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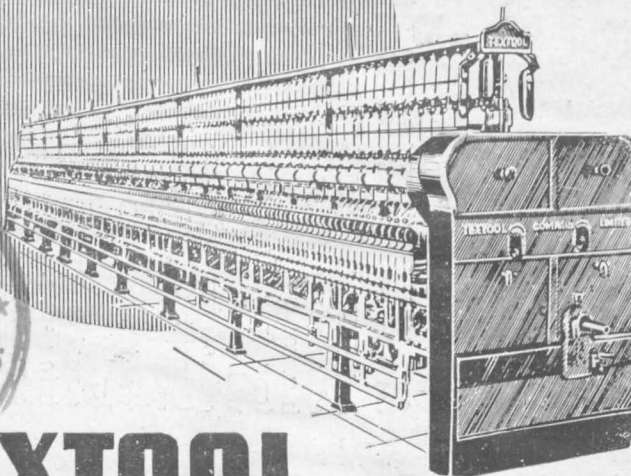
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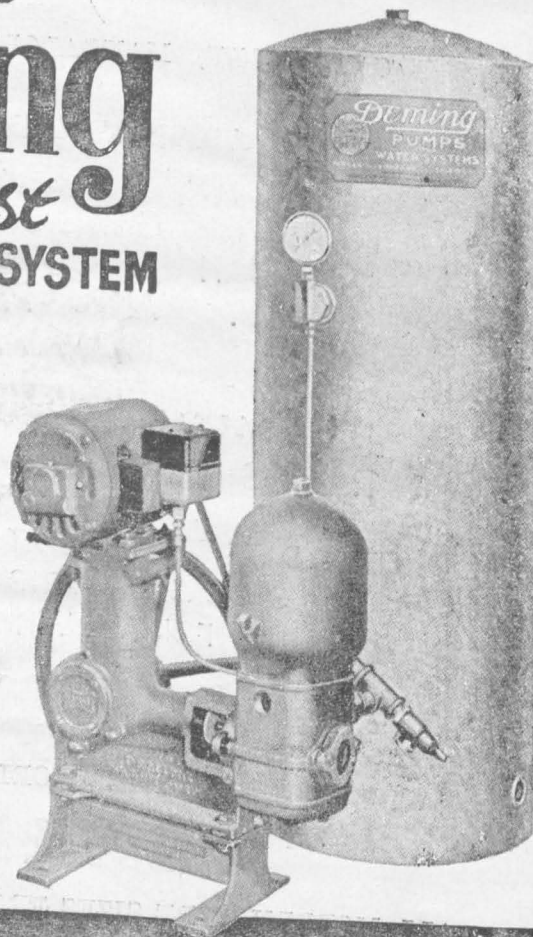


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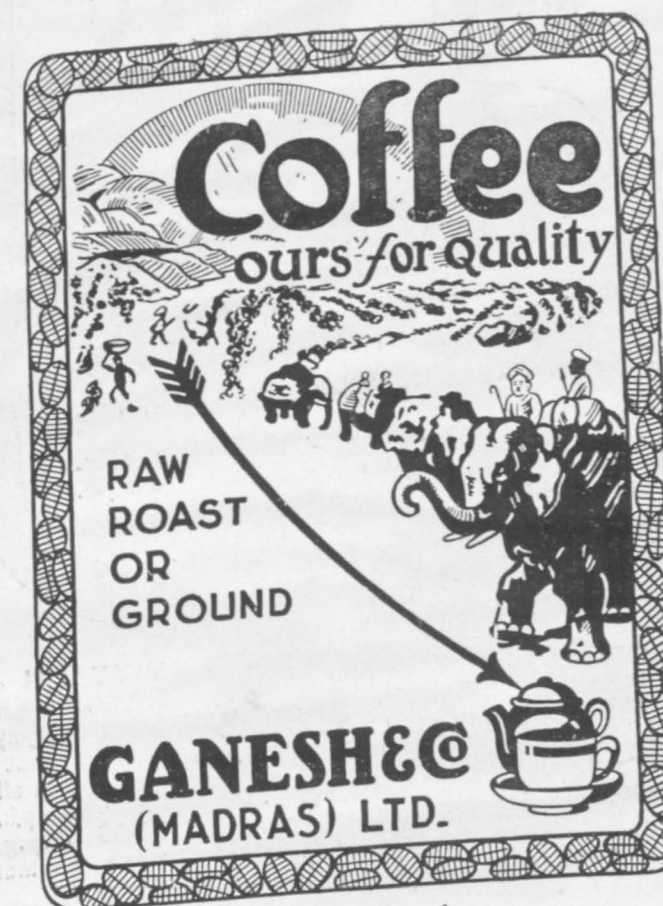
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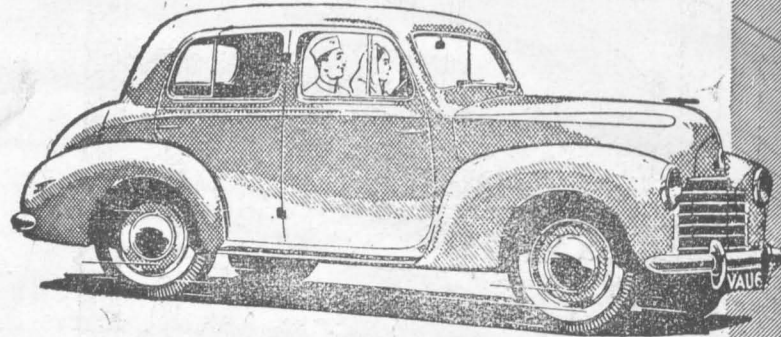
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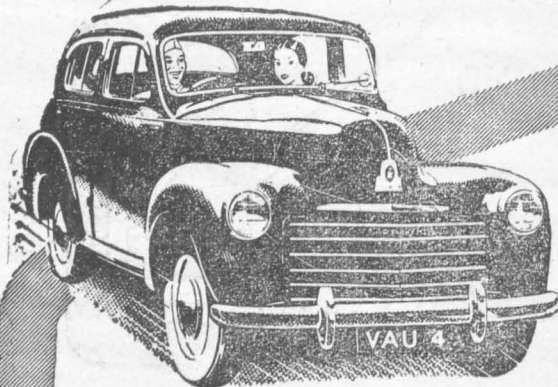


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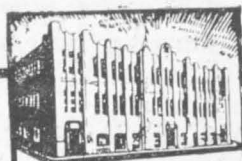
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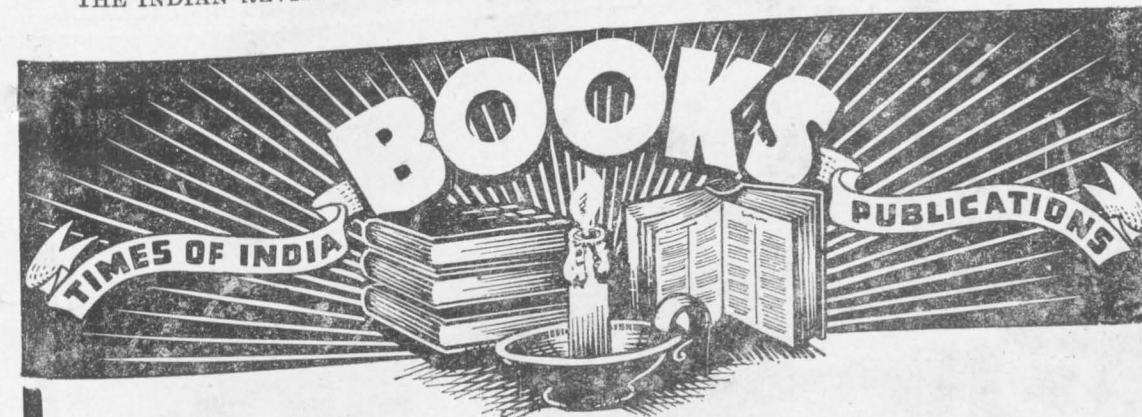
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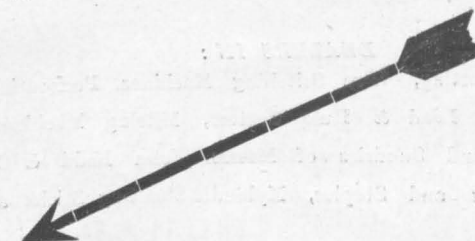
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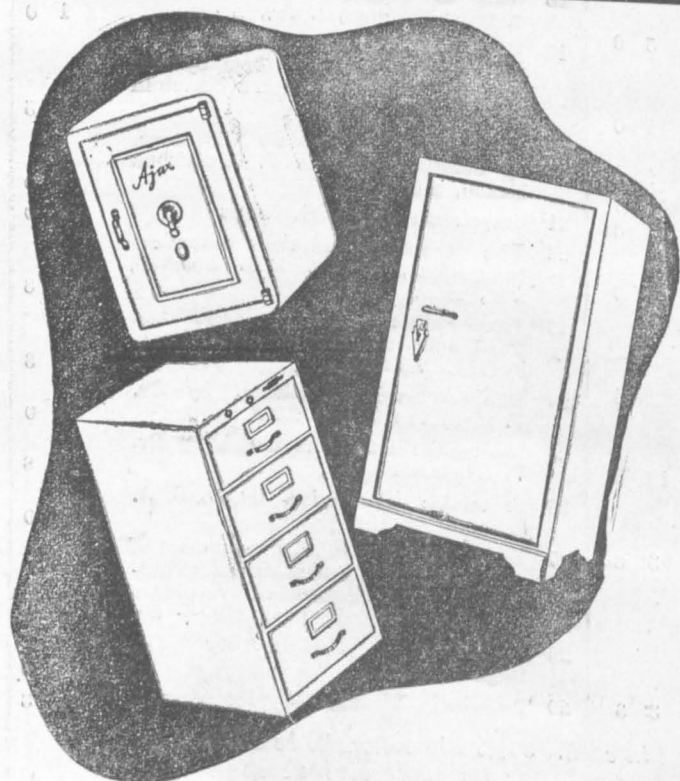
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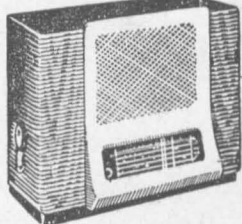
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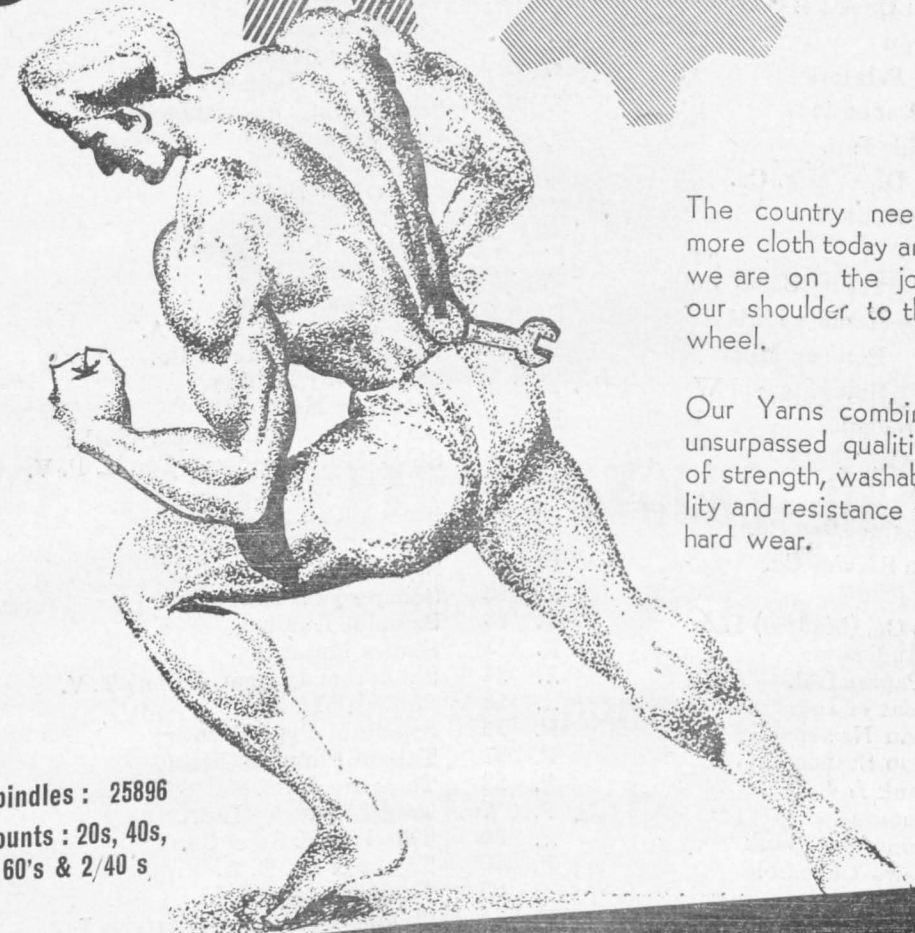
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ABSIT INVIDIA

The title page of 'The Indian Review' is framed by a decorative border of palm trees and foliage. At the top center is a small illustration of a seated deity. The text 'Vol. 1, 1900' is on the left and 'No. 1, Jan.' is on the right. The title 'The INDIAN REVIEW.' is in a large, stylized font. Below it, the word 'CONTRIBUTORS' is centered. A list of names follows: Hon. Mr. Justice C. Arnold White, Prof. M. Rangachariar, M.A., Rev. F. W. Kellett, M.A., Mr. K. H. Kelkar, B.A., L.L.B., Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, Prof. K. B. Ramanathan, Mr. G. A. Vaidyaraman, and Mr. G. A. Natesan. On the left side, a small box contains the text 'Annual Subn. Rs. Five'. At the bottom, a box contains 'Printers' and another box contains 'G. A. NATESAN & CO., Madras.'.

Vol. 1, 1900

No. 1, Jan.

The INDIAN REVIEW.

CONTRIBUTORS

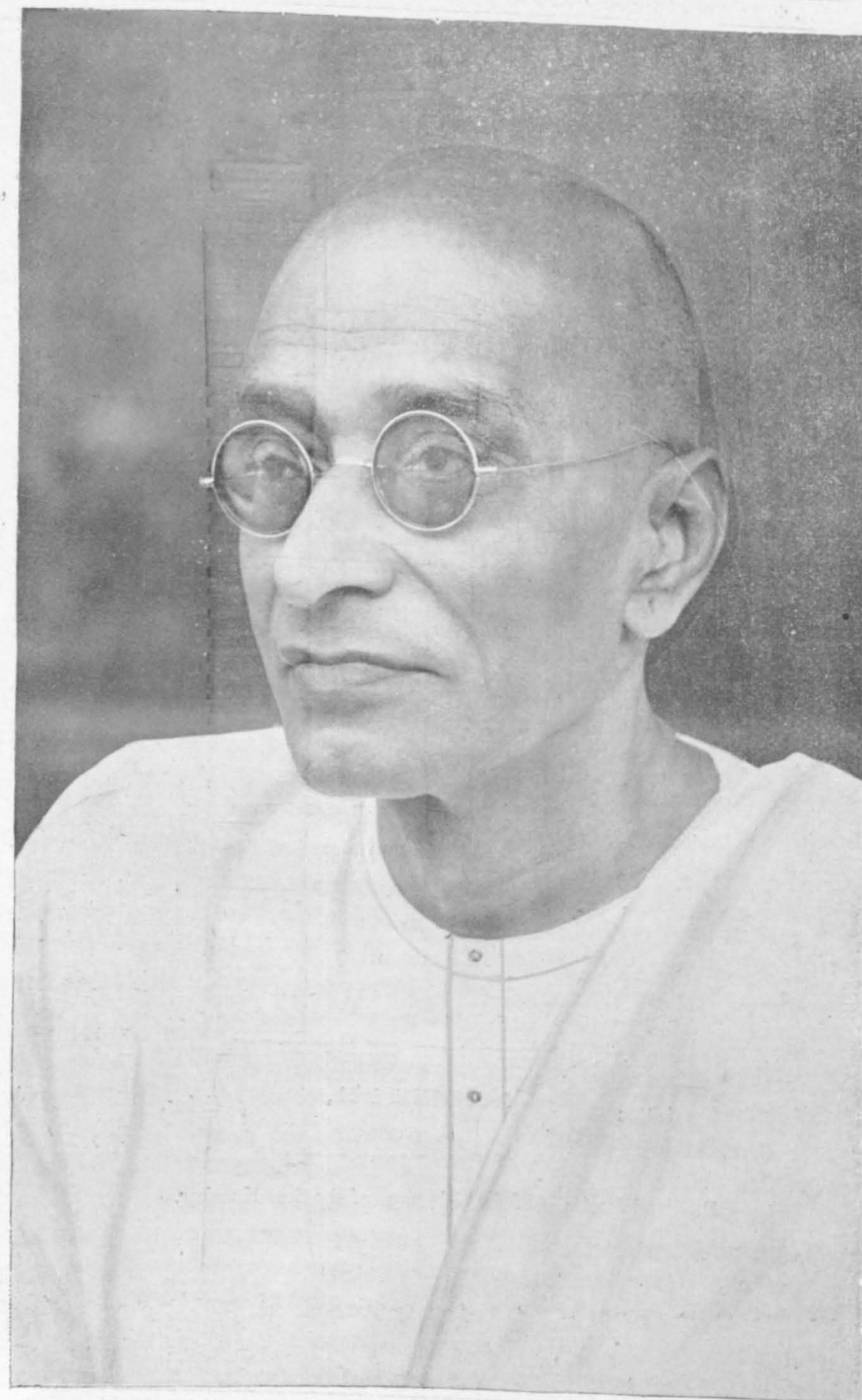
Hon. Mr. Justice C. Arnold White.
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G. A. NATESAN & CO.,
Madras.

Reduced facsimile of the title page of the first Number.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
NEW DELHI

3rd November 1949.



It is sad that G.A. Natesan is not at the office of the Indian Review in flesh and blood to watch the birth of the Golden Jubilee Number of his favourite child, the Indian Review. Fifty years ago G.A. Natesan was young, brave and adventurous when he took his degree in the Madras University and surprised those around him by refusing to qualify for law or apply for a Government job and announcing himself as a printer and bookseller. He demonstrated that national service could be abundantly performed without one being a lawyer and that one could be happy and prosperous and provide for his children as a bookseller and printer. No one was a more prominent public figure than Natesan in the civic life of Madras. He was a tower of strength to the representatives of Sri Gopal Krishna Gokhale in Madras and when Mahatma Gandhi took over the leadership of the Congress he claimed Natesan in Madras as an intimate and personal friend on whom he could depend even though he could not join a movement which disregarded the law while it conflicted with political aims. It is sad therefore that the Golden Jubilee Number of the Indian Review will issue when G.A. Natesan is not among us. The Indian Review was shaped after the Review of Reviews, so ably conducted by W.T. Stead and this form has been retained in spite of many temptations to adopt a more attractive appearance. But the old subscribers of the Indian Review throughout the world appreciate this conservative attitude. Every one should be glad that an enterprise of this remarkable kind has attained its Golden Jubilee and seeks the good wishes of the people as a dependable monthly cyclopaedia of public affairs with the backing of fifty years of experience through a period of change and struggle in social, political and industrial progress.

C. Rajagopalachari

PRIME MINISTER,
INDIA.



NEW DELHI

December 26, 1949

MESSAGE TO THE INDIAN REVIEW

— 0 —

On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the "Indian Review" I send my good wishes. Fifty years is a long time in the life of a periodical, and the past fifty years have seen tremendous changes in India and the world. It is an achievement for any periodical to carry on its work and give its message for this long span of years. I have pleasant memories of Mr. Natesan, the founder and longtime editor of this magazine.

Jawaharlal Nehru



MADRAS GOVERNOR'S CAMP
GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
GUINDY,

25th November 1949.

I am very glad to learn that "The Indian Review" is to celebrate its Golden Jubilee next month.

Fifty years is a long period, but no period can be considered long enough for a journal which has served in the past, and looks forward to serving in future, the needs of the public so well and on so wide and varied range of subjects.

"The Indian Review" owed its parentage to the late Sri G. A. Natesan who nursed it with meticulous care and attention and set for it a very high standard from its very inception. Among the many eminent and valued contributors to the early issues of the Review can be mentioned such great men as Mahatma Gandhi, Ramsay MacDonald, Prof. Keith, the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri and others. The continued success of the journal is to be ascribed to the devoted care of its founder and to the eminence and scope of its contributions. Today at the completion of Fifty years of service, "The Indian Review" can be easily classed as among the very foremost of Indian journals—a record of which any journal can very well be proud.

I would like to congratulate the Editor on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Review and send my best wishes for its future success.

KRISHNAKUMARSINHJI BHAVSINHJI
Governor of Madras.



FIFTY YEARS

:o:

FIFTY years ago there were few journals of popular interest in India. Periodical literature was confined to Government publications and the organs of specific Associations. The reading public, not many in numbers, were seldom swayed by national or international crises in the way that our generation is familiar with. They lived a rather secluded life, content to live and move within the orbit of their own immediate surroundings.

With the growth of education, all this has changed. English educated people have multiplied enormously; public interest in the things that matter has become intense, as never before. A generation, quickly responsive to world movements has succeeded the rather self-satisfied people of an earlier era. Education and enlightenment have transformed the insular life of the people who are now astir with abundant self-consciousness. We look with eagerness not unmixed with anxiety to the news of the Communist conquest of China or Stalin's threat to Tito and the cold War between the Soviet and the Western Bloc. While anxious to maintain what our Prime Minister calls Dynamic Neutrality in world affairs we are deeply interested in the control of the atom bomb and other matters vital to national security and world peace, now being debated in the United Nations. This new interest in world affairs is not far removed from our concern in local elections to the Congress Executive or the Legislature.

Among the agencies that have wrought this change, one must assign a large place to the educative influence of

periodical literature. When in January 1900 Mr. G. A. Natesan, just fresh from College, started the *Indian Review* in Madras he could hardly have realised the pioneering nature of the enterprise he set his hands to. Following his lead a multitude of magazines have sprung up both in this and other Provinces, with varying degrees of success. Imitation is an extremely flattering tribute to the worth of what one has done and Mr. Natesan, during the five decades that have passed since the starting of the *Indian Review*, could hardly have failed to be warmed by tokens of such praise, from so many quarters. The idea was to instruct, more than to entertain. Daily papers were few and there was nothing like the craze for news that has since become so pronounced. It was therefore left to the pioneers of periodicals to cater to the needs of the multitude by a judicious synopsis of world events and an honest and intelligent interpretation of local affairs. This the *Indian Review* did to perfection. Indeed the features that Mr. Natesan introduced in his journal just hit the popular needs of the time with such precision that he might almost be said to have possessed what has since been known as the "Harmsworth sense" of uncanny divination of the popular mind. It was an attempt to instruct the public in the things that matter and lead them on to a proper appreciation of political and literary values. This was announced in the letter accompanying the Prospectus issued in October 1899, on the eve of the publication of the first number of

the *Review* in January 1900. The Prospectus referred to the "variety and quantity of literary matter" the journal was to contain, and drew attention to "some special literary features such as

"Critical reviews of books, Notices of Periodicals of the month, etc."

and added that "the support of several eminent European and Indian Educationists, lawyers and merchants has been enlisted and that all books and periodicals will be reviewed by specialists in the subjects dealt with." This was no mere publisher's puff. How well these promises have been fulfilled is a matter of common knowledge to readers of the *Indian Review*.

The name *Indian Review* was itself a happy choice—at once apt and adequate. For the *Review* has been consistently Indian, never soaring into a vague and inane cosmopolitanism nor succumbing to the vulgarity of provincialism. During all these 50 years the *Review* seldom deviated from the straight and narrow path the Editor fixed for it at the start—and it has kept true to its motto: *Absit Invidia*. It is a singular record of urbanity, and tolerance of opinions. The *Review* has consistently adhered to two guiding principles: (i.) Never to indulge in personalities however tempting the provocation but to confine itself severely to principles and policies; (ii) and secondly in a country racked and torn by communal strife, never to countenance a communal standpoint in any controversy. These, coupled with free discussion and personal responsibility, are still some of the indelible marks of the *Indian Review*.

II

The very first number which was a modest brochure of 56 pages bound in

green was ushered into the world without the usual apology for a new Journal; and it set the tone and standard of its successors. The editorials dealt with the more important events of the time—The war in Transvaal; the Lucknow Congress presided over by the veteran scholar, administrator and historian, the late Romesh Chander Dutt; and the utterances of that most eloquent of British Pro-Consuls, Lord Curzon. Sir Charles Arnold White, Chief Justice of the Madras High Court, wrote a lively account of his "Recollections of the Oxford Union" with the striking opening:

"No one—that is, no one who has not had the misfortune to have been educated at Cambridge—would venture to deny that, historically speaking, the Oxford Union is the most interesting of University Debating Societies."

