obtained thanks to the heroism of our entire people."

At the same time there was unveiled the March 8th France-Vietnam accord. Although French claims (and some foreign reports) trumpeted Vietnam's new position as "dominion status," a close reading demonstrates that it falls far short of that. In diplomatic affairs, for example, Bao Dai's government is permitted to send diplomatic emissaries only to Siam, the Vatican and either China or India. In other countries France will represent Vietnam. Vietnam's diplomatic representatives have to be approved by the President of France, have to work under the supervision of the French diplomatic mission in the same country. This strongly resembles India's "diplomatic representation" before India won dominion status.

The size of the Vietnamese Army is not yet fixed but it must have French instructors, and in time of war come under the command of a French general. The French Army is given the right to maintain army bases and garrisons and "circulate freely" among these. The Vietnam Army has to use French equipment which recalls a conversation this correspondent had with General Xuan in December 1947. "The French are afraid to let us have an army, but that is silly," he said in his disarmingly frank way. "All they have to do is compel us to use French guns and then dole out the ammunition and we'll be helpless against them!"

On the economic side France is given privileges in Vietnam somewhat similar to American privileges in the Philippines. Frenchmen have the same economic rights in Vietnam as Vietnamese. Of course, the Vietnamese are given reciprocal rights in France but, except for highly-paid puppets who expect to seek refuge in France, few Vietnamese have any money to invest in France. Vietnam (in cooperation with the "protected" kingdoms of Cambodia and Laos) will have its own currency but it will be

part of the French franc zone and can only be changed from parity with the franc after consultations. Mixed commissions, including French representatives, will control Customs, Foreign Trade, the Treasury, Immigration and Communications.

Even with all these limitations, this was somewhat of a forward step for the French. It will take the rest of the year, at least, to work out its details of transfer of power. Nevertheless there have been some minor transfers already. The Saigon-Cholon region—comprising two million people—was handed over to a Vietnamese *prefet* in June. In May the French had turned over three provinces to Vietnamese administration. Such transfers however are somewhat theoretical because three-fourths of the country is in the hands of the guerillas and in the French-occupied areas a state of war exists, putting power in the hands of the French military. In Saigon I was recently refused permission to land, despite a valid visa, because of previous "critical articles." All of the police and administrative officials who executed this ban were French.

Immediately after his inauguration, Bao Dai returned to Dalat for the crucial task of forming a cabinet!—the first test of the French strategy of winning moderate nationalists away from Ho Chi Minh. Rumours from Dalat whispered that resistance leaders were being contacted and that the prominent Catholic leader Ngo Dinh Diem would become Premier. But after two weeks of labour Bao Dai gave birth to a mouse. He himself had to take the post of Prime Minister and the familiar figure of General Xuan became Deputy Premier and Defence Minister. For the rest the members were mostly technicians or holdovers from the discredited regime of General Xuan. The one exception was Nguyen Van Long, well-known Cochinchinese editor who took the portfolio of Foreign Minister. But this was balanced by the refusal of well-known engineer Nguyen Van Ty to serve as Minister of Public Works, after having served in the previous Xuan cabinet to "test France's good will."

Bao Dai's most signal failure was the refusal of the Premiership by

anti-Communist Ngo Dinh Diem, outstanding leader of Vietnam's two million Catholics and former Minister at the Court of Annam. Representation at the Holy See was specially included in the accord to bait such Catholic leaders and the post was offered to Ngo's brother. But Ngo and his brother refused the post and Ngo wrote in the "Echo du Vietnam": "I am convinced that the national aspirations of the Vietnamese people will not be satisfied until the day when our nation will have obtained the same political regime enjoyed by India and Pakistan."

While the passive nationalists like Ngo turned a cold shoulder, the active nationalists gave Bao Dai a hot reception. The first month after his arrival grenade explosions in Saigon exceeded all records. When he assumed office, insulting inscriptions appeared on Saigon's walls. Four Vietnamese newspapers were suppressed for criticising him. Political prisoners in Saigon's Central Prison went on a hunger-strike and staged a demonstration in which one prisoner was killed. Six thousand young students of the Saigon Lycee refused to attend classes. A score of Vietnamese civil servants were arrested for collecting money for the Viet Minh resistance. A thousand intellectuals and professionals signed a manifesto—addressed to the French authorities and completely ignoring Bao Dai—asking France to resume negotiations with Ho Chi Minh. This showed up the comparative strength of Bao Dai and Ho Chi Minh. With all of France's support, Bao Dai could barely scrape together a government in a French-controlled area while in the same area Ho could get a thousand professionals to risk imprisonment by declaring in his favour.

Some of the opposition was a sign

of things to come. Radio Vietnam announced that a Hanoi military tribunal had found Bao Dai guilty of "high treason" to the Republic to which he had sworn allegiance in 1945. His arrest was ordered. Bao Dai could contemplate the fate of others so judged. Four days after Bao Dai's ascension, Tran Van Thanh, his chief for the Province of Gia Dinh, just West of Saigon, was shot dead in Saigon while playing tennis. Guards on Bao Dai supporters were redoubled. Bao Dai's Foreign Minister replied to a congratulatory note: "I should like to thank you in person but my bodyguard is not ready and thus I cannot step out." Meanwhile some ten to fifteen thousand French reinforcements, including Foreign Legionnaires, Algerian Spahis and fighter squadrons, arrived. It became increasingly clear that Bao Dai's chief support was French bayonets.

Amidst this rising and threatening crescendo, the French and their satellites have had one consolation: the State Department approves of what they are doing. In South Asia U. S. official policy has been to encourage moderate nationalists in order to impede Communist leadership. In Indochina, the State Department has ignored the bulk of moderate nationalists around the Moscow-trained former Communist Ho Chi Minh. Instead it has advocated coming to terms with the "puppet nationalists" around Bao Dai.

For Bao Dai, American support must be very comforting. He has always been an admirer of American jazz. And when things get too hot for him in Vietnam, he'll probably be delighted to make an imperial tour of New York's night clubs. In that field, at least, Ho Chi Minh cannot compete with him.

In a small town in the South, there was a lad who had the reputation of not being very bright. People there had fun with him several times a day by placing a dime and a nickel on the open palm of his hand, and telling him to take his pick of the two. In each case the lad would pick the nickel, and then the crowd would laugh and guffaw.

A kind-hearted woman asked him one day, "Don't you know the difference between a dime and a nickel? Don't you know the dime, though smaller, is worth more?"

"Sure, I know it," he answered, "but they wouldn't try me out on it any more if I ever took the dime."

CONSEMBLY AND COMPENSATION

By D. V. RAMA RAO

THE important issue as to how far compensation should be a matter of justiciable right has naturally evoked a lot of controversy both inside and outside the Constituent Assembly. Simply stated, the issue is, whether the principle of compensation should be equitably applied to all kinds of property alike or whether it should be on different footings as regards agricultural interests and other kinds of property. No doubt, the clause as finally emerged reads: "No person shall be deprived of his property save by authority of law," thus doing away with the originally sought differentiation between agricultural and non-agricultural properties; but, there is a snag in that an exception, in effect, is made with regard to zamindaris in U. P., Bihar and Madras rendering them non-justiciable.

Although the clauses finally adopted may be said to be in the nature of a practical compromise formula to meet with conflicting claims, however, certain aspects of the discussion require to be briefly examined for a clearer understanding of some of the basic issues involved. Sri K. M. Munshi, for instance, was reported to have argued that the House should take into account the interests of millions of peasants as against those of a few thousand zamindars. Apart from the fact that the argument would hold good even in the case of non-agricultural interests, it may be pointed out that the number of zamindars is about two millions in U. P. alone and not a few thousands. Further, there appears to be, still, a lot of confusion about the term, "zamindar." The term as used in Madras and the South generally connotes an entirely different meaning from that obtaining in North India; for, while all well-to-do landowners, many of whom correspond to well-to-do pattadar ryots in Madras, are called zamindars in North India, in provinces like Madras and Orissa, only the permanently settled estates generally of a considerably extensive

size which seem to have originated largely on the basis of rent or revenue farming are called zamindaris. It is significant that the total number of zamindari estates in Madras is about two thousand while in U. P. the number runs to about a thousand times the number in Madras i.e. two millions which means that about ten million persons if we include their family members, would be affected. Then, too, even with regard to Madras, although the monumental Prakasam's Report on Land Tenures seeks to establish that zamindars in Madras have no proprietary titles, yet, it cannot be taken as a judicial finding. When such is the position, it would have been a franker approach to plead practical expediency than that of high principle as some high luminaries sought to represent in justification of the exception made with regard to zamindaris of some provinces.

Pandit Nehru was said to have argued that concepts of property are not static and that no civilized country recognises ownership of slaves which was considered legitimate at one time; and that similarly ownership in land too might be viewed with disfavour to-day. But the analogy is hardly apt. Ownership in human beings is abhorrent on ethical and humanistic grounds and as such is entirely different from ownership in any other kind of property. It is not easy to understand how owning lands is more immoral than owning houses, company shares, Government bonds or bank deposits. Whether one calls them intermediaries, exploiters or by some other name, the fact remains that they all belong essentially to the same category. But, strangely enough, while a city dweller owning shares in some distant coffee, tea or rubber plantation, which he might never have visited in his lifetime and who might not have the faintest idea of the conditions under which they are worked, is viewed as a respectable investor, another who owns lands near his

town and in which he might be taking some personal interest comes to be viewed as an extremely idle absentee landlord!

If a particular system, like zamindari, has become superfluous, by all means, let it be abolished. But, let there be no clouding of issues involved. If zamindari abolition were to be not a vindictive measure but in the general interests of the state or society why should the attendant burden of loss involved be made to be exclusively borne by the particular section affected by the step? It is but equitable that any incidental loss involved in steps taken towards a better pattern of national economy should be proportionately shared by all equally well-to-do property owners whether agricultural or non-agricultural, which is also the Fabian view as advocated by Bernard Shaw.

It has been argued that if full compensation were to be given for property rights acquired, it would not really further the process of an equitable distribution of national wealth and that the financial capacity of the state should also be taken into account. Firstly, the issue is not between full compensation based on market value on the one hand and equitable compensation on the other but, the issue to be considered is: whether there should be any differentiation with regard to different kinds of property so far as it relates to the principle of compensation. Thus, for instance, it would have been far more equitable as well as collectively beneficial if justiciable rights had been conferred irrespective of the kinds of property upto a certain limit, say, to a limit which fetches a net personal income not exceeding the amount of the Prime Minister's salary and rendering compensation non-justiciable beyond that limit than to render certain kinds of proprietary interests non-justiciable and certain others justiciable.

Secondly, as regards the financial capacity of the State to pay equitable compensation, it may be noted, that so far as zamindari abolition is concerned the object of the State is not to step into the shoes of the zamindars but only to effect a transfer of certain rights from the zamindars to

the tenants and, as such, since the primary beneficiary is the tenant the U. P. Government has done wisely in inviting the tenants to meet a substantial portion of the compensation to be paid to the zamindars and which may well be followed by other provinces too. It would, however, be relevant to raise the issue as to the financial capacity of the tenants concerned to contribute to the Zamindari Abolition Fund. Keeping this aspect in view the present writer made the suggestion in the *Land Reforms* that the desirability of exempting bonafide cultivating tenants owning less than a minimum extent as, for instance, five acres, from the obligation to contribute to such fund needs to be considered. In any event it would be, perhaps, equitable to fix the contributions to be made by tenants on a graded scale based on the tenant's capacity or extent of holding; for, it should be noted, that a good many zamindari tenants in some provinces are not only non-cultivating ones but also hold extensive holdings which they lease out to sub-tenants on several times the rentals they pay the zamindars.

The principle of compensation should be primarily based on equity and not on kinds of property; secondly, in so far as a legislative measure confers an immediate benefit on a particular section, the section so benefited could justifiably be expected to meet, on a proportionate scale, a share of the loss involved to any other section directly affected by that particular measure; and thirdly, in so far as the measure is a step towards collective welfare, the incidental burden of loss involved should be made to be equitably borne by all equally well-to-do sections and not by one section alone.

Let it not be forgotten that zamindari abolition is but the first step towards bringing about a rational and equitable pattern of national economy suited to our times and that several other similar measures may have to be undertaken before we can be said to have achieved our goal; and, unless we are actuated by a clear sense of social equity at every stage of reformist measures the result may well prove to be an unfair sectional hitting.—N.P.S. (Copyright).

AMERICA'S HOUSING INDUSTRY

By JOHN JACOBS

One of the largest builders of houses in the United States, Levitt and Sons have developed techniques which have revolutionized the building industry.

AT the end of World War II, the United States, in common with most of the nations of the World, faced the most acute housing shortage in its history. Part of the effect of this national problem was to focus the attention of architects, builders and government administrators upon finding ways of building large numbers of houses as quickly and economically as possible.

Recently *Architectural Forum*, one of America's leading architectural journals, made a survey of firms throughout the country which have developed new, mass-production methods for housing. In a series of case studies, they demonstrated how these methods have been developed to meet the individual needs of the community in which they are used. Architecturally, the houses shown in the studies are quite different. In San Francisco, the influence of the American West is seen in houses which are reminiscent of the low, graceful lines of the ranch-house. In Phoenix, Arizona, in the Southwest, a modern design with large windows and a patio takes advantage of a warm climate and stunning vistas. In the East, styles may resemble the New England cottage. But, in each instance, there is a similarity in the way each builder has organized and standardized the various craft operations by which a house is built.

One of the most highly developed of these construction systems is that of the firm of Levitt and Sons which builds houses on Long Island, approximately 29 miles from New York City. Three years ago this land was devoted to potato growing. When the Levitt project is completed in 1950, it will be a municipality of approximately 32,000 persons, with shopping centers, schools, recreational centers, and parks.

Abraham Levitt and his two sons, William and Alfred, comprise the

company which is the largest builder of houses in the United States, with an annual output of 4,500 houses. Their scope of operations stretches from the felling of trees in their own West Coast timberlands to the landscaping of the grounds of each finished home. Because of their new approach to house construction, the Levitts are best characterized as manufacturers, their factory is out of doors. The whole building project has been organized into a giant "assembly line" in which the product stands still while the workers and machines move past it.

This kind of production requires a highly standardized finished product. With small variations, Levitt builds the same house over and over again. Each house has the same kitchen, the same 12 by 16-foot living room and the same two bedrooms. Students of neighbourhood planning would like to see more variety in the Levitt project. In many ways a community in which houses and landscaping are widely varied is more esthetically appealing. The Levitts agree that uniformity is a disadvantage, but feel that it is inevitable in their type of operation.

To vary these basically similar houses as far as possible, the Levitts have, however, used a number of ingenious techniques. Careful landscaping and the use of gently curved streets have avoided straight rows of houses. Also the houses are set at varying distances from the street. They are painted in different colors which produce a harmonious overall effect. Several different materials are used as exterior finishes. By a system of cutting rafters in different lengths, five different and pleasing facades are produced to relieve further the uniformity of the houses. The basic Levitt house has two bedrooms, kitchen and a living room on its ground floor, and space for two addi-

tional rooms on its upper floor. Since it is intended primarily for young couples with small families, the upper floor is left unfinished, to be plastered and floored by the purchaser when it is wanted.

Because each design element becomes part of not one but thousands of houses, the Levitts do not hesitate to lavish time and architectural talent upon the smallest details. This emphasis on design has produced a floor plan which employs a number of the most pleasing innovations of the modern architects. But enough of the features of more traditional house designs have been retained to agree with the average man's conception of a home. While, for example, many modern architects discard the pitched roof, Levitt has retained it because it is popular with home owners and because it represents the cheapest way of adding to the living space of a house.

In the original Levitt house, the living room was placed in conventional fashion at the front of the house facing the street. When Alfred started to redesign this plan, he began simply and boldly by turning the older model around. He put the living room at the secluded rear of the house, it seemed a natural step to provide it with as much window space as possible. Thus a complete glass wall was installed. The double panes with a sealed air space between are nearly as efficient insulation as the previously used walls of shingling, moisture-proof paper, insulation and plaster-board and cost almost exactly the same per square foot. "Then," Alfred recalls, "we decided to borrow from the modern architects and put in a fireplace as the central pivot of the plan, placing the kitchen as the 'control station' from which the housewife can easily reach any part of the house. The effect of this plan is to make the living space of the ground floor—the kitchen and living room—as one partially divided area. This division is achieved by the fireplace and a movable wall section containing a guest closet and shelves. While the kitchen is shielded from the living room by this arrangement, the space which would ordinarily be occupied by walls and doors thus becomes an extremely useful part of the house. Since the partition formed by the

movable wall section is only door-high, the ceiling is uninterrupted from living room to entrance, giving the illusion of spaciousness. If desired, the movable wall section may be swung so that, when the front door is opened, it forms an entrance foyer with the opened door. The absence of walls to divide the living room from kitchen, the sunlight through the double-paned window-wall, and the fireplace together reduce the amount of fuel needed to heat the house.

The Levitts are proud of the many modern appliances they have built into their house. The radiant heating system, for example, has come into widespread use only recently. It consists of a small oil-burning furnace which draws its fuel from a buried storage tank and a system of copper pipes laid in the concrete floor slab. Hot water circulates through the pipes, heating the entire floor area. Since the heating area is large, the house is kept at an even heat in coldest weather, even though the warmth of the floor is hardly detectable. In addition to a completely furnished kitchen and built-in bureaus in the bedrooms, the price of the house includes an electric refrigerator and a completely automatic washing machine.

Back of the thousands of houses which Levitt builds is an organization which meshes planning, purchasing, and production like so many continuous gears. When Levitt operations are in full swing, dozens of houses are under construction simultaneously. This kind of speed depends upon the most minute analysis of building-site operations. The 26-major construction operations—starting with digging the house footings and ending with painting—are further subdivided into simple, standardized steps, each handled by a specialized crew.

To follow the steps of the complete building operation, one must start with the trenching machine which digs a ditch about three feet deep and one foot wide around the perimeter of the house in just 27 minutes. The ditcher is followed by trucks mounted with rotating concrete mixers which bring concrete from Levitt's plant, mixing it as they travel. At the site, a spout is lowered from the truck which pours the concrete into the prepared trench. As this operation is

completed, a power shovel digs a hole in which the sewage disposal tank will be built. Half of the sand and gravel thus excavated is deposited upon the house site for "fill" where it is graded smooth by a bulldozer. Workmen then erect a low form around the outside perimeter of the foundation trench, which embraces the whole area to be covered by the house. Other workmen install bathroom and kitchen drains and the coils of copper tubing for the radiant heating system, all of which will be imbedded in the concrete floor slab. When the forms are up, another concrete truck arrives and pours the floor slab which, when it has set slightly, is quickly trowelled smooth by one man pushing a motor-driven rotary-trowel. By the time the floor slab has hardened, trucks have arrived with the exact number of bricks, fixtures, shingles, concrete building blocks and pieces of pre-cut lumber which will be needed to build the house. The various construction crews then enter the scene selecting the pre-cut pieces for their respective operations and nailing them into place.

Shop pre-cutting of all house parts and pre-assembly of plumbing and heating is done about nine miles from the building site where 40 freight cars of materials are unloaded each day. Here one man with a power-saw cuts the parts for 10 houses in one day. They are bundled—each package containing all the lumber parts for one house—and picked up by hydraulic lift trucks which load them for transit.

Next to the cutting yard is the plumbing shop. Freight cars unload plumbing parts at one side; out the door at the other side go 50 plumbing units a day. One man-hour is required for each plumbing assembly. Copper coils for the radiant heating installation are measured, cut, pre-shaped and bundled. Nearby two great concrete hoppers pour sand, gravel and cement into waiting mixing trucks. From the big tents which serve as warehouses at the building site, workmen roll out bathtubs, wash-

ing machines, and refrigerators to be dropped, one by one, at house doors. All these operations are timed so that each component of a house arrives at a precise time and a precise spot—with no margin for error.

The total working time required to build a Levitt house is currently set at about 800 man-hours, or about half the time it would take to do the same work by conventional building methods. Because of the planning and the continuous flow of materials, all the workers are on the job at least nine months of the year. Sufficient foundation and concrete work is done during the months when the ground is unfrozen, for example, to keep the job moving through the winter months. For his week's work, the average Levitt worker is paid slightly less than \$100.

At present time the Levitts confine the scale of their houses to war veterans. To buy one of the houses, completely equipped, a veteran is required to pay only \$90 in cash. The remainder of the price—\$7,900—is paid in monthly instalments of \$58. The buyer, in effect, pays a monthly rent, each payment of which is applied toward the purchase price of his house. This arrangement is made possible by legislation through which the U. S. Government acts as the financing agency. This government agency—the Federal Housing Administration—also supervises the construction of the houses, checking from time to time to see that the materials and workmanship meet its stringent requirements.

For those who look forward eagerly to the day when houses will be produced as quickly and inexpensively as automobiles in whatever quantity they are required the Levitt achievement is heartening, for this Long Island firm and others working in somewhat similar fashion are bringing mass production to the housing industry. Their methods, costly to develop but relatively simple to copy, have been added to the common pool of building techniques upon which any progressive builder may now draw.—USIS.

Many a man who pays rent all his life owns his own home; and many a family has successfully saved for a home only to find itself at last with nothing but a house.—BRUCE BARTON.

SUNLIGHT IN THE RAFTERS

By N. S. R.

MR. CHESTERTON once confessed that, whenever he beheld a white ceiling, an irresistible desire came over him to blacken it with patterns and words. He was, however, obliged to confess that this very proper longing was thwarted *no matter by whom*. More fortunate is the cricketer who, as he awakens to Sunday morning, notices that the rafters in the ceiling above his bed are flooded with a stream of sunlight. The cobwebs may glimmer in the illumination like frail threads of gold; the eminence may be the murmurous haunt of intruder wasps. He has eyes for neither of these; but he rejoices hugely that his game of cricket that day will not be interrupted by rain. On the contrary, the benediction of sunlight will rest upon it as "tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

The dawning of a Sunday is like that of no other day in the week to the cricketer. He longs for it as the weary traveler longs for home. For six days he consumes his soul in expectation of the next time he may play a match. He has spent the interval in the attrition of wage-earning employment. Every morning he prepares himself for the toil before him with the consolations of religion and philosophy. He fortifies himself with the magnificent advice of Emperor Marcus Aurelius; "Remember to put yourself in mind every morning that before night it will be your luck to meet some busybody, with some ungrateful, abusive fellow, with some knavish, envious, or unsociable churl or other. But no man can do me a real injury, because no man can force me to misbehave myself, nor can I find it in my heart to hate or to be angry with one of my own nature and family." But though it is valuable to be consoled by a Roman emperor, he yearns for the day when for daily commerce with these "abusive fellows" and "unsociable churls," there shall be substituted the equal comradeship of cricket, its joy of pride in work well done.

Consequently, it is of great moment to him that the long-looked-for day shall dawn fair and bright, carrying

with it the beneficent promise of a match, which cannot be brought to ruin by rain. When the poet, in his endeavour to teach the virtue of optimism, declared that daylight comes "not by eastern windows only," he was speaking only the bare truth. To the drowsy form on the bed, the herald of the bright light day first makes its appearance on the rafters, and not through the windows, which can only confirm a few minutes later the gladness above. If the bat may be regarded as the sceptre of cricket, the sunlight in the rafters is its secular aureole.

It has sometimes been raised that the game demands too much time from the players. On the contrary, this very fact that the late morning, the afternoon, and the early evening are necessary for its very being constitutes one of its charms. Every work of art must be given time to unfold itself; the climax of a poem does not occur in the first stanza. The lyric that is cricket often bursts into flower late and unexpectedly. The young day lightens up the game when the wicket is first pitched. As the noon lies "heavy on flower and tree," a "drowsy numbness" seizes the senses, and one is tempted to enquire surreptitiously of the umpire at what time lunch is to be taken. But, it is when the afternoon insensibly melts into evening that the magic of the game becomes apparent. There has been enough time for the cricket to arrive at a stage of expectancy. The mellowing sun rests like balm upon the players, while it lends hue to the landscape, which becomes a field of cloth of gold. The game is fortunate in that its constant attendant is the weather; but its luck is most obvious in the young evening. When at last the shades of evening fall fast, the contented player turns homewards, murmuring, "It is enough."

The prelude to this simple joy is that single shaft of sunlight on the rafters. Most beneficent is the sun, but never so beloved as when it appears there.

CULTURAL "PURITY" INDEED!

PAKISTAN is making a self-conscious attempt to obliterate all visible signs of the community of culture with India, even as the votaries of "undiluted" Hindu culture, on this side of the border, are striving to erase from Indian life and language all traces of the Arabic or Persian influence.

The word "rupaya" (the original Hindustani for the Anglicised "rupee") was one of the many things still common between the two countries. Now there is a move in Pakistan to replace it by "*Chaand*." Perhaps they are not aware that *Chaand* (i.e. Moon) is a Hindi word, originating from the Sanskrit *Chandrama*. So *Qamar* (Arabic) or *Mehtab* (Persian) would be more in keeping with the spirit of Chaudhri Khaliquzzaman's *Islamistan* which is now said to permeate our neighbour country. Or, may be, they should go back to *dirham* and *dinaar* to revive the "glorious" and golden "days" of the Arabian "Nights"—which, of course, sounds like a paradox!

But then the "stan" in *Pakistan* and *Islamistan* sounds paradoxical, too, for it is disturbingly akin to the Sanskrit "Sthan."

THE PAST STILL LIVES!

The "stan" and "sthan" are not the only common links between the vocabulary of Pakistan and "Hindu-sthan" (as both Pakistanis and Mahasabites prefer to spell and pronounce it!). There is the whole range of words of similar Aryan origin which are found in Sanskrit and Persian—elemental words like:—

Pita and *Pidar* (Pater, Father); *Mata* and *Maadar* (Maitre, Mother); *Mrityu* and *Maut*; *Nav* and *Nau* (New); *Barsaat* and *Baaraan*; *Aik* and *Yak* (one); *Do* and *Do* (Two); *Chaar* and *Chahar* (Four) etc., etc.

Even if the racial-lingual purists of India succeed in "purging" all commonly used words of Arabic and Persian origin, can they also eliminate words whose Sanskrit origin itself bears a

strange resemblance to Persian—forcefully reminding us of our common Aryan ancestry? The same problem confronts the "purists" of Pakistan in their efforts to de-Indianize Pakistan life and culture and to remove all evidence that India and Pakistan once were one.

Will they, can they, destroy Mohenjodaro and Taxila? Will they rename Lahore (which was founded by Ram's son, Lav) and Kasur (which was founded by Kush, another son of Ram)? Will the river Sindh become Dajla and Ravi become Furaat?

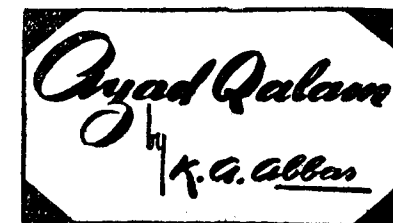
One can deny the past, repudiate it, betray it. But the past is indestructible. *It lives!*

'SARI' VERSUS 'GHARARA'

The dress-reformers in Pakistan are out to remove the alleged "Hindu" influence from the dress of the Pakistanis. According to a report, "the Pakistan Foreign Office has issued a secret circular to their embassies abroad that as far as possible wives of Pak. diplomats should be discouraged from wearing saris at formal functions, as the sari was a typical Hindu dress."

In this connection it is significant that, during her last visit to London, photographs showed that Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, the wife of the Pakistan Premier, made a point of appearing at all official functions, dressed in *Gharara*. Fashion observers have noted and reported increasing accent on the *gharara* in Pakistan "society"—i.e. the Upper Four Hundred of Lahore and Karachi. This, of course, is traceable to the example set by the first Begum of Pakistan who (like her husband) comes from the non-Pakistani United Provinces and was reputed for her gorgeous and colourful saris—till August 15, 1947, ushered in Pakistan and the 'Age of the *Gharara*.'

Democracy, however, gives no sanction for the imposition of the cumbersome feudal costume of the Begums of Oudh on the common people of Pakistan.



To the majority of Pakistani women—i.e. in East Bengal—the *gharara* is a foreign dress. Like their Hindu sisters, they have always worn the *sari*. As for the Punjabi Muslim women, they would vote for *Shalwar* which is a more practical garment than the aristocratic *gharara* which was designed for Begums who never move even their little finger to do a spot of work.

I am not surprised that (quoting from the above-mentioned report) "Begum Rahimtoola, wife of the Pak High Commissioner in London, is said to have defied this fiat saying that the sari was as much Muslim as *shalwar* and *kurta* were Hindu. She argued that, on the other hand, Pakistan women abroad should be encouraged to wear Dacca muslin saris to create a world market for them.

SYMBOL OF SYNTHESIS

And what makes the Pakistani purists think that the *gharara* is a Muslim dress? It is *not*. It is not worn by the women of Arabia, Persia or any other Muslim country. It is a costume peculiar to India. It is but a modification—or bifurcation!—of the North Indian "Hindu" women's *lehnga*, the bifurcation made necessary by the Islamic injunction that women, while at prayers, must wear a dress providing for each leg separately. Like the *Sherwani* (which is a modification of "Hindu" *chipkan* and the pyjama which is the Indian version of the European trousers), the *gharara* represents that very synthesis of cultures which the Pakistani purists seem determined to deny and destroy.

This synthesis, through the process of history, has become a part of our lives—and of the lives of those of us who today live in Pakistan! The dress worn by Pakistan leaders today is no more "pure Islamic" than the beard worn by Mr. Golwalkar or the *Sherwani* worn by many Mahasabites is "pure Hindu." The believer in "pure Islamic culture" must revert to the voluminous *aba* and *qaba* (cloaks) of Arabia and keep his Begum encased in a tent-like *burqa*, even as the votary of undiluted "ancient Hindu culture" (and his wife) must go about in the scanty clothing that he can still copy from the frescoes of Ajanta

or the sculptures of Ellora and Madura!

Even as there are no "pure" races, there are no "pure" cultures. To hanker after cultural "purity" is to turn the clock of history back.

Dress has been and will be determined by climate, occupational development and cultural synthesis—and not by one's religious beliefs. You can no more expect the Muslims in Java to dress like Beduoin Sheikhs than the Hindus in the frozen wastes of Tibet to go about in a loin-cloth in winter!

Pakistan's vain battle against the sari is foredoomed to failure. Even the fashionable Begums of Karachi and Lahore will find it difficult to do away with the woman's most graceful costume, as the sari has come to be accepted all over the world. As for the peasant women of East Pakistan, Begum Liaquat Ali Khan will find it impossible to convert them to the aristocratic Cult of the *gharara*.

BOOK OF THE WEEK

SOVIET RUSSIA, by Jawaharlal Nehru, published by Chetana Ltd., 34, Rampart Row, Bombay. (Price: Rs. 3-8) is a re-print of the little book Panditji wrote exactly twenty years ago immediately on his return from a brief tour of the U. S. S. R. Today its republication has a peculiarly ironical significance—for since then much water has flown down the Volga as well as the Ganga!

"No one can deny the fascination of this strange Eurasian country of the hammer and sickle, where workers and peasants sit on the thrones of the mighty and upset the best-laid schemes of mice and men," wrote the Jawaharlal of 1929, full of praise (though not entirely unqualified) for the early achievements of the Soviet regime, many of which are vividly described in the chapters dealing with "The Constitution of the U. S. S. R.", "The Peasantry," "The Problem of Minorities," "Education," etc.

The most significant, however, is the last chapter, "Russia And India," some remarks of which sound strangely topical and relevant even after twenty years:

"To every student of history it is clear that Russia does not want war. England on the other hand is notoriously preparing for war and..."

agree to any effective scheme for disarmament....The whole basis of this policy has been to encircle Russia by pacts and alliances, ultimately to crush her. England has worked unceasingly for this end and has made the League of Nations an instrument of her policy."

May one substitute "Anglo-America" for England, and United Nations for "the League of Nations"?

The voice of the Jawaharlal of 1929 sounds strangely prophetic in the context of today:

"Indians have for generations been told to fear Russia, and it is perhaps a little difficult to exercise this fear today. But if we face the facts, we can only come to one conclusion, and that is that India has nothing to fear from Russia. And having come to this conclusion we must make it clear that we shall not permit ourselves to be used as pawns in England's imperial game...."

"SOVIET RUSSIA" deserves to be read by the largest number of people—not excluding the author himself!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"BELGRADE: Military reservists have been called up in Yugoslavia and troops have been moving towards the Rumanian and Bulgarian frontiers...."

Mr. Armstrong, American oil millionaire, withdrew his offer of 50,000,000 dollars to the Jefferson Military Academy as the trustees did not accept his condition that Africans and Asians would not be admitted."

"LONDON: Cabinet approval is now understood to have been obtained for the policy of early "de jure" recognition of the Communist regime in China.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"NEW DELHI: The Constitution of the Indian Union is being translated into Sanskrit."

"SHILLONG: Cases of starvation and deaths from malnutrition have been reported from the rural areas.

"AJMER: A farmer sold one of his sons to a money-lender to raise funds for payment of a grain procurement levy."

THE GOOD EARTH

Whatever attitude to human existence you fashion for yourself, know that it is valid only if it be the shadow of an attitude to Nature. A human life, so often likened to a spectacle upon a stage, is more justly a ritual. The ancient values of dignity, beauty and poetry which sustain it are of Nature's inspiration; they are born of the mystery and beauty of the world. Do no dishonor to the spirit of man. Hold your hands out over the earth as over a flame. To all who love her, who open to her the doors of their veins, she gives of her strength, sustaining them with her own measureless tremor of dark life. Touch the earth, love the earth, honor the earth, her plains, her valleys, her hills and her seas; rest your spirit in her solitary places. For the gifts of life are the earth's and they are given to all, and they are the songs of birds at daybreak, Orion and the Bear, and dawn seen over ocean from the beach.—HENRY BESTON in "The Outermost House: A Year of Life on the Great Beach of Cape Cod."

THE INVISIBLE PILOT

Capt. Charles E. Yeager, the 25-year-old pilot who was the first flier ever to travel faster than sound (and crack the sonic wall), delighted the Washington press corps when he was asked how it felt to fly at such tremendous speed.

"I can only describe the sensation," he replied, "by telling you the story (it's not new) of the flier, who, like myself, was testing a rocket ship. He released one rocket and exclaimed, to himself, 'Oh, wonderful' as the plane reached the speed of 500 miles per hour.

"Then he pulled the second rocket, the plane soared to 600 miles per hour and he said 'Terrific.' He released the last rocket, the plane hit the 700-mile mark, and he shouted, 'Oh, Lord'—whereupon a voice from the rear replied, 'Yes, my boy?'

"That's exactly how I felt."—KUP. CHICAGO SUN-TIMES SYNDI-

THE NEW WEST GERMAN CHANCELLOR

By EDWARD J. BYNG

DR. KONRAD ADENAUER, 73, Chancellor of the "Fourth Reich" has as many political adversaries as adherents. But even his most determined opponents admit his personal integrity and his unblemished anti-Nazi record, including three arrests and two incarcerations by the Gestapo.

His friends and foes agree that he has a winning personality. Dr. Adenauer is clean-shaven; his regular features reveal intelligence and culture. His countenance is courteous and dignified but, on occasion, he can unbend and also give proof of a sense of humour.

While the Chancellor of the new West German Federation is known as an adroit negotiator in matters of day-by-day policy, his well-known inflexibility, bordering on stubbornness, in matters that bear upon his basic outlook, has moulded his life and career. Actually, this trait of the man's character has been responsible for most of his positive achievements and also for his misfortunes.

Dr. Konrad Adenauer was born in Cologne, on January 5, 1876. His father, likewise Konrad by name, was a Government official under the late Kaiser. Cologne lay inside Prussia, but both father and son had distinct anti-Prussian feelings. These were intensified by the fact that, as devout Catholics, they formed part of a religious minority inside predominantly Protestant Prussia.

In keeping with his anti-Prussian outlook, young Konrad, after going through high school, kept away from Prussian institutions of higher learning, studying law and economics at the universities of Freiburg, Munich and Bonn, today the capital of the new West German Federation. On receiving his degree of Doctor of Law, he took up legal practice in his private city of Cologne. Soon he also began to play an active part in the municipal affairs of that big industrial and political centre of the

Rhineland. In 1906 he was elected to the Cologne City Council, being re-elected in 1909.

Two years later, he rose to the office of Deputy Mayor, becoming Lord



Mayor of Cologne in 1917. By this time his political interest extended beyond mere municipal matters. From 1917 to 1933, while retaining his post as Lord Mayor of Cologne, Adenauer was also a member of the local legislature of Prussia's Rhine province and, in addition, the official representative of the Catholic Party, officially known in pre-Nazi Germany as the "Centre Party" in the upper chamber of the Prussian State Legislature. Before Hitler's seizure of power, Adenauer was also president of the latter institution.

His activities in these two legislative bodies did not bring Adenauer fame either nationally or internationally. However, the vision and creative energy which inspired his work as Lord Mayor of Western Germany's leading city caused him to be widely known and respected throughout the pre-Hitler Germany. During the 1920's the "Chancellor of the Fourth Reich" gave Cologne a university, surrounded the city with a belt of public parks—and was personally responsible for the construction of the famous bridge across the Rhine that

soon became an internationally known landmark.

During Adenauer's term as Lord Mayor, many apartment houses for labourers began to dot various parts of his city, whose harbour was considerably enlarged and completely modernized, making Cologne the undisputed centre of navigation on the Rhine.

In his general outlook, Adenauer is and always has been a conservative, without being a reactionary. He is a determined opponent of the Marxist ideology, in the form of either Communism or even moderate Socialism. Since the cabinet which he now heads is based on a precarious majority, and is opposed by the powerful Social Democrats, led by ascetic, able, strong-willed Dr. Kurt Schumacher, seasoned observers predict a stormy course for the ship of State of which Dr. Adenauer is helmsman.

The new Chancellor is violently opposed to the nationalization of industries, either in the Ruhr or elsewhere, and firmly favours what he likes to describe as progressive capitalism, and ethically inclined free enterprise. Throughout his public career, Adenauer has recommended Germany's active participation in European and world affairs, and especially Franco-German understanding and co-operation with France. At that time, shortly after World War I, such a course was actively supported by the French but opposed by the then occupant of 10 Downing Street, the late David Lloyd George who hesitated to let France have too much influence inside continental Europe. This diplomatic rivalry between the Governments of France and Britain directly influenced Adenauer's personal outlook, which became and still is anti-British.

His Anglophobia was further intensified in 1945. At that time, following the collapse of Nazi Germany, Adenauer had resumed his post as Lord Mayor of Cologne, but was deposed by the British authorities when the city became part of the British zone of occupation in Germany. In some of his most recent statements, Adenauer has openly accused Britain

of retarding Franco-German and general European unity.

In its consistency, the new Chancellor's anti-British attitude is matched only by his old hostility to all the Nazis stood for. His inflexible opposition of Hitler's "geopolitical" and pan-German imperialist plans and his open advocacy of co-operation between Germany and France gave Adenauer top rank on Hitler's blacklist. In 1933, when the Nazis seized power, Herman Goering, then Prime Minister of Prussia, and therefore Adenauer's immediate superior, promptly deprived the present Chancellor of his seats in the Prussian upper chamber and the legislative body of the Rhineland province, and removed him also from his post as Lord Mayor of Cologne.

In those days, many former anti-Nazis made their peace with the new overlords of Germany by joining their ranks. Adenauer, too, was given a chance to do this, but refused, preferring to retire entirely to private life. During the subsequent 12 years he devoted himself, as he used to describe it, "entirely to home gardening." Yet, despite his complete retirement from public life, on not less than three occasions was the steadfast anti-Nazi arrested by the Gestapo. Twice, first after the bloody Nazi party purge of 1934, and again in the summer of 1944, following the attempt on Hitler's life—Adenauer became an inmate of Himmler's jails, where he spent several months each time.

His political star rose again in the summer of 1945, when the Third Reich which was to last a 1,000 years, collapsed after 12. In those days the party now known as the Christian Democratic Union, or "C. D. U." for short, began to take shape, serving as a political reservoir for former anti-Nazis of a more conservative hue, including both Catholics and Protestants. Adenauer soon became the leading figure in this new political grouping, whose recent victory at the polls now has carried him to the Chancellorship of what many people in Germany like to call the "Fourth Reich."

COMMUNISTS AGAINST STALINISM

ATTEMPT TO FORM UNITED FRONT

By **ALBERT HENRIK MOHN**

(Mr. Mohn is a well-known Norwegian political journalist and commentator, who has made a special study of the ramifications of international Communism.)

DURING the Spanish Civil War in 1936, many of the leading Communists in Europe and prominent representatives of the rulers in the Kremlin, gathered in Madrid. Most of the European Communists arrived full of enthusiasm for the Soviet Union and for Stalin, but after a while some developed a distaste for Stalin's methods. When the Russians pressed for liquidation of the Anarchist wing in Barcelona, there was an open breach between several of the Europeans and the Russians.

Their opponents asserted that the Russians appraised everything on the basis of what would best serve the Soviet Union. They asserted that the Kremlin no longer carried out a policy of Marxism or Leninism, but was following a nationalistic line. This already had the stamp of chauvinism and imperialism, the two things which the Kremlin accused the capitalist States of practising.

Among those who most strongly expressed this opinion was the French Communist, Marcel Carvin. But the world did not pay any attention to his protests, as it was concerned with bigger events,—Hitler's first forward thrust. When the second world war broke out, the Communists suffered the same experience as most of the anti-Nazi movements. Their very existence was threatened; so internal opposition receded further into the background.

But not long after the Russians had occupied Eastern Europe and planted their Communist administrations there, the old opposition emerged. The same accusations which had been levelled against the Soviet Union at Madrid by Marcel Carvin, came from Patrascanu in Roumania, Gomulka in Poland, Xoxe in Albania, Kostov in Bulgaria, Markos Vafiades

in Greece, Rajk in Hungary, and last, but not least, from Tito in Yugoslavia. In turn, and in their order, all these leading Communists came under immediate and heavy fire from the Kremlin, and only one of them managed to stand up to the attack—Tito.

In the West the Communist parties are not, and have never been "officially supported" parties. Not a few of them have a semi-underground existence, and it is therefore not always a simple matter, even for a member, to get to know what is going on among them. The resolutions adopted at their congresses have on a number of occasions turned out to be camouflage, and officially announced slogans have served the same purpose—to mislead political opponents.

GROWING OPPOSITION TO STALINISM

Today, there is, however, clearer evidence that the same process has taken place within the Communist movement in the West as in Eastern Europe, namely a steadily growing opposition to what Marcel Carvin characterised as the Kremlin's nationalistic and imperialistic line; and Carvin and those who share his opinion no longer constitute merely a small political circle, who reform the world over their coffee cups in Berne, Paris or Rome.

Carvin's anti-Stalin organisation, the "Resurrection Communiste Internationale" or R. C. I., that is to say the "Resurrected Communist International," is beginning to gain a foothold. Their programme was laid down in Naples in January 1946, and the principal points today are, as then: (1) to abolish the Kremlin's despotic dictatorship; and (2) to recognise the world-Communist movement.

This should, among other things, lead to the Communist national parties obtaining the right of making decisions for themselves. It is a blow struck at the Kremlin's arbitrary position, as it means in fact that a Communist State can go in for successful economic development on its own, free of Soviet exploitation.

Another of the main points of the programme concerns the R. C. I.'s attitude towards the right of self-determination in its simplest form. Communism, it says, can become a reality without abolishing a State's frontiers or respect for them.

ORGANISATIONS FORMED

The R. C. I. is opposed to the condemnation by the Kremlin of all parties which follow a Marxist programme differing from the interpretation of the Kremlin. The R. C. I. also seeks cooperation with, among others, the Anarchists.

Carvin has repeatedly said that the Kremlin is playing a dangerous game as regards the Social Democrats, that is, the working classes in the West. He points out that the victory of the Nazis in Germany in 1933 was due partly to the fact that the Kremlin-directed Communists, with terrific energy, opposed and ridiculed the Social Democrats, and drove many of them into the arms of the Right. The Stalinists are making the same mistake today, declares Carvin—they are splitting the working classes, and are getting ready to mobilise storm troops for a new reactionary "Führer."

Quite naturally, the R. C. I.'s programme has brought Tito and his associates into touch with Carvin. The leaders in Belgrade assert that Yugoslavia is a Communist State which is struggling against the Kremlin in order to be independent. It was no accident that some of Carvin's most trustworthy men were in Belgrade in April this year when the anti-Stalinist journal *Nowaja Jugoslawija* was started. This publication is printed in Russian, issued every fortnight, and smuggled, among other places, into the Ukraine, where it is read with great interest.

About the same time, an anti-Stalinist organisation was formed in Belgrade. The founders were Czech, Hungarian, Roumanian, Bulgarian and German Communists who agreed

with the programme formulated by the R. C. I.

WHO IS MARCEL CARVIN?

Who, then, is Marcel Carvin who, so far as one can judge, aims at organising that part of the opposition against Stalinism which for many years has existed in a latent form in all the Communist parties? Carvin was born in France 46 years ago; his parents were well-to-do, and he was educated as an engineer. By the age of 20 he had already decided to devote himself to politics and became a member of the Communist Party, and got to know and understand most of the Communists who play an important part in politics today.

Russian policy and actions during the Spanish Civil War made him a strong opponent to Stalinism, but very few followed him when he broke away from France's Communist Party. During the second world war he quickly joined the resistance movement. It was then he came into contact with Enrico Mergalamis and Jan Silvak, both Communists who had become opponents of the Kremlin. Jan Silvak, in particular, later played an important role in the R. C. I. Silvak is a Czech, educated as a philologist, and has great influence in Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia. At present he is living in Rome. He, and the others around Carvin, are professional revolutionaries. Some of them have been Moscow-trained, and all are acquainted with Soviet methods. They are therefore feared as very dangerous opponents, by the Kremlin.

NEW MOVEMENT SPREADS

Together, they have built up a neo-Communist movement which works with a definite purpose and in secrecy. How many reliable supporters they may have in Western Europe, can only be known to Carvin and his very closest associates. But many pointers indicate that they are very numerous, among them the comprehensive and costly courier service run by the R. C. I.

In Scandinavia, the R. C. I. has also put out feelers. In June a secret meeting took place in Oslo between four prominent Norwegian Communists and a representative of the R. C. I. At this meeting the Naples programme was produced and dis-

cussed, and the Norwegians made it clear how many Communists in Norway would break with Stalinism if the R. C. I.'s associates came into the open and set up a new Communist party.

The leaders of the R. C. I. realise the importance of coordinated political action. They are not likely to act in a hurry, as that would merely lead to isolation and give their opponents an insight into the real state of affairs, at a time when secrecy is a factor of great importance.

TROJAN HORSE?

The future of the R. C. I. is dependent on several factors, but it has certainly grown to be a movement to be reckoned with, especially just now.

Carvin says that the growth of the R. C. I. organisation has shown up Stalinism for what it really is, a Colossus with feet of clay. This, he says, will become more evident as time goes on and as the Russians increase their efforts to hold their ranks together. It is in any case certain that the Cominform has an enemy who cannot be placed in either of the two usual categories—monarchist-fascist, or imperialist-capitalist. Neither can the R. C. I. be designated as Trotskyist, for Carvin has repeatedly dissociated himself from Trotsky's theories.

The R. C. I., to cite an Hungarian Stalinist, is "a Trojan horse which many have heard neighing, but few have seen in the flesh."



BHANUMATHI in Gemini's "Strange Brothers."

ACHARYA NARENDRA DEVA

By G. S. BHARGAVA

ONE mark of a great man is the power of making lasting impressions upon people he meets. Those who have met Narendra Deva, whether in the precincts of the Lucknow University or in the broader arena of politics, will testify to the impression made on them by him. His erudition overwhelms you, his sweet reasonableness disarms you. His inexhaustible patience imprisons you, the chains of his silken logic captivate you almost without your being aware of it. He does not thrust his views down your throat. He rarely strikes the pose of a superior preacher; he is just a companion who will straighten out the issues for you with an air of modest suggestion and enquiry. Here lies the charm of Acharyaji.

Only one year younger than Nehru, Narendra Deva also hails from Nehru's province of adoption, U. P. Son of a talented legal luminary, Babu Baldev Prasad, young Narendra Deva was designed by his doting father to follow in his own foot-steps. Inheritance of his father's large practice and vast legal connections would be an added advantage to brilliant Narendra Deva. But from his youngest age his mind was inclined towards archaeology and he actually joined the Queen's College of Epigraphy at Benares to pursue his favourite course of study. In the year 1913, at the age of twenty-four, he joined the law college. Two years later, returning to Fyzabad he plunged into active politics and shouldered the secretarial responsibilities of the local Home Rule League.

But he was not new to politics. At the age of ten, he had attended along with his father, the Lucknow session of the Congress where he saw for the first time his political hero and idol, Lokmanya Tilak, just out of Yerrawada Prison, in the company of stalwarts like Ranade and Romesh Chandra Dutt, the then Congress President. Then was born the Leftist in him. Later, the anti-Bengal-partition agitation stirred him and

took him to Calcutta for the Congress session in 1906. It was here that he heard from the lips of the G. O. M.



of India, Dadabhai Naoroji, the proclamation that the final goal of Indian national aspirations was

Purna Swaraj. The tug-of-war between the moderates led by Sir Phiroze Shah Mehta, Gokhale and Surendranath Bannerji, and the extremists captained by Tilak, Bipin Chandra Pal and Aurobindo Ghosh engaged his attention seriously and naturally enough his sympathies were to the Left!

His first taste of jail life was during the civil disobedience movement of 1930. He fell seriously ill in prison and even after his release, during the days of Gandhi-Irwin truce talks he had recurring attacks of asthma. Nevertheless, he spearheaded the 1932 struggle in his province and was again imprisoned in a delicate state of health.

The birth of the Socialist movement inside the Congress found Narendra Deva drifting towards it. At that time, in May 1934, the Congress Socialist Party was formed and Narendra Deva became its natural guide. Though younger blood was at the root of the militant movement, he was asked to preside over the first Socialist conference held at Patna.

In 1936, when Nehru became the President of the Congress for the second time, Jayaprakash, Narendra Deva and Achyut Patwardhan, were taken into the Congress High Command. Along with his younger compatriots Narendra Deva later left the Congress Cabinet after eleven months when it was felt that their presence there made no difference. He declined a ministership in the first Congress Ministry of U. P.

A voracious reader and a versatile writer, Deva is an authority on Indian history. His love of books is surpassed only by his love for his party. His grasp of educational problems is no less; as the President of the Government-sponsored Secondary Education Re-organisation Committee in U.P., in the year 1938, he produced a masterly report. Almost a linguist, he wields a facile pen. He can talk fluently in half-a-dozen Indian languages besides English, French and German. He has a keen sense of humour which does not sting and hurt. His ready wit makes whatever subject he takes up, interesting to hearers. No subject is drab with him.

Expurgation of the extremists from

the Congress at Surat enraged him. Tilak's visit thereafter to Allahabad was a red-letter day in Narendra Deva's student life. With the same warmth of feeling, though much mellowed with experience, Acharyaji moved the main political resolution at the Nasik Convention of the Socialist Party in February 1948, calling his comrades to secede from the Congress.

Fabian and revolutionary traditions as embodied in the works of Mazzini, Sydney Webb, Blumtschelli and Marx, provide the main-spring of his political outlook and private character. Among our countrymen A. K. Coomaraswamy, Aurobindo Ghosh, Hardayal, Rajpat Rai and Syed Hyder Raza impressed him with their writings. He was unmistakably on the Marxian track though he could not at that age realise its full implications.

Acharyaji is one of the foremost kisan organisers in the country. His latest critique of the U. P. Zamindari Abolition Act wherein he revealed that the new legislation would expose the agrarian economy also to the wrath of monopoly capitalism, is a masterpiece.

Narendra Deva's pioneering effort in preparing a comprehensive plan for a common script for all the Indian languages, a plan which has since been accepted by the Socialist Party, is another monument to his creative energy. Acharyaji is never a moderate, but his extremism is of the constructive variety. He is not for tinkering with the capitalist social order, he is for its total demolition. But he insists that side by side with its destruction the masons of egalitarian economy should be busy with their tools. He is one of the most persistent votaries of the constructive programme.

During the bye-elections to the U. P. Legislative Assembly last year, it was stated against him that he, as a Socialist, when voted to power would destroy all temples and other places of worship. Narendra Deva did not reply to this ridiculous charge; he did not even contradict it but simply smiled and kept quiet. That was the fittest reply to his opponents; they felt themselves exposed.

AUTHORITY AND INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY

By EDWARD CRANKSHAW

THE supreme problem of our age is how to strike a working balance between freedom and authority. It could be argued that this problem is not special to the 20th century but has been the standing problem of government everywhere and at all times; but this surely is true in only a most limited sense. Admittedly it has been the problem of those who have philosophised about government and the nature of man, from Aristotle onwards; but until very recently neither the governed nor the governors have paid much attention to it, leaving it as an academic problem for idealists.

Even today over great areas of what we call the civilised world, either the problem is not seen to exist, or else it is regarded curiously and without urgency. In Soviet Russia, for example, we see a so-called solution which is in fact little but the unspeculative acceptance of a tradition of authoritarian government handed down through the centuries and rendered barely tolerable only by virtue of certain peculiar features of the Russian state. In the United States of America, on the other hand, although in practice men are beginning to ask themselves questions about the limits of human freedom, in theory there is no problem at all: all men are equal; all men are free; and any system which denies these propositions is and must be evil.

URGENT PROBLEM

It is in fact only in Western Europe that the urgency of the problem is seriously felt; and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say it is only in Britain that it has yet become the main pre-occupation of the ordinary thinking man and woman.

It is interesting that this should be so, and it is fitting. With a longer and stronger tradition of liberty than any other land, with a vivid and still recent experience of the inhuman excesses to which unrestricted freedom of action for every individual

may lead, Britain is now faced with a particular situation which categorically and imperatively demands the surrender of many individual liberties (as in Russia) if the State is to survive. And this surrender has to be made in the teeth of a profound and convinced belief (as in the United States) of the preciousness of individual freedom.

No other country has yet reached precisely this stage. In those which for one reason or another have been compelled to surrender individual liberties, this surrender of liberty is unthinkable, the necessity to do so has not yet arisen in acute form. In no other country, that is to say, but Britain, which thus finds herself cast once more, and not at all by her own seeking, as a path-finder for human society as a whole. For, very soon, many other countries will be faced with the same problem and in the same degree.

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S VIEWS

Perhaps nothing shows better the acute consciousness of this dilemma, even in the minds of millions who are quite incapable of thinking it through or even of stating it clearly, than the fact that the very gifted thinker, Lord Russell (better known as Bertrand Russell) should have chosen this very subject for discussion when invited to deliver the inaugural series of lectures under a new and important foundation sponsored by the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Under the general title, "Authority and the Individual," and in a series of five closely reasoned broadcasts, each lasting an hour, he sought to pose the relevant questions and offer his own solutions. His audience numbered millions, the vast majority of whom were applying themselves for the first time in their lives to a sustained mental exercise on a high philosophic level. They were driven to do this because of a deep instinctive realisation that the future of Britain, as a place worth living in, depends in the last resort upon the adequate solu-

tion of this inevitable conflict between the individual and the State. These lectures have now been published in book form by George Allen and Unwin.

Every nation likes to think that it has some special contribution to make to the world at large. Some nations seem unable to be happy unless they can believe that they alone possess all the secrets of proper living. The British themselves have always felt that their particular contribution has been a sort of political common-sense. This quality, involving a highly developed sense of proportion and manifesting itself in compromise, might be called the art of mastering the possible.

At its worst it can degenerate all too easily into mental and moral laissez-faire. But qualities should not be judged by their perversions; and, at its best, the spirit of constructive compromise offers a way to the solution of many present-day problems. It places practical good, however incomplete, before theoretical good. It is this spirit which is now being called to state and solve the supremely difficult problem of how the running of a modern society may be rationalised without unduly curtailing the liberties of the individual and thus killing the questing spirit of initiative and enterprise without which all progress must cease.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

How, if the individual will is to be respected, can we save the modern, highly articulated society from breaking down for lack of central direction? How can the individual will survive the centralisation necessary for the full exploitation of science and technical discovery? And finally, what is

the optimum size of group organisations of all kinds? That is to say, for example, unless a modern business undertaking, trade union, or government department is large it cannot be run efficiently and economically; but if it is too large it breaks down, partly because the centre loses touch with the subordinate limbs, partly because there are not enough men anywhere who combine all the qualities required to direct very large organisations.