The rest of the article is in tune with that vivacious opening.

Indeed from the beginning the *Review* was able to secure the services of a team of writers, European and Indian, as competent as they were distinguished. Among the contributors to the very first volume we find the following names recurring pretty frequently: V. S. Srinivasa Sastri (later the Rt. Hon.), Prof. K.B. Ramanathan, Prof. Rangachari, N. C. Kelkar, J. J. and C. W. E. Cotton, G. Subramania Aiyar of *The Hindu* and so on. Romesh Chander Dutt and Mahadev Govind Ranade figure among the greater, though more occasional contributors.

It is a long and impressive array of great names, among officials and non-officials, of different provinces and diverse interests—scholars, lawyers, politicians, reformers, and administrators that adorns the pages of each succeeding volume.

Hindu and Muslim, Parsi and Christian leaders, no less than English and American writers jostle with one another in that picturesque gallery of great figures. To attempt anything like a catalogue of names would be out of place; but consider the names that follow:—Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Alexander Cardew, Sir Frank Noyce, Mr. Eardley Norton, Bishop Whitehead, Dr. Besant and Dr. Berriedale Keith; Mahatma Gandhi, Sir Purushottamdas Thakurdas, Sir Narayan Chandavarkar, Sir Prabhaskar Pattani, Sir Manubhai Mehta, Sir Kailas Haksar; V. Krishnaswamy Aiyar, Mr. Nyapathi Subba Rao, Sir M. Visvesvarayya, Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri and Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar; Sir Ibrahim Rahimtoolah, Sir Md. Iqbal, Sir Abdul Quadir, Sir Syed Raza Ali, and Sir Mirza Ismail; Sir Atul Chatterjee, Sir Manmatha Nath Mukherji, Sir Nripendranath Sircar, and Sir B. L. Mitter; Sir Dinshaw Wacha, Sir Pheroze Sethna, Sir Hormusji Mody. . . . The names are a legion. . . . One of the earliest contributors both in prose and verse was the late Sarojini Naidu, the poetess.

The names are merely illustrative, but enough has been said to show that every sphere of intellectual and public activity has been pooled to give the readers of this periodical the best that has been thought and said during the decades which have elapsed. It is melancholy to think that so many of these veterans are no more to share the thrills of the new age. Their connection with the *Review* was fairly continuous and uninterrupted. The versatile Sir Dinshaw Wacha continuously instructed the readers

of the *Review* in "Current Events" and the mysteries of finance for the best part of 12 years, from Feb. 1904 to Dec. 1916, until completely disabled by blindness. It is a moving story of personal affection and loyalty. And what shall one say of [so many other writers whose devotion to the *Review* was second only to that of the Editor? The impress of their personality and their contribution to the movement of progress could hardly have been in vain. Among these the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri and Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar seldom failed the Editor on occasions of momentous political importance. Only think of the ponderous volume of literature the *Review* put forth during the Morley-Minto Reforms of 1909, the Montagu Chelmsford Reforms of 1919, the Round Table Conference of 1931 and the later efforts of Sir Stafford Cripps down to the throes [of that bloodless revolution which wrought the independence of August 1947. The *Review*, along with many other agencies, has done its bit in [preparing the country to take an intelligent interest in these momentous transactions and paved the way, according to its light, for a fuller realisation of the nation's destiny, which happily culminated in the declaration of Independence.

From the beginning *The Review* never aligned itself with any particular party or programme and its pages bear ample testimony to the breadth and catholicity of its outlook. But no periodical, however impartial or judicial in outlook, can afford to be neutral on matters closely affecting the social and political life of the people under a foreign rule.



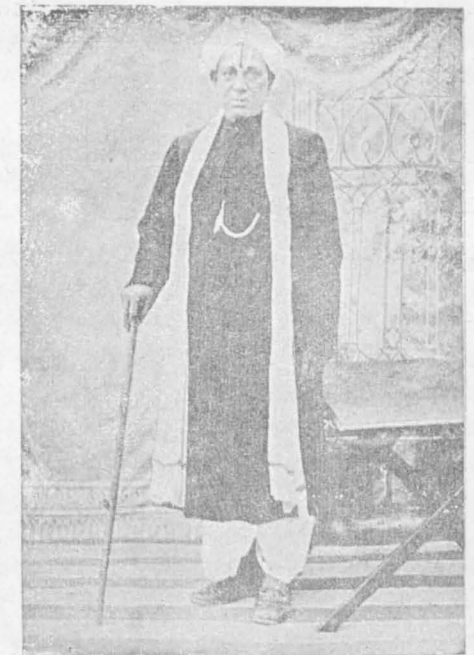
SIR DINSHAW E. WACHA



MAHADEV GOVIND RANADE



DR. PRAMATHANATH BANERJI



SALEM VIJAYRAGHAVA CHARIAR



SIR G. S. BAJPAI



SIR M. N. MUKERJI



G. L. MEHTA



SIR P. S. S. AIYER



A. C. MAZUMDAR



RAJA DALJIT SINGH



SIR R. G. PRADHAN



G. S. ARUNDALE



H. W. NEVINSON

While it claimed to be impartial and independent it has been definitely patriotic and nationalist in its sympathies. Claiming to be free and unfettered in its survey of world events and judgment of men and issues, the *Review* in its first decade and a half definitely reflected the Congress view, which meant the view of the English-educated patriotic Indian. Subsequently when the Congress, in the view of its Editor, took to revolutionary methods the *Review* inclined more to the Liberalism of Sapru and Sastri. But throughout, whether Liberal or Congress, it has always stood by Gandhiji and his ideology even while venturing to criticise certain impracticable items in his programme. This was quite in the true spirit of Gandhiji himself, who, sure of his strength, always welcomed criticism and would not tolerate blind or ignorant acquiescence.

Whether it was in the power of the *Review* to give a lead to the nation in the people's fight against foreign domination or social obscurantism may be a matter for discussion, but there is no doubt the *Review* truly reflected the varying moods and activities of the people in their gigantic struggle for freedom during the eventful half a century that has elapsed and did its bit to guide them through the rugged path of honour and patriotism.

It is said that the oracle of today drops from the tripod on the morrow. But somehow the spirit of Gokhale and Gandhi has been all pervading in Indian political thought, and the pages of the *Review* fairly reflect the varying phases of their thought and endeavour.

III

Fifty years of social and political progress—what a change they have wrought on the life and habits of the people! Wars and revolutions and counter-revolutions have changed the face of the earth out of recognition and the map of the world has been redrawn many times following blood and thunder remedies no less than silent changes in the fortunes of our race. India herself has witnessed changes of far-reaching significance. Our social life, no less than our political, has undergone a transformation that must make us pause and consider—whether it has all been an upward march or a downward descent, or at best an endless pursuit in a vicious circle.

Our politicians, who had petitioned and prayed in the most approved constitutional way for such crumbs from the tables of the high and mighty as a few appointments in the Services or a token representation in the Councils, turned a new leaf under the inspiration of Gandhi and the vision of Swarajya or full-fledged independence. The old demand for Simultaneous Examinations and one or two seats on the Executive Council went the way of all old things. It was no longer a question of how few Indians could be entertained but how many foreigners could be dispensed with. The old order had changed yielding place to new. It was a far cry from Gokhale's modest proposal for "Provincial autonomy" and a Cabinet "of six members, three of whom should be Englishmen and three Indians," to the Quit India demand of the Gandhian era.

Most wonderful of all, the methods of our fight for freedom have been novel, and not unoften derided by the more aggressive nations of the West as puerile and lacking in a sense of political realism. Curiously enough these methods have not failed us during many a trying and stormy time in recent history.

Never in all history had there been a leader of such transcendent gifts, so forbearing, so patient and yet so wise and heroic, wielding an influence over the hearts of his countrymen such as no pomp or power of kings could have exerted.

Gandhi's non-violent technique would appear to have heralded a new approach to political and social problems, an approach that must compel attention in the future as we realise more and more that the old methods are failing us. Sure enough the attempt to impose the virtues of vegetarianism on a carnivore is by no means easy and has not succeeded so far in history. But as Gokhale said in another context:

"It may be that the history of the world does not furnish an instance where a subject race has risen by agitation. If so we shall supply that example for the first time. The history of the world has not come to an end, there are more chapters to be added; therefore we must not be discouraged by the lessons which some people profess to draw from history."

Events have moved fast since the last war. And now at the end of an eventful period we find ourselves transported to a new world. India is no longer a subject country and the "Quit India" demand found its fulfilment on Independence Day in August 1947. An extraordinary combination of causes and circumstances has contributed to this

great denouement. We may leave it to history to assess in what proportion the credit for this achievement should go to Mahatma Gandhi's non-violent technique, the revolutionary tactics of the I.N.A. under the inspiring leadership of Subhas Bose and the sudden awakening of British justice and magnanimity. It was undoubtedly due to the cumulative effect of all these and to the pressure of world events which made the freedom of India the keystone of the United Nations of the World.

Another date that will go down in world history as even more memorable is the 30th January 1948 when Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of the Nation and the Architect of our Freedom, died the death of a martyr at the prayer meeting in Delhi when he fell down with hands folded as in a last gesture of farewell to the world he loved and served so well for half a century. It was as if the Sun had been suddenly blotted out of the heavens.

"The glory has departed" said Pandit Nehru, "and the sun that warmed and brightened our lives has set and we shiver in the cold and dark."

O good grey head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the
winds that blew.

It is for us now to show by our efforts that Gandhiji has not lived and laboured and died in vain and that the freedom that we have won is not the freedom of this class or that, but of the whole nation, irrespective of caste or colour, and that it means sufficient

food and raiment and shelter for the needy, a living wage for all, real happiness and prosperity for the common man and abounding opportunity for every citizen to rise to the full height of his stature.

IV

It is hardly possible that a journal should have been conducted over such a long span of years without some errors of omission and commission; "articles admitted which might as well have been left out, opinions expressed which have a crudish look in the mellow light of years, phrases dropped in the heat or hurry of the moment which one would fain obliterate."

A sensitive Editor has therefore much to regret on an occasion like this when he has to look back over a long stretch of years. The ghost of the rejected Mss. which might have made a difference in the fortunes of Editor or author, and the memory of a discordant phrase that had caused a sleepless night must make him modest and wary in his judgments. The causes for which the *Review* has stood have not all borne fruit nor its prophecies always fulfilled. The partition of India like the partition of Bengal was a thing obnoxious to this journal but all its denunciations have proved unavailing. The *Review* has fought many a losing battle. And then as John Morley aptly said:

"The disparity between aim and performance, the unfulfilled promise, the wrong turnings taken at critical points—all these things rise up in private and internal judgment against anybody who is not either too stupid or too fatuously complacent to recognise facts when he sees them. But the mood passes. Time, happily, is merciful, and men's memories are benignantly short."

But on the whole the *Review* has persistently stood for whatever could give freedom and variety to thought and earnestness to our pursuit of progress and general well-being.

Rapid changes in political and social outlook, in fashions and manners, not to speak of the ever shifting panorama of intellectual interests and curiosities could hardly fail to be reflected in any record of contemporary thought and affairs. It is with this view that the *Review* has always encouraged young writers and sought the co-operation of College professors in close touch with the new generation and aglow with the enthusiasm of youth and new trends. The files of the *Indian Review* bear ample testimony to the silent transformation in the life and thought and aspirations of the people. Nor will the discerning reader fail to recognise the changes in style and diction. There was a time when Burke and Macaulay and Gladstone set the standard of writing for Indian publicists who swayed to the seductions of their redundant rhetoric. Their sonorous periods and longwinded sentences so faithfully reflected in the speeches of Surendranath Banerjee and Bepin Chandra Pal cast a spell over our journalists and orators who played the "sedulous ape" to perfection. Each age has its own style. But Shaw and Lytton Strachey have not lived in vain; and bred in an atmosphere of disenchantment and resolute realism a more simple and matter of fact style has taken the place of the dithyrambs of the 19th Century. A wise Editor recognises the change and thrills to the new music "in startling tones of unknown Song" as there are new worlds of thought to be traversed and new fields to be fought and won. He will therefore pray with Edmund Gosse, a poet who was also a prince of critics:

New arts, new raptures, new desires
Will stir the new born souls of men.
New fingers smite new fashioned lyres
And O, may I be listening then!

HAIL AND FAREWELL, G. A. N.!

BY DR. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA
President, Indian National Congress

FIFTY years ago when I passed out from the Christian College I attended an annual meeting of the Old Boys' Association of the College.

Dr. William Miller, the great Educationist and Missionary of the city of Madras was the principal of the College and our professor for Shakespeare.



He spoke at the Old Boys' Day and incidentally, in a tone of utter pride and self-satisfaction referred to one of his old boys—not very old at that time, who had started a Printing Press and was contemplating the starting of a monthly magazine as well. The Old Boy was G. A. Natesan, who was already popular with the student folks of the day and who was indefatigable in his activities—mostly connected with literary and debating societies. He had graduated recently and his competitor—rather a collaborator in the field was (afterwards Sir) A. P. Patro whose son is the Commissioner of Police in the city of Madras today. Both of them were behind all literary and historical and Debating Societies and were prominent at all public meetings. It did not matter if Mr. G. A. Natesan went late to a meeting. It did not matter if hundreds of spectators were standing round in addition to thousands seated; he would relentlessly

work his way through them all to the platform. Who is this pushing young man?—people asked. And instantly came the answer—"Oh, he is the Editor of the Indian Review—Mr. G. A. Natesan—don't you know". The essence of the remark was in the last sentence. It was a defect of equipment, a sign of backwardness, a mark of ignorance not to know by sight at least so well-known a man. He was slim, with his dhoti worn tidily and folded correctly, his long short coat or if you please, his short long coat and his quadrilateral or trapezoid turban. Dr. Miller was proud of him because he was such a contrast to the young graduates of those days, who, however brilliant, were keen on Government service or the Legal profession. Even (Sir) A. P. Patro was a Law student in 1900—but here was a youth of parts and promise, of energy



DR. WM. MILLER

and activity, of hope and confidence, of vision and vivacity who would not touch the trodden path but cut his way across ups and downs, across brush and hawthorn, across byeways and high-ways on to his destination,—he himself knew not what, but he knew the direction. It was not North to Law, East to Medicine, South to Engineering or West to Teaching. It was not Government service high up in the Heavens, nor

JANUARY 1950]

HAIL AND FAREWELL, G. A. N.!

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the bottomless abyss below of despair and melancholy. It was a direction all his own,—one leading to the widest diffusion of knowledge about national problems among the people, the development of public opinion, the unification of India, and its liberation from foreign thralldom. It may be that he did eat fire and vomit brimstone. It may be that he did not leap one foot high and fall one yard low. "One step is enough for me O, Lord", was his motto. "Festina Lente" was his policy and he had the support of elders like V. Krishnaswami Iyer, the rising star of the legal firmament. Ere long he had a printing press of his own. He was a full-blown printer and publisher and dozens of slim little books came forth from his press, mostly biographies of the national leaders of the day from Dadabhai Naorojee to Gokhale.

It was about this time that the (Right Honourable) V. S. Srinivasa Sastri resigned his Headmastership of the Triplicane High School, from which place he had unsuccessfully tried for the Principalship of the P. R. College, Cocanada. With Sastriar, Mr. Natesan shared a deep sympathy for the Social Reform Movement of the day—which was sponsored in 1902-3-4 by Dr. C. B. Rama Row. Two schools of thought had already come into being—those who pursued "national lines" and those who upheld "rational lines." The former was led by Professor M. Rangacharya M.A., whose talents were prodigious, whose erudition was profound, and whose personality was towering. He was a scholar and savant of rare merit who had successively taught every subject as Professor for the B.A. classes in the

Madras Presidency College and in the Government College of Rajahmundry. Mathematics, Physics, Philosophy, History and English Literature were equally familiar to him and he was the leader for several years in matters of Social Reform during the first decade of the twentieth century. Mr. Natesan had a wide circle of literary friends and fellow-workers which was always enlarging. K. B. Ramnatha Iyer, M.A., B.L., L.T., of the Pachayappa's College was one of them attached into this solar system. He was in charge of the literary side of the *Indian Review* and contributed "Foreign News" to its pages.

The journal thus started by Sri Natesan began to gain in influence and popularity and held its own through the turbulent times of Vande Mataram. When at Surat the Congress split and the Madras leaders invited the first Convention Congress to Madras under the leadership of Sree V. Krishnaswami Iyer, that giant amongst men who had scrupulous regard for truth, and honoured others for their differing convictions, who gave out of his abundance with both hands freely to a multitude of good causes. Mr. Natesan was a prominent character in the session and to my sorrow if not shame, I remember how I caused his defeat in the elections to the Subjects' Committee, elections introduced for the first time into the Congress Constitution—not because of any personal bias but because I said that out of the 12 elective seats in addition to the ex-officio ones which went to the office-bearers almost all from Madras, six should go to the northern and six to the southern districts on the lines

already in vogue for the elected seats to the Legislative Council of the day. This event created a mild sensation, for Mr. Natesan was a popular leader. But Mr. Natesan served the Congress steadfastly, though he left the Congress when the Congress ceased to be in Moderate hands. It was about this time that Sree Natesan made friends with Gandhi who attended the Madras session as a delegate from South Africa and who popularized the Transvaal problem in India. Natesan became his friend and confidant, his representative in India and agent for South African work—a mission which he continued to fulfil till Gandhi took up the Congress.

Of Mr. Natesan's Municipal and public activities little need be said for he soon became a Councillor and remained so far a period of over 25 years. He was the Father of the Corporation when he passed away though towards the end he sought relief from Municipal duties. Very early he bought 60, Thambuchetti Street, and after dwelling for 16 years in it, he moved over to Mylapore to a fashionable quarter and a commodious mansion. He had very early bought his office premises in Sunkurama Chetti Street and developed a huge Book-shop. I once travelled with him when he was returning home from a session of the Council of State to which he had been nominated from Delhi to Madras and these fifty-two-hours' fellowship in the train revealed the real man in him. He was generous at heart, hospitable to a degree, sincere in his friendship, and outspoken in his views. He was an intense nationalist but believed in the

necessity of honourable compromises in this world of perpetual adjustments. He had won alike the good-will of Government and the people and must be regarded as one of the chief builders of the city and civic life of Madras. His advice was always eagerly sought by Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar. I remember how he spent a few hours in quiet repose with him when the Police caused him some unrest by not arresting him soon after he had resigned the Ministry on October 26, 1939, on the outbreak of the Second World War. In days when party tends to become factions and differences of opinion and tactics tend to be obscured by malice and ill-will, it is no small compliment to Sree Natesan that he should have won alike the confidence of all parties. Whether he was a nominated member of the Council of State for years or an elected member of the Corporation for decades, whether he was Editor or public man, he maintained scrupulously his high sense of dignity and decorum in social and public life and his career is one worth studying in detail not merely by his sons and friends but by posterity. He was one of glorious band who built up Indian Nationalism, though his contribution may not in recent years have attracted the wider publicity of the contributions of those who had a more spectacular and sensational time of it. All the same, like the bricks which lie in the foundations of an edifice with its rising plinth, imposing walls and towering spires, and which support them all, he and his colleagues who had been dubbed Moderates were patriots who laboured hard in the early days to build up the Congress organization and along-side of it to develop the beginnings of democratic Government in this ancient land and to rid it ultimately of foreign domination. Sree Natesan led a strenuous and well-filled life and died full of years and honours.

"And how can a man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods?"

A PIONEER OF POPULAR CULTURE

BY THE HON'BLE MR. B. G. KHER

Premier, Government of Bombay

SOCIAL education has been defined as 'education for adult men and women which will give them the minimum essentials of knowledge, appreciation, habits and skill to enable them to shoulder the heavy responsibilities of citizenship



in a democracy'. Education in this country was so long confined to a fortunate few. The level of general knowledge was very low. Even University graduates rarely learnt anything beyond a couple of plays of Shakespeare and Mill, Burke, Morley or Carlyle with a smattering of modern history and literature of England, and the word education was almost synonymous with knowledge of English. The main object of receiving education was not attaining knowledge but of securing employment. The British Isles were the axis round which revolved all our interest in the field of literature, philosophy and politics. With but rare exceptions our

educated people admired Scotland's Lake District scenery, they heard the songs of the skylark and the thrush neither of which they had cared to see, they were thrilled by the stories of Stuart and Tudor Princes and Princesses and held up the British system of Government as the ideal. Naturally even for reading outside school and college we selected books written by Englishmen for Englishmen. Adult education in India at that time was confined to novels of Dickens, Scott and Reynolds, dramas by Shakespeare and Sheridan and essays by Macaulay, Addison, Carlyle, Mill and Spencer. Educated people rarely gave a thought to Indian literature—that is to say literature written in Indian languages and it was a fashion to relegate to rubbish, books in English written by Indian authors. Even acknowledged masters like Ranade, Surendranath Banerji, Sastri, Gokhale, Pherozshah Mehta and Dadabhai Nowroji were read in newspapers alone.

Against this background we can very well understand what type of books whiled away the hours of leisure and recreation of an average educated man. All the training he received for "shouldering the heavy responsibilities of citizenship" was largely confined to the articles of political leaders in newspapers and books written by the leaders of the liberal school of thought in England. While this was good enough so far as it went, the snag was that it did not go far enough. In England and in Europe new forces, the importance of which the Liberals in England had not yet been able to assess fully, were rising. Few leaders in the western

world had enough foresight to understand the full significance of the rumblings in Asia—the vast continent which was taken for granted as a preserve for colonial exploitation, despite the rude shock given by Japan. Leaders in India were striving to lift the political movement for the emancipation of the country from the plane of a constitutional upper class movement to that of a mass movement embracing the people as a whole. For the success of their efforts an enlightened middle class was essential. Apart, however, from a few political newspapers which did excellent work by way of building up an enlightened and politically conscious public, there was great need of popular books which could provide general knowledge, create self-confidence, especially in the section of the public which was under the spell of western civilization by putting before them the achievements of Indians in various fields of life in their proper perspective. Amongst the pioneers of this work was the firm of Shri G. A. Natesan of Madras. This firm came out with a series of books on political, religious, historical and social subjects which not only because of their novelty but more because of the simple and interesting manner of the presentation of subjects of burning interest contained in them and their cheap price, got a grip over the mind of the reading public. A glance at their catalogue would give an idea of the wide range of the interesting subjects on which the firm was the first to enlighten the public. We find in the catalogue sketches of the lives of famous Parsis and famous Indian Christians, pamphlets on Indian Home Rule, Congress Presidential Addresses, Indian National Evolution, Indian Tales of Fun, Folly and Folklore,

books on Sakuntala and Maitreyi, on Sri Rama, on Jesus Christ and Sankaracharya, the Epics in abridged form and so on. There were others on the three Great Acharyas, North Indian Saints, Chaitanya to Vivekanand; Famous Battles of Indian History; Malabar and its Folk, speeches and writings of Dr. P. C. Ray, of Sir William Wedderburn, Sir Dinshaw Wacha and Raja Ram Mohan Roy; Poetical works, Popular classics, Junior classics and so on—what a wealth of variety in instruction and entertainment! Most of them were priced at Rupee one or one and a half! No doubt for a population hungry for literature on topics of the day or topics of interest to self-respecting Indians Natesan's was a veritable school of adult education. It is indeed difficult for a population which has hundreds of publishing houses competing to serve a wide reading public such as Pelican, Penguin, Nelson etc. to realise the full value of the service rendered by Natesan in the pioneering days of Indian publications.

I am no expert in the publication line. On this occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the *Indian Review*, I want to pay my tribute to the valuable pioneering work done by it in providing an excellent means of adult education when the very concept of adult education was yet unknown in this country. I send my good wishes.

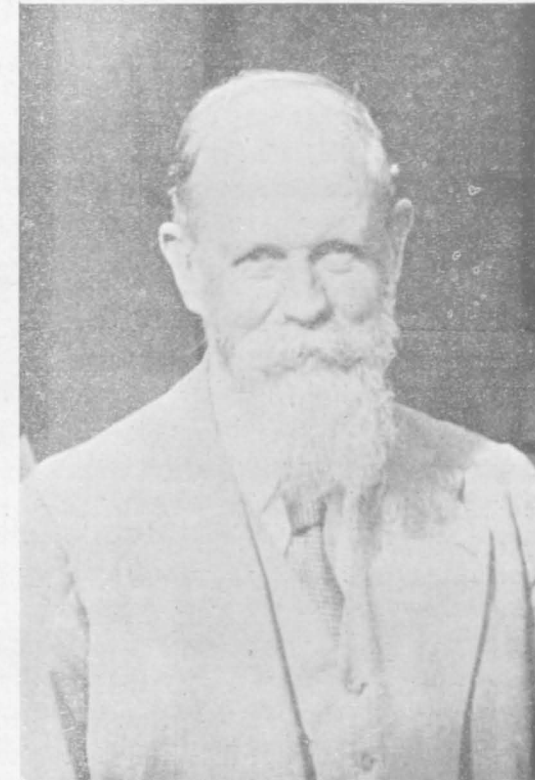
ONCE MORE!

Counsel: "Now Sir, did you, or did you not, on the date in question, or at any time, previously or subsequently, say or even intimate to the defendant or anyone else, whether friend or mere acquaintance, or in fact, a stranger, that the statement imputed to you, whether just or unjust, and denied by the plaintiff, was a matter of no moment or otherwise? Answer, did you or did you not?"

Defendant: "Did I, or did I not what?"



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YONE NOGUCHI



BABA BHARATI



LORD SINHA



V. P. MADHAVA RAO

PEACE, THE TRANQUILLITY OF ORDER

BY THE MOST REV. LOUIS MATHIAS

Archbishop of Madras

THE International gathering of Pacifists early this (December) month at Santinikatan is an event of considerable significance. Delegates belonging to widely differing religious persuasions and of



various walks of life from almost all countries of the world, assembled for the first time in India to discuss ways and means to promote the cause of pacifism and to banish war once for all in the

settlement of International disputes. These representatives are conscientious pacifists who hold that even resistance to a war of aggression is unjustifiable on moral grounds. Nowhere was the voice of a national leader heard with greater force and effectiveness than in India, for Mahatmaji had always been an unflinching advocate of non-violence and ahimsa. It seems to be singularly appropriate that a meeting of this kind should have been held at the spot hallowed by the labours and the memory of the poet-pacifist Rabindranath Tagore, two years after India attained her nationhood.

Reading through speeches and messages, one feels that the approach to the problem of peace does not give the correct lead. It is true that Shri Manilal Gandhi echoed the voice of his revered father at the session on December 4th, when he declared that, "without the grace of God and

without humility we can do nothing." Shri Acharya Kripalani also struck a similar note when he emphasized the need for "the observance of the moral law" and the "use of right means to obtain our ends." The end, namely attainment of a just and lasting peace, is devoutly wished for by all classes of people throughout the world. No one likes war: the last two wars have given an idea of the terrible destruction of life and property by means of the modern weapons of war, including the atom bomb. A German proverb says: "A great war leaves the country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners and an army of thieves". Thinking people are asking if we cannot find a peaceful and humane solution to settle International disputes than the old and brutal method of destruction.

The Pacifists have noble aims and desire to attain them by right methods. With their aim the whole world may be in agreement; but, whether the means proposed are such as would lead us to the desired goal is a doubtful proposition. Mere desire for the progress of humanity, a feeling of sympathy towards fellowmen and an effort to reduce pain and suffering can never offer a sanction for the laws of God nor for the fundamental distinction between truth and error, right and wrong and good and evil. It is only the principle of justice and of charity based on the immutable laws of Almighty God that can serve as a basis to educate the world in the philosophy and arts of peace. Public welfare and the amenities

of civilised life can have no guarantee of stability when right is subverted and virtue despised and ridiculed.

The pursuit after peace and happiness is a natural craving of human nature. An ideal of life based on tranquillity of order, amity, brotherhood and mutual co-operation is not something new. In this respect men differ from one another not only in their conception of what peace and happiness mean but also in respect of the means to attain the same. Such a conception is logically quite different in a man who believes in God and in things that belong to the spirit and conversely in a man who is a materialist to the very marrow of his bone. In the mind of the materialist, the shortness of life and the eagerness for pleasure will determine his behaviour. Whether he likes it or not, material pleasure will be the *summon bonum* of his life. He will be an opportunist at heart and none will be able to say how long he will be law-abiding and follow the path of peace.

Materialism has a destructive influence which poisons men's minds and hearts. It exalts the passions of men instead of teaching them to control and subdue such passions. It is a school of thought that wants to command respect through the false assumption that it is a logical corollary of science, or the consequence of human search for truth. It is a negative doctrine that simply denies the existence of spiritual or supernatural things, and feels so sure of itself that it does not take any pains to prove its premises. It aims at the destruction of its most powerful foe: Religion. There is scarcely any important movement against orderly life

within the boundaries of a country, or against international peace in the comity of nations, that cannot be traced back to materialism. Should such a movement succeed awful are its devastating effects in the moral and temporal life of the unfortunate country which becomes its victim. Religion will be persecuted. Licence will take the place of liberty and those who today fight for right and liberty guaranteed by law, will openly deny such rights and liberties to others and they will suppress with a ruthless intolerance freedom of conscience and of expression.

Materialism is responsible to such a large extent for the evils that afflict mankind at the present day that it seems to overshadow all other destructive influences which bring misfortune to and hatred between men and nations. Materialism is in itself a potential cause of war. This is the real danger of democracies. Abusing the freedom granted by the democracies, materialists will grow in strength and spread with impunity their propaganda until they feel that they are strong enough to crush democracy and introduce in its stead their totalitarian methods. This was and is the way, Nazism and Fascism of yesterday and today's Communism, have imposed to realize their goal.

The unbeliever or the materialist cannot be a pacifist at heart. The more a man believes in God and in the spiritual values, the more he loves peace and works for it. Mahatma Gandhi, that matchless embodiment of serene imperturbability has exerted a powerful influence on his fellowmen, because he pinned his faith on peace and non-violence, and "non-co-operation"

with evil. But he died a martyr to his creed of non-violence on the altar of non-violence at the hands of a violent assassin.

What is this peace desired alike by all men? The greatest minstrel of peace as understood by Christians was Saint Augustine. In his word "The City of God" he wrote:

"Such is the good of peace, that in this mortal world, nothing is heard of with greater joy, nothing coveted with greater desire, nothing is more welcome when it comes. . . . Thus the peace of the body is the well-ordered organisation of its parts; the peace of the irrational soul is the well-ordered repose of its sensual desires; the peace of the rational soul is the well-ordered agreement of thought and action; the peace of the body and soul together is the well-ordered life and health of the living being; the peace of mortal men and God is the well-ordered obedience of living in faith under the eternal law; the peace of men is the well-ordered concord; the peace of the home is the well-ordered concord of its residents, in giving commands and in obeying them; the peace of the city consists in the well-ordered concord of the citizens, both commanding and obeying; the peace of the Heavenly City is the perfectly ordered and completely concordant association of those who enjoy God and cherish one another in God. *The peace of all things is the tranquillity of order.*"

Order is, therefore, a primary requisite of a good society and according to Saint Augustine himself, order is precisely the disposition of both equal and unequal things which gives to each of them its proper place. Peace is the very condition of liberty. It is the anchor of our soul, preventing us from drifting into the unfathomed waters of the uncharted seas of *laissez-faire* in thought and action. Man needs tolerance towards intolerance. Absolute equality among nations is not

possible. Order demands that some nations be great and others small. The achievement and maintenance of peace demands that the nations, through their leaders recognise this essential inequality and respect each other.

"The sword" said Pope Pius XII, "can impose peace. It cannot create it." It is a matter of moral rectitude and goodwill. Distributive justice among the nations must be at the base of their mutual relations. It is here also a matter of giving on one side and receiving on the other. But peace has its beginnings above all in the hearts and minds of men. As the great Angelic Doctor of the Catholic Church Aquinas says,

"If it is indirectly the work of justice in so far as justice removes the obstacles to peace, it is directly the work charity, since charity according to its very nature, causes peace. Love is a unitive force. . . . and peace is the union of the appetite's inclinations".

We Christians are, according to the words of Pope Pius XI, convinced that "unless we are willing and ready to accept the fundamental principles of Christianity, unless we are prepared to observe the teachings and obey the law of Christ, then true peace, the peace of Christ, is impossible, whether in public or in private life." This subtle thrill of peace should stir and captivate our minds and inspire us all, with an intellectual and spiritual stimulus to peace amongst all men.

I am writing these words a few days before Christmas—a feast which announced to the world the joyous tidings of peace to men of goodwill. If only leaders and statesmen realize their moral duties towards God and their neighbours and inculcate them into the minds of the people as a whole, the causes of war that lead to war can be eliminated, if not altogether suppressed. Peace is the greatest blessing men can have. Let us hope that the efforts at Santiniketan will help in promoting mutual good understanding and harmony among the different nations of the world.

A National Savings Movement for India

BY SIR V. T. KRISHNAMACHARI, K.C.S.I.

THE devaluation of the rupee and the rise in prices have drawn pointed attention to the economic problems facing the country and the Finance Minister has announced an Eight point Programme for meeting the situation. Intensive campaigns for increased production and



for savings figure prominently in this programme. The object of this article is to deal, in broad outline, with the latter subject—a drive for savings on a nation-wide scale.

A well-known economist has said: "In any industrial society it is estimated that economic health can be maintained only if 10 to 15 percent of the national income is being invested in fresh capital development." All Governments in India are committed to programmes for bringing about an appreciable increase in the standard of living of the people within as short a time as possible; and it may be said without exaggeration that with the achievement of this objective is bound

up the security of the State. These programmes—orreconstruction of agriculture and development of cottage, small-scale and large-scale industries—call for large capital outlays. A fair proportion of these must come from internal savings and it is only if the internal economy demonstrates its soundness in this manner that foreign capital can be attracted on reasonable terms. The present national income of India is estimated at between Rs. 5,000 and Rs. 6,000 crores and the aim should be, to begin with, to secure savings to the extent of about Rs. 300 crores a year (5 to 6 percent of the national income)—increasing steadily as the national income increases.

In 19th century England, most of the capital needed for industrial development came from successful businessmen. These derived large profits which were re-invested in industries. As taxation came to be employed as an instrument of social justice and tax levels on higher incomes increased, the investment habit spread among the middle classes. The extent of the shift that has taken place can be judged from the following figures. The number of persons who retained incomes of £6,000 and over a year after paying income-tax fell from 7,000 in 1938-39 to 45 in 1945-46 and the number who retained income from £250 to £500 after paying income-tax rose from 1,820,000 in 1938-39 to 5,225,000 in 1945-46. The two processes began many years ago, though in recent years taxation rates have risen steeply on larger incomes.

A similar change is taking place in India. In the 19th century and the

early years of this century much of the capital needed for industries came from successful businessmen and to some extent from the upper middle classes in large cities. In the last few years, the taxation of large incomes has brought about a reduction in the numbers of such persons and in the margin of their savings.

This article is not concerned with the question whether the policy actually followed for taxation of large incomes is sound. It is concerned with the facts as they are. In his speech on the budget last year the then Finance Minister pointed out that a person with an income of Rs. 10 lakhs paid Rs. 8.99 lakhs in taxes and a person with an income of Rs. 30 lakhs paid Rs. 28.37 lakhs. He added that, in that year, there were in India 415 persons with incomes of Rs. 2 lakhs and over and that these had an aggregate income of Rs. 19 crores of which they paid Rs. 11.66 crores in taxes; they were thus left with Rs. 7.34 crores of which only a portion could be available for new capital development. It is not possible to say that these figures correspond absolutely to facts: they are almost certainly under-estimates. No information was given about the income groups between Rs. 2 lakhs and Rs. 10,000. Among these, the investing habit is widely prevalent. There also are the sums expended on permanent agricultural improvements through the co-operative movement and in other ways and those that will be saved under the compulsory schemes recently started. Even after allowing for these, there will be a large gap to be made up to reach the target we ought to aim at. The deficit

thus remaining will have to come from classes of the population who are not in the habit of saving and to whom spending power is now passing. In the same speech the Finance Minister said that there were 1,75,436 persons on incomes ranging from Rs. 3,000 to Rs. 10,000 a year with an aggregate income of Rs. 95 crores who paid Rs. 5.86 crores in income-tax. We have, however, no analysis of the groups comprising this middle class and the manner in which the rise in the cost of living has affected each of them. Those in receipt of fixed incomes, like Government servants, have been hard hit and they are covered by the compulsory savings schemes: but it is possible that other sections comprised in this category can be brought within the scope of a national savings movement. Then again, there is evidence that landholders and tenants—the large and medium ones—are now receiving a larger share of the national income than before, due to high prices of food grains. What precisely the extent of this is it is not possible to say as no systematic studies have been made of this subject. Formerly these landholders and tenants invested their savings mostly in land. Owing however to proposals made in the last two years for fixing a maximum limit on individual holdings, it is likely that such savings as are made are now spent on unproductive purposes. Another class may also be singled out for mention. Industrial labour has benefited by increases in wages and it is desirable—and essential from many points of view—to encourage the savings habit among them. Efforts made in this direction in an area in

Western India from 1943 onwards have shown striking results. It must, however, be emphasised that as conditions vary widely in different parts of India, the classes to whom increased purchasing power is passing will not be the same all over the country: they will differ from region to region and in the same region there will be changes with changes in economic conditions.

There can be no doubt that the change in the distribution of income to which attention has been drawn has become a permanent feature of India's economy and that the tendency will be for large inequalities in income to disappear. The levels may vary from time to time and the process may take a longer or shorter period but the trend will be steadily in this direction. The aim of a campaign for national savings should thus be (i) to study continuously in every region the changes in the pattern of distribution that take place from time to time and (ii) to inculcate the habit of saving among classes to whom increased incomes accrue. It is not the intention of this article to suggest what detailed organisations should be set up, but some general remarks can be made. Firstly, the intensive efforts needed for ensuring that the campaign reaches the remotest areas in the country can only be made by Provinces and States. Secondly, there should be, for each local area like a tahsil, a joint organization of officials and non-officials which would establish close contact with all classes of the population and utilise all agencies available—the co-operative movement, branch banks, postal savings bank etc. These local organisations should be linked up with similar district and provincial organisations. Thirdly, the Central Government should agree to

pass on to Provinces and States a definite portion of the investment in their areas for development schemes in which they are interested. The Central Government will guide the whole movement and regulate policies and possibly also come to arrangements with labour organisations for spreading the movement among industrial labourers.

More than anything else, there should be a nation-wide realisation of the vital need in the country's interests of a drive for savings. It follows inevitably that all Governments in India should ensure the conditions of stability and security under which alone efforts on such a large scale will become possible.



50 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

From an article on "The War in the Transvaal"

On Wednesday October 4, the Boers seized all the week's shipment of gold from the Transvaal mines, giving the total value at £800,000 and promising indemnity to the banks concerned. Finally on Monday the 9th October, the Boers presented their now famous ultimatum to the British Agent. (Here follows the substance of the ultimatum)...

When the ultimatum was received in England all parties in Parliament closed their ranks and declared that it was not such as any civilised power would tolerate. The reply, however, sent by the Colonial Secretary, is characterised by great dignity and reserve. It expresses regret that President Kruger should have taken the serious step involved in addressing a communication of such a nature to Her Majesty's Government, and announces that "Her Majesty's Government has no further communication to make to him at the present moment."

The time fixed in the Boer ultimatum expired in the afternoon of Wednesday the 11th October, and from this date the two nations have been at war.

The Place of Administrative Law in the New India

BY THE HON'BLE MR. JUSTICE P. V. RAJAMANNAR
Chief Justice, High Court of Judicature, Madras.

THOUGH it would certainly be rash to predict the exact shape of things to come in the India of the Future, I think one can venture with some confidence to affirm that it would be a country in



which national life is more orderly, organised and planned than it has ever been. Increased efficacy of mechanical inventions, advanced facilities for transport and communication and co-ordination of economic factors in different parts of the country, all these are bound to lead to an intense and intensive activity, commercial and social. Specialisation will be a common feature and not an exception.

One obvious requirement for the success of intensive specialised economic and social activity would be a method to overcome the proverbial delays in deciding disputes which appear to be inevitable in a recourse to the ordinary Courts of the land and to provide for a speedy, final and satisfactory solution of disputes. It is here that administrative law and delegated legislation will come to occupy a prominent place in all activities of the India of the Future.

In spite of the great work done by the concept of the reign of law for the maintenance of the liberties of the individual subject, it apparently brought in its train features in the administration of Justice which necessarily led to delay, formalism, rigidity and paradoxically at times to a negation of justice. It is impossible to dwell at length on the different aspects of the rule of law and the defects of a system of legal administration entirely founded on it. But it is

necessary to touch in outline some at least of the salient defects of such an administration. The rule of law has often been relied upon as being the foundation of a doctrine of equality of all litigants in the eye of the law. But is it not the cry of the common man the world over that there is one law for the poor and another for the rich, or the more serious cry "justice is only for the rich and none for the poor". The complicated machinery of the Courts of the land and the enormous expense entailed by legal proceedings justify to a great extent this criticism. Law's delays and the law's expense do certainly exist though the fault cannot be laid at the doors of the Judges or the Lawyers. In fact, the fault is really of the system. Then again, there is also the justifiable criticism based on the rigidity of the legalistic rules applied in the administration of justice, sometimes, if not often, without regard for the rule of equity of the cause. How often have not eminent Judges said that no doubt a particular course is equitable but unfortunately it is not in accordance with law. A system of complicated rules with subtle exceptions and highly technical procedure is bound to fill the mind of an ordinary citizen with suspicion and uncertainty. This uncertainty itself sometimes works great hardship because varying interpretations by a hierarchy of appellate tribunals will completely bewilder a lay man. As an American writer exclaims "what is the law? It is what a superior Court Judge may decide to-day, the Court of Appeal within six months, the Supreme Court in a year and the Privy Council in two years". Due variations in time for India may be made. That is fine for the lawyers but it certainly is not fine for the masses.

If the legal system in vogue has not satisfied the common man in the pre-war world, undoubtedly it would be found hopelessly inadequate and ill-suited to the problems and situations of the economic life in the post-war world. All

the defects which I have just mentioned would be exaggerated a hundredfold and almost certainly the system would find itself not being able to inspire confidence in or render real assistance to the nation.

It is not difficult to envisage that to meet the new demands, legislation itself will under the new order substantially change its character. Much less time of the great legislative bodies will be taken up with the drafting of long Acts and debating at great length clause by clause detailed provisions. In the future, the functions of such large and full assemblies will, I expect, be only to approve or decide upon the general principles leaving details to be filled in by smaller and more competent and specialised bodies. Here is an outline of procedure suggested by one of our leading writers on political thought. "A Government wishing to legislate on a particular subject should in the first instance introduce and pass rapidly into law an enabling Bill clearly laying down the general substance of what is wanted and referring to a special commission either standing or *ad hoc*, to work out all details. The detailed measures thus drafted should then go to a conference representing public bodies chiefly concerned, *e.g.*, regional or provincial councils or bodies responsible for the conduct of nationalised industries and services or recognised institutions in charge of education or public health or whatever the subject matter of the Bill may be".

Necessarily, detailed administration and enforcing of such legislation must be in the hands of special bodies or boards or committees composed of persons who have intimate knowledge and experience of the departments of national activity in respect of which a particular legislation has been undertaken.

Indications have not been wanting even from some time preceding the beginning of the Great War of an attempt to stress the importance of maintaining within the larger administrative spheres, smaller units of local self-Government for direct control of important services. The Electricity Board,

Board of Education, Board of Trade, Agricultural Marketing Committees and other similar councils have been established and have been functioning.

A survey of legislation in England and particularly during the last quarter of a century will show to what extent Governments have already attempted to meet the demands of a new order. Several administrative Boards have been set up under the supervision of the Ministers; some of which have also been given the right to make their own laws for the detailed administration of several departments of national activity entrusted to them.

Such trend in legislation has not escaped severe criticism at the hands of eminent Judges, lawyers and public men. Lord Hewart, C. J., characterised it as the New Despotism. In a recent issue of the *Canadian Bar Review* a learned writer laments on the encroachment on the traditional reign of law which according to him is being re-placed by a system operating without science, careless of right legal principles and outside the jurisdiction of our established courts, a negation of a reign of law. He draws rather an alarming picture of the rapid development of administrative law and delegated legislation. Here is an extract from his condemnation.

"What do we face if administrative Boards and Commissions continue to submerge the general and well-understood principles of law under thousands of regulations administered and enforced by them without special science, without professional draftsmanship, without lawyers presiding over and appearing before them, without appeal to the Courts of His Majesty, without precedents and without any ordered and scientific reporting of decisions, each an independent quasi-judicial unit, independent of the other, administering its own particular brand of regulations, imposing fines, interpreting the law, putting us to expense and loss and even in jail, controlled by no fundamental legal principles and knowing no precedents except those of its own making even

assuming that it chooses to follow them".

That is one side of the picture. But one cannot brush aside the growth of a system from out of the spontaneous development of a new outlook and a new approach simply because it may not coincide exactly with present notions and age-long traditions. After all, the rise of administrative law and justice even in countries like England and America has been inevitable because of the extension of the functions of Government to one new sphere after another. In many fields like Public Health, Housing, Town-planning, Unemployment Insurance and Education, the Public Administration of Social Services for the common good has superseded "the old and unregulated individualism of the first three quarters of the 19th Century". It is easy to imagine the large volume of work involved thereby on account of the several pieces of consequent social legislation. If all the judicial work in respect of and arising therefrom had been thrown on the existing judicial bodies, they would not have coped with it. In England for instance, the unemployment insurance scheme alone gives rise every year to tens of thousands of separate cases in which claims are contested. If all these cases had to be determined by the ordinary courts of law, the judiciary would have to be expanded considerably; and even then, the law's delays would be something enormous. Then again, as a result of what I may call the socialisation of public services like Education, Insurance etc. the old standards have been found hopelessly inadequate to the new circumstances—standards of fitness for human habitation, standards of medical service, standards of sanitation, standards of conditions of employment, standards of educational needs. It will be almost ridiculous to look for such standards in the musty volumes of the Law Reports. A determination of these standards requires expert knowledge and social experience in particular fields.

As I already stated, it does not serve any purpose to simply decry the growth of administrative tribunals which really

have come to stay. In future India they are bound to increase in number as well as in strength. Inevitably socialisation of services will increase beyond measure and the municipal and social activity of the State will compass almost every field of national life. This phenomenon, I am presuming, is certain. This extended State activity will necessarily call for Tribunals to adjudicate upon disputes arising in several departments and covered by different enactments and it would be foolish to expect that such tribunals can be the regular judicial courts of the land.

It is better therefore to find out generally the advantages and disadvantages of these administrative tribunals and in planning the Government of the Future to so devise ways and means as to retain the advantages and get over the disadvantages as effectively as possible without destroying the efficiency of the system.

The advantages of administrative tribunals have been summed up by Professor Robson thus in his book "Justice and Administrative Law." "Cheapness and speed with which they work; the technical knowledge and experience which they make available for the discharge of judicial functions in special fields; the assistance which they lend to the efficient conduct of public administration; and the ability they possess to lay down new standards and to promote a policy of social improvement." On the advantages of cheapness and speed I need not dwell. These qualities appear to be absolutely essential for a satisfactory working of new schemes which will be inaugurated in the future. Many of these schemes are likely to trench on the private rights of citizens either because they involve compulsory acquisition of property or unavoidable damage to or injurious affection of property. There are also likely to be disputes in the working out of the details of the scheme, in the approval of plans, in the fixing of standards and in the allocation of burdens. The different claims and disputes arising out of these new ventures will require speedy and cheap determi-

nation. Otherwise the machinery will get clogged and there will be a stalemate.

One advantage of great value in the system of administrative justice and delegated legislation is greater flexibility with which the administrative tribunals will be able to discharge their functions than Courts of law. Chief Justice Hughes gives as the primary justification of the delegation of legislative power "flexibility and practicality." For one thing, administrative tribunals will not suffer from being tied down to a precedent if a better conclusion is possible in the light of subsequent knowledge.

It has often been said that another advantage possessed by these tribunals is that they can decide unhampered by rules of law, evidence and procedure. In theory no doubt there is much to be said in favour of this feature. How often do we not find a Judge saying that equity would require a particular decision but as he is bound by the rule of law he had to decide otherwise or again a Judge saying that though he is convinced of the existence of a fact, yet on the evidence on record and in strict accordance with the procedural rules the fact has not been proved. But at the same time it must be remarked that it is this feature that is likely to lead to abuse and injustice.