All these questions sooner or later have to be decided in various ways in many parts of the world. In Britain we see a country whose very survival depends on her finding a quick and adequate solution. There are two obvious things that can happen to an overpopulated country which cannot feed herself and is forced to compete for very life with two great powers each virtually self-sufficient. One is collapse into anarchy, with liberty to the strong after the surplus population has been killed off. The other is submission to an autocratic tyranny which holds the State together at the cost of a greatly depressed standard of living by force.

The third way, the achievement of a compromise, whereby the people voluntarily surrender some of their cherished liberties (as in war) as the price of survival, while devising a constitutional machinery which ensures that their voice is not blindly overridden—this third way is the traditionally British way. Her efforts to live up to it now, muddled and convulsive as they may be, provide a drama which, if properly understood, should rivet the attention of the world—and from which, whether they lead to failure or success, other peoples in other lands may one day profit.

MUCH TRAVELLED

"Travelled all over the world, eh? Went up the Rhine, I suppose?"

"Claimed it to the top."

"Saw the Lion of St. Mark?"

"Fed it."

"And visited the Black Sea?"

"Filled my fountain pen there."

**

**

**

MUCH READ

The absent-minded professor was busy in his study.

"Have you seen this?" asked his wife, entering. "There's a report in the paper of your death."

"Is that so?" returned the professor without looking up. "We must remember to send a wreath."

COTTON YARNS

Of all Descriptions

for

Power-loom, Handloom or Hosiery

MADURA MILLS CO., LTD.

(Madura, Tuticorin and Ambasamudram)

Have established a reputation for unrivalled quality.

Specialities:

Single Yarn, Double Yarn,

Cone Yarn, Cheese Yarn

etc., etc.

5,00,000

Spindles

Counts

Up to 80s

★

Managers:

A. & F. HARVEY LTD.

MADURA.

TO-MORROW

Under the auspices of the S. I. Journalists' Federation

MUSIC CONCERT

by

Srimathi M. S. SUBBULAKSHMI

at

RAJAJI HALL

November 6, at 6 p.m.

PROCEEDS TO FEDERATION'S BUILDING FUND

All seats can be reserved

Tickets: Rs. 100, 50, 25, 10 and Rs. 5

Tickets From:

Secretary, S. I. J. F.,
THE HINDU OFFICE, Mount Road, Madras-2 or
Convenor, S.I.J.F., Office 5-6, Sri Rama Buildings,
Mount Road, Madras-2.

V. K. NARASIMHAN, Secretary.

FIRST
and BEST

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

Available everywhere.

Govt. Soap Factory, Bangalore.

PROFILE :

WILLIAM GREEN

SOME 8,000,000 organized workers in the United States look to the leadership of a man who rose from pit boy in a coal mine to be one of the country's outstanding union executives. He is William Green, president of the American Federation of Labour, largest and oldest labour organization in America.

In 24 consecutive one-year terms as AFL president, Green's caution and shrewdness have marked him as a diplomat of the labour movement. Long an advocate of "progressive conservatism," he is a champion of the concept that the best labour relations result from voluntary labour-management co-operation.

Since World War II the Federation, under his leadership, has been in the forefront of efforts to revive the free trade union movement and other democratic institutions of western Europe. Through Federation representatives, whom Green appointed to serve on United Nations agencies and as liaison to the labour movements of Europe, democratic unions have been receiving AFL aid and support since 1945. When the European Recovery Programme was set up, Mr. Green was one of the first American leaders to announce whole-hearted support of it.

Mr. Green knows all aspects of the labour movement. He rose to his present position as a trade union career man, and has been concerned with labour almost all of his life.

He was born in Coshocton, in the midwestern state of Ohio, on March 3, 1873, the eldest of five children. The atmosphere of the little mining village of Coshocton was one of poverty and struggle—"sometimes we were cold and did not have enough to eatat the best, father's income provided only necessities," Mr. Green remembers.

Green's schooling stopped after the eighth grade. When he was 14 years old he got a job as water boy for a group of railroad workers. Two years later he began working in a coal pit with his father. Soon he was attend-

ing union meetings, and studying economics at night.

A serious youth, Green had dreamed of becoming a minister. Because his wages were needed to help support four younger children, however, he was unable to prepare



himself for the pulpit. As a compensation he taught Sunday school and preached lay sermons in the local Baptist church, and in mining camps.

At 18, amiable and popular, Green was elected secretary of the Coshocton Miners Union (which later became Local 273 of the United Mine Workers of America). Here he came in contact with many militant trade unionists and joined in their fight to protect miners from exploitation.

Mr. Green continued working in the mines even after his election as sub-district president of the United Mine Workers of America, in 1900. More and more his work became that of a union official who, in his own words, continually emphasized the "significance of collective bargaining and how much farther we could get by using our heads than by using our fists."

In 1906 and again in 1908 Mr. Green was elected president of his district (the Ohio district of the UMW). In the latter year he quit the mines to devote full time to union affairs. In 1910 he ran for president of the UMW, but was defeated. The next year a new president appointed him international statistician of the union, a job which involved dealing with statistics and facts employed in collective bargaining.

With the strong support of labour, Mr. Green entered Ohio politics in 1911. He served in the state legislature as a senator for two terms, the second as Democratic party floor leader. During his four years in the law-making body he successfully sponsored legislation aiding workers, including a law instituting shorter work week for women. He also fathered a number of laws improving working conditions of Ohio miners. One of the measures he wrote which was enacted into law was a workmen's compensation act which subsequently was used by organized labour as a model for legislation in other states.

Meanwhile Mr. Green was rising rapidly in union politics. In 1913 he became secretary-treasurer of the UMW and was appointed a member of the Executive Council of the AFL. He moved to Indianapolis and took over, among other duties, supervision of the *Miners' Journal*, a union publication. Excellent at detail, he liked the work and was re-elected annually to the post until he was chosen as president of the AFL in December, 1924.

John L. Lewis, head of the UMW today, has supported Mr. Green for the AFL presidency. However, disagreement developed between the two leaders in 1935 over the issue of craft unionism versus industrial unionism. With the UMW and seven other unions, Mr. Lewis formed a rival labour group then known as the Committee for Industrial Organization. Although some of the unions eventually returned to the AFL, the CIO rapidly gained strength and today, under the name of Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO), has a membership of about 6,500,000.

Mr. Green both preaches and practices the cooperative approach to labor-management problems. Time

and again he has demonstrated a willingness to listen to the employer's views, as well as those of the union, in his efforts to promote satisfactory labour relations. Accordingly, he has won a wide reputation for honesty, patience and courtesy among businessmen with whom he has dealt. It has been noted that the same qualities of moderation, enhanced by a physical resemblance to an amiable professor or banker, make him an able chairman, with a knack for settling factional differences across the conference table.

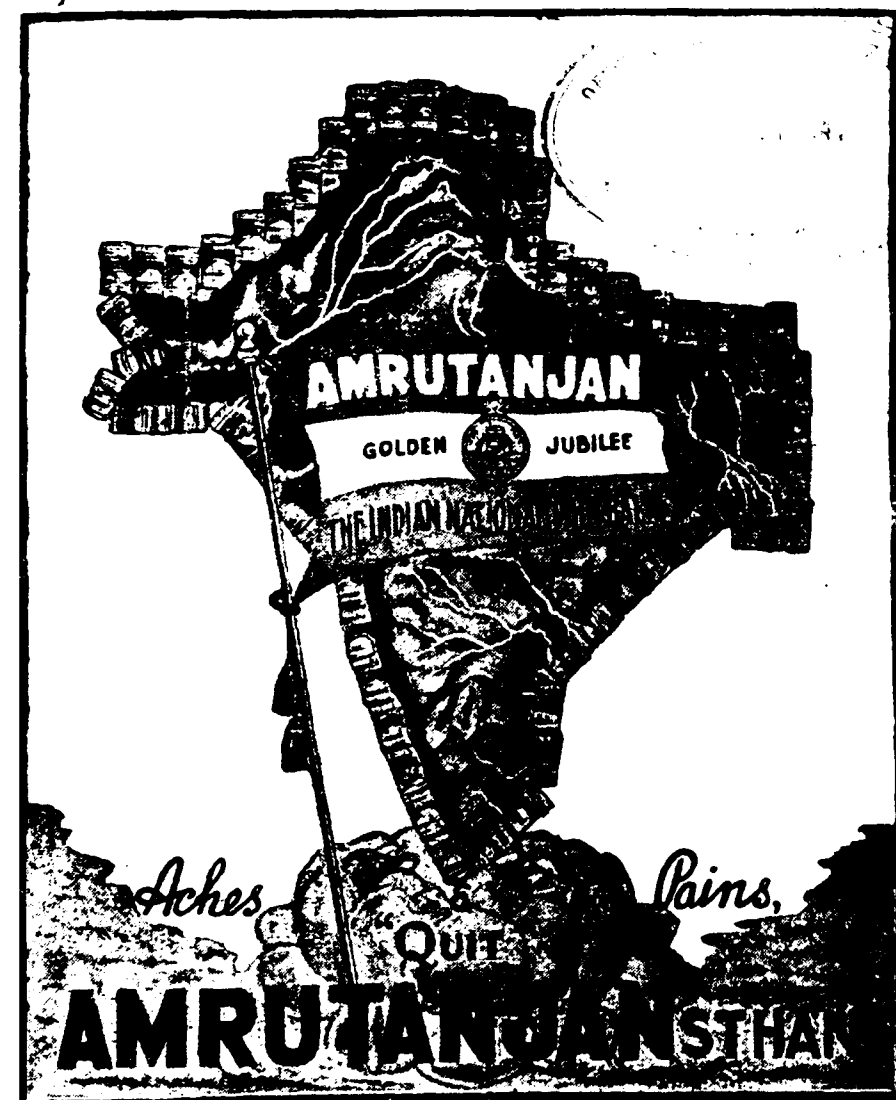
During World War II, Mr. Green opposed all strikes in defence industries, asserting that "the usual economic tug-of-war must be abandoned for the duration." He took firmly the stand that "labour and capital and government and agriculture must all pull in unison on the same side." In 1942 he was named one of six members of the nation's advisory Economic Stabilization Board, and in April of 1944 was appointed a member of a group within the War Production Board to advise on planning reconversion of United States industry to civilian production.

Mr. Green is a member of the Democratic political party—although the AFL itself insists upon non-partisanship in its official endorsement of candidates for public office. He has been an advocate of compulsory health insurance, old age pensions and a 30-hour work week. He consistently has fought Communist infiltration into labour unions.

At 21, Mr. Green married Jennie Bobley, from his home town of Coshocton. They have six children—five married daughters and a son who is a lawyer. The family residence is still maintained in Coshocton.

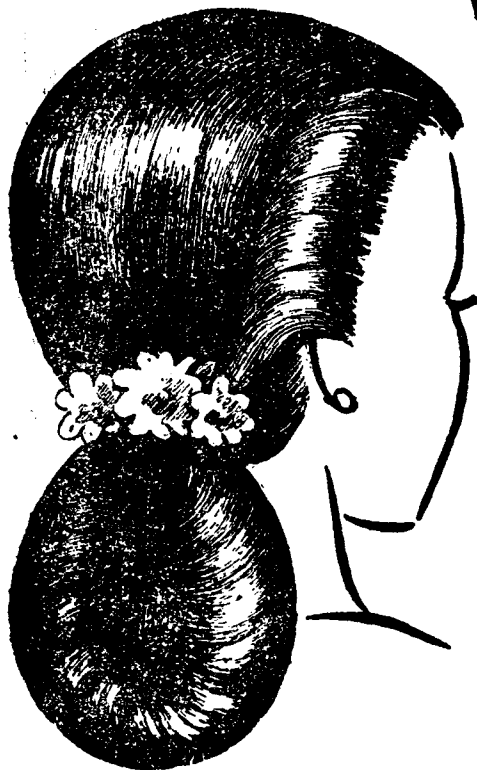
Mr. Green has been honored twice for promotion of harmonious labour-management relations. In 1930 the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Association presented him a medal for "distinguished service in the promotion of industrial peace." In 1936 he was awarded an honorary Doctor of Industrial Science degree from Oglethorpe University.

Editor of the AFL organ the *Federationist*, Mr. Green also is the author of several books, the most recent of which is "Labour and Democracy," published in 1939.—USIS.



The HUB of ASIA
and eventually of
The One World

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

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV. NO. 40.

SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1949.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CARTOON	4
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	6
MOMENTS WITH THE GREAT—By Prof. T. K. Venkataraman	9
THE LAW AND THE PEOPLE (Azad Qalam)—By K. A. Abbas	13
IMPLICATIONS OF DEVALUATION—By V. V. Srinivasan	15
PANDITJI—By P. N. Sampath	16
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU—THEN & NOW—By Krishna Kripalani	17
NEHRU THROUGH AMERICAN EYES—By William D. Allen	20
STILL IN BATTLE DRESS—By Pothan Joseph	23
A TRIBUTE TO NEHRU—By Achyut Patwardhan	26
KRISHNA PILLAI, THE "POETS' POET" OF KERALA—By M. Govindan	29
NEWSPAPER BOY	31
AN ACT OF GRATITUDE (Short-Story)—By S. Krishniah	33
RAGINI DEVI—By C. V. Vijaya	37
DR. RAMMANOHAR LOHIA—By G. S. Bhargava	38
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	41
WORLD CITIZEN LORD BOYD CRR—By Edwin Roth	42
NEW DELHI DIARY	44
BLACKMARKETEERS EXPLOITING CYCLONE CRISIS—By Maj. D. V. Raja Rao	45
GEMINI'S NEW VENTURE—By Santha	47

SWATANTRA SUBSCRIPTION RATES

ENGLISH

Rs. Twenty
Rs. Ten
Annas Six

Yearly
Half Yearly
Single Copy.

TELUGU

Rs. Twelve
Rs. Six
Annas Four

ADVERTISEMENT RATES

THE RATES APPLY BOTH TO ENGLISH & TELUGU

	Full page	Half page	Quarter page
	Rs.	Rs.	Rs.
Casual	80	45	25
Contract (24 insertions and above for a year)	60	35	20

Second Cover page Rs. 125.

Third Cover Page Rs. 100.

Fourth Cover page in two colours Rs. 300.

For further details, apply to:

MANAGER, SWATANTRA,
160, Lloyds Road, Madras-14.

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 40

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

ANDHRA PROVINCE ISSUE

THE prospect of the formation of an Andhra Province has been vitiated by an atmosphere of bad blood over the future of Madras City. This is wholly unnecessary. If commonsense is any guide to action there need be no illwill at all over the demarcation of the territory to be assigned to the Andhra Province. There are Telugu people in Tinnevely district. Nobody claims on that ground a share of Tinnevely for inclusion in the area of the Andhra Province. Contiguity is the obvious basis on which the province to be is to be created. There is a block of Telugu districts inhabited by the Andhras that do not lend themselves to any dispute and are admitted by all as appropriately falling within the boundaries of the Andhra Province. To this must be added, village by village, contiguous area of a bi-lingual composition in which Andhras form a majority of the population. The determination of the outer boundary of such an area is not a matter for vehement oration in crowded public meetings. It is for quiet investigation by two or three competent men. It is astonishing that this simple course which is the only rational course is not thought of, and that Andhra and Tamil leaders should start by naming particular places and demanding that they should be regarded as belonging to their respective linguistic sections.

Claiming of coveted places as one's own is not the way for a reasonable demarcation of territory between Andhras and Tamils. In the controversy now raging as to whom Madras belongs, the judgment of the leaders

of either side seems to have taken complete leave of commonsense. Not a square inch of any part of India belongs exclusively to any section, linguistic or other, in the sense that others are not to be treated as equally its citizens. The division of provinces linguistically is for administrative convenience only. It is not for the establishment of any exclusive group ownership for the disinheritance of citizens not belonging to the owning group. Otherwise the people of each Indian province will be developing the mentality of separate nationality, and the country will cease to be one and get split up into separate States. The concept of a common citizenship for all Indians will be thereby rendered an impossibility.

If, along with the linguistic division of the country, our leaders cannot promote fraternal sentiments between province and province, India will become a cockpit of warring nationalities, and we shall have paid very dearly for the administrative separation of people on a language basis. A multi-lingual nation will go to pieces if language is allowed to separate people. Either the whole panorama of the consequences of the principle of linguistic provinces will have to be viewed afresh from the angle of national safety and the principle itself abandoned, or it should be recast with suitable administrative safeguards for the preservation of our common nationality against the menace of inter-provincial illwill.

There is real menace in the attitude of mind that regards a city like Madras as belonging to Andhras or to Tamils in a spirit of exclusive



Watchman on the rampart, what of the home?

possession. There is India in every bit of Indian soil in whichever province it is included, and in the midst of all linguistic divisions, the multilinguality of India is a truth not to be lost sight of. The language of possession is relevant when there is property to be protected against transgressors, but it is unsuitable to the culture of democratic citizenship which can tolerate no monopolistic appropriations of the powers and functions of the State by sectional elements of the population. In the days of our political subjection, the unpatriotic elements in our midst gathered under the wing of British protection to sabotage national freedom movements. With insincere protestations of loyalty to the Mahatma, the same elements are found today setting up community against community, Province against Centre, in vigorous orgies of fanatical illwill.

As it is easy to rouse passions of hatred, people are being drawn facily under sectional war-cries. It seems advisable to have at least

some multi-lingual centres where people of different languages could live in amity cultivating standards of government higher than the communal. They could serve as islands of culture for the spread of the refinements of common citizenship. Cities like Madras, Bombay and Delhi are marked out for this service.

East Coast Cyclone Crisis

THE Andhra Ministers are inadequate for dealing with the cyclone situation. The Tamil Ministers, immersed in controversy over the future of Madras City, are indifferent. There is no unity between the Andhra and Tamil halves of the Madras Government. It is a house divided against itself, and in the very nature of the case, unfitted for action adequate to the need of the crisis. The Government of India should step in to the rescue of the orphaned population. The devastation now in the Andhra area is no less than that of the Bihar earthquake which convulsed the whole country and stirred the conscience of the Delhi Government.

Sotto Voce

Industrial Philanthropy



AT a journalists' reception to the Governor-General during his visit to Madras last year their spokesman referred to the plight of the employees in what he described as the newspaper industry. For that Mr. Rajagopalachari in his reply administered him a stately rebuke. It was wrong of journalists, he said, to regard themselves not as artists but as journeymen workers belonging to an industry. A leading article was, properly conceived, a fine art into which the writer put his very soul, and the

soul is by proposition unconcerned with anything so base as cash. Let them do their work in the spirit of *nishkamya karma* and all things would be added unto them.

The assembled journalists may have been flattered, but I am sorry to say they were not impressed. They remembered the famous debate between Gandhiji and the great Tagore. The poet had said that the skylark singing without a care was the symbol of man's free and natu-

ral state. The Mahatma more realistically observed, "The skylark has fed well before he sails aloft into the empyrean; how can Daridra Narayana sing on an empty stomach?" But the contrary view, that repletion is the enemy of high thinking, would seem to have also poetic sanction, as one may infer from Browning's rather cynical, *Irks care the crop-full bird?*

To idealists like the Governor-General a modest advertisement that appeared in the local papers the other day, if it had caught their eye, must have come as a painful jolt. A newspaper in Madras has actually applied for a substantial loan from the Government under the State Aid to Industries Act. No one of course knows what the Government will do; but, apparently, the official machinery administering the Act considers that the application is *prima facie* tenable. Otherwise it would have hardly spent time and money advertising the application and calling for objections, if any, to the grant of the aid asked for.

Well, dog doesn't eat dog; it is extremely unlikely that any other newspaper would publicly object, whatever it may privately think. As for the great public, it may remain either totally oblivious of the application or simply indifferent. In any case it is too much to expect that it can, unaided, appreciate the issues involved, though these issues have a vital bearing on the public interest. That must be the excuse for an anonymous scribe butting in.

Let the reader be assured that the remarks that follow have nothing whatever to do with the character and political opinions of the newspaper in question or of the personalities behind it. The phenomenon represented by this application is disturbing because it might mean a new and wholly undesirable trend in the financing of the free press. In India the conventions and traditions that the free press in the great democracies has built up over centuries are yet to be firmly established. It would be fatal to wink at any slackening of standards.

Newspapers need lots of money to produce. And they can often be disastrous failures financially, however high their quality, especially if they are devoted to the propagation of a new or unpopular cause. It is usually an individual enthusiast that foots the bill in the latter case; as for example, Michael Field, the American multi-millionaire, who ran a newspaper for years without advertisements, just to show that that was right and could be done. He only succeeded in burning a big hole in his fortune. More often a newspaper is a commercial enterprise which, even if it supports a political party or any other interest, hopes and expects to pay its shareholders dividends. If it fails, it is the shareholders that lose, and they can't complain, because they knew the risks.

No Government can with propriety run a newspaper or subsidise one, because it has no business to risk the people's money in an enterprise which is not a legitimate function of the State. A party that runs a Government may have its own party papers maintained from party funds. But if as Government it were to give special help to any paper directly or indirectly it cannot avoid the suspicion that it is using public money for partisan ends. And this in its turn cannot but damage the paper's reputation for integrity and impartiality.

A Government supporting a struggling industry which has a national importance is not doing something for itself. But a newspaper is not an industry in this sense. It must stand or fall by its own resources. The Royal Commission on the British Press, refuting the suggestion that newspaper policy is often influenced by advertisers, has said, "The income to be feared is that which comes from a concealed source and can be earned only by the sale of the editorial columns." It would be hard to convince the world that party Governments dependent on votes will give something for nothing; and newspapers like Caesar's wife must be above suspicion.

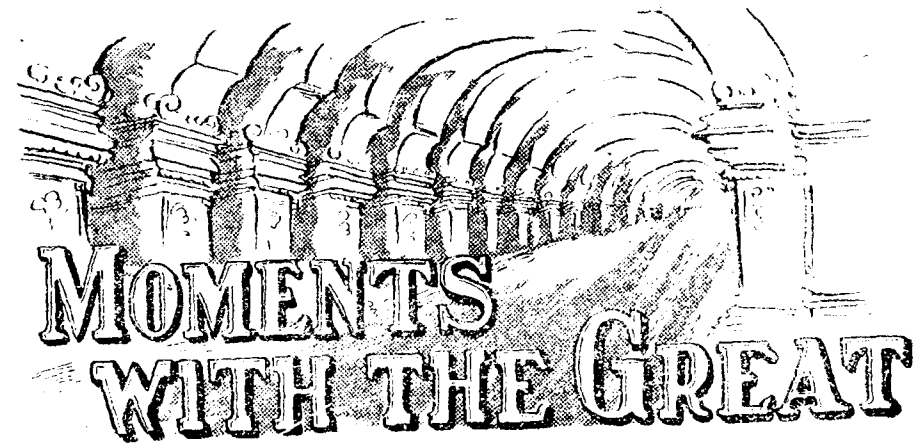
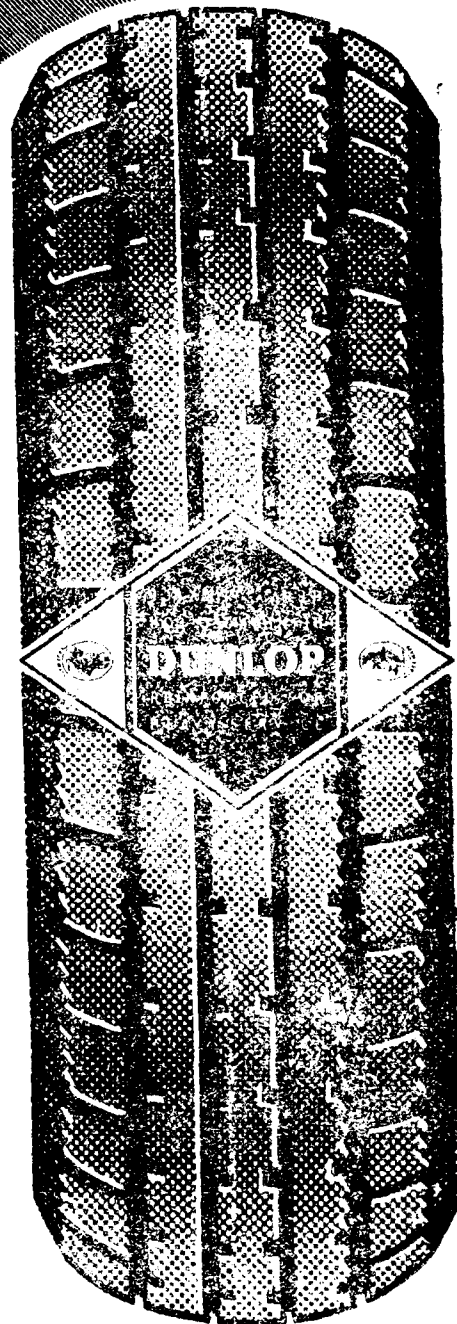
VIGNESWARA



AN
ENTIRELY
NEW

DUNLOP

R.H.S.
TRUCK &
BUS TYRE



By Prof. T. K. VENKATARAMAN, M.A., L.T.

GREAT personalities have bestrode the stage of history from age-long times. "Lives of great men teach us to make our lives sublime," it is true. But one cannot forget that these personalities have also been essentially human with their due share of the virtues and vices of human character. In these human qualities, there has been undoubtedly an entertaining side which is not so well known as the achievements connected with these persons.

The artist, Michelangelo, was skilled not only in his art but also in the art of "getting on." He was once commissioned to make a statue of Gonfaloniere Soderini. The artist knew very well that his eccentric patron was hypercritical of any work and was prepared for the eventuality, when Soderini came to inspect the finished statue. The patron frowned and cried, "The nose is ill-proportioned. Is it not?" Michelangelo pretended to agree, mounted the scaffold and gave the nose a few harmless taps with his chisel. At the same time, he cunningly dislodged a handful of marble dust which he had scraped up from the floor and carried up with him. Soderini surveyed the statue and exclaimed in rapture: "It is magnificent and life-like! I'm quite satisfied" and paid the artist double the amount agreed upon.

Cortey, the enterprising Spanish general, conquered the great empire of Mexico for his King. His lieutenant, Castillo, records that he allowed

his soldiers, after the conquest, a native woman or two every day. But all the same, Cortey was a devout Christian; for he insisted that these women had first to be baptised before the soldiers had access to them.

Even as late as the beginning of the 19th century, manners were coarse in England. Seduction was a fashionable vice. Public executions were attended by fashionable youths. Hard drinking was quite common. After dinner, valets had to carry their masters to their carriages. If the valets were also drunk, substitutes would take the masters to the wrong carriages and thus to the wrong houses. Things were worse in the 18th century. Bolingbroke, the great statesman, was typical in being unfaithful to women as well as to men. It was not considered a disgrace to get drunk. Fox, stumbling home at night after a "good time," spied a friend in a similar condition and asked, "Have you any idea of the time, now?" The friend shouted "How I? Certainly." Fox mumbled "Thanks" and staggered away. Yet, in his lucid hours, Fox was a resourceful speaker. He once approached a merchant for his vote. The tradesman replied "I admire your abilities, but damn your principles." Fox replied coolly "My friend, I admire your sincerity, but damn your manners."

Lord Byron was a fop and arranged his hair in curls. One night, a friend surprised him while he was in bed

and cried in astonishment, "My dear Byron, you have succeeded admirably in deceiving even your friends. Till now, I was convinced that your hair curled naturally." Byron had to beg him not to let the cat out of the bag for he said, "I'm as vain of my curls as a lovely girl of sixteen."

Here are two stories of Whistler, the famous artist. Once, a patronising duke seated near him at dinner adjusted his monocle and, leaning towards the artist, drawled, "Do you know, Mr. Whistler, I passed your house this morning?" "Thank you" said Whistler. "Thank you very much." At another time, another nobleman asked him, "I believe you know King Edward, Mr. Whistler?" "No, sir" said Whistler. "Why, that's odd. I met the King at a dinner party yesterday, and he said that he knew you." "Oh!" said the artist, "I expect the King was just bragging."

Abraham Lincoln never bragged. Once, a military officer was explaining to him that the Union armies could easily smash the Confederate forces under Lee. "How many men do you think Lee has?" asked Lincoln. "I'm assuming that he has only 50,000." "I want you to answer this question. If you call the tail of a sheep a leg, how many legs would a sheep have?" "Five." "Not at all" replied the President. "It would still have only four legs. Calling the tail a leg does not make it a leg. Nor does saying Lee's army is composed of only 50,000 make it small."

Here are some Roosevelt stories. While he was Governor of New York, he arrived at his office with a friend. A number of men were waiting. Before he entered his room, he paused in the waiting room and told an old and stale joke. In his office, the friend commented, "That joke of yours was an awfully old chestnut." "I know it" said Roosevelt. "But I wanted to find out how many had come to seek favours. These were the ones who laughed at my joke." Once, to avoid the pestering secretary of a charitable institution, he instructed his secretary to tell him he was ill. The secretary informed the caller, "I'm sorry that Mr. Roosevelt cannot see you. He is in bed with a bad sprain." The visitor looked at

the secretary with a mocking gleam in his eye and said, "I haven't come here to wrestle with Mr. Roosevelt. I just want to talk with him." Theodore Roosevelt was characterised by one of his own sons thus: "Father always wants to be the centre of attraction. When he goes to a wedding he must be the bridegroom. When to a funeral, he must be the corpse." During his administration, a guest at dinner, who was seated at the President's right hand, saw with surprise that the President poured coffee from the cup into the saucer. The embarrassed guest felt that it was incumbent upon him at the White House to do as the President did. He hastily poured his coffee into his saucer. But, to his horror, he saw the President take his own saucer and place it on the floor for the cat!

Rabelais, the famous French writer, was once stranded in a village in south France without a sou to return to Paris. He thought for a moment, and called the landlord of the inn where he was staying. "My dear friend," he whispered, "I'm here on a secret errand. So, don't breathe out what I say. Here are two packets. Keep them safe and hand them over to me this evening." The horrified inn-keeper saw on each packet, neatly written, the words "Poison for the King and Queen." Needless to say that he summoned the gendarmes who caught the dangerous guest with the damning evidence. He was taken to Paris. When taken before the King who recognised him, both had a good laugh at the ruse of the writer.

Disraeli was particularly good at repartees. Once, someone asked him: "What's the difference between a misfortune and a calamity?" Disraeli replied: "Well, if Gladstone fell into the Thames, that would be a misfortune. If anybody pulled him out, that would be a calamity." Disraeli was troubled by a man who applied for a baronetcy and who, Disraeli felt, was unfit for the honour. "You know that I cannot give you a baronetcy" he said. "But you can tell your friends that I offered you a baronetcy and that you refused it."

Winston Churchill was equally adept in rejoinders. An old lady said to him: "There are two things I don't like about you, Mr. Churchill—your

politics and your moustaches." (Mr. Churchill had moustaches then.) "Madam," replied Churchill coldly, "You are not likely to come into much contact with either." Once, some one introduced him at a gathering: "This is Churchill. He's not such a fool as he looks." "Quite right" said Churchill. "That's the great difference between me and my friend." Lady Randolph Churchill was canvassing on behalf of her husband and asked a worker for his vote. "Certainly not," he replied. "I don't vote for a lazy fellow who never leaves his bed till dinner-time." Lady Churchill said, "My friend, you are misinformed. I'm his wife and I can tell you that my husband is out of bed quite early." "Lor, ma' am," he replied. "If you were my wife, I should never want to get up."

Dean Swift had a virulent tongue which he often used to good purpose. One evening, he was dining with a bishop who playfully asked him: "Do you think that it is lawful to baptize in soup?" Swift replied promptly: "If you ask if it is lawful to baptize in soup in general, I say no. But, if you ask, is it lawful to baptize in your reverence's soup, I say yes, for there is no difference between it and water." Once, a young lady came to him and confessed that she had incurred the sin of vanity because, she murmured, "every morning when I look into the mirror, I think how beautiful I am." "Don't fear, child," said the Dean. "It is not a sin. It's only a mistake." Once, however, he got it back. While preaching, he saw that every time he mentioned the name of Satan, a certain member of the congregation bowed his head. After the service, he asked him to explain this. "Well, sir," was the reply. "Politeness does not hurt—and you never know."

Joseph Choate, the famous American lawyer, was the lawyer for a railway company which was being sued for damages for collision of the train at night with a waggon at a level-crossing. The gate was defective, but the gate-man gave evidence that he had waved his warning lantern several times before the waggon. The case was dismissed. Choate said later: "If the opposing counsel had asked only a single question, there

would have been a verdict against the company." His friend asked, "What was that question?" "Was the lantern lit?" said Choate with a grin.

The famous musician, Nikisch, was lionised at a particular town he was visiting. Women kissed his hand, plucked pieces of garment, and even begged for locks of his hair. He satisfied them by giving every admirer a few strands. "At this rate," a friend warned him, "you will grow bald soon." "Not I" answered Nikisch with a wink, "but my dog."

Here are two 'Shavian' stories. Shaw had a magnificent garden, but not a single cut flower adorned the interior of his house. A visitor commented "You are fond of flowers. Yet, you have none in the house." "I'm fond of children, too" replied Shaw. "But I don't cut off their heads and stick them in pots about the house." Once, he was at a dull party. He retired to a corner. Seeing him, the hostess rushed to him and gushed: "I do hope you are enjoying yourself, Mr. Shaw." He replied wearily, "Certainly. That's all I'm enjoying."

An inquisitive foreigner was pestering Dumas with questions. "You are a quadroon, monsieur?"

"I am, sir."

"And your father?"

"He was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"Was a Negro."

"Ah, what about your great grandfather?"

"An ape, sir," exploded Dumas. "My pedigree begins where yours ends."

A visitor to a town where Mark Twain had spent his boyhood asked an old inhabitant if he knew Mark Twain. He replied angrily: "Sure I did, and I knew just as many stories as he did, too. The only difference was that he wrote them down."

Edison, the inventor, was at a dinner where the toastmaster expatiated on his many inventions, finally ending with a long discussion of the talking-machine. The inventor, rising to reply, said gently: "I thank the gentleman for his kind remarks. But I must say that God invented the talking machine. I only invented one which could be shut off."

The celebrated American actress, Lillie Langtry, was at the height of her loveliness when she attended a dinner in London. By her side was an African potentate. The dusky sovereign neglected his food and gazed upon his partner, and, at last, there came out this compliment: "If God had only made you black and fat, you would have been irresistible."

The following story has appeared in many forms. But the best one is as given here. Hitler and Goering decided to flee out of Germany. Hitler disguised himself as a white-bearded old man, and Goering as a red-headed woman. To test their disguise, they went to a local bar and ordered beer. Hitler paid, and the bar maid said "Thank you, Mein Fueher." Turning to Goering, she added "Herr Reichsmarschal, do you want another glass?" Somewhat shaken, they called her aside and asked her: "How did you ever see through our disguises, my dear?" The bar maid whispered, "I'm Goebbels."

Joseph Chamberlain used to tell this story against himself. He was a guest at a dinner. The mayor of the city who presided leaned over at the end of the meal and asked Chamberlain: "Shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer or shall we have your speech now?"

Colley Cibber met a young fop dressed in green and gold who was the son of a printer who held the patent for publishing Bibles. He introduced him as "the young Bible, bound in calf and gilt, but not lettered."

Chesterton, the famous author, was speaking with some literary friends about what book they would prefer to have with them if stranded on a desert island. "The complete works of Shakespeare" declared one. "I'd choose the Bible" said another. Chesterton said, "I would have Thames' Guide to Practical Ship Building."

A new story is told about Bishop Henry C. Potter. It seems that a lay reader had been complaining to the Bishop that he and his fellows were nowhere recognized in the Prayer Book. There were references to bishops, priests and deacons, but never an allusion to lay readers.

"Why, of course, there is," said the Bishop. "Don't you remember that verse in the Benedicite, 'O all ye green things upon the earth, bless ye the Lord'?"

This story reminds us of another. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin speculated on what nationality they would prefer if they could not be in their own. Churchill said, "If I couldn't be British, I would want to be American." Roosevelt said, "If I was not American, I would be British." Stalin said: "If I was not Russian, I would be ashamed of myself."

Lord Kitchener was once cornered by a lady. At dinner the daring young thing asked him why he was so reserved. "Madam, familiarity breeds contempt," he answered. "Yes" agreed the lady. "But, there must be some familiarity at least to breed anything."

A woman once asked Sheridan: "Mr. Sheridan, as you seem to know everything, tell us the real difference between a man and a woman." Sheridan replied: "Madam, I cannot conceive. Can you?" The lady retired flabbergasted.

Ziegfeld, the organiser of the Ziegfeld Follies, met a merchant whom he had known in his childhood and took him to the show. The merchant stared intently, but with occasional grunts of disgust. Ziegfeld annoyed, said, "I don't understand you. Here I show you some of the most beautiful girls with practically no clothes on, and all you do is to emit grunts." "I wasn't thinking of the girls" said the merchant wistfully. "I was thinking of my wife when I grunted."

Edison was displaying his labour-saving devices to a number of guests. While admiring their ingenuity, they were perplexed by a turnstile which they had to turn with great difficulty while leaving the house. One of them asked, "Everything is perfect. But why this awful contraption?"

"Well," said the inventor. "Every time it is pushed around, eight gallons of water are pumped into a tank on my roof."

THE LAW AND THE PEOPLE

THE epidemic of lathi-charges and police firing on unarmed crowds seems to be un-abated.

During the past one year, in different parts of the country, numerous processions and gatherings of Communists, Socialists, Kisan Sabhas, Trade Unions, Students, Women and Refugees have been thus dealt with by the Police.

The latest case is that of the Sikhs of Delhi who took out a procession on Guru Nanak's birthday, in contravention of the prohibitory order, and thus invited the ire of the Police. They were ordered to be dispersed, then lathi-charged, tear-gassed and finally, fired upon.

LEGACY OF IMPERIALISM

This technique of dispersing "unlawful" crowds was always used by the British and, along with the bureaucracy and the C.I.D. and the ordinances, the present national government has inherited it from the out-going imperialists.

But, as a means of teaching the people to respect 'law and order,' this technique is neither rational nor practical—and, of course, not humane. It only creates bitterness against the Police which comes to be associated in the popular mind with brutal violence and oppression.

It is understandable that the Government, though it swears by the name of Mahatma Gandhi, cannot abolish the Army and Police altogether—as should have happened in an ideal Gandhian state based on non-violence.

Non-violence, it appears, is only meant to be talked about on the anniversary of Gandhiji's birth or death, or to be preached to foreign audiences, and not for use by our own Government in its dealings with its discontented or embittered citizens.

The people, of course, must always be non-violent—in their fight against imperialists, fascists, capitalists, black-marketeers, and other agents of political or economic oppression. But it is

only too bad that the "representatives" of the people—i.e. the Government—cannot make any use of this precious legacy of Gandhiji!

But even if the police and the military cannot be fully indoctrinated with non-violence, is it also impossible that they should be taught to have a little more regard and respect for human lives—and human limbs? Can they not be instructed to use force only when absolutely necessary, the principle being that only those rioters and murderers who threaten the lives of others may be shot on the spot, to prevent them from carrying out their evil intentions?

ROAD TO TROUBLE

What actually happens, however, is something quite different.

First of all, the various bans and prohibitory orders, Section 144 and similar gags, which are a negation of fundamental civil liberties, are imposed by the Government at the slightest provocation—or, sometimes, without any provocation at all.

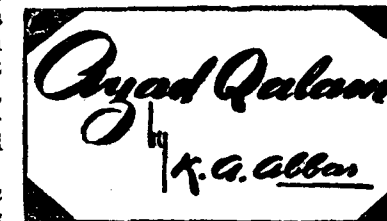
These gags serve as irritants and provoke sections of the people, anxious to ventilate their grievances or express their demands, to defy the orders. They take out a procession—or hold a meeting.

All right, let them! Neither a procession nor a public gathering, by itself, is a menace to public peace. Often it serves the cause of peace and order by giving pent-up popular sentiment an opportunity to let off steam, by expressing disagreement and discontent in words.

No, the Police argue, the procession or meeting is illegal. It is an affront to the Government, a defiance of authority, a challenge to the custodians of Law and Order! It must be dispersed.

But, then, if the procession or meeting is illegal, and the participants in it are guilty of breaking the Law, why not arrest and prosecute the whole lot of them—or at least the leaders?

Why bother?, the Police seem to say.



The procession is illegal, so it must be dispersed. It matters not to them whether the processionists are Communists agitating for the release of detenus, Socialists asserting civil liberties, Women demanding grain and cloth, Students agitating for lower fees, or just a crowd of ration card-holders protesting against a sugar hoarder's anti-social action in raising the price of this vital commodity. The Police see them only as so many "troublemakers" who have to be dispersed by force.

So there is an order to disperse immediately, which the motley crowd is neither able nor willing to obey. The constables begin to swing their lathis, a few skulls are cracked and legs fractured, there is confusion and resentment and bitterness, some are running while others make a stand. Then some one, at the outer edge of the crowd—a hot-head, an idle mischief-maker, or an *agent-provacteur*?—obliges by throwing a few stones at the Police. This is the signal—and sanction—for rifles to be brought into action and firing to begin.

A BULLET FOR A STONE!

Stone-throwing by the crowd is always given as the reason—and justification—for firing having been resorted to, the presumption being that those who are violent enough to throw stones at the Police deserve no better fate than to be shot.

Now, this does not conform even to the crude and ancient Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." There is no section in the Indian Penal Code which lays down that a man guilty of throwing stones at the Police must be shot. "A bullet for a stone" has no sanction of the Law.

Then there is the all-important question: Even if the stone-throwers deserve to be shot, what guarantee is there that in a police firing only the stone-throwers would be shot?

In fact, one can definitely say that any one who throws stones on such an occasion of confusion and excitement is *least* likely to be spotted out and shot at. One can be almost certain that the stone-throwers never get shot. It is always the other members of the crowd whose only crime is that they formed an "unlawful assembly" (a petty crime, punishable by a light

fine or a few days' imprisonment) who get shot in such firings. And, by the very nature of rifles and bullets, often innocent people (possibly completely unconnected with the 'unlawful assembly') get hit. A poor woman, standing at her window, was killed in Bombay some months ago, two young women were fatally shot in Calcutta and in Bombay recently when an angry mob was surrounding a sugar hoarder's shop, two workers who were coming out of their mill were hit by the flying bullets.

One is reminded of the inscription on the posters issued by the Government in 1942:

"When Police comes
The Goondas Escape
And The Innocent Suffer!"

In 1949, as in 1942, it is the innocent who suffer! Who is responsible for these deaths? Why should these innocent people have been killed? Are these periodical sacrifices to be made to keep up "Police prestige?"

HUMANITY AND HUMOUR

How, then, it may be asked, is Law and Order to be maintained?

The answer is simple. The long experience of British rule has shown us that "Law and Order" were not, and cannot be, ensured by the use of force—by lathi charges and firings.

If Law and Order have to be maintained, the civil liberties of the people must be ensured, and their legitimate right of spoken and written criticism of Government must be restored to the people.

The Government must be sensitive, and sympathetically responsive, to the grievances of the people—be they refugees or housewives, detenus or political opponents. It is only Governmental neglect and arrogance that breed defiance of Law among the people.

I believe that no processions and no public meetings (unless they are violent) must be banned. But even suppose there is a ban and it has been defied, can't the situation be handled with tact, understanding, humanity and a sense of humour? Let the procession go on its way, let the meeting take place—the Heavens will not fall, even if the vanity of the police has been punctured! If the Law has been broken, arrest the law-breakers,

prosecute them, send them to prison. But what canon of Law gives you the right to break their heads—and to shoot down innocent by-standers or passers-by?

Neither lathis nor bullets, neither prisons nor ordinances, can ensure the stability of a Government—unless it is rooted in the affections of the people!

Respect for Law cannot be taught by Police rifles, but only by the Law's respect for human life, human personality and liberty.

This is nothing new that I am saying. It is but a paraphrase of what our leaders used to say, times out of number—before they ascended to their present seats of power!

IMPLICATIONS OF DEVALUATION

By V. V. SRINIVASAN

DEVALUATION is only a currency manipulation to adjust temporary disequilibrium in the balance of payments position of a country. The thirties of the present century have witnessed, since the abandonment of the Gold Standard, various devices such as Exchange Control and import quotas, being adopted by many countries in order to obtain a self-sufficient national economy. The recent development in Britain's economy has led to the devaluation of her pound. No longer now the "workshop of the world," and "carrier of world trade," the U. K. is a debtor nation.

What is the "logic and compulsion of events" for devaluation of the rupee? Ever since the Second World War, India's balance of payments position has been an overall import surplus, including the dollar deficit. During the year 1948, India's imports exceeded her exports to the value of Rs. 120 crores, which represented imports of food grains from abroad. In 1939, five lakh tons of food grains were imported, while for 1948-49, India imported forty-eight lakh tons of food grains. It is clear that but for this food shortage, this amount could have been better devoted to the purchase of capital goods which are urgently required for speedy industrial and agricultural development.

The dollar crisis for India caused by her food shortage can be solved only by exporting more and stopping imports of food grains from abroad. Further, devaluation of the rupee is not an unmixed blessing. While Indian goods can be sold in the Ame-

rican market for cheaper prices, India has to pay more in her currency for American goods. This, especially, in the case of American capital goods, would inflate the cost structure of Indian economy. This prospect may turn India's foreign trade more towards the sterling areas.

Moreover, the Indo-Pakistan currency deadlock is a fly in the ointment. The appreciation of the Pakistan rupee vis-a-vis the Indian rupee has had its repercussions on certain spheres of trade in India. For example, the prices of hides and skins for which India depended upon Pakistan have gone up by 44%; to add to this, there is a fear of the possibility of this commodity being exported to the U.S.A. Thus, the tanning industry in India is facing the prospect of extinction, unless the Government should come to its rescue not only by banning exports of hides and skins but also devising measures for augmenting home supplies in India.

The lesson of the currency experiments of the thirties should not be ignored. If the devaluation of the rupee should achieve its intended objective, it should be closely linked with an integrated import and export control with a definite allocation of priorities for promoting increased production in India. Money being after all, a yard stick, the basic problem, of which devaluation is only a phase, is one of more wealth in terms of goods and services, which means hard work, efficiency and integrity.

PANDITJI

By P. N. SAMPATH

PANDIT Nehru's sweep through America was a tidal wave of diplomatic success. It was also a social success. The undoubted leader of 350 million people, possessor of a personality blended of charm and poise, highly endowed with powers of purposeful expression, it is small wonder that Nehru has caught the fancy of the generous-hearted and kindly American nation. Americans admire this implacable enemy of Imperialism who had suffered much under the British Indian administration, but who has nothing but unreserved affection for the English people.

With President Roosevelt no more, with Churchill in political hibernation, and with Stalin satisfied with the rule of a living Sphinx, there is none to equal Nehru in international stature in the world of to-day. The land which Washington had liberated has been consecrated by the footprints of this supreme apostle of Liberty and Freedom from the East.

As one who had, time and again, traversed the rugged countryside of rural India, Nehru was equal to the extra strain involved in going through this programme-studded American tour. Accustomed as he is to mob adulation on the Gandhian scale, Nehru was quite at ease when the admiring Americans thronged to greet him.

Some of Nehru's words of wisdom to the Americans are of abiding interest and importance. Nehru dwelt on the universal fear complex among nations and of its potentiality as a sure breeder of war. We cannot unite the nations of the world by merely declaring that the "world is one." There must be a reorientation of national and international ideas and ideals. Nehru pointed out that Colonialism was a lost cause, and that, if European colonialism were to continue to play havoc in Africa and South East Asia, it would be the first cause of future war.

Secondly, Nehru referred to the

urgent duty of the prosperous democracy of America to provide succour to the underclad and underfed millions of impoverished and war-ravaged East Asia. If that was not done immediately, Communism would conquer. The foremost weapon against Communism was not the atom bomb but the food-parcel.

American isolationism during the twenty-five years prior to the war with Hitler, had a great deal to do with the expansion of the areas of human distress and extension of Communism in its wake. If the countries devastated by World War I had been helped with even a fraction of the help America is now compelled by circumstances to offer, Communism could have been isolated and halted long ago. America was the only solvent country then, capable of rehabilitating Europe. American isolationists sold Europe to the forces of disintegration. Now the Americans are paying for it, through Lend-Lease, Marshall Aid and what not. These political Rip Van Winkles are fast waking up to the realities. Their scientists are being worked to exhaustion; destruction-mania is the prevailing passion. This is the case with all the leading nations of the world. While politicians prattle of the possibility or impossibility of war, the world in general is jittery with insecurity, suspicion and fear.

Want and fear, if not banished at once, can bring the next war near. Let the world sit up and heed the warning of the greatest living democrat-cum-internationalist of our time.

Nehru spoke out that India's foreign policy would be based on reason rather than expediency. He said that India did not believe in straddling the fence in international affairs. It would not ignore the realities. Pacifism, which is the keynote of this policy, is not passive by any means. India "will not and cannot" keep aloof when the world's freedom is threatened.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU— THEN & NOW

By KRISHNA KRIPALANI

IT is thirty years since Jawaharlal Nehru plunged from the pleasant shelter of a happy and prosperous home into the turbulent waters of Indian politics. Little could he have guessed that what seemed then so perilous a venture, so rash a sacrifice, would bear so rich a reward. Today he is not only the leader of his people and the Prime Minister of the world's most populous State (until China is once more united) but has been feted by the President of the world's most powerful State and hailed by the U. S. Press as "Asia's most distinguished statesman." If any Indian after Gandhi deserves this high praise, it is no doubt Jawaharlal Nehru. He has not suddenly leapt into the limelight. He was for long enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen for his heroic role in the struggle for India's freedom. The West too had learnt to honour him long before he became India's first Prime Minister. In fact, when he was called upon to occupy that exalted office in August 1947, there was unanimity of opinion both in India and abroad that the nation's choice was inevitable.

What made this choice inevitable? Nehru was not, nor indeed is he even now, the effective boss of the party which elected him as its leader in the government. True, Gandhiji had declared him his political heir and Gandhiji's will in this, as in many other matters, determined the nation's choice. But in this matter at least Gandhiji's choice reflected that of the nation. What is the secret of this choice, the clue to this not very usual political phenomenon of a leader who dominates his party without controlling it? The explanation may perhaps be sought in the peculiar heterogeneous character of the Congress Party and in the psychology of the Indian people. Were the Congress dominated exclusively by the capitalists or by labour, Nehru would not be where he is today. Nor would he be if the Congress were as fascist and

Hindu as its detractors paint it to be. Nor indeed if we Indians were as spiritual and Gandhian as some sentimental western well-wishers of India imagine us to be. The truth is that we are passing through a stage of economic, moral and intellectual indecision, where our traditional values and acquired ideas, our vested interests and our aspirations wrestle unceasingly, leaving our will paralysed. In this drama of Indian destiny, Nehru's role seemed inevitably heroic.

We cannot make up our minds what kind of economic or social order we want. We loved Gandhiji frantically and followed him haltingly. We admired him and adored him but evaded him almost as much as we obeyed him. We hate violence and are thrilled to hear of the exploits of our army. We swear by our villages and hate to live in them. We glorify our past and resent its fetters on the present. We believe in democracy and are by temperament hero-worshippers and by habit toadies. We honour character and bow to rank. We resent the influence of the West and are thrilled by its touch. This seeming contradiction is a measure of the confusion in our minds rather than of a conscious hypocrisy. Because we are more simple than wise, we are not even aware of our contradictions and make no attempt to resolve them till they explode and overwhelm us. To a large extent our love and admiration for Nehru was due to a vague realisation that in his complex personality was symbolised our sub-conscious aspiration to reconcile these contradictions.

Here was a young, handsome, dashing aristocrat with the blood of generations of Brahmins and the spirit of a Kshatriya. Here was a member of the pampered class renouncing his privileges to share in the ordeal of his people. Here was the fruit of Harrow and Cambridge offered at the altar of Sabarmati. A modern twice-born

The nation idolised him and Jawaharlal rose to the occasion. He had all the virtues which were needed for the role he was to play with such distinction. He had intellect, courage, loyalty and a personal integrity of character which we Indians admire most. He had, withal, enough individuality of character and conviction to set him apart from Gandhiji's other followers and yet not enough to bring him into conflict with Gandhiji, which was the fate of Subhas Bose. Thus, though he shone in Gandhiji's light, he wore a halo of his own.

He was rational enough to differ from his leader and sensible enough to follow him, an attitude which exactly expressed the mood of the young intelligentsia of his country. An aristocrat by birth, a democrat by sympathies. A socialist by conviction, a fervent nationalist who dreamt of a world government, the appeal of Nehru's personality reached beyond the borders of his country. In the nationalist camp he was a rallying point of opposing forces. The capitalists, though they did not trust him were not scared of him, for they knew that despite his socialist credo, he was at heart a liberal. The socialists were flattered that his head was with them even though his heart was elsewhere. Even the Communists were indulgent for, though not a fellow-traveller, he was a confirmed anti-fascist and his international sympathies were on the right side. The sentimentalists adored his passionate outbursts, the intellectuals admired his detached and rational outlook. Society ladies fluttered round him in drawing rooms and, in the streets outside, the mob lustily cheered at a glimpse of his face.

His well-wishers complained that Jawaharlal did not love power well enough to consolidate his own. He achieved phenomenal popularity but not commensurate power in the Congress organisation. He had admirers in millions but hardly any followers. He could influence, he could inspire but he could not command, unless the command were endorsed by Gandhiji. As a leader he was more led than leading. To some extent this was inevitable while Gandhiji lived. His tremendous will overwhelmed every-

one else's. If Gandhiji selected him as his heir in preference to his other colleagues with a longer political record and a more confirmed loyalty to his creed, the selection was a tribute to Jawaharlal's personal magnetism and to those qualities of character and intellect which, without political manoeuvring had made him a host unto himself. His incorruptibility of character, his generous sympathies, the wide horizon of his thought and his lack of identity with any political or sectional group seemed a guarantee that the interests of this amorphous and heterogeneous nation would be safe in his hands.

It is too early to praise his achievements or lament his failures. He has done much and left much undone. So many and complex were the problems that only our extravagant hopes could have led us to expect that they could be solved in so short a space of time. It will take a long time, if all goes well, before the hopes he had roused in the people of a just and equitable social order are fulfilled. In the meanwhile, though he remains the most popular and respected leader in India, the popularity has lost the zest of earlier adulation. He still collects admiring crowds wherever he goes but the admiration is not unmingled with cynicism. The very virtue of intellectual flexibility which had endeared him to all classes of people in the days when he was in the vanguard of the struggle for freedom has been turned into a reproach by impatient admirers. The nationalists fear what they call his international extravagances, the foreigners suspect him of aggressive designs; the Hindus complain he is too yielding, the Muslims that he has not done enough for them; the socialists grumble that he has let them down, the Gandhi-ites moan that Gandhism was allowed to die with Gandhiji; the Communists revile him for being a tool of the capitalists, the capitalists fear that his assurances are not reassuring. His recent proud statement in New York: "I do not commit myself anywhere to anybody," sums up the strength and weakness of his political personality.

Perhaps Jawaharlal himself feels that political realism, whatever its other merits, fails to uplift the hearts

of the people and lacks the power to inspire in them faith and courage, without which no heroic national endeavour is possible. He is too good a judge of words himself not to feel that his utterances of late lack the fire of confidence which made his earlier writings luminous. Here are two quotations, culled at random, one from his Autobiography, the other from the latest collection of his speeches and writings, published by the Publications Division of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. In 1935 he wrote: "For, under present conditions the rich man is no longer a necessary or a desirable part of the productive system or of society as a whole. He is redundant and he is always coming in the way. And the old business of the priest to ask the rich to be charitable and the poor to be resigned, grateful for their lot, thrifty and well-behaved, has lost its meaning. Human resources have grown tremendously and can face and solve the world's problems. Many of the rich have become definitely parasitical and the existence of a parasite class is not only a hindrance but an enormous waste of these resources." On March 4, 1949, while addressing the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry, New Delhi, he said, "Therefore, I am not enamoured of these 'isms,' and any approach is, and I should like to say the country's approach should be, rather a phlegmatic approach in considering the problem and I want to forget the 'ism' attached to it." (Independence and After, Page 190). No

doubt, he said "pragmatic" and not "phlegmatic" but the fact that the official proof-reader did not find "phlegmatic" inappropriate is significant.