Professor Robson sums up the disadvantages attached to administrative justice as "lack of publicity which attends the work of most tribunals, the air of mystery and secrecy in which their deliberations are shrouded, failure in most cases to give reasons for the decision or to publish reports of decided cases, the denial of a hearing in the majority of instances and the poor quality and insufficient amount of the evidence on which decisions are often based." I have no time to deal at great length with each one of these disadvantages. In England opinion has been sharply divided on some of these features which have been explained as really no disadvantages, but appear so because we are inclined to look at things prejudiced by traditions of "the rule of law."

In future India whatever party or parties may come into political power I see the inauguration of vast enterprises, industrial and commercial, the undertaking of great schemes of national welfare in the matter of industries, Public Health, Education, and Labour. And the new extended state activity must be departmentalised if it is not to run to waste in the sands of procrastination. Neither the present administrative machinery nor the present judicial equipment will be adequate to meet the needs of the new situation consequent on new legislation which is bound to be undertaken to effectually put into operation any large schemes such as I have mentioned above. I feel that within the following departments of national activity, Administrative Law and Justice and Delegated Legislation must be resorted to. They are Railways, Public Health and Sanitation, Unemployment Insurance, Education, Transport and Communications and Labour conditions. I find that in respect of some of these departments there are already beginnings of a scheme of administrative justice. But the system must be considerably developed.

It is impossible to have any system which is fool-proof. In India, where political and administrative activity is still in its infancy, one is bound to commit mistakes. But they do not matter. What really matters is the effort, the continuing effort, to remedy defects as and when they occur or are revealed. Further, it is also necessary that we should benefit by the mistakes made and discovered in other countries and not simply to copy wholesale a system obtaining in another country however highly developed it may be in matters political. Keeping in mind the peculiar difficulties which beset India I must mention one danger to which the system of administrative justice may subject, i.e., the likelihood of political interference from the Government for the time in power with the determination of the administrative tribunals. The late Professor Dicey was obsessed by the fear of this danger even in

England. Sir F. Pollock was also apprehensive on the same ground. In any system to be evolved this danger must be eliminated as far as possible.

As it is, it is too soon and premature to work out in detail a scheme of administrative justice covering all departments of national service. I shall content myself with throwing out a few suggestions to be considered when the time for the establishment of such tribunals arrives.

1. As far as possible an attempt should be made to insist on separation of judicial and administrative functions of all the specialised bodies. I would even advocate the members of the Administrative Tribunals who have to exercise judicial functions to be officers chosen by an independent commission, independent of the party in power.

2. The hearing before these tribunals should be open to the public and unless inexpedient there should be a right of hearing if it is desired by the party.

3. Tribunals should be required to give reasons for their decisions.

4. There should be provision for a right of appeal in important matters to a superior administrative tribunal.

5. The decisions of these tribunals should be open to review by a Court of Law, though on very limited grounds, for instance, complete lack of jurisdiction, bias, pecuniary interest and failure to observe the fundamental canons of natural justice, which term I agree is very vague but vague terms often act as safety valves.

6. Lawyers should not be barred from appearing before such tribunals.

No doubt, much will depend upon the personnel chosen to fill these tribunals and particularly so in the beginning. I hope and believe that when the occasion comes, men and women of India will rise to it and work successfully even a complicated political machinery with which they have not been familiar before.

Dr. SACHCHIDANANDA SINHA

I continue to look into "The Indian Review" regularly, as I have done these last 50 years; and it has been to me a matter of profound regret and sorrow that your revered father did not live long enough to bring out the Golden Jubilee Number of the "Indian Review", which you now propose to do, and to which effort of yours I wish success from the bottom of my heart.

With my kind regards and good wishes,

PATNA
Nov. 6, 1949.

Sachchidananda Sinha

Europe and Russia—An Essay on Soviet Diplomacy

BY PROF. M. RUTHNASWAMY, M.A.

AS I went about from place to place in Europe last year the question I heard on everyone's lips was "Will there be a war soon." The international



situation during all those months was tense enough for that question to be framed and to agitate men's minds. The battle of Berlin had already commenced before I left India last July. The battle over the Danube was to commence during the latter part of my visit in September. I use the word

battle deliberately. To the question "Will there be a war" it would be oracularly true to say there won't be a war for there was one already. It was not merely a war of nerves that the Russians were waging over Berlin, the Danube, and the other questions that they were called upon to concern themselves with, by their obligations under the Charter of the United Nations. There was an economic war going on over the "blockade of Berlin". One of the incidents of a state of war is the prohibition of free intercourse between states. That prohibition prevailed between Russia and her satellite States and Western Europe. Not only was the Iron Curtain difficult to pierce. There was a Satin Curtain behind which the allied powers were trying to set up Western Germany and which it was impossible to lift and pass through without official permission, impossible to get for any but those proceeding on official business. And there was war within half a dozen States in Eastern Europe. Now that the World War II is over and the danger of Nazi and Fascist invasion are past the totalitarian one-party governments in power in Poland, Yugo-

Slovia Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary have begun to persecute religion and to trample under foot the rights and liberties of those that do not belong to the party in power as did the Nazis in Germany and Fascists in Italy before the war. And elsewhere, in Italy, and in France the Communists were bent on producing disorder as they could fish to the profit of their party, in troubled waters. There was war in practice if not in formal and regular shape all over Europe, so that the question whether there will be a war in Europe was rather otiose. It is like asking a diabetic whether he is suffering from diabetes just because the carbuncle has not appeared.

Formal, full-dress war there is not and will not be for another year or two. For none of the possible parties is prepared for it. The U.S.A. will not think of it lest her post-war prosperity be imperilled. Russia has not recovered from the ravages of war—the German invasion has so badly damaged it that it will require another year or more before it can think of another war. And why should Russia resort to war, when she can get most of the things she wants without war? One of her major objectives is to weaken the moral and economic condition of the Western powers, and this she does through the Communist parties in these countries—who keep these countries in a constant condition of disorder and thereby reduce their productivity and delay if they cannot altogether prevent their economic recovery. And then there is the diplomatic technique of the Soviet government which gives one hope that there will not be war in the near future. A reading of the former U.S.A. Secretary of State Byrne's Memoirs and observation of the tactics of Soviet representatives at meetings of Security Council or the U.N.O. gives one the impression that the real objective of their diplomatic demarches is not what they ask for at any particular moment in such strident and intransigent tones but something else quite remote and quite different from what they are making the

whole world think they are after. Time after time Byrne has reported that when Soviet representatives at the conferences that he attended were foaming at the mouth over some claim that they made the world understand they would either get conceded or perish in the attempt, they were really after something else the whole time, and which once granted they soft-pedalled their demands over the original question. It may be that while they were crying *Non possumus* over the Berlin blockade they were really after something more important to them *viz.*, Russian participation in the control of the Ruhr. It may also be that when Vyshinsky was so violent and insulting—and all this violence and vehemence is done to order from Moscow—over the International Commission of the Danube, he was really after something else, perhaps a Russian outlet into the Mediterranean from the Black Sea. So it would seem that the only way to put an end to Soviet intransigence is to put all the questions and claims that the Soviet is interested in into a pool and to consider them and decide on them as a whole. Take all the claims and demands of the Soviet together in their relationship to one another and in their relationship to the rights and liberties of others and the peace of the world and give Russia what is due to her. For, as a Vatican diplomatist told me, even Russia has to be dealt with in justice and equity—so much for the alleged Vatican hostility to Russia. Russia required warm-water outlets for her trade and commerce and the other powers must set about conceding it with due regard to the rights of others in the neighbourhood and with due precautions for the peace of the world.

There was another shrewd observation made by this Vatican diplomat and which gave me a clue to Soviet diplomatic technique—and that was that each people must solve its problems in its own way. For instance, he said, the French would solve their problems in the French way by means of febrile agitation, by periodical revolution. It is no use asking them to solve their problems by the English way of compromise, by the parliamentary method. And, following this advice, when I thought of the Russians my memory

went back to some exhibitions of Russian ballet—dancing that I had seen where there was much violent throwing about of hands and feet and bending and straightening of knees with angry facial expressions but the whole of this performance ending in peace and quiet. The methods of Vishinsky at diplomatic gatherings reminded me of the Russian dance. It is the Russian way of doing things, and it seems to me that if the other parties at these diplomatic gatherings keep their temper and show their strength which must be supported by strength on the home front rearmament, economic efficiency and all-round preparedness, Russian diplomacy will end like the Russian dance in peace and quiet. Russians may be violent at times and in places but in the end Quiet flows the Don.

THE FIRST NUMBER



Jan 24 1950

From Sir
I enclose
the first number
of the
Journal of Law
and
Literature
and
the following
articles

SIR ARNOLD WHITE
(Chief Justice, Madras)

DEVALUATION

BY DR. SIR C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYER, K.C.S.I.

IN language, whose implications are obvious, Pundit Nehru has explained in Canada, that, normally, India would not have had to devalue, but that she had to do so because the Rupee was linked to the sterling. In his own language, even the sterling balances themselves have been subjected to various absorptions and adjustments. It is clear, that although the decline of the sterling was proceeding apace, never-the-less, the actual decision as to devaluation came upon India as a shock. It need not have done so.

As early as the 23rd of May 1949, Mr. Wintrop W. Aldridge, Chairman of the Chase National Bank of New York, stated at a luncheon given by the Pilgrims at the Savoy Hotel, that when the Marshall Plan came to an end, the countries of Western Europe and their overseas territories would be faced with substantial annual dollar deficits, if their standards of living were to be maintained at their present levels. He added that the deficit could be met only in three ways, viz., firstly increased exports to the U. S. A.; secondly by increased travel from the U. S. A.; and thirdly by increased American investments in or loans to Western European countries and their overseas territories. He insisted on political stability as a condition precedent to the last programme—such stability involving (a) the elimination of the threat of Communism; (b) arranging that the nation, which wanted the debt, must have its external economy in balance. In other words, the exchange rates of its currency *vis a vis* the American Dollar must have a realistic relationship to the price levels existing in both countries and must be such that it could be maintained in practice.

Following this line of thought, Lord Elibank, in a letter to *The Times* in June 1949 propounded a definite plan for currency devaluation so as to bring about a parity basis with the dollar and an increase in the price of gold. It is manifest, therefore, that both in America and in Europe the currency developments

that have taken place, were regarded as inevitable and were definitely foreseen.

Nevertheless, when the United Kingdom balanced its last budget, the Chancellor of the Exchequer asserted not only that its overseas trade position was good, but that there was not the



slightest idea of devaluation, and in fact the English papers began to lecture to other countries about the virtues of thrift and planning. This was a political gesture but very soon thereafter, the Continental press began to blame Britain for its bilateral pacts and the overvaluation of the sterling and its selfishness in not helping to reduce Europe's trade deficits.

At the Washington Conference, the full extent of Great Britain's difficulties was perceived and Mr. Snyder in his directives suggested the stock-piling of commodities and the relaxation of the Marshall Plan by giving greater freedom to the United Kingdom to buy goods outside the dollar area. In addition, the encouragement of the investment of American capital was also envisaged. This arrangement was finalised on the

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DEVALUATION

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12th of September. In the Commonwealth Conference, cuts in the dollar imports and an export drive were recognised as inevitable.

Almost overnight after the Commonwealth Conference, the deterioration of the economic position of the United Kingdom and the countries associated with her was recognised and proclaimed and the people of the sterling area assumed a mental attitude, which in the language of John Ruskin, may be described as a hesitation between ungrasped hope and unfronted fear.

In dealing with this question, we are apt to concentrate on England and India without reference to American developments. In order to appreciate the situation, the following facts cannot be ignored.

After the end of the last war, 15,000 million dollars were invested by the U.S.A. abroad in oil fields, mining and public utilities. Taking this in conjunction with the Marshall Aid Plan, it has been pointed out that from 1952, when the Marshall Aid Plan will end, 2,000 million dollars will become available annually for commercial investment. In dealing with such investments, we may bear in mind a statement made quite recently by the American National Association of Manufacturers which laid down, that before U.S.A. makes any investments, it is necessary to insist on treaties whereby the borrowing countries agreed not to introduce any measure prejudicial to private enterprise or discouraging business incentive. The *Wall Street Journal*, analysing the whole position, went so far as to suggest the obliteration of the Sterling.

It is thus clear that America, from the point of view of its own self-interest and to preserve its economic, industrial and financial stability and maintain its wage levels must find investments abroad. So far as England and countries allied with England are concerned, such investments were contemplated in connection with the realisation that the sterling was overvalued and must be devalued.

As a reaction against this American trend of thought, the *New Statesman* has argued that it is fantastic to believe that increased exports to dollar areas will close the gap when Marshall Aid ends and it is pleaded that instead of seeking closer inter-dependence with the New World, every economic consideration demands lesser dependence upon and lesser imports from U.S.A.

The Atlantic Pact, not having eventuated in any effective political and economic union, England, notwithstanding the assertions of Sir Stafford Cripps, found itself at the end of its tether and had to devalue. The gold and dollar deficit of the whole sterling area, calculated at the old rate of exchange of 4.03 dollars to the pound was 133 millions in the 3rd quarter of the year. Marshall Aid amounted to 71 millions and the gold and dollar reserves on the 30th September amounted to 351 million pounds at the old rate of exchange as against 471 millions in the first quarter. These figures demonstrate the imperative necessity for devaluation of the pound.

In his very candid speech during the Devaluation debate, Sir Stafford Cripps has made three points clear, viz.—(1) that England's imports have risen and exports have gone down; (2) that an austerity regime is indispensable, and (3) it would be a very difficult job to repay her sterling creditors. In fairness, however, it should be added that a non-official commentator has emphasised that the last portion does not necessarily refer to past indebtedness.

Linked as we are to Sterling, India had, perhaps, no alternative but to devalue although opinions will vary as to whether India acted wisely in announcing a devaluation before finding out what other Commonwealth countries were doing. It may be remembered that the Canadian dollar has been devalued by only 10 per cent, whereas Pakistan has declined to devalue her rupee. In any case, we are now confronted with a devaluation of 30½ per cent—one dollar being now worth 4.76 rupees as against 3.309 rupees before devaluation.

What are the results? Our sterling assets which have already been seriously depleted are now worth only 70 per cent of their previous value in terms of the dollar, which is in fact the only valid international currency. We must further realise that our cash balances has dwindled from 310 crores to 108 crores. This state of things has made borrowing difficult and obviously, India cannot resort to inflationary methods of printing more notes. The terribly discouraging response to the Tender of Treasury Bills is a serious pointer. In addition, the expected budget surplus of 49 lakhs has turned into an anticipated deficit of not less than 50 crores, to which must be added a further liability of 15 crores due to the integration of State finances and the undertaking given by the Government of India consequent thereupon.

We are also faced with a combined expenditure in the Central and Provincial spheres aggregating to 600 crores. The actual Civil expenditure of the Central Government has been 50 crores more than the budgeted figure of 136.5 crores. The defence expenditure has been 36 crores more than the previous year. No wonder that the grandiose and too often unco-ordinated schemes of the Provincial governments have had to be curtailed and Sardar Patel has had to give an award reducing expenditure by 80 crores!

In this connection it may be remembered that the basically sound industrial scheme adumbrated by the Government of India for making this country more or less self-sufficient in the matter of steel involved in the starting of steel plants costing 90 crores to be imported from America. The steel plant will now, necessarily, cost between 120 to 130 crores owing to devaluation. Even assuming that we, by means of self-denying ordinance, curtail our imports from the U. S. A. in the shape of new plants and machinery, it cannot be forgotten that we have, during the last few years invested very largely in American motor cars, machinery and industrial plants of various types and that our aeronautical schemes were largely based on American supplies. We are, therefore, necessarily dependent on America for replacements, spare parts and technical

personnel, all of which will have to be paid for at enhanced cost.

Nextly, the Pakistan policy of non-devaluation has to be interpreted in relation to the fact that our imports from Pakistan have been in the order of 100 to 110 crores and our exports 70 to 80 crores, the adverse trade balance being more than 30 crores. With the U.S.A. our adverse trade balance has been 34 crores and with the United Kingdom 38 crores. Although programmes are being announced almost daily for bringing about self-sufficiency of India, in the matter of jute, cotton, wheat and hides, which are the main Pakistan imports, yet it is doubtful whether such a self-sufficiency can be reached within the next three or four years. In this connection it may be remembered that the cost of manufacturing jute is 35 per cent of the cost of the manufactured article. The policy of self-sufficiency in these commodities is somewhat belated and indeed India has been utilising a portion of its jute and cotton areas for the production of food grains, so much so that the Cotton Committee has recently insisted on the importance of maintaining and enhancing the cotton acreage.

One of the relieving features of the food situation is that in the matter of rice, wheat and sugar, the acreage required for self-sufficiency is not markedly above the average. The big gap really arises with food grains other than rice and wheat, raw cotton as well as raw jute and tobacco. The pronouncements repeatedly made in India not to import food grains after 1951 have struck many persons as hasty and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru has evinced wise realism in asking U.S.A. to send one million tons of wheat to India to be kept as a reserve so as to bring down prices. Obviously this must be on a lend lease basis, because India cannot otherwise afford to pay for wheat at the enhanced dollar prices. It goes without saying that India will not and cannot agree, as in other cases of lendlease arrangements, to the use of naval and air bases and similar facilities.

The dangers of devaluation in the absence of nationally regimented self-sacrifice, such as has been a marked feature in the U.K. are (1) The level of wages may rise with devaluation. Indeed the late lamented Sir Ardeshir Dalal foresaw this in a recent speech, when he referred to the fall in real wages of the workers and people with fixed income. (2) If there be such a rise in the level of wages, there will, in all probability, be a rise in the price of manufactured articles, inevitable in conjunction with higher labour costs. Such an increase of price may militate against an effective export drive without which the effects of devaluation cannot be neutralised. A higher cost of living may coincide with the higher price of imported goods and of locally manufactured articles. Hence arises the inescapable need to control food prices even at the cost of resiling from previous undertakings given to cultivators as to minimum prices. There also arises the need for austerity in the matter of the use of imported articles.

As a background to all these circumstances, is the higher price of American essential capital goods and the difficulties of switching over from American to European supplies. Further, as the British themselves can only meet their crisis by exporting to dollar countries at any cost, India may find it increasingly difficult to get supplies from England. In sheer self-interest England will have to concentrate on producing goods for export to dollar areas in preference to goods for sale to sterling areas. Moreover, human nature being what it is, if India declines to buy from America and the U.S.A. competition is thus eliminated, British and European manufacturers may be tempted to dictate their own terms and increase their prices, this course of conduct leading to a speedier liquidation of the sterling balances.

One of the remedies, which is apparently being pursued, is the utilization of the surplus gold of Hyderabad. But, as has been clearly pointed out, India cannot ignore the need to keep a sufficient metallic reserve

as backing for currency. Manifestly India cannot buy gold from Dollar countries and Australia will not sell gold as her balance of payments is strained. Sir Stafford Cripps has already announced that he is against unregulated exports and so far as one can see, England will not favour the exchange from sterling balances to gold. Further, we see that France and Italy are asking for U.S. gold to stiffen their currency.

There is one more item which may be mentioned in passing namely the computed value of evacuee property which was estimated at 1,000 crores and which is now worth only 666 crores. In the appraisal of our import and export position, in relation to devaluation, we may note that in June 1949, we imported food grains to the extent of 46 crores from the dollar area and 67 crores from the sterling area. The imports from the dollar area are the following items, which are not easy to replace. They are lubricating oils, manilla hemp, timber for bobbins and ship building, chemicals, drugs, medicines, electrical and other machinery, aeroplane parts, motor trucks and motor spare parts, tyres and tyre-making articles, all these aggregating to 20 per cent of our imports. In dealing with this question we must remember that our exports must increase by 40 per cent in order to earn enough dollars for balance of payment, i. e., so as to pay more for the value of imports.

It was with reference to all these considerations, that the Reserve Bank in its latest report gave the warning that the Indian prices and costs are still very high despite the anti-inflation programme; that there is no sign of revival of investment and that some industrial shares have actually approximated to the pre-war level; that in industries like iron and steel we are unable to utilize even our installed capacity; that there is a decline of textile and sugar production and a shortage of capital goods and technical personnel and that whereas government loans in England are over-subscribed, Indian loans are not very successful. They insist on larger production and larger exports though they fully realised that our exports are by

nature inelastic, consisting mainly of manufactured jute, textile goods, tea and manganese.

Remembering that all devaluation is inflatory in character, the inescapable and indispensable programme for India must comprise rigid price control, the attraction of fresh capital and the release not only of hidden accumulations, but an adoption of compulsory saving on the part of agriculturists and workers who have specially profited by the recent industrial development and the progressive rise in wages. Finally, we must imitate the very strenuous tightening of the belt and eschewal of luxury products on the lines so triumphantly demonstrated in England.

When all this is said, there still remain two alternatives. Is India to proceed with a big programme of modern mechanized agriculture and industrial development even at the risk of importing American plant and personnel at enhanced prices, or is India to place a full stop on her development programme so as to

live within her present means and await events? The answer from the long term point of view is surely in favour of the former alternative. That alternative involves far-sighted rationalization of industry and centralised planning with a view to develop those resources and in those localities which can best conduce to all India progress which will not merely subserve local interests or satisfy local political or electioneering ambitions. For a time we may have to borrow heavily, even on seemingly unreasonable terms, to pay for our imports of capital machinery for mechanised agriculture and basic industries like shipbuilding, machine tool manufacture and steel and chemical plants. Such investments will repay themselves in the long run and India's fundamental economic position is sound. Finally, the complementary character of the import and export positions of India and Pakistan necessitate a speedy settlement of their differences without which there is bound to be an economic set back in both the regions.

THE REVIEW AND ITS FOUNDER

BY THE HON. MR. P. S. KUMARASWAMI RAJA

Premier of Madras.

THE *Indian Review* was born at the beginning of this century. In those early days, it was not easy to start a



magazine of the calibre of the *Indian Review*. So far as South India is concerned, the *Indian Review* could indisputably take the credit of its being the first journal of its kind. This novel adventure in journalism

in those days could be attributed to the many-sided attainments and the youthful enthusiasm of Mr. Natesan. His special

training in journalism, which he underwent on the completion of his collegiate career, would seem to have caused an urge in him for embarking on journalism independently. Necessarily, he had to face difficulties in the beginning; but being a man of courage and vision he faced those difficulties and succeeded. The *Indian Review* made a steady progress and became a popular organ, ventilating its views on politics, literature, culture and various problems, social, economic, educational etc.

The variety of articles and subjects in his journal, catering to the variety of tastes and views of the readers, would speak well of his versatility and journalistic acumen. His affability is reflected in his possession of a large circle of friends of different nationalities whose valuable contributions stand as a unique feature of his journal.

"IN FREEDOM IT FOUND ITS GOLDEN JUBILEE"

Russaladeer Katto Padhaya

I am very happy to send my warmest greetings to the *Indian Review* on the happy occasion of its Golden Jubilee. We salute it in pride and gladness for it deserves the nation's heartiest greetings and sincerest gratitude. For the *Indian Review* has been one of our National Institutions.

The young generations of today should know the proud history of this journal. In the dim days gone by when even to recite or read certain passages from the Gita was sedition, the *Indian Review* under the guidance of the great pioneering spirit of Shri G. A. Natesan, took courage in both the hands and ventured on this hazardous and what to many must have seemed, a very doubtful voyage. The mission was to impart political education, stimulate the youthful minds and educate the unlearned. Politics was taboo. To think aloud, to speak through the pages of a journal, to discuss in a literary forum, was still a daring act. And the *Indian Review* did it effectively and successfully. Month after month, year after year, the *Review* unfolded itself like a book of revelation. Men with doubts, with a question mark, with troubled minds, waited with bated breath for this wise journal to speak to them. It braved all the political storms, the many national ups and downs. Today it stands as a great national institution, happy that it served and served well the country and the people. It is in the fulfilment of our dream of freedom the *Indian Review* must find its greatest satisfaction, more than in any tribute that anyone can pay to that pioneering soul Shri G. A. Natesan. For in freedom it found its Golden Jubilee. Effort and achievements can never be measured in years or decades but in the striving for the goal itself. That goal is nearly reached and the *Indian Review* and all who had a hand in its success may feel justly proud of their contribution to that realisation.



THIS QUEER WORLD

BY H. E. DR. K. N. KATJU

Governor of West Bengal.

SOMETIMES I feel as if we were living in a strange world of make-believe. We profess one thing and do exactly the contrary. Life seems to be so full of contradictions. On the one side you hear wonderful stories of iron lungs being rushed across the seven seas with which lives of young children stricken with polio may be saved and they may be restored to normalcy after years of sustained skilful treatment; on the other side in the same breath you hear stories of organised assassinations and liquidations



(so it is euphemistically put) of masses of human beings on one pretext or another. International law has been endeavouring for the last four centuries to humanise warfare but now we have the scientists' contribution which enables belligerents to exterminate and maim for life not only combatants but innocent civilians, men women and children in thousands and hundreds of thousands in the twinkling of an eye. Societies for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have shed genuine tears of tortured sympathy at the sight of pain caused to animals taking them in units, but now under the stress of economic difficulties and the search for food a new problem of men *versus* monkeys and cows, parrots and sparrows, has come to the fore and the latter stand the fearful prospect of total or partial extinction. It is really a queer world and it is no wonder that many old concepts make no impression on many minds. All talk of non-violence in thought and word and deed seems to be so futile if it is limited to the conduct of human beings towards one another. And then again as between man and man, old philosophies and systems of morals and ethics are

losing their hold because it is contended that they are mere adjuncts of a particular set of economic doctrines. Different economic doctrines, it is urged, beget moral and ethical codes of their own. In the conflict of ideologies words have evidently lost their meaning. Instead of illuminating the mind or the intellect they engender darkness and obscurity. The same sets of words are being used by different people to express completely divergent and even contradictory ideas. Everybody swears by Democracy. The conception of Democracy, however, varies from country to country and from speaker to speaker. Simple folk cry for clarification of ideas and, I believe, all decent men everywhere clamour for a little more precision of thought and accuracy of expression. Capitalism, Socialism, Communism, Fascism fill the air with a babble of tongues and noise over-powering. Each offers the panacea for all ills and a sovereign remedy for the cure of all maladies in the body politic. Each seems to be agreed on a demand for one world with the mental reservation that that one world should be of the pattern of his choice.

We in Asia seem to be experiencing the full blast of these loud and mutually contradictory preachings, and the task before the coming generations is verily one of the noblest and also the hardest imaginable. On their right choice of belief and action may depend the welfare and happiness of humanity in this vast country.

REMEMBER IT IS MY FIRST CHILD

Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, Alberta.

12th Sept. 1928.

I am glad to hear that you are working up the business well. Remember it is my first child G.A.N.

(From a letter to his son Manian Natesan)

G. A. N.—SOME HAPPY MEMORIES

BY MR. H. S. L. POLAK

It has been a happy and a sad fact that many of my closest Indian friends have been several years older than myself. Happy, because I have learnt (or tried to learn) so much from their more mature experience. Sad, because most of them have now passed on, leaving me bereft and rather lonely; for so many of my own age, or a little younger, have come to regard me, incorrectly, as an "ancient of days," living in retirement.



Among my earliest Indian friends was G. A. Natesan, whom I met during my first visit to India in 1909 as a solitary pioneer on the South African Indian question. My three Indian colleagues had been imprisoned, as passive resisters, at the instance of the Transvaal Government, in the hope that thereby the delegation to India might be prevented from leaving South Africa. My tour had been arranged, at Gandhiji's instance, by G. K. Gokhale. It was Gokhale who, through the Madras members of the Servants of India Society, and especially V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, introduced me to G. A. N.

In those days, hospitality to an Englishman in a Brahmin home was somewhat difficult; so Natesan arranged for my accommodation, as his guest, first at the Y. M. C. A., and later at a nearby hotel. Here I noticed that I was under very close observation by some fellow-"guests." I discovered, too, that whenever I took a "gharry" to pay a visit, someone always travelled ("unseen") at the back of the vehicle. I mentioned these things to G. A. N., who told me that I was evidently under police surveillance as a "suspicious character".

He had already asked me to let him publish a book, entitled "The Indians of South Africa: Helots Within the

Empire", that I had written, and also a monograph on Gandhi (later incorporated as a Preface to "Speeches and Writings of M. K. Gandhi"). It was the first material published in India on that great man.

When I told G. A. N. of my hotel and local travel experiences, he said that he had discovered that some of the police had been surreptitiously trying to obtain from his printing-house some pre-publication "proofs" of my MSS. As I expressed strong resentment of these underhand police-methods, he suggested that I should consult V. Krishnaswami Aiyar, his close friend, who had just been appointed to the Governor's Executive Council. G. A. N. took me along to see him, and when I explained what had happened he asked me humorously why I should expect to be treated differently from a British member of Parliament. I could not quite see the connection until V. Krishnaswami explained that during a recent visit, Keir Hardie, M. P., had undergone a similar experience to mine. He then advised me to write to the Chief Commissioner of Police, informing him that I had nothing to conceal and that, if he would send a senior police-officer to interview me, I would gladly give him all necessary information. I did so, after showing G. A. N. the draft of my letter, and had no further cause of complaint. Indeed, shortly afterwards, I was granted an interview by the Governor to whom I explained the South African situation, and who expressed his warm sympathy.

G. A. N. was one of the first prominent Indians to interest himself specially in the problems of Indians overseas, and he organized and became the active secretary of a public body in Madras concerning itself specially with those problems, and the "Indian Review" became the vehicle of much valuable information to the Indian public on the subject. He was also the principal organizer of the first public meeting that I addressed on the South African Indian question in Madras. It was presided over by Sir Subrahmanya Aiyar, and its most eloquent speaker was Mrs. Annie Besant.

I owe to G. A. N. many introductions to Indian friends, mostly in public life—Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Sir Mirza Ismail, the present Governor-General ("C. R."). Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar, Sir Alladi Krishnaswami, Aiyer, T. R. Venkatarama Sastri and others, who were, then and later, very helpful to me in my tours. When I mentioned V. S. Srinivasa Sastri's name to him, he rejoiced for Sastri was one of his oldest and closest friends.

I recall most gratefully how very helpful G. A. N. was when I was suddenly called to Colombo to receive and help the landing and return to Madras of a number of Transvaal Indians (nearly all Tamils and Telugus) who had been unlawfully deported from South Africa as passive resisters. Natesan did everything possible to arrange for their comfort and hospitality in Madras, until I was able to take them on to Bombay and eventually back to Durban. Before their departure, he arranged a public meeting, and I still remember his embarrassment at having to deliver a speech in Tamil—the first time, he told me, that he had done so in his mother-tongue, instead of in English!

My contacts with the South Indian press were greatly facilitated by the introductions that he gave me to their distinguished editors, British and Indian. My natural hesitancy soon disappeared as they gave me the freedom of their columns, in order that I might make the South African Indian position and the quality of the Indian leaders there better understood and appreciated.

On a later visit to Madras I had the privilege of enjoying the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Natesan, and so learnt something of the beauty of family life in South India. Natesan's publishing-house introduced me to much that I have since treasured in the Dravidian culture, of which I had hitherto been unaware.

Though, after 1917, my visits to India were shorter, and were professional and not political, I could never go to Madras without renewing the affectionate relations with G. A. N. and learning his views on social and political developments in South India and on Indo-British relations. It was a

great pleasure to be able to welcome and entertain him on what was, I believe, the only occasion that he visited England.

It is a matter of gratification that, so soon after his passing, the Golden Jubilee of the magazine that he founded and which has contributed so much to the cultural values of Indian public life, is being celebrated. None of the many honours paid to him during his lifetime can exceed that which can now properly be paid to his memory and work by his surviving contemporaries, Indian and British. They recall him to-day with loving affection and warm admiration. May the professional and public standards that he set survive, must be the prayer of the New India.

"WHEN I WAS YOUNG"

By MR. M. K. VELLODI, I.C.S.

Chief Minister, Hyderabad

The *Indian Review* is one of the first periodicals in the English language that I read when I was young. Since then I have continued to read this very interesting and informative Magazine whenever opportunity offered. Several Magazines and periodicals have come into existence since the *Indian Review* was born but none of these except with rare exceptions has to my knowledge lived for any length of time. The reason is obvious. Mr. G. A. Natesan and, after him his successors have put their best into this business and never lowered in any manner the very high standard that the Magazine had set in its very first Number. The contributors to this Journal include practically all the great names in India during the last half a Century. Liberalism is today a word that is often used to denote a somewhat feeble political philosophy but history will put that right and in the progress of liberalism in this country, the *Indian Review* has occupied a foremost place. I wish all prosperity to this enterprise.

MAY IT GROW FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH

BY HON. SRI B. GOPALA REDDI

(Finance Minister, Madras)

I am delighted to find that the *Indian Review* is completing its Golden Jubilee in January next. I am painfully reminded of the recent death of the Founder-Editor, Sri G. A. Natesan, who was in the public life of the Province for a long time and who unseen and in an



unostentatious way helped Indian nationalism to grow. His ability, sound judgment and wise statesmanship brought him to the top of Indian journalism. *Indian Review* is continuing the good work under the able management of his sons.

When we look back, the fifty years preceding the Golden Jubilee were replete with vast changes in all spheres; from subordination to an alien rule we have emerged triumphantly after the inauguration of the Republic. We must congratulate ourselves on the leadership we had during these years; giants among men with their spirit of self-sacrifice moulded the country into a mighty State. Even in the educational field we have made tremendous progress, though unfortunately illiteracy is still the badge of the majority. While we derive great satisfaction at what has been achieved we have yet to cross many a hurdle and progress in many more directions before we can truly be a powerful state. Consolidation of what has been achieved and an eagerness to produce more must be our mission and motto. The hey day of communalism has gone leaving in its trail much bitterness and misery. The dangers that I envisage are from communism and provincialism. Communism is too wide a sphere which blazes on the imagination of the people as a world movement. On the contrary provincialism grips our outlook and narrows it down to small territory jeopardising the prestige and authority of the Central Government. Both are to be avoided in order to ensure a steady and solid progress, political, economical and social. There is hope in the future, but hard work also is in store for us.

I am sure the *Indian Review* will be alive to the needs of the country and give its dispassionate comment and criticism in a progressive and constructive manner. May it grow from strength to strength and guide us through our difficult times.

A TRIBUTE TO A PUBLISHER

BY DR. C. JINARAJADASA,

President, The Theosophical Society

It is a long gap of time between 1901 and 1950. Yet it was in 1901 that I met Mr. G. A. Natesan for the first time. I had come from Ceylon to the



annual Theosophical Convention, held at Adyar, and friends took me to see Mr. Natesan. I was delighted to make his acquaintance and feel something of his enthusiasm for his work. It was much later, in 1914 when I settled in India, that I got to know in fuller detail concerning the work that Mr. Natesan was doing on behalf of the Indian public and Indian culture.

The *Indian Review* has always been remarkable—it was the first, of the kind—to give an all-round view, first, of what was happening in India particularly, by giving summaries of articles in the principal Reviews, and later a general survey of the principal world events. When I have been away from India I have been glad to see *The Review* and to know what was happening in India, the States, etc.

But I think a work that will never be forgotten is what Mr. Natesan has done for the dissemination of texts with translations of various important works in ancient Indian literature. One of the first actions along this line was to get permission from Dr. Annie Besant to print her translation of *The Bhagavad Gita* with Sanskrit text, paying her no copyright, though the work had been copyrighted. I know that Dr. Besant, knowing Mr. Natesan's philanthropic activities, was only too glad to give him the opportunity of a cheap edition of the *Gita* with the Sanskrit, to be put on bookstalls at railway stations, originally for four annas. I can imagine

that nearly a lakh of copies of this gem must have been distributed.

Then in addition we know later what he has done to bring condensed summaries of *Ramayana*, *Mahabharata* the *Bhagavata Purana*, the work of Sankaracharya, etc. This popularisation, at moderate cost, of these great works even in condensed form, has very greatly helped to strengthen the awakened movement of Indian culture.

Perhaps not less important is the work that Mr. Natesan did to give the biographies of various principal Indian leaders. These have been most valuable, not only for the general public, but particularly for students, who without these works would not be able easily to get at the biographical facts required for purposes of study.

Mr. Natesan has earned the gratitude of many generations for the work that he has done to strengthen the revival of the life of the Motherland.

DR. SIR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

(Indian Ambassador, Moscow)

I am glad to know that the *Indian Review* started by your father, the late Mr. G. A. Natesan, will complete 50 years by the end of this year. It is a remarkable achievement for an Indian monthly journal. Your father spent a good deal of his time and attention on the maintenance of high standards in the journal and it is now for you to keep up the standards and enhance, if possible, the usefulness of the journal. I hope the journal will have a prosperous future.

Madhava

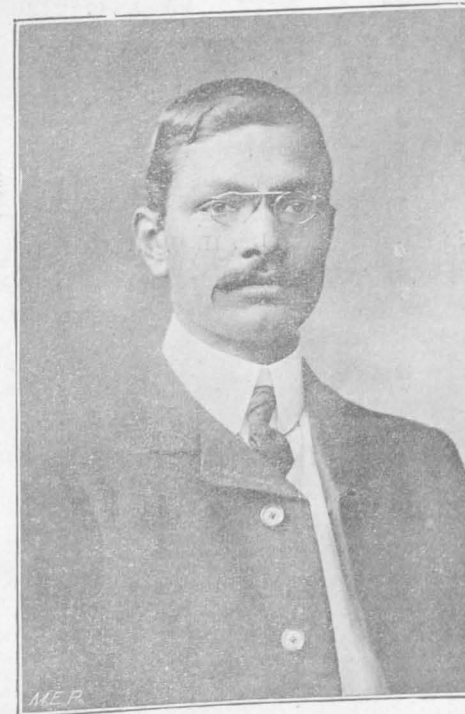
AMONG CONTRIBUTORS TO THE "INDIAN REVIEW"



BAL GANGADHAR TILAK



S. SRINIVASA IYENGAR



MANOHAR LAL



MARGARET COUSINS



SIR JADUNATH SARKAR



V. KRISHNASWAMI AIYER



SIR ATUL CHATTERJI



SIR T. V. ACHARYA



SIR H. P. MODY



DR. H. C. MUKHERJI



SIR FRANCIS LOW



G. K. GOKHALE



PROF. A. R. WADIA

Democracy and Discipline

BY MR. N. RAGHUNATHAN

Asst. Editor, "The Hindu" & President, Southern India Journalists' Federation.

FREE India has now framed her own Constitution and her children have been exhorted to defend it against all comers. The Universities Commission has

parties of the Left, consider that the Constitution has not sufficiently emancipated itself from the shackles of the past. The political ideas which we have inherited from the British connection and have sought to embody more or less in the Constitution are for form's sake denounced by these critics as carrying the bourgeois taint. But they are themselves so deeply stained by them without knowing it that this routine disapproval of what is called empty political democracy merely serves to divert attention from their true purpose. And that is to further in every way and complete at the earliest possible moment the corrosive action upon the corpus of Indian thought and culture of the acid of westernisation. Though they talk in terms of One World they are all for converting India into a vast suburb; only, they violently differ on whether it shall attach itself to London or New York or Moscow.



sought to provide a moral sanction for this by urging that university education should seek consciously to realise the ideals embodied in the Constitution. Curiously enough one heard during the last stages of the discussion in the Constituent Assembly many loyal supporters of the Congress confessing to grave disappointment with the finished product. Some felt that the concept of the Secular State was a negative one which could not be expected to rouse generous emotions. Others found that there was nothing distinctively Indian about the Constitution on which so much time and labour had been spent.

Much more outspoken is the hostility of those who, like the more extreme

It is therefore hardly surprising that their reaction to the Constitution which today is a "thing done" is characteristically western. Some of their authoritative spokesmen have said that when they gain power they will tear this Constitution to tatters; and, further, if they cannot secure that power otherwise, they will not hesitate to employ violent means. We may ignore this as bluff or, at any rate, as a remote threat. But it is worth considering whether the disruptionists might not find the way made easier for them by the loyal friends of the Constitution utilising the powers and opportunities it provides in ways that must encourage mental attitudes favourable to violence. Majority rule may

be as much the instrument of tyranny as of democracy; and the Constitution may, if we are not careful, be easily trespassed upon for unworthy ends.

Everything will depend upon how we clothe the bare bones of the Constitution with flesh and blood. If in the actual working it is to be informed by an Indian consciousness we must not be content to dip into the rag-bag of Europe for clothing our spiritual nakedness. Western democracy today finds itself in a *cul de sac*. The British Welfare State, which is its ultimate expression, is up against the inexorable fact that it is living beyond its means. And yet the rulers dare not reverse the course of development. They feel that the State must continue doing for the individual citizen all that it has been doing if it does not want to lose his loyalty. As a Labour writer puts it, it was the consciousness that his welfare and standard of life were bound up with the preservation of the State that nerved the common man in Britain to stand the awful racket of 1945 without flinching.

But if the well-fed life should be the be-all and end-all of human endeavour and if the rigorous logic of events should come to demonstrate that this goal cannot be attained within the narrow limits of the nation-state in a world of armed neutrality ever trembling on the brink of war, those who are disillusioned at the discovery that the welfare state is also subject to the law of diminishing returns might be tempted to take one of the totalitarian short cuts. Let us not go into the question whether they will arrive at One World or at a concentration camp. But confining ourselves for the moment to the consideration that either prospect would

not be pleasing to those who pin their faith on democracy, does it not become clear that we have to re-examine the basic axioms of that faith?

Historically democracy, like science, has regarded religion as an irrelevant intrusion. The contemplation of the ever-ascending spiral of Progress has provided it with all the spiritual nourishment it asked for. And the tremendous advance of technology served to humour the belief that this new rope-trick would serve to hoist man to whatever Secular Heaven there might be. But two World Wars in a generation have served to show that perpetual progress is no more possible than perpetual motion. In fact the greater the progress the less the happiness which man has sought through it. The more technology advances the more widespread is the poverty of the heart. Man is becoming so rapidly the slave of the machine that he is fast losing even the desire for freedom. And he is so mesmerised by the State which works the machines which he minds as mechanically as if he were a machine himself, that he has lost virtually all social consciousness of his neighbour next door. Where technology rules the old organic society has been split into a vast multiplicity of fearful and self-defensive atoms. And the nation-state has stepped in to organise it and impose upon it a semblance of order, as a shepherd drives his sheep into the fold. Dr. Ambedkar was guilty of unconscious irony when he said, "Fraternity can be a fact only when there is a nation."

The central problem of democracy is that of "reconciliation," as Middleton Murry observes, "of a new conscious social discipline with the precious habit

of freedom." In the old days of despotism the handful at the top clothed with power and glamour imposed their notions of discipline on the vast mass down below. Today numerical democracy functioning through the legislature enables the ruled, who have become rulers, to impose their ideas on the minority. In neither case was social discipline achieved by consent. Unless that is done democracy itself must crack up.

What gives vitality to a society is not the rules and laws it frames for dealing with abnormal situations but the common way of life it evolves. The old community life was broken up in Britain by what Wordsworth described as "the depersonalisation of social relations." This, as the writer above-mentioned rightly points out, "is the consequence and condition of the vast concentrations of physical power which are the basis of technological civilisation." "Man's present forms of economic and social organisation are becoming more and more anti-human in their essence and effects." How is this trend towards race suicide to be reversed?

The sociologist replies that the only hope lies in reviving true community life. If a "community" is so vast—as is the national State—that its members cannot feel a keen social responsibility towards it, the individuals composing it will come to assume that all they have to do is to do their allotted task and queue up for the dole. In the old society of status based on agriculture as a way of life men's social relations were much more personal and vivid. Social inequalities there were, undoubtedly, but there was also human dignity.

How shall we retrieve that dignity and at the same time reconcile natural human inequalities with social harmony? It is a question which is especially urgent for us in India to answer. Shall we follow the West in the morass it is struggling in, or fear to drink at the well-springs of our culture from an excessively celebrated cosmopolitanism? Might there not be something after all in our old ideas of functional division of labour and a society based on contentment and self-respect?

HIMALAYAN HUMANITY

A MONTH WITH THE ROERICH'S

BY DR. JAMES H. COUSINS

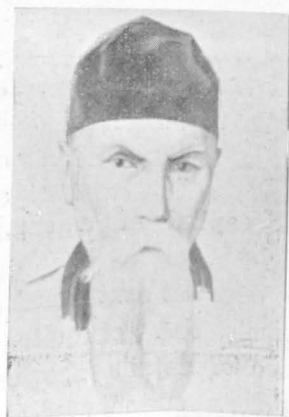
ON the morning of May 29, 1939, Mrs. Cousins and I left the Kangra Valley, in the Punjab, for farther East in search of an artist. All but half an hour on the end of the Valley railway was by motor 'bus by a twisty unprotected road through epic scenery—hills, forests, river, with nerve-pulling intervals that alert driving ultimately made us ignore. In the afternoon we

were at Mandi, the capital of a small Hill-State.

From 6 to 8 we were out next morning with pads and pencils, and got quite a collection of sketches of details showing elaborate Hindu pillars surmounted by chaste Mohammedan arches crowned by the typical dome but finished by Pathan drip-stones. During the day we had an exciting view of His Highness' collection

of Kangra and other northern paintings. A good deal of the second day went into fulfilling a request for a memorandum on the preservation and arrangement of the art-treasures of the city.

From 7 to 11 next morning the 'bus sped along a one-way road between the surging Beas River and steep, sometimes overhanging, cliffs. We saw why Alexander the Great thought it best to make this the margin of his Oriental expedition. Half way, at a widening of the road, we crossed the reverse 'bus, and in a short pause tasted the air and foot-hold of the country. At 2 in the afternoon we were at Katrain, two miles below our destination. Here we were given the choice of ponies or chairs for the ascent to Naggar at 5,800 feet. We chose the lazy chairs so as to be free to revel in new views of nature and humanity. In an hour, after many enthusiastic pauses and exclamations at beauty, we were, at Urusvati Institute, welcomed heartily not only by Nicholas Roerich himself, but by



Madame Helena, who, though unwell, mounted the 200 steps from their home to the flat assigned to us over the botanical museum in which their Himalayan researches in medicinal herbs were preserved. Their son, Svetoslav,

following his father as a painter, was also present. Dr. George, their scholar-son, was up-hill by pony on a research

problem as to how flowing water managed to cease to flow.

The tea altogether in our neat living room was breathless with exchange of reminiscences, convictions, aspirations, psychic experiences, ideas, the verbal paraphernalia of the approach of kindred spirits to a sympathetic unity enriched by racial and temperamental diversity. Ablutions, a rest, and rummaging for heavy clothes against low temperature, kept us indoors to the edge of night. But we snatched time to get a glimpse of great deodars above and below us, and far-off snow-ranges on three sides of our small plateau, and to catch the hurrying sound of mountain-streams.

Sunrise was early in the latitude of Naggar, and we were up at 5-30 for our first day in a natural and artistic paradise. We tried to read and write; but one eye on work and another on white ranges did not collaborate, and we succumbed to the Snows. At noon we were escorted downhill, by a path shaded by blossoming apple-trees, to the Roerich home, for lunch with the family. George had descended from the secret of drought, completing the triumvirate of Russian beards; and there was a Russo-Turkish doctor whom the Bolshevik revolution had driven from his dispensary to roam Asia until he subsided at Naggar as family physician and medical godfather to the scattered inhabitants of the district. In the background were two well-favoured Cossack girls who had been discovered by Madame Roerich when she accompanied her famous husband on one of his expeditions in China, and added to the Naggar household as helps.

Then began a daily routine of lunch with the family. The spacious dining-

room, being somewhat removed from external light, was illuminated by a row of candles on the long dinner-table. This gave the act of eating a "dim religious" atmosphere, which however, was broadened by the collection of Tibetan banners that filled all available wall-space. But neither candles nor banners intimidated conversation or put a long-drawn face on it.

The major portion of our chats at luncheon and at other festivities was concerned with super-normal experiences and their implications, and with the essential place of art in life as a means of elevating and refining human quality. Time in getting together, of attaining mental and emotional community, was saved by the affinities of conviction that we had reached along our own and very different ways, the way of the almost complete Celt meeting the way of the Russian of Swedish origin on the paternal side, with a hint of eastern Asia in his almost almond-shaped eyelids, that came, we ascertained, from a Mongolian ancestress. Biographical details were gathered outside lunch-time from Svetoslav. These, added to our former contacts (a visit to Adyar in 1925, when the painter himself brought "The Messenger" as a gift in memory of his fellow-country-woman, Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky; and a year's residence in an apartment above the Roerich Museum in New York, which housed 1,000 of his masterpieces) helped us to build up the Himalayan achievement that stood invisibly behind and above the simplicity of natural and all-round greatness. Rarely, and only in illustration of something under discussion, did Roerich senior's association with world-renowned writers and musicians (Mæterlinck, Rimsky-

Korsakav, Stravinsky, and others) arise. Impersonality and universality were the constants of conversation. The occasional mention of local and personal details was by way of illustration and ratification. Gossip, being a shallow thing, was rare; the Roerich attitude to life was normally deep.