If Gandhiji had lived, Jawaharlal's task would have been easier. All through his political career he had derived strength from Gandhiji and had followed his strategy. Gandhiji was a creative genius, a master-builder in whose hands every mason became an artist. It was the nation's tragedy that he was snatched away before even the foundations of the edifice were fully laid. Independence brought in more problems than any one had foreseen. Just when the wisdom and the moral authority of Gandhiji's voice were most needed, the voice was hushed, and Jawaharlal was left to face the worst crisis in the history of modern India. His courage was never in doubt and he has faced the crisis bravely. But he has yet to overcome the crisis and make good the hopes of the people. He has made many discoveries, but one more discovery awaits him, namely, when to be generous and when to be ruthless, to be flexible and when to be fanatical—which was the secret of Gandhiji's political genius. It is only now that his claim to greatness is being really tested. It is only now he can grow to truly heroic proportions. It is easier to win power than to wield it, as history has repeatedly shown. If Jawaharlal succeeds in fulfilling the promise which Gandhiji held out to the nation on his behalf, he will rank in our history along with Asoka and Akbar.—N. P. S. (Copyright).

A democracy may be strong and effective without being dull. It may aim at a classless society and gradually establish it, and yet, at the same time, carry forward and include within itself all that was fine in the old aristocracy—the grace of culture, the beauty of art. It is usual to say that we are living in an age of transition. I suppose we always have been, but our own epoch is unique in this, that it finds itself involved in three great transitions simultaneously; from intuition and guess-work to science; from hand labour to machinery; from the rule of the few to the rule of the many. No wonder that it is difficult to adjust ourselves, that we are tossed about and confused. No wonder that we find it hard to maintain our standards.... Let us keep whatever survives of ease and quiet and comfort; not curtail it, but rather extend it to all. Britain has been the progenitor of a long line of great men, illustrious in every sphere of human endeavour. Let us so order our affairs that that may be so still; but, in addition, that Britain may become the home of a people, from top to bottom and through and through, cultured and finely civilised; a nation and its environment with a quality of dignity and grace."—VISCOUNT SAMUEL.

NEHRU

THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

By WILLIAM D. ALLEN

(Editor, "World in Brief," New York).

IN mid-October, the U.S.A. welcomed Jawaharlal Nehru with exceptional cordiality and in a spirit of highly complex, highly human joy such as America has seldom expressed. The atmosphere of his reception was highly complex because Pandit Nehru means so many different things to us in America. First and most important to the vast multitude is that he is a charming, spontaneous human being. Even those who know him only very superficially, through occasional photos and articles in *Life*, the *New York Times*, etc., have the impression of a lovable, persistently youthful and "easily understood" man. All of which his visit confirmed. This latter impression of being easily understandable is very important, indeed, for up to now the U. S. A. has been cut off even more than generally acknowledged from Asia. And nothing is so important in breaking down the age-old anti-Asian complexes of the American public as sending here a representative of Asia who is "easily understood." We in America are instinctively against all curtains, iron or otherwise. We like the act of "acting up to the occasion" and the ready smile, the quick word—preferably in English. In spite of earnest undertones we are inclined to prefer leaders who have the light touch, who seem to think Utopia is something humanity can hope to attain some day on earth. Nehru answers all these prerequisites of the American version of the folk hero.

American women are very important indeed in public affairs. I have found that they become exuberant when talking about Nehru even when they have only seen a few photos of him. He is the American version of the romantic type. If he had settled here he might very well have become a Hollywood Valentino or Boyer. Slender, alert, a twinkle in his eyes, a smile that never loses its expression of tenderness and wide humanity—

there is everything here to arouse the admiration of the American woman.

As to the American man of today, he is primarily concerned with earning a living and with watching the main trends of public affairs which affect his own individual fate. Suddenly, out of Asia, flies this comet-like, perennially youthful man who is acclaimed by the American press as the representative not only of India but of all Asia. The average American man who reads of Nehru's influence, which, according to the press here in New York and Washington extends throughout Asia, grasps eagerly at this hope of world peace. For every American yearns for a peace that will continue as long as he and his children live, and any military spending there is, is on the basis of protecting the American home from destruction from the atomic bombs of others.

To those who have all along recognized the tremendous importance of India and of Asia in world affairs, it may seem rather silly that North America should bounce overnight from darkest ignorance to bright awareness of this big fact of contemporary life—simply because Nehru arrives out of the skies amongst us. But that is the way it is with U. S. A. psychology, and India and other nations might as well recognize it as symptomatic of a very democratic country.

This sudden illumination of the American mind does not happen every time a prime minister reaches our shores. Nehru, however, is operating as a number of separate forces upon America. He is arousing us to think of India as a highly personal picture in the image of Nehru. Our American popular image of India was the picture of a highly mysterious, rather unattractive naked fakir during the 19th century; later India was pictured as the soft-speaking Tagore of the early 20th century; and still later the

ascetic Mahatma Gandhi of the Salt March, the fasts and the final martyrdom. The new Free India of the simple American's dreams, as seen in the friendly Nehru face, is a reassuring part of a dawning world in which science and understanding can, we are told, bring lasting prosperity and peace without any "need" for imperialism to help any of us to these goals.

The impact of Nehru on America during his October visit could be measured as very great even on a purely emotional basis, even if one thinks only of the masses of Americans who, though technically literate, are really as ignorant of world affairs in tangible ways as is the peasantry of India. This vast mass of rather ignorant Americans is very powerful because of its voting strength. It is this groping crowd who elected Truman last year when all the wise men were sure he would lose. Although they, the simple ignorant voters, come to conclusions through intuition and emotion, they are still a great power in this voting nation. And there is no doubt but that Nehru has shifted their thoughts to a significant extent from Europe to Asia, and adjusted the American voter to a new age in which far more participation by U. S. A. in Asian affairs can be expected.

Fortunately, much of Nehru's speaking in America was broadcast. Fortunately, because the American is too overwhelmed with preoccupations to take time for careful reading. Fortunately, too, because one of Nehru's greatest contributions to America is his voice, the penetrating security of it, the music of timelessness in it, its own contagious freedom from fear.

In very practical terms, what he said, how he said it, the subtle persuasiveness of this non-rabble-rousing voice, all had an impact on millions of Americans which will be lasting. Even if they forget him and India at times, their minds and souls will be more inclined than before toward the long view and toward handling their personal and national problems without recourse to fists or atomic bombs.

Top leaders weighted with responsibilities are less rapid in their expressions of affection. If one studies the paper statements of Nehru in the past in comparison with the paper declara-

tions of policy of the business leaders of U. S. A. in the past, one might well be gloomy at chances of a mutual understanding that could benefit India by gaining for her use the machinery for agricultural and industrial growth. But the pressure of events is altering rapidly the thinking of all classes as well as nations. The Point Four ideas of President Truman by which the U. S. A.'s supreme material facilities would be applied to develop the neglected resources of Asia, Africa, etc., is increasingly discussed sympathetically by practical business leaders regardless of their party politics. American capitalism and private enterprise seem willing to relinquish some of their technical "sovereignty" so as to safeguard their survival. They are discovering that by being less selfish and narrow they can adapt themselves to our post-war conditions in which the masses everywhere demand reasonable standards of living. The present epoch seems to be witnessing a discovery by the capitalist of the workingman as a potential customer. Nehru would not have found such a cordial reception in U. S. A. a generation ago. His visit coincided perfectly with America's discovery of the importance of India as the leading nation of Asia. Thus his visit made history by dramatizing the birth of a new American attitude toward Asia.

By a curious coincidence, America was celebrating the birthday of Columbus, the discoverer of the Western hemisphere, when Nehru arrived. Almost the first words of President Truman to Nehru were a reminder that Columbus had really been aiming to find a passage to India when he accidentally and unwillingly found this new continent. The President hoped, he said to Pandit Nehru, that "your visit, too, will be in a sense, a discovery of America."

Although the U. S. A. is actually the mother of modern democracies, she still is as eager as the youngest nations for the approval of charming visitors and Nehru will no doubt have met an impressive percentage of America's finest leaders and seen a striking number of her finest achievements before his return home. With his unusually balanced background of economic and political reading, and

his equally unusual understanding of psychological factors, he will have been able to absorb this overwhelming mass of new experience in his stride.

From an immediate viewpoint, it is safe to say that the average person in U. S. A. takes for granted that India will in some way or other profit economically from Nehru's visit; increased appreciation of India's urgent needs for the sake of world economic health, would seem inevitable after his visit. Americans also hoped for or even expected some clarification by him of the political picture, some assurance, however negative, that India will not encourage the spread of Russian influence in southern Asia.

From a long-term American viewpoint, with an eye to improving the basic qualities of American civilization, people like myself feel joyfully confident that Nehru's visit has once for all crashed through the icy indifference of the Americans to India's importance. We think it has enduringly fixed India in American eyes as a brother sharing in a very complex, all-embracing drama—the drama in which vast peoples are evolving new versions of ancient cultures, fighting disease in closest comradeship, exploring the skies and seas fraternally, learning one another's songs and poems.

Personally, the sixtieth birthday of Jawaharlal Nehru on November 14 brings together in one collection of precious guarded snapshots the best memories of my lifetime. So inspiring did I find the proceedings of the Lahore Congress in the final week of 1929, to which I had gone at

the kind invitation of Pandit Nehru, at that time Secretary of the Congress that although I afterwards went southwards to Bombay, I told a German friend who was on his way to Allahabad to find out whether I could be of service in editing records of this great Congress meeting. Soon a telegram told me that Mr. Nehru could use my services and I hurried joyfully north again to Allahabad. Few moments in my later life are as vivid to me as of standing on the porch of the Nehru home with the revered Motilal and Jawaharlal, and of having tea with them. Those days at Allahabad, when I stayed with law students at the university, the days with Mahatma Gandhi at Lahore, the months at Santiniketan with Gurdev crystallized a humble American student into a lifelong struggler for India's freedom and for closer Indian cultural contacts with the U. S. A. Through the intervening twenty years, there always has been the vision of the three great men as a logical succession, Tagore, the aesthetic theorist creating something to aim toward, Mahatma Gandhi the moulder of character, and Jawaharlal Nehru the reaper of the sown wheat, the man who ties what has been done together and introduces it to the world and lets us know that it is there to be well used. May many more birthdays come to this ever-young Indian, this fine man, whom America has taken to her heart because he is a delightful human being and because he is so easily understood as a personification of a new world order and a new, free India.

—Copyright.

No other Indian has his combination of intellectual authority and popular appeal. Nehru is more than Mahatma Gandhi's accepted and anointed heir; he is, in his own right, a symbolic figure whose life and bearing crystallise a master element in the mystical unconscious of the Indian people.....

Nehru's brain is quick and rational, antique India is slow and instinctive. To reconcile the lucid formulas of his mind with the heavy, tangled processes of his country's genius is the hardest battle Nehru must fight with himself, and he fights it daily.

The struggle is apparent in his anxious energy and in the perplexed resolution of his fine, spiritual face. He is an intellectual first and last, impatient with all that is dark and archaic, but he has a deep understanding of his people's mythology.

—William Armstrong, JOHN BULL.

STILL IN BATTLE DRESS

By POTHAN JOSEPH

TO be perpetually in battle-dress even after the victory is conceded, induces thought-currents that keep the mind restless, and in the case of Pandit Nehru he has not yet donned *mufti* though the contest was over in August 1947. Of his personal courage and superhuman energy there can be no question; but as an administrator his consciousness of the combatant's role makes him go often into a trance about the triumphs of the past at the risk of falsifying history and mistaking the present. In the first place, the theory that the withdrawal of the British was an episode of capitulation under Congress assaults is bound to be revised by future historians. But the obsession is there that *we* by our doughty deeds won the day, a claim so indefatigably advanced that it became a master-theme in the speeches made in America. Incidentally, the conviction that it was the Congress that saw to the downfall of British Imperialism and the deliverance of India, fosters the notion that the fruits of liberation belonged to the party and that old-timers are now a burden to be grudgingly tolerated as a blot on the landscape. Pandit Nehru's claim may be seen in its full fervency among some of the passages quotable from his speeches. Here are four excerpts:—

(1) "When a mighty imperialist power has been defeated in the struggle for freedom, India should be afraid of nothing now."

(2) "Our task is to consolidate the freedom that has been won through the sweat and toil of millions of our countrymen."

(3) "People in this country and outside wonder whether this is the organisation (Congress) that carried out a revolution in this country."

(4) "Thirty years ago we started a war without any arms against a mighty Empire and ultimately achieved victory."

His speeches contain similar passages to support the tenet that the British were overthrown through the

Congress campaign and that in the end the remains of foreign rule had to be carted away in melancholy retreat. Once when some people complained about the monopolist tendencies of Congressmen on attaining office, Mrs. Naidu asked vehemently: "But where were they during the fight?" The I. N. A. people genuinely believed that the demonstration of discipline and courage furnished by Subhas Chandra Bose was really at the bottom of Britain's decision to quit before being expelled. Another school of thought was inclined to the belief that revolutionary terrorism though stemmed by Mahatma Gandhi had still such potentials of eruption that the British shrewdly decided not to court a regime of murder and anarchy. Not a few argued at the time, that the R. I. N. mutiny convinced the British that discretion was the better part of valour. Finally, there is the explanation that the British were convinced of better trade relations resulting by vacating India and diverting British personnel in the army and services to other spots on the earth where their man-power was running short. Today there are 170,000 British soldiers abroad while their home factories require more hands to sustain production. After all, there were in India roughly about 1,500 officers in the superior services while the white army's strength had been 50,000. There was no privation when the former retired with handsome pensions and the fighting forces were transferred to other theatres as garrison.

GLORY

Pandit Jawaharlal's mind revolts against the conception of contributory causes, for he reserves all the credit for August 14, 1947, to the technique and sacrifice of Congressmen. Such a reading of history has no doubt its electioneering value and there is significance in fixing certain dates in the annals of the Constituent Assembly so that they may coincide with the anniversaries of Congress resolutions pertaining to the goal of Swaraj earnestly proclaimed by an

earlier generation of Congressmen next held up to ridicule as Moderates and job-hunters. To choose January 26 for the inauguration of Free India is really to celebrate and glorify the Independence Resolution moved by Pandit Jawaharlal nearly 25 years ago and give the laurels of the campaign to the non-cooperationist Congress, the method and the success being correlated as cause and effect, eliminating extraneous aid nor allowing a reference to the doctrine known as the compulsion of events. There is not the faintest shadow of doubt, as in the case of the nursery rhyme: "Who killed Cock Robin?"

The same event observed and interpreted by Mr. Jinnah in August 1947 elicited the following appreciation from him:

"Such voluntary and absolute transfer of power and rule by one nation over others is unknown in the history of the world. It is, I believe, the translation and realisation of the great ideal of Commonwealth which has now been effected, and hence both Pakistan and Hindustan have remained members of the Commonwealth which shows how truly we appreciate the high and noble ideal by which the Commonwealth has now been guided and will henceforth be guided in the future."

There is no claim of India having wrung the neck of British Imperialism or having ousted them from their overlordship, but then there is the facile assertion that Jinnah and his followers had never fought for freedom, never gone to jail nor allowed the crease of their pants to be rumpled in epic battles of Satyagraha. Their last effort when a joint Cabinet came into power at the Centre was to conduct non-cooperation from within and tire out their opponents into the concession of Pakistan: for, after all, the gist of non-cooperation lies in the boycott of the administration and the barracking of the administrators which unnerves the most insensitive of men who find themselves isolated and then hooted out. The instinct of annexing wholesale credit for a many-sided consummation lies at the root of present day power-politics in India and the disposition to retain the support of the masses by the claim of

being direct inheritors of Mahatma Gandhi, although Gandhiji wrote on October 10: "I now realise that our struggle against the British Government was not based on the non-violence of the brave."

"ALONE WE DID IT"

On November 2, when the pact for transferring the sovereignty of Indonesia to the Indonesian people through its Republican leaders was signed at the Hague, Dr. Mahomed Hatta openly expressed his thanks to the Netherlands Government for their attitude of sympathy, magnanimity and statesmanship, though the claims of the 70 millions of the Indonesian people for self-government were fundamentally and indefeasibly right. There was no suggestion of spiritual pugnacity whereas in India there was a different reaction in kindred circumstances among many Congressmen. Recall the experience of Shanmukham Chetty when he delivered his budget-speech as Finance Minister of India. He paid in passing, a tribute to the British for their sportsmanship and statesmanship in deciding to hand over power to India through Lord Mountbatten in a generous spirit. The fat was in the fire. The Congress party resented the latent suggestion that the "wresting of freedom from unwilling hands" did not exclusively account for the transfer of power. Clouds of wrath hung over the head of Shanmukham Chetty for the courteous reference which apparently took away from the credit for puissant achievement belonging to the Congress. Shanmukham Chetty had to recant in public before the Assembly for the heretical theory that some credit was due to the Labour Government of Britain for the friendly happening.

That the successor Government has grappled with problems of magnitude on one can deny. But the burning memory of Congressmen having been the sole instruments of winning freedom distorts factual perspective especially among leaders of the visionary type. It is not a full reading of history to harp incessantly on the claim regarded as being obvious by the Prime Minister of India, but the psychology of it is perfectly intelligible. The attitude goes back to a form of self-esteem. St. Paul, for

instance, in discussing the Resurrection of Christ, suddenly leaves the problem of concrete evidence and says that "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our preaching in vain and your faith is also in vain." And the fact was that they did preach and believe, undergoing tribulations and sufferings, and it would be dreadful for them to imagine that their harrowing experiences had been borne in vain, making them look silly in their experiments for the sake of truth. That is a departure from the logic of solid testimony, and an appeal to the sense of success investing strange ordeals of the past with the sanction of commonsense. Much in the same way Congress leaders and Congress followers who had sacrificed their routine-careers and courted unpleasant experiences must feel if it were suddenly established that irrespective of much of the history they had made, there had been a converging of influences making for the total result known as the liberation of India. It would be hard for them to divide and divert credit when their sense of exclusive merit is ever so satisfying, though not so intense as the feeling of the old lady who was convinced that dawn broke because her cock crowed.

The new generation for whom the epic story of Gandhiji in action must dimly recede as years pass, will be more critical in proportioning out the forces that brought British withdrawal into being. It may look schismatic today but the future historian will not ascribe the outcome of August 1947 solely to Satyagraha in action and to spiritualised politics, which is

now presented as the secret of a country's emancipation by those who take themselves to be the interlopers and the exemplars of the Gandhian way. Fewer commentators may take it as true that the miracle had happened in the manner represented.

At the prayer-meeting in Delhi on September 17, 1947, Gandhiji dwelt on the tragedy of bloodshed accompanying partition: "I have no desire to live to see the ruin of India through fratricide. My incessant prayer is that God will remove me before such calamity descends upon this fair land." The phase of despair overwhelmed him and the gloom was reminiscent not of any boast about the shibboleth known as "our hard-won freedom" but of the gloom surrounding the following passage in the Gospels: "And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama Sabachthani?, that is to say, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

On August 14, 1947, Gandhiji was observing a fast of introspection, refusing to be jubilant because of the misgivings that bore down upon him; of the feeling that all that had been wrought was not all that had been contemplated. Still the overweening claim that the British "surrendered" entirely through the puissance of a single party, is kept lathered up in a fast-drying atmosphere and the battle-dress is still worn when the apron of strenuous labour would be more appropriate. With the battle-dress discarded, the language of martial rhetoric will also disappear.

The Englishman and his valet had been speeding westward across the United States for four days and three nights. The English, of course, are used to travelling about on a comparatively small island. The valet was silent and preoccupied and so his master asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," the valet answered. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did he, now, sir? Hafter hall's said and done, 'ow could 'e 'ave missed it?"

** ** *

Do you believe in prayer?" a master asked his Negro servant.

"Yassuh."

"Does God answer all your prayers?"

"Yassuh. He answers one way or another."

A TRIBUTE TO NEHRU

By **ACHYUT PATWARDHAN**

"Is Nehru a captive of his high office? Or, is he capable of rising above his environment to launch upon the second national struggle for economic emancipation? Thousands of men and women who have drawn strength and inspiration from him bring to him this tribute of a question mark, as a token of homage and affection," says Achyut Patwardhan, the well-known Socialist leader, in the course of this article.

YOUTH is not a matter of years, it is essentially a quality of living—a spirit which revitalises itself with the ever new challenge of experience. Age is the faculty of converting a new problem into an old solution. Youth is the courage to act and, through action, to discover unrealised horizons of purpose. In this sense, Jawaharlal Nehru at sixty is still one of the most youthful leaders in the land. Way back in 1929 when he attained the highest position in the public life of his country, as President of the stormy Congress session at Lahore, he was the mirror of youthful aspirations. His spirit soared ever high above the hardships and seemingly impossible odds. Even today, when the dream of freedom's dawn is darkened by the thick clouds of disenchantment, on men's minds, Jawaharlal remains a silver line of hope which may perhaps ever remain unrealised. It is because Jawaharlal seems in his own inexplicable way to hold out a glimmer of hope in an otherwise dismal situation that young and old turn to him again with affection and esteem.

Jawaharlal does not lack courage and he is ever ready to fly in the face of danger. He has never shirked suffering nor has his spirit retreated in the face of stern opposition. However, he has never found it easy to break away from inconvenient associations. And his spirit is defenceless against the vacillation of his associates.

Jawaharlal is one of those rare persons who has attained heights of honour and responsibility without ever running after power and position. He has not attained greatness without sterling merit and unsparing exertions. The capacity to fling all that is himself into the fray, the courage to stake his position on an

issue of principle and utter fearlessness in the face of danger—these qualities he has demonstrated again and again in his career. Even so, he has specific limitations which arise from his very success. Never to have to hold to a position against opposition within his ranks, never to pull all his resources together bit by bit, to advance against the direction of the stream, not alone but with a team, these struggles and trials he was spared by the unfailing support of Mahatma Gandhi.

During Gandhiji's life, Jawaharlal could leave complex problems of organisation to the great leader and himself remain the spear-head of resistance to external attack. Years of wilderness in jail often try the inner core of one's spirit. Jawaharlal was neither embittered nor blunted by these years of isolation, because he had been spared the unpleasant task of dealing with the weakness and vacillation of his colleagues. He was never compelled to deal with crass careerism in his own associates, as long as Gandhiji lived. In a sense, the struggle phase was extremely kind to his warrior spirit, for the risks of conflict are themselves a corrective to the more insistent demands for personal power, from one's associates.

The attainment of freedom set new trials before this war-like spirit and the loss of Gandhiji added fresh burdens of responsibility. All his life Jawaharlal had asserted that human achievements, howsoever outstanding, are rigorously conditioned by the objective environment. He was never tempted to accept national freedom as an end. To him, it was the single most potent weapon to undo the ravages of Imperialist domination. He is too proud to accept the myth of superiority of the white races. He is

too human to claim any superiority for his own people. Freedom for him was the long awaited opening of a new avenue of opportunity; it was the instrument which could transform cruel inequalities of social and economic status. Freedom would be meaningless unless it extended an assurance of speedy uplift to millions who were stunted by the dead hand of social tradition; unless these mill-stones of degradation could be lifted, Swaraj would remain a word without content.

Throughout these long years, Jawaharlal has seen with clear eyes and the unbiassed mind of a historian that economic degradation and the formal political equality of adult franchise cannot exist side by side in peace. One of the first to call himself a scientific Socialist, Jawaharlal cannot deny that good men cannot escape the evils arising from the unjust social system they administer. No excuses are valid to extenuate the continuance of widespread privations, and glaring inequalities. Today, he presides over a Government which is part-free, part-slave. His Government shirks its stern tasks and becomes an apologist of entrenched vested interests. Jawaharlal has come to the cross-roads of his destiny.

Either he must reconcile himself to the avowedly capitalist character of his Government and its economic policies which depend abjectly upon the support of Big Business; or he must fling a challenge once again to the forces of Evil which have ranged themselves behind his Government, under sanctimonious pretensions. India is passing through the wilderness of economic catastrophe. Can Jawaharlal prevent this fatality which can be seen even without the gift of prophetic vision?

Money power is tainting democracy at its source. This is too plain and obvious to need any elaborate argument. What are Jawaharlal and his Government doing to unseat this undeclared domination of the monopolists of trade and industry? This question rises every day in millions of hearts. To this question Jawaharlal Nehru has as yet provided no answer.

However brilliant his exposition of India's role in the comity of nations and however exalted his analysis of

the causes of war and the basis of peace, there is a challenge to peace more strident than even the atom bomb. It is the threat to peace which grows like a cancer out of the tissues of social inequalities. It is time that Jawaharlal addressed himself to the greatest issue before the present generation.

It might be asked: "Is Jawaharlal a man of vision, or is he essentially a man of action?" During the many years of struggle against the arrogant might of Empire, when faith was sorely tested, Jawaharlal stood unwavering like a rock in the storm,—a light-house of assurance to shipwrecked pilgrims. Yet after freedom we have entered new storms and we face new trials. We look for the familiar assurance of the lighthouse and it eludes us. Today Nehru is not a lighthouse but the helmsman of the ship. Is he as true a man of action as his vision was clear? That is the question destiny has posed before him in his sixtieth year.

The Congress which led the struggle against alien domination is a broken reed through which the music of reconstruction can play no more. No more can this great organisation call to the flagging spirits of our long suffering people. It has lost the old power of binding diverse talents for an end recognised to be greater than ourselves. However, the people of this land, out of whose ribs the Congress was fashioned, are still sound at heart. Can Jawaharlal Nehru free himself from a tradition that has almost lost its soul?

In the past, Jawaharlal Nehru turned his back upon wealth and the power which comes as a price of docile conformity to established authority. The dispossessed and disinherited citizen still turns to Jawaharlal with hope. Jawaharlal is Gandhiji's successor. Yet, he is fashioned of a different mould from Mahatma Gandhi.

The truth he worships is a social truth. Truth is a relentless goddess that has no use for plausible compromises. The sands are running out because every succeeding month makes the inevitable change of gears more difficult. Is he willing to seek the escape of the "Lesser evil"?

This distressed nation of thirty-five

crores, speaking in diverse tongues, yet voiceless to express its mounting burden of misery, sees its dream of freedom turn into the spectre of new slavery to the propertied interests. A Socialist planned economy based upon a speedy end of the private ownership of national resources is the most urgent need of the hour. Jawaharlal Nehru has done pioneering work in the field of national planning by getting together the necessary information and useful outlines. All that work is today relegated to dusty files and is fast getting out of date. Jawaharlal Nehru has risen to great heights of fame and power. Yet his exalted position has a significance only in the measure that he can launch a crusade against those who have menaced the welfare of the people of this land.

Can Jawaharlal Nehru rise to the need of this crisis by taking up an

uncompromising stand against wrongdoers in high places? Or is he now a captive of his high office who is helpless to save the citizen from the inroads of predatory interests? Does Jawaharlal Nehru hope to fight the poverty and injustice that is rampant after freedom, with capitalists and profit-greedy trading interests, high-placed tax-dodgers and men who refuse to invest their ill-earned wealth for expanding production and State enterprise, as his allies and aides? Or is Jawaharlal Nehru capable of rising above his environment, can he extricate himself from the clutches of his government to launch upon the second national struggle for economic emancipation?

Thousands of men and women who have drawn strength and inspiration from Jawaharlal Nehru bring to him this tribute of a question mark, as a token of homage and affection.

GREATNESS

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—Emerson.

Great men too often have greater faults than little men can find room for.—Landor.

KRISHNA PILLAI, THE "POETS' POET" OF KERALA

By M. GOVINDAN

*The poet's true function I know not
Nor wish to know*

*Call me not a poet, since it's
Seeds of sin I sow.*

SO lamented the late Mr. Changampuzha Krishna Pillai in his posthumous book "*Patunna Pisachu*" (Singing Devil). But the people of Kerala have regarded him as a *Mahakavi* and the most popular of Malayalam poets. The success scored by his works is phenomenal; they run to many editions—a rare event so far as Malayalam publications are concerned. The pastoral elegy, *Ramanan*, which Changampuzha wrote mourning the suicide of his friend and fellow-poet, Edapally Raghavan Pillai, had a record-breaking sale. It is said that more than forty thousand copies of this book were sold out within a short period. Of late, the poetry-reading public is considerably dwindling in Kerala for obvious reasons. Yet Changampuzha is widely read and even the unlettered can be heard reciting unconnected pieces from his popular works.

Changampuzha made his maiden appearance in the literary arena during the early thirties when he was only in his teens. During this period in history, a time of depression and despair, Malayalam poetry had reached a dead-end. Vallathol's poems were considered old-fashioned. Despite their nationalist colour, they smacked of revivalism. Mr. G. Sankara Kurup, the renowned humanist poet of Kerala to-day, was hobnobbing with Tagorean mysticism and Persian Sufism. Compared to other regional and foreign literature, Malayalam lagged behind in many respects. It was at this crucial time that Changampuzha's musical poems began to appear in the journals. Like lightning flashes, they opened up new vistas and horizons in the literary sky. The melody and colour of those poems could be appreciated by all. For, in the field of poetic expression he could achieve wonders. It was Changampuzha who

liberated Malayalam poetry from the existing pedantry and obsolete formalism. According to Mr. A. Balakrishna Pillai, the well-known critic and veteran scholar of the West Coast, Changampuzha's role in Malayalam literature is that of Pushkin in Russian literature. But Changampuzha was not a poet of revolution of any variety. Pushkin had strong political sympathy and attachment with the Decemberists. Living in an age of acute political crisis, chaos and revolts, Changampuzha yet kept aloof from them with a certain amount of contempt. He refused to propagate any brand of political ideology or blow the trumpet of any party. That was the reason why he became anathema to the nationalists as well as to the communists.

Yet, Changampuzha became the herald of a new movement in Malayalam poetry. His uncompromising radicalism and bold experiments in the form and technique of poetry brought the Muse from the high pedestal of classicism down to the earth. From the position of being an ornament of the feudal class and its allies, poetry became a popular concern. The smell of the virgin soil pervaded his poetry and the vast panorama of pastoral life with its folk-songs and simplicity was its centre-piece. The high-brow critics furiously frowned at him for dragging the Goddess Saraswati from Mount Kailas to the market place! They predicted that his poems would wither away in no time. They have proved, as time has shown, false prophets.

Changampuzha wrote almost all his verses in Dravidian metres. He was of the opinion that *Slokas* and other Sanskrit metres were out of time and tune with the new Malayalam literature. He maintained that the music inherent in Dravidian metres and their internal harmony were more suitable and adaptable to the popular taste than the Sanskrit media. And history vindicated Changampuzha. In

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, Calcutta
(Phone No. 8139) (Phone No. 41593)

Also at: Lucknow, Bangalore, Trichinopoly, etc.

this manner, he was able, to a very great extent, to bridge the vast gulf that existed between poetry and music in Kerala.

Though the discerning public is agreed in its appreciation of Changampuzha's literary contribution and poetic genius, there are a few who consider him a decadent. The most noisy among them are the Communists. His influence and popularity eventually eclipsed Vallathol, their favourite and revered poet whom they boosted up to the sky during the inter-war years. And further, the Communists of Kerala, as their prototypes in other lands, had to ape the late Zhadanov in bullying the literary men and artists. However, it is true that the influence of the decadent poets of the West, namely Baudelaire, Verlaine and Rimbaud can be found in some of Changampuzha's poems. A few of them are imbued with Freudian psychology, the outstanding example of which is his *Khandakavya, Mohini*. But most of Changampuzha's poems are lyrical, written on the model of the architects of English Romanticism—Keats, Shelley and Browning. It was he who introduced the best trends and tendencies of English as well as Continental poetry into Malayalam literature. He also translated some of the Chinese and Japanese poems, a Swedish novel, a few plays of Anton Tchekov, Maeterlinck and other famous writers, the total effect of which broadened the vision and scope of the literature of Kerala.

Both as a man and as an artist Changampuzha was a fighter. Forced by adverse circumstances, he fought furiously, often madly. Living in an age of decaying feudalism with its decomposing morality and loose social taboos, he had to challenge many a false pretension. It may be mentioned here that Changampuzha hailed from a poor family in Edappally (North Travancore)—the one-time hotbed of feudal chieftains. The oppression he witnessed all around him in his childhood days left its mark on his mental make-up. The strangulating effect of an evil system with its outward face

of generosity could not accommodate the young rebel poet nor could he adjust himself to it. He went out of it; indeed, went too far. His outlook on life developed into extreme recklessness. He took his University degree, but adopted poetry-writing as his profession. I think he was the first poet in Kerala who could live on his poetry alone. But the success in material life only made clearer the memories of the insult and oppression he bore in his younger days. Living, it appeared to him, was a means of avenging his birth. Changampuzha became a nihilist, out and out. The mood of bitter recklessness minus a progressive philosophy of life landed him in tragedy. Can he, then, be called a decadent bourgeois artist? I think the title is a misnomer. Nihilism need not necessarily be the offspring of bourgeois decadence, especially in Kerala, where feudalism still has its tentacles around society. It is significant that the large bulk of the critics of Changampuzha came from feudal families and environment. Maybe, Changampuzha did not lead a life in tune with the accepted standards of morality of his time. But, this must surely be said, that he was honest and courageous enough to call a spade a spade and confess his faults and weaknesses while those critics who condemned him had a number of ugly skeletons in their cupboards. To him, his own life was very much like his works—straightforward, passionate, full of pain, pleasure and contradictions. At the age of thirty-five, in June 1948, Changampuzha passed away.

It is too early to make a correct and calculated assessment of his contribution to Malayalam literature. Suffice it to say that his immense literary power has given tremendous inspiration to a large number of young poets. Now-a-days no poet among the younger generation dare disown the influence of Changampuzha on him, perhaps with the exception of Mr. N.V. Krishna Warriar. For, above all, Changampuzha, to borrow a phrase from Mayakovsky, was a "Poets' Poet."

NEWSPAPER BOY

FRECKLE-faced Jack Reamy, a 14-year-old American schoolboy, puts an alarm clock on a table by his bed each night. It rings at 5:30 every morning, except Sundays. On Sundays, it rings at 3:30.

When the alarm clock goes off, Jack Reamy gets out of bed, dresses quickly and quietly so as not to awaken the rest of the family, and tiptoes out of the house. He gets on his bicycle, pedals to a corner a few blocks from his own home, and there finds a large bundle of newspapers with his name on it. He opens the bundle, tosses the folded papers in a basket on the back of his bicycle, and sets out to deliver them to 55 doorsteps. The doorsteps are those of the regular customers on his newspaper route. He delivers the papers before his customers wake up and is home again in time to have breakfast and get ready for school.

On Sundays—when many American newspapers are large and bulky—he starts the day two hours earlier. He has an extra job that day. He goes to a branch office of the newspaper, helps tie the papers up in bundles, and helps drop them off a delivery truck at his own corner and at the corners where other newspaper boys pick up papers for their customers. Even on Sundays, the papers are at every doorstep when the families wake up, and Jack is home in time to have breakfast with his family at 8 o'clock.

The tradition of the American newspaper boy is such that Jack Reamy and the other 500,000 boys selling papers look on it as a proud calling.

Young Jack Reamy is one of 500,000 American boys between the ages of 12 and 18 who earn spending money and the beginnings of a business education by selling newspapers. They deliver to customers' doorsteps or sell on busy street corners a total of 50,000,000 copies of newspapers every day. The remaining copies of the nation's newspapers are distributed by mail, by stores, and by adult news vendors who sell on the streets of large cities early in the day and late

at night when school-age boys are not permitted to work.

Hundreds of successful Americans started their careers as newspaper boys and make frequent reference to that fact. The list includes such famous names as Benjamin, early American author and statesman; Henry Ford, pioneer in the automobile industry; Thomas A. Edison, who developed the electric light; General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who led allied troops to victory against the Axis in Europe; former President of the United States Herbert Hoover, and Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, candidate for the Presidency in the 1944 and 1948 elections.

In recent years, special honor has been heaped on newspaper boys by their customers and the newspapers for which they work. One day each year—usually in October—is set aside as Newspaper Boys' Day. It comes as a climax to National Newspaper Week. It is a day on which Americans say "thank you" to the boy who leaves the newspaper on their doorsteps every day, or who sells the papers after school hours on busy street corners. Some customers leave a present or a note of gratitude outside the door. Newspaper publishers and civic organizations often hold parades and banquets, with the newspaper boys as guests of honour. Usually mayors and governors issue formal proclamations in recognition of the newspaper boy's services.

National Newspaper Week this year was from October 1 to 8. October 8 was Newspaper Boys' Day.

Today's newspaper boy must be at least 12 years old if he delivers papers to subscribers' homes, at least 14 years old if he sells on the street, and at least 16 if he sells papers at night. In all cases, he works under the supervision of a district manager—usually a man who has had previous experience with boys as a camp counsellor or teacher, or who has boys of his own at newspaper boy age. Before the district manager hires a boy, he asks for his parents' permission and their cooperation in seeing that the job does not interfere with his health or

studies. If a boy fails to progress in school, he is not allowed to continue in the job.

Today's newspaper boy is a junior businessman, who buys papers at a low wholesale price from the publisher and sells them at a slightly higher retail price to the customer. In a month, Jack Reamy's profits will just about buy him a suit of clothes; in a month and a half, a bicycle. Jack's first purchase out of his earnings was a bicycle. A majority of newspaper boys save their earnings for higher education.

The job of the newspaper boy on a home-delivery route requires approximately one hour a day every day. He spends an additional two or three hours a week in getting new customers to replace old ones who have moved away or discontinued the paper, and he must spend after-school hours for approximately a week each month in collecting payments for the papers delivered. Jack Reamy, for example, will have to knock on 55 doors one week out of every month and say to each of his 55 customers: "I'm collecting for the paper." Because many of his customers will not be at home when he calls and because some will not have his money ready that day, he may find this the hardest part of his job.

Once a newspaper boy accepts a route, however, the newspaper does many things to make the work interesting and pleasant. The paper notifies him of forthcoming articles that will interest possible customers. It shows him how to record his sales and money receipts. The paper holds contests in which the boys who gain a certain number of new subscribers are awarded prizes, or receive free trips to baseball games, circuses, or resorts.

The job of the newspaper boy requires habits of thrift, promptness, courtesy, and careful bookkeeping. For this reason, the newspaper boy has an excellent opportunity to prepare himself for entrance into the adult working world. Many employers welcome an applicant who has "newspaper boy" on his record.

Newspaper boys have a reputation, too, for resourcefulness and leadership in times of emergency.

Late one afternoon in April 1945, a

tornado ripped through a little town in the state of Oklahoma. It injured hundreds of persons, razed more than 500 homes, destroyed the power plant, and left the business district a shambles. Soldiers from a nearby Army post arrived to aid in rescue work, but their unfamiliarity with the town was a serious handicap as darkness came on. It was a 14-year-old newspaper boy, who had been delivering papers up and down the streets for many months, who volunteered to guide the rescue workers. He stayed with the soldiers from early evening until late the next morning, calling on his exact knowledge of the streets and out-of-the-way dwelling places to find trapped citizens. Townspeople credit the boy with saving many lives.

A California newspaper boy happened to walk into a customer's home to make a collection just as a Christmas tree caught fire. When the owner of the tree ran into the street in panic, the newspaper boy dashed to the kitchen, filled a pail of water, and poured it over the fire. The blaze was under control before firemen arrived.

In another city, a newspaper boy heard cries for help as he threw a paper on a customer's porch. He discovered that the housewife had fractured her hip and could not move to the telephone to call for aid. The newspaper boy called a doctor, covered the woman with blankets, and stayed until the doctor came.

As a group, newspaper boys have consistently exhibited community spirit.

Two years ago during the United Nations Appeal for Children, newspaper boys for 49 papers in California distributed millions of pieces of campaign literature to make known the needs of children in war devastated countries. In other states, newspaper boys have helped in many fund-raising efforts—for the Red Cross, for victims of poliomyelitis, and for other worthy causes.

During World War II, they participated in the sale of Defense Savings Stamps, offered by the Government to raise money for the war effort. By door-to-door canvassing, more than 300,000 newspaper boys sold a total of about \$180,000,000 worth of stamps. —USIS.

AN ACT OF GRATITUDE

By S. Krishniah

IF you travel from Coonoor to Ootacamund by road or by rail you are surprisingly impressed by the poverty of the landscape. The hills on either side roll far into the distant horizon but one heaves a sigh at the bareness of their terraced slopes. The riotous vegetation in which they were once gorgeously clothed has been despoiled and they bear the scars inflicted on them by the hoe and scythe of the inartistic cultivator. Their rich soil which once nursed the beauties of nature has been commercialized and at every turn one sees the unending plantation of potatoes or the land lying fallow awaiting the next potato season.

This story has its roots in the fecund soil of the Nilgiris. In the village of Ketti, Mariappa Gowder was considered the Potato King. He owned vast lands and that which he did not own he leased from either the owners or the Government. For miles around he cultivated the land and although he was a stern master nobody ever accused him of straying from the path of rectitude. No doubt he was one of the wealthiest men in the Nilgiris but against that statement one must also consider that very few in India had not tasted his 'Great Scot' potatoes which during the season he dispersed all over the country employing fleets of lorries.

Uncultured and ignorant, he often stood on some eminence and passing his dirty fingers through his shock of grey unruly hair looked upon the vast lands with well-merited pride.

There was only one thing that bothered him. It was the recalcitrance of Nanjappa. Mariappa Gowder had tried hard to secure the three acres of land which Nanjappa cultivated near Ketti but his offer had been turned down. After all, Nanjappa did not own the land. He had leased it from the Government to grow vegetables and paid only a nominal amount. Mariappa Gowder had

been fair. He had offered as much as three hundred rupees for the three acres per annum. That was almost double the amount he usually paid to other lessors. He had offered so much because the acquisition of that small plot would have gratified his vanity as one who cultivated all the lands surrounding Ketti.

Often Mariappa Gowder wondered why Nanjappa insisted on holding on to that bit of land. After all he could not be making much money. Nanjappa could not grow potatoes because that meant investing capital and he had none. So he was forced to cultivate vegetables which meant a precarious existence. But year after year Nanjappa refused Mariappa Gowder's attractive offer.

It was while Mariappa Gowder was trying to work out this intriguing problem one day that Narayanan came up to him. Narayanan was a Malayalee who had come to the Nilgiris to earn a living as a labourer and who had initially been working under the potato magnate.

"Why didn't you come to work for such a long time?" asked Mariappa Gowder.

"I was ill, Sir, and my wife also took ill."

"For such a long time?"

"Yes, Sir—and she ultimately died."

Mariappa Gowder was moved a little.

"What do you want me to do now?"

"I want to work. My daughter and I are practically starving."

"I can't do anything to help you. You know this is off-season for potatoes. I can't employ anybody."

"You must take me back, Sir. I'm starving."

"Why don't you go to Ooty or Coonoor? you can always find something to do there."

After making a few more futile efforts to persuade Mariappa Gowder

to take him back into employment, Narayanan left him. There was nothing else to do but to go to Coonoor or Ooty and try to get some work. Ketti had brought him nothing but bad luck. First he had been ill and then his wife had contracted fever and had passed away. His five-year old daughter was left with him and somehow he must beg or steal to find food for her. He had been penniless for the last few days and the child had gone without food for nearly a day.

It was a pitiable state of affairs. Coonoor was five miles away by the short-cut and he wondered whether he would be able to carry his child, starved as he was, all that distance. But there was nothing else he could do.

Narayanan started on his journey. The famished child was crying and he carried her on his back. Soon he found that he had been rash in expecting to reach Coonoor by walk. The fever had weakened him and the lack of sustenance had further emasculated his body. He stopped at Nanjappa's farm. The light of the gloaming showed Nanjappa sitting on the door-step of his one-room cottage and smoking a beedi. A chill wind blew from the south and Narayanan shivered. Quickly he made up his mind and walked towards Nanjappa. A faintness was coming over Narayanan. He had over-exerted himself. It was with an effort that he reached the door-step and put his frail burden on the ground. The child woke up and started to cry. Narayanan's knees wobbled and he sat down on the grass beside his daughter.

"What's wrong, friend?" Nanjappa enquired without shifting his position.

Narayanan heard the question but had to wait for a few minutes for the buzzing in his head to stop before replying.

"I've come to beg some food for this child," he said, "I thought I could carry this child to Coonoor this evening but I find it impossible. She hasn't eaten anything for a day."

"Don't worry," Nanjappa said very kindly, "I can give the child some food."

He got up and took the scraggy child in his arms.

"Come in," Nanjappa invited Narayanan who followed him into the

mud-walled cottage. "I have a little rice."

He put the child down on a bamboo mat and asked Narayanan also to sit. From a small mud-pot he took a little boiled rice and put it on an aluminium plate and gave it to the child.

"There is nothing to go with the rice except raw carrots," he told Narayanan as he cleaned a carrot by wiping it on his dhoti and gave it to the child.

Narayanan, although the pinch of appetite was acute in him also was happy to see his child devouring the rice. Nanjappa seated himself on a wooden board and commenced to suck his beedi. As he saw the child thrust small fistfuls of rice eagerly into its mouth, ripples of memory stirred in him. Ten years ago he too had had a daughter just like this girl and a baby boy. But they, along with his wife, had now become the inhabitants of his dreams. The plague epidemic that had then swept the Nilgiris had carried all three of them away in a fortnight.

"Are you also starving?" Nanjappa asked Narayanan.

"Yes, but that doesn't matter. I must somehow see that she doesn't need anything," he said pointing to his daughter.

"What happened to your wife?"

"She died last week."

"Are you two alone in the world?"

"Yes."

"Why are you going to Coonoor?"

"To find some work."

"Jobs are scarce these days."

"I know."

They remained silent for some time and meanwhile the child had finished her plate of rice.

"I think that is enough for her," commented Nanjappa. "She'll upset her stomach if she eats more, especially as she has been starving. Thank you very much."

"Not at all. Listen, I'll suggest something. There isn't enough rice for you but I'll get a cabbage and boil it for you. That'll help."

Nanjappa went to his garden and brought a cabbage and asking Narayanan to put the child to sleep he started cutting the cabbage and boiling it.

It was not much of a meal but Narayanan ate his fill and was brimming with gratitude for the kindness

that had been shown to him by Nanjappa.

Nanjappa and Narayanan were seated while the child was fast asleep. Nanjappa offered him a beedi which he accepted thankfully.

"Listen, Narayanan, I've something to say. I'm a poor man and a lonely person. Once I too had a wife and children but they are no more. All I have now is this bit of land which luckily the Government has given me. I don't make much money out of it but I get enough for myself. I'll suggest something. Why don't you stay here and work with me? Mind you, we can't become rich but it is certain we will not starve."

"Gladly," said Narayanan. "Certainly I'll work for you. I don't want anything but food for us both."

"Then it's a deal. Between us we can bring up that child...."

Narayanan was happy beyond words. From starvation to something that amounted virtually to a partnership on three acres of land! He would not have anticipated it in his wildest dreams.

In an exuberance of gratitude Narayanan worked hard. Nanjappa was rather an elderly man and so Narayanan took it upon himself to work from sunrise to sunset. Months and months thus went by and Mother Earth richly rewarded their toil.

It was on an evening when Narayanan was alone in the mud cottage that the first discordant note was struck. Nanjappa had gone to Ooty to buy some seeds and provisions and he was not expected till the evening.

Mariappa Gowder came to the cottage. Narayanan was surprised

beyond words and something in him gave the signal that all was not well.

"Where is Nanjappa?" asked the Potato King.

"He has gone to Ooty."

"So you are working here, are you? I didn't know Nanjappa had enough money to engage a labourer!"

Narayanan remained silent.

"Well, will you tell him that the lease for this land expired yesterday and that I have taken it over from the Government? Tell him also I give him a week to clear out of this place. Next week my labourers will be here to prepare the land for potatoes.... Don't forget."

Mariappa Gowder turned and left.

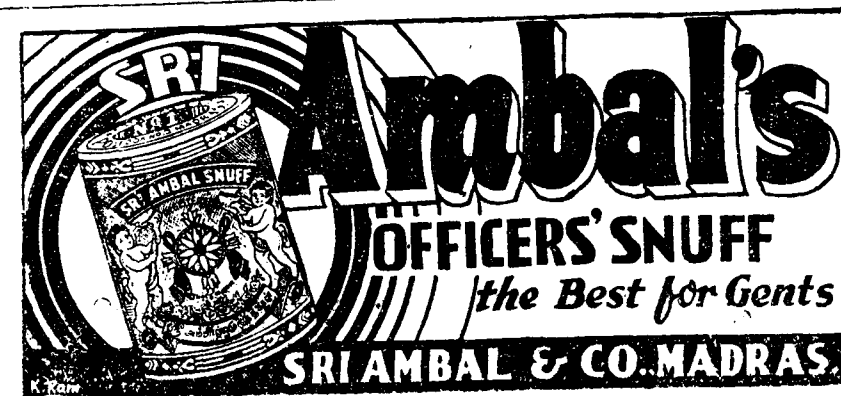
Narayanan did not know what to do. A death-knell had been rung to all his happiness. At least he could find a labourer's job somewhere during the potato season but what would Nanjappa do in his old age? Narayanan tried to think of some way out of this tangle but could arrive at no solution.

Nanjappa returned from Ooty with the provisions and the seeds. He had a small packet of lozenges which he placed in the eager hands of the child who had been expecting him.

Without waiting any further Narayanan informed him about what Mariappa Gowder had told him.

"My God!" exclaimed Nanjappa. "The lease expired so soon? I thought it was next year. What will I do?"

He sat down heavily and held his head in his hands. He was a picture of abject misery. He mumbled to himself for some time and then got up and paced the room.



"Narayanan! It is my mistake. I should have renewed the lease long ago. What a pity that we should lose this land just when we have started to reap the rewards of our labour. But I can't blame Mariappa Gowder. He has been fair...."

"Fair?" interrupted Narayanan. "How can it be fair when he is taking away all that a man has. Hasn't he enough lands already?"

"That's one way of looking at it. But he has not used any crooked means of making me quit.... Anyway I'm not worried about myself. What will you do and that poor child?"

Two drops of tears balanced themselves in the corners of Nanjappa's eyes. He had come to love that child as if she were his own daughter. He could not sleep that night, nor could Narayanan. The utter desolation of his benefactor riled his heart.

The next day Nanjappa again went out. He went to the Tahsildar's office in Ooty and had the fact confirmed that his lease on the land had expired and that Mariappa Gowder's petition, that it might be allocated to him, had been upheld. There was nothing that could possibly be done.

Black despair sat squarely on Nanjappa's shoulders as he returned to Ketti in the evening. As he was walking through the village he came face to face with Mariappa Gowder.

"Hello, Nanjappa, I wanted to have a word with you."

"I know about it," Nanjappa replied listlessly. "I had it confirmed at the Tahsildar's office that you hold the lease of the land in my possession. I shall quit within this week."

"Oh, I didn't want to speak to you about that. Belliappah Gowder came from Mysore this morning. He tells me you come from the West Koll Street of Mysore. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Siddiah Gowder?"

"Yes, I know him. He is my uncle's cousin."

"Is that so? Siddiah Gowder's wife is my wife's aunt.... So you see, you are in a way related to me and I don't want anybody to say that I treated a Mysorean, and that too a relative, badly. So don't worry about

the lease. You can keep on cultivating those lands."

"Thank you very much," said Nanjappa in astonished gratitude. "You are very kind."

"That's all right.... Why don't you cultivate potatoes?"

"I'd like to but I don't have any money to invest."

"Suppose I lend you five hundred rupees, won't it help you?"

"Oh, it'll be a great help. I'll certainly repay you when the crop is sold."

"Don't worry," said Mariappa Gowder magnanimously. "After all, I'm only helping a relative. You can repay me whenever you like. I shall give you the money tomorrow. If there is any other trouble you can always count on my help."

"I don't know how to express my gratitude. You have been awfully generous to me...."

After thanking Mariappa Gowder many times for his generosity, Nanjappa hurried home bubbling with joy. He wanted to waste no time in breaking the news to Narayanan. They might even be able to educate the child in the small mission school in Ketti. But when he got home Narayanan was not there. His daughter could not tell Nanjappa where he had gone. Nanjappa waited and waited but Narayanan did not come. He himself fed the child and put her to sleep. It was past nine that night when Nanjappa heard running footsteps coming up the garden.

Narayanan burst into the cottage carrying in one hand the long curved knife used for cutting grass.

"I've killed him," he said.

"Who?"

"Mariappa Gowder!"

Nanjappa stared blankly at him.

"That was the only way I could repay your kindness to me. They may catch me and hang me but I'm sure you'll look after my daughter. Don't worry about me. I've no time to lose."

Narayanan turned from the doorway and fled.

RAGINI DEVI

By C. V. VIJAYA

FOR the first time the Rockefeller Foundation of New York has given a grant under its Department of Humanity for a survey of dance education. Undertaking this survey in India is Srimathi Ragini Devi, well-known in India and the West for many years as a dancer, lecturer and writer. Her dance performances and lecture demonstrations have evoked national interest in the Katha-

This time she gave performances along with that talented Travancore dancer, Gopinath, throughout the country.

Before World War II she was in Europe and went over to the United States when the war started. She has now come to India to continue her mission in dance education and research under a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation.

Modest and unassuming, Srimathi Ragini Devi dons the Indian saree with grace. She has not only adopted Indian dress but converted herself to Hinduism as long back as 1932 at Allahabad. She has married an Indian, Mr. R. B. Bajpai, who is doing business in America, and has a daughter, Indrani, who, following the footsteps of her mother, has taken up the study of Indian dancing.

Srimathi Ragini Devi has brought to the West authentic traditions of the classical and communal dances of India—enchancing rituals of South Indian temples and ceremonial and festive dances of Northern India. The secret of her success lies in her devotion and perseverance. She has studied her art at its source, first-hand, from the oldest and best experts.

She has received tributes of appreciation from the Press in India, America and England. By far the best appreciation comes from Poet Rabindranath Tagore who wrote of her 15 years ago: "Those of us belonging to Northern India, who have lost the memory of the pure Indian classical dance, have experienced a thrill of delight at the exhibition of dancing given by Ragini Devi. I feel grateful at the assurance it has brought to us that the ancient art is still a living tradition in India with its varied grace and vigour and subtleties of dramatic expression."



kali dance-drama of India. Her dance survey will take her to all parts of India.

Srimathi Ragini Devi visited India as a child and studied dancing in Northern India. Since music is an essential part of dance, she learnt Indian music as well. She was not content with getting a superficial knowledge of dancing. She first heard of Kathakali through Dr. James Cousins. Returning to the United States, her homeland, for a while, she again came to India and made an extensive study of Indian dancing.

DR. RAMMANOHAR LOHIA

By G. S. BHARGAVA

WRITING of our great cricketer Prince Ranji, the then Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, Gardiner says: "He stands moveless as the bowler approaches the wicket. He remains moveless as the ball is delivered. It seems to be on him before he takes



action. Then, without any preliminary flourish, the bat flashes to the ball, and the stroke is over. The body seems never to have changed its position, the feet are unmoved, the bat is as before. Nothing has hap-

pened except that one sudden flash—swift, perfectly timed, indisputable." Same is the case with Dr. Lohia, though in an entirely different field. There is no laboured preparation, no circumlocution nor equivocation; no mincing of words nor drag on delivery. It is a feast to the mind to see Lohia pitted against an intelligent questioner. His intellect is scintillating, his quick-silver memory flashes and radiates with a velocity which is stupefying. You may be an ardent critic of his views, you may differ from him on his conclusions, which are often sweeping, but you cannot help being dazzled by the brilliant originality of the ideas, the ordered sequence of thought, and the supreme facility of expression.

Even Pandit Nehru, such a powerful public speaker, at times fumbles if any one dares to confront him with inconvenient and tricky questions, but never does Lohia. Though not a particularly good orator, he excels when attacked. He is not a success in rousing mass audiences, he lacks the knack of mass appeal, but before a select gathering at a parlour chat he is simply unsurpassed.