The contributions of Madame Roerich to conversation were seldom speculative. One knew she knew things, but knowledge is not always conducive to the play of speculation: forgetting is an essential preliminary to the pleasure that comes from the revelations of remembering. We were acquainted with the unsigned books that had, we knew, come through her mind and hand from superconscious sources, each a collection of related aphorisms that, like those of Patanjali, yielded up their souls only to much contemplation. The original record was in Russian, and was turned into English by a collaboration of the family in which the international voice of the younger generation (Svetoslav from America, George from France) was of special service.

A diversion arose when the painter's eye of Svetoslav spotted me in what he recognised as a pictorial attitude when he came to announce lunch. I had been reading, in the pre-lunch interval, on the upper verandah on which Svetoslav usually painted, while Mrs. Cousins talked occultism with Madame Roerich in her boudoir. I had laid the book on the arm of my chair, and held my pince-nez in my left hand while I looked along the side of the hills to a distinctive little temple a mile away that I had registered a vow to visit. What the artist saw when he came to call me to lunch, was

a figure with a Pinkish face and white hair, in a dark blue suit, in profile against a background of ascending fields then in various colours of ripeness, and on the opposite side of the valley, a long ascent to a range of mountains whose ultimate whiteness had thinned in the warmth of summer and awaited renewal by a night of snow. The studio touch was given by a screen of wistaria at the back of the figure. "Don't move! Don't breathe!" the artist exclaimed. He wheeled an easel into position, and made a series of spasmodic strokes that, I felt, were plotting a charcoal outline. "Every day an hour before lunch till it is finished: not a portrait with a Himalayan scene as background, but a Himalayan scene with a figure as foreground." After the sixteenth solus sitting (a daily discipline to a volatile temperament) the others were admitted as critics. I was shut out from that cheerful category; and even if I had been admitted, I hadn't an idea of how I looked sideways, and the celebrated space-time-continuum debarred me from fulfilling Burns' wish of seeing myself as others saw me. Opinion was unanimous that it was a masterpiece. When I was permitted to view it, I had to reserve judgment on the likeness, though there was no doubt as to the blue cloth, the butterfly tie and the pincenez. Three or four years later, when the artist added it as a gift to the Sri Chitralayam (State Picture Gallery) at Trivandrum, and I was discovered by visitors to the Roerich room in which it hung, when I was on duty as Art. Adviser to the Government of Travancore, I had to accept it and try to live up to it—which is one of the subtle influences of art.

Music and poetry had their place in our programme. The location of these was in our museum flat up the ascent of 200 steps that didn't stop ascending till it counted 20,000 feet. A piano that had seen better days was in our sitting-room patiently waiting for whatever might turn up to give it voice. Meantime wires had gone on the loose and keys had struck. In her young womanhood, Helena Ivanovna Shaposhnikov—lineal descendant of the first Prince of Smolensk, who had sent Napoleon home in snow from the vicinity of Moscow—was looking towards a career as a pianist; but love and a philosopher-artist intervened, and she veered to life-partnership of æsthetic and idealistic aspiration and achievement. Young Roerich (27 to her 22) was already famous as a painter and archaeologist. Besides, his ideas on the deeper matters of life, and her intimations of developing inner powers, produced an absorbing collaboration of spirit; and the responsibility of releasing the obvious high qualities of their two sons, closed the piano as a profession. At Naggar music remained an interest in life, but not to her an essential instrument of expression. So, when Margaret Cousins, B. Mus., turned up with a reputation as a pianist, the rickety instrument above the Urusvati Museum, one fourth of the way up the Himalayas, attained unwonted prominence, and was restored by Svetoslav to being able to stand some of the visitor's classical repertoire less exacting than a Hungarian Rhapsody or a Waldstein Sonata. At afternoon gathering the family rose to our level, and the lesser classics of the piano alternated with talks on poetry, recitals of some of

my own, and tea. On one such occasion father read some of his Russian poems and one of the sons put them into English.

Walks in the neighbourhood of Urusvati to villages gave us shifting views of the Himalayan background of the Himalayan humans, with a foreground of valleys, rivers and deodars. The travellers' bungalow at Naggar, a short distance from the Roerich home, had in times past been the palace of a local chief, and for strategic purposes had been built on the end of a spur that gave a view of the country-side for miles up towards Little Tibet and down the valley, a view that enabled the chief to prepare and appropriate the reception for coming arrivals. The palace and a number of houses here and there showed the adaptation of building methods to local conditions. In an earthquake that 40 years previously had shaken down modern houses over a wide area—and incidentally had ended the Kangra era of painting by ruining the town-houses built on the old plan remained intact. The plan consisted of alternate horizontal rows of stone and wooden beams, the beams being clamped at the corners of the walls. This gave both solidity and resilience to the buildings as well as a pleasing stratified appearance.

The Roerich Hall (as it was locally called) was built on faith, not on precaution, and we occasionally wondered on our top floor of the Museum, where and in what altitude we would alight if the earth took it into its head to wrinkle its forehead. But nothing siesmal happened; and the two naked candles north-east and north-west of my

writing pad on the combustible verandah wavered and guttered from sunset to bedtime in confidence as I added paragraphs to various writings I had in hand, while my collaborator played from memory on the resuscitated piano in the sitting-room in the dim light of a paraffin lamp that had to have its smoking proclivities curbed at intervals.

The work of the two painters had a special session half way through our month's visit. From 10.15 to 1.30 one day father and son showed us a set of their recent paintings, one after another, not as in the pictorial slum of an exhibition. They were set up on an easel in a well-lighted room facing one of the snow-ranges. Each painting was a masterpiece of colour, arrangement, technique and import; a feast of high art that was an immense privilege and an exalted joy. The series indicated the similarities and differences in the art of two generations. Both showed earnestness and idealism, not deliberately but in the temperamental omission of triviality and vulgarity. Portraits of women by son had no hint of physical exploitation; instead, they were luminous with character. Such technical diversion as they showed had no relationship with the irresponsible quips and cranks of modernistic painting. The work of the father was impersonal. Figures were subservient to landscape, and landscape to idea. Nothing was painted for itself, but, in Upanishadic phrase, for the sake of the Self, for the sake of something deeper than what the outer eye saw. Yet, for all its subjectivity, Roerich's art is extraordinarily objective. Height and depth,

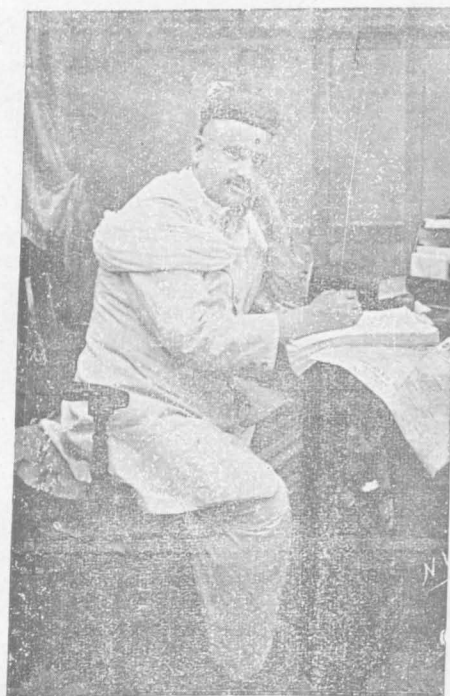
the liquidity of water, the colossal solidity of great mountains, the transparency and iridescence of atmosphere, are rendered with intense conviction. Beauty is ever present, even where least associated with pleasant sentiment: behind the human distress in "Armageddon" there is the terrible beauty of flame: beauty to Roerich was obviously no cheap sensuous allurements, but a solemn satisfaction of the spirit. We had a second but smaller, view of paintings by the two Roerichs during a three-days' visit by Ravishankar Rawal of Ahmedabad, an artist of the Indian renaissance. This time we made a selection of items for possible exhibition in South India, a speculation which was duly fulfilled.

During their excursions into the surrounding districts the Roerichs had retrieved a number of old sculptures, and had set them up around their home in the garden. These had attracted the attention of the priest of a local temple to the Goddess Tripura Sundari. He got into a routine of coming on special mornings to "worship" them. On one such occasion we were called to see the procedure, with the sprinkling of water (for purity), the presenting of flowers (for beauty), and the chanting of holy verses (mantrams) which expressed devotion to the powers behind life: a simple but significant little ritual, in which the three aspects of life, sub-human, and super-human were engaged.

Dr. George Roerich took Mrs. Margaret Cousins for a drive to the end of the motor road at Malani, where the track to Little Tibet began at 6000 feet up. At the end of the road was the home of the British Colonel Mahon who had retired to cool quietness after a busy army life. He and his wife had lunch with us one day, and had all the feeling of "miracle hunters" like ourselves about them. On the occasion of their visit we were interested to see the profound respect that Colonel Mahon paid to our host. He addressed him as

"Your Excellency," and in every way referred to him as a superior person. Discreet enquiry elicited the fact that Professor Roerich had been a real Professor, not a lion-tamer or tight-rope walker who permitted politeness to title him for placard purposes; and, once a Professor always a Professor. During his time as head of the State Art movement in his young manhood in Russia he had been admitted to the inner circle of the Czar's court advisers, and as such had acquired the prefix "His Excellency:" and it stuck. The excursionists to Malani returned wet but happy. Rain, they agreed, had made driving on an unfrequented road a feat. Their host and hostess had been more than just hospitable; they were cordial. According to the truth-telling Irish-woman, two servants were sent up to the summer snow-line to bring real Himalayan snow to garnish tea-time.

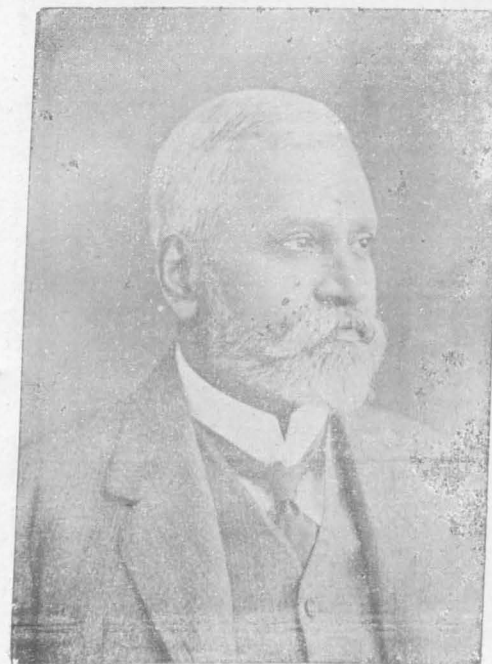
When we arrived at Kulu the apple-trees were in full blossom. When we left, the branches were touching the ground on each side of our path with the weight of the famous Kulu fruitage. For our departure we were escorted by all the Roerich family save Madame to Katrain where the Roerich car awaited us to take us over the same riverside way to the Kangra Valley railway station. Rain had softened the single-traced road at places and made driving occasionally a terror and being driven a horror. But the expert carefulness of Gani, the loyal man of all works of the household, got us through without damage; to find that, owing to a change in the railway time-table we were late for the train we had counted on, and had to stay overnight in the special inadequacy and discomfort that a small out-of-the-way station in India can achieve. But we voted unanimously that a month in the environment of a great artist and his beautiful, noble and spiritually endowed wife and distinguished sons was worth all the labour and trouble that might have come to us, and didn't.



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OUR CHILDREN

By Mrs. K. Saththianadhan



[Kamala Saththianadhan is one of our oldest and earliest contributors. In fact her story "All's well that ends well" appeared in the very first volume of the *Indian Review*—April 1900—fifty years ago. It is just like her to have responded so promptly to a request for an article for the Golden Jubilee Number. The future of the world is with our children who inherit the traditions of past generations, and the shaping of their mind and heart by proper education to face the new world is the first and most vital duty of the State. Mrs. Saththianadhan's treatment of this all-important theme shows her awareness of the many pitfalls that beset the path of the young. She has kept abreast of the current thought on education and her call

to renascent India is couched in words of wisdom and experience and fortified by the authority of modern philosophers like John Dewey and Bertrand Russell.—ED. I. R.]

CHILDREN are not only the legacy from the old generation, but also the heritage of the new. Hence, there are two factors, the old and the new, which must influence them. These have a tremendous field to work in, a field glowing with flowers and fragrant with perfumes, not only in palatial, well-kept, gardens of towns, but also in well-cared for country parks, in the wilderness, "among the moor-lands and woods and even in the darkness of the streets:" vast in variety, yet all exhibiting the special qualifications of childhood; purity, simplicity, innocence, freshness, eagerness, hope, frankness, confidence, faith, carelessness of danger, ambition, arrogance and humour; a "Kingdom of Heaven" as Christ asserted, which promises to be the real influence in the regeneration of the afflicted world. As has been said, "children are our immortality and we commit the blotted manuscript of our lives more willingly to the flames, when we find the immortal text half engrossed in a fairer copy."

Our children,—how are they to be trained? In the two worlds, which are emerging

to-day, one "slightly becalmed, floating gently in the backwater," the other "leaping down a sort of Niagara Rapids," and practical, hard-headed, direct and restless, there are naturally implicated two methods, of which the last is materially in the ascendant. I have never cared to learn much about the latter, hence perhaps, my remarks will be found old-fashioned, for which I apologise. Yet, one must go a little by results.

What are they? Some of the grace of life has gone,—reverence for old age, real appreciation for the artistic and the beautiful, fine consideration for others, absolute altruism in work, etc., and instead have come business concentration, hard-headedness, greediness, money-making, slackness of habit, sheer enjoyment of life and a devastating optimism. Some of this is expected and part of it is good and even necessary in modern times, provided it is toned down by the aesthetic instinct and the moral sense. There are seen some desirable results also, such as determined decisiveness, real efficiency, fine self-confidence, wholesome fondness for sport,

and an appreciable loss of sentimental and superstitious mediocrity. In any case, however, it seems to me that this modern generation is only in transit and that there is much degeneration in it, not balanced by the necessary progress. Our hope, therefore, is to be in the future and in the coming generation. Even hard-headed, progressive, businesslike, restless America has "two mentalities—one a survival of the beliefs and standards of the fathers; the other an expression of the instincts, practices and discoveries of the younger generation." The best, therefore, would be a correct mean between the two, with the weight thrown back a little towards the first tendency, because we are now talking of India, a land of artistic tradition, gentle philosophy, poetic thought and philanthropic religion. As Francis Bacon implied, "Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel and fitter for new projects than for settled business. Young men, in the conduct and management of actions, embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet, fly to the end without consideration of the means and degrees, pursue absolutely some few principles, which they have chanced upon. Men of age object too much, consult too much, adventure too little, repent too soon and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of means. Certainly, it is good to compel employments of both, because the virtues of either may correct the defects of both."

It was the recognised idea at one time, and should be at all times, that the training of the young begins first at home; but now-a-days, schools and colleges, tutors and institutions, clubs and social

life are taking the place of home, in order, not only to counteract ignorance and illiteracy, but also to relieve the parents to carry on business and employments, as well as enjoy themselves to the full. The tendency, therefore, to reproduce the same type is rather dangerous and beneath may be the under-currents of the individual, good or bad, the former needing to be encouraged, but stultified; the latter not curbed. Should this be so? It is at home that the shaping of the individual should be started, and this shaping originates first in the confidence that should exist between parents and children, which can only result from intimate association. Willingness on the part of the elders to submit to the same regulations and rules as the children, an honest wish to be corrected by the young if errors are made or injustice is done; a patient understanding of "the magnificent selfishness of childhood" and an unfailing capacity to cope with it and respond to reasonable curiosity; an unselfish share in young amusements, habits, standards and thoughts; a true probing of the child's instincts and the gradual promulgation of them, if good, and thus a guidance to the future conduct of life; a curbing of temper, a patience of observation and tolerance and thereafter a slowness to give constant orders or constant corrections and again following that a determination to get strict obedience when an order must be given; a tactful and subtle laying of stress on morality of purpose and beauty of life—and the race will be won. I have heard a girl say, "the relationship between my mother and myself is one of absolute confidence and trust. I am not afraid to tell her everything and yet I feel

quite independent, for I have been allowed to judge things for myself. And I love to go home, because my mother is such a companion to me." And there is a story of a girl, who was redeemed from an evil action because of a rose-bud her father had given her, and the graceful hope expressed then that she would be like that.

Duty towards God and duty to our neighbour are Christ's two commandments. The first comprises much. God must be seen in everything and because of God, as Carlyle said, the beauty of symmetry, which is the root of all life. Nature is full of everything, of joy, of sorrow, and above all of humour, and if the growing child can be taught from the beginning to judge such things in life, great will be the benefit.

Duty to our neighbour means the rest of life. There should be patriotism, of course, not selfish, but united with international thought and readiness to take the best from everywhere, from literature, art, music, morals, habits and customs. Punctuality in appointments, true service of interested altruism and not the pursuit of one's own benefit, complete honesty, persistence, decision, conciseness and energy are virtues to be cultivated. Consideration and thought for others in every aspect of life, at home, in society, in politics, should not be neglected. For instance, take trifling things like the selfishness of children, in making a dreadful noise in the rest hours of the afternoon, with no thought for the repose of others, especially when houses are built so close together as in modern days; take the loud voices and impatient desiccation of faults in clubs, where quiet should be observed; take the loud blaring of radios

and gramophones at all times; take the dislike for small conversation and humouring of people less intelligent than yourselves, at least in your opinion; take the inertia of necessary service like running to the help of others in times of trouble,—should not such be discouraged? And then what can be said of the unstinted indulgence of some of the well-to-do, in food, drink and other luxuries, when the poverty-stricken are not able to get even one good meal a day!

In studies, in schools and colleges, the wrong line is taken in many directions, though attempts are undoubtedly being made to rectify this. In the first place, the correct method should be adopted, such as, study only for the necessary time and concentration on the subject, with books set aside and good, honest sport indulged in later, and so on. Then, as Bertrand Russell thought,

"We are not so educated as we think. We are but beginning the great experiment of universal schooling. We think of education as the transmission of a certain body of settled knowledge, when it should be rather the development of a scientific habit of mind. The larger use of science and of scientific matter in education, would give to us a measure of that intellectual conscience, which believes only up to the evidence in hand and is always ready to concede that it may be wrong."

To this, John Dewey, the American philosopher, adds,

"Even the science should not be book-learning, but should come to the pupil from the actual practice of useful occupation. Scholastic culture makes for snobbishness, but fellowship in occupations makes for democracy. And, finally, education must be re-conceived, not as merely a preparation for maturity, but as a continuous growth of the mind and a continuous illumination

of the mind. In a sense, the schools can give us only the instrumentality of mental growth. The rest depends upon our absorption and interpretation of experience. Real education comes after we leave school, and there is no reason why it should stop before our death."

And again, to quote Bertrand Russell.

"It is quite conceivable, for example, that education could mould opinion to admire art more than wealth, as in the days of the Renaissance, and could guide itself by the resolution 'to promote all that is creative and so to diminish the impulses and desires that centre round possession.' This is the principle of growth, whose corollaries would be the two great commandments to a new and natural morality, first the principle of Reverence 'that the vitality of individuals and communities is to be promoted as far as possible,' and second, the principle of Tolerance 'that the growth of one individual and one community is to be as little as possible at the expense of another.'"

Aristotle is said to have affirmed with regard to education.

"The growing citizen must be taught obedience to law, else a State is impossible. It has been well said that 'he who has never learnt to obey cannot be a good commander.' Let youth be taught the great boon it has in the State the unappreciated security which comes of a social organisation, the freedom that comes of law. 'Man, when perfected, is the best of animals, but when isolated, he is the worst of all. Wherefore, if he have not virtue, he is the most unholy and savage of animals, full of gluttony and lust,' and only social control can give him virtue. In an ordered State, the individual has a thousand opportunities and avenues of development open to him which a solitary life would never give."

"With such methods, education may prove the great solvent of our life; it may even make of our children's children the new men and women who must come before the new society can appear. There is nothing that man might not do if our

splendid organisation of schools and universities be directed intelligently to the development of human character. Our schools are the Open Sesame of Utopia."

Then, perhaps, our dreams of an ideal state will come into existence. As George Santayana said.

"This would be Government by men of merit and honour; every man and woman would have an open road according to ability to the highest offices in the State. But the road would be closed to incompetents. 'The only equality subsisting would be equality of opportunity.' Under such a Government, corruption would be at a minimum, and science and the arts would flourish through discriminative encouragement. It would be just the synthesis of democracy and aristocracy, which the world pines for in the midst of its political chaos to-day. Only the best would rule, but every man would have an equal chance to make himself worthy to be numbered among the best."

THE INDIAN REVIEW

(January 1900)

The first number of the *Indian Review*, which has been just issued, is a modest but interesting Magazine of 56 pages. The *Review* is conducted by the enterprising firm of Messrs. G. A. Natesan & Co., who have made a new departure in the field of periodical literature in India. It deals with a variety of topics sure to be of interest to the Indian reader. The editorial notes are well written and interesting. These are followed by short articles.

These are supplemented by reviews of current periodicals. On the whole the *Review* promises well; and we hope, as a monthly periodical, it will be welcomed by the public. We wish the Magazine the success it so well deserves. Periodical literature in India is yet in its infancy; people have yet to cultivate a taste for it. But there can be no doubt that enterprises of this sort will mark the beginning of a new era of periodical literature in this country, affording as they do, not only interesting reading to the public, but also scope for the exercise of literary talent among English-educated Indians.—*The Hindu*.

Interpreting Indian Thought to America

BY DR. T.M. P. MAHADEVAN, M.A., Ph.D.,
University of Madras.

AN American professor who was lecturing for sometime in India used to introduce his talks by saying that he was talking American and not English. It is quite true that the Americans, though



largely Anglo-Saxon by race, have developed, an English which is far different from the King's English. Certain phrases and turns of expressions current in the U.S.A. are so peculiar that they baffle an outsider, though proficient in English. Such a simple word as 'check' is a case in point. This little word is used in a variety of meanings. The Bank cheque is called a 'check'; so also the hotel 'bill'. When you take a room in a hotel, you are said to 'check in'; and when you leave you 'check out'. When you want to ascertain if some information is true about a thing, you 'check on' it; and what you do about it is to 'check up with' someone who may be in possession of the 'know how'. Two American friends who received me at the La Guardia Airfield in New York took me to a restaurant and said 'We shall check your baggage first and then have some refreshment'. My bewilderment left me only when I observed my baggage being put into a locker for safety, and understood that 'to check' meant this and nothing more. A similar experience was repeated a few days later when, on arrival at a Railroad station for boarding

a train, a porter (they call him 'Redcap' in the U. S.) took charge of my baggage and said 'Shall I check your baggage?' What he meant was, 'Shall I leave your baggage with the Railroad Company for transporting it to your destination?'

Such instances could be multiplied endlessly. But what I have said is enough to make one understand the initial verbal difficulty that an interpreter of Indian thought to America should face and overcome. It is no use assuming that because you speak English you will be understood in that country. Many of the books written in English on Indian philosophy are unsuitable to Americans because they are composed in a style unfamiliar to them. Even professors of philosophy interested in and teaching Indian philosophy, I found, were unaware of an authoritative work on Indian philosophy by a great scholar of South India. In one American University where a course in Indian Philosophy is taught the text-book that is being used is entitled 'Hindu Philosophy' by an American author. The average American reader is attracted to books with telling titles, beautifully printed in an intelligible and crystal-clear language, using an idiom which is straightforward and current, and without footnotes. An American professor of philosophy said, in the course of a conversation, that if the book *Peace of Mind* (with three monosyllabic words for its title) had been given some other name, say, *Quietitude of Consciousness*, it might not have become one of the best sellers. Another friend of considerable experience in teaching and publishing wondered why there should be

footnotes at all in a book. What is stated in a footnote is either important or unimportant. If it is important, it must be incorporated in the body of the text; if it is unimportant, why state it?

So, any exposition of Indian thought to the American, either through the written or the spoken word, has to be popular without being inaccurate, intelligible without being verbose, and interesting without being ornate. The American hates leisurely accounts of anything, which are dull and drab. It will not be difficult to understand him when we get to know his attitude to *time*. As some one remarked, there seems to be an abundance of everything in America except time. There are so many things to do, and so little time to do them. Hence the great tempo of life which has become proverbially American. The various types of automatic gadgets and slot-machines are the products of the human genius confronted by the problem of economising time. I was told there are even Institutes for training people in fast reading. The slogan 'Always on the move' gives substantially a correct picture of American life.

Another characteristic feature of the American is that he has a forward look, and seldom looks backward. The American loves to forecast, predict and guess the probable course of events. He may go wrong, as most of the pollsters and Newspaper wizards miserably failed in their prophesying role in the last Presidential election; but there is something in him which makes him anticipate and take time by the forelock, as the saying goes. In announcing a lecture of mine entitled 'The World and Its Becoming' the Juvenile editor of a University newspaper said: 'So-and-so is going to speak on the World's

Future'. Inviting me to speak in his college on India's Freedom, a professor of philosophy remarked, 'Of course, you are going to dwell on the philosophical implications of Indian Independence'. A young nation with a recent history and intent on making rapid progress has to look forward and not brood over the past. The past comes, if at all, as embellishments in the form of curios and *objects de art* that are to be found in the antique shops that abound in the most modern of American cities, and in the drawing-rooms of those Americans who can afford to buy them. It is the present and the future that are of vital concern to the American. 'Becoming' and not 'Being' is the concept which captures his imagination.

To a nation which is in a hurry and pressed for time, to a people who are not inclined to turn to the past, the task of teaching Indian philosophy is not easy. Philosophy is a zealous mistress, and requires on the part of the votary constant devotion and exclusive attention. This is especially true in the case of Indian philosophy, whose systems arose in the forest-abodes of ancient days. But still it ought to be possible to adjust the methods of teaching philosophy—even Indian philosophy—to the conditions of the crowded halls of modern times. One cannot wait for the breakers to stop lashing against the shore. It must be remembered that Yajñavalkya taught not only in his forest-hermitage but also in the council-chamber of King Janaka, and that teachers like the Buddha and Sankara preached in cities and towns like Varanasi and Mahishmati. In the most whirling of places on the earth one can always find a quiet spot; and there are many people in the United States who are

tired of the fury and futility of a life of hasting speed, and who, therefore, seek an inner quietitude so essential for self-enlightenment.

The people in America that are drawn to Indian philosophy are generally of two kinds: (1) non-academic men and women who are interested in the practice of *yoga* and the teaching of *Vedanta*, and (2) academicians who in their search for knowledge find something valuable in Indian thought—something which, if understood, may serve as a corrective to the Western modes of life and canons of science. The former variety of people are to be found in the various Vedanta Centres of the Ramakrishna Mission and similar organizations. Among the academicians interested in Indian philosophy are those engaged in language-studies, philosophers, and even some scientists. Obviously, the mode of approach adopted by one group differs from that favoured by the other. The simple folk who turn to *Yoga* and *Vedanta* are motivated by a desire to reform their lives, (I am not referring here to those who may pursue pseudo-yoga with a view to find short-cuts to material success.) They do not have much reverence for logic; they rely more on faith. They seek a teacher who not only teaches but lives the spiritual life, follow his directions implicitly, and check up from time to time by taking counsel with him the progress they are able to make in their inward life. Some of these seekers even renounce life in the world and take to the monastic order of life, as, for example in the Vedanta Centres at Hollywood and San Francisco. The other group of persons, the academicians, are mainly, interested in a theoretical study of Indian philosophy. They will not accept anything that is not

certified by reason. It is the theoretic quest that concerns them; and any theory that is not supported by intelligible facts they will not countenance.

It is interesting to note that the system of Indian philosophy which usually appeals to the two categories of Americans mentioned above is Advaita-Vedanta. The reason for this is not far to seek. There are parallels to the non-Advaitic *darsanas* in the western systems of philosophy and schools of religion. Advaita stands as a class by itself. Not even the metaphysical system of Bradley is comparable, in its essentials, to Advaita. So, there is something in Advaita which is new and fascinating to the inquiring foreigner. Even those American philosophers who are apt to quarrel with Indian philosophy do, in fact, quarrel only with Advaita. It is also true that the popularity of Advaita-Vedanta in America is due to the fact that most of the teachers of Indian philosophy, beginning with Swami Vivekananda, who have gone to that country to teach have been Advaitins.

Teaching Vedanta to those who aspire to mould their lives in accordance with its precepts does not present a serious problem. The only difficulty is to find sufficient men to teach at the Vedanta Centres that are at present functioning, and to found new centres where they are required. Interpreting Advaita-Vedanta to the academicians, especially the philosophers is a different matter. Quoting the authority of Scripture to support a doctrine, however sacred that authority may be to those who are brought up in the Vedantic tradition, will be of little avail in the task of bringing conviction to the American intellectual. What he needs is remorseless logic, the method of disco-

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very and proof which has been so successful in the realm of science. Any mention of 'mysticism' or 'intuitive experience' puts him off the track. He does not want to believe a doctrine to be true; he wants the doctrine to be true before he can believe. Whatever may be the status of 'the pragmatic spirit' in contemporary American life and thought, the American philosopher is prepared to adopt only the rationalistic attitude towards alien doctrines. 'Is it intelligible?' 'Is it warranted by relevant facts?' Such are the questions he asks concerning any philosophical doctrine presented to him. In interpreting Advaita to him, what should be the *modus operandi*?

One may draw a useful lesson, in this connection, from the example set by Gaudapada, a pre-Sankara teacher of Advaita. He lived in an age when Buddhism was dominant in India. To him fell the task of expounding the Upanishadic philosophy in such a way that even the followers of Buddhism may accept it. So, in his well-known four-chaptered work, *Mandukya-Karika*, what he does is to borrow from the Buddhists their own logic in order to show by argument the reasonableness of the Vedantic doctrines. After explaining the text of the *Mandukya Upanishad* in the first chapter, he defends in the other three the tenets of the Vedanta through logical reasoning. So far does he go in using the method of dialectic that he is even mistaken by some for a Buddhist.

In interpreting Vedanta to the Westerner, reference to *sruti*-texts must be kept at the minimum level. The rational method of inquiry should be pursued as far as it can go. Reason is not enough *only* for the immediate experience of the Absolute Spirit. It is not as if, keenness of intellect

is not essential for understanding the truths of Vedanta. More than intellectual alertness and honesty is required for Vedantic knowledge, *not less*. Even where reason fails, its limitations have to be demonstrated through reason. The law of non-contradiction may suffer shipwreck at the entrance to the harbour of truth. But its help is undeniable in taking us thus far. It is through logic that we must show the absurdity of the doctrine which maintains that the scientifically unverifiable is meaningless. It is through logic, again, that the Vedantin has to refute systems of thought opposed to his own. Reason can at least assure us that what the Vedanta teaches is not impossible.

The task of the teacher of Vedanta, it is true, does not end here. He has to stress the need for not stopping with a 'theoretic' interest in Vedanta. Vedanta is for realization. Its goal is not an *unseen* result, an achievement in a hypothetical hereafter, but is one which is reachable *here and now*. In order to drive home this truth to the Western philosopher what should be done is not to ask him to set aside his notion of philosophy, but to invite him to widen its scope. That philosophizing is not mere *viewing* or *thinking*, that it is *whole-living*, is what a student of Indian philosophy has to learn. It is not easy to teach this even in India. It must be much more difficult in a hemisphere of the globe where the philosophical tradition has been quite different from the dawn of what is called the modern era. But it is a task which must be attempted in an increasing measure. India has the most precious treasure in the form of Vedanta to offer to the modern man. To the most modern of the world's peoples, the Americans, the message of Vedanta is not only necessary but urgent.

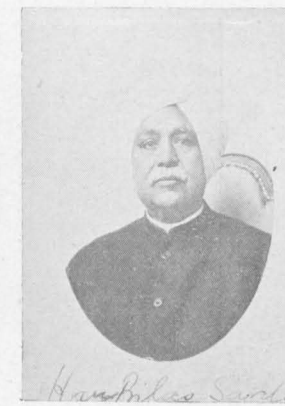
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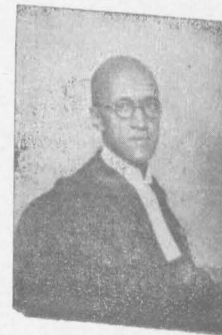
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THE POLICY OF PROTECTION IN INDIA

BY DR. B. V. NARAYANASWAMY NAIDU, M.A., PH.D., B.COM., BAR-AT-LAW.
Member, Tariff Board.

TARIFF POLICY BEFORE WORLD WAR I.

THE tariff policy pursued by the Government of India since the middle of the nineteenth century falls into two distinct and well defined stages. Until the I World War the policy was one based on free trade principles in keeping with the English tradition. Being an industrially advanced country depending mainly on the import of food-grains and of industrial raw materials from her colonies, it suited England to follow a policy of free trade. Such a policy ensured cheap raw materials for her industries and cheap food-grains for her population thriving mainly on these industries. The position of India was entirely different. She was still an agricultural country which had both the resources and the ambition to develop her industries. It might have been better for her, as it proved to be so in the case of countries similarly situated like the United States of America and Germany which came into the industrial evolution later than England, to have followed a policy of protection. But being in the position of a Dependency unable to assert herself in such matters, India was compelled to follow the same policy as was followed by England. Free trade was thus thrust upon this country. Even when Government was obliged to levy duties on imports owing to financial stringency it was made clear that such

duties would be levied for revenue purposes only. Further whatever incidental protection they afforded to indigenous industries was nullified by counter-vailing excise duties. The excise duty on cotton manufacturers is a well known illustration of the policy.

FISCAL AUTONOMY CONVENTION

The constitutional reforms initiated by the Montagu-Chelmsford Report of 1917 set the stage for the next step in the evolution of the Indian Tariff. The principle of self determination implicit in the reforms that followed and the Fiscal Autonomy Convention that was adopted in 1921 as a logical consequence of this principle marked a definite turning point in this evolution. The convention required the Secretary of State to avoid interference in the tariff arrangements agreed to by the Government of India and its Legislature and, when such interference was desirable, to limit it only to the extent necessary for safeguarding the international obligations of the Empire. But as the Secretary of State still wielded large influence in the new constitutional set-up and as the interests of India and of the British Government which he represented were often conflicting, the benefit of the Fiscal Autonomy, in its actual working did not prove to be as substantial as it appeared at first.

FISCAL COMMISSION

The Fiscal Autonomy convention was soon followed by the appointment of the Fiscal Commission, which is a landmark in the evolution of the Indian Tariff. The Report of the Commission was published in 1922 and its main recommendations

were accepted by Government in the succeeding year. The policy that was pursued by the Government of India during the years that followed based on the recommendations of the Commission came to be known as Discriminating Protection. The "Discrimination" lay in the fact that not all industries were eligible for protection but only those that satisfied certain conditions. As stated by the majority report of the Fiscal Commission, those conditions were:—

(1) That the industry must be one possessing natural advantages such as an abundant supply of raw materials, cheap power, a sufficient supply of labour or a large home market.

(2) That the industry must be one which without the help of protection either is not likely to develop at all or is not likely to develop so rapidly as is desirable in the interests of the country.

(3) That the industry must be one which would eventually be able to face world competition without protection.

THE "TRIPLE FORMULA."

The tariff policy of the Government of India during the inter-war period was mainly guided by these conditions which came to be known popularly as the "Triple Formula." The Formula was based on the infant industry argument that protection should be afforded only to such industries as have a reasonable chance of establishing themselves in the country and only so long as would be necessary to enable them to surmount the initial period of struggle. Although the basic principle was sound in itself its actual working in practice was the subject of much criticism.

Since an industry in order to qualify itself for protection or assistance had to establish that it was conducted on sound business lines, the cases of "embryonic" of potential industries were out of the

purview of protection. Since the development of the raw materials industry itself depended to a certain extent on the development of the finished products industry, the stipulation regarding the availability of raw material as a condition precedent to the grant of protection hindered the growth of certain industries. Similarly as regards the stipulation about the existence of a large home market and skilled labour. A large home market may as well come into being after an industry has been enabled to put forth satisfactory goods on the market and need not precede the progress of the industry. Skill in labour is to a large extent a matter of acquisition and in a country where there is an abundant supply of unskilled labour, with a satisfactory tradition of skill in labour in the past in addition, it should not have been impossible for an industry to train its labour given the necessary stimulus.

THE INTERIM TARIFF BOARD

These defects were apparently recognised by Government and consequently the terms of reference to the Interim Tariff Board which was set up in 1945 to investigate the cases of war-time industries were somewhat more liberal. In modification of the conditions laid down by the Fiscal Commission the Interim Tariff Board was asked, while investigating into the claims of an industry for protection or assistance, to consider whether it satisfied the following conditions:—

(1) That it was established and conducted on sound business lines.

(2) That having regard to the natural or economic advantages enjoyed by the industry and its actual or probable cost, it was likely within a reasonable time to develop sufficiently to be able to carry on successfully without protection or state assistance.

(3) That it was an industry to which it was desirable in the national interest to grant protection or assistance and that the probable cost of such protection or assistance to the community was not excessive.

In making its recommendations the Board was also asked to give due weight to the interests of the consumer and also consider how the recommendations affected industries using the articles in respect of which protection was to be granted.

It will be readily observed that these conditions show a marked change in outlook and emphasis from the conditions that guided the tariff policy of the country during the inter-war period. This change was in keeping with the new industrial policy of Government that was necessitated by the circumstances created by the second world war. The total stoppage of imports during the course of the war and the increasing demands on the industrial potential of the country to satisfy the needs of the war created a large number of new industries and gave an enormous fillip to the already established ones. While the war lasted, these industries enjoyed a period of boom, but with its cessation the threat of their decline if not total extinction became very real. Government recognised this threat and felt it was their duty to come to the succour of these war-time industries, which had helped to sustain the national economy during an exceptionally difficult period. In 1945 therefore Government assured their support to such of these war-time industries as were established on sound lines. In pursuance of this assurance, the Interim Tariff Board was set up to investigate the claim of these industries for protection or assistance.

Thus the Interim Tariff Board was constituted primarily for investigation into the question of protection or assistance to war-time industries although it did in fact examine the question of continuance of protection to certain old industries established before the war, like cotton textiles, steel, paper and sugar. During its term of office of an year and a half the Interim Tariff Board considered, and submitted its report to Government, on 42 cases. On account of the unstable and uncertain conditions of the post-war period, the recommendations of these Boards were limited to a period not exceeding three years. This was in striking contrast with the *ad hoc* Boards of the inter-war period which were set up separately for each industry. They conducted detailed inquiries extending over considerable lengths of time and their recommendations were not limited to three years only.

In conclusion I may mention that Rao Bahadur G. A. Natesan, the great and noble founder of 'The Indian Review' was a member of the Tariff Board specially appointed to inquire into the protection for Steel Industry in 1933.

57, ELM PARK GARDENS,
SOUTH KENSINGTON

S.W.

I thank you for sending me the review. I have read it with interest and appreciation.

Yours truly,

Feb. 18. 1950.

John North

THE TOY CART THEATRE

By MR. G. VENKATACHALAM

THE importance of the stage in national affairs is apt to be overlooked by those sober citizens who regard the theatre as either outside the bounds of respectability or waste of time. Even in the West, not so long ago, it

was considered as a luxury for the few, a pastime for the rich and an interesting investment for the capitalist. To-day theatre is considered as one of the most provocative of the arts



and a great factor in the evolution of a nation.

Before India can truly enjoy her hard-won freedom, she must, perforce, completely and unreservedly change her attitude to the art aspects of her national life. The Indian public must realise that the arts, as much as politics and economics, are among the most powerful forces in the creation of national feeling and solidarity. Arts are strong weapons for those who would strike at tyranny and injustice, ignorance and abuse, and no country ever became really great merely by its politics and armaments. India is now free, but she must also become creatively great as she once was.

There is perhaps no greater instrument of popular education than the theatre, and certainly there is no more impressive way of moving and convincing the populace than by the graphic exposition of the enactment of a drama. This is especially so in India, where the great majority of people are illiterate but intelligent. Devoutly religious minded and artlessly simple as

are the millions of this country, it should need very little skill and dexterity of dramatic manipulation to excite and educate the sensibilities of the Indian masses, and even the classes, and evoke their earnest enthusiasm on behalf of any righteous cause.

But unfortunately in India, the theatre is looked down upon by the so-called respectable society—at any rate, it was so till very recent times—and it was therefore no wonder that it had fallen wholly into the hands of the uncultured and the unworthy. The few amateur attempts by the educated have not been of productive of any lasting good. The themes of Indian drama, dealing as they are for the most part with puranic and epic stories, have always kept a high standard of level but it is in their production and acting that they have sunk into vulgarity and crudeness. Even the films have not fared better.

Drama, to be an effective power, must be truly national, and it must deal with the life and the problems of the times, as well as, of course, with the glories of the past to inspire and guide. It is the duty of the cultured citizen not to stand contemptuously aloof but to create a demand for good drama, and by the help, encouragement and patronage of the theatre, to raise the standard of the art and with it the self-respect and status of the artists themselves. At the same time, it is their duty to insist on the production of plays artistically, in decent theatres, in good surroundings and with a clean atmosphere and refuse to patronize those that fall below a certain standard either in moral qualities or stage-effects.

It is, of course, to the artists that we must look for the creation of such an ideal

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theatre but the public must also be educated to discriminate a good play from an indifferent one, an artistically produced play from a gaudy, tawdry, tinsel one, as Indian theatres usually are. The first and the immediate task, therefore, will be to educate public taste, to change its morbid attitude and to make it demand a higher and better form of dramatic art, which will truly reflect the national sentiments, feelings, thought, imagination and aspirations of the nation.

It will be really impossible (as everyone who knows anything about our modern theatres, both amateurs and professionals, with rare exceptions) to attempt any radical reform or change or create a new stage out of them. A National Theatre is yet to be, and it must be built of new materials and on entirely different lines. The present stage in India is "too wooden and anti-deluvian" to be of any use in such a reconstruction. A model theatre, with modern equipments, must first be built in the big cities of India for experimental purposes, and from such a model stage something decent and beautiful may be expected in the way of entertaining and educative plays.

There is enough talent in the land but it is for the moment isolated, unguided and unconsolidated. In the production of a play, the painter, the designer and the musician have as much important parts to play as the actor or the producer. The cooperation of artists is half the success in any artistic endeavour. The theatre must be used not merely for the proclamation of national ideals but for national needs. Plays dealing with the fundamental questions of the moment must be staged both for educative and propaganda purposes. The plays staged must show to the people the

spiritual, moral, economical and social values of these questions and how best to answer them to suit their present needs. An ambitious task, no doubt, but not impracticable.

The Toy Cart Theatre, sponsored by a few enthusiasts in Madras, under the inspiring guidance of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, and which would soon come into existence, aims at the establishment of such a stage in the immediate future. The Toy Cart Theatre will be the work of the united effort and collective enthusiasm of a group of artists and not of any single individual. It will be an experimental venture first. The founding-members will be five hundred, first, who will contribute a sum of hundred rupees each, and which will be the initial outlay for the starting of the theatre. Both the Central and the provincial Governments will be approached for help and support. Membership will be open to the public as soon as the scheme materialises.

The theatre will attempt at new methods of production and stagecraft, new technique of acting, new types of plays, new stage settings and even new dance-dramas. Folk dances and village dramas will be revived and presented in new ways. Harindranath, the greatest poet and playwright after Rabindranath, will be the president-Founder and Director. The General Council will consist of such eminent people, both in public life and in the art world of India as the Hon. The Chief Justice Sri P. V. Rajamannar, the Hon. Sri. B. Gopala Reddy, the Finance Minister, the Hon. Sri Madhava Menon, the Education Minister, Sri Manian Natesan, T. Pattabhi Rama Reddy and Mrs. Reddy, Mrs. B. T. Singh, Y. G. Doraiswamy, G. Venkatachalam and others.

Gandhi's Approach to Gita and Upanishads

By Mr. V. KRISHNA RAO

THE great library at Alexandria was burnt. The matter was reported to the Caliph. He asked if a copy of the Koran was spared or available. When it was represented that a copy was available he declaimed "Let all the libraries in the world be burnt: for all the wisdom is contained in the Koran". Commenting on this incident Emerson (Ralph Waldo) says,

"I do not know, if it is true of the Koran; I have not read it, but I know it is true of Plato." No one can deny that the 'Republic' is a great book of wisdom. It dominated the thought of the western world for a long time.

Mahatma Gandhi, addressing the students of the Hindi High School some time in 1927, asked them if they had a copy of the Gita: if they had not, they should at once purchase a copy of it. He said further "do you know Sanskrit;

if you do not learn the language at once, it is worth your trouble: for the Gita contains all the wisdom that the world needs." The Mahatma was not a fanatic and did not counsel burning up of libraries in his enthusiasm for the Gita. He believed with the poet, that

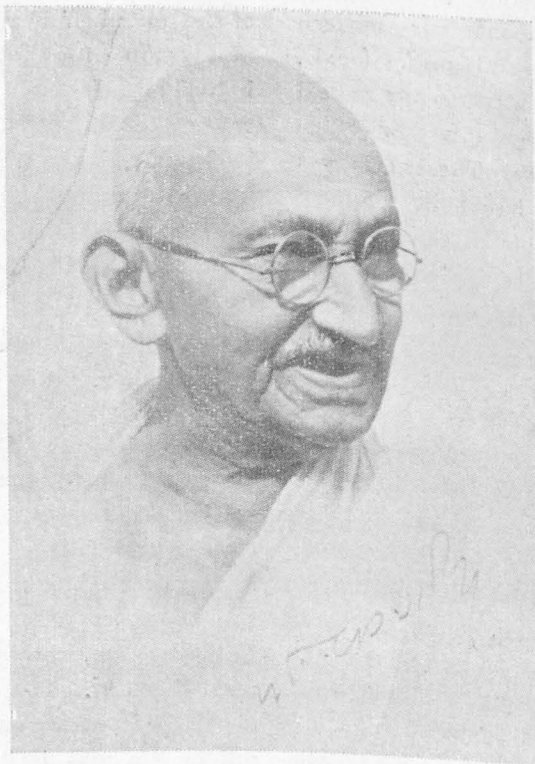
"when the light comes, it comes not through eastern windows only." The commendation only indicates, the great value set upon the teachings of the Gita.

"Today, the Gita is not only my Bible or my Koran, it is more than that—it is my mother. I lost my earthly mother who gave me birth long ago; but this eternal mother has completely filled her place by my side

ever since. She has never changed. She has never failed me. When I am in difficulty or distress, I seek refuge in her bosom." (*Harijan* August, 24-1939.)

Elsewhere he calls the Gita, his Kamadenu, his guide, his open sesame. On numerous other occasions, he has paid his tributes to this great Gospel of humanity. The purpose of this article is not to canvas his opinions on this book or the literature it represents, but to show the peculiarity of his approach to the Gita and the Upanishads and

kindred literature. Gandhiji's mind works on single ideas, or images or pictures. He opens a book, happens upon an idea, his mind is arrested by it, the rest of the book fades away; the idea grips him like a vice.



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GANDHI'S APPROACH TO GITA AND UPANISHADS

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All the energy of his mind is directed to it. His meditations are continued. He correlates it with his experience and works at the possibilities for future guidance. His mind gets an illumination.

"Whilst in England" he writes "my contact with two English friends made me read the Gita. My knowledge of Sanskrit was not enough to enable me to understand all the verses of the Gita unaided. They placed before me Sir Edwin Arnold's magnificent rendering of the Gita. I devoured the contents from cover to cover and was entranced by it. The last 19 verses of the Second chapter have since been inscribed on the tablet of my heart. They contain for me all knowledge. The truths they teach are the eternal verities. There is reasoning in them but they represent realised knowledge." *Young India* (November 12, 1925.)

The said 19 verses, 54 to 72 of the chapter entitled Sankhya Yoga give a description of what the Gita calls the Stitha-prajna, the man of controlled wisdom. Sure in the knowledge of the verities, with a discriminated experience which gives an insight into the nature of things, such a man rises beyond the pairs of opposites. He has feelings neither of exultation nor depression. He neither rejoices nor hates. He is in perfect poise with his surroundings and there is an abiding peace in his heart. Such a man is a blessing and a benediction. He is an ideal man. The contemplation of the characteristics of such a life, gives an illumination which resolves all confusions and contradictions which embarrass us in practical life. Gandhiji writes in *Young India* November 12, 1925:

"These verses are the key to the interpretation of the Gita. I would even advise the rejection of the verses that may seem to be in conflict with

them. But a humble student need reject nothing. He will simply say: It is the limitation of my own intellect that I cannot resolve this inconsistency. I might be able to do so in the time to come."