Once, at a press conference, he was asked his opinion on the decision of the Constituent Assembly of a newly-formed states union to have separate customs duties. He immediately replied: "In my opinion, that constituent assembly should not have existed at all!" He then explained how the solidarity of the country, sought to be achieved by the integration and merger of states, is impaired by dual citizenship, separate armies and divergent tariff and customs regulations. He wants a single constitution and a uniform set of laws to be applicable to the whole country.

Lohia was born thirty-eight years ago of a Marwari family in what is now called Rajasthan. But he is singularly lacking in provincial affiliations; he is as much of Bengal as U. P. or Bombay. Another interesting fact about Lohia is the total absence in him of the Marwadi characteristics

of thrift and business acumen. His father Hiralalji, himself deviated from the community line, broke the family tradition and became a *bhakt* of Gandhiji. In 1941, during the period of individual Satyagraha, Hiralalji, in spite of his age, marched on foot from Calcutta to New Delhi in the summer heat shouting anti-war slogans. During the 1942 revolt, he used to go about in Calcutta openly distributing revolutionary literature. He founded a "Sewagram," after Gandhiji's Wardha abode, in Dacca—now known as Lohia Sewagram. In 1944, when he died, Dr. Lohia, then in detention in Lahore Jail, was refused even parole.

Young Ramamanohar thus grew up in an atmosphere of intense nationalism. He had imbibed, in large doses, his father's devotion to Gandhiji and his technique. At the age of 14, he attended the Gaya Congress as a delegate.

After passing through a Bombay school and a Calcutta college, Lohia set sail for Europe for higher studies. His choice of Germany for post-graduate studies was a happy one. He earned there his doctorate in political philosophy. He had seen at first hand the rise of Hitler to power on the shoulders of the German Communists, and the interminable dissensions among the forces of the Left. He had thus a foretaste of the disillusionment about Communist leadership which was to be the experience of independent Left intelligentsia throughout the world after a decade.

The German training has given his originally fertile mind a razor-sharp edge. It has endowed him with the thoroughness characteristic of the Germans, without weighing it down with their heaviness. Having witnessed the growth of militarism on the continent of Europe, Lohia developed a strong aversion for violence, which later landed him in Gandhiji's camp.

His stay in Europe during the crucial twenties enabled him to develop close contacts with the Socialists of different countries. Dr. Schumacher, (who had suffered in Nazi concentration camps and lost a leg and a hand in the anti-fascist war) the veteran

Social Democrat leader of Germany, Leon Blum of the popular front in France, Laski, Brailsford and others in England are all intimately known to him. Some time ago, when Prof. Laski lost a defamation suit, involving a huge amount, Dr. Lohia organised a fund in this country for his support. One week after the Reichstag fire, Dr. Lohia returned to India.

On his return to India, tempting offers came his way. His intelligence and talents were already widely recognised. But Lohia brushed them all aside and plunged into the national movement. In 1935, Pandit Nehru set up a Foreign Department in the Congress and put Dr. Lohia in charge of it. With his command over three European languages and vast contacts abroad, Dr. Lohia was eminently suited for the post. He organised and developed fraternal relations between the Congress and the progressive forces in the different countries of Europe, which relations are today the rich legacy of the Socialist Party. Inside the Foreign Department, Dr. Lohia established a separate branch to look after the interests of Indians overseas, especially in the Dominions, and to co-ordinate their struggles.

By this time, he had already joined the Congress Socialist Party, formed in 1934. In 1936, he was elected to the A.-I.C.C. where he heightened the prestige of the Socialist group. Together with Jayaprakash, Acharya Narendra Deva, Achyut Patwardhan and others he earned encomiums from Gandhiji and Nehru for his stubborn opposition to the Right wing. But his devotion to Gandhiji and respect for his wishes surpassed even his ideological affiliations. Once, during an A.-I.C.C. meeting, Dr. Lohia moved an amendment to a resolution on Indians in South Africa, calling on them to make common cause with the Negroes. Gandhiji disapproved of it and though it was passed by the A.-I.C.C. Lohia allowed its deletion later.

Then started the period of his jail going. In 1938, he was charged with sedition. He conducted his own defence with such remarkable ability that the magistrate quashed the prosecution story and acquitted him.

Though essentially a theoretician and a thinker, Lohia is equally fond of agitation. His Goa liberation movement, notwithstanding the lack of support from the Congress, reached a climax of popularity rarely touched by non-Gandhian struggles. He succeeded in submerging the provincial diversities among the Goans in the central urge for liberation from foreign yoke. For six months, he kept the Portuguese authorities in dread. He knows he has not led that struggle to a finish and is eager to take it up as soon as he gets leave from his party.

Recently, in July, a palmist informed him that he would soon be in prison. "Then I must go to Goa," Dr. Lohia remarked. But when it turned out to be at the hands of the Government of his spiritual god-father Nehru and not that of Portuguese fascists, he was rudely shocked. He and his party have consciously and heartily preferred democratic opposition to the insurrectionary method and have been consistently upholding it. The reward for that was tear-gas bruises and imprisonment at the hands of the Delhi police.

During the Quit India movement, Dr. Lohia played a great part. He was the instrument and the inspiration behind the underground radio which functioned from Bombay. His secret bulletins and open letters to Viceroy Linlithgow and U. P. Governor, the notorious Hallet, have become classic. After 15 months of underground struggle he was caught and detained in Lahore Jail along with Jayaprakash.

Lohia is a born conversationalist. A hard tea-drinker and a heavy smoker, he can engage you for hours. His discourses are as much entertaining as enlightening.

Lohia has perfected the art of coining new words and phrases. Giving his impressions of Europe during his latest European tour, he said: "I am afraid that Europe has a skin disease, and that usually means one thinks only of one's own skin." He also coined the word "crisisism", which Jayaprakash popularised, to mean that the present Government and Ministers are fond of making a crisis of everything. He defined the

R.S.S. as a pro-Pakistan, anti-Muslim, communal, fascist body" and earned the displeasure of several Sangh fanatics. It is pro-Pakistan, he explained, because it supports the two-nation or multi-nation theory, which is the corner-stone of Pakistan.

Lohia has a free mind. He has taken special care to keep it free of contamination by dogmas and fads. He loves thinking for himself and does not shut his ideas in himself for fear of public odium. He is widely criticised in the press and elsewhere, often without justification, but he is not a moral coward. In his opposition to the Government, he is always balanced. While in London recently, he refused to criticise the domestic policies of the Nehru Government, "five thousand miles away." "If you want my criticism, come to India," he said.

Fluent in German, French and English, Dr. Lohia knows at least half a dozen Indian languages also. He is a forceful writer and never suffers from what he calls "tonelessness." His style has a grace and gravity all its own. His theories are highly thought-provoking and are totally devoid of dogmatism. He is never afraid of saying the unpleasant truth. His little book "The Mystery of Sir Stafford Cripps," portraying the under-currents of the Cripps Mission in 1942, has proved very popular. Dr. Lohia is not a Marxist but he is highly rational and scientific in his treatment of problems. His analysis of the world situation, which occurs in a recent broadcast of his over the Radio-France, is an instance in point.

Lohia's weakness is his incapacity to contain himself within the bounds of party discipline. His individualism brooks no checks or mandates. He lacks adaptability and the knack to build up a team. He is also wanting in patience and perseverance. To cite an example, he founded the *Congress Socialist*, the organ of the Congress Socialist Party, as a periodical with a high intellectual and political standard, but after three months, he got bored with it and left. Perhaps the best course is to give him full freedom, rather than chain his mind and choke his talents. Even as an individual, his contribution to the new India will not be insignificant.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Power, to its last particle, is duty.
—JOHN FOSTER.

ADORABLE to millions in India, Pandit Nehru returns after a triumphal tour in which he took the heart of America captive. Pandit Nehru's qualities are such as help to make him extremely popular wherever he goes. He is at home in any company. The great and the celebrated do not over-awe him. Ovations he is able to take gracefully and naturally in his stride.

Grave and serious in outlook, yet cheerful by temperament; impulsive but responsible; of aristocratic breeding and democratic principles; eloquent, scholarly, well-read and well-informed; a lover of children; enormously energetic; incapable of guile and intrigue; clean, lofty, and high-minded, Pandit Nehru has outgrown the stature of national leader and become a world figure easily taking rank as the most charming and glamorous of statesmen holding the attention of both East and West in the world of today.

The glory of India is greatly enhanced by Pandit Nehru. His countrymen are proud of him and idolise him. He holds an unassailable position in their loyalties. As against him none can hope to win their support. The post of Prime Minister is his for as long as he cares to hold it.

The very intensity of the affection in which Nehru is held by millions relieves him from dependence on public support for particular acts of his as an administrator. It is his in advance. It is unaffected by results. It is proof against the disillusionment of failure. The goodwill of the public for Nehru is of an obdurate description that will not be shaken off by criticism, however reasonable, based on objective assessments of his regime as head of the Government.

The post of Prime Minister carries with it immense concentration of

power. The dangerous potentialities of such concentration are held in check in democratic constitutions by a constant liability to displacement of the Prime Minister. Displacement could come either through effective criticism directed on his deficiencies, or the superior attractiveness of some other leader competing for power. Neither of these methods of displacement is applicable against Pandit Nehru. Sardar Patel's acceptance of him is a measure of the impregnability of Nehru's leadership. The Sardar is the most masterful of Indian leaders and to his towering ambition the need of having to play deputy to another must be a perennial exasperation. Sardar Patel's acquiescence in the status of Deputy Prime Ministership is proof of the insufficiency of any combination of forces to oust Nehru from the post of supreme power in the State. As there can be no competition to Nehru for leadership, there can be no external protection against the consequences of its irremovability. Only Nehru can save the nation from the undemocratic results of his virtually permanent fixation as head of the Government.

It is fortunate that the Prime Minister is passionately sensitive to his duties as administrator and is given to incessant introspection. National welfare revolves on the degree to which in the immediate days to come he proves his ability to correct one or two patent blemishes that threaten the doom of the administration. Nehru at Massachusetts told Indian students that their place was in their own country, but the talented in India feel themselves cast on the streets since the advent of freedom. Without the discovery of talent, other discoveries are useless. Nehru has not shown himself properly equipped with the talent to discover and encourage the talent in the country. There has been a prodigious amount of preferment for the second-rate at the expense of the brilliant. The Prime Minister's choice of personnel for the National Research Laboratory has been

deplorably deficient in insight. With so much power at his elbow, he has failed to put down black-marketeers. With constant denunciations of communalism on his lips, he has allowed communalists to flourish in high places. He has permitted ignorant and corrupt men to continue in some of the provincial Ministries. The

Secretariats have become a paradise for idlers with nepotism rampant. The loveliness of Nehru as a charming figure of captivating social graces and invincible personal rectitude is no protection to the millions of harassed victims of the maladministration on the increase since his Government was set up two years ago.—SAKA.

WORLD CITIZEN LORD BOYD ORR

By EDWIN ROTH

BRECHIN, SCOTLAND: Starvation is a greater danger to mankind than the atom bomb. This is the creed of Lord Boyd Orr, the world's greatest expert on nutrition. Perhaps this is why he has just won one of the world's most coveted honours—the 1949 Nobel Peace Prize.

"The atomic bomb is certainly a danger, but hunger is a greater one," he told me. "Look at it this way. Revolts all over Asia as well as Latin America are caused by hunger. And hunger can be abolished, if the world co-operates."

For many years Lord Boyd Orr has been a leading exponent of the Malthusian theory that the world's population would eventually outgrow the world's supply of food. He believes that the "Malthusian Cycle" is drawing to its calamitous climax. According to him, only concentrated international planning can save millions of humanity from death by starvation, which would then occur as an automatic "corrective" if the population expanded farther than its food resources.

If you ask Lord Boyd Orr his profession he raises his enormous bushy white eyebrows—they are probably the largest, thickest eyebrows in the world—and remarks, "I'm a farmer." Then he looks out across his 1,000 acre farm, where he produces grain, potatoes and milk, apart from raising sheep. He smiles and adds: "I make it pay, too. You see, it can be done."

Besides being a farmer, Lord Boyd Orr is a Doctor of Medicine, a Doctor of Science, a Doctor of Law and a Master of Arts. He is known and respected all over the world for his work on food. But there is no place

where he is happier than on his own farm, with his family and his grandchildren.

"I've got six grandchildren" he says, and his blue eyes light up beneath the eyebrows. "Two of them were born in America."

Lord Boyd Orr who celebrated his 69th birthday last month, is a massive man. He is big physically, intellectually and in personality. His hair is silver, his forehead is high and his voice has a deep Scotch burr.

He was educated to be a doctor. During World War I he served in the Royal Army Medical Corps, where he was mentioned in dispatches, then won the Military Cross and finally the Distinguished Service Order.

After the war he gave up his medical career to devote himself to nutrition research. This is a dry word, but the humanity in his nature was shocked by what he learned about world famine. Throughout the years between the wars he clamoured for better food, more balanced feeding and increased food production, travelling all over the world in the course of his work. Anything to do with food or the lack of it became his concern—from potato crops in East Anglia and milk for British school-children to the causes of famine in the Far East.

In 1935 he was knighted by King George V "for services to Agriculture." Two years later Sir John Boyd Orr refused a tempting offer to become Scotland's chief medical officer, because he felt it would stop his research on nutrition.

During the last war his researches helped to achieve Britain's agricultural revival, which he had advocated

over many years. The whole world recognised his work. In 1946 he became the first Director General of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization.

There he tried to realise a dream—the creation of a World Food Board. This dream had not been fulfilled when he resigned in 1947 to return to his farm in Scotland, but he still believes in it.

"I am certain that a World Food Board is inevitable, and I know it will have to become a reality," he told me. "Just look how small the world has become. It's smaller than the United States was fifty years ago. We must co-operate to survive."

But for Boyd Orr a World Food Board would only be the beginning. He looks much farther than that.

"I believe in world government, and I do what I can to bring it about," he said. "Yes, I mean one Government for the whole world. It will come. It has got to come. We must begin by backing up the UNO and its agencies, and making it far more efficient."

Personally, however, world-citizen Boyd Orr remains the proudest of Scotsmen.

"I am a Scotsman first, a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations second, and a world citizen third," he said. "These things don't contradict each other in any way."

"Our British Commonwealth can be the greatest force for world unity and peace. The greatest memory of my life is the year 1926, when I travelled all around the British Commonwealth and Empire—Australia, New Zealand, India and many other parts. It was a wonderful, proud experience."

In the New Year's Honours List of 1949 Sir John Boyd Orr was created a

Peer. As his title he chose his own name, by which he had become known all over the world.

The other day Lord Boyd Orr had just finished inspecting part of his



farm, when his local banker telephoned him with congratulations. When Boyd Orr asked him what it was all about, he was told that the radio had announced his winning of the Nobel Peace Prize.

"I was very surprised indeed," he said.

The Nobel Prize includes a monetary award of about £10,000, but Lord Boyd Orr does not intend to keep this money.

"I shall give the money to promoting the ideas I believe in most—world unity and world peace," he said. "It will go to various organisations—I have not yet decided to which ones and in what proportion—which work to foster collaboration among the nations of the world. Nothing is more important today."

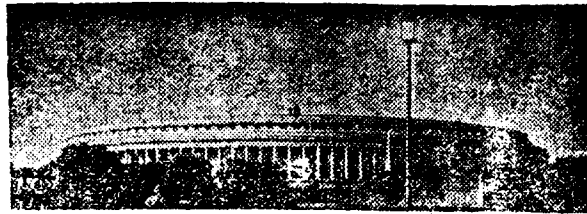
PEACE IN THE HEART OF MAN.

Long did I meditate upon the meaning of peace. It only comes with a new-born child, or harvest home, or a lovingly arranged room. It comes from that eternity whence things achieved return. The peace of full barns, quiet sheep, folded linen, the peace of what is faultless, of things well done that are an offering to God.

It seemed to me that man was very like a citadel. He destroys the walls in search of freedom, and only a dismantled fortress remains, open to the skies. Then begins the agony of not being. He must find his truth in the scent of scorched earth or the ewe to be shorn. Truth must be sought down a shaft. The gaze that takes in too much loses the vision of God. The man who, in his wisdom, unifies himself, knows far more of God than the harlot awaiting the promises of the night, even though he knows only the weight of the fleece from the shears.

Citadel, I will build you in the heart of man.—By A de SAINT-EXUPERY from *Citadelle*, Gallimard, Paris.

NEW DELHI DIARY



"IF this is Communism, let's have it," was a remark I heard more than once at the lavish reception held by the Soviet Embassy on Monday to celebrate the 32nd anniversary of the Russian Revolution. The gathering on the brilliantly lit lawns of Travancore House was distinctly non-proletarian; but, as the remark showed, the guests could not have felt more at home. It was clear that the Workers' State believed in splendour and show as much as any of our capitalist States. Did not M. Novikov spend a month in Hotel Imperial rather than move into any building less spacious than the U. S. Embassy in Delhi?

A more serious irony was that many of those whom the Russians entertained ever so politely to their vodka are, in the Communist view, ripe for liquidation. But then diplomacy has long been another word for hypocrisy. What a strain Dr. Radhakrishnan must be finding it in Moscow!

Unlike many others another ex-Premier, Mr. Bhimsen Sachar, has launched a public and principled counter-offensive against the fellow-Congressmen who supplanted him from power. At Ludhiana last week more than 200 pro-Sachar Congressmen of East Punjab, including many M. L. A's and former Ministers, met and decided to send a deputation to wait on Pandit Nehru when he returns from abroad. (Pandit Nehru is regarded as the only friend of Mr. Sachar in the Congress High Command; the change of Ministry in East Punjab was accomplished during the absence of the Prime Minister.) The meeting also called for dissolution of the present provincial Assembly and the holding of fresh elections.

The battle between Dr. Gopichand Bhargava and Mr. Sachar is in large part the continuation of an old con-

flict within the Punjab Congress. Lala Lajpat Rai and Dr. Satyapal were formerly the chief personalities involved. Lajpat Rai was one of the founders of the Hindu Mahasabha and his name is associated with the communal Hindu strain in Punjab politics, whereas Dr. Satyapal represented a broader and more libertarian outlook. After Lajpat Rai's death his mantle fell on Dr. Bhargava and the feud with Dr. Satyapal continued until the latter, lacking the favour of the Congress High Command, was finally forced out of the political picture. Mr. Sachar is now the active leader of the Satyapal group. The Ludhiana meeting was, significantly, presided over by Dr. Satyapal.

This background invests the present Congress schism in East Punjab with a certain wider significance. An interesting sidelight on it is furnished by the memorandum of complaints against Mr. Sachar submitted by the Bhargava group of legislators to the Congress Parliamentary Board. The memorandum charges the former Premier with having had for principal adviser and friend Maulvi Abdul Ghani "whose one foot is in India and the other in Pakistan." But it goes on also to charge Mr. Sachar with sympathies for the R. S. S. whose friendship he is accused of having cultivated!

Meanwhile the new Bhargava Ministry has not succeeded in generating any markedly greater harmony among its own supporters than the former Ministry did. Dr. Bhargava had to leave one large block of his friends among the Jats unrepresented in his Cabinet because they could not agree on who should represent them. The opinion here is therefore widespread that if the present East Punjab Ministry should last longer than its predecessors, it will not be due to

continuing support for it within the province but because the Centre is determined that there should be no more ministerial disturbances. The Centre is in fact more closely involved in the affairs of that province than might be considered desirable. At the time of the last bye-election to the East Punjab Assembly, it is said, Sardar Baldev Singh was told that if the Congress candidate did not win he would lose his Defence portfolio; and Baldev Singh was put to considerable exertion and expense to see that the candidate did win.

As Chairman of the Commodities Prices Board, Mr. A. D. Gorwala, pressed valiantly but in vain for the retention of war-time price controls. His advice was turned down and the Board wound up. The consequences of the abolition of controls towards the close of 1947 are still with us, despite the partial restoration of controls last year.

The effect of decontrol was not only to raise the cost of living steeply; it led to a fall in the volume of our exports whose prices, unconscionable

even in the post-war inflationary boom, became quite untenable with the return of a buyers' market.

It was surely a measure of the Government's change of outlook on the problem of prices that Mr. Gorwala was chosen to preside over the Export Promotion Committee appointed by the Commerce Ministry last July. The Committee's report states that before the price spurt following decontrol "India was one of the stronger economies of the world. The rupee was actually considered fairly hard currency by many other countries and was regarded as a substantial source of strength to sterling with which it was linked. If the price level had continued at about the figure then prevailing, our position today would have been extremely favourable. With an internally strong economy broad-based upon a reasonable wage-cost-price structure we could have increased greatly our exports in the comparatively prosperous year 1948, and in 1949 held our own in the export markets of the world in spite of the threatened recession." It is useless to cry over spilt milk, but it is difficult not to.

BLACKMARKETEERS EXPLOITING CYCLONE CRISIS

By Maj. D. V. RAJA RAO, M.B. B.S.

While harrowing tales of the havoc by the cyclone in the Circars are gradually coming out in the papers grain dealers here, anticipating failure of the next crop, are hiding their stocks and raising the prices. The Government Procurement Department is unable to procure enough grain. One measure of rice at controlled price can be had at the Co-operative Stores on a kerosene ration card. Kerosene ration cards are issued on the basis of the extent of a house and the lighting required in it but not on the number of persons in the house. The rationale of this rationing of one measure on a card irrespective of the number of persons to be fed on that ration is beyond human reason. Besides, plenty of rice at the fantastic price of Rs. 2-8-0 or Rs. 3-0-0 a measure is available in the black market. How this rice is coming to the blackmarket and how it is being so freely sold at such prices in spite of the

statements and communiques from time to time of the Government's determination to put down the black market is a mystery. Either the measures taken by the Government are not sufficient or the implementation of those measures is inefficient. The Government are playing recklessly with such an important thing as food. People cannot be fed on statements and communiques. In over two and a half years they have failed miserably in putting down the black marketeers and distributing food equitably. That is an outstanding fact in spite of the repeated conferences, communiques, specialists and new departments. The people will judge the Government by the results and not their promises.

Unless the Government can show quick results in relieving the situation in these districts they will be losing the confidence of the people.

FOR ALL VARIETIES OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY OF THE 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.

GEMINI'S NEW VENTURE

By *SANTHA*

THE "Strange Brothers," the latest production of the Gemini Studios, is an eminently satisfying proof of the hackneyed but very true film slogan that it is the director who makes or mars a star. Bhanumathi has blossomed overnight from an intelligent young woman capable of interpreting a role with perspicacity into a charming and versatile actress of high calibre.

What intrigues one is *why* Mr. Vasam has produced a picture of this kind. He does not believe in talking over the heads of the people—and by people is meant, in Mr. Vasam's language, just the—People. Not the critics, not the smart young blades of colleges, not the fashionable, ageless women of society, but the others, the fragments of common humanity who pay their money at the counter and want their money's worth of entertainment. His aim, he has always maintained, is to tell a

story in as pleasant and easily understandable a manner as possible. A high-toned moralising has never marred the utter acceptability of his film productions for proletarian consumption. He has no patience with modern sociological stuff. "Malini" will perhaps ever remain for him, a sad memory. Give'm a good old "grand-mother's tale," he has said, embellished with catchy tunes, spectacle, pretty dances and enough drama to sustain interest and you have the ideal film fare for the people. For that very reason he has never bothered much about two things—the dramatic potentialities of even ordinary situations, and subtle suggestion. For which reason he has been more than mildly criticised by the younger generation who, bred on Rank, Michael Curtis, Litvak, Lubitch and the like, have sneered that Mr. Vasam was more concerned with the box-office than with film technique. Is the "Brothers" his defiant answer to



Bhanumathi and M. K. Radha in the "Strange Brothers."

such glib criticism? Whether he produced this picture believing it is the sort of thing the people want now or whether it was merely an experiment, a trial of capacity, it is difficult to say. Mr. Vasan is "conventional" to some extent, a moderate, not an extremist. He has no use for "new-fangled" things and there is much that is "new-fangled" in this production.

But he has slipped into the error into which most producers fall who try their hand at 'adaptation.' The chief obstacle in this type of translation is 'atmosphere.' One can adapt a story, a character, but to adapt a situation or translate an 'atmosphere' is always a difficult task. After all, one might ask, what is atmosphere? In an age when inconsistencies and lack of uniformity are a measure of progressiveness what indeed is atmosphere? But can one expect an average intelligent person to carry his "willing suspension of disbelief" to such an extent as to accept happily swords and horses with deadly revolvers, the tortures of the English Middle Ages with 20th century love-making, steel traps and secret passages with stethoscopes and mysterious injections, saris and bangles with greatcoats and gaiters in one great big concoction? No doubt the too-close fidelity to the Hollywood film, "*The Corsican Brothers*" was to a great extent responsible for these incongruities.

In this production Mr. Vasan has given up another favourite device of his. He is wont to cut up his film fare into bits to suit the tastes of the largest number of people. He gives, for instance, stunts and circuses to children, he gives songs and dances to the *bourgeois*; he tries to please everybody. But all such aids to marketability have been thrown overboard in the "*Brothers*" and the picture races along in a spirit of take it or leave it. There is no "comic" labo-

riously kaleidoscoped into the body of the story. The sequence in the film in which Bhanumathi entices the villain's bodyguard from the front door into the kitchen provides all the amusement the picture needs. The ubiquitous "Lalitha-Padmini" group is not brought in. Songs are few and pleasantly melodious. There is no attempt at New Art or bizarre and fantastic sets. It must also be mentioned that this is the first South Indian film in which the fencing was not a cautious parrying of blows with wooden swords.

The story, which must be familiar to all by now, is the trail of vengeance blazed by a pair of twins, Vijayasimhan and Vikramasimhan, to avenge the ruin and destruction of their family and kith and kin by a rival chief. The emotional life of the twins is bound by one of those freak turns of genetics for which there has been found no adequate explanation so far. Kanchana, Vijayasimhan's love, brings the emotional complication to a head and the hapless Vikraman finds peace to his tortured soul, in death.

The cast is commendably good; special mention must be made of G. Pattu as Dr. Nanjappa and Nagendra Rao as the villain. M. K. Radha who acts the titular dual role acquits himself well, though a little in the 'heavy' style.

There is, however, one serious flaw which it is surprising the meticulous Gemini producer has allowed to creep into this very enjoyable production. The action of the story covers a span of more than twenty years, an aging not brought out at all either on the faces of the actors or in their bearing. They look just the same, from the tyrant frothing at the mouth and his sleek, well-fed mistress to the impassive doctor. Was it an oversight on somebody's part?

DEFINITIONS WITH A VENGEANCE.

Democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people—**OSCAR WILDE.**

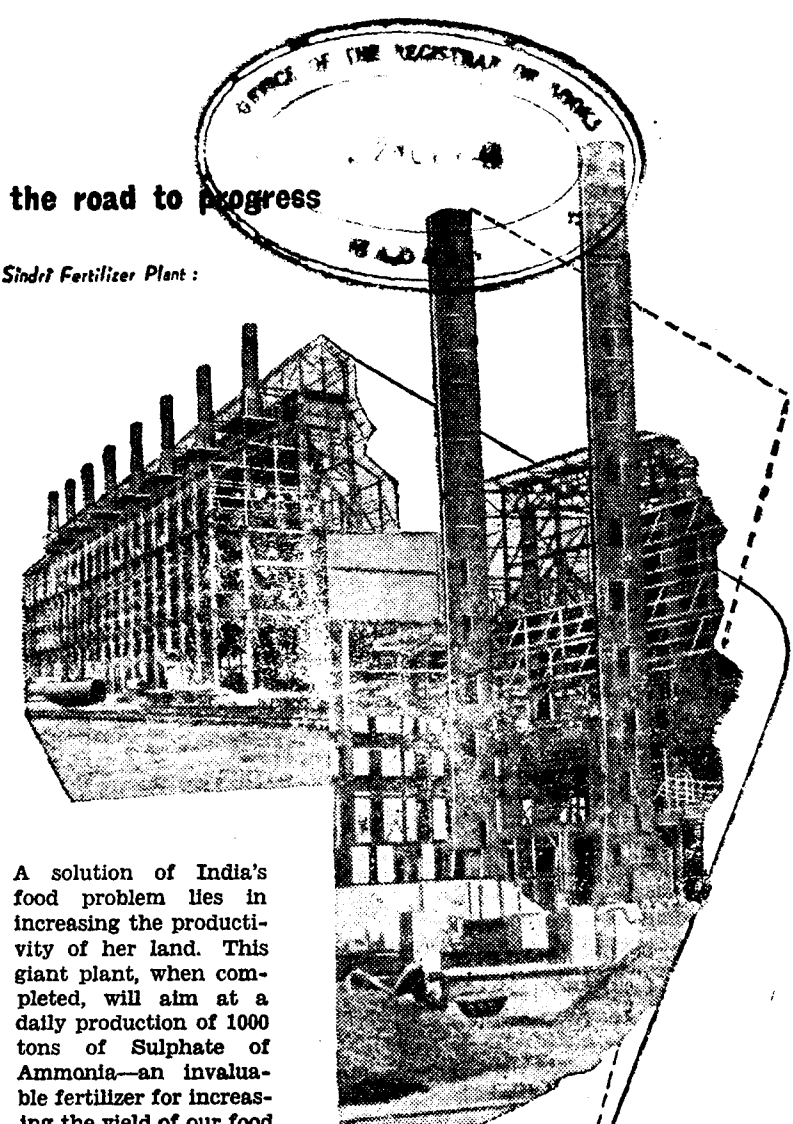
Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few—**GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.**

Democracy is based upon the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people—**H. E. FOSDICK.**

Democracy is ever eager for rapid progress, and the only progress which can be rapid is progress down hill.—**SIR JAMES JEANS.**

on the road to progress

The Sindri Fertilizer Plant:



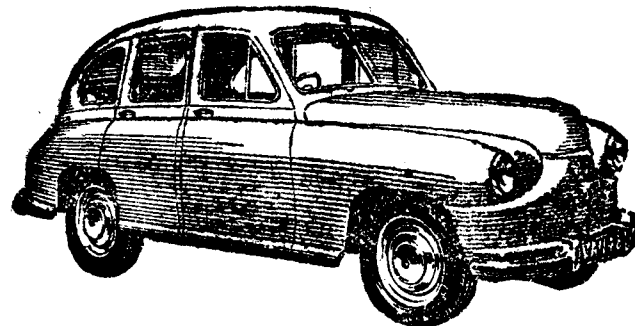
A solution of India's food problem lies in increasing the productivity of her land. This giant plant, when completed, will aim at a daily production of 1000 tons of Sulphate of Ammonia—an invaluable fertilizer for increasing the yield of our food crops.

Thousands of tons of Indian Steel are helping to build this mighty plant; and Steel in its various forms will assist at every stage in the production of fertilizers and in their distribution.

**TATA
STEEL**

THE TATA IRON & STEEL COMPANY LIMITED, HEAD SALES OFFICE: 118 NETAJI SUBHAS ROAD, CALCUTTA.

STANDARD *Vanguard*



**A PLEASURE TO DRIVE
ECONOMICAL TO RUN
ROOM FOR ALL THE FAMILY
AND THE LUGGAGE TOO**

A CAR DISTINCT IN PERFORMANCE AND UPKEEP
For full particulars contact:

THE UNION CO. (MOTORS) LTD.,

MADRAS. BANGALORE AND OOTACAMUND

Dealers in Southern India:

Messrs. G. N. CHAKRAPANI CHETTY & SONS LTD.,
Trichinopoly, Madura, Ramnad & Tinnevely.

Messrs. ASSOCIATED AUTOMOBILES LTD.,
Coimbatore and Cochin.

THE MOTOR SALES & SERVICE.
Trivandrum.

THE CENTRAL ENGINEERING WORKS.

Mangalore, S. Kanara, Coorg & Malabar.

SRI PRAKASH AUTOMOBILES,

Andhra Ratna Road, Vijayavada—
Guntur, Kistna & West Godavari.

*The above distributors are also in a position to supply
spare parts for Standard and Triumph Cars of any
year or model.*

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV. NO. 41.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1948.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER—Janamma David	
CARTOON—By T. Mukund Rao	4
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	7
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	9
Gandhinagar Scandal	
People's Health	
Jeshinglal K. Mehta	
A. I. R. PROGRAMMES—By P. N. Sampath	11
ASHOK MEHTA—By G. S. BHARGAVA	12
FOR THE MUGHAL PORTRAIT OF JODHBAI—By James H. Cousins	15
THE TRIAL TEST—By V. P. Raman	16
UNIVERSITIES IN INDIA—By Komaravolu Chandrasekharan	17
SINGER JANAMMA DAVID—By E. Krishna Iyer	20
THE ECONOMIC CRISIS—By M. S. Parthasarathi	22
AUTHORS PENALISED BY POST OFFICE—By J. Vijayatunga	25
THE BITTER -SWEET TEA OF MARSHAL LI—By Andrew Roth	26
KOREAN MARRIAGE-BROKER—By M. A. Friederich	28
GREAT REFORMERS: SUN YAT-SEN	31
RELIGION REDISCOVERED—By Santha	34
A BIRTHDAY PRESENT (Short-story)—By G. M. Deshpande	36
NEGLECT OF SHIPPING—By S. R.	39
YARDSTICK FOR DEMOCRACY—By David Lilienthal	41
FIVE MINUTES WITH BACON	44
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	46

For Comfort, Economy and Service

MYSORE SILKS



MANUFACTURED BY

**GOVERNMENT SILK WEAVING FACTORY,
MYSORE.**

to the interests of the nation, but a regular "stand still" routine during a precious part of the working hours of each day, is the compulsory practice in Madras, enforced as law in the supposed interest of workers. During the period of enforcement of the routine, employers and employees are constrained to confront each other in inaction, just doing nothing. Nobody that has done any serious work in his life could have had any hand in this stupid law. It has in no way helped the workers. It has only knocked out of them all sense of the preciousness of time, turned them into clock-watchers, and ruined the traditions of service and of loyalty to institutions that constitute the basis of all worthwhile industrial effort. Through the compulsory sterilisation of energy involved in it, it has meant a lessening of the fruits of industry and a proportionate impoverishment of the community in consequence. Often the most valuable of social and economic services do not admit of interruption in the middle. They have to be done by the same set of persons at a continual stretch of time. Services like these are placed under a heavy handicap by the unimaginative interference of our provincial administrators, and if Sardar Patel wishes to save industry for increased production, it is necessary to eliminate ignorance and stupidity from provincial administration and to ensure that provincial Governments are properly run by competent Ministers. There is no meaning in complaining of lack of technical talent, while the talent on hand is hounded out solely for communal considerations. If the Government of India conduct an impartial investigation they will have no difficulty in grasping the heavy responsibility of Madras Ministers for the feeling of frustration and wasted effort that has come to afflict now practically every man of ability and public spirit in their domain. The enormous loss being caused to the commu-

nity by the perverse policies of our ignorant, unwise and self-seeking Ministers is beyond calculation. Public disillusionment with provincial Congress Ministers is the cause of a great deal of the headway that the Communists have made of late.

Control of the capitalists for the purpose of industrial expansion is comparatively easy and simple. It is the regulation of labour that presents the most formidable problems connected with the handling of industry for national welfare. If the profiteering motive condemned in capitalists, spreads to labour, there is nothing in society that will be able to withstand its depredatory exactions, unless a new responsibility of restraint-linking work to wage is established as a universal trait of citizens by the educative effort of far-sighted national leaders. Apparently, the leaders of Britain's Socialist Government have begun to realise this, for they have just started advocating a policy of higher rewards to labour for greater productivity. Almost at the same time that Sardar Patel was delivering his address at New Delhi, Mr. Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, was telling the workers of Lancashire that "those who want more than a minimum standard of life must contribute more than a minimum day's work." It was wrong, Mr. Morrison said, "to condemn those workers who set too fast a pace for their less efficient work-mates as traitors to their class and the labour movement....workers who work harder and earn more than the minimum are not only not injuring their fellows, but they are helping and supporting them." Mr. Morrison's words have a profound lesson to teach to Indian Ministers and labour leaders. They emphasise a point generally missed in the zest of class conflicts, that it is work that sustains life, and especially when living standards are low, it is stupendous folly to impose restrictions on work.

Sotto Voce



"Vengeance Is Mine."

BY the time these words appear in print Nathuram Godse, who nearly two years ago killed a helpless old man in cold blood, will in all probability have been sent to the gallows, and the majesty of the law vindicated. In a primitive society an inch of cold steel or a whiff of grapeshot would have done for him in a few minutes. Or the assembled crowd might have simply torn the man limb from limb. But the law likes to play with its victim as the cat with the mouse, while the audience at the ring-side applauds. True, it has cost the Exchequer a pretty penny. But, then, India has signalled her entry into the comity of nations by staging a Historic Trial.

That is not to say that we shall be applauded abroad for hanging Godse and Apte. Not only cynical journalists but choice spirits like Andre Gide and Leon Blum would seem to take the perverse view that the countrymen of Gandhi should behave like Gandhi. This is about as realistic as to demand that the followers of Christ should live up to the Sermon on the Mount. Even Mr. Mashruwalla, the pontiff of Sarvodaya, while pleading for mercy for Apte, thinks it would be too much to expect of any earthly Government that it should pardon Godse.

Mr. Nehru told American pressmen that, so long as the death penalty for murder was part of the law of the land, it would be improper to discriminate between murderer and murderer. And he suggested that clemency would be wholly misplaced in the case of a man who had killed a saint. Gandhiji might not perhaps have ac-

cepted this logic. He pleaded with Lord Irwin for sparing Bhagat Singh's life, though in vain. And while he abhorred political murder, he consistently took the view that the fanatics who thus sinned against the Divine were misguided men whose hearts should be turned by love.

Nobody pretends that the Government of this country is being run on Gandhian lines. Aldous Huxley pointed out that it was a strange fate for the apostle of non-violence to be carried to his last resting place on a gun carriage and with all the emblems of a nation's military might about him. But if half of our swollen budget is accounted for by defence expenditure it is not for the nations of the West, who are upholding with might and main the law of the jungle, to twit us. As the fate of nationalist China shows, the West knows only one standard, and that is success. India practising non-violence amidst international cut-throats would merely share the fate of the mud pot in the story.

But, Governments, even if they cannot always practise what they preach, should be consistent in their practice. Our popular Governments have, for larger reasons of policy, preferred not to exact the extreme penalty in quite a number of cases. A high Muslim official was convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of a very popular doctor during the Delhi disturbances. He was, however, not executed, but sent to Pakistan in exchange for another prisoner. He flourishes there to this day and is no doubt looked upon as a hero. Hundreds of men who were arrested

on charges of murder, arson and loot in Maharashtra following Gandhiji's assassination were set at liberty by the Bombay Government. It was accounted a sufficient excuse that they had been maddened by the murder of the loved Mahatma.

Some of the refugees from Pakistan who have lived through the Terror and had their memories seared are so unbalanced as to lay the blame wholly on the Congress leaders for what happened. And they would take it out of them personally if they could. No sane man can but pity this pathetic obsession. But should it not lead us to reflect that Nathuram Godse was no isolated phenomenon but a spark from the flame of hatred that desolated this fair land in those nightmare days? Should we, by making a martyr of him, let his ghost lure other fools to their doom?

And do we not owe something to

Gandhiji's memory? How can we as a nation more effectively dissociate ourselves from the barbarous Hebraic demand of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," than by refusing to invoke the penalty in the one case where by every conventional standard it might seem to fit the crime? Let us remember, too, that for one murderer sent to the gallows there are hundreds who escape. And many of them in this land of infinite charity live by the mercy of the bereaved who in their simple rural way ask, "What shall I gain by his death? Will my lost one come back to life?" The patient earth puts up with many Godses. If this be sentimentalism, let us dare to be sentimental.

VIGNESWARA

"Caesar's Wife" was the caption given to last week's *Sotto Voce*. By a printer's error it was omitted and the caption of the previous week's contribution repeated.—Ed.

SIDELIGHTS :

There are some frauds so well conducted that it would be stupidity not to be deceived by them.—COLTON.

WHILE going about collecting donations for the Building Fund of the Press Club, a party of us, that included the President and Secretary of the Southern India Journalists' Federation, came across Sri K. Venkataswami Naidu in Gandhinagar. He responded to our appeal by charging SWATANTRA with having been unfair to him. While the whole world applauded the enterprise that had resulted in the creation of Gandhinagar, this was the only journal, he complained, that raised a discordant note and marred the harmony of the occasion. The occasion referred to was the inauguration of Gandhinagar by the Congress President, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya. Gandhinagar was the name given to a colony of some three hundred and ninety and odd houses for middle class families built in Adyar with considerable Government assistance under a supposed co-operative system. The houses were divided into three grades. Sri Venkataswami Naidu was the moving spirit of the whole undertaking. Prodigious was the praise bestowed on him at the grand meeting presided over by Dr. Pattabhi that was convened to signalise the opening of the colony. It ran into several newspaper columns and was faithfully reported in the Press the next morning to advertise what a fine citizen this city had in the ardent architect and executant of it all, Sri Naidu. He was naturally displeased with SWATANTRA for having stood out of the general chorus of encomiums.

A couple of minutes after we left Sri Naidu, we visited a resident of the colony, owner of a house falling in the highest of its three grades. He holds socially a very distinguished position, and the office occupied by him is one of commanding power and influence. We found him in the throes of evident perturbation over some unpleasant experience that could not be shaken off and be done

with. It turned out from what he stated, that he had joined the housing scheme with high hopes of being spared the vexatious difficulties connected with the gathering of building material as also a fair deal from competent engineers, but found before very long that he had only let himself in as the victim of a mulcting process. He complained bitterly of slovenly work and exorbitant rates. He would have instituted legal action but for personal reasons that made him reluctant to go to court.

On later scrutiny in company with experts experienced in building, the defects noted below were found in some of the houses in the colony: The quality of the brick is poor. The brick-work itself suffers from two defects. One is that the walls are not plumb; the other, that they are not straight, they are wavy. The concrete work is unsatisfactory. The steel is not given adequate cover. The mortar used is practically sand and it is doubtful whether the brick masonry can take the load expected of it. The back-filling of basements is not consolidated properly, with the result that the flooring sounds hollow and is liable to sink. Evidence of such sinking is indeed already discernible in some places. The wood work is of extremely inferior quality. As regards the finish, the less said, the better. There is no evidence to show that the straight edge and level have been used at all. Nor is there any sign of that measure of close supervision, normally expected in building construction, having been exercised. Worst of all, there are indications to show that the quality of work varies from building to building, according to the status or influence of the persons concerned.

Here is what a disillusioned house-owner of the colony has to say of the Adyar co-operative house construction society:

"The society was started for the purpose of constructing houses and relieving congestion and house shortage in the city. At the beginning it was sug-



gested that the houses would be very cheap and would be built by the society itself. Later the estimates were revised and the construction of houses was given to contractors, not of the first rate. The idea was that the society should supply materials to the contractors and the contractors should build the houses. The construction of the houses has turned out to be very shabby and the finish very ugly. There has not been regular supervision of the society over the contractors. Under the terms of the contract between the society and the contractors, a contractor has to place at the spot at all times of the day a qualified person to supervise the construction. This clause has been more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The contractors have been giving sub-contracts to others at competitive rates, with the result that the work has suffered considerably. There have been loud complaints by members to the board of management. Requests by the members of the society for a copy of the contract between the society and the contractor have been refused.

"Cases have occurred, even at the very beginning of the construction, of cracks in the buildings. One case has occurred where sandfilling was not done in the foundation but it was charged for and passed by the society staff. The secretary of the society and the president and some directors are not members of the society at all. They have no stake in the working of the society. There are directors who own houses in the colony and there is a Registrar of Cooperative Societies who is all-powerful and who has got a house in his wife's name. The affairs of the society are not satisfactory and a close scrutiny is required."

Dissatisfaction among members of the society is very acute. There is more a sense of deprivation, of having been worsted in a bad bargain than of having been conferred a benefit, on the part of a very large number. From the losses suffered by most, somebody has made a flourishing trade. This is the essence of corruption. It is a sad outlook when such goings-on are allowed under the cloak of "Cooperation."

With the issue of October 1949, *People's Health* enters on its fourth year. Sri A. V. Raman, the editor, has spent a good part of his life's savings in running the journal these three years. Sri A. V. Raman renounced the coveted post of Sanitary Engineer to the Government of Madras the

very moment he felt that the set-up of the administration was not compatible with effective work for the promotion of people's health. That was during the Advisers' regime. Once he had taken his decision, no importunity of his official superiors would dislodge him from it. The burning passion of his life is the improvement of environmental sanitation as the vital means of improving people's health. Sri Raman believes that when living conditions are improved, everything else will improve too, and when hovels disappear, not only healthy living but healthy thinking also will follow, and the unhealthy feuds that now tear up society will vanish. Service through *People's Health* is Sri Raman's religion. He counts no cost too great at its altar. With the uncommercial recklessness of the crusader's zeal he combines wide practical experience and unique technical proficiency. These qualities are exemplified in every page of the journal he edits which is a pioneer in its field calling for the support of the public-spirited as in the nature of a duty.

Sri Jeshinglal K. Mehta, proprietor of the famous firm of jewellers, Surajmal Lallubhai & Co., who passed



away on Monday, was a remarkable man in many ways. He had a horror of the tout whom he regarded as an

interloper between the seller and the buyer. He spared no pains to educate the public for direct dealings with his firm, and he made it his mission to give a fair deal to all with whom he dealt. He was an authority on gems. Simple and unostentatious, he was not a successful businessman merely. He was extremely cultured and took interest in problems connected with the national script. A treatise by him on this subject won warm commendation from Dr. Radhakumud Mookherji.

He was a generous giver to good causes. He won the respect of all with his character, integrity, intelligence and the wit and liveliness of his talk. He is survived by his wife and has left two daughters and three sons. He took special care in training his sons in the traditions of business dear to him, and the good wishes of many friends go now to these young heirs.—SAKA.

A. I. R. PROGRAMMES

By P. N. SAMPATH

Mr. S. Rajagopalan's estimate of our radio programmes, while comprehensive enough, contains a few remarks which are controversial. He finds fault with the radio authorities for having permitted confirmed political opponents of Mahatma Gandhi to broadcast their tributes to the departed leader on the occasion of his martyrdom. Homage paid by these people is by far more significant than the homage which Congressmen have been accustomed to pay. The A. I. R. must be congratulated for having allowed this.

After commending the rural and educational broadcasts of the A. I. R., the writer again goes off at a tangent and deplores that "Sanskrit, Sanskrit literature and culture" are not represented in the A. I. R. broadcasts. Sanskrit remains the language of the classes and not of the masses. Very few people in India have knowledge of Sanskrit. The A. I. R. which caters to the masses of India as a whole, must be excused if it has failed to satisfy the craving of lovers of Sanskrit, who are definitely a negligible minority. This is no reflection either on the worth of the language or on the genuine earnestness of Sanskrit lovers.

In the same strain, the writer asks why Tamil music festivals are relayed and why Vedic Parishads are not, and why Tirukkural is orchestrated for broadcast and why Valmiki Ramayana is not. He also criticises the frequent playing of film records on the radio. What is "noise" to him and his like, is the "listeners' choice" to the A. I. R. Instead of having to hear Carnatic music from third and fourth-rate musicians, it is better to listen to film records, which are not always of the jarring and obscene variety as our writer would have us believe. We should not blame the A. I. R. for the sins of hotel-

keepers and shop-keepers who switch on their radio-sets full-blast.

The writer further opines that Mahatma Gandhi's death anniversary can be better celebrated by the A. I. R. by arranging for dignified discourses on the different aspects of Gandhism, instead of by "all day long" music performances which, in his words, are "both irreverent and inappropriate." I would say that even all day long discourses would tire the most ardent Gandhite. If my memory is correct, sufficient time used to be provided for discourses also on these days. How can songs sung in praise of Gandhi and God be irreverent and inappropriate for the occasion?

The writer then protests against the prefacing of the folk songs programme to the weekly "Ragam-thanam-pallavi" features, as they are too noisy for his classical senses. Though these programmes perhaps err on the side of noisiness, they form an essential part of our time-honoured rural life, and as such, have their value to the villagers. These programmes are popular with them.

Mr. Rajagopalan has rightly remarked that "varnam" singing in music concerts has become rare and obsolete. Obviously it has gone out of fashion.

The policy of the A. I. R. has been to give chances to all aspiring musicians and to arrange for concerts by front rank artists as often as their finances would allow. While there is vast scope for all round improvement, it must be admitted that the ALL INDIA RADIO has been doing its business remarkably well, considering its recent beginnings. Their general aim should ever be to cater to the different and differing tastes of every section of the listeners.

ASHOK MEHTA

By G. S. BHARGAVA

IF you can imagine the organising command of Lenin, the cold, detached intelligence of Trotsky and the ruthless toughness of Stalin together at one place, you get Ashok Mehta. Whether he possesses them—in the same degree or not, by dint of sheer perseverance, ceaseless application and tireless effort, he had imbibed these qualities of head and heart from the Big Three of the Russian Revolution. In his frail frame he has piled up tons of energy, tenacity, determination of purpose, unbending strength of will and unabating zeal for the cause he has espoused.

He is a typical child of his time. The last four decades of our history are decades of feverish activity, of upheaval and challenge, of a world in revolt. The old ideas of life and living, the out-worn concepts of social values are dying down, new worlds based on new theories are shaping themselves before our eyes. Venerable traditions have been jettisoned, age-old idols are broken and a new faith, with a new and just social order as its watchword has dawned on earth. Ashok, as he is familiarly called, is a faithful product of these new forces.

The most significant fact about his family is that it has no rural roots, which is unusual in the case of non-Parsis. His ancestors, at least for three generations, never owned any land. This totally urban genesis has enabled Ashok to break with tradition more easily and completely than it would have been possible otherwise. Moreover, birth and growth in industrial centres like Ahmedabad and Sholapur further urbanised his outlook.

He was born in the late part of 1911, at Ahmedabad where his grandfather was the Chief Engineer and Executive Officer of the Municipality for 30 years. That was the time when the textile mills were being started in Ahmedabad and Ashok, as a child, had plenty of opportunities to mix with the new working class. Later, after the loss of his father, he went to live with his uncle at Sholapur. Here also textile

factories were rising at the time and so Ashok's association with industrial



workers did not suffer any serious break.

His father, Ranjit Ram Mehta, was one of the outstanding cultural influences in Gujarat. He was an author, critic and historian, and founded several cultural and educational institutions including the Gujarati Sahitya Parishad. He died at the young age of 32, when Ashok was only six years old. Two years later, he lost his mother also in the influenza epidemic which claimed a toll of a million lives in our country. It was estimated that more people died in that epidemic than were killed on both the sides in the 1914-18 war. The same epidemic claimed Yusuf Meherally's mother also.

After matriculating from Sholapur, Ashok migrated to Bombay for higher studies. It was the most tumultuous period in the country's history and Ashok as a student was not immune from its influence. He was only seventeen at that time but was nevertheless the spearhead of the youth movement in the city. From the age of ten, he had been nurturing ambitions to soar high in the domain of politics, to be a national worker and to dedicate his life to the cause of the country. The Bardoli Satyagraha, the anti-Simon Commission agitation, the Bombay Youth Conference and the Swadeshi movement all came in quick succession and found him in the thick of the struggle. Wilson College, where he was studying, was the storm-centre of student activities.

Once, at the head of a group of youthful comrades, Ashok stopped the car of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, dressed in his usual West-End style. "Why don't you discard this foreign dress and wear Khaddar?" they asked. "Khaddar may be nationalism but this is personality," Jinnah retorted in his characteristically haughty manner. That trivial incident had a great effect on Ashok's young mind. He realised that personality is as much essential as selfless service to promote the nationalist cause.

The next few years were the most eventful years in the youth movement of the country. The Youth Conference organised by Yusuf Meherally and guided by Nariman was a roaring success. Tens of hundreds of students

plunged into the freedom struggle and participated in the various activities connected with it. In the movement for the removal of untouchability, in the spread of Swadeshi, they took a prominent part. Ashok's services in these directions received all-India recognition and he filled one of the two seats, allotted to the youth, on the Swadeshi League inaugurated by Pandit Malaviya. But peculiarly enough, he was all the time aloof from trade union activity. Unlike today, the youth movement of those days had no organic relations with working class struggles.

The year 1930 again saw him in the vanguard of Bombay's youth in action. He participated in the Satyagraha, organised strikes, and carried on incessant agitation. Kumarappa was then bringing out "Young India" in a hand-written form and thousands of copies had to be prepared. Ashok and his comrades did the copying in Bombay. The next year, he graduated with economics and thought of going to Germany for further studies. The titanic conflict raging in that country between Fascism and Socialism naturally attracted him and he wanted to watch the struggle at first hand. But before his plans could materialise, the 1932 Satyagraha came off and found him busy. For some days, he went underground, but was later captured and sentenced to 2½ years' imprisonment. Along with his colleagues of the Socialist Party, he spent the term in Nasik Jail.

By the time he was released in November 1934, the C. S. P. had already been started. He once again toyed with the idea of a foreign trip for some time but again gave it up. To this day, Ashok has not been able to fulfil this ambition of his.

Gradually he settled down to political work. The Party organ, *Congress Socialist*, which Dr. Lohia was editing from Calcutta, had to close down. It was brought to Bombay and Ashok was put in charge of it. Till it was finally closed down in 1939, he was editing it. In 1936, the C.S.P. organised a labour bureau in Bombay with Soli Batliwala at its helm. Those were the days of joint action with the Communists. Batliwala got slowly converted into a Red cell and the Congress Socialist Party had to start

from scratch again. This time Ashok was put in charge of it. It was here only he learnt his first lessons in the trade union field. He started organising unions in General Motors Ltd., Richardson Cruddas and Times of India.

Ashok has a feeling skin. He can scent danger leagues ahead. His calculating and far-sighted mind surveys the field with the eye of the General, assesses the forces, weighs the positions and, when the hour comes, strikes with deadly sureness at the most vulnerable place. He has been successfully employing this strategy in the trade union field. Even though Jayaprakash Narayan had at one time favoured a united front with the Communists, Ashok opposed it consistently. Inside the Trade Union Congress he refused to have any truck with the Reds. He had prophesied in the columns of the *Congress Socialist*, as early as in 1937, that the new war would break out before the forties, that Britain and Russia would ultimately fight on one side and that the Indian Communists would prevent the country from utilizing the opportunity for freeing itself. The 1942 August record of the Communists vindicated every letter of his theory.

Again about the Stalin (1936) Constitution of Russia also, he harboured no illusions. Even where such objective thinkers as Harold Laski and experienced journalists like Louis Fischer had faltered, Ashok did not let himself be guided by sentiment. In the Soviet Constitution Special Number of the *Congress Socialist*, all the three had written and while later developments in the "Land of Socialism" justified Ashok's pessimism, the optimism of Laski and Fischer stands falsified at the altar of history. They themselves admitted their error later.

Ashok participated in the individual Satyagraha of 1940 and, while in prison, he was charged with having delivered a seditious speech and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. During this imprisonment, he along with Achyut Patwardhan produced that monumental work "Communal Triangle in India." Mahadev Desai gave it a full-page editorial review in *Harijan*, a rare privilege for a writer. To this day, it is the most

comprehensive and correct exposition of the Hindu-Muslim problem.

After his release in January 1942, he organised the 20,000-strong People's Volunteer Brigade as the Congress reply to the Government's A. R. P. Later, the Government was compelled to hand over the A.R.P. work to the Civil Defence Committee sponsored by Mayor Meherally of which the P. V. B. was only a wing.

Along with Gandhiji and others, Ashok Mehta was arrested in August 1942 and detained for 1½ years at Yerawada and 1½ years at Nasik. These three years, he utilised most fruitfully. He was editing the jail edition of the *Congress Socialist* (hand-written, of course) which was often smuggled out also. He is such a voracious reader that he had read, with notes, a thousand books during that term of incarceration; twenty-five books a month on an average. To this day he reads not less than 350 pages a day. The immediate purpose of this vast reading was the most ambitious literary project of his life. to publish, in two volumes, a 1000-page work "The Evolution of Indian Nationalism" (from 1757-1947). He wrote three-fourths of it in jail, but after release, has not so far been able to complete it. Trade union and party work keeps him breathlessly busy. (Perhaps only another term of imprisonment will enable him to finish it, as well as give him the much needed rest). When complete, this will be the most elaborate sociological study of Indian history. Patterned on the "Rise of American Civilization," the historic work of Charles and Mary Beards, this publication deals with our history in three instalments: from 1757 to 1815, 1815 to 1919, 1919 to 1947. Every aspect of our national development is dealt with; literature, art, economics, politics, industry, trade and commerce are all given a chapter each for a comprehensive and chronological enumeration.

The post-1942 period has seen Ashok leap into eminence. As a trade unionist, he has proved himself to be peerless. If the Hindu Mazdoor Sabha is today the most powerful and genuine trade union organisation in the country, it is in no small measure due to him. He knows when to attack and when to be on the defensive and

compromise, which is as important in trade unionism as strategy in war. His organising capacities are equally superb. In Bombay, the Communists had a strong foot-hold among the working class while the Congress is entrenched behind the money power of the city. He had fought, and is still fighting, both of them uncompromisingly with comparatively insignificant resources, and has built up his own party net-work. The token strike of December 27, 1947, the most peaceful on record, when the half-a-million working class of Bombay downed tools and remained calm against provocation, is a living tribute to his abilities.

A fluent speaker, a mob orator, a talented debator and a prolific and pointed writer, Ashok suffers from neither understatement nor exaggeration. His style, though laboured and at times even artificial, does not lack charm. More than all, he has mastered the art of conveying ideas and putting forth theories through figures,

dry statistics. His breath-taking discovery of Capital on Strike earned him encomiums from all independent economists of the country. He has lately followed it up with a statistical proof of the "sterility" and incapacity of private capital to face the reconstruction tasks of the country.

Ashok Mehta is the youngest of the Socialist leaders. An asthmatic, he is often confined to bed but even then goes on poring over books. Usually he works for 12 to 13 hours a day and eats very little. All this has been naturally telling on his health.

Unlike Jayaprakash, Ashok is very punctual and keeps his appointments. He draws a weekly time-table of work and strictly sticks to it. Barring perhaps the film stars, he receives the largest fan mail, mostly from college and school boys, to whom he does not tire of replying. According to a vow he had taken in 1918, he is unmarried. In him, India of Tomorrow has one of the most promising leaders.

FOR THE MUGHAL PORTRAIT OF JODHBAI

Beauty her semblance cast
In woman's mould.
That form, though she has passed,
Here we behold.

O Friends! be this our trust
Through deaths and lives :
Though all her forms be dust,
Beauty survives.

—James H. Cousins.

THE TRIAL TEST

By V. P. RAMAN

WE did not hold any trials to choose an Indian XI for the first Test. But the Test itself was a trial. It will go down in history as the Trial Test. There is no need to rub the nine wicket defeat into our cricket people, who may retort "*experto crede!*" A team consisting of three individuals who are new in the Test arena; two old men who staged a come back, and six youngsters whom Wensley might describe as 'promising,' did its best against the tourists, handicapped by last minute disappointments and mid-Test injuries. Whether these handicaps are sufficient excuse for our miserable performance against a team branded by Fingleton as "one of League standard" is the question.

Vijay Merchant who returned to cricket, and was immediately rewarded with the skipper's ship, hurt his finger on the second day. The finger kept him out of the match and out of cricket but not out of our minds. Had the injury come earlier as in the case of Mankad, we could have had the services of someone else, instead of playing one short, as it were. If a player has neither batted nor bowled and if he is injured, a substitute ought to be allowed to fill his place in the XI and not merely to field for him. This is a poser for the conservative Doges at Marylebone. Even if he had played, we wonder what Merchant could have done. A few forties in the Kanga League are his batting accomplishment in the last two years. Test in cricket is not like Kanga League; nor is a Test team on a par with Fort Vijay C. C.

Uday Merchant followed his brother with true fraternal fidelity, but Uday should not forget that Vijay began his Test career in quite a different fashion. However, it was very sporting of him to try and play despite a severe sprain. But a 'good sport' can never replace a sportsman. Uday Merchant will probably go out of Test cricket the way he came, by the emergency exit.

Gaekwad's inclusion was a gamble. The success or failure of the gamble is clear and the lefthander should be seen bowling at Cawnpore and not at Bombay. One negative bowler in a team is justifiable, but an entire attack comprised of people who "can keep runs down" can do little and how nicely runs were kept down is seen from the Commonwealth total of 608. To throw the entire burden on Phadkar who is also expected to score hundreds, savours of cruelty.

To Hazare goes a great bouquet. He is a lucky captain too. Six wickets fell after he donned the skipper's mantle. He is unruffled by authority and that is a quality rare in Indian captains. Hazare is an ideal captain and may he bring better luck next time. Adhikari deserves a compliment as fragrant, if not as big. There is no more patient batsman in India than Hemu. In his partnership of 130 runs with Hazare he was content with 34. He is the type of man who will sip hot water at a cafe while a gentleman opposite is partaking of viands and imbibing wine.

With Amarnath and Mankad at our service, the second Test will prove a better fight. Here is the best possible team in the order of going in: Mantri, Umrigar, Mushtaq, Modi, Hazare, Amarnath, Phadkar, Adhikari, Mankad, C. S. Nayudu, Ghulam Ahmad. If Mushtaq is not available, Rangachari might be included to strengthen the attack. If eight batsmen fail, the remaining three can't be expected to succeed and there is no sense in including bowlers from a batting standpoint. To tickle their vanity the selectors might call him Rangari in North Indian style. We have no objection. If such a team goes to Bombay remembering what Zimmermann said: "Though you have acted with intelligence and circumspection, yet be solicitous about consequences," then victory will be ours. We can then sing *Jana Gana Mana* instead of *Stabat Mater*.

UNIVERSITIES IN INDIA

By KOMARAVOLU CHANDRASEKHARAN

(Dr. K. Chandrasekharan M.A. Ph. D. took his Doctorate in the Department of Mathematics of the Madras University. He was given a foreign fellowship for 1946-48 and invited to the Institute of Advanced Study, Princeton, where he continued for a further year as Assistant to Professor Hermann Weyl. He is now Reader in Tata's Institute of Fundamental Research, Bombay.)

IN a country in which illiteracy is widespread and technology has not advanced very far, there is a great danger that universities will be under pressure to abandon their primary function of providing intellectual leadership and to conduct, instead, the sordid business of producing "graduates" and training technicians. Such a danger exists in India today, and in order to meet it, let us analyse the situation.

Modern society requires the training of a large number of technicians, whether they are scientists or humanists, for its immediate needs. But the possession of any particular technique or of the skill to apply it is not the same as mastering the principles that lie behind the technique; the main purpose of universities is to study these fundamental principles of art and science, and not to train technicians. Such a study will not have much significance without the constant acquisition of new knowledge. Research and training for research constitute, therefore, the essential job of a University. It has a second job which is to "pass on to the young generation the cultural and intellectual inheritance in its most mature and sublime form." The fostering of an academic outlook, of a balanced mind, of spiritual equilibrium—these are the aims implicit in such an endeavour.

A university education therefore is neither profitable nor necessary for all people. It is meant only for those with a special aptitude, and is never likely to serve more than a minority. It is not an accomplishment necessarily superior to any other, and has little to do with the business of fitting one for employment under Government or industry. It follows therefore that examinations and quizzes and exercises and drills do not have much

point in a university, and that degrees and diplomas are to be considered as mere tokens of recognition of certain qualities in their recipients and not as tickets for admission to an employment bureau.

If a university is to perform the two-fold job of conducting research and of imparting an academic education, unmindful of utilitarian application, three conditions must be satisfied. First, there must be a union of teaching and research. This implies, on the one hand, that the day-by-day teachers of a university are scholars engaged in independent research, and on the other, that every scholar of significance is a university teacher. It takes the routine and boredom out of regular teaching, endows it with the interest which we have learned to associate only with a hobby, and makes both teacher and pupil partners in a pleasant enterprise. Second, there must be ample freedom for the teacher and for the pupil. A university professor must have complete freedom in the choice of his subject and the manner of its presentation, and a university student must be free to attend the lectures he likes and to stay away from the rest. This implies an abolition of the two vices associated with text-books, parrotting and memorizing. Finally, universities must be autonomous corporations of scholars independent of state control. This condition implies that the affairs of a university are in the sole charge of the faculty (teachers) and the state has no power whatever to interfere with its decisions. It serves as a bulwark against thought-control and mental regimentation which all states, in varying degrees, tend to impose.

That the picture of a university so drawn is not utopian will be clear from the example of some of the best universities of Europe and America.

like Gottingen and Paris, or Oxford and Cambridge, or Harvard and Princeton. These are, in the main, centres of post-graduate study and research on or above the level of the Ph. D. degree. There are, of course, very large undergraduate sections leading to degrees like B.A. and M.A. which provide the bulk of the tuition fees, and supply the needs of various professions plus the needs of the post-graduate departments. But their reputation largely depends on the strength of their departments of research. This implies that university professors are men of high intellectual calibre, who occupy leading positions in their fields of study. The professors constitute a faculty which rules supreme on all academic matters pertaining to their university, especially on the recruitment of staff to their respective departments. Academic distinction is the paramount consideration in the making of appointments, and their departments are consequently manned from top to bottom with men who are distinguished for original research. (The minimum qualifications for a university instructor in the U.S.A. is a Ph.D. degree.) Research and teaching therefore go hand in hand; lectures become the main form of instruction; and seminars constitute the training-ground for research; and text-books serve only as aids rather than arbiters.

The post-graduate students are free to attend as many lectures as they please, the number and variety in each case being determined by the needs of each student. In some places, there is a minor thesis which they have to write; this is generally an expository article on some important, and well-known topic, and serves as an indication of the general ability of the student; this is followed later (about 3 years) by a dissertation or major thesis containing the results of independent research, which is generally fit for publication in a respectable scientific periodical. Thus a student once admitted is subject to very few restrictions; on the other hand, it is the business of his professors to make available to him facilities for work such as library-books and money. One of the ways in which a post-graduate student can pay part

of his way is to obtain a bi-fellowship (as in Cambridge) or a graduate-assistantship (as in U. S. A.). A graduate-assistant is allowed to teach under-graduate classes and earn his living.

Turning now to the relationship of the state to the university, in almost all countries, universities do receive financial aid from the state varying in form and in degree. In pre-Nazi Germany the state used to be the mainstay of universities; in the Eastern-European countries which belong to the socialist fold, they belong to the state; in France and England they receive substantial amounts of money from their Governments; in the U.S.A., the privately endowed universities enjoy certain privileges like exemption from the payment of taxes while the others are financed almost entirely by the states of the Union. In all these cases, however, it can be safely asserted that the acceptance of state-grants has not meant any compromise on the freedom of the universities, and rarely is there any correlation between the politics of the party in Governmental power and the affairs of universities. One can attribute this, in a large measure, to the absence of the institution of a university senate, as in India, which provides seats for all and sundry, and takes on a semi-political complexion.

A word may be added here about the "administration" of universities in the West. The university generally functions through its faculty divided into various departments. Between the Vice-Chancellor or President at the top and the Chairman of a department, there is an intermediate functionary called the Dean. The concurrence of the Dean with the Chairman of a department is usually sufficient to carry out decisions. The President's task is to strengthen the finances of the university, to appoint the Deans (where they are not elected) and to balance the needs of various departments. There is no Registrar, such as we have, who embodies all kinds of duties, rights and privileges; there is no omnipotent executive authority like the Syndicate in India (which sometimes excludes from its membership professors of the very university over which it presides); nor is there an unwieldy

Academic Council which wants to tackle academic questions on a collective basis. Almost all the affairs of a university, other than budgeting, are conducted by the faculty through its representatives.

While the university serves mainly as a centre for pure research and training for research, the polytechnic stands for imparting technical knowledge and training. Technical institutes and colleges fulfil the varied requirements of an industrialized civilization; they award degrees, diplomas and certificates to students who have successfully undergone a course of technical education; such a course is generally followed by a period of apprenticeship in a private company where intensive training in the practical application of the technique is given. Thus the university and the polytechnic perform complementary functions. The civil service, admission to which does not result automatically from a university degree or diploma, has its own special examinations. The stenographer, the police officer and the university professor—these three for instance have necessarily to fulfil three different types of requirement, and not all the three, obviously, need a university degree. A second-class M.A. is not considered good enough for every job under the sun.

If one looks at the universities in India against this background one finds immediately that they are poor in conception and in performance. There is not a single university in India which has a school of post-graduate studies on the same level as in Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Harvard, Yale, Princeton or Chicago. Specifically I mean that not a single university in India provides, in any subject, regular courses of advanced lectures, on or above the level of Ph. D., by half-a-dozen distinguished teachers. There is a total lack of emphasis on research and original work, a majority of college teachers not having the qualifications to promote research. In some places, capacity for research is considered to be a disqualification, while in most others, it is considered to be an "additional" qualification. (The presence of one or two outstanding research workers in

a university here or a college there, does not substantially alter the general situation). In the absence of advanced study and research, universities have been functioning mainly as examining bodies for degrees below the level of Ph. D. The curricula are antiquated, and especially in the sciences, deal with theories that are dead. Reorganisation of courses or redrawing of syllabuses is always done within the orbit of text-books which are completely out-of-date, so that it lacks any great significance. The function of the teacher turns out to be, not the creation of new knowledge nor the exposition of current knowledge, but the efficient repetition of the contents of prescribed text-books; he is constantly aiming at the excellence of a robot. The student on the other hand turns out to be a memory-recorder with his creative talents utterly neglected. We are thus faced with "unreal" instruction on the one side, and unprofitable mental acrobatics on the other; amidst these two, there is no place for sound intellectual training and consequently no chance for the moulding of personality. The crying need of the hour is a well-qualified professoriat. A well-qualified professoriat has to be a well-paid professoriat. While, for example, there are several professors in the U.S.A. who receive a salary as high as that of a member of the President's cabinet, there are few university jobs in India, at the present time, that can compare with second-class civil service appointments. The emancipation of the student from the slavery of ceaseless examination, as we know it today, is equally important and urgent. All formal examinations at the post-graduate level need to be abolished, and examinations at the under-graduate level should be rendered more "functional" and less harmful by such obvious means as objective tests, credits for round-the-year performance, etc.

Not only are the prevailing standards low in India, they show signs of further deterioration. In an era of rapid and vast changes in the political, economical and social spheres, forces are generated which have their effect on the academic sphere. While

some years ago there were definite reasons for hoping that political freedom would rid the universities of the evils of communalism and provincialism, it is by no means clear today that that hope was fully justified. Even Vice-Chancellorships have ceased to be purely academic offices. The academic affairs of universities are not under the complete control of academic men; they are gradually passing into the hands of pseudo-academic politicians. Extra-academic considerations are playing an increasing part in deciding academic issues with the result that the existing state

of affairs does not get better but constantly gets worse.

Most of the universities in India are not really worthy of the name; they are not centres of advanced learning and research but mere examining bodies; they lack a fully qualified, powerful and independent professoriat; they are subject to all kinds of extraneous influences and pressures; they are showing signs, not of steady improvement, but of gradual deterioration, and the talented youth of the country is getting a rough deal. Unless the position is rectified the effects may be disastrous.

SINGER JANAMMA DAVID

By E. KRISHNA IYER

IN the midst of political, linguistic and communal antipathies that tend to divide people into various groups and factions, one of the few factors that offer a common ground for good-will and better understanding is art. The present sweeping renaissance in music and dance that is galvanising the culture and art sense of this country has touched all communities.

In North India, the Hindustani system of music which has developed as a blend of ancient Hindu tradition and later Persian modes under the great Moghuls, has for centuries continued as the common treasure of both Hindus and Muslims without distinction. There have been (and there are still) many Muslim Ustads, who with all their devotion to their own religion, had rarely been affected by any religious or communal outlook in their music and who had been freely taking to songs with Hindu gods and thoughts as their theme. Ustads like the late Nazir Uddin-khan of Indore, the great Drupad, master and a giant among the last generation of veterans, not only sang such songs but were also well versed in Sanskrit works dealing with the art.

In South India, which developed the art with greater purity and system than the North, classical music had been nurtured mostly by the Hindus. Yet there had been many

Muslims here too who took to it and even today there are not wanting Muslims who follow that precedent. More than these, it is the Christian missionaries and teachers in schools who made use of it on a large scale. But with their pronounced leanings towards Western modes, their handling of Carnatic music had, for a long time, tended to rob it of its characteristic Indian grace and spirit and to give it an exotic shape. So much so, when 20 years ago, a demonstration of music was given in Madras by a large concourse of school girls, the parody of Carnatic music as handled by them, was too patent to be missed. The Music Academy, which has played no small part in bringing about the present day renaissance in the art, had just then been founded (by the present writer and others) and its organisers bestirred themselves to place the teaching of music on a proper basis in schools and colleges.

But be it said to the credit of Christian missionaries and teachers that they at least thought of our music as part of the education in their schools at a time when our public at large (except for small circles of connoisseurs) was apathetic towards it, and thereby they did something to keep up its importance in school education. Exceptionally among Christians, the late Abraham Pandithar of Tanjore spent his whole

life-time and a substantial part of his fortune in doing enormous and valuable research work in Carnatic music. In his estimation of this system as of supreme worth and in his unbounded enthusiasm for it, he attempted to prove that it was of the greatest antiquity and a product of the ancient culture of Tamil Nad and as such he was in a sense, (unconsciously though), a precursor of the present day Tamil Isai movement (without its disputable aspects).

Since then much water has flown under the bridge and, thanks to the labours of pioneers who slaved for ushering in the renaissance in music, it has come into its own and popular enthusiasm for it has grown almost to a sort of craze nowadays and has permeated all people irrespective of creed or caste. That from the earlier days of exotic development in the mission schools, the art with its characteristic richness and classicism has now gripped Christians also is evident from the music of Janamma David, who a few days ago, gave a delightful performance in a local Sabha.

Her music was noted not only for her good grip over the technique but also for her understanding of the true spirit of the Carnatic style. Her rendering of ragas like *Pantuvarali*, *Kamboji* and *Kalyani* was free, natural and shapely. Her exposition of Tyagaraja's kritis like '*Entharo Mahanubhavu*' and '*Ennaganu Ramabharjana*' and Syama Sastri's '*Ninnuvina-gathikevaru*,' with clear pronunciation of their sahitya and rich *ragabhava* was still more remarkable. That she has got into the correct spirit of the technique and art, was evident from her *niravals* and *Kalpanaswaras* and her bold attempt at a *Pallavi* too with its rhythmic intricacies. Her voice had a ringing tone, though a little too high pitched involving some strain. It was perhaps her first appearance on the platform of a Madras music sabha and yet she appeared to have self-confidence enough, with good understanding of concert modes and management of accompaniments. On the whole, the audience, which includ-

ed not a few professional artists and other knowing connoisseurs, enjoyed and approved of her art with not a little wonder at such good music.

If Janamma David was able to create such a favourable impression, it was not only because of her inborn talent for the art but also because of her sound training in it. She is no less than a '*Sangita Bhushana*' or music graduate of the Rajah Annamalai College of Music. She hails from Trivandrum. In her early years she had her preliminary training under local musicians and passed her lower technical examination in music with a first class. Then she went in for higher training under T. Lakshmana Pillai of Trivandrum who is an aged veteran in the art and a composer of good repute. After her S.S.L.C. course in general education, she took music for her Intermediate course in Trivandrum College. Before she completed that course, her urge for the art led her to the Annamalai College of Music, when the great Vidwan Tiger Varadachariar was its principal and studied there for four years under him finishing with her graduation as a '*Sangita Bhushana*.' Her proficiency in the art was such that she got the Governor's first prize in music at the college competition.

No wonder with such a background of natural talent and sound training under reputed masters, Janamma David has now come as an appreciable platform artist. With all the prevailing confusion in tastes and standards in the art inevitable in the nature of the present day widespread popular enthusiasm for the art, there are not wanting a few reputed musicians who keep up high standards with ever new styles and considerable sections of music loving public who understand which is which in the art. And Janamma David may have to practise hard to keep pace with present day developments in the field and to satisfy critical opinion. It is hoped that she, having created such a favourable impression at the outset, will develop her art to the required high level with due encouragement from music circles.



THE ECONOMIC CRISIS

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

THE deepening economic crisis in the country seems at last to have compelled the Government of India to take action, though they had for long ignored warnings from every side that the crisis was reaching desperate proportions and resisted every demand that they should do something effective about it. But the action of the Cabinet in ordering a cut of Rs. 80 crores in the capital budget does not signify the bold leadership which was expected of them. The move appears to be intended more to impress the people than as a serious measure forming part of an over-all plan to deal with the economic problem. Yet one cannot but sympathise with the Government. For while everyone is clamouring that Government should do something effective, few have put forward any sensible suggestions on what they ought to do. Everybody seems to agree that increased production will do the trick and bring down prices. But it is not realised that increased production alone is not what is wanted. What is really wanted is more production at diminishing cost. Generally, increase in production has meant increasing cost, and hence higher prices. This, instead of solving inflation, only increases it.

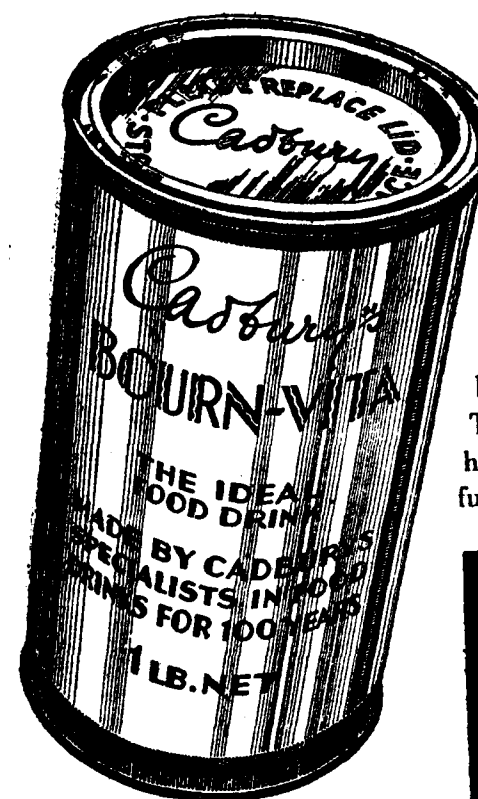
How to increase production is another matter over which there are sharp differences of opinion. It seems to be recognised on all sides that production depends on incentives. But incentives to whom, is really the question. Capitalists think that there are no incentives to further investment. In fact they appear to be discouraged by the industrial policy of the Government from even maintaining present capital (machinery) intact. But a contrary opinion seems to prevail among labour circles. Labour leaders hold that it is labour which is not encouraged to put in more effort in industry. These conflicting views and the contradictory suggestions put forward to deal with the economic crisis, have tended to confuse the issue instead of helping Government to adopt the proper

course of action. Though our Ministers are most anxious to take steps to combat rising prices, they do not go about it in a determined way. Everyone wants the Government to pursue a bold, constructive policy, but in what exactly does such a policy consist? It is here that the critics express conflicting opinions. The capitalists want taxes on incomes and profits to be reduced and an assurance from Government that no nationalisation programmes will be adopted either in the near future or in the distant. They appear to be unsatisfied by the mere assurance that no industry will be nationalised during the next ten years, which they think might imply that nationalisation will be carried out at the end of the period. The Labour leaders, on their part, demand higher wages, shorter hours of work, and a profit-sharing scheme, which would serve as incentives to greater effort on the part of labour.

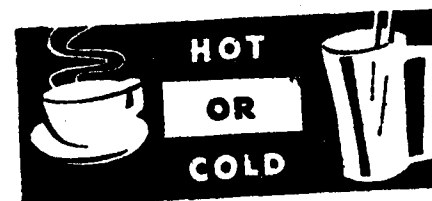
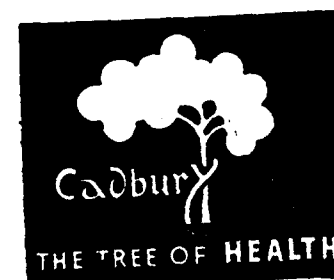
It is evident that it is not Government alone who are to blame but that it is the whole community's behaviour which is at fault. For every section of the community is intent more on getting a larger share for itself than on increasing national production. In a sense, it is wrong to speak of "fault" at all, since there is unquestionably a large element of pure misfortune in the present plight of the country. No Government could have prevented the disastrous rise in world prices, the refugee problem or the war in Kashmir; and no Government could have done anything effective in the last two years to offset them.

That the present malady is due to a low general output is accepted by almost everyone. It is true that production at present is insufficient to meet our requirements. It is also true that the present output is low compared to the war-time peak level production. But our present production is not very different from our output before the war. Thus while production has returned to its normal level, the demands put on it have increased.

DRINK YOUR HEALTH



BOURN-VITA is more than a milk drink. It contains energy-giving vitamins and calcium. It is ideal for ATHLETES and INVALIDS alike. Children love the chocolate flavour. Take it morning and night, hot or cold, two teaspoonfuls in a cup or glass of milk.



Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA
RICH IN CALCIUM AND VITAMINS A & D

CADBURY FRY (INDIA) LIMITED
P. O. BOX 1417, BOMBAY - P. O. BOX 251, CALCUTTA - P. O. BOX 1725, MADRAS

There is no use comparing the present output with production during the war, when industries were being artificially stimulated. At present, it is not the output of our country which is mainly wrong but the requirements put upon it. The phenomenal increase in population in the past ten years has converted our self-sufficiency in some commodities into a deficit and has increased our deficit in others. A higher standard of life and the consequent increase in the standard of consumption have also increased our minimum requirements. Governmental expenditure in general and particularly under such heads as health and education has also increased. We are also maintaining a huge army on a war-footing and the Government have been compelled to, engage in a costly war in Kashmir. They have also undertaken to resettle more than five million refugees from Pakistan. Several crores of rupees have been spent on the Grow More Food campaign which has surprisingly shown negligible results. Government have till now incurred, and are even now incurring, a huge expenditure in subsidising the import of food-grains from abroad. They had launched on a huge programme of national development to which they have put a stop only now. No wonder the national output is too small for the tasks that have been set to it.

The first and most vital step in any positive policy to avoid the impending economic disaster and at the same time to bring about a fall in prices is to get the inflationary poison out of the national economic system. But the terminology is dangerous for the opposite of inflation is deflation, and that conjures up visions of mass unemployment and falling production. Let us therefore rather say that the nation must decide to cut its coat according to the cloth; that it will not have a huge standing army the expenses of which it cannot bear; that it will not have an administration costlier than it can afford; that it will not indulge in the execution of costly fantastic development schemes by inflationary finance before establishing normalcy in our economic system.

Capitalist economics of the orthodox type involving a policy of *laissez faire* can cope with a situation like

this. As a matter of fact, Indian capitalists have for long been agitating that Government should not interfere with their activities and that they should be left undisturbed in their field. But such a policy pays no attention to equity between individuals. It hurts the poor more than the rich and is blind in its social incidence. Some of these defects can be rectified if the policy of *laissez faire* is extended to foreign trade also. But this will affect local industries, and that is why the capitalists who are the most ardent champions of *laissez faire* at home are the bitterest opponents of that policy being applied to foreign trade.

The proper course of action lies rather in making a planned attack on the problem of inflation from different sides at the same time. It is not very difficult to sketch the outline of a plan based on realities which can get the country out of its present mess:

First, cut down current expenditure to the minimum, particularly expenditure on defence and administration where a 20 per cent cut can easily be made.

Second, put a stop to all inflationary finance even though this may involve for the present the abandonment of developmental plans.

Third, solve the food problem by undertaking small irrigation schemes and not big projects involving huge expenditure and several years for their construction.

Fourth, refuse protection to industries which have no natural facilities for flourishing in India as also to industries which, taking advantage of protection, exploit the consumers.

Fifth, welcome Indian as well as foreign capital to start industries, guaranteeing full compensation in the event of nationalisation.

These steps, simple as they appear on paper, will not be in practice so simple. But it is imperative that this problem be solved immediately because we cannot hope to be militarily strong until and unless we are economically strong, and we cannot expect to have political stability unless there is economic stability.

AUTHORS PENALISED BY POST OFFICE

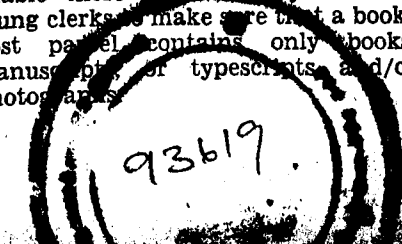
By J. VIJAYATUNGA

INDIA must be one of the few civilised countries where the Post Office does its utmost to discourage authors and journalists from practising their profession. The Post Office rules say that Press matter or scripts for the Press or for the printer (in the case of publishers) if sent by post must be so packed as to enable the contents to be examined by every suspicious sorting peon and postal clerk. Sometimes one has to send by post valuable books whose cover edges must be protected by the paper of the parcel. In England and America one is allowed to fold over the covering paper so as to protect these ends. Here one must clip the covering paper close to the edge of the book or script or photograph. Even when that is done the postal clerk will bend and squeeze and otherwise torture the book, Mss., or photograph so that he could satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes important firms like the Oxford University Press are allowed to send books and proofs for the printer parcelled and tied so that the package *could be opened* but so that the contents are safe against wet and rain and against handling. But if I try to send a book or a Mss. or proof to that firm I must follow the rules of the Inquisition as laid down in the Post Office Guide. One does not like to complain against Post Office counter clerks because they are as a rule overworked but for sheer obstructionism and incompetence the registration clerk at our Post Office takes some beating. Today having spent hours enclosing some typed and printed material for a publisher and having tied it with thread passed through the envelope I took it for registration through book post. I had ready for posting separately a letter to the same firm. I showed the letter to the counter clerk to convince him that I was not trying to get a message across in the book-post package.

But he wasn't satisfied and squeezed the envelope and peered in and unable to find what he wanted asked me to open the package. Being Saturday there were only five minutes to closing time for registration. This meant that I have lost two days regarding a script a Bombay publisher wanted in a hurry.

A few days back I wanted to return some surgical goods to a Calcutta firm the same day I received them because they did not suit me. But this same clerk told me that I must obtain a permit from the Export Controller, Madras and also a permit from the local French Customs. It was more than a month before I did get a final communication from Madras to the effect that surgical goods did not require a permit. But so as to recover the money from the firm concerned by sending the goods without delay I had to make a special trip to Madras to post that parcel.

A few days ago a friend of mine, a free-lance journalist, handed in a package for book-post and it was accepted. But imagine his surprise when it was returned to him the next day because on the back of each photograph which accompanied the article he had written his name and address so that the editor could return the photographs to him. This is a universal practice. It was the same counter clerk. Either the Indian Post Office must fall into line with post offices in other civilised countries and not penalise authors and journalists who more than anybody else must use the post to reach editors and printers without delay or the Indian Post Office must instal X-Ray apparatus in every Post Office to enable these recently-recruited young clerks to make sure that a book-post parcel contains only books, manuscripts, or typescripts and/or photographs.



THE BITTER-SWEET TEA OF MARSHAL LI

By ANDREW ROTH

"The recent news that Marshal Li Chi-sen has been named Vice-Chairman of the new Communist-led Chinese People's Republic recalled a warm interview in Hongkong and a cold telephone conversation in Peiping. The two together cast much light on contemporary coalition politics in Communist China."

LAST December the chubby-faced 64-year-old Kwangsi war-lord was to be found in an iron-grilled house on the heights overlooking Hongkong's beautiful harbour. He wore a long Chinese gown with the edge of his long woollen underwear peeping out of its sleeves. This, combined with his round face and small wispy beard, gave him the appearance of a good-natured retired merchant rather than a small but important segment of China's turbulent political maelstrom.

He smiled contentedly for his rise from the retirement and near-obscurity into which he had descended was already clear. As the tide of Communist victories rose, an increasing number of Kuomintang officials secretly beat a path to his door. This was because he was the leader of the anti-Chiang Kai-shek "Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang," a group of former Kuomintang members who contended that Chiang Kai-shek had "betrayed" the aims of the Chinese Revolution and that these aims could now be realized through co-operation with the Communists. Many Kuomintang members who felt the end coming saw Marshal Li's committee as an escape hatch through which they could avoid being caught in the crash of the tottering Kuomintang regime.

Marshal Li smiled benignly as he sipped his tea. As a veteran of China's military politics, Marshal Li could relish the turns and twists of China's modern history. A quarter century ago he was commander of the famous Fourth ("Ironsides") Army. In 1925, when most of today's senior Kuomintang officers were being trained in Whampoa Academy, Marshal Li was its Vice-President while Chiang Kai-shek was President. When

the Northern Expedition swept out of Canton to bring China under Kuomintang control, Marshal Li was detailed to stay behind to guard its rear. In the 1927 Kuomintang-Communist split, he sided with Chiang and took the lead in suppressing the Communists' Canton uprising.

Although a traditional war-lord, he has shown a fairly consistent streak of liberalism. He turned against Chiang's ultra-rightist policies and became Chairman of the abortive "People's Government" at Foochow in 1933, for which he was expelled from the Kuomintang. When Japan attacked in 1937 he favoured submerging all internal differences and volunteered his services. He disagreed with Chiang's attempt to clear out all his liberal critics in the midst of the war. In 1940 Chiang sent orders to Marshal Li, then in command in Kwangsi, to arrest two liberal newsmen in Kweilin. They escaped only because Li sent them a warning and airplane tickets to Hongkong and held back the arrest warrants until they had left. Subsequently, in order to remove his liberal influence from Kwangsi, Chiang appointed him to the purely decorative post of Chairman of the Military Advisory Council in Chungking.

After the Japanese had taken Kweilin in 1944, Marshal Li attempted to set up a guerilla base behind the Japanese lines, and enlisted some progressive intellectuals to secure popular support. Chiang's Government treated the movement as illegal and, it is alleged, Chiang's secret service chief, General Tai Li, arranged to have the movement's treasury hijacked and spread rumours that Marshal Li had gone over to the enemy. Since he was put out of action about the same time as "Vinegar Joe,"

Marshal Li likes to picture himself as a "Chinese General Stillwell."

With the war's end, Marshal Li bided his time and then, in 1947, slipped across the border to Hongkong to become a leader of the "Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang," which only claimed about five hundred members in China. Soon thereafter T. V. Soong, Madame Chiang Kai-shek's brother, showed Marshal Li's importance by attempting unsuccessfully to buy him away from the Communists with a decorative job.

Marshal Li's group, together with the China Democratic League and other small middle parties have laid claim to be the "third force" or "middle way" between the Kuomintang and the Communists. During the war a number of U. S. China specialists favoured backing them as the most democratic element in China. But, as U. S. postwar policy swung to support the Kuomintang against the Communists, these anti-Kuomintang middle groups were pushed toward the Communists. In 1947 the China Democratic League was banned throughout China for its attacks on the Kuomintang as corrupt and reactionary. With the death of the "Christian General" Feng Yuxiang in the fall of 1948, Marshal Li became the leading traditional warlord among these anti-Kuomintang middle groups.

Like others in these groups he felt sure that it was possible to work in coalition with the Communists. The chubbyfaced Marshal shook his head firmly when asked whether he thought that his or other middle groups would become the pawns or "tails" of the Communists. "The Communists are stronger because they represent the interests of the workers and peasants, but we represent the small officials, the petit bourgeoisie, the national industrialists and sections of overseas Chinese. The Communist cannot do without us in rebuilding China." Some cynical observers thought the Marshal had hopes of getting Communist approval for taking over the defeated Kuomintang after it had been purged of its top leaders.

He denied that China's Communists might boot out their fellow

coalitionists as did the Czech Communists. "Czechoslovakia is small and highly developed," he pointed out, "and China is huge and backward. In China you do not have the tensions between highly-organized workers and big industrialists. Here we can all work together for a long time. To build a New Democracy in China, the Communists have to follow a moderate policy to encourage industrialization. The Communists need us, so it will be a real coalition."

In February 1949 I was in Peiping when Marshal Li and a number of other anti-Kuomintang notables arrived in the newly-captured Communist capital to begin negotiations about a coalition Government. The Communists made a great fuss about them, rolled out the red carpet and installed them in the best hotel. But they made clear who would have the controlling voice in the coalition. Since Marshal Li had no army and a very small political group, he had few bargaining points. Rumour had it that the Marshal asked permission to publish a newspaper. "Why do you need a newspaper?" a Communist leader was reported to have asked, "when we will be glad to publish your statements in our newspapers?"

I attempted to reach the Marshal to find out whether he had changed his mind about the feasibility of coalition politics with the Communists. I reached his secretary and spokesman who, in Hongkong, had been very warm and effusive. But in Peiping his warmth toward one of a group of Anglo-American newsmen whom the Communists had attacked as possible "imperialist agents" had vanished. He said coldly: "The Marshal is very busy. As soon as there is some time, I will get in touch with you." He never did.

The following June, I was back in Hongkong. The British authorities had just banned the activities of political parties with Chinese connections. The shrillest complaint came from distant Peiping where nine Communist-allied leaders, spearheaded by Marshal Li, attacked the measure as being "anti-Chinese," depriving Hongkong's 98% Chinese population of their democratic rights and making Hongkong into a "police

state." A young British official I was with became indignant. "Why, we gave that man protection and political asylum here for over a year and he used this place as a political sounding board!" One of his older colleagues was more philosophical: "British imperialism is a dead horse and therefore safe to flog. And don't forget that survival is one of the

greatest ideals in Chinese political life."

The announcement that Marshal Li is one of the three non-Communist Vice-Chairmen of the People's Republic of China (along with Mme Sun Yat-sen and Chang Lan of the Democratic League) shows that Marshal Li has "survived." It does not, however, demonstrate that he has real power.

KOREAN MARRIAGE - BROKER

By M. A. FRIEDERICH

THOSE that relish regular doses of saucy gossip should make the acquaintance of a Korean go-between or marriage broker. For professional reasons she has to know all the social gossip for miles around, and, being Korean, she seems to be less restrained than other women. However, these resourceful representatives of Cupid are getting scarce and they are kept going only by the still numerous old-fashioned Korean mothers and dads against whose ideas most sons and daughters rebel.

No more than thirty years ago the go-between was still an indispensable item in Korean society. In Seoul, Korea's capital, well over three hundred were busy daily spinning ties between marriageable youngsters. Mrs. Chay Yung Shuk, dainty in her white-silk Korean outfit and looking prim with her hair drawn tight in a knot, was one of them.

As a go-between, a woman with a job, Mrs. Chay Yung Shuk was actually a complete anachronism in the circles where she worked. She went from home to home, talking to both men and women at a time when Korean women were not supposed to talk to any men but their husbands and fathers. Korean women even had—and many still have—their private bedroom in which nobody but the maidservant and the husband ever set foot. No respectable girls of those times—and no respectable girls of today who do not go to school and thus miss the chance of meeting a boy in a classroom—could get acquainted with a boy. It was Mrs. Chay's responsibility to weave the wedding-ties.

Mrs. Chay went on daily excursions talking to people, mainly about other people and, by quizzing enough servants, friends and enemies, she ferreted out a good deal of information about the social standing, the financial position, the features and habits, vices and virtues of Seoul's young men and virgins. One of the essential bits of information was whether the marriage candidate was an offspring of a first wife or a second wife, the latter being considered considerably inferior. "Of course we only went around the rich. The poor people could take care of themselves," Mrs. Chay said snobbishly. The only exceptions to this rule were the "Niang Bahn," the noble families of whom it did not matter so much that they were low in cash. Mrs. Chay always made sure to make everybody happy—at the same time securing her own fee—by linking people with social standing to people with money.

The fees of a go-between were substantial, often supplemented by presents of food and clothing and even old-age support. After all, the go-between took care of all the ceremonies including the first encounter of bride and groom on their wedding-day, and actually ensured the continuity of the family line.

To make sure that the marriage would be a success and to shed any responsibilities in case of failure, a go-between always carefully examines the horoscopes of both parties. The horoscope still plays a major role in Korean marriages. Mrs. Chay herself always takes the horoscopes of prospective couples to a professional

astrologer. But she knows enough to forego astrologer's expenses if basic issues show the marriage will not be possible anyway.

In Seoul, now a town of some 800,000 inhabitants, only eighty or ninety go-betweens are left. In some instances the centuries-old methods of the go-between have turned overnight into the hyper-modern institution of matrimonial agencies. It has always been difficult for a Korean woman who has inadvertently been turned into a widow to find another support because she is considered to be "tainted." Many of these widows nowadays go to the go-between. They submit their sad little intimacies about their possessions and capabilities in the hope of hooking a widower or otherwise handicapped man who is not too particular on the subject of virginity. But most of the marriages are now arranged not by Chung Meh Chaini—professional marriage brokers—but by "friends of the family."

Mrs. Chay agreed that the increasingly popular modern way of choosing your own wedding-partner has undoubtedly advantages over the old way of having a partner forced on you whom you, at best, meet once or twice before the wedding bells ring. "The old way was good enough though," she said, "because you don't start with roses and moonlight only to be disappointed later. Here a couple starts expecting nothing and every little friendly act counts double and can build into a good and peaceful marriage." She admitted however that many of the couples she had brought together had married first to please the parents, after which many of the men married a second time to please themselves.

In contrast with rich Moslems who often have four wives in the same

house, or with rich Chinese who have four houses each with a wife, hardly any Korean marries more than twice and, if he does, it is considered indecent. Even if he had a second wife he has her in a separate house, for his first wife would not tolerate her around. The only time a woman sometimes urges her husband to take a second wife is when she cannot beg any children.

"Modern times have brought many changes," Mrs. Chay prattled and referred to two Cabinet Ministers who have to keep their second wives—both gisang girls (the Korean version of the Japanese geisha)—under cover. President Syngman Rhee, who has spent over thirty years in America, has anglicized his name and was for some time a preacher, is reported to have stated that he won't allow anyone in his Government who has more than one wife. At least two of his Cabinet Ministers therefore now have "modern mistresses" instead of old-fashioned legal second wives.

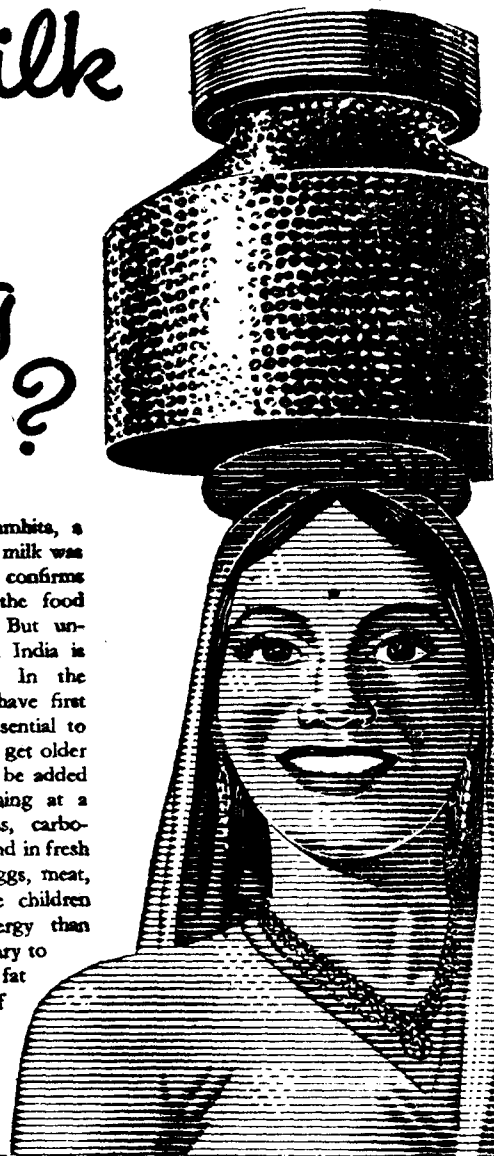
Mrs. Chay also raked the love-life of the Mayor of Seoul over the coals. Mayor Yung comes from a line of children of second wives. Therefore he was wed to the child of a second wife of the influential Min family. But he separated from her and recently married Miss Kong, daughter of a first wife, something he could not have got away with thirty years ago.

Modern influences show in Korea. Many girls no longer wear their hair drawn tight in a knot, but have permanent waves. Though almost all still wear the *jogori*, a very short jacket and the *chima* or a long, wide, flaring and pleated skirt that starts way above the waist, many have discarded the heavy underskirts and baggy pants that go with it in exchange for Western underwear.

"My personal belief is that I don't expect to see a third fighting war, but I don't expect easy relations either. The cold war will be with us for a long time. By a cold war I mean a kind of competition between ways of life. What I hope is that, while we avoid a shooting war, we grow to get less unlike each other. It might get down to quantitative questions. . . . The Russian competition might stimulate us to do things faster, might make us more active in putting into practice our ideas at home. Of course the great difficulty in Europe is that the nations are too small for the modern world. Even the United States might find herself too small for the world of the future. We shall all have to consider quite seriously a close association, a union of countries with the same way of life."—ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

Can milk build strong bones?

12,000 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 1

HVM. 98-172

GREAT REFORMERS: SUN YAT-SEN

MOST of the books about Sun Yat-sen and the Chinese revolution focus upon the immediate political circumstances: the decadence of Chinese imperial rule; the undisguised greed of the Western adventurer nations; the alchemy worked in an idealistic Chinese youth by a Western political education; the help of expatriate Chinese—laundrymen, cooks, railroad workers and others in the United States and elsewhere—who supported and largely financed the Chinese revolution; the part played by the secret societies; the contribution of the eccentric American military genius, Homer Lea. All these things have their importance, but the story ends, we think, with unrelieved pessimism unless it is told against a larger and more searching background of human history.

On the surface, the Chinese revolution took place amid rapid social transitions which were world-wide in scope and are still going on. The civilization of the United States was passing from exuberant and expansive industrialism into the age of power and militarization. The buying-and-selling bourgeois culture of both Europe and America was beginning to exhibit alarming symptoms of a neuroticism which culminated in two world wars. Meanwhile, and as a result, inner psychic compulsions of the mass society of the twentieth century were driving more and more people to forsake the skeptical, rational libertarianism of the West for the more tangible and emotionally stimulating securities of authoritarianism. In the same epoch, industrialized Japan became ripe with the poisons of occidental "progressivism"—an overnight mushroom growth of lurid colorings and raucous claims. In India, Gandhi was returning to the inspiration of antiquity, seeking out the roots of a society that might be both organic and free.

If Sun Yat-sen be regarded simply as a Chinese nationalist and revolutionary who contended against the reactionary forces of his time—forces which eventually engulfed the revolu-

tionary movement he began—then reading about him has a merely "historical" interest. But if he can be seen as one of a small number of great men who have constituted themselves links between a type of social unity that is passing away—the organic unity of a patriarchal or hierarchical order—and another sort of organic social unity, a unity which may perhaps be described as growing out of the deepened moral self-consciousness of mankind, then Sun Yat-sen may emerge, regardless of political failures, as one of the truly creative spirits of the age. This interpretation of Sun Yat-sen, it is true, involves considerable historical optimism and a frankly metaphysical—even Hegelian—conception of the forces at play in social evolution, yet it seems futile to regard the drama of human experience in any other light.

Sun Yat-sen was born in the year 1866 in a small village forty miles from Canton, the scene of his first triumph many years later. He began his education in Hawaii, where an elder brother had prospered as a store-keeper and rice-grower. Western knowledge fired his mind, leading to questions. When he returned to his village at the age of eighteen, one of his early acts was to harangue the peasants for their devotions before three plaster idols of an ancient fertility cult. "I could forgive you," he shouted, "if you offered me a single reason for worshipping this idol!" To prove the impotence of the images, he broke off the arm of one of the Gods and walked away from the horror-struck peasants. Banished from the village, he continued his education in Hong Kong and in 1885 found a place in the Pok Tsai hospital in Canton, where he studied under a Scottish medical missionary. Then began a time pregnant with revolutionary dreams and plans. Later he wrote: "All the years between 1885 and 1895 were like one day in my hard fight for national liberty, and my medical practice was no more to me than a means to introduce my propaganda to the world." In 1887 he en-

rolled in the Alice Memorial Hospital in Canton and in five years his training was complete.

Sun Yat-sen was now a graduate physician, but far from being a graduate revolutionist. Years of homeless wandering were before him. He joined and formed revolutionary societies, lectured outside of China, plotted and participated in revolts against the decaying power of the Manchus. There were many discouraging failures. His friends were caught and beheaded. The hour for an uprising would come, as planned, but guns and ammunition would be found missing. The "long arm of the Manchus" pursued him around the world. In England he was kidnapped and held prisoner in the Chinese embassy and only a note smuggled out to an English friend saved him from being secretly transported to China for execution.

In London he read Henry George and Marx, met Lenin, and exchanged ideas with other revolutionary exiles. The Boxer Rebellion of 1900 found him in Japan where he had been trying to weld the various secret societies into one, strong, underground, revolutionary party. After the Boxers had been suppressed, he explained to his Japanese friends: "We are not in the least depressed over the result. Quite the reverse, in fact, as it shows how easily the imperial troops can be defeated, as soon as our men are properly armed and prepared for the great effort." He went back to his books and lecture tours. He read Darwin and Huxley. On a second visit to America in 1904, he discovered Abraham Lincoln, whose "Government of the people, by the people, for the people" found a new incarnation in the Chinese revolutionary slogan: "The people are to have, the people are to rule, the people are to enjoy." Sun Yat-sen was now becoming known to Chinese patriots everywhere. In Philadelphia a laundryman called at his hotel one evening, handed him a linen bag containing his life's savings, and disappeared. Such were the moral and practical resources of the Chinese revolution.

Returning to Japan in 1905, Sun Yat-sen openly declared for the overthrow of the Manchus, a republican government for China, and national-

ization of the land. He founded a new revolutionary society which gained tens of thousands of members within a year. Armed revolts began to break out in China in 1906. Sun Yat-sen left Japan for China to conduct raids across the Annam frontier. While these and other efforts brought no major victory, the habit of rebellion had taken hold and was gathering strength. In 1911, angry rioting swelled into the tide of successful revolution. Again in the United States, Sun Yat-sen read in the St. Louis newspapers that his revolution had taken place and that he was to return to China to become provisional president of the Chinese Republic. At forty-five years of age, the penniless and threadbare revolutionary was the leader of 450,000,000 people, with power, as Robert Payne says, "greater than that of the Emperor, for it derived a greater measure of assent from the people. He had been unassuming at all times; at the height of his victory, he became still more gentle and unassuming."

The vicissitudes of the Chinese revolution in the years that followed are told at length in the histories of modern China. (See in particular George Chen's and Robert Payne's *Sun Yat-sen, a Portrait*.) Without interest in personal authority, and eager for practical labors in reconstruction, Sun Yat-sen resigned from the presidency in favour of Yuan Shih-kai, a northern statesman who later betrayed the revolution by trying to make himself emperor. China was disunited by struggles between the republican south and the north of the war-lords. Not until 1927, two years after the death of Sun Yat-sen, when Chiang Kai-shek led the army of the Republic on its famous northward march from Canton, was China unified under a single government. But this coup of Chiang's was also the beginning of the ascendancy of militarism and ruthless dictatorship in the Chinese government, and of the antagonism between the Communists and the Kuomintang. Soon, China was ruled by a military oligarchy which, in the words of those true to the founder of the revolution, had "turned the maxims of Sun Yat-sen into their opposite; whereby the revolutionary regime had ceased to be

revolutionary and become the organ which, under the banner of revolution, restored the very order of society which the great innovator Sun Yat-sen had gone out to subvert."



What, actually, had Sun Yat-sen stood for and tried to do? It is perhaps not realized by the Westerner that the old Chinese social order, under the emperor, afforded more personal freedom and even more "democracy" in a sense than more efficiently organized political states. The idea of the maintenance of the authority of government by naked military force is alien to the Chinese spirit. As Gustav Amann says in *The Legacy of Sun Yat-sen*:

In the old China, the Chinese Emperor had, in this sense, neither been master of the army, nor had he ever disposed over a treasury into which all the revenues of the empire flowed. The country had been divided into provinces, provinces into departments and districts with officials ruling them who had been appointed by the governor.

The Chinese were neither nationalistic nor power-conscious. They were ruled by a way of life rather than by the dictates of authority. Amann writes:

Not from an army or from money over which he disposed did the power of the emperor spring. What preserved the empire for him was the power of faith. Sovereignty and allegiance were founded on a religious belief in the order of heaven, on the belief of officials and people that, without loyalty to a God-given order, there can be no happiness for man; they were the morality and religion of the Chinese under the old empire.

These sacred relations Sun Yat-sen's revolution had no intention to destroy. Sun Yat-sen believed in them; up to the day of his death he believed that they continued to exist; his spirit was part of their spirit. He followed the call to the Presidency, he went to Peking among the wolves of empire because he was led by the conviction that the spirit would conquer them.... The revolution of Sun Yat-sen sprang from the very loyalty to the God-given order.... But the onslaught of western materialism had done its work. As soon as the authority of the emperor had fallen, the authority of heaven also fell; an earthly spirit arose.... The "strong men" of material ambition prevented the creation of a new, united household of state; they were the cause of the popular failure of the revolution. The Chinese spirit died of (Western) democracy; the republic crumbled away.

To effect a transfer of popular trust from the old hierarchical order to the institutions to be created under the Chinese Republic—that is what Sun Yat-sen was trying to do. He wanted Chinese democracy to find roots in Chinese, not Western, tradition. He feared that Western political forms might prove "out of date" by the time they were installed in China. He hoped that Chinese democracy would be born from the emancipation of the people from ignorance.

The unit of self-government was to be the *hsien*, or city community. He wrote in his *Outline of Reconstruction of the National Government*: "When more than half the provinces have reached the stage when local self-government has been completed throughout the province, then a National Assembly shall be elected to promulgate a constitution." Government, therefore, was to grow with the people, and not to be imposed from above:

The new government, arising out of the broadest mass of the people, with its duly elected representatives in the National Assembly, will exercise representative power in a way which China has never experienced before. The State will take over all the large enterprises which may reasonably be entrusted to the people; the nation will possess equality with other nations; every Chinese will be equal to every other Chinese both politically and in his opportunities of economic advancement. When we have done this, when the benefits of society are enjoyed by all equally, then and only then can we lay

our hands on our hearts and say that the revolution has begun.

How to transform such dreams into reality: that is the problem of the modern revolutionist. It seems just to say that the great Easterners of our epoch—Sun Yat-sen, Gandhi, Nehru, Sjahrir—all revolutionaries, all educators, all men who have attempted to unite the great cultural past of the Orient with the political self-consciousness of the West, have all cherished this same dream, although with varying points of emphasis. And all have suffered the frustrations which the problem of *power* imposes upon political leaders. Only Gandhi, perhaps, had prophetic vision and moral daring sufficient to declare

an absolute break with the familiar forms of political power, and to place his faith in a kind of power which can never be turned against the human beings it grows to serve. But while military power struck at the heart of Sun Yat-sen's revolution, even as disease struck down its self-effacing author, no might of external force can ever erase the vision of a free and self-governing people that Sun Yat-sen gave to the Chinese, and out of that vision and the lessons and discouragements of the revolutions of the twentieth century, may be born a new kind of strength and the patience that will be necessary for the freedom, not only of China, but of all the world.—*MANAS*.

RELIGION REDISCOVERED

By *SANTHA*

A mild sensation is being caused in Europe—especially in France—and Britain by the news of the intended production of a film by the French director Georges Grandiere based on the life of Jesus Christ. The details are shrouded in secrecy, however; all the players are to remain anonymous. There are to be four different versions of the film with the dialogue in French, English, Italian and Spanish. Sir Stafford Cripps has given his approval for the sum of £50,000 (Rs. 6.66 lakhs) to go out of Britain as contribution towards the making of the film. But Britons are by no means the only contributors. Money, says the Baroness Ravensdale, is pouring in from thousands of people from all walks of life—"many of them quite humble," as if she was surprised that the humble should dare to aspire to enter the Kingdom of God!

The whole thing sounds like a page from the history of Hollywood.

Absolute faith or belief which is synonymous with unquestioning surrender of one's self, is a forgotten virtue. But the salving of one's conscience by externally-applied balms has unfortunately become a part of human nature. As progress continues to be achieved along the macadamized, materialistic paths paved by science and political philosophy,

humanity is dragged along in a mute subjection which in its negative aspect is as helpless as positive faith is potent. But there is always in each of us a reaching out towards Something elusive like the memory of a dream but as haunting and disturbing. We try to see this dream in our everyday life. There are moments when we recapture it, breathless flashes which leave us before actual recognition dawns. They inspired the caveman to turn his face away from the clod, they made the sentinel die in peace at his post, they starved mothers so that the children might feed and live and they warmed the heart of Socrates as he drank the hemlock. But these are only moments and to tie them up together, gather one by one the indeterminate strands of feeling which they evoked and give it the overwhelming definition of God or Power or Evolution or what you will needs an infinite perseverance, an exclusive concentration of which we are becoming more and more incapable, muddling opportunists that we are. And so we apply palliatives over the sore spot that the dream has created somewhere in us and wait for sleep.

To imagine that a contribution of money can bring relief is not as sacrilegious as it may sound to the

more self-deceiving among us. Money is, after all, the measure of human affairs and achievements. If it were not, we would not be producing films about Christ and Rama and Krishna. We would be sitting at home and reading our Bible or Gita by the firelight with our children around us. We have dragged our gods down to the market-place. Now they are doing the same with Jesus.

The depth of our subjection to our present way of living is at no time so apparent as in our intermittent deviations from it. Therein perhaps lies the unquenchable divinity of Man. But to dramatise these moments, to wallow in our rediscovered revelations, serves only to expose our motives to question. The young university professor who is to take the titular role in the film, so goes the report, has signed a pledge not to appear in any other film for five years. In heaven's name, why? Surely he does not imagine that by portraying Christ he stands sorely in danger of *becoming* Christ or that his person or indeed any part of him becomes endowed with a peculiar sanctity in the process? This desire to glorify the actor who takes the name of the Saviour only leads one to the suspicion that the feeling which is prompting this production and contributions towards it is not an earnest spiritual urge but the vanity of religion, the desire of certain people to wear their consciences on their sleeves

and to give them an airing. It is not humility but the coxcombry of humility.

The project bristles with innumerable practical difficulties. The many contradictory versions of the life story of Jesus must daunt the most accommodating. The predilections of the various echelons of Christianity have to be met. There would then still remain the agnostics, the individualists, the sceptics and the half a dozen other variations on disbelief which find credence with independent thinkers of a certain degree of refinement. Religion is the individual heritage of man and to make it a collective opportunity ostensibly for purposes of its resurrection in the heart of man—even if the profits eventually go to charity, as we are assured—seems more like shrewd business than philanthropic humanitarianism. The hullabaloo which has nothing spiritual about it, has already started and a veritable cocoon of mystery is being drawn round the intended production. A "committee of distinguished people" is in the making. Nothing more is left to be done except for an aspiring young American businessman to step in and bring out a de-luxe edition of the Bible extensively illustrated with stills from the film, to be available at all book-stalls a week before the release of the film.

Me, I prefer my Jesus in the Book with the face that the dead master Rafael gave Him.

"Throughout my adult life, my work has been prompted by the desire to promote two things: clear thinking and kindly feeling.

"At first these two remained more or less separate, and I swung uneasily from the one to the other; when I was happy I believed most in clear thinking, and when I was unhappy I believed most in the importance of kindly feeling.

"Gradually the two have blended into a single whole. I have come to think that much unclear thought exists as an excuse for cruelty and that, conversely, much cruelty is due to superstitious beliefs which clear thinking would dispel."—**BERTRAND RUSSEL**.

**

**

**

**

NO TIME FOR ENEMIES

Dr. Henry K. Sherril told of a story of a dying man who wanted to be baptised. The clergyman asked the patient whether he had renounced the Devil and all his works. "Look here, parson," was the reply after a long pause, "this is no time for me to be making any enemies anywhere."

—**Peterborough, in DAILY TELEGRAPH, London.**

A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

By G. M. DESHPANDE

"MAY I come in, Miss Aruna," called Bhupaldas for the third time as he stood at the door. He had been standing there for ten minutes now but no one had responded. The gorgeous furniture in the room did not engage his attention—his own drawing room, at home, was superbly decorated. Nor was he in a mood to appreciate the dexterity in the decoration. A quiet breeze from within the room had brought a fragrance but Bhupaldas would not welcome it. Instead, he would have liked even a boy-servant to appear when he called the third time. None, however turned up. And Bhupaldas, who could not afford to lose patience, stood waiting as coolly as he could.

He called out again. This time the call was louder but not as free as that of an acquaintance. A stranger at Aruna's door that he was, he had been shuffling in his mind about the way he should introduce himself. In that state, how often had he used his kerchief to wipe off drops of perspiration on his forehead and his neck and his palms!

"Who?" came a feminine voice from within.

Who! Bhupaldas had not prepared himself for this question. He had expected Aruna to appear as soon as he called and then start with his business straightaway. He was so well-known in the town that he took it for granted and thought it to be an insult to be required to say that he was Seth Bhupaldas, so and so. The immediate question, however, was what he should say and how. Must he identify himself as one among the millionaires of the town? That was ridiculous. The millionaire in him had been left back home. He had come all the way on foot to Aruna. The business which had brought him there had put a ban on his rich bank-account.

"This is me," he replied in haste, feeling satisfied that his brain had hit

upon a great solution of an intricate problem.

With a disturbed look in her eyes, Aruna came into the room, her left hand holding the end of her hair-braid and her right a silk ribbon. What she saw in front of her was a plump unknown figure wearing a saffron-coloured turban, marks of sandal-paste running across his forehead and rather unwieldy gold rings hanging down his ears. On a birthday morning this was not an auspicious sight and wrinkles went up Aruna's right eye-brow. Instead of greeting the visitor, she asked, "Yes?"

"Namaste, Miss Ar-Aruna-aji" hastened Bhupaldas, and in order to assure himself asked, "Are you Miss Arunajee?"

"Yes, I am."

"Lucky to meet you, Miss Arunaji," said the visitor with a patched-up smile, "You look very much like Goddess Lakshmi, my Beloved Deity, and the sight of my Beloved Deity is the most auspicious beginning of the day for me."

It was flattering but irrelevant. And coming as it did from a stranger suddenly, it was no less intriguing.

"I am Bhupaldas," the visitor introduced himself.

"Bhupaldas?"

"Yes, Madam."

"I do not remember to have met you be...."

"No, sister, we've not met," cut in Bhupaldas. "It's my luck that brought me to your feet."

The silk ribbon had taken its proper place and Aruna's hands were now busy fixing pearl-rings in her earlobes.

"I am a hardware dealer, Arunaji" continued Bhupaldas, "they call me Steel Bhopu."

"Steel Bhopu?... I see" shrieked Aruna in excitement. "I've heard that name well enough" she said a quiet revelation lit up her eyes. "It's a privilege to be meeting you, Sethji."

"Not at all, Deviji," replied the Setl

formally, "not so much as it is mine to meet you."

"What can I do for you?" Aruna asked softly as she realised that she was talking to a millionaire who, even if she had not seen him before, deserved at least a courteous reception. "Won't you sit down?"

"Don't bother, I'm quite happy here" said Gopalas as he followed her into the room. Studiously, however, he kept standing.

"I came to greet you on your birthday," he said with the same artificial smile.

The pleasure of meeting a millionaire vanished from Aruna's face as soon as the Seth unfolded his object in coming to her place. A stranger coming down all the way to greet her on her birthday—that was a proposition which she did not like. She did not like that her birthday should be such a public affair.

The steel merchant was quick to grasp the change in her expression. "I'm sorry if I've hurt you, mother," he said.

One more adjective, this "mother." Aruna was hardly anybody's wife yet, much less a mother. In a month more she was going to be editor Bhargava's wife, and could understand references limited to that relationship. Beyond that she would not have allowed people to go, if she could help it. At present she could not help it.

"Editor Bhargava is a great friend of mine" continued Bhupaldas, "and I am his admirer. I come in his name, and if you permit me to go further, I have brought this present for you on this birthday of yours."

Aruna was paralysed. A sudden flush on her face indicated that she hated the idea of accepting the gift. "I'm sorry, Sethji" she said as she gathered herself, "this is too much. I'm sorry I can't accept it."

Bhupaldas had never counted on this flat refusal. With folded hands he bent down saying, "No, Beti, don't reject it. I pray you not to disappoint me."

"Excuse me, Steel Magnate, I'm grateful to you for the greetings," said Aruna firmly, "and they are enough. But this gift must remain with you."

"Don't reject it, Mother" pleaded Bhupaldas. "I implore you, Aruna-

devi, not to turn it away. This is a humble gift from Editor Bhargava's friend. He knows me and I know him and it is as his friend that I came to you. Do not suspect my intentions, for God's sake."

"I'm not suspecting your intentions, Sethji," assured Aruna, "nothing of the kind. But I can't bring myself to accept it."

"God save me then" whispered the disappointed Seth. Drops of sweat appeared on his forehead and a sudden mist came over his eyes. His hands which were holding the gift began to tremble. He lowered the package on the floor, pulled out the kerchief and used it all over. "Save me from disrepute" he whispered again as a sob choked his throat.

Aruna was stunned. The more the visitor insisted the more her resolve to reject the gift strengthened. That a stranger should force her into accepting a birthday gift was, to her, the height of impropriety. Her birthday mood made no concessions to Bhupaldas, whatever stress he may put on Editor Bhargava's name. Not once in previous meetings had her lover even mentioned his friendship with Bhupaldas. And why that "God save me?" she wondered. She could not make out what punishment God would mete out to the Seth if she did not accept the gift.

"It is sheer tyranny, Sethji," she said unmoved. "I don't know you in the first instance. Even so, I'm grateful to you for your greetings. Now you want me to accept the gift. I don't know whether Steel Bhopu had enough provocation from my side to present a gift to me. And, frankly, I suspect now if you're Steel Bhopu at all. Steel Magnate or whoever you are, I am content with the greetings but this acceptance of your gift, I must say I can't prepare my mind for it."

And Aruna turned her back on the Seth. Bhupaldas was quicker and caught her feet and fell flat. He began to cry like a child, sobbing, swearing that she was his mother, sister, daughter and goddess, and at every swearing he knocked his forehead at her feet. He admitted that it must have been an embarrassing situation for her but he was sure he would be happy if only she accepted the gift.

The Seth's tears had warmed Aruna's tender feet and the woman's heart in her seemed to melt. And her resolve to reject the gift softened as she thought it best to get rid of the Steel Magnate at any cost.

"Now tell me, Sethji," she asked "what really brings you here."

"I'm ashamed to say all that, mother; I'm a great sinner, that is all that I can say" said Bhupaldas as he wiped off his tears, "but oblige me, Devi, by accepting this gift and I shall feel worthy of my life...."

"You seem to be concealing something, Mr. Bhupaldas. Unless you tell me...."

"Don't persist, my Mother. I shall only say that my life is at stake" cut in Bhupaldas desperately. "Tell me that you have accepted this gift.... But if...if you are still firm in your resolve I've my way open."

The mystery was deepening. "Open for what?" asked Aruna, as she saw Bhupaldas stand up.

"I'm going to kill myself" said the Seth, and before Aruna recovered, he cleared away like lightning, leaving his turban and the gift at Aruna's feet.

Her boy-servant entered from another side handing over to her a letter. But just now she was in no mood to read any letters.

* * *

Some time elapsed before Aruna recovered from the jolt she had received during the hour. The charm of her birthday morning had been completely destroyed by the awkward incident. Casually she asked her boy-servant to uncover the gift. And while the boy-servant set himself to

the task, she uncovered the letter she held in her hands. The letter read:

Dear Aruna,

Excuse me for not being the first to greet you on your birthday.

Just now I am held up by a funny development. In five minutes I am meeting a deputation of iron merchants of the town who desire that I should not publish in my paper a scandal about Seth Bhupaldas, popularly known as Steel Bhopu. This fellow has only once and for the first time in his life sold steel at blackmarket rates. The police caught him but the process of hushing up the case has started. But the police are afraid I may publish the details of the case. The deputation has been frantically looking out for a favour from me on the plea that Bhupaldas is not a habitual sinner and that if only I refrain from publishing his story they would undertake a "Gentlemen's Agreement" that black-marketing would disappear from the town.

I have not yet made up my mind. But my inclination just now is that the whole thing should be dropped. What do you think? Your birthday wish will be respected.

Love and greetings. I am coming in the afternoon.

Yours as ever,
Bhargava

Aruna's boy-servant had by now uncovered the gift. It was a silver toilet box. Hidden under the silken padding in it was a bunch of currency notes. Aruna counted them. They were ten thousand rupees.

Every soul in his traffic with God has his own secrets. A youth who is inarticulate in conversation may well be eloquent in prayer. It would be an intolerable impertinence to attempt to judge. What is plain to the observer is that throughout the nation the altar rails are everywhere crowded. It is normally from just such a deep soil of popular devotion that the fine flowers of the Faith grow. The Church does not exist in order to produce elegant preachers or imaginative writers or artists or philosophers. It exists to produce saints. God alone knows his own. Without doubt lives of deep, unobtrusive sanctity are being lived in all parts of the U. S., but it is true that the American church up to the present time has produced few illustrious heroes or heroines.

—Evelyn Waugh in *LIFE*.

NEGLECT OF SHIPBUILDING

VIZAG MUDDLE AND OTHER ANOMALIES

IT is a sad commentary on the earnestness of our Ministers, especially at the Centre, that while making the most impassioned appeals to industrialists and workers to work harder, to produce more and reduce the economic distress in the country, they should at the same time and through the back-door, as it were, issue notices and reports pleading inability to extend the financial help promised by them in earlier moments of expansive generosity to build up industrial projects which, no one dare dispute, are entitled to priority assistance from the State.

One such project to which aid has been kept "in abeyance" is the Vizagapatam shipyard. In March this year, the Ministry of Transport issued an official report elaborating blue-print plans for the development of India's major ports at an estimated cost of Rs. 25 crores. They were going to build a dry dock at Vizag, they said, and if it was going to cost one crore of rupees, let it. Money was no consideration. They were going to deepen the entrance channel, they were going to provide a siding. Madras and Calcutta came in for similar assurances. Indeed, to assist in making a final decision regarding the best way to "short-circuit" a 40-mile, dangerous stretch of the Hooghly, the Government were prepared to set apart nearly Rs. 10 lakhs for the construction of models alone. In addition, there was a lot of talk of "post-war development" and money flowed like water on paper. The official planners, in their enthusiasm, overreached themselves and even spoke of a new port between Marmagao and Cochin. A few days after the report appeared, it was learnt that three eminent French naval engineers were arriving to advise the Government of India on the possibility of establishing a new shipbuilding yard in India. Quick work, said the people. The Government were going about it in the right way. After all, shipbuilding was one of the major industries. Yes, it was,

said the Government. It was indeed, re-echoed the provincial dignitaries and the Congress leaders. It was most encouraging. Shipbuilding was in clover, clear for anyone to see.

But the Scindia shipyard was not deceived by the glamour of the promises. They had waited too long already. The Government had promised them help months before but had not done a thing about it. But on the hope of the promises one day being fulfilled they had floated two ships. Two more were under construction, and still the Vizagapatam yard remained undeveloped, its maintenance continued to be a heavy drain on the resources of the Scindia company. Yes, they had waited too long. And so about the same time that the Ministry of Transport was drawing up its programme of development of the shipping industry, the Vizagapatam Shipbuilding Yard ordered retrenchment of 363 workers. "Financial reasons," said Mr. I. N. Wankawala, Resident representative. They were so badly off, he said, they were not in a position to "lay the keel" of the fifth ship. Even future prospects looked grim. "We shall have to give notices of discharge to other workers in due course," predicted Mr. Wankawala. The Labour Union, true to tradition and precedent, said the retrenchment was baseless. The Company had just a few months back increased the salaries of administrative officers: they had taken in a thousand more labourers. There was talk among the workers of facing the situation in a disciplined way. Everybody knows what that means.

Mr. Shantikumar Morarjee, Managing Director, of the Scindia Steam Navigation Company, explained that the building of ships in India which was a comparatively young industry, naturally involved heavy depreciation sums and high overhead charges, all of which it was impossible for the Company to bear without financial assistance from the Government. Such assistance, he pointed out, was not

unusual. In Canada, in Australia and other maritime countries it was the "normal feature" of the development of this industry. He wanted a final answer to his question: Were the Government going to take over the Vizag shipyard and develop it or were they not? Yes or No?

One would have expected that the Government would at least at that late hour substantiated to a certain extent its earlier promises by something more than figures on paper. Instead, the Industries Minister went into conference with Mr. Morarjee and immediately after, the notice on the workers was withdrawn. So much good-will was apparently generated at that conference that Mr. Morarjee felt called upon to explain that "the original notice, which we had issued, was not due to any lack of encouragement from the Government of India." As for other matters, he said, they were "under consideration."

The Government decision on the matter and winter came together. On Oct. 29 the Government of India informed the Scindia Steam Navigation Company that the plan to acquire the Vizagapatam shipyard was being kept in abeyance for the present as part of the "economic programme." What made this blatant retraction of the promise of "a quick and satisfactory settlement" made earlier worse, was that the Indian Shipping Journal (July-August) announced that the Government had under consideration a proposal to acquire a fleet of six ships each about 5,000 tons gross to be built "to suit Indian requirements" either in the U. K. or Japanese shipyards.

The Government decision regarding the postponement of plans for the Vizag shipyard has created a veritable furore among the 5,000 employees of the shipyard who consider themselves in great danger of being thrown out of employment, for the Scindia Shipyard is reported considering suspending all work after they have launched their fourth ship, the Jalapanki, in December, though necessary material, equipment and expert staff are ready on hand to be utilised for fresh constructional projects. Mr. Ramarao, President of the Scindia Shipyard Staff Association, has sent telegraphic

appeals to Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, Pandit Nehru, the Ministers concerned and others praying for Government intervention in the matter so as to save thousands of workmen from unemployment.

Against the background of such goings-on, threats of retrenchment, closure of industrial concerns, suspension of plans for industrial expansion and a rising unemployment index, Sardar Patel's grave exhortation to the workers and managements to have as their ultimate objective the attainment of "that industrial efficiency and self-sufficiency which would increase general prosperity and secure a higher standard of living for the common man," is like putting a paper hat on the Sphinx. Industrial efficiency can only follow when the fundamental requirements of our industries have been satisfied. That shipbuilding which, our leaders have so often assured us, is one of our major industries should be allowed to languish for want of the necessary State support, seems ironical in the extreme in juxtaposition to official appeals for more production being flung left and right. This wide disparity between promise and achievement in the Central Government has brought disillusionment to not a few and opened the eyes of people to the bungling and inefficiency with which such matters of paramount importance are being handled. Nothing shows this up more clearly than the fact that simultaneously with its note of regret to the Scindia Navigation Company, the Government of India appointed an Advisory Committee to advise the Government and guide the Development Commissioner, Kandla, in the expansion programme chalked out for that port and Mr. Bhaktavatsalam declared in the Madras Assembly that the Government propose to start a naval college at Vizagapatam. The Government races along with preliminaries, trivialities and subsidiary accompaniments to important plans, but baulks when it comes to taking a decision on a major issue. There is something fallacious in the argument that there is no money at the Centre when such fabulous sums are being spent abroad to keep up India's prestige in foreign eyes.—S. R.

YARDSTICK FOR DEMOCRACY

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Chairman, United States Atomic Energy Commission.

FOR almost 20 years it has been my business, as a public servant in the United States, to try to translate what we in America say about Democracy into what we do about it. Day in and day out I have had to face the practical question: How can this or that get done, not only for a democratic purpose, but equally important in a democratic way?

These have been the 20 years in which strong trends away from democracy, both before and after the war that was fought for democratic principles, have developed in many countries outside the United States. Democracy, as we understand it and as we seek to practise it in America, has seemed to be losing ground in large areas elsewhere in the world.

By democracy I do not mean fine, eloquent words about democracy in Sunday clothes. I mean the reality. The words as they are translated into the everyday lives of everyday people. Their meaning for the man at the lathe, behind the farm tractor, in the science laboratory, in the labour union hall, in church, in university, in town council and in bank meeting.

Do the words pay off for him—the words "freedom" and "individual integrity"—or are they just words?

These are important questions. Indeed I know of none more important.

Modern democracy is not just a form of government. It is not concerned solely with casting a ballot. Democracy is a way of looking at life. I believe that the progress or decline of democracy in any particular set of circumstances, or at a particular time and place, can be ascertained only by finding out what is happening to the individual. It is not the number of automobiles, television sets and well-fed people. This is essentially an ethical, a spiritual question we are dealing with.

Has opportunity for individual development been diminished or increased? Have individuals become more subject to arbitrary power of others, or

are they less subject to arbitrary control—whether by government or employer or other forms of authority?

Has the individual less or has he greater room to exercise his talents for the arts, for self-expression, for inquiry and thought? Are science and technology and business and government used as means for making the individual smaller, less important, while the machines and corporations and government become ever more important? Or are science and technology and business and government consciously and deliberately developed tools used to make the individual count for more, to aid him to further his own development to enable him to do more and more for himself, according to his own talents, aspirations and capacities?

Democratic action, according to this kind of yardstick, is that which furthers the importance of the individual, by methods that increase individual self-development and integrity. I have attempted to apply this yardstick to every job I have been called upon to do, as a public servant, for 20 years. I have used it in the many times I have taken a good hard look at our own American balance sheet of democratic assets and liabilities to be certain in my own mind that, not our goal alone, but our direction was the right one. Because working at democracy has been my trade for quite a long time, I have thought and written a good deal about these things.

It was my good fortune to spend more than 13 years in the Tennessee Valley. The TVA involves almost the whole spectrum of human problems to be found anywhere in the country—or in the world for that matter. What is there involved is the development of natural resources and the human resources of a region as large as Great Britain, employing all the modern advances of science, engineering and management.

But physical development—dams and electricity and more pastures and

higher income—would not in itself constitute a democratic advance, measured by the yardstick I have proposed—that of enabling the individual to do more and more for himself.

The real reason the TVA has attracted interest and a measure of approbation, both here and in other countries, is that dams, power lines, contour plowing and soil development are not in that valley an end in themselves. The whole development is designed and carried out in such a way that individuals and their own increased sense of "belonging" is the central theme and their freedom and personal integrity is the end we seek.

Another area where I have had a chance to see democracy work at firsthand is in the field of human relations in industry. My own conclusion is that here, too, democracy's books of accounts show a substantial gain in net worth. There are troubles and unresolved problems. The deficiencies in labour relations today are trying and troublesome. But when we look at the picture as a whole, we can stand before the world and point to the improvement in human relations in industry and commerce in America as one of the very greatest achievements of individualism in the whole history of democracy.

I say this because the individual employee, in industry and business, counts for more now and is less subject to arbitrary power in the United States than labouring men have ever been anywhere in the world.

My present responsibilities, as a public servant in democracy, bring me in touch, day by day, with science and technology and their place in the development of the individual human personality. As chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, I have reflected often upon this scientific and technical achievement which can—and I believe will—eventually endow the world with the great blessing of peace and security from poverty and want.

I reflect on atomic energy and what it can mean to the world and I come again to the thought that scientific and technical achievement is a fragile flower. It can only flourish, indeed it can only remain alive, in an

atmosphere in which individual freedom of thought and inquiry are encouraged and stimulated.

Science and technology are the special province of individualism. They depend upon ideas, upon free inquiry, upon independent and sometimes unpopular kinds of thinking by individuals. The direction and control and policing of thought and inquiry and education at the hands of political leaders will wither and kill the progress of science and technology.

The United States has never, in its long history, not even in times of grave emergency, moved in the direction of thought control or sought to impose restraints upon freedom of inquiry and education, freedom of scientific research or technology, freedom of information or freedom of conscience.

There have, of course, been isolated attempts to smother freedom of inquiry in some communities of the United States. Individuals, acting out of emotionalism, have proposed measures to curb beliefs which differed from their own. This happens in any society. But Americans as a whole, I believe, are notable for two attributes and these have always saved us from any move in the direction of thought control.

The two attributes I speak of are common sense and a sense of humour. They have been our greatest safeguard against isolated threats to our liberty of mind and of conscience. All who have attempted, in minor ways, to curtail our freedom of thought and inquiry have run afoul of common sense and laughter and so have failed.

In Russia, domination by politicians and their ideas and fears is complete. Politicians rule the minds of scientists and engineers, the writers and publishers of books, the producers of motion pictures and of music and poetry, as well as of education and teachers.

The theme of the official Russian science seems to be that an idea that originated in the mind of a non-Russian and a non-believer in Communism is scientifically wrong.

Take the case of a prominent atomic scientist (you can read this sad story in the Russian publication *Literary Gazette* for November 20, 1948). He is Associate Academician

Y. I. Frenkel, Stalin prize winner in 1947, member of the Leningrad Physical and Technical Institute. He is now in deep disfavour, because Russian politicians found he believes in a theory of the atom and the electron that happens to be well accepted in the United States and other Western democratic countries. But that was not the whole of his crime. In his file it was discovered that this hapless scientist was a member of the American Physical Society and the National Geographic Society of the United States. This was "guilt by association."

In the field of genetics, un-Russian ideas have been thrown out by the politicians. Take the most recent case, that of a distinguished scientist, A. R. Zhedrak. He has disputed the views about the inheritance of acquired characteristics espoused by Lysenko and Michurin—two Russian geneticists. They were all having a spirited argument about who was right when Zhedrak found that the politicians had decided the dispute, and against his contention. So now he was not only scientifically wrong—by definition—but his loyalty to his country was in doubt.

He had to recant in a passage that is tragic, humiliating and medieval.

"So long as our Party," he wrote, "recognized both tendencies in Soviet genetics, and disputes between those tendencies were viewed as creative discussions in contemporary science, thereby assisting in the discovery of the truth, I steadfastly defended my views, which in part differed from the views of Academician Lysenko. Now that it has become clear to me that the basic postulates of the Michurin tendency in Soviet genetics have been approved by the Central Committee of the Communist Party, I, as a member of the Party do not consider it possible for me to retain a position that has been recognized as erroneous by the Central Committee of our Party." Even this was not strong enough for the Soviet newspaper *Pravda*, which continues to belabour him.

The essential ingredient of democracy, as we see it, is not doctrine but intelligence, not authority but reason. The strength of such democracy lies in the fearless and untiring pursuit of truth by the minds of men who are free.

Mother was trying to persuade her eight-year-old son to accompany her to church.

"You go to the movies once a week and you enjoy two or three hours' entertainment," she said, "and you go down to Billy's house to play or over to Harry's house and you have a nice time. Now, don't you think that it is only right that once a week you should go with me to God's house for just an hour?"

The eight-year-old thought it over for a few minutes. Then he said, "Well, look, Mum! What would you think, if you were invited somewhere and everytime you went, the fellow was never there?"

Two workmen were watching the operation of an immense piece of machinery which shovelled fifty tons of earth in one scoop. One of them said to the other, "Bill, if it weren't for that blasted shovel, five hundred of us might be busy with our spades." "Yes," answered Bill, "and if it weren't for our spades, a million of us might be busy with teaspoons!"

At a Royal Choral Society rehearsal of the *Messiah*, Malcolm Sargent, the orchestral conductor, was not satisfied with the women singers' rendering of "For Unto Us a Child Is Born." He tapped for attention and gravely rebuked them: "Just a little more reverence, please, and not so much astonishment!"

FIVE MINUTES WITH BACON

Francis Bacon (1561-1626), Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, was—according to Pope—"the brightest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

His learning was prodigious. "I have taken all knowledge to be my province," he claimed, and his genius is acknowledged. But he disgraced himself as Lord Chancellor by accepting bribes. Living in great magnificence, he died in debt.

He said of himself that he "rang the bell which called the other wits together." And it is true, in Macaulay's words, that he "moved the intellects that moved the world."

The suggestion that he wrote the plays ascribed to Shakespeare cannot seriously be entertained.

To the general reader he is best known for his Essays, in which are enshrined many phrases which have since passed into everyday speech.

Some are included in the extracts below.

READING

READ NOT to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.



SOME BOOKS are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

TO SPEND too much time in studies is sloth.

FRIENDSHIP

THE WORST solitude is to be destitute of sincere friendship.

A CROWD is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.

THERE IS no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

LOVE

THE STAGE is more beholden to love than the life of man. For as to the stage, love is ever matter of comedies, and now and then of tragedies.

But in life it doth much mischief.

IT SEEMS (though rarely) that love can find entrance not only into an open heart but also into a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept.

THE SPEAKING in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but in love.

IT WAS well said that it is impossible to love and to be wise.

MARRIAGE

HE THAT hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.

UNMARRIED men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects.

WIVES are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.

He **WAS** reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question, when a man should marry: "A young man not yet, an elder man not at all."

CHILDREN

THE JOYS of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears. They cannot utter the one; they will not utter the other.

CHILDREN sweeten labours, but they make misfortunes more bitter. They increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

THE ILLIBERALITY of parents in allowance towards their children is a harmful error.

TRUTH

"**WHAT** is truth?" asked jesting.

Pilate; and would not stay for an answer.

A MIXTURE of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that, if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?

THERE IS no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious.

APOTHEGMS

HOPE is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper.

ENVY never makes holiday.

SILENCE is the virtue of fools.

MONEY is like muck—not good except it be spread.

ADVERSITY

IT WAS a high speech of Seneca that the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.

PROSPERITY doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

HEALTH

THERE IS wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic; a man's own observation what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.

DISCERN of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still: for age will not be defied.

YOUTH and AGE

YOUNG MEN are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel, and fitter for few projects than for settled business.

THE ERRORS of young men are the ruin of business, but the errors of aged men amount but to this—that more might have been done, or sooner.

MEN of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.

ALONSO of Aragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, That age appeareth to be best in four things: Old wood best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust, old authors to read.

LAST WORDS

IF A MAN will begin with certainties he shall end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts he shall end in certainties.

IT IS a strange thing to seek power and to lose liberty.

IF A MAN be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world.

NOTHING doth more hurt in a State than that cunning men pass for wise.

—Selected and arranged by
DANIEL GEORGE

"...it strikes Europeans as odd that Americans find the voices of film stars on the radio an aid to saying the rosary. American manufacturers of 'religious goods' offer many ingenious novelties, including a 'rosary aid' which records each 'Ave' on a dial with a sharp click, and a plastic crucifix which, I was assured, had the advantage that you could 'throw it on the ground and stamp on it.'"

"The Church and the world need monks and nuns more than they need writers. These merely decorate. The church can get along very well without them. If they appear, it is a natural growth. They are not much in evidence in America at the moment and the well-meant attempts to produce them artificially by special courses of study seem to me unlikely to succeed.—Evelyn Waugh in **LIFE**."

REMINDER

After a lecture at the Harvard Medical School by a visiting Professor, a student happened to pass behind the speaker's platform and to pick up a crumpled piece of paper that turned out to be the lecturer's notes. Besides the ordinary notes, the document contained a notation printed with a blue pencil in large block letters: "**SPEAK LOUD, SLOW, CONFIDENTLY.**" The last word was double underlined.

THE NEW YORKER.

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

The Sourashtra Language

The members of the Sourashtra Vidya Peetam have passed a resolution at a meeting held on 9th October emphatically denying the following statement published in the article entitled "Big Indians and Small Indians" in SWATANTRA dated October 1.

"The language spoken by our Southern Sourashtras was long without a script. One was invented some time ago and has probably gained wide currency."

The fact is that the Sourashtra language is both spoken and written and has had a script of its own from time immemorial. In the course of the displacement of Sourashtras in the country from one part to the other, the writing was not much in vogue. But they have been keeping up the language for the last several centuries.

The Sourashtra language has a profound literature consisting of books on Ramayana, Mahabharatha, Bhagavat Gita, Bhagavata and valuable Sastras. Moreover it has its own grammar and a small dictionary known as "Sourashtra Nandi Nigantu". It has a "Nithi Sambu" which is like the Thirukural in Tamil. This "Nithi Sambu" has been translated into English by Sri H. N. Randle, M.A., Ph.D., Librarian, India Office, Whitehall, London. He has also studied the Sourashtra language and contributed some articles on the subject to the Journals of the Royal Asiatic Society and the publications of the School of Oriental Studies, University of London.

SECRETARY, SOURASHTRA
VIDYA PEETAM.

Mathurai.

Who Won India's Freedom?

Mr. Pothan Joseph, in his article "Still in Battle Dress," has analysed the several factors that contributed to India's freedom. One contributory factor has been omitted; and I mentioned it in my article on "Rajaji's Leadership" in the October 1945 issue of "Indian Express." "All realists should admit that it was perhaps a miracle, an accident of Churchill's forcing the British election, that brought about release of members of the Congress Working Committee, not the work of those in jail, nor that of those who sat with folded hands without any plan to bring to an end the Section 93 administration. The country was sick with des-

pair, and frustration prevailed everywhere; and Rajaji's unceasing political work was the only redeeming feature in the other-wide depressing state of affairs.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR
Peelamedu.

Restriction on Film Footage

The most unfortunate industry in India to-day is the film industry. It has braved many storms and withstood many crises through years of hard and strenuous struggle and stands to-day as perhaps the most condemned of all industries. The Government have never let this industry work freely and time and again they have interfered with its routine work, forgetting that it is an industry which cannot be played with, since lakhs and lakhs of rupees are invested in it. Every day dawns with a new and ridiculous rule and every evening it appears with changes and amendments and the very next morning the whole is scrapped and a still more ridiculous one is put instead.

During war time, a 11,000 feet restriction was in force and later on it was removed. The ex-Madras Education Minister thought it better to put the restriction on film length again on grounds of public health. Soon after another Minister set it aside and again comes from the Central Government the astounding news of restriction on film footage. Government seem to play hide and seek with this most important and popular industry. The producers without an exception are in a fix. They may not stake their fortune in an industry which is never steady and does not move smoothly. If many of our producers close down their companies, will the Government come forward and run them for the sake of the workers who may otherwise be thrown out of employment? Is that the encouragement which a National Government should accord to an infant industry?

Film production involves a lot of money and labour. Without proper collections at box-office the industry cannot live even for one day. This industry has to depend on the people who like to see different types of pictures which may call for different lengths. All pictures cannot be done within a limited number of feet. A law cannot make long stories short and short stories long. No law can restrict the courses of art.

People who have no stake in the industry may welcome the restriction on film

length. But judged from the standpoint of the producers and their patrons, this restriction on film footage will do no good to the industry and with the industry tottering the Government loses a heavy revenue.

Under British rule the industry suffered a lot without being able to develop itself. We had high hopes after our leaders assumed office but no help or encouragement has yet come. Instead they have given considerable trouble by interfering too often. The film industry has grown to its present stature without a word of encouragement or without one act of assistance from the Government. It cannot brook any encroachment on its work which calls for complete freedom.

India is a land of many peoples and each one of them has developed a particular kind of taste. Forcing the law of restriction on the Madras just because other provinces have accepted it, is unfair. For the healthy survival of the industry, this restriction on film footage must at once be lifted.

K. V. SRINIVASAN B. A.

Indian Socialists And Foreign Policy

The Foreign Affairs Sub-committee of the National Executive of the Socialist Party has adopted a revised draft on foreign policy. The draft says that the party stands for the ideals of world government and peace. The party adopts a 'positive' foreign policy—and in the same breath, the foreign policy is one of 'neutrality,' even though it is qualified by the term 'active.' India's membership of the British Commonwealth even in its new form is, it is maintained, inconsistent with the basic policy of 'active neutrality.' 'Active neutrality' is the 'positive' foreign policy of the Socialist Party. But the phrase is elastic enough to permit interpretations of conflicting viewpoints. The truth is the Socialist Party has no policy, clear-cut and well-defined, at home and abroad. 'Active neutrality' is not a 'positive' policy; it is essentially negative in that the party recommends that India should renounce all connection with both the power-blocs and thereafter strive to create a third bloc, with the Indian Socialists as bloc-heads. "India should enter into non-aggression pacts and treaties of enduring friendship with as many countries as possible and also achieve a network of regional alliances including East Asian countries, the Arab League, our western neighbours and others." There are so many other countries whose names the Socialist leaders must be aware of; a mere sorting out of the names of countries and mere prattle of establishing "alliances" cannot make a successful foreign policy. Do the ideals of the Arab League and the ideals of the Democratic Socialists coincide? Is an alliance between conflicting ideals possible, the one standing for an

archaic, feudal, moribund order, the other for social democracy? A policy has to be clear, coherent and uniform, if it is to be the policy of a potent State; as the draft itself stated, "foreign policy is an extension and projection of internal policy in the international field."

Waltair. K. V. RAMANA REDDY

Fundamental Rights

Whatever criticism may be made about Article 15 of our New Constitution relating to imprisonment without trial, no one can accuse our M. C. As of slavishly following any other constitution. In fact the provision that one can be detained without trial for not more than a year is unique and cannot be found in the constitution (written or unwritten) of any other country. If Article 15 provides for a fundamental right to the citizen, then it will be certainly unique that a constitution should provide for a right of the citizen to be detained without trial even though the period may be limited. If, on the other hand, Article 15 is meant to provide for a fundamental right to the executive to detain a person without trial, even then it would be a unique provision. We can now boast that we have been guaranteed the right to be detained without trial, a right which a citizen of no other country possesses or, in the alternative, our Governments in India can boast of being provided with fundamental rights which no other constitution provides. In keeping with the originality of Article 15 may I suggest that even the article relating to Freedom of the Press be also changed so that it may provide for banning of the Press or newspapers for a period exceeding, say, six months?

V. G. ROW.
Bar-at-Law

Bharathi Day At Ettayapuram

It was my good fortune to be present during the recent Bharathi Day celebrations in Ettayapuram. I was not impressed by the building. It had neither the simplicity of the Western style nor the ornate beauty of Dravidian architecture. The only graceful feature was its glowing white purity.

The interior was very disappointing to me. The relics were so few and neither aesthetic nor even genuine. In the hall on the left, there were some drawings illustrating verses from Bharathi's works. They were poor specimens of execution by an unknown artist. On a table in the centre we had enlarged photo prints of some well-known songs of Bharathi in his own hand. Although not the original it still thrilled the hearts of many of the visitors. Perhaps this was the most moving relic in the whole Mantapam. One would have loved to see the walking stick used by the poet or his turban or his

watch or his fountain pen! After all he lived in this village and died only in 1922 and there must have been many in the place who had known him as a childhood play-mate! It would not be difficult to unearth such mementoes for the admiration of posterity. In the room on the right there were two full-length paintings of Bharathi, one as he really was and the other as he was more familiarly portrayed, with muffler and all. There was also a bust in the room, very frightful-looking, especially to children whom he loved and for whom he wrote most of his songs. There was a glass bureau full of books in Tamil, among which, I was told, Bharathi's works could be found. This was the Temple of Fame which posterity had put up to honour its first great poet of freedom. Why did it fail to impress? Because there was no personal touch.

I should have liked to see photographs of the places where he was wont to write his verses, for example, the lake in Ettaiyapuram. We have heard so many stories of his sojourn in Pondicherry. Perhaps we could arrange for some illustrations from that French haven of refugees. Who is Bharathi? Would not a family chart be of great help to the pilgrim in search of the glory of Tamil in modern times! Who are his surviving relations? Where are they?

The only redeeming feature of the celebration was the singing of songs written by Bharathi. Sreemathi K. B. Sundarambal gave an intimate touch to many of his songs. We are grateful to her for giving us all a thrill. If Bharathi's name is to be perpetuated in a fitting manner the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford-on-Avon should be emulated. The poets and dramatists of Tamilnad should reserve this day in Ettaiyapuram for inaugurating their new works. Bernard Shaw recently put on boards his latest play "Buoyant Millions" during the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford-on-Avon. I visualise a Shantiniketan here where the spirit of Subramanya Bharathi lives, moves and has its being and where the ideals for which he stood and sang his heart out are practised to the glorification of his name.

RICHARD CHINNATHAMBI.
Tirunelveli.

S. S. L. C. Examinations

It is strange that the Education Department should hold two examinations per year for the S. S. L. C. students, but frame rules in such a way that students cannot take advantage of the two chances in the year.

According to the Gazette students appearing privately for the ensuing S. S. L. C. examination to be held in March 1950 should have paid their fees with fine. I wonder why students should be asked to pay so early as this. How can students who have appeared, but have failed in the September 1949 examination be enabled to appear for the March 1950 examination? Does the Government expect these students to pay their fees both for the October and March examinations simultaneously? Otherwise, why should there be a March examination at all if it is not to help those students who might fail now? Will the Government see into this matter and issue orders so that candidates who might fail now will be enabled to appear for March, as otherwise holding two examinations per year is more a nuisance than a help.

"ONE INTERESTED."

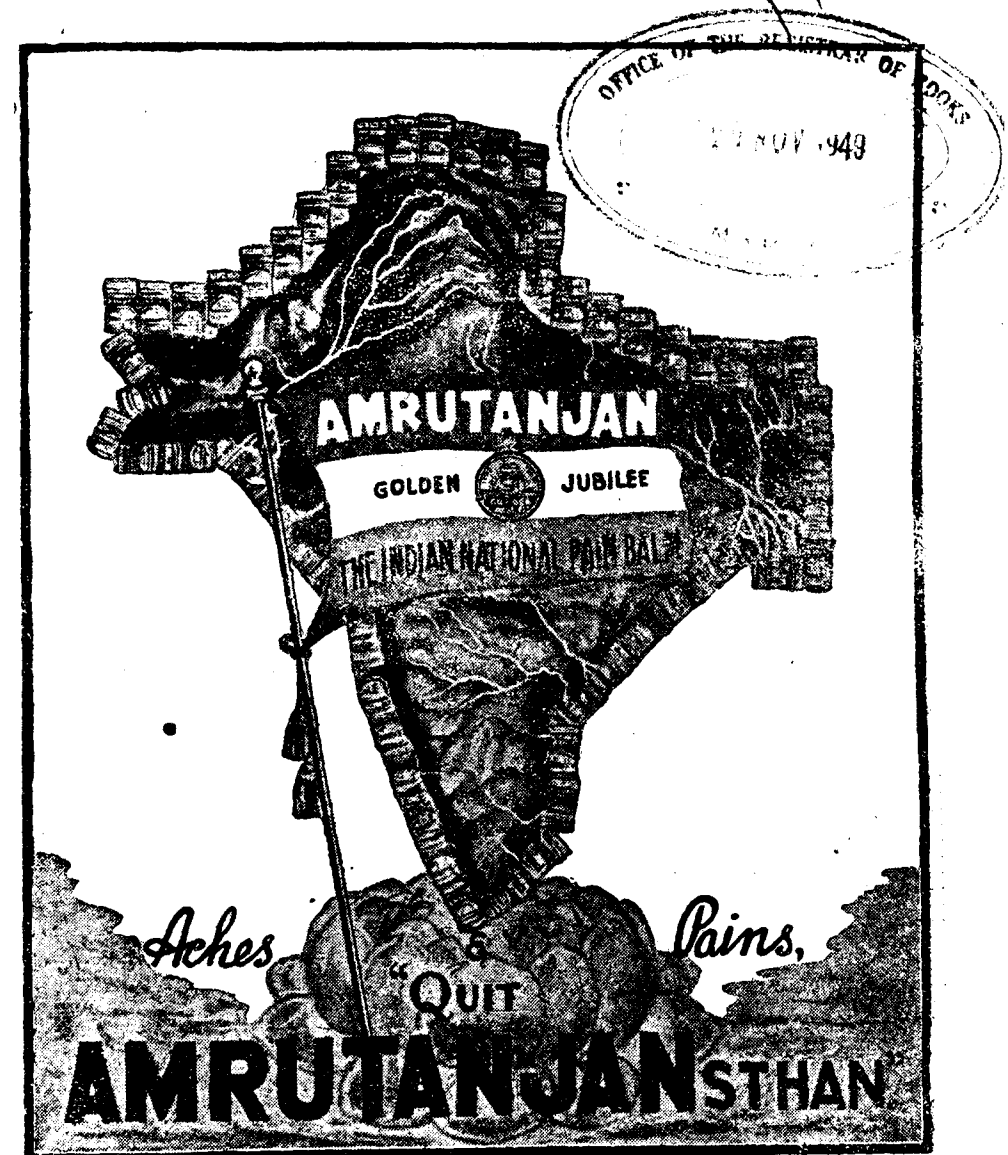
Andhra-Tamil Controversy

The time has come for elder statesmen, like Pandit Nehru, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel and Doctor Pattabhi to settle the differences, silence the complaints, scold the claimants and end the Andhra-Tamil controversy. Instead of calling the question the formation of a separate Andhra Province, better style it as the division of Madras Province for administrative convenience into North Madras and South Madras. This will immediately mitigate the hatred between the two disputing parties.

Both the Tamils and the Andhras claim the city for themselves. The idea of forming Madras into a Commissioner's Province under the control of the Dominion Government does not seem to be palatable to the Tamil section. It is also not acceptable to Andhras as it separates the Rayalaseema part of Andhra Desa from the coastal districts. In addition to this, forming the city into a Commissioner's Province is economically unsound.

These facts warrant the formation forthwith of Regional Ministries for North and South Madras with their Governments at Madras. This will dissolve the groups in the Congress Party and enhance the reputation of the Congress in the public eye. The city of Madras is to be under the direct administration of the Governor, who is to be assisted by the Premiers of both the Governments. Thus the two Premiers will represent and safeguard the interests of the respective sections of people in the city.

JAI HIND.



The HUB of ASIA
and eventually of
The One World

See to-day

BHARANI'S
'LEILA MAJNU'
IN
PARAGON & CROWN



Also running to packed houses throughout
ANDHRA, TAMIL NAD, MYSORE AND MALABAR

SWATANTRA

VOL. IV. NO. 42.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1949.

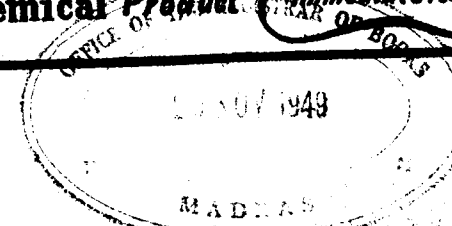
CONTENTS

	PAGE
ON THE COVER—Mr. W. Somerset Maugham	
CARTOON—By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury	4
EDITORIAL COMMENTS	5
SOTTO VOCE—By Vighneswara	7
THE CREATIVE PROCESS—By Manjeri S. Isvaran	9
THIS RIDDLE OF INCOMES!—By Kul Bhushan	12
CAN MAN LIVE BY BREAD ALONE?—By S. Krishniah	17
PACIFIC DISUNION—By Andrew Roth	20
EXPERIMENTS IN COMMUNISM IN ANCIENT CHINA—By V. G. Nair	24
GROWTH OF TELUGU LITERATURE—By Vavilla Venkateswara Sastrulu	27
THYAGARAJA AND BEETHOVEN—By Rajasree	30
NEW DELHI DIARY	33
MORE LIGHT ON THE VIZAG SHIPYARD MUDDLE—By T. V. Ramamurthi	36
SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH IN INDIA—By K. Ramamurthi M.Sc.	39
SIDELIGHTS—By Saka	41
GOOD AND COMPETENT MEN—By S. Parthasarathy	43
FILM FARE—	46
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	48

No pain!
When you use **NOPAIN**

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

Calcutta Chemical Product



SWATANTRA

VOL. IV
No. 42

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1949

ISSUED
WEEKLY

"GANDHIJI: THE LAST PHASE"

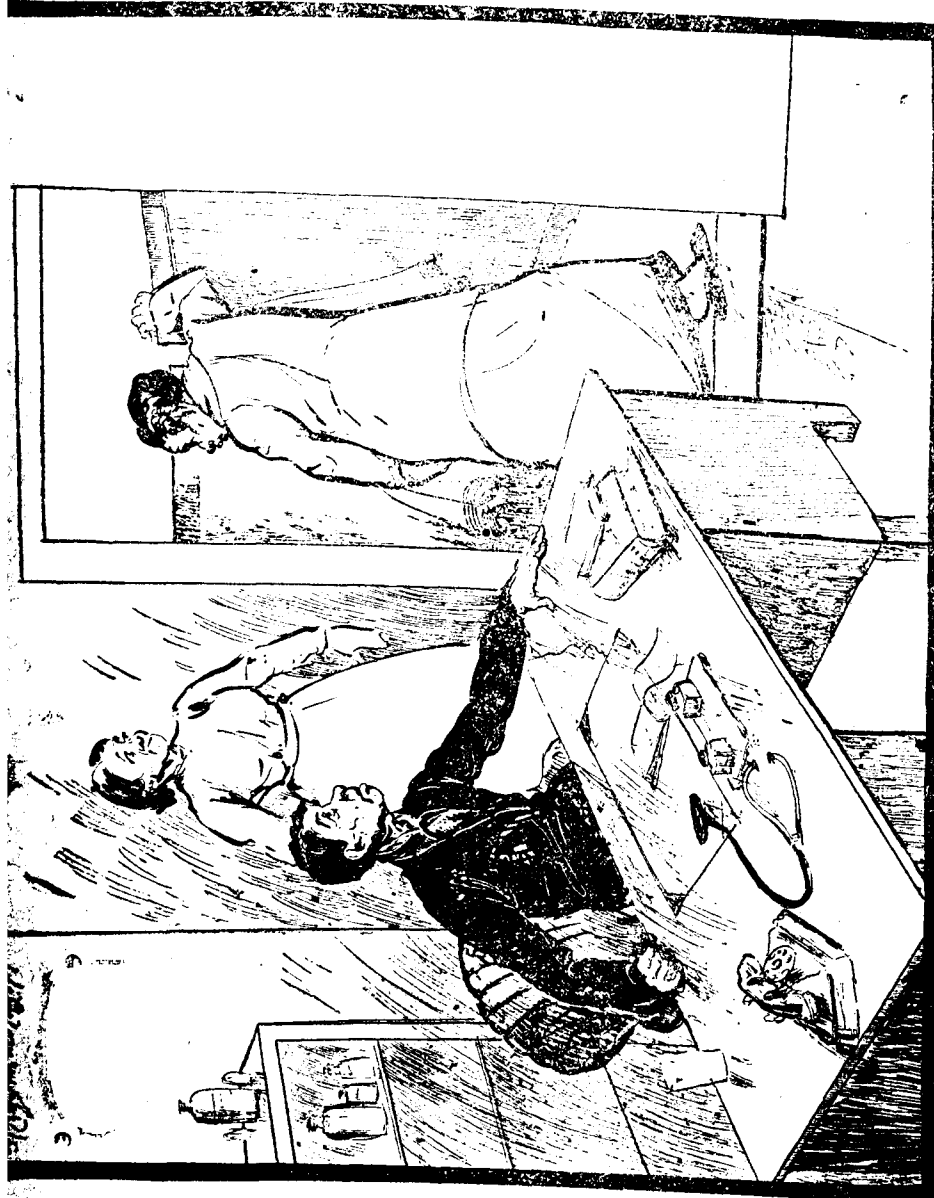
THE praise of a great moral leader like Gandhiji is a sign of health, evidence of that receptivity to moral idealism without which there can be no regeneration, individual or social. But admiration does not necessarily imply understanding, and lack of understanding can neutralise the effect of the best impulse. In the state of understanding, disagreement with particular elements of the leader's teaching is no hindrance to experiencing the inspiration of his example; whereas in the absence of understanding vain repetitions of his name will help us no whit when faced with a problem. Unfortunately, admiration has always outstripped understanding of the Mahatma among us, not excluding the intelligentsia. Nothing showed more strikingly how uncritical this admiration was than the ambivalence of the Congress in regard to non-violence. The confusion continues to this day.

In contrast, foreign admirers of the Mahatma have shown much greater understanding. It is remarkable that the most valuable discussions of Gandhiji's teaching have come from them. Tagore could reprove his brother sentinel on occasion, as when he rightly pointed out that non-cooperation campaigns such as the boycott and burning of foreign cloth were inflaming racial hatred among the masses, and not promoting love or non-violence. But Tagore was concerned primarily with art rather than ethics. Pandit Nehru was too much in love with the master, and is now too busy trying to carry

on his good work, to undertake any fundamental appraisal of his teaching. For the rest no Indian writer has brought to the subject the necessary strength and discrimination of mind.

The latest foreigner to perform the service of studying Gandhiji critically yet humbly is Arthur Moore, whose series of articles entitled "Gandhiji: The Last Phase" was concluded recently in *Thought*, the new weekly he is editing in Delhi. It is not quite correct, however, to describe Mr. Moore as a foreigner; he has spent the greater part of his long and distinguished journalistic career in India, which has indeed become to him a second home. No one writing about the Mahatma could desire anything better by way of credentials than Mr. Moore has: Gandhiji wrote to him during the course of an acute controversy over the ethics of non-cooperation: "You are sincere. You write not for the pay you receive but you take the pay which enables you to instruct the public.... I know that our friendship can easily bear the strain of our differences."

Useful light is shed by Mr. Moore's reminiscences on several events and personalities connected with recent Indo-British history, but the most valuable and interesting part is the account of his personal relations with Gandhiji. These commenced in 1924 when Mr. Moore attended the Unity Conference that year in Delhi following Gandhiji's 21-day fast, and continued right until the last fast in 1948, again for communal unity and in Delhi, in which Mr. Moore felt impel-



THE WRONG PATIENT —By Devi Prasad Roy Chowdhury

DOCTOR: No coffee, no cigarettes, no fish, no meat, no er—er—you know what I mean.
(Quick exit of patient)

DOCTOR: Don't you wish to be cured?
PATIENT: (While retreating in haste) What for?

led to join. The controversy between the two reached its peak as the last war drew near—"Pacifism and disarmament as policies for Governments and peoples threatened by aggressors were not at all in my line as Editor of the *Statesman*." Of Canon Shepard's Peace Pledge Union movement in Britain Mr. Moore wrote: "If the morally passionate for collective non-resistance to evil had their way, evil would have its way and the grandchildren of the morally passionate would be not saints but merely slaves." Gandhiji's concept of non-violence was distinctly not non-resistance to evil; it was radically different from a mere refusal to bear arms, which Western pacifism had come perilously near to be. While recognising the difference, Mr. Moore opposed the one as strenuously as he did the other. His position was summed up lucidly in the article he contributed to 'Mahatma Gandhi,' the commemoration volume edited by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan.

"It (non-violent non-cooperation) is a method of fighting which is open to unarmed people, and is on a par with the boycott and the strike, which are indeed a part of its technique. It can fail or prove effective according to the superiority of organisation on one side or the other and the importance of the particular issue at stake. But it is not a distinctively spiritual weapon any more than is armed rebellion or war. For Christians the teaching is plain. It is the thought in the mind, the desire in the heart, that constitutes aggression. The deed is only the expression. In order to gain impetus for a non-cooperation campaign Mr. Gandhi has to encourage violent thinking, to denounce the British, to preach against foreign imports.... Bluntly stated, the economic object of boycotting Lancashire goods was to provide work, wages and food for one set of people in India and to deprive another set in England of work, wages and food. Between starving and killing there is no notable moral difference."

On similar lines he wrote in the *Statesman*:

"Deep and dark indeed is the muddle in the minds of those who seek simultaneously to exploit civil disobedience as a method of war and to represent it as the essence of the Sermon on the Mount.... The proof of the pudding is

the usual one, and everybody except perhaps Mr. Gandhi himself knows quite well that after more than 20 years of his propaganda there is far more race hatred and violence of thought and language in India than before he took a hand. All the proofs offered us today of his moderation and his love of the British are of an entirely negative character. We are told that only Mr. Gandhi stands between us and a terrible conflagration, that he is holding an unwilling India in leash, that if he were to move his little finger in a certain direction terrible things would happen. All of which may well be true but it is only further evidence of the state of suppressed violence to which the teaching of non-violent non-cooperation as a method of war has brought India."

This drew a rejoinder from Gandhiji, and during the private correspondence that ensued Mr. Moore had occasion to complain, "Your argument seems altogether directed against a position I don't hold. You lump together aggressive war and defensive war and draw no distinction. You then assume that I approve aggressive war.... You are fighting with the weapons open to you; the 'love' part is useful propaganda and helps to make the work of the police more difficult, and increase hatred by putting them in a more odious light." The last bit, sadly true of the majority of Indian nationalists, whose professed love of the enemy was merely verbal, was not true of Gandhiji himself. Mr. Moore writes: "I now see that I altogether underrated the loving content which Gandhiji gave to the word ahimsa, and that this sprang from his own deep love of humanity, which far exceeded anything of which I was capable." But Mr. Moore adds: "In the end, tragic public events convinced him that I had reason on my side" (in contending that abstention from physical violence did not involve abstention from spiritual violence). In support of this conclusion Mr. Moore quotes the clear and emphatic statements of Gandhiji during the last and noblest phase of his life, after the partition of the country became necessary, when he retired from the field of political conflicts and compromises to devote

entirely to the cleansing of men's blackened hearts, partition's cause and effect. A single quotation will suffice, from Gandhiji's letter to a European friend on January 1, 1948, in which he wrote of "my failure to recognise, until it was too late, that what I had mistaken for ahimsa was not ahimsa but passive resistance of the weak, which can never be called ahimsa even in the remotest sense. The internecine feud that is going on today in India is the direct outcome of the energy that was set free during the thirty years' action of the weak."

It is a legitimate surmise that Gandhiji in his last and most mature phase, after his painful realisation of the Indian people's incapacity (which is no more and no less than the

incapacity of average human nature) to practise his ideal of non-violence, would not have repeated advice such as he gave to every Briton and every Indian during the last war: that they should not resist with force the German and Japanese invaders but should offer non-violent resistance and be prepared to lay down their lives in the process. When Pandit Nehru declared the other day in America that "we have to meet aggression and to resist it and the force employed must be adequate to the purpose," he did not repudiate Gandhiji's teaching, as some wrongly suppose, but showed that he has, consciously or unconsciously, assimilated the wisdom of Gandhiji's last phase.

Sotto Voce

Aliases.



AFTER the tremendous draft on its powers of imaginative enterprise involved in the decision to change the name of this country into India *alias* Bharat, the Congress plainly feels unequal to essaying another such flight. Mr. Sampurnanand wanted the U. P. to be renamed Aryavarta. But he had reckoned without the pillars of the Secular State. Would not the Dravidians of the far South, they asked, be justified in seeing in this move an insidious attempt to impose upon them the hegemony of a Herrenvolk?

Others were not slow to point out that Aryans themselves might object. In the old days the whole country north of the Vindhya was known as Aryavarta, and so the rump of the Punjab as well as Bihar might resent

the U. P. annexing to itself a name which it might lay claim to with equal right. The cream of the joke, of course, is that the crown of Aryavarta, the land in which the Aryans first settled, was the Punjab, the land of the "Sapta Sindhu." Most of it has been swallowed up in Pakistan and is today totally free from the slightest taint of Aryanism.

A good slice of the U. P. was in ancient times known as Brahnavarta or Brahmarshi Desa; the Upanishads were born on this sacred soil. So erudite a scholar as Mr. Sampurnanand cannot but have known this. But even he could not, one supposes, screw up his courage to propose a name which by recalling Brahmanism might be even more of an anathema to all good nationalists.

THE CREATIVE PROCESS*

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

It is yet to be seen whether the sturdy realists, who will have neither Aryan nor Brahman, will be equally successful in finding a name with no suggestion of Samskrit about it. If they fail in this acid test, the Dravidians, let me warn them, will give them no credit for good intentions.

This very human tendency to make the best of both worlds has latterly been so pronounced in the Working Committee that Socialists and other cross-grained folk call it by more uncomplimentary names. Take this question of the admission of the R.S.S. into Congress. Every big man from the Sardar downwards has been exhorting "communalists" of every complexion to see the error of their ways and come into the true fold. The R. S. S. was at the same time assured that there could be no objection to its going on with its purely cultural activities. And when it adopted a new constitution the Government regarded this as proof that the R.S.S. had abjured all political ambitions.

But when the Working Committee ruled that members of the R.S.S. could join the Congress, there was an angry buzz among the orthodox. Thereupon the supple-minded President-exegetist promptly began a crab-like movement. In due course the Working Committee made the discovery that what was true of the Kingdom of God was equally true of the Congress. "Those who lose their life shall gain it;" if R.S.S. want to change into good Congressmen they must cease to be R.S.S. Thus by a neat piece of dialectic the W. C. rehabilitated itself in the estimation of the faithful.

Governments and leaders, of course, can be no better and no worse than the people they govern and lead. Laws adjust themselves automatically to the quality of the people concerned. All movements great or small come out of the masses and throw up exactly the sort of leader to suit them. No leader ever yet made a movement. It made him. Christ, even, came to a world which demanded Him and His legend has since followed every one of the same world's demands. It always was and always will be in the great mass of conglomerate greed and aspirations that human growth takes place. With inevitable gradualness the race moves forward along a line drawn clean through its centre of average.—(FIRE OF YOUTH—ERIC MUSPRATT).

All this flutter in the Congress dove-cotes has been barely noticed by Mr. Golwalkar and his lieutenants. They express bland surprise at anybody being supposed to be anxious to join the Congress. If the Congress wanted the R.S.S. to join, it had no doubt its reasons. After all, elections have to be won in the constituencies. The Congress Seva Dal might be all right for exhibition like old china on ceremonial occasions. But the old-stagers know very well that it is the R. S. S. they would like to have at their side in a scrap.

That is just what galls the fire-eaters of the Govind Sahai type, the sea-green incorruptibles. They remind me of a family of Brahman converts to Christianity whom I knew. Having enjoyed for many years total freedom from inhibitions in regard to food, they found themselves suddenly reverting to vegetarianism under the overpowering influence of Gandhi. And they reacted so violently against their unregenerate past that the use of the onion was tabooed in their household because it reminded them of mutton.

The puritans of the Congress are, of course, not so simple as to imagine that the R.S.S. can be ignored. On the contrary they have such respect for its dynamism that they fear they might, by letting the R. S. S. in, come to share the fate of the man who allowed a camel to shelter in his house. But they know of a simple and effective way of solving the R.S.S. problem. You have merely to disfranchise all "communalists" as a menace to Democracy. That will leave only one party in the country. But if the country wanted none else how could the Congress be blamed for this?

VIGHNESWARA.

CYRIL Connolly, founder-editor of *Horizon*, and among V. S. Pritchett, Raymond Mortimer, and George Orwell one of the literary *avant-garde* in England today, has said that William Somerset Maugham is the last of the great English professional writers. By 'professional' he means to say that Maugham has earned his living for over half a century by writing books, not by reviewing or publishing them or broadcasting about them, or turning them out every few years from a chair in a government office. Born in 1874 and educated at the King's School, Canterbury, he attended for a time the University of Heidelberg, then studied medicine in London at St. Thomas Hospital. He is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons and a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians. "At eighteen," Maugham remarks about himself in *The Summing Up*—a sort of combined autobiography and literary credo which appeared before the second world war: "I knew French, German, and some Italian, but I was extremely uneducated and I was deeply conscious of my ignorance." However, in his early twenties he had begun to write, publishing his first book, *Liza of Lambeth* in 1897. Since then he has been a professional author, consistently a best-seller, successful both as novelist and dramatist, historically unique between the generations, being contemporary with Chesterton, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Lawrence, and Virginia Woolf. In the first Great War he served in the Intelligence Department and went to Russia on a secret mission; the outcome of his experiences was *Ashenden*, that terrible neat creature with the neat mind; during this War he was in America in the role of an ambassador of goodwill, "devoting his wisdom to the improvement of Anglo-American relations," and wrote *The Razor's Edge*, expounding Vedanta for the Western world,—a magnificent story

in spite of some of its falsities, Larry the hero being unconvincing, for to write of absolute goodness is a feat hard to accomplish. And between the two world wars Maugham travelled widely, almost all over the globe, and like a true story-teller used his travels as an abundant source from which to draw his tales, new, richly varied in personae, pulsating with vivid hues: China is the backcloth of *The Painted Veil*; *The Moon and Sixpence* and *The Trembling of a Leaf* are set in the South Sea Islands; he struck veritable mines in Burma and the Malay Archipelago. "But India—that is above all the place." (These words are taken from Maugham's talk to Mr. Connolly late in 1946). "Not British India (to us, now, British India that was), but the South, the native States. When I went, I avoided the British, I got letters to the native rajahs and sages and their courts; and I found, the moment people discovered you hadn't come to sell them anything, such courtesy and desire to help and make you understand, as I've never found anywhere. Nothing is so fascinating as the Indian mind and the Indian intelligence once you are admitted to it, and there are quite extraordinary people to be met, absolutely remarkable. We know nothing about them, and we've never made (except for E. M. Forster) the real effort to understand. You know that I was going back to India when the war broke out. I can't now, they tell me that I've had malaria too often, and another go of it would finish me off. But my notebooks will be full of it." And it was towards the end of 1938 when Maugham had come out to India and was sojourning in Bombay, where Mr. K. S. Venkataramani and I happened to be then, that we called to see him at the Taj, it was hard luck, we were five minutes too late to catch him; he had packed his traps for Hyderabad, but he was good enough to leave behind a nice note to us.

* A Writer's Notebook. By W. Somerset Maugham. Heinemann. 12s 6d. net.

Now it is these notebooks numbering 'fifteen stoutish volumes' which Maugham has kept from 1892, when he was a lad of eighteen, until recently, that have supplied the selection of extracts to make up *A Writer's Notebook*. "I do not publish it," says Maugham in his preface, "because I am arrogant as to suppose that my every word deserves to be perpetuated. I publish it because I am interested in the technique of literary production and in the process of creation, and if such a volume as this by some author came into my hands I should turn to it with avidity." We have had works of this kind of authors before: the *Notebooks* of Henry James, the *Journals* of Jules Renard and Andre Gide, the *Diaries* of Franz Kafka and Julien Green, the notes of Hawthorne and Dostoevsky. Having never been an apologist it is a trifle amusing to listen to Maugham excusing himself for the publication of his *Notebook* on the score that others had set the vogue, and what has happened so often before will happen again.

No modern author has said what he meant to say, as precisely as Maugham has; simple in his devices, elementally simple, he strips men and things to a bone-bare starkness. He takes life as it is, the facts just as they are, neither good nor bad; to him sympathy is only another name for condescension, tolerance for indifference, and sentimentality is sentiment rubbed the wrong way. Pre-eminently an artist in black and white that Maugham is in his many brilliant short stories, novels and plays, remarkable for their clarity of expression, neatness and quickness in presenting a situation, direct analysis of character, and excellence of narration, this his clear personality of moral fervour and dignity is only fragmentarily seen in the *Notebook*. His acidulous satire, his illuminating wit, his icy malice, empty of setting, context, circumstance, and motive so relevant for the lilies and languors of virtue and the raptures and roses of vice, lose much of their power and incandescence in their isolation as raw products. Epigrams, aphorisms, *pensees*, vignettes of men and women mentally, morally, and geographically far removed; pictorial descriptions of

natural scenery, of the moods of earth and sea and sky, of mists and storms and rains; a pen-picture of Charles Chaplin which is a little gem; reflections on Matthew Arnold's prose style and on Tolstoi, Turgenyev, Dostoevsky, and Balzac as novelists, Chekov and Maupassant as short story writers,—all these arranged chronologically from 1892 to 1944, and the promontories and peninsulas of the mind separated from those of the physical universe by artless asterisks, are components which constitute this unusual kaleidoscope of *A Writer's Notebook*. It has no pretension to be a record of a spiritual journey, the soul's strange adventures of an artist. The notes are just so many pivotal points for the author to exercise the integrity of his imagination; there are no new emotional horizons to be pushed back, no phoenix-like renewals of life to be lived.

Here are a few things about women from this extremely quotable book:

An old maid is always poor. When a spinster is rich she is an unmarried woman of a certain age.

She's unmarried. She told me that in her opinion marriage was bound to be a failure if a woman could only have one husband at a time.

If women exhibit less emotion at pain it does not prove that they bear it better, but rather they feel it less.

No man in his heart is quite so cynical as a well-bred woman.

When a woman of forty tells a man that she's old enough to be his mother, his only safety is in immediate flight. She'll either marry him or drag him through the divorce court.

The three duties of woman: The first is to be pretty, the second is to be well-dressed, and the third is never to contradict.

No woman is worth more than a fiver unless you're in love with her. Then she's worth all she costs you.

Maugham has always used cynicism handsomely and magnanimously. But even for one of his vitriolic temper this is too much even to make a record of it:

The Professor of Gynaecology. He began his course of lectures as follows: Gentlemen, woman is an animal that micturates once a day, defecates once a week, menstruates once a month, parturates once a year, and copulates whenever she has the opportunity.

Maugham thought it a prettily-balanced sentence!

There is much in the book to interest the South Indian; the following is a sample which has a special charm:

Sundaram. It is terribly difficult to describe an Indian. Perhaps because you know so little about his antecedents and environments, perhaps you know so few Indians, relatively, so that you cannot compare your impressions of one with another. . .

Sundaram was a madrasai, a thick-set, plumpish man, of the middle height for a European, not very dark in colour; he was dressed in a dhoty, a white shirt and a Gandhi cap. He had a short, thick nose and a rather large mouth with fleshy lips. . . He was a puritan and he told me he had never been in a theatre or a cinema in his life. . . He had accepted his beliefs from the heritage of India and directly from his Guru and was glad to discourse about them at length, but was not concerned with their reasonableness. . . He told me that once when he was occupied on a serious piece of intellectual work he had lived on milk alone for six months and had kept silence. . . He gets up at five every morning and meditates. I saw him with some of the students of the University. He was extremely nice to them but not with the slightly cloying affectionateness that you sometimes see in missionaries with their converts; he was natural and human.

This character sketch comes under Benares. And my dear Watson, who is this Sundaram? Some years ago, reading the letters of George Meredith I came across the name of one Mr. Doraiswamy from the South who was in correspondence with the famous novelist. I have asked myself often: Was Mr. Doraiswamy a current immortal?

Maugham turning out epigrams, Maugham seeing a man and woman exchanging significant glances, Maugham listening to the clipped talks of cockneys, Maugham visiting the temple of Goddess Meenakshi at Madura at night and recording the impression "that in some way the gods there seem to be near and living," Maugham absorbed in the discourse of a Yogi, and Maugham to whom "the starveling peasant toiling without cease in the parched fields . . . in the vastness of India, toiling

as he had tolled from father to son back, back for three thousand years when the Aryans had first descended upon this country, toiling for a scant subsistence, his only hope to keep body and soul together . . . whose sight gave him the most poignant emotion: perusal of the tit-bits of wisdom and soliloquies and colloquies in the *Notebook* is highly rewarding.

A couple of years ago, on behalf of a publisher friend of mine, I had written to Maugham asking him for permission to translate into Tamil some of his colourful stories of the Far East. He very promptly allowed us, leaving to us the choice of the stories and putting us on to his English publisher. (The selection and translation still wait to be done.) And he wished us to send him, if we could get it, an English translation and commentary of the *Bhagavadgita* by an author, who, we found, was neither a name in the scholarly circles nor better-known among the dilettanti. Naturally we failed to trace him. I mention this only to show how deeply interested Maugham has been in recent years in the study of Eastern religion. His reading, as evidenced by that remarkable book, *The Summing Up*, and now by *A Writer's Notebook*, has been extensive, practical and discriminating where it helped him to direct his many searching inquiries into life and enrich his creative art, and almost anything for pleasure. His literary judgments are sound and independent, clean, without the least blemish of academic pedantry, never patronising; he is neither an idolater nor an iconoclast. Of modern poets he says: "I should be content with less cleverness if only they had more feeling. They make little songs not from great sorrows, but from the sober pleasures of a good education. . . I am glad to have lived long enough to read the later poems of Yeats and Eliot." For one who chose in Spinoza's *Ethics* the title of his autobiographical novel *Of Human Bondage*, written in 1897-98 but published only in 1915, a work which ranks with major English fiction, down through the years to his last novel *Catalina* (1948), growing less and less frank anent prostitutes and out of his predilection for *purpurel panni*, for one to whom, in his seventh

decade, "Brahminism seems to be the attractive of all religions, with far more appeal to the reason and even the emotions than Christianity," withal retaining his zest for Plato and Plotinus and Aristotle and not averse to Santayana who, he thinks, took a wrong turning when he decided to become a philosopher and not a novelist—a real loss to American literature—for philosophy does not need "the decoration of a luxuriance so lush" as this author's, the ending note is one of wistful scepticism: The world may be *Maya*, illusion, but it must even so be a reflection of the perfect being who made it, and this one isn't. Of all instincts in man the profoundest is to shun the truth. It is myth, illusion, the pleasing lie that liberate him. Maugham has never shirked the truth, he has had no illusions; for illusions for their standing have the need of ethical masks. Maugham has always worn his face. But his note of wistful scepticism

carrying the sense of morality that touches his mind with an inordinate charm, has a living quietness that each reader, in the vast anonymous mass of readers, sees him in flesh and blood and listens him speaking:

I am like a passenger waiting for his ship at a wartime port. I do not know on which day it will sail, but I am ready to embark at a moment's notice. I leave the sights of the city unvisited. I do not want to see the fine new speedway along which I shall never drive, nor the grand new theatre, with all its modern appliances, in which I shall never sit . . . I do not try to make friends with people from whom I shall soon be parted. I am on the wing.

A moving valedictory. Like Arnold Bennett and George Moore, Maugham, during his early writing life, lived for some years in Paris. Now again, it is in France where he has made his permanent home, in Cap Ferrat, that he has decided to live the rest of his life.

THIS RIDDLE OF INCOMES!

By KUL BHUSHAN

IN the Constituent Assembly recently, Mr. Shibbanlal Saxena moved an amendment regarding the proposed salary of the President of the Indian Union. He said that it should be only one rupee per month instead of Rs. 10,000 as proposed and, as Mr. Mahavir Tyagi put it, he should serve the country in an honorary capacity like a *sanyasi* of ancient days.

But *sanyasis* have never ruled any country, not even India. Since time immemorial a ruler of a tract of land, whether big or small, has always been the richest within that tract. And it has been precisely because of this that he has been able to command the respect of his subjects as well as their obedience.

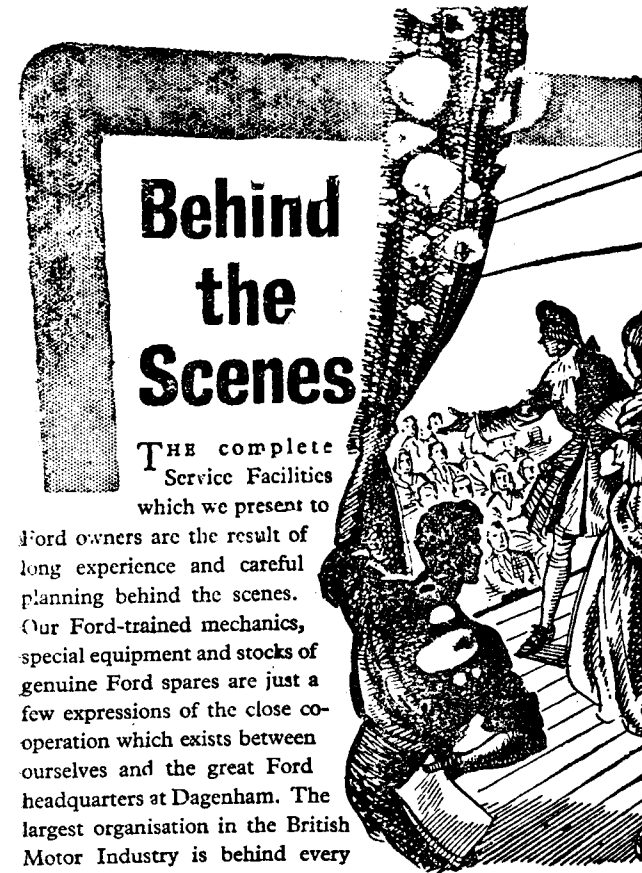
The kingship of the olden days is gone never to return. All the progressive forces of the world today are engaged in establishing the rule of the people, by the people, for the people. Every man in the street, every worker in the factory, every peasant on the land must have a say

in the government of his country—that is the ultimate aim of democracy.

In the first instance a salary of Rs. 10,000 for the President of such a poor country would look very big—specially when one knows that the average income of an Indian is not more than Rs. 25 per month! But if we come to compare it with the income figures of other groups in India, we will know that this big sum is not such a big sum after all.

On the topmost point of the income-bill sits the industrialist enjoying the highest income in the country. Even the income-tax people do not know what exactly are his income figures, but it is said that his income ranges between Rs. 50,000 and several lakhs per month!

The income of big contractors is not very much below that of the industrialists. Only the other day a contractor of Delhi was assessed to pay ninety-nine lakhs income-tax. Papers have recently been full of stories of people protesting against payment of high income-tax.



Behind the Scenes

THE complete Service Facilities which we present to Ford owners are the result of long experience and careful planning behind the scenes. Our Ford-trained mechanics, special equipment and stocks of genuine Ford spares are just a few expressions of the close co-operation which exists between ourselves and the great Ford headquarters at Dagenham. The largest organisation in the British Motor Industry is behind every job we do for you.

FOR FULL FORD SERVICE FACILITIES

GEORGE OAKES, LTD.,
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

Branches: BANGALORE, BEZWADA, COIMBATORE, MADURA & OOTACAMUND.

Sub-dealers:

*CALICUT & TELLICHERRY: C. C. Automobiles Ltd., *GUNTUR: Bezwada Motor Stores, *MANGALORE MERCARA & VIRAJPET: P. P. Pai & Co., *NELLORE: D. S. Automobiles, *TRIVANDRUM, KOTTAYAM & TRICHUR: R. S. A. Ramakrishnan Chettiar, *TINNEVELLY: Arasan & Co., *TRICHINOPOLY, KUMBAKONAM & PUDUKOTTAH: Chari & Dharji.

Next come the Maharajas—or rather the ex-Maharajas. Their incomes have been fixed by the States Ministry at New Delhi. Why have these privy purses been fixed? Well, as an Arabic saying goes, "the son of a sultan is a sultan." Since they are all sons of Maharajas, they have a right to a big fat income. The ex-Maharaja of Gwalior has been granted a privy purse of Rs. 25,00,000 and there are not a few ex-Maharajas who have a privy purse of Rs. 10,00,000 per annum!

Next in this list are the film stars. The stories current about their fabulous incomes are more interesting even than the stories of the films in which they act. And to a certain extent they are also true. The reigning Juliets and Romeos of the silver-screen do not earn less than thirty to thirty-five thousand rupees per month!

The stars who have real ability to act do not get such fabulous sums. After all such big money is paid not for their histrionic abilities, but for the beauty and charm of their persons which are God-given.

The income of lawyers is no less than that of the film stars. What do these lawyers do? They prove the guilty to be innocent and the innocent guilty. They know so many acrobatics of getting out of rules, regulations and acts, that somehow or other they can find a way out of the most baffling situation.

An ordinary good lawyer's income ranges from Rs. 7,000 to Rs. 13,000 per month. The solicitors and barristers of high order however charge their clients so highly that they are half-dead before the case actually opens. Some lawyers in India take earnest money to the tune of one, two or three lakhs of rupees before they touch the case. (This amount binds them not to go to the opposite party in connection with the case in hand). Thereafter every time the lawyer has to appear in the court, the client has to pay for each appearance! If a lawyer gets two or three such cases in a month, it is easy to imagine how much he must be earning.

The next income group is that of ambassadors and consuls. One of the top embassy-heads gets a remunera-

tion of Rs. 12,000 a month and another Rs. 10,000.

The Chief Justice at New Delhi gets a salary of Rs. 7,000 per month, and as for the judges, they do not get more than three to four thousand rupees per month. It is to be noted that these judges are from the same class of lawyers whose independent practice brought them huge incomes. No wonder, many of the famous lawyers do not like to become judges.

We come now to the doctor—the modest, hard working, ever sympathetic doctor to whom you go for all the ailments of your body. Well-known doctors and surgeons practising in big cities have an income ranging from Rs. 5,000 to Rs. 7,000. And the average good doctor seldom earns more than two to three thousand rupees.

After all these gentlemen of varied professions, comes the Governor-General of India with a salary of Rs. 5,500—which is exempt from income-tax. In all the world it is only our Governor-General whose salary is exempt from income-tax.

Under British rule, the Governor-General of India was paid a salary of Rs. 21,333 per month—the highest salary in the world!

Pilots who carry magnates of industry and finance, the members of Government and all the important personages from one city in India to another, from India to countries all over the world, earn from Rs. 2,000 to Rs. 4,000 per month.

The members of the Central Government, including Prime Minister Nehru, get a salary of Rs. 3,500 each. When the managers of cotton and steel mills get eight to ten thousand rupees per month, how is it that the managers of a vast state like India earn even less than these managers? We cannot explain it, but we know one thing—there is a vast difference between the responsibilities of these two professions.

The Central Ministers are followed by the Advocate-General with a salary of Rs. 3,000 per month. The secretaries of the different departments in the Central Government also earn a salary of a like amount.

What salary does the Prime Minister of Bombay Province get? Two thousand, do you think? Fifteen hun-

FOR ALL VARIETIES OF AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY OF THE 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.

dred? One thousand? No. He and his colleagues in the Cabinet get a salary of Rs. 850 each!

College professors are the next group. In the big city colleges a professor's salary starts from Rs. 500 and goes up to Rs. 2,000 per month. Some of the university professors get a salary of Rs. 4,000 but their number can be counted on one's finger-tips. In most of the colleges in India, a professor gets a salary of Rs. 125 per month! The lowest income-group, strangely enough is composed of those gentlemen who are not the least important in the welfare scheme of any country. These are writers and teachers.

Writers—apart from journalists who earn anything from Rs. 500 to Rs. 3,000—earn an amount which reflects the paucity of reading public in our country and its poverty. He is a lucky author indeed who can make an income of Rs. 150 per month writing in monthlies and weeklies, and writing books. First of all it is difficult for him to get a publisher, and when he does find a publisher and luckily that publisher happens to be also honest, then a 200-page book will fetch him on an average a royalty of about Rs. 200. And he may have worked on the book for about six months, which means that his income per month comes to about Rs. 25!

And the teachers—they are an unhappy lot in this grab for income cheques. They earn less than writers, but of course their income is fixed, which is not the case with writers. Primary teachers earn as much as from Rs. 50 to Rs. 100. Middle school teachers earn from Rs. 80 to Rs. 130. High school teachers earn from Rs. 100 to Rs. 250. In the city of Bombay a high school teacher gets Rs. 105 including all the permissible allowances!

When these sweepers of the mind get so little, you will be surprised to know that the sweepers of roads in Bombay get a salary of 65 per month.

And should we mention another human called clerk? We think we should, if not for his being human, at least for having the guts to live. A graduate Government of India clerk at New Delhi starts on a salary of Rs. 55 and gets Rs. 35 as D.A.

How is it that there is such a vast

difference in the incomes of one group and another? How is it that a graduate who has to earn a living commands a modest Rs. 55, while others with more or less the same equipment get huge salaries and incomes?

There are several standards by which the value of a man's work is judged. The more sugar you put in a dish, the sweeter it would be. Income may be said to depend on the amount of money and time that is necessary to get yourself into a position to be able to earn. The more costly the education, the higher the price it would fetch in the form of salary or income.

But if there is a value on the amount of study put in, the number of years spent in the pursuit of knowledge and experience, then it must be said that there is something radically wrong with the evaluation of human work in the world of today. For, how can it be that the time and study put in by Pandit Nehru to reach the position of Prime Minister, the organizing ability gained during years of work in the Congress office as Secretary and later as a member of the Working Committee, the years spent in jails thinking about the problems of the country, that all this should fetch a mere Rs. 3,500 per month when the passing of an examination and the ability to argue a case fetches much more? How is it that a doctor whose education is as costly as a lawyer's earns a much smaller amount? Why should film stars roll in wealth, while others walk the streets jobless and foodless? It would be wrong to say that these do not have talent. Talent comes from work, not from unemployment.

Another measure to judge the value of a human being is the utility of his work to society. According to this the heads of State should get the highest incomes, while writers and teachers should follow close behind. Teachers and writers are the makers of tomorrow, as the heads of Government are the makers of today.

There must be a fresh evaluation of man's work in India, as it should all over the world. National wealth should be distributed with an eye on social justice.

CAN MAN LIVE BY BREAD ALONE?

By S. KRISHNIAH

IT was a small country town where everybody knew the affairs of everybody else. Jim lived in that town and not a week passed but new tales concerning his devilry were exchanged between neighbours. He had just got out of his short pants stage and one could not call him a bad boy; he was just irresponsible and pushed his frolics beyond limits. But that was before he became addicted to liquor and started making a hog of himself. People talked endlessly about him—said that he was fast heading for a fall but nobody took sufficient interest in him to inquire particularly into the facts of his life which had conspired to propel him into the quagmire of sin and disrepute.

The parish priest spoke to him; and his father, a real churchman, requested not only the priest but also other members of the church to pray for him. People had a poor opinion of Jim's father also since they said that it was more his personal responsibility to make a Christian and a citizen out of his son than that of all the others put together.

One night Jim did not return home. He had been out with a bunch of 'tough lads' and had got himself killed. There had been a squabble which had developed into an exhibition of violence. When the police got there it was too late. Jim lay with a bullet in his head and his erstwhile companions had fled. Jim's bacchanalian desires and bibulous diversions had written the last page of his biography.

Arrangements were made for the funeral and the pastor was asked to conduct it. He was a young priest with a lot of newfangled notions which he had brought from college. Although his congregations seldom understood his sermons they liked him.

As the time for the funeral service

approached the church was full. Few funerals had commanded such a gathering. People were interested in the bad boy Jim about whom they had gossiped for many years and they wanted to listen to what the pastor would have to say. So everyone came. The little church was so crowded that it was difficult even to carry the coffin inside.

When the singing and prayers were over, the pastor stood up. Everybody was tense and the breathless silence which reflected the suspense was almost palpable. One felt as if something was going to happen. The pastor walked down from the pulpit and, standing near the coffin, looked at the cold pale face of the dead renegade. He paused for a moment and began to talk just as if Jim was there by his side.

"Jim," he said, "We are here this afternoon to say good-bye to you. Lots of us did not pay any attention to you when you were alive, but now that you are dead, everybody seems anxious to see you. You have become a famous character, Jim. You may like that, but I doubt it.

"I remember when I first came here, three years ago, you were a fine young chap. Oh yes, you got into lots of mischief, but that was to be expected of a boy whose mother was dead and father too busy to bother about him. You did a lot things you ought not to have done, but none of us tried to understand and help you. Of course we talked about you, and you heard about it, and it made you feel that everybody was against you.

"They called you a drunkard, and I suppose you were; but they forgot what made you one. They did not say anything about the fact that your father drank like a fish.

"You are dead now, Jim, and we are the ones that killed you. We made it possible for you to become so

miserable that you took to drinking. You seemed to think this was the only way out. Just what did we do to help you, Jim? Not a thing. Oh yes, at times we prayed in general for everybody; you might say we prayed for you also. But even then, as we prayed, we did not really mean it. If we had, we would have done something about it. We would not have let you keep going until you drank yourself to death.

"Jim, today we are admitting that we are guilty of your death, yes, even of your eternal destiny. I, as the preacher, did not do my duty, the people as Christians did not do theirs, and poor Jim's father did not do his."

And here are a few verses from the Bible;

"Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him. And the Lord said unto Cain, 'Where is Abel thy brother?' And he said, 'I know not; am I my brother's keeper?' And He said, 'What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.'"

This story about Jim is a beautiful story and I must confess that it is not a figment of my imagination. I have borrowed it from a tract which was handed to me not long ago by a missionary. I am given numerous tracts during my peripatetic activities by various sorts of people. Perhaps I carry on my face the stamp of the infidel and sinner which attracts tract-distributors. Whatever it be I am sure that they would be satisfied to hear that I read every one of the tracts that is given to me.

Yes, this is another story illustrating the evils of drink. Perhaps you have heard and read many other stories similar to this. Perhaps this story is true (it sounds very real) but I cannot vouch for it. It is immaterial to me whether it is true or not; all that matters is that it is typically human. I have been thinking of the various conclusions that can be derived from it.

The tract itself derives the obvious conclusion of doing away with legalized vice. Is Prohibition the answer? We agree with the Pastor that the town was responsible, however slightly, for making it possible and creating the right atmosphere for boys like

Jim to become drunkards. What is the indictment against the town? Is it suggested that the town should have a system whereby the boy would have been in school from an early age in the hands of understanding teachers who would have guided his life and made a useful citizen out of him? I wonder.

Why does a man indulge in alcohol when it is so widely condemned as the greatest of all evils. Dodsley gives it a privileged place at the very summit of all that is detestable. According to him, "Death having occasion to choose a prime minister, summoned his illustrious courtiers, and allowed them to present their claims for the office; Fever flushed his cheeks; Palsy shook his limbs; Dropsy inflated his carcass; Gout racked his joints; Asthma half strangled himself; Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague, his sudden destruction; and Consumption his certainty. Then came War, with stern confidence aluding to his many thousands devoured at a meal. Last came Intemperance, with a face like fire, shouting, 'Give way, ye sickly, ferocious band of pretenders. Am I not your parent? Does not sagacity trace your origin to me? My operations ceasing, whence your power?' The grisly monarch here gave a smile of approbation, and placed Intemperance at his right hand, as his favourite and prime minister."

If alcohol is the source of so much human misery and wretchedness why does mankind so readily become its victim? Is it really true that drinking means intemperance? Is it not possible for a man to indulge in spirits without either his wife and children starving or himself going off the deep end?

If all this is really true, Prohibition is the greatest blessing to mankind whatever be the sacrifices that people have to make in order to operate it successfully. But we still have not answered the question why a man drinks.

Professor William James, whom Carnegie calls the father of applied psychology, discussing mysticism says, "The next step into mystical states carries us into a realm that public opinion and ethical philosophy have

long since branded as pathological, though private practice and certain lyrical strains of poetry seem still to bear witness to its ideality. I refer to the consciousness produced by intoxicants and anaesthetics, especially by alcohol. *The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties of human nature*, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticisms of the sober hour." (The italics are mine).

Mark well the word 'unquestionably.' Professor William James does not prevaricate. He is emphatic. There is lurking in us, the most ignorant of us, a certain mysticism and according to him alcohol has the power to stimulate the dormant mystical faculties.

That is the answer to the question by an authority on applied psychology. He goes on to say that sobriety diminishes, discriminates and says no; drunkenness expands, unites and says yes. Alcohol is in fact the great exciter of the Yes-function in man. It brings its votary from the chill periphery of things to the radiant core. It makes him for the moment one with truth.

It is not through mere perversity men run after it. To the poor and illiterate it stands in the place of music and literature. Do the protagonists of Prohibition realise that?

The mystic in a man is not touched by alcohol alone. I know a friend who is a connoisseur of western music. I have seen him shed tears while listening to mystic tone-poems. The wail of Stewkowski violins rising in crescendo to express some weird thought that flitted across the mind of Claude Debussy when he composed his Clair de Lune usually struck some mystic chords in the innermost depths of my friend's heart and despite his struggle to keep his face calm and composed I have seen a tear or two hastily wiped away. I have seen whole crowds of people swayed to heights of emotional ecstasy by the excellence of a musical performer. I myself have had gleams of mystic consciousness while reading Thoreau or Walt Whitman

and felt what Tennyson tries to express in his lines:

'Moreover, something is or seems
That touches me with mystic
gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten
dreams—
'Of something felt, like something
here;
Of something done, I know not
where;
Such as no language may
declare.'

I am infused with a sense of grandeur by the superb hypochondria of Carlyle and fascinated by the sublime morbidity of De Quincey. I have also experienced a rare indescribable something while perusing the lamentations of Job and the lyrics of the Psalms.

Where can the poor unlettered labourer go for the satisfaction of his inner cravings? Is it his fault that he cannot understand Debussy and Whitman? If liquor is taken away from him that needs it, what has been given to him in return? Have you educated him to the standard when he can tune in to a bhajan on his radio or read a tragedy of Shakespeare's to allay his mental cravings? Have the teetotal champions of Prohibition paused to consider what life would be like when a man's psychological needs go unsatisfied? Remember 'Man does not live by bread alone.'

Of course physiological life would go on perhaps in a better fashion. The labourer does not know that he has mystical faculties in him which clamour for satisfaction. But all the same he ceases to be normal. Who can predict what will happen in years to come as a result of the accumulated forces released by the neglect of fundamental psychology?

Psychologically a man does not need alcohol to live. It is ridiculous to presume such a thing. What the absence of liquor does to mankind is to deprive the illiterate of the only means of awakening their mystical faculties.

PACIFIC DISUNION

By ANDREW ROTH

ATTEMPTS to form an Asian Union against Communism remind one of the old American quest for "a good five-cent cigar." Most people in the non-Communist world seem to be in favour of it, but no one seems to know how to fabricate it.

Although the more realistic anti-Communist diplomats have reluctantly dismissed an Asian union as an unattainable mirage, it is still considered bad manners to talk against it publicly. Thus, many anti-Communist planners winced at Pandit Nehru's plainspeaking in America. Top-drawer British and American diplomats have long felt that India, as the largest country in Asia with a stable, conservative government, is the logical core around which any union of non-Communist states must be built. And in Nehru they have felt they have not only the most important figure in non-Communist Asia, but also a statesman of consummate skill.

It came as all the more of a shock, therefore, when Nehru made it clear in America recently that although India would defend itself against any threat to its liberty or peace, it would not partake openly in the "cold war." When he declared that "we have no intention of committing ourselves to anybody at any time," and that he felt that "the most intimate ties are ties which are not ties," he effectively scuttled any plans for an India-centered anti-Communist union.

Although Nehru has withered its chances, the Pacific Union scheme is sure to spring to life again, like a desert flower after a shower. At present, of course, the desires for an anti-Communist alliance are watered by recurrent fears concerning the impact of Chinese Communist victories on the rest of Asia. Most anti-Communist Asian leaders as well as Anglo-American rightist political figures feel that if the North Atlantic Pact is an effective method for stopping the expansion of Communism in Europe, why shouldn't a military "Pacific Pact" or a political

"Pacific Union" have a similar deterring effect? The answer of Pandit Nehru and a growing minority of Anglo-American diplomats is that there is little point in unnecessarily provoking Communist counter-blasts if the best structure that you can build is a house of cards.

Any effective large-scale political or military alliance requires two things which are lacking in South and East Asia: a solid groundwork of stable countries linked together by a considerable community of interests.

Today, with the exception of Ceylon, there is scarcely a *fundamentally* stable country among the candidates for an Asian union. In almost all, as Pandit Nehru has underlined, antiquated land systems deprive the soil-tilling majority of most of the fruits of their labour and also fail in a number of cases to provide enough food for the whole population. The vulnerable economies of this area have been battered by World War II and the disturbances, insurrections, nationalist revolutions and civil wars that have come in its wake. Most of the Governments of these countries rest on political structures which are as jerry-built as their economies. In Western Europe and North America, Governments rest for the most part on the consent and participation of the governed. In most Asian countries Governments usually rest on a very thin merchant-and-landlord segment of the population, propped up by the police and army. The unorganized and usually discontented peasant majority is customarily unrepresented and ripe for Communist agitation. Even the Indian Government, widely considered to be among the most stable in Asia, floats on a molten lake of hunger and economic discontent.

As a result of the instability of the individual states, linking them would somewhat resemble linking separate houses of cards. Instead of gaining in strength they would gain in vulnerability. If one topples it might carry others with it.

Asian states also lack a community

of interest. To the New York or London pundit, it may seem obvious that neighbouring countries like the Philippines, Indo-China and Indonesia must be very much interested in one another and have close links. But anyone who has worked in this area is constantly amazed that so many Asian leaders are ignorant about the simplest things in adjoining countries, largely because of their colonial education and their concentration on anti-imperialism. Filipino leaders—with lamentably few exceptions—know more about American orchestra leaders than about Indo-China's political leaders. Indonesian leaders know more about Dutch geography than about that of nearby Indo-China. And the Indo-Chinese leaders, obsessed with their own revolution know little more about the Philippines than that for cash on the barrelhead it has been a ready source of smuggled American war-surplus arms.

In non-Communist Asia today, friction is more prevalent than friendship. Thus, although both the colonial powers and the conservative-nationalist leaders of the newly-independent states are threatened by the rise of Communist influence, years of previous conflict have left a deep cleavage between the two groups which is very difficult to bridge. This was evident from the speed with which almost all the newly-independent states reacted against the second Dutch "police action" last December. India, Pakistan and Ceylon banned landings by the Dutch airline KLM and Pandit Nehru called a conference on aid to Indonesia. Even the Filipinos became belatedly aware of their Indonesian neighbour's three-year-old conflict, started insulting Dutch diplomats in public and sent the powerful oratory of Carlos Romulo to the Indonesian conference.

In addition to major clashes between the colonial powers and Asian states, there are considerable clashes within blocs. During this past year the Western powers have tried hard to submerge their commercial rivalries and work together, but these economic fissures remain just below the surface. For export-conscious Britain, in particular, it is sometimes

very difficult to preserve diplomatic silences. British commercial interests are intensely worried that America's emerging policy of blockading Communist China will wipe out Britain's billion-dollar investment there as well as cut off a potentially profitable market. British textile interests, worried about Japan's reviving competition, charge that SCAP sells Japanese mills American cotton at half the world market price, enabling the Japanese to undercut Britain in Asian markets. American shipping interests, on the other hand, noise their indignation at the "discriminatory treatment" with which Britain is alleged to be retarding American inroads into traditionally British shipping lanes.

Conflicts are even sharper among the newly independent states. India, touted as the "core" of an anti-Communist union of South Asia, not only has a continuous, running fight with Pakistan over Kashmir and other issues, but also has frequent arguments with Ceylon, Burma and the Government of Malaya over the treatment of substantial Indian minorities in those countries. Similarly, Siam has long had recurrent border controversies with its Cambodian and Malay neighbours. Although these controversies may seem puny to distant Americans and Britons when compared to the issues of the "cold war," they are much more immediate to the people of South Asia. You can frighten or enrage a Pakistani much faster with talk of "Hindu imperialism" than with talk of "Soviet imperialism." Although the Communists have made some incredible blunders in South Asia during the last two years, they certainly are not likely to overlook the exploitation of these obvious contradictions among their opponents.

It is not accidental that the people who are most loudly insistent about Pacific Union are frequently those with the least real and current knowledge of Asia. Were they well-informed they would at least be conscious of the three unsuccessful attempts at establishing some sort of anti-Communist alliance which have foundered during the last year.

Actually the attempt which has made the most progress has been the

quiet, deftly-conceived and skilfully-executed British attempt which has been moving forward for over a year. This has had American co-operation but since, in the Anglo-American alliance, South Asia is conceded to Britain while East Asia is the U. S. area of initiative, the planning and execution has been mainly British. The Foreign Office began moving in the spring of 1948 when Communist insurrections mushroomed in South Asia and shifted into high gear in the autumn when the fall of Mukden tolled the approaching demise of Kuomintang China. For Britain, of course, the issue has virtually been one of survival. If Britain were to lose Malaya's rubber and tin, Borneo's oil and the traditional markets of South Asia, its present economic crisis would be multiplied severalfold.

The British strategy had the advantage of emphasizing the groundwork: the strengthening of the Communist-resistance of individual states. In its own Malaya, every effort was made to speed the annihilation of some five thousand Communist-led, predominantly-Chinese guerillas. In Burma, the British began discreet steps toward assisting the rebellion-harassed Government of Thakin Nu. In Siam they began to give affirmative support to Pipul Songgram, whom they consider safely anti-Communist. In November and December 1948 the British attempted to impress on the Dutch the need for conciliation with moderate Indonesian nationalists, on the assumption that open conflict would give the Communists additional opportunities. In mid-December 1948 they (and the Americans) prodded the French along, saying that if they wanted to try their "Bao Dai experiment" to pacify Indo-China they had better hurry up because they only had a matter of months before the Chinese Communists would be on the border.

In addition British diplomacy attempted to link these anti-Communist efforts. The basic idea appeared to be that while Britain would strengthen ties among the colonial powers, India would be encouraged to take the leadership among the newly-independent states. Then, through a *de facto* Anglo-Indian alliance there would be a working South Asian anti-

Communist organization without the need of a formal organization. Leading statesmen, including Earl Mountbatten, impressed on the Indian and Pakistan leaders, the need for submerging their quarrels for the common anti-Communist defence. The British mended their fences with the Dutch, co-operating more closely against arms-smuggling into Indonesia and reducing somewhat further the amount of smuggling from Republican-held Sumatra into Penang and Singapore. Secret orders were issued last winter for a full exchange of information between Britons and Americans in equivalent positions in Southeast Asia. British intelligence organizations heightened their co-operation with their Dutch and French counterparts and with the new crop of American counter-intelligence agents arriving in South Asia in increasing numbers.

If the Foreign Office is not optimistic now about a Pacific Union it is because its own years of strenuous efforts along sound lines have produced only limited success. A lot of groundwork remains undone. In Malaya the jungle-shrouded Communist guerillas are almost as strong as they were eighteen months ago despite an expenditure of about £20,000,000 to annihilate them. In Burma, the Government's position is stronger but still not secure. In Indo-China, French-sponsored Bao Dai has failed to lure any substantial segment of moderate nationalists away from Ho Chi Minh and responsible diplomats are betting two-to-one against his ever succeeding.

Pandit Nehru's reluctance at the present stage to get involved in any entangling alliances arises in large part from his own sad experiences with last January's Indonesian conference which he convened in New Delhi. His opening speech made it clear that he hoped to use the Indonesian issue as an instrument for uniting the new states of South Asia into a non-Communist "Third Force." He carefully invited only Asian U. N. members, thus barring Britain, the U. S. and U. S. S. R. Despite these precautions, Pandit Nehru's dream of a non-Communist "third force" was squeezed to death.

There was considerable pressure

from the Indonesians and others to do something effective for the embattled Indonesian Republic. But there was also considerable counter-pressure from the American and British ambassadors (who attended as observers) not to do anything drastic that might split non-Communist Asia. Nehru was vulnerable to these pressures because he himself felt India was menaced by Communist insurrectionism but—more important—he was in the midst of vital economic negotiations with both Britain and the U. S. Furthermore, Nehru was shocked by the immature and non-cooperative attitude of many of the other Asian states. He was disappointed to find that the leader of the Pakistan delegation was not as anxious to help Indonesia as he had hoped. The Arab representatives were clearly itching for any opportunity to side-track the Indonesian conference into an attack on Zionism. In the end Pandit Nehru had to cut his suit to fit the cloth. He abandoned the idea of a real Asian "third force" and rather tamely called upon the Security Council to do something about Indonesia. Although he was highly praised by British and American statesmen and publications for his "statesmanship" and "moderation" he knew he had accomplished little positive results for Indonesia or Asian unity. He was able, therefore, to insist in later months that there was "virtually no possibility" of a Pacific Pact for some time.

The adage that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" has its application in Asian politics as well. This is particularly true of the irresponsible opportunism with which Filipino President Elpidio (Greek for "hope") Quirino started his own now-defunct campaign for a "Pacific Pact." His sponsorship was not a result of deep thought or a long-time interest in Asian affairs because he belongs to that sizeable class of Filipino leaders who know more about American baseball than about developments in neighbouring Asian states. His original Pacific Pact advocacy was the result of a glib reply to a reporter's query as to what he thought of a "MacArthur Plan" and "Pacific Pact" for the Pacific. Since Quirino bore MacArthur's stamp of approval to

succeed himself, apparently the name "MacArthur" was sufficient. President Quirino continued to advocate the pact because he was in the middle of a difficult election campaign and felt he could win additional votes by posing as an "Asian statesman" instead of a Filipino politician.

President Quirino's unthinking call was soon picked up by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek who saw the Filipino-sponsored pact as a new way of getting the U. S. interested in putting out more money. He scurried over to meet President Quirino at Baguio in July and then rushed up to South Korea in August. Dr. Syngman Rhee, the crochety President of South Korea and one of the Pacific Pact's first advocates, was more than enthusiastic. He even wanted the Latin American republics facing the Pacific to join in.

By this time President Quirino began to come to, as cold water was dashed on his idea from various sides. Domestic critics pointed out that it was strange that the Philippines, which didn't even have diplomatic relations with half the nations of Asia, should now attempt to lead them. Others pointed out that if the Philippines couldn't cope with her own 10,000 Communist-led Hukbalahaps, how could it help Kuomintang China? Or was the Kuomintang supposed to help the Philippines? President Quirino had, of course, thought that the U. S. would be the real backer of the Pacific Pact. But Dean Acheson dispelled his hopes by saying that the plan was premature. The revelations of the "White Paper" concerning Kuomintang China awakened Quirino to the fact that he had harnessed himself to a falling star. President Quirino called in smooth-operating Carlos Romulo to ease him out of his predicament and hurried off on a trip to the U. S. to capitalize on his new-found pose as a "bulwark against Communism."

Under Romulo's skilful hands the military-sounding "Pacific Pact" was whittled down to a "Pacific Union" and quietly shelved so that it would not embarrass President Quirino during his election campaign. Although Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee have repeatedly asked President Quirino to hold the Asia-wide conference

he had promised for August, he was clearly uninterested in an enterprise which was not going to be financed by U. S. dollars.

It is note-worthy that in all the oratory expended on defending South and East Asia against a burgeoning Communism, very little has been said about eliminating the roots of Communist growth. In Asia the Communists have grown best where they have been able to capitalize on frus-

trated nationalism and economic—and particularly agrarian—discontent. Pandit Nehru emphasized this when he called for the liberation of subject peoples and higher living standards to achieve the social and political stability necessary to safeguard non-Communist Asia. Nehru has also striven to take another weapon out of the Communists' hands by advocating widespread agrarian reform.—Copy-right (N. P. S.)

EXPERIMENTS IN COMMUNISM IN ANCIENT CHINA

By V. G. NAIR

COMMUNISM is not a new experiment in China. Marx had his forerunners there from the very beginning of her history. But the difference lay in their systems and the requirements of the times. China is an agricultural country where 85 per cent of the people are peasants. Her ancient experiments in Communism were solely directed against agrarian unrest. Land and agricultural problems were of primary importance to the rulers of ancient China.

During China's long history of four thousand years, her socio-economy had never been upset by disorders arising out of industrial disputes. She is a backward country in industrial growth and still lags behind her sister nations in Asia, Europe and the U. S. A. Except for handicrafts like sericulture, carpentry, brick works, spinning, weaving and other small scale cottage industries, no large scale industries employing immense manpower ever existed in ancient China. Every family turned out its own industry for its home consumption and the surplus was utilised for the payment of taxes. Taxes were paid in products and not in money which was sparsely circulated. State industries were few and far between. There were no 'tools down' strikes and wage disputes. Leaders of ancient China had never thought of a Communist theory which could be applied to solve industrial unrest. Their main problem was land.

Communism in ancient China was not the prototype of Marxism with its theories of value and surplus value. Its purpose was entirely to protect the peasants against the monied people and the traders. Marx had never thought of applying his theories to an agricultural country. His theories were primarily intended for industrially advanced countries. Dr. Sun Yat-sen has clearly stated that Marxian Communism could not be successfully worked in China as she was industrially very backward. He had, therefore, laid great stress on the importance of introducing far-reaching agrarian reforms. His Third Principle of the Peoples, or the People's Livelihood enunciated in his famous San Min Chu I, the political Bible of China, was intended to achieve this end.

Many experiments to solve the agrarian problem had been tried in ancient China. But the results were most unsatisfactory. In spite of legislative enactments, all the experiments failed. The failure was due to internal disorders arising out of natural calamities—famines, inundations, cyclones, earthquakes and pestilence—rather than from the strict non-enforcement of the agrarian laws. Foreign invasions, internecine wars and natural calamities reinforced by the machinations of the wealthy and landed aristocracy proved fatal to the successful working of the reforms.

China first introduced land reform during the Chou period between the

12th and 3rd centuries before Christ. It was known as Ching-tien or 'well-field' system and was widely put into operation. During the reign of Emperors Yao and Shun, who ruled China in the semi-legendary era of the twenty-third and twenty-second centuries B. C., and who were idealised by Confucius, the land was equally divided among the people. It was considered a Golden Age in Chinese history. By the Ching-tien system the arable land was assigned in sections to eight peasant families each. The eight outer plots were cultivated in common by the eight families and the central plot was reserved for residences and the raising of produce. Permanent individual peasant ownership did not exist in those days. At the outset of the Chou period much of the land was uncultivated. It contained large fertile areas but also swamps and regions of shifting sands. When the old land was exhausted new land was cleared and periodical assignment was the rule. The peasant did not own the soil but was permanently attached to certain areas. This was China's first experiment in collective farming. It gradually disintegrated and by the 3rd century B.C. it had passed away. Later much of the land was held in great estates and high rentals were charged from the cultivators.

Confucius was the greatest exponent of the socio-economic theory of equality. He preached it for about thirty years wandering from state to state, and finding no ruler who would put it into practice, he died a disappointed man. His principle of 'Tung' or universalism has greatly influenced Chinese philosophers and thinkers.

Then came Wang Mang, the usurper of the Chinese throne in the 1st century B. C. He was a great admirer of Confucius and wrote his own commentaries on the sage's teachings. Wang Mang declared for nationalisation of land and annihilation of the big estates. The purchase and sale of land was forbidden. The land confiscated to the State was to be divided into tracts and given to the cultivator. He continued the imperial monopolies of salt, iron, coinage, wine and mines and had the Government fix up the prices at equitable figures, thus pro-

tecting the farmers against the merchants. He controlled the markets and bought up surplus stocks of goods in times of plenty and sold them in times of dearth and equalised the prices. He provided state loans, on which no interest was to be charged and advanced funds at a moderate rate of interest to those requiring them for productive enterprises. Wang Mang met with serious opposition from the wealthy and the landed aristocracy. He continued to work long hours and gave himself no sleep. But all his attempts to convert his opponents to his creed bore no fruit and his enemies overwhelmed him. An old and infirm man, he was killed in his capital, Changan, in A. D. 23. His bold and sweeping experiments had a lasting influence on Chinese thinkers.

The next Chinese reformer who laboured hard to socialise Chinese society was Wang An-shi, the poet-philosopher and the financial wizard of the Sung period. He was a brilliant Confucian scholar and lived like a poor man. Emperor Shen Tsung was ruling China in A. D. 1067. As a result of natural calamities and civil wars, the condition of the people was very grave. The treasury was bankrupt and all nation building activities were stopped. The country was a haunt of misery and ruin. Internecine wars had ravaged and desolated the land. Famine and epidemics followed. Depopulated, the socio-economy was shattered. The people suffered from indescribable miseries. At this critical period appeared Wang An-shih with his scheme of radical reforms. He wanted to transform China into a new social system and inaugurate the rule of justice and fraternity.

Wang An-shi proclaimed that the Government was the sole owner of the land and of all other wealth. The Government alone had the right to control all the resources and turn them over in the interest of the people. He observed: "There is only one obstacle to harmony among mankind; that is love of gain and luxury, which has always perverted man's natural rectitude. Manufacturing, trading and banking are responsible for the immoderate thirst for gold which corrupts and destroys the hearts of men." He, therefore, declared that

ature and author of Manucharitramu. Mukku Thimmana, the author of the ineffably sweet Parijatajaharanamu, the Saiva poet Dhoorjati of Kalahasti Mahatyamu fame, Madayyagiri Mallana, author of Rajasekhara Charitramu, Elakoochi Ramabhadra-kavi who wrote Sakalakathasarasangrahamu, Chintapudi Ellana, author of Radha Madhavamu, the humorous and classical poet Tenali Ramakrishna—all these flourished during the time of Krishna Deva Raya who was himself a poet prince. He wrote the exquisite Prabhandam Amuktamalyada. The Vaishnava cult of religion received impetus and grew under his patronage.

Poets next in importance during the period were Pingali Surana and Ramaraja Bhushana. The latter, a giant among poets, was also a great authority on music. His works include Vasucharitra and Harischandra Nalopakyanamu. The great classics Raghavapandaveeyam, Kalapoornodyamu and Prabhavati Pradyumanamu flowed from the immortal pen of Pingali Surana. They are the priceless gems of Telugu literature.

The Vijayanagar Empire received a serious set-back after the battle of Talikota in 1565 A. D. and rapidly declined and the centres of patronage for poets shifted down south, to Madura, Pudukottai, Mysore and Karvetinagar. Literature produced in these places was known as South Indian Andhra literature. In each one of these centres one particular branch of literature was encouraged and developed. There flourished in Tanjore the erudite classics and the ballad-operas; prose in Madura; scientific books in Pudukottai. Among the rulers of Tanjore was Raghunadha Nayaka, author of works like Valmiki Charitra and Nalacharitra. He was also a music scholar and it was in his time that Chama-kura Venkata Kavi wrote Vijayavilasamu and dedicated it to the ruler. Another of the same dynasty, Vijayaraghava Nayaka, wrote many ballad-operas. Well known women poets like Ganga-jamma, Rambhadramma, Madhura-vani and Krishnaraj also graced the court. The first woman poet, so far as is known in Andhra, was Molla, author of Mamayana. And after Molla, Muddupalani achieved fame by

her work Radhika

Vijayaranga Ch. Madura, was his many prose works in his court were chala Kavi, krishnappa Nay-pathi, author of many others.

The growth of Mysore during the gauged by the works of writers Kalluve Veeraraju and his son Nana-raju who wrote Vachana Bharatham and Halasya Mahatyamu respectively, Kantirava Narasara-ju, author of Sidhavasanta Vilasamu and a treatise on elephants.

Raghunatha Tondaman Raja of Pudukottai wrote Parvathi Parinayamu and Kavijanajeevani. Nudurumati Venkatayya, the great compiler of the dictionary called Andhabhashaarnavam and who wrote the epic of Mallapuramamu, belonged to the court of this ruler. Another poet of the same court, Nayanajja, wrote Khadgalakshnamu.

Chedalavada Mallakavi Beetho-Vipranarayana Ch. provide, his attention cated it to Makad. He had to return Karvetinagar. In her was seriously ill. grandson who was a ragaraja, was fond raju, Sarangapani always spoke of music exponent, wrote admiration. He Sarangapani. Champusom her the love written by Kavi Venk. sought in vain was dedicated to Vellanti death on 17th yet another ruler of K. peace of mind. Telugu literature received, for Vienna patronage at the hands of turn again. of Karvetinagar. nobleman

Among the poets who flourished he had a the same time in Northern of his were Adidemu Surana, Kontinu-Lakshmanakavi, Kuchimanchi Tin from kavi, Kankanti Paparaju, Pushpa Thimmana and others. It was going period, the 16th century, that saw the our birth of Tapatisamveranopakhaya, us namu which was dedicated to a Muslim ruler and Yayati Charitra, written on basic Telugu.

In the 19th Century Telugu literature registered a multilateral growth. The age of poetry yielded place to the age of grace. The printing press, the universities and colleges, the newspapers, periodicals, and other modern devices and equipment helped towards

the phen-
of Telug-
ventor
ing
co.

tion leading to Adamanasam, is very clearly expressed in "Nadopasana" in Begada, "Nadaloludai" in Kalyana Vasantam, "Nada Sudha" in Arabhi and "Nadatanumanisam" in Chittaranjani.

He showed to the World that dignified prose was better suited to Sahitya than high flown poetry. Some of his songs contain sets of sangatis and reveal his skill in all its grandeur. "Chera rava demira" in Rittigowla, "Koluvai Unnade" in Bhairavi and "Chakkanirajamargamu" in Khara-harapriya are instances in point. His Pancharatna kritis are unsurpassed in excellence. Many forgotten ragas like Pratapavarali, Deepaka, Raga-panjara and Gundakriya were revived by him.

Thyagaraja saw that his end was nearing. Just ten days prior to his death, he seems to have foreseen that on the tenth day he would die. This is clear from his song "Girijai Nela-konna Rama" in Sahana, which he sang at that time. Accordingly on the tenth day, 6th January 1847, (Pushya Bahula Panchami) while he was singing "Paritapamu" in Manohari, he breathed his last.

Ludwig Van Beethoven was born at Bonn on the Rhine in 1770. His father was Johann Beethoven and Ludwig was his second child. Johann himself was a singer in the Electoral Chapel. He was an easy-going man of weak character and was anything but an ideal parent. In this respect, Thyagaraja was more fortunate. His father was a man of strong character and had a great influence over Thyagaraja. It was Johann who first discovered Ludwig's rare gifts and he was dreaming of Ludwig towering above young Mozart whose triumphs were still green in his memory. Ludwig's genius was not of the kind that would blossom prematurely. This was a great disappointment to Johann. He tried to drive out Ludwig. Peter Latham, Beethoven's biographer, says "And so we get our first glimpse of him as a tiny boy standing forlornly on a footstool in front of the key board, the tears streaming from his eyes."

Beethoven had a very hard time with his teachers in his early days. One of the teachers who was a boon

companion of Johann's home dead drunk at midnight up the young boy and at the key board till dawn. This, Ludwig would keep the morning. His arithmetical bad. It is said that right of his life, the composer of the Ninth Symphony was being instructed by his nephew in simple multiplication—on his death-bed. His intense absorption in the rich spiritual and artistic world he created, prevented him from ever coming to terms with the life lived by ordinary mortals. Physically he was clumsy. But he adored his grand-father who died when Beethoven was only four years old. Thyagaraja was also attached to his grand-father very much. In fact his song, "Giriraja Suta Tanaya" in Bangala is explained as one composed by the saint on his grand-father whom he admired though it looks more like a prayer to Lord Ganesha.

In 1787, Beethoven went to Vienna for the first time. Mozart was at the height of his fame then. At first, he was not very much impressed by Beethoven's playing, but when Beethoven began to improvise, his attention was soon captured. He had to return home, for his mother was seriously ill. Beethoven, like Thyagaraja, was fond of his mother. He always spoke of her with respect and admiration. He must have received from her the love and kindness that he sought in vain from his father. Her death on 17th July 1787 shattered his peace of mind.

In 1792, Beethoven left for Vienna a second time, never to return again. In Count Waldstein, a rich nobleman and connoisseur of music, he had a godfather who was aware of his poverty and encouraged him continually. A letter to Beethoven from Waldstein ran as follows:

"Dear Beethoven, You are going to Vienna in fulfilment of your long frustrated wishes. The genius of Mozart is weeping and mourning over the death of her pupil. She found a refuge but no occupation with the inexhaustible Haydn; through him she wishes to form a union with another. With the help of assiduous labour, you shall receive Mozart's spirit from Haydn's hands."

* Beethoven did not get on well with Haydn. He attributed his slow progress to Haydn's other pre-occupations. They never tried to understand each other. Beethoven even refused to describe himself as Haydn's pupil in the dedication of the Piano-forte Sonatas. Yet they never quarrelled.

Thyagaraja was a thorough contrast. His love and admiration for his guru were so great that when his guru Sonti Venkataramanayya heard Thyagaraja sing "Dorakuna Ituvanti Seva" in Bilahari, he seems to have said "Dorakuna Ituvanti Sishyudu." In fact Thyagaraja pays a tribute to his guru in "Guruleka Ituvanti" in Gowri Manohari.

At that time Vienna was the most musical city of Europe, the chosen home of Mozart and Haydn. What Vienna was to Europe, so Tiruvayyar was to South India, though Tiruvayyar was the birth place of the Musical Trinity. Thyagaraja himself speaks of Tiruvayyar in "Muripamu Kalige" in Mukhari. He calls it a "Divya Panchanada Kshetra." Dikshitar and Syama Sastri used to pay frequent visits to Tiruvayyar to see Thyagaraja.

Beethoven refused from the first to adopt a subservient attitude towards the patrons of music. He would meet them as his equals or not meet them at all. His successes made him arrogant, sensitive and rude and the conditions of his early life were also largely responsible for it. Thyagaraja also at one time felt that there was no one equal to him. But when he met Govinda Marar and heard him sing, he gave up his pride and became very humble. It is said that it was then that he sang the famous Sri

Raga Keertana "Endaro Mahanubhavulu Andariki Vandanamulu," one of the Pancharathnas.

Beethoven took Vienna by storm as a pianist. Up to 1800, his Viennese public regarded him first and foremost as a virtuoso of the Piano-forte. But after 1800, the next decade saw him as the greatest composer of his day. The change in his orientation was the result of a catastrophe. He lost his hearing. As his malady got worse, he abandoned his pathetic efforts to conceal it. In 1817, he wrote his greatest work, the Ninth Symphony.

Beethoven had his family worries to the full. His wayward nephew gave him a good deal of trouble. His whole fortune was spent in bringing up that boy. Thyagaraja also had his share of misery at the hands of his elder brother.

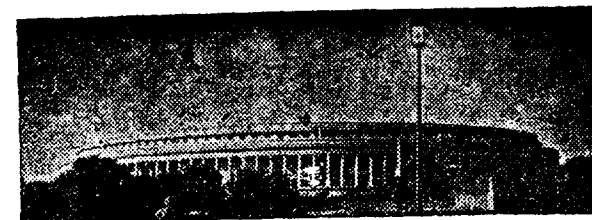
Though Beethoven was a democrat, Napoleon was his hero. He composed the "Eroica" symphony and dedicated it to him. But when he heard the news that the First Consul proclaimed himself Emperor, Beethoven in a fit of rage tore off the dedication. But still he had to depend on the support of princes for his livelihood. Thyagaraja dwarfed this giant European composer in this that he shunned riches and kept royal patronage at a respectable distance. Thyagaraja remained poor till his death.

On 26th March 1827, Beethoven died when Vienna was in the grip of a thunder storm. His funeral was largely attended. Among the mourners was Schubert who also followed Beethoven a year later, to be buried by his side.

Theoretically there are no bounds to the power of the State except the fear of revolution; the only limit to its action is its own capacity. Consequently the State will nationalise all industries which it can carry on better than individuals, leaving to those only the parts of commerce which individual greed is likely to perform in a more thorough and more economical way. The state must never forget how much truth lies in the axiom of Mandeville that private vices are public benefits.

—W. Somerset Maugham in A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK.

NEW DELHI DIARY



IT was left to Pandit Nehru to return to the country and extricate the Congress High Command from the mess they had got into during his absence in the matter of the R. S. S. He handled the situation adroitly. The stock argument used by apologists of the Working Committee's decision had been that there was nothing in the Congress constitution to prevent R. S. S. men from entering the organisation, since the R. S. S. was not one of the bodies specifically excluded. Pandit Nehru managed to discover that there is a clause in the Congress constitution prohibiting simultaneous membership of both the R. S. S. and the Congress.

The R. S. S., he pointed out at his press conference here last week, is definitely a volunteer organisation. According to Congress rules no Congressman can belong to any volunteer organisation other than the Congress Seva Dal. Promptly taking this way out of its original compromising attitude towards the R. S. S., the Working Committee has issued a face-saving 'clarification.' One shudders to think of the Congress today without Nehru.

WHEN the Government of India ordered the release of Master Tara Singh from detention a few weeks ago they could not have thought that he would give no trouble at all. They probably expected that, with the language question in East Punjab settled fairly satisfactorily, any agitation that he might raise would not be difficult to handle. If so, the expectation has proved correct.

The campaign launched by Master Tara Singh for the creation of a separate Sikh province has fallen flat. It might not have, in other circumstances. The slogan is after all one that should appeal to the mass mind, which indeed it was calculated to do. But Sikh leadership today is acutely

divided—which was precisely why it was safe to arrest Master Tara Singh and, later, to release him. It is no simple division between 'nationalist' (that is, pro-Congress) Sikhs and 'communal' Sikhs ranged behind Masterji. It is very much less ideological and more complicated than that. The Maharajah of Patiala, Jathedar Udhham Singh Nagoke, Giani Kartar Singh, (Defence Minister) Baldev Singh, Masterji himself—these are the chief actors in current Sikh politics and their mutual relationship is a fascinating study. Masterji does not, to put it mildly, like Patiala; he has been trying hard to upset the present Ministry in the P.E.P.S.U. of which the Maharajah of Patiala is Rajpramukh. Nor is Baldev Singh very friendly towards Patiala, though both are against Masterji. And so on.

Roughly speaking it might be said that it is a case, for the time being, of Master Tara Singh against the rest. Though his influence over the Sikh masses is still perhaps great, the politically conscious section of the community has largely repudiated him. After an initial period of embarrassed silence, several Sikh leaders have come out strongly against the cry for a separate province. Sardar Udhham Singh Nagoke, prominent in the East Punjab Assembly, declared in a speech at Amritsar on the occasion of Guru Nanak's birthday: "The views of communalism created by the British produced Pakistan. Some of our leaders now desire further partition of this province. Nothing can be more foolish... Sikhs and Hindus are one, and cannot be separated from each other. For the Sikhs to have enmity with Pakistan and a dispute with India will be harmful to the country and the community."

After this forthright statement the election contest between the Nagoke and Tara Singh groups for control of the Shromani Gurudwara Prabhan-

dak Committee naturally assumed great importance. (The S.G.P.C. is a rich and influential body which plays a key role in the management of Sikh religious institutions.) The election was held last Sunday and the Nagoke group has been officially declared elected. But Master Tara Singh has challenged the result.

Sardar Nagoke himself conducted the election as President of the S.G.P.C.; he won this position at last year's election, when Master Tara Singh withdrew from the contest. The voting on Sunday was by show of hands and Sardar Nagoke's finding is disputed by the Tara Singh group who have decided to requisition another general body meeting to pass a vote of no-confidence, and also to "take legal steps to get the election declared void." Rivalry was so bitter that cries of Murdabad were raised at the meeting by the two groups against each other.

A British friend who attended the recent International Youth Festival in Hungary writes: "I got to Budapest and (leaving politics aside) was most hospitably entertained, meeting countless people. The argument that we were organised is easily refuted, for it would be difficult to keep a herd of 33,000 youth under control. I danced my way through the streets of Budapest and met not one policeman. I spoke casually to people who murmured against some of the Government's policies, so suppression is not as rife as we are told. The reconstruction of a completely devastated city is astonishing, for instance 6 of the 7 destroyed bridges over the Danube connecting Buda to Pest have been rebuilt and they are magnificent structures, but it is dreary to fill a personal letter with facts. The facts, however, are positive. The people eat well (they have much more meat than we have here and nothing is rationed) and they have security and cheap rents, consequently they work well and long hours. Wherever I went I saw posters of the new 5-year plan. I should think the workers dream of it. I nearly did, for it hung over my bed!... One thing this trip has made me feel firmly—that our press is a complete mockery of a democratic way of life. There is

not a paper on God's earth that would print without bias both the story of the Festival and the story of the British legation man who was kidnapped and cross-questioned. However true or untrue the latter story, it got headline publicity, but the Festival, at which 33,000 youth from 31 countries gathered, received one or two paragraphs on the second or third page. Nobody here (in England) knows anything about the Festival."

The writer is no Communist or fellow-traveller, as I know from the frequent talks I used to have with her about Communism when she was in India. It is not necessary to approve of the one-party rule and the absence of a free press in Eastern Europe to see that the press in democratic countries is not nearly democratic enough, and that life in the Soviet sphere is not altogether benighted. The 'Iron Curtain' is at least partly of our own making.

BAR Russia and her next door neighbours in the West, it looks as if India is going to have the distinction of being the first country outside the two power blocs to recognise Mao Tse Tung's Pink China. I understand the event will come off on the 1st of December, or possibly a few days later. Sardar Panikkar, our big man in China, humorously scholarly in his delightful goatee, has come, mixed with the right crowd, talked (in private) and is returning to China in a day or two to arrive there in time to put over the big recognition scene.

Looking beyond the immediate vicinity of our noses, that is the real thing to do. Nehru started out as an idealist in his approach to national and international headaches. As Prime Minister he has barged into the shocking rawness of political life at home and abroad and his journey to realism began. And that realism in relation to Eastern affairs has now assumed a robustness caressed by Panikkar-breezes from China.

The international consequences of India's impending recognition of Communist China are at the moment not precisely predictable. Chiang Kai-shek's stock, which stood very high in India during the war, has now

lumped to zero. It is his own ault. Chiang's departure from "Sun-atsenism" was the beginning of the end of an era in China before that era had had a chance of fulfilling itself. Russian and East European recognition of Red China means nothing as present diplomatic values go. But India's recognition will undoubtedly mean a new set-up in inter-Asian international polity rolling.

From war-torn, flood-raped China to cyclone-hurt Andhra is an easy transition. The most amazing thing about the cyclone that hit Andhra as far as the Capital and the rest of North India are concerned is the extraordinary indifference with which the calamity had been played down hereabouts. Imagine a similar "act of God" happening in Assam, West Bengal, Bihar, the United Provinces, East Punjab or Delhi Province. The Press would have set up a heart-rending howl and leaders of public opinion—both the real and the synthetic variety—would have talked their throats off in appeals for relief funds. The Press north of the Deccan barely noticed Andhra's grief and no leader of all-India stature with the exception of Prakasam, Pattabhi and Ranga appears to have lost his appetite over it. Watch what happened.

Into this incorrect atmosphere walked Jawaharlal fresh from America; and within 36 hours of his arrival home he raised his shocked voice at what had happened from Vizagapatam to Nellore and called for all-India effort in aid of the distressed. The cheques are now coming in.

We have now in our midst in the Capital a distinguished American journalist and author, Walter Lippmann. The other day a local committee of journalistic hosts got up a tea party in his honour. The committee of hosts was headed by Devdas Gandhi. The guest turned up all right, but the head host didn't! Nevertheless everybody was in a jolly mood. We Indians and the Yankees are incorrigible talkers. Lippmann

however talked for exactly two minutes ten seconds. I don't think he runs true to the after-eating gabble form. Lippmann didn't exactly talk; he told a story. One day, he said, a journalist ran into a lion, or possibly the lion ran into the journalist. It did not matter a hoot which happened how. It was a hungry lion and it buttonholed the journalist and said, "Look here, old chap, I am going to eat you." The journalist said, "O. K., my dear lion, but there is a condition attached to it." "Spill it," prompted the lion. The journalist replied, "You must make a speech after your meal!"

The lion who was as much averse to speech-making as Walter Lippmann, declined the meal and slunk away.

Lippmann is presently going to Kashmir, one guesses, to get the correct slant on that State. What exactly is going to happen to Kashmir? That is the question on everybody's lips. And nobody seems to be in possession of the correct answer. Whatever the ultimate answer, one thing is pretty certain. We have seen the last of General Delvoie, Military Adviser to the Kashmir Commission. Wodehouse fans will have noticed Delvoie's physical resemblance to Bertram Wooster, as depicted in the Strand Magazine. It is a pity that an elderly Bertram Wooster of a Delvoie with such a humorous face should have got so ruddy fresh over the Effendi property. Kashmiri leaders have asked where is the guarantee that a trusted neutral officer, who is capable of carting out of Kashmir valuable property belonging to a declared enemy agent, will not cart out military secrets in like manner.

One curious story that is being whispered in Delhi is that the Kashmir Commission relaxing on the shores of Lake Lausanne has exonerated Delvoie. If this is true, one asks, who the devil is the Kashmir Commission to hand out exoneration chits to military advisers?

Belgium where Delvoie belongs is asking, or has already asked, the Commission to hand back the precious military adviser to his native soil. So good-bye Delvoie!

MORE LIGHT ON THE VIZAG SHIPYARD MUDDLE

By T. V. RAMAMURTHI

THE shadow of large-scale unemployment is looming on the horizon, what with the situation in the Scindia Shipyard, Vizagapatam—the only Indian shipbuilding yard—fast deteriorating, and threatening to culminate in the closure of the Yard if the Government of India do not take early action in acquiring the Shipyard, as repeatedly announced by the Minister for Industry and Supply.

The Scindia Shipyard was laid out at Vizagapatam on its present site in the beginning of 1940 by the naval architect, Sir Alexander Gibbs. This site was decided upon, in preference to other sites, as offering more basic advantages than were obtainable elsewhere. The original layout of the Yard provided for eight building berths on which to build ships, for constructing different sizes of ships together with auxiliary workshops. The foundation stone of the Shipyard was laid on 21st June 1941 by Dr. Rajendra Prasad. The first stage of construction, consisting of two building berths, attendant workshops, jetties, etc., was undertaken and had progressed so far by March 1942 that the Yard was in a position to carry out construction of small craft and other ship-repair work. With the ill-fated bombing of Vizagapatam in April 1942, however, the then Government of India, who were by no means helpful, directed the suspension of all activity at Vizag and transfer of machinery, staff, etc., to Bombay. This was a blow to the progress of Indian shipbuilding. A temporary shipyard at Bombay was soon in operation for carrying out ship-repairs and to build the small craft, etc., required during the War.

In the beginning of 1943, the Government wanted some facilities at Vizag for carrying out essential ship-repairs and building of small craft as part of the war effort. This, as a blessing in disguise, resulted in the re-opening of activities at Vizag. After repeated and persistent representa-

tions, the programme of constructing the Shipbuilding Yard was gradually, extremely slowly, resumed. It took about three years to complete the first stage of construction with two shipways and attendant workshops, jetties, etc. A part of the second stage of construction, consisting of a third shipway and corresponding expansion of the workshop and jetties, has since been completed. A well laid-out colony for housing the employees—with provision for a school, hospital and parks—has also been constructed. The cost of construction of the Shipyard has far exceeded the original estimates since it was carried out during the peak years of the war when materials were scarce, and the Government definitely antagonistic to the establishment of an Indian Shipbuilding Yard.

Although three ocean-going ships of 3,000 tons deadweight capacity have already been built in the Vizag Yard, and a fourth is about to be launched next month, the cost of building these ships has been very high compared to the cost of similar ships built in the U. K. Shipbuilding being an entirely new industry, the skilled labour available has to be trained for the specialised operations and more supervision than is ordinarily necessary, is required. The cost of supervision is hence high. Steel materials, unlike in the U. K., are not supplied in India in the section required for shipbuilding and this entails, apart from wastage in cutting, extra labour for cutting and shaping to required sizes and sections. Essential equipment like boilers and engines have to be imported from abroad and necessarily cost more.

The capital expenditure on the construction of the Shipyard so far has been about 4.75 crores of rupees which includes about 70 lakhs for the construction of the housing colony. Since the Scindia Company has had to invest far more than they originally contemplated and had completely depleted their resources, a stage was

reached when they discovered that they could no longer finance the Shipyard—either in its expansion according to original plan or in its shipbuilding activity. They, therefore, approached the Government and placed the whole situation before the latter asking for State assistance.

The Government of India decided to acquire the Shipyard from the Scindia Company, and negotiations between the Company and the Government for the purpose commenced in January 1949. Since then, s. s. "Jalaprabha," the second ship which was launched in November 1948 by the Deputy Prime Minister, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, was completely fitted out and sailed in March 1949, when 363 workmen who became surplus due to lack of work were given notice of termination of their service. This is the logical consequence of the Company's decision not to undertake the construction of further ships, communicated to the Government as early as the beginning of 1949. Vigorous moves resulting from this situation impelled the Government successfully to persuade the Company to maintain the *status quo* until they themselves took over the Yard shortly. Eight months have elapsed since then and yet the Government have not taken over the Yard. In May 1949, three French shipbuilding experts, specially invited for the purpose by the Government of India, visited the Shipyard and, after an exhaustive examination and study on the spot of the potentialities of the Shipyard, submitted their report. Obviously, their report has not been adverse to the acquisition and development of the Yard by Government, inasmuch as the Minister for Industry and Supply subsequently declared at Calcutta that Government were taking over, on their own, the Vizag Shipyard.

It would be interesting to examine the present situation in the Shipyard in the light of recent history. The total strength of workers on the rolls at present is about 4500 and that of the monthly-paid staff 500. The monthly wage bill of workers comes to about Rs. 3.5 lakhs and the salary bill of the Staff is about one lakh. The monthly expenses for routine administration is about Rs. 50,000. The cost of materials consumed in the normal

operation of the Yard would be approximately Rs. 7 to 8 lakhs. For this aggregate monthly expenditure of about Rs. 12 to 13 lakhs, the normal work in the Shipyard should consist of two ships under construction in the slipways, one ship in the process of being fitted out after launching at the wharf and two more ships under major repairs at the wharf. As against this normal work for full employment of all the 5000 employees, there is at present hardly one ship under construction. One ship is nearing completion and is scheduled to be launched in the first week of next month and another ship is being fitted out and is due to sail towards the end of next month. The quantum of work available for all the employees and the number of surplus men forced to remain idle can well be imagined. There is at present hardly work in the Yard for 2,000 workmen on a most conservative estimate and it will diminish to 1500 by next month. Very shortly thereafter, a stage will arrive when the Shipyard will perforce have to close down for lack of any more work.

The serious implications of such an eventuality cannot adequately be appreciated unless one is well-versed with local conditions. With the termination of activities by Messrs. Hindustan Construction Company Ltd. from July last, about 1000 workers were thrown out of employment with the result that there has been since then a subdued wave of unrest locally. Incidence of thefts has been on the increase and, if there are no worse manifestations, it is because these workers at least were sure of being thrown out of employment sometime or another, their employers Messrs. Hindustan Construction Company being contractors likely in any case to terminate their operations with the completion of their construction work. It is not so in the case of the employees directly under the Scindia Company. They are rooted in the local soil. It is hard for them to be reconciled to a situation necessitating their seeking employment elsewhere. The logical consequence of this mass unemployment will be the unleashing of uncontrollable unrest bordering on chaos and anarchy. Moreover, there

no other developed industrial area in the neighbourhood capable of even partially absorbing these men. Surely, all that they have learned during the past years from the Shipyard will be almost lost to the nation, if continuity of work is not ensured. Already, there are symptoms that the idleness resulting from lack of work is reacting adversely on the morale and discipline of the employees.

The Government of India have plans to build 2 more shipyards and the decision to acquire the Vizag Yard was taken as early as January this year. They have their own financial difficulties no doubt, which have been lately accentuated by devaluation. But it must be remembered that, in the establishment of the Vizag Shipyard, enormous money to the tune of about Rs. 5 crores has already been sunk and necessary technical personnel has been trained over a long period after strenuous endeavours. To build a new shipyard at present, according to the existing price levels, will easily cost Government at least Rs. 10 crores, apart from the time and toil involved. Even in advanced countries like U. K., America, Canada and Australia, shipbuilding has been recognised, being a vital key industry, as not capable of being self-supporting and millions are expended in aiding their shipbuilding industry. Furthermore, although the Shipyard has already reached production stage, for achieving an economic working of the Yard it must be developed to its full capacity of eight building berths according to the original plan, which involves further huge capital outlay to the tune of a few crores which can be undertaken only by the Government. Then and only then, will the Yard be anywhere near self-supporting.

While laying the foundation stone of the Shipyard in 1941, Dr. Rajendra Prasad made the following pertinent statement: "The Congress today may be far from the citadels of power and may be even suppressed for a time, but the nation's will to freedom cannot be scotched and the tide of national feeling cannot be artificially turned back. Sooner or later, we shall be masters in our own house and be in a position to shape the economic, industrial and fiscal policies of this

country in the interests of India. Today we may not be able to give you anything more than our sympathy and moral support and even consolation in your disappointment, but there is always a tomorrow, a brighter tomorrow, for a nation can never fail to rise... If the Government, constituted as they are, are unwilling or unable to lend you active support in this most praiseworthy and nation-building enterprise, that constitutes still further condemnation of the political system obtaining in this country, which is devoid of a national outlook or policy and which in vital matters subordinates the interests of India to the economic interests of Britain. When such a system is replaced by one that is representative of and responsible to the people of this country, the serious grievances which you have ventilated and the injustices from which you suffer cannot but be removed and remedied."

It is, therefore, but meet that the present Government, which is national in character and content, should not allow such a nation-building enterprise to close down due to lack of work or finance. The honour and prestige of India will greatly suffer if the only shipyard, which has been established at great toil and sacrifice and which has reached production stage, is allowed to close down.

It appears from reports appearing in some foreign shipping journals that the Government of India are contemplating the construction of ships required for the country abroad. This is most unjustifiable since there is a shipyard in the country which has reached production stage and is capable of building ships of various types and sizes. The least that the Government can do in these circumstances is to place orders for their requirements of ships with the Vizag Shipyard to ensure continuity of work in the Yard, pending acquisition of the Yard by the Government. They should also encourage Indian ship owners to place orders for their requirements of ships with the Vizag Yard by making good the difference in costs between India and U. K. as is being done even in advanced countries. For example: "In America the Maritime Commission is permitted to pay subsidies covering up to 5

per cent of the total building cost of a vessel, but the average subsidy is apparently more like 30 per cent. Subsidies amounting to 80,000,000 dollars have been arranged for six U. S. vessels, but this total includes provision for the "UNITED STATES"—the large new luxury liner designed for rapid conversion (if necessary) into a troop transport—amounting to

42,000,000 dollars." State-aid to shipbuilding in India is, therefore, even more imperatively and immediately called for.

It will be a tragedy of the highest magnitude if our Government vacillate at this hour and defer the immediate acquisition of the Vizag Shipyard.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH IN INDIA

By K. RAMAMURTHI M. Sc.

IT is accepted by every one that in India, there is a growing need for scientific research—both pure and applied, but opinion differs on the organisation of scientific research. The growing need for scientific research has been realised both by the Government and private bodies. This is evident from the number of research laboratories and technical institutions which are being built all over India. It will be therefore worthwhile to consider the present state of scientific research in India, for, any future planning to be effective should be based on a thorough understanding of the present situation.

In the first instance, it should be clearly understood that apart from certain isolated and brilliant exceptions, very little scientific research is done in India. Very often, mere experimentation is mistaken for research. Scientific experiments, however elaborate, do not by themselves constitute research, so long as they are isolated, and do not owe their origin to a theoretical concept which requires to be applied. Most of the scientific papers published in India are the by-products of the Ph. D. manufacturing industry. They are unnecessarily long and contain a lot of irrelevant matter. The aim is vaguely stated, the data are profuse and the conclusions are inconclusive! This is easily understood when we remember that these researches are only the amateurish attempts of youngsters who grope in the dark without proper guides and whose one aim is to get a research degree. There is an urgent need to raise the standard of our scientific

publications and for more systematic planning of our experiments.

In India, one takes to research because he does not know what else to do. Any science graduate fresh from the university, after a futile search for a job of his liking, if he is fortunate, joins a research institute where he assumes the mask of a scientist and waits till dame fortune smiles upon him. He is not interested in any problem in particular and readily changes his field, if by so doing he can get more money and better prospects. He does not hesitate to give up his research, the moment he finds a better job. In other words, to us in India, research is a means to an end and not an end in itself. This is but natural so long as research workers are paid low and their job is not made as attractive, if not more, as that of their brethren in other walks of life. As it is, the profession of scientist in India is one where there is much to do but little to get.

There is something wrong with the method adopted for the recruitment of research workers. Recruitment on the basis of academic qualifications does not seem to produce ideal research workers; the temperament required for scientific research is very much different from that required for passing an examination. Deep study, calm thinking, patience and perseverance are the hallmark of the true research worker while very often one can attain proficiency in the examination by a judicious choice of the subjects to be studied. No wonder, then, many first class graduates prove failures as research workers. The remedy con-

alists in the recruitment of personnel according to their aptitude for research.

Madame Curie, the heroine of science observed that in science, it is the thing that matters and not the person. In India, this is the exception rather than the rule. Whenever a particular discovery is announced we are more eager to know who has discovered it rather than what is the discovery. Scientific work is judged according to the status of the worker and very rarely on its merits. Many a third rate paper has been accepted for publication because it carried the name of some one who was well known and too respectable to be faulty. Such is also the case in the matter of obtaining financial grants, and what counts is who has sponsored the scheme rather than what is the scheme about.

Mention must also be made of the unusual delay in the publication of scientific journals. Not infrequently, the results of the same experiments are reported by other workers in foreign journals more quickly and the Indian worker loses the credit which is his due.

There is much talk everywhere about the role of women in every sphere of life. In the field of science and research as in other fields, women are growing in number and this is a happy augury for the future, for, by temperament women are more suited for research than men. But the modern Eve in the laboratory is not proving as efficient as she should. Here again, the same canker which

eats into the vitals of her masculine counterpart is in operation. Those women who take to scientific research do so even as they would take to a hobby. Marriage still being the be-all and end-all of women in India, such of those that take to research do so to while away the interval between their graduation and marriage; not infrequently, research enables them to find their partners, and then, they bid good-bye to it!

Lastly, mention must be made of scientific snobbery which is widely prevalent in India. The man of pure research considers himself superior to his fellow worker, the man of applied science, while the latter sniffs at the merely academic research of the former; each tries to deprecate the other's work. More time is lost in finding fault with another man's work, than in improving it. It is high time we realise that pure science and applied science are twin horses yoked to the same chariot and we cannot neglect the one or the other without detriment to our onward march.

To sum up, improvement in the quality of scientific research, recruitment of persons with real aptitude for research, impersonal judgement of scientific discoveries, prompt publication of scientific journals and greater co-ordination between pure and applied research, these are the lines along which future planning of scientific research should take place. If we achieve these, we achieve all; without them, all our national laboratories, poly-technics and research institutes will exist in vain.

Another of the legion of Shaw stories has it that he once missed his umbrella from the stand at his club. Subsequently, he posted a notice in the hall requesting the nobleman who had removed his umbrella to replace it.

"Why do you say the 'nobleman'?" asked a friend. "Isn't it rather crude sarcasm?"

"Not at all," answered Shaw. "The constitution of this club states that it is composed of 'noblemen and gentlemen.' He couldn't be a gentleman and remove my umbrella, could he?"

"I never could understand why a fellow should not be allowed to have more than one wife."

"Well, after you are married, you'll realize that the law protects those who are incapable of protecting themselves."

SIDELIGHTS :

Half the work that is done in this world is to make things appear what they are not.—E. R. BEADLE.

CONSUMMATE cleverness is exhibited in the series of moves made by the Congress President in connection with the formation of the Andhra Province. He signed the J. V. P. report to give the stamp of unanimity for the creation of the province. But the price of it was the exclusion of Madras City from the proposed new province. Sri Prakasam lost no time in repudiating Dr. Pattabhi's right to offer such a price. Regional opinion in a controversy is very little bothered about the logic of a thing. He who is unyielding and gives a good fight is the hero of the hour. It is not surprising that Sri Prakasam put up a valiant fight for combining, with the anticipated political advantages of a new province of Andhra, the ease and comfort of continued residence in a well-beloved city to whose public life and traditions of honourable conduct on occasions of stress and turmoil he contributed during the past twenty years as much as any other citizen that can be named. On the occasion of the Simon Commission's visit, when bullets were flying in the air and many so-called leaders were terrorised into not stepping out of their thresholds, the honour of Madras City was saved and maintained by none so gloriously as Sri Prakasam and Srimati Durgabai. The atmosphere of this city and love for it have sunk into the blood and bones of many Andhra leaders who have lived here for years and made it their home, grown up with it and shared its fortunes, and they are reluctant to relinquish their places in it, however keen their desire for the Andhra Province. There are Andhras in Madras City who have known no other home.

The Andhra demand for Madras has served to help some Tamil leaders, ousted from prominence by the Congress movement, to stage a comeback. Some of these are not resi-

dents of the city at all. They have contributed nothing to its history. When it was risky to play a part in public life, they kept out of it, or worse still, built up their fortunes as enemies of the country with the help and support of the ruling foreign power. Leadership being no longer unsafe, these have now come to the forefront, elbowing out even the Congress stalwarts, dexterously playing on the passions of the rabble with communal war-cries, inscribing on their banners wild anti-Andhra slogans and threats. It must be said of Prakasam that he is not a man to be quelled by any combination of antagonists. But his obduracy would certainly have helped the rabid elements in Tamil Nadu to get the better of more responsible leaders not fit to compete with them in sowing seeds of hatred. From this catastrophe Dr. Pattabhi saved Sri Kamaraj Nadar and others concerned, with his ingenious interpretation on the J. V. P. report.

Dr. Pattabhi's interpretation enabled Sri Prakasam to accept the J. V. P. report without the seeming loss of dignity that comes from a change of front. If Prakasam had not accepted the report, the Andhra P.C.C. would have been influenced by his attitude, and the condition of unanimity prescribed by the Congress Working Committee for the formation of the Andhra Province, would have been lacking. Dr. Pattabhi thus proved to be the saviour of the Andhra Province at a critical moment when its fortunes hung in the balance. In view of his very close confabulations lately with the leaders of the Tamil Nadu P. C. C., it is not unlikely that he might have had something to do with their sudden reluctance to allow Madras to be used even temporarily for location of the Andhra capital. The next move was to have it let out that the option of capital would be left to the Ceded Districts. The inability of these districts to provide a capital is so obvious that they are certain to be both flattered by the

honour and to decline it. With the territory ready and the capital absent, the alternatives are to get a new capital built as in Orissa, or to seek for other territory adjoining containing in it a full-fledged city fit to serve as capital. The claim to Madras City was an unplanned excursion towards the second of these two alternatives, but it was sabotaged by the hostility of non-Andhra objectors. There is no room for such a hostility in the case of Hyderabad. Hyderabad is in the heart of a Telugu-speaking area. If the Telugu districts of Madras Province are to be assigned for the new Andhra Province, there is no reason why contiguous Telugu districts in Hyderabad should be excluded from it, unless the province-to-be is to serve as a lesson to make nonsense of the whole principle of linguistic division. Dr. Pattabhi's aim and the compulsion of common sense both seem to pull in the same direction, that of making the Andhra Province fully inclusive of the whole area of undisputed contiguous Telugu districts, with Hyderabad, opulent, spacious, well equipped with all amenities of metropolitan life, as capital.

Sri S. Ramaswami Naidu who vacates this week the office of Mayor of Madras, has to be complimented on the universal respect that he won during his year's tenure. He brought to his mayoral responsibilities a very conscientious disposition. He never failed, while Mayor, to attend a single meeting of the Corporation. He conducted the proceedings smoothly, skilfully and swiftly. Within the year as many as 1,800 items of business were attended to, whereas previously the outturn used to range round about 600 items. He was extremely genial and made no enemies. He moved on terms of affable fraternity with the Corporation staff, and cultivated relations of close association and friendship with the officials of every one of its numerous departments. Inside the Corporation office, he was one of the most popular of Mayors. It was not merely on the social side that he shone. He put himself to unremitting toil in the prosecution of civic duties. It was in no small degree due to his hard labour and untiring devotion that the second

conduit costing over half a crore was opened up to augment the city's water



supply. It is some comfort that, while losing so successful a Mayor, the Corporation is to have as his successor in the coming year one who promises to give no less satisfactory an account of himself. Dr. Cherian is a



The in-coming Mayor, Mr. P. V. Cherian

renowned physician with administrative experience for a short-term as

Surgeon-General. He is too busy a doctor to be able to do justice to the exacting calls on his time and energy of the office of Mayor, without considerable detriment to his professional duties and prospects. His accession to the Mayoralty represents therefore a sacrifice. He has the ability and the experience to mark his term with memorable achievements for the city's welfare, but in his case as well as in that of every holder of the office under the present system, the one-year limit in operation is scarcely conducive to sustained endeavour. By

the time an incoming Mayor masters all the complicated details of the municipal administration of so vast a city, his term has very nearly expired, and just when he can begin to be effectively efficient, another has already half his foot in his shoes. A longer term is indispensable if the Mayoralty is to be for the benefit of the people, and not for the short-lived glory by rotation of every aspirant that can hoist a communal banner to gratify his desire for importance.

—SAKA.

GOOD AND COMPETENT MEN

By S. PARTHASARATHY

INSTEAD of Raman, my invariable companion on these visits, Thirumalai, another friend of mine, accompanied me this time. It was his first visit to the Asram. He is an executive in a business-house in Madras, and he draws a salary adequate for his simple needs. He is one of those few people in the world who become suddenly allergic when they hear the story of some fraud or injustice. Thirumalai's severity of reaction to such recounting does not depend upon the fact whether the victim is a complete stranger or friend. He begins to bristle as the story is unfolded; his face becomes suffused with the upsurging indignation and his voice assumes the harsh and high pitch of denunciation. He begins to act as if he were an incarnation of Kali come into the world to destroy some demon. He is never happy except when he is engaged in righting some wrong or exposing some fraud. His friends, willy-nilly, must pretend to share his tempestuous zeal for fear of being condemned by him as cold-blooded and selfish. His company is both a delight and a problem to his friends.

The moment I finished introducing him to the Swamiji, Thirumalai without pause or preface plunged into his favourite subject. "What sense is there, Swamiji," he began, "if good people like you seek retirement from the world, especially at a time when Evil is engaged in assuming mastery

over the country?" He climbed down a bit and continued, "I make allowance for people like you seeking isolation. But unfortunately, this yogic aspect is overtaking good and competent men—men, who if they choose can fight Evil with success and restore decency in society. I can understand if a genuine spiritual call takes men away from society. But I believe the good men go out from a sense of frustration. Are all good and competent men to sit in meditation unconcerned at this bad turn of events and submit to the country being despoiled by Evil? Pardon me, Swamiji, if I have spoken a little too out-spokenly."

"Not at all," replied the Swamiji, "you have merely given voice to your feelings. But I remember reading in the papers Nehru's speeches condemning the excessive criticism against Government in this country. He seems to believe that there is nothing very much wrong with this country relative to the rest of the world. Anyway, what is this Evil about which you have spoken?" Thirumalai warmed up: "I cannot understand Pandit Nehru these days. We had great faith in the Congress and in the great leaders of the people before Independence came. Pandit Nehru now-a-days seems to be fascinated with the Western pattern of life and thought and he runs the risk of losing the true appreciation of Indian problems. I believe the Indian is the most

patient and uncomplaining man. How can popular criticism be constructive as Nehru wants it to be? If a doctor's treatment is doing the patient no good, he cannot be expected to advise the doctor of the drugs he should prescribe. He can only complain that the disease continues unmitigated. If only the newspapers are to be believed, even there there is corruption and maladministration throughout the country. The policy of the Governments is to favour those classes of people whose support will be necessary for the continuance of the party in power in office. The non-working landowner if not the zamindar, the industrial labourer, the hangers-on of politicians and the big bosses are allowed to exploit the poor and the middle classes. Prices of essential commodities have gone to dizzy heights. Salaries and wages of the middle class are totally inadequate. Taxation has become all-pervasive and unbearable. The middle class who form the literate and progressive community are being rapidly exterminated. If you pay a visit to Madras, you can see for yourself how miserable they are. The middle class man starts his day with coffee with little or no milk or sugar. His plain starch meal does not receive even the purifying drops of ghee. He waits long hours in the sun to draw his rations or for his transport. The transport itself to the office consists in enacting the drama of the black hole of Calcutta. And when he arrives at the office flattened out and a little late, he is frowned upon by his boss who has travelled in solitary grandeur in a 120 H.P. Buick Sedan. At the office, he whips and goads his jaded and starved constitution in order to finish his day's quota of work. At the end of the day, he again passes through the torture chamber of Government Transport and arrives home to face the problem of finding the money and the commodities for the next day's living. Meantime, the big bosses basking in the sunshine of Sardar Patel's beneficent countenance withhold their hoarded wealth and their legitimate contributions to the taxes of the State. Why should this wooling of the big bosses by the Government go on? I have asked many people the question about the percen-

tage of the businesses and industries managed by the big bosses that are run honestly and efficiently, and the answer from the most unprejudiced men has always been 'hardly 5%'." "Are you a good man?" asked the Swamiji of Thirumalai. "I don't think I am a bad man," answered Thirumalai modestly. "Are you a competent man?" was the next question. "They consider, in my office, that I am quite competent," answered Thirumalai. "Then, what are you doing to fight this Evil?" asked the Swamiji. "What can one man do? Whenever I go enlisting help to fight the Evil, people don't listen to me. They shrug their shoulders and say 'Why are you bothering yourself about something which does not concern you?' I am therefore unable to do anything," replied Thirumalai.

"So, you are also suffering from a sense of frustration, is it not?" asked the Swamiji. Thirumalai was non-plussed for a moment but the answer came, "In a way, it is true that I am also suffering from a sense of frustration." "Listen, my young friend," began the Swamiji, "you may have heard of Gresham's Law of money that the bad coin drives the good coin out of circulation. It is similarly with Evil. The good men get driven out not because the good men lack strength in numbers but because what you call the good are the conventionally good. The Evil is like the weed. It takes root of itself. It does not require a cultivated soil, it does not require tending, and it regenerates of itself. But your good, like the good plant, requires care and attention. A field of paddy left neglected for a week will soon be overrun with weeds. So, when you are talking of good and competent men, you are talking in a relative sense and not in the absolute sense. Of how many people whom you consider to be good and competent, can you say that they will remain good and competent for the rest of their lives? De wo not often hear it said, 'I can't believe it. He was such a good man. I never thought that he would be capable of committing this dishonesty.' Has not public opinion changed about the goodness and competence of Congressmen? Were not the other good and competent men engaged in cutt-

ing each other's throats during post-partition riots? Were not even the half-baked Sadhus and Fakirs egging their co-religionists to commit murder? It is because the world began to judge people as good or bad solely according to conventions of society that Evil is spreading. For, after all, whatever society thinks is good becomes good. If tomorrow the influential section of society preach that it is lawful not to work or that it is lawful not to pay taxes to the State, or that it is lawful to murder every Brahmin, we begin to think and act accordingly. The yogic life, on the other hand, is not concerned with the standards of good and Evil set by society. The true yogi is a good man in the absolute sense throughout his present life and his future lives. It is therefore all to the good even if men resort to yoga as a result of frustration in material activities. For, to suffer from a sense of frustration without taking to yoga is to brood and die. Such men are the cynics and misanthropes. Their goodness and competency become negative qualities. When the man who has taken to yoga has succeeded in replacing that sense of frustration with the joy of a new life, he becomes a force capable of multiplying the number of absolute good men in the world. Evil could then be destroyed. I would rather therefore have the good and competent men take to spiritual life than that they should fight ill-equipped the losing battle against Evil and

either lose faith in the ultimate goodness of humanity or become annexed by Evil. Your zeal for righting wrong is commendable and you should carry on your work more as a matter of duty than prompted by any emotional or egoistical urge. What do you do when your son is seriously ill? You call the best doctor you can afford to attend on him. At the same time, your confidence is not completely reposed on the doctor's skill. You also pray to God that his life may be spared. What the yogis are doing is to pray for Divine intervention that the country may be saved from Evil. The material man is not in a position to judge which is the more efficacious instrument. But the yogi knows that the egoistical effort of any political or social leader can be of no avail. Unlike in old days, you attach too much importance to political leaders. The progress of man until recent times was shaped by spiritual men and not by politicians. Gandhi and Asoka are exceptions among politicians. A politician without a spiritual background should not be adopted as a friend, guide and philosopher by the people of a country, whatever his great deeds in the country's cause. Never forget for a moment the fate of the peoples of the two nations who chose the rank materialists, Hitler and Mussolini, as their masters." "Swamiji," acknowledged Thirumalai, "I have a feeling that the few words that you have spoken have a greater meaning that will reveal itself to me after some time."

THE PEOPLE'S BEVERAGE

The People's Beverage is the name of a brochure issued by the Chairman of the Central Tea Board, 31 Netaji Subhas Road, Calcutta. It is beautifully illustrated with snapshots from real life, and tea is the keynote of them all. The pictures give an impression of the universality of the tea habit—and more than the vogue of it, the joy of the imbibers. In language of singular grace and charm, a Foreword traces the swift expansion of tea consumption as reflected in the works of the great writers of the country. The elders of the Tagore family smoked and drank sherbet but knew no tea. "It was much later—only in Tagore's novels and dramas of contemporary life—that for the first time we find tea drinking established as a social habit among the wealthier and more advanced classes.... by the time Sarat Chandra Chatterjee appeared on the literary horizon, tea had cast its spell on the broad middle classes.... and in the post-World War I period tea became a common joy through widest commonality spread," states the Foreword. It would appear that, from 19 million pounds in 1914, tea consumption in India rose to 92 million pounds in 1938, and today it is no less than 150 million pounds. The brochure sets out on its last page rules that teach how tea is to be made and drunk the right way. How the writer's art and the printer's craft can combine to make propaganda delightful and advertisement read and look like literature, is exemplified in every page of this neat and exquisite production.



THE NEW, YOUNGER HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD'S pendulum this season is swinging towards new stars and new faces. Hollywood seems to be very busy combing these new comers. Old favourites like Colman, Muni and Boyer are giving places to new thrilling personalities for fresh and different kinds of entertainment. It is the belief of the studio bosses that film-goers are yearning for fresh faces. So Hollywood has capitalised new talent this season and is building up new stars like Montgomery Clift and Doris Day.

Montgomery Clift, the number one star of tomorrow, has attained immediate success after two pictures "Search" and "Red River." This has also won him the top-role opposite Olivia de Havilland in Paramount's "Heiress." With this background no new face has ever stirred such excitement and enthusiasm among the millions of movie-goers. Simple in attire, and pleasing to all, he has every major studio begging him to sign a contract.

Another overnight success is Doris Day, the only girl who can give out



Doris Day
songs in the day-lightful manner. "Romance on the high seas" and "My Dream is yours" have established her

as "America's number one Singing Sweet-heart." This Cincinnati girl is sure to remain many more years in



Montgomery Clift

this cine trade organ.

Janet Leigh, the up and coming talented star in the M.G.M. lot with her performance and personality in "Little Women" has made the front office take a deep breath. Assigned to a role in Flynn's "Forsyte Saga" and in "Scene of the Crime" opposite Van Johnson, none other could dream and live a career like hers.

Elizabeth Taylor, the 17 year-old sensational beauty, has the whole world talking about her. Even some of the top stars at M. G. M. are not being given such roles as Liz Taylor, who has recently finished a grown-up role in "Conspirator" opposite Bob Taylor. M. G. M. has planned a big future for her and no wonder she is happy.

With the currently released United Artists Box Office champion "Champion," Kirk Douglas has been voted as one of the stars of tomorrow. The tough and rugged role in "Champion" has won him a seven years' contract at Warners.

Humphrey Bogart in his personally produced picture "Knock on any Door"

gave the choice role to the new comer John Derek. Derek was showered with praises for his magnificent performance as pretty boy Romona. Columbia promises a great future for him.

Corrine Calvet with her recent role in Paramount's "Rope of Sand" has been named Fortynine's Sarah Bernhardt. Marta Toren after her role in U. I.'s "Sword in the Desert" has earned fame as a combination of Garbo and Bergman. Sam Goldwyn, swinging away from his expensive star-studded casts, introduces a new and untired face, Joan Evans, in his latest picture "Rosenna McCoy."

As old order changeth yielding place to new, Hollywood's old-timers will have to give their places to the new stars but their laurels will always remain there. Will Hollywood turn out a star to replace Valentino's face? Will these new stars remain permanently in the Hollywood banners? It is impossible to say. Time alone can tell.

THIS Warner Bros. production (at New Elphinstone last week) is based on the hopeful delusion that when night joins unto night, day is born. The Hollywood equivalent of this aphorism is that when a man suffering from epilepsy marries a woman suffering from memories of her dead husband, the logical result built up by a mixture of wishful thinking and a belief that nothing can go wrong in human affairs as long as men wish them right strongly enough will be the disappearance of both the disease and the dreams.

The picture begins with Jim Gaylord (Ronald Reagan), a scientist, running away from his secret misfortune to a lonely house by the sea from which, coincidentally enough, Ann (Viveca Lindfors) is running

ing away to clear her head of the 'voice' of her dead husband which is haunting her. They meet, each fighting against a favourable impression of the other, she fortifying herself with her hallucinations and he with the memory of the doctor's warning that his was an incurable disease. But, after all, life is too real to be daunted by dreams and voices and slowly the two forget their self-imposed inhibitions to the extent of falling in love, with Ann's sister Tiza's obvious infatuation for Jim acting as a catalytic agent. But a sudden lapse into an epileptic seizure reminds Jim of what he thinks is nothing more than his 'duty,' and he gives up Ann. The dramatic *denouement* comes during a stormy evening when all the characters are confined to the house and Jim, taunted by Tiza, rushes up with a revolver to be saved in the nick of time by a reminder from a tearful Ann that Life, after all, is its own Reason.

The picture is replete with the usual kind of surprises, with a new kind of spice, however, added in the 'voice' of Ann's dead husband. There is a bad moment indeed when we actually hear the 'voice' bidding her good-bye, which coincides with a psychological awakening in her of love for Jim, all of which adds up merely to a childish device for creating interest.

Osa Massen as Tiza, Ann's flagrantly flirtatious younger sister, overdoes her role. Even Viveca Lindfors in the role of Ann is guilty of a little over-acting. Ronald Reagan, whom everybody will welcome back to the screen again after his long absence, is restrained but a little unsure of himself yet.

It is on the whole a mixture of Hollywood's favourite condiments brewed into an unimpressive film drama.

With his wife sick in bed, hubby—and pandemonium—reigned in the kitchen. But the tea was missing. He looked high and low and finally called to his wife: "I can't find the tea, dear. Where do you keep it?"

"I don't know why you can't find it," came the peevish reply. "It's right in front, on the cupboard shelf, in a cocoa tin marked 'matches'."

—CAPPER FARMER.

A grim faced woman approached the teller of a local bank and said: "How much money did my husband draw out of the bank the other day?"

"I can't give you that information, madam," he replied.

"You're the paying teller, aren't you?" snapped the woman.

"Yes, but I am not the telling teller."—ARMORED NEWS.

93619 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.

Task of The Press

The Secretariat scandal that was frankly exposed in Saka in SWATANTRA dated 11th November 1949 bewilders the common man as to what sort of ways the officials of even Secretariat level stoop to. In the editorial of the same issue, while paying a glowing tribute to the achievements of Sardar Patel, you have pointed out that problems like food, black-market, departmental deterioration in justice and honesty still await his statesmanship. The task before the Press at this juncture is not merely to describe the existing state of affairs infuriating the already oppressed and the depressed, but to offer constructive suggestions to the Government from time to time.

P. M. D.

Bangalore.

Unfair Criticism

Despite the many allegations laid at the door of the Congress after assumption of power, even its worst opponents have accepted the view that the sacrifices, Satyagraha and organised non-violent struggles to its credit went a long way to shake the morale of the British imperialists. To say that this is just a little short of the old woman's statement that "Dawn broke, because her cock crowed" is, to say the least, absurd. The dawn would break whether we like it or not. But it would be foolish to suppose that imperialism or foreign rule will end whether people like it or not. This is one of the analogies brought forth by Pothan Joseph in his article "Still in battle dress" (SWATANTRA, 11th Nov. 1949). The excerpts of Nehru's speeches in America which he gave in support of his contention also betray lack of understanding. Why should we presume that whenever Pandit Nehru said 'We' it referred only to the Congress and not Indians as a whole? To think that, just because the Congress has admittedly suffered in its prestige in many ways after the achievement of freedom, there is justification to discredit its past services is scarcely to be expected from a responsible writer.

C. SUDARSAN B. A.,

Bury The Hatchet

Now that the J. V. P. report has been accepted and the formation of the Andhra

Province is in the offing, it behoves our Andhra leaders to realise betimes the extreme peril implicit in the prolongation of their dissensions to the strength stability and self-sufficiency of their new province, bury the hatchet, and take care to see that their first administrative set up is composed of the best and wisest elements, brushing aside all communal factors and group mentalities. I particularly wish for a rapprochement between T. Prakasam and Kala Venkata Rao, the two outstanding figures in Andhra politics. Both of them should refuse to give ear to the counsels of their little-minded and hate-ridden followers and unite in the interests of the glory and prosperity of their province.

K. SATYANANDA RAO

Amalapuram.

Price Control, Or What?

When sugar was selling at a price ranging between Rs. 1-7-0 to Rs. 1-10-0, it could be had in abundance and the demand for it was not so heavy as it is now. The reduction in its price by a few annas has made the stuff that was available in plenty rare as gold dust. The negligible reduction in price has resulted in the enhancement of the price of jagery and raw sugar.

The real price of sugar is twice the old uncontrolled price. Hardly a tenth of one's requirements is met by what is distributed as ration. The ration cards of others are purchased either by negotiation or by auction, for being presented to the ration shops for buying sugar. Hotel keepers, soda water companies, syrup manufacturers and confectioners compete amongst themselves, besides competing with the ordinary consumers who are anxious to hoard it, and consequently the price of the ration cards gets fixed on a competitive level. Brokerage is also paid to people who personate as card-holders in the ration shops. The real price of sugar is far higher than the controlled price. With the reinstatement of control, malpractices like hoarding, false personation, black-marketing, etc., also have got reinstated simultaneously and automatically.

Inconvenience experienced by persons of both sexes while standing in the long queue in the hot sun is yet another boon conferred by the Government.

R. RAMANUJAM.

Sivaganga.

2-1-48
22/5/48
25/9/48