Addressing the missionaries, in Calcutta in the same year, he said,

"I confess to you that when doubts haunt me, when disappointments stare me in the face and when I see no one ray of light on the horizon, I turn to the Bhagavad Gita and find a verse to comfort me and I immediately begin to smile in the midst of overwhelming sorrow. My life has been full of external tragedies and if they have not left any visible and indelible effect on me, I owe it to the teaching of the Gita."

Regarding the message that the Gita has for him he delivers himself thus:

"Even in 1888-89 when I first became acquainted with the Gita, I felt that it was not a historical work but that under the guise of physical warfare, it described the duel that perpetually went on, in the hearts of mankind and that physical warfare was brought in merely to make the description of the internal duel more alluring. This preliminary intuition became more confirmed on a closer study of the religion and the Gita. A study of the Mahabharata gave it added confirmation. I do not regard the Mahabharata as a historical work in the accepted sense of the word. The Adiparva contains powerful evidence in support of my opinion. By ascribing to the chief actors, superhuman or subhuman origins, the great Vyasa made short work of the history of kings and their peoples. The persons therein described may be historical but the author of the Mahabharata has used them merely to drive home his religious theme.....The author of the Mahabharata has not established the necessity of physical warfare; on the contrary he has proved its futility. He has made victors shed tears of sorrow and repentance and has left nothing but a legacy of miseries.... In this great work, the Gita is

the Crown. Its second chapter instead of teaching the rules of physical warfare, tells how a perfected man is to be known. In the characteristics of the man of the Gita, I do not see any to correspond to physical warfare. Its whole design is consistent with the rules of conduct governing the relations between warring parties."

A pure metaphysical interpretation has no modern inspiration to offer. Hence the value of this approach. He appropriately calls his Gujarati gloss on the Gita—Anasakthi Yoga.

Look again at this attitude towards the Upanishads. Isavasya is one of the finest and shortest of them. It has sent into ecstasies, the modern prophets like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Debendranath, Rabindranath etc. The first Rik or verse of this Upanishad, as rendered into English by Gandhiji, reads thus:

"God, the Ruler pervades all there is in this universe. Therefore renounce and dedicate all to him and then enjoy or use the portion that may fall to thy lot: Never covet anybody's possessions".

Gandhiji observes on this verse that if all the Upanishads and all other scriptures, happened all of a sudden to be reduced to ashes, and if only the first verse aforesaid were left in tact in the memory of Hindus, Hinduism would live for ever. It seems to me, he continues, to satisfy the cravings of the Socialist and the Communist. I venture to suggest to all who do not belong to the Hindu faith that it satisfies their cravings also. What more can a man in the street want to learn than this that the one God and creator and Master of all that lives, pervades the universe. The three other parts of the mantra follow from the first. If you believe that God pervades everything that He has created, you must believe that you cannot enjoy anything that is not given by Him. And

seeing that He is the creator of His numberless children, it follows that you cannot covet anybody's possession. If you think you are one of His numerous creatures, it behoves you to renounce everything and lay it at His feet. That means the act of renunciation of everything is not a mere physical renunciation, but represents a second or new birth. It is a deliberate act, not done in ignorance. It is, therefore, a regeneration. The mantra closes with this magnificent thought "do not covet anybody's possession." The moment you carry out these precepts you become a wise citizen of the world, living at peace with all that lives. It satisfies one's highest aspirations on this earth and hereafter.

Alongside of this, read the comment of a very renowned South Indian Vaishnavite commentator, on this verse. The first query he raises, is, who is the 'Isa' referred to in the verse? Is he Siva or is he Vishnu? It cannot be Siva because he does not possess all the graces. It must be Vishnu and Vishnu only because he possesses the eight Aisvaryas, and a number of excerpts are given from the sacred texts. I have no quarrels with the commentator. He may have scored a success in the theological or sectarian field. The juxtaposition is made to point out, how at the touch of this sectarianism, the high inspiration of the text is lost.

The beginning of scholasticism in India, suppressed all original thought. That is why latter day India has bred a race of rabid commentators whose work, instead of winning men to the ways of god, has given rise to undesirable social disharmonies and embittered social life. Religion and philosophy are not meant to divide but bring together, fellow-beings. Our latter day intellectuals have, with a lexicon on the one hand and

logic on the other, so mangled the meanings of the words of our scripture in all their permutations, that in the process the spirit and the inspiration have vanished. The poet deplored, "She plucked the Rose and left the thorn with me." We have been offering worship only to the letter and have lost the virility of a spiritual life.

Long ago Swami Vivekananda made an appeal for a new class of Scholars, who with adequate equipments of Tarka and Vyakarna, would reinterpret our original

scriptures to give us a modern inspiration and revivify our faith.

We are thinking in Global terms today and our aspirations are towards a world unity. India is renascent and the world is awaiting her leadership and if India is to be true to the leadership she must deliver her message, in the clearest terms of spirituality. Her sons must draw a fresh inspiration from the original founts, in the manner suggested by Gandhiji. That is the value of his approach to our Scriptures.

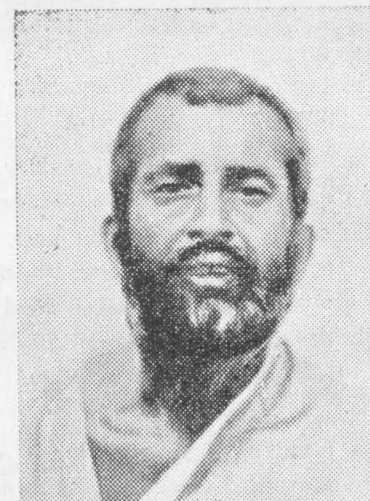
RAMAKRISHNA AND VIVEKANANDA

THE DREAMERS OF A WORLD—REPUBLIC OF RELIGIONS

BY DR. NANDALAL CHATTERJI, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

University of Lucknow.

"THE Christian is not to become a Hindu or a Buddhist, nor a Hindu or a Buddhist is to become a Christian, but each must assimilate the spirit of the



SRI RAMAKRISHNA

others and yet preserve his own individuality." That was the epoch-making message of Modern India's greatest mystic, Sri

Ramakrishna, as it was summed up by his great disciple, Swami Vivekananda. The principle of unity in diversity, enunciated by Ramakrishna, marks the birth of a new spirit which has yet to reach its fulfilment in human history. Mankind will, however, be ever grateful to the Saint of Dakshineswar for having revived this ancient Indian doctrine and lived up to it all through his own life.

The foremost feature of Ramakrishna's spiritual 'Sadhana' was the unique spirit of enquiry which he showed throughout his life. His aim was to realise God—consciousness through the avenue of every religion known to him. And, for the first time, he demonstrated, by his own example, that all religions are like so many roads leading to the same goal—the realisation of God. He boldly experimented with the ancient Vedic truth that God is one, though he has many aspects and is worshipped under many names and forms. He was a Hindu among the Hindus, a Muslim among the

Muslims and a Christian among the Christians. To Ramakrishna, religion was no finality, but a continuous experience, embracing man's whole spiritual life. Nor did he regard religion as a bouquet of choice flowers picked from different gardens of religions, and held together with the thread of intellectual synthesis. He was no eclectic in the ordinary sense of the term, but an ever-inquisitive seeker after God. He did not approach a religion through an eclectic process, but lived it in its entirety in a syncretic manner. That was why he did not follow different religions at one and the same time. He would practise the whole creed and ritual of a religion to enjoy its potency as a means to God. It was in this spirit that Ramakrishna successively underwent the spiritual disciplines of various religions. Ramakrishna was a veritable explorer in the realm of religion.

Ramakrishna may well be regarded as the first cosmic humanist in the history of the modern world. Having practised each faith or cult in its totality for some time, he could worship the one in all, and the all in one, so that the difference between matter and spirit no longer existed in his eyes. In his trances, he experienced God—intoxication in its most serene form, the like of which has been rarely witnessed in recent times. His quest after God is indeed one of the marvels of this age.

It was through his emphasis on the fundamental unity of faiths that Ramakrishna glimpsed the ideal of a world republic of religions in this age of philistinism, agnosticism and communalism. This idea was based on his unique equation of 'Jiva' (man) with 'Siva' (God). This affirmation of human divinity was a rarefied form of

spiritual democracy which alone can bring salvation to a world sick of mere political or even economic democracy. Much of the intolerance and orthodoxy arises from our notions of inferiority and superiority.



SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

Votaries of every religion consider their own to be the best, just as every child regards its own mother as the best. But, no child ever thinks of forcing its mother on other children. That is some good sense among children, which religions might well emulate in the interest of religious amity and peace.

No less removed from the blind vanity of the orthodox who were steeped in bigoted exclusiveness, than from the romantic sentimentalism of the newly educated who had no idea of India's spiritual heritage, Swami Vivekananda, despite his English education and Western rationa-

lism, accepted Ramakrishna as his *Guru*, and renounced the world to preach his Master's gospel of "*Yata Mata Tata Patha*" (i.e. as many faiths, so many paths) in the light of the ancient *Advaitic* Vedantic thought. Such was the effect of his remarkable address in the World Parliament of Religions held at Chicago that the American Press acclaimed him as the greatest figure in that august assembly, and said, "After hearing him we feel how foolish it is to send missionaries to this learned nation".

In the domain of religion, Vivekananda was a revolutionary Vedantist, determined to fight the evils that had crept into Hindu society. It was a slashing attack that he directed against the irrational superstitions and with a biting sarcasm he reminded his fellow Hindus. "Our God is the cooking-pot and our religion is 'Don't touch me, I am holy.' And, he said, more in agony than in anger," "How I wish to demolish the barriers of *don't-touchism*." Like his Master, he saw God immanent in the entire universe, including its lowliest creature and humblest individual. "So long as even a dog in my country is without food, my whole religion", he said, "will be to feed it". It was not of rituals and ceremonies, gods and goddesses that he spoke. It was "*Daivdra Narayana*" "my God the miserable" and "my God the poor" of whom he never tired of reminding his countrymen; and that is how he preached a new order of spiritual socialism to a materialist world. The great organisation of the Ramakrishna Mission which is one of the finest legacies of Vivekananda symbolises the spirit of his Master's *Advaitic Karma Yoga*.

The spiritual message of Ramakrishna and Vivekananda is of vital importance to humanity at a time when it is perilously perched on the brink of destruction by violence. It is on the basis of spiritual democracy and concord of faiths, as inculcated by Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, that world peace can yet be secured to mankind. It is faith which divides man from man. But, that faith can be made a true and lasting meeting-ground of humanity is the message which Ramakrishna and Vivekananda have left unto us. This alone would lead to the ultimate realisation of God-in-man and man-in-God, and thereby promote not only inter-religious amity, but also a world-republic of religions.

*Dr. C. S. Chatterjee
Editor, The Indian Review
11, Park Street, Calcutta
21-2-50*

Tranlated

Dear Katesan,

*Had not intended to take
any more from you for a con-
tribution. But to be safe to
you unhesitatingly in the thousands
for new century.*

*I have allowed 4 figures
which is up to the 1000.
with you for more with the same
Dor. Thank you for 6 copies.
Sincerely,
Gandhi Katesan*

TAMIL AT THE CROSS-ROADS

BY PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN, M.A.

Principal, Govt. Arts College, Madras.

AMONG all living Indian languages, and indeed among all living languages in the world, Tamil holds a most peculiar position because of its antiquity. A co-eval of Sanskrit, Tamil



had attained classical status by its literary achievement alongside of Sanskrit, and it had till quite recent times been content to look backward rather than forward and to judge itself by written rather than spoken standards. The demands of modern life were met more easily by other Indian languages which were not burdened with so heavy a heritage of tradition. But within the last hundred years or so, Tamil has received the impact of English and the challenge of modern thought and it has been forced to choose its future status; to make up its mind once for all whether it should continue as a perfect literary vehicle, divorced altogether from the currents of contemporary thought and feeling, or whether its literary form should change and progress and approximate more closely to speech, which, of course, has gone on changing and will continue to change in response to the passing needs of each succeeding generation.

As Mrs. Sarojini Naidu said at the Jaipur P. E. N. Conference, "India is one and indivisible. While her children speak with many tongues, they only speak with one undivided heart....The basic thought underlying every language, the one common unifying thought, ideal and focus, has

been the mythology of India, the ancient lore of India, the ancient songs of India; and they extend from the banks of the Brahmaputra to Cape Comorin."

For the last two thousand years the literature of Tamil, like the literature of the other Indian languages, was not a distinct, independent literature, but only Indian literature in one of the Indian languages. Differences in language counted for very little among peoples like the Tamils, Telugus, Bengalis and Marathis, who agreed so profoundly in their fundamental beliefs, habits of thought and systems of feeling. The moment Tamil took up, and made its own contribution to, the general Indian mythology and the general Indian metaphysics, the superficial differences of language were swept away, before the fundamental unity of faith and emotion and their artistic expression which form the essence of culture. Till the end of the 19th century therefore it was proudly and gratefully recognised that the best writings in Tamil were only Indian poetry in a Tamil garb, just as the best writings in Telugu were only Indian poetry in a Telugu garb, and so on.

Into this atmosphere of accepted harmony, discordant notes crept in from two directions. Some missionaries started the Aryan-Dravidian controversy and cast Tamil for the role of Dravidian leadership in opposition to Sanskrit. Again, the late Pandit Swaminatha Iyer, the greatest single name in the whole history of scholarship in any part of the world, by his heroic efforts, brought to light and made easily available many of the classics of the earliest Tamil literature, which revealed the vestiges of a predominantly Tamil civilization before the mingling of the races and cultures, which mixture was of course the one thing known and familiar for twenty centuries before his time.

Problems of race, language and culture are always complex and need delicate handling. We are all dwelling in a dark primeval forest, haunted by grim spectres and ancestral voices prophesying war,

JANUARY 1950]

TAMIL AT THE CROSS-ROADS

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afraid of each other and afraid to lop off a single dead branch and let in sunlight. Owing to a certain artificial, hereditary stratification of South Indian society during the last three centuries and owing to the special royal favours showered upon Sanskrit scholarship during earlier times, the most obvious and indisputable facts are to-day denied from two extreme positions and the most astonishing and untenable claims of racial and linguistic purity are being advanced in Tamil Nad to-day. This fallacious and mutually destructive situation has done and is doing so much damage to language as a living force, as well as to literature and social relations generally, that it is time some one viewed these problems scientifically and critically. (The sad case of S. Vaiyapuri Pillai, the one and only true successor to Dr. V. Swaminatha Ayyar in the strictly academic approach to literary problems, is a reminder at once of the need and the danger of sane scholarship in an atmosphere charged with delirium. His attempts to re-open the traditional date of the Kural, on linguistic, literary and historical grounds, have led to a furious onslaught against him.)

The facts of the matter are that there are no pure languages and there are no pure races anywhere in the world to-day and least of all can it be claimed that the people of South India consist of a series of mutually exclusive pure races and that the Tamil language is, or has at any time during the last 20 centuries been, a pure language. Racial purity is a pure myth; and Brahmins and non-Brahmins are inextricably intermixed biologically and culturally. Sanskrit does not belong to the Brahmins as no Brahmin in South India has ever spoken it as his mother-tongue and as quite a number of great Sanskrit writers have been non-Brahmins. Tamil does not belong to the non-Brahmins exclusively, as all Tamilian Brahmins speak that language from the cradle to the grave and as some of the greatest Tamil writers and scholars from the earliest times down to Dr. Swaminatha Iyer himself and Subrahmanya Bharati, have made the most valuable contributions to Tamil literature. The attempt therefore to draw a line of cleavage between Tamil and Sanskrit and to use this as a reinforce-

ment of the communal conflict is based on a perverse and passionate ignorance of facts.

The great Tamil poets of the past, non-Brahmins as well as Brahmins, took full advantage of the sources of knowledge and models of form available to them in the Sanskrit language and made full use of them in creating masterpieces of their own which often outstripped their originals. In the result it may be claimed that almost everything of value in Sanskrit that can at all be absorbed, has already been absorbed into the Tamil language. The question therefore of the relation of Tamil to Sanskrit is now only of academic interest, except in the matter of vocabulary, of which Sanskrit is still an inexhaustible reservoir from which all Indian languages can draw.

But it is far otherwise with the question of the relation of English to Tamil. The potential influence upon Tamil of English literature and of world literature made available through English is absolutely unlimited and that influence has scarcely yet begun to operate. Few masters of Tamil till now knew English and, *vice versa*, few persons who had come completely under the influence of English read Tamil or tried to express themselves in Tamil. Tamilians who in the old days mastered Sanskrit imported Sanskrit elements into Tamil with the lordly ease with which Shakespeare and Milton used Latin for their own creative purposes. But till the other day English and Tamil moved in two distinct spheres and the effect of English on Tamil has been either slight or not very healthy. Vedamanikkam Pillai, B. R. Rajam Ayyar, A. Madhaviyah, V. V. S. Ayyar, T. Chelvakesavaraya Mudaliar were the pioneers who brought English influence into Tamil. The great change brought about by the national movement, though very obvious, has not been profound and is not likely to be permanent. When the history of contemporary Tamil literature comes to be written and the final place of Subrahmanya Bharati assigned to him, the importance now being given to his patriotic poems will be found to be greatly exaggerated and he will take his rank among the immortals of Tamil poetry by virtue of his devotional and narrative poetry rather than of his national songs.

Other languages may show quick results in the wake of foreign influence, but an ancient language with a strong and persistent tradition of form would take a long uneasy time to come to terms with new subject-matter, with new linguistic borrowings, or with new literary techniques, but what it takes from outside it would assimilate all the more thoroughly. It is thus not an accident that the greatest poet of patriotism in modern India has also been the most conservative poet of the most conservative of Indian languages. Much has been said of the revolutionary quality of Bharati's poetry but the truth is that he has not departed in any essential particular from the prosodic, grammatical, or stylistic tradition of the long line of his ancestors. Even the subject-matter has been transformed by the myth-making and image-making faculty of our Tamil poet so that modern ideas come disguised as only the latest manifestations of the most ancient deities of our pantheon.

Dr. Swaminatha Iyer, a scholar of amazing thoroughness and conscientious accuracy, who reconstructed and published for the first time many of the ancient classics known till then only by name or in fragments, and Subrahmanya Bharati, a poet who found a truly traditional Tamil voice for the thoughts and aspirations of the modern world—these two names represent, one the critical, and the other the creative, aspect of modern Tamil literature. The opening of this century will always be remembered by future historians of Tamil as the golden age of Dr. Iyer and the poet Bharati.

Problems of the relation of spoken and written language, of the relation of archaic and current forms, of pure Tamil and borrowed terms, of literary Tamil and journalistic Tamil, such problems did not worry either of these great men, partly because they were great and were far too busily engaged in great tasks to attend to such trifles, and partly because these problems became acute only within the last two decades. For a study of the effect of these vexed controversies on Tamil style it would be best to take leave of the great masters and to observe the extraordinary change in the general quality of school text-books during the last two

decades. A comparison of the two translations of *Sakuntala* by Swami Vedachalam is revealing. A school-text book of 1920 would be in a language closely approximate to that of speech and only slightly more formal than that of the journals of the period: but a text-book of to-day is in a language altogether different from that of common speech and far more archaic and puristic than the style of the popular journals. In other words, Tamil pandits, who whether as authors or as teachers ultimately determine the language of text-books, have, declared themselves in favour of establishing a literary Tamil which bids fair, in its divorce from current speech, to become as artificial and as dead, though of course as *classical*, a language as Sanskrit itself. Not only Tamil pandits but the Tamil people generally have now to face this dilemma and choose, to the extent to which they can, whether the future state of Tamil should be like the present condition of Sanskrit, *pure but dead*, or whether the future state of Tamil should be like the present condition of English, *impure but living*. The choice before the Tamilian is exactly like the choice before the proud and conservative possessor of any cultivated perfection, say, for example, the Brahmin. You can cling to a perfection that *has been*, a perfection that has served its purpose in its day; and you may be, like the Grecian Urn, beautifully cold and dead; or remembering the past with gratitude but pressing eagerly forward into the future in fruitful conduct you may live in the living present and grow and achieve again a new and yet, alas, only passing, perfection. Bharati unhesitatingly made the choice of life instead of death; he pleaded for intermarriage and intermixture: and his prose, which our Tamil pandits have rejected, is the prose of current speech, full of borrowings from English, Hindustani and Sanskrit and what not. Whether our school Tamil should look back to the past and be arrested and inanimate is no doubt left to our learned pandits to decide. But the language itself belongs to the millions who speak it and to the many thousands who read it in their dailies and weeklies, and this language, which is the true living and growing Tamil language, is bounding

forward with energy derived from contact with modern thought and with English and Hindustani.

The rage for linguistic purism is closely connected with a racial fanaticism which has brought about great confusion of tastes and values. Epics and dramas have been written to show that Ravana was a much misunderstood hero, that Hiranya was a noble patriot and Prahlada a foolish misguided victim of Aryan seductions, that Vibishana was a Quisling, and so on. The vast bulk of Tamil poetry from the earliest times, like all other Indian poetry in various Indian languages, has been built on the moral values and accepted relationships of the ancient Indian epics and puranas. These old stories of love and hate, of warfare and wanderings, have no doubt been variously handled, filled with varying degrees of beauty and significance by many generations of poets; but the broad distinction between the admirable and the despicable had never been questioned or denied. The possession of such a vast reservoir of poetry, charged with accepted dramatic and allegorical significances, has been a source of enormous moral energy to the people of India and its unifying and elevating power has been noted with envy and admiration by many anthropologists and aesthetic critics of Europe and America. The success of Gandhiji's appeal to the masses (which was more direct and went deeper than his appeal to the educated classes) has been explained in terms of this common possession of a poetical understanding of life and its problems, which the popular religion of India, with its poetry and music and architecture and rituals, kept alive in the masses down the centuries. Poetic truth is not less valid, and for practical moral purposes it is far more valuable, than historical truth or scientific truth. No doubt, poetic truth is different from, and should never be confused with, historical or scientific truth. But taken with its limitations and in its own sphere, poetic truth is a most precious way of approach to the whole Truth which is Reality. We, the people of India, and most of all we the Tamils, are extremely lucky to possess this capacity even now and to have thus conquered time in much the same way in which the

people of Europe and America have conquered space. The Englishman knows and exploits far away places and is at home in them, but he rarely feels at home in the 5th century B.C. or in the 16th century A.D. The Alvars and Kambar and our other poets have made us contemporary with the most distant ages. It will take long before scientists and geographers make us feel equally at home with far away places. In a sense which is profoundly true, Rama and Sita, Krishna and Kumara, have not merely an immortality of their own but a contemporaneity with us which renders us too in our turn and in our measure immortal. To sacrifice these friends for the sake of any passing advantage is to sell the soul for the body, which may be sound modern business, but is thoroughly un-Indian. Creatures of a day, we touch eternity in the living and life-giving tradition of Tamil poetry, which has justified itself anew not only in the social miracle of Bharati's vogue but in the individual spiritual miracle of Sri Ramana.

While there is no danger whatever of Tamil being swept off its feet by the latest experiment in modern European poetry, there is the opposite danger, the *not* taking seriously anything however momentous which happens outside Tamil Nad or which happened in Tamil Nad more recently than, say, a hundred years ago. Such is the stolid self-centredness and conservatism of the typical Tamil.

The two powerful forces that have shaken this impassivity of the Tamil writer have been the great movement for political freedom during the last 40 years and the irresistible expansion of journalism in its wake. Not only essays and controversial articles but short stories and even novels make their appearance for the most part in periodicals, so that instead of journalism being inspired and lifted up by contact with literature, our literature itself owes its very existence to journalism. The vast bulk of Subrahmanya Bharati's work appeared first as ephemeral outbursts or daily pot-boilers. Poets like Namakkal Ramalingam Pillai, Kavimani Desia Vinayakam Pillai and Bharati Dasan compose many of their poems in response to the importunity of editors who require special features for their special numbers.

If this is the genesis of much of the poetry of our best poets, we can well imagine the origin and inspiration of our many prose writings. Journalism is thus proving "something between a hindrance and a help" to true literature, and the same doubtful status may also be assigned to the Film. Many writers who in the old days might have relied on literature, whether as a crutch or a walking-stick, are now well provided with various not too strenuous and yet fairly lucrative jobs by the Cinema industry. The reading public is not sufficiently large and is not sufficiently critical to keep alive a number, however small, of persons who could devote themselves to serious literature. In such a state no question of specialization can arise. Most writing is amateurish and occasional and some of it is whimsical or attitudinizing rather than deeply self-revelatory. Individuals develop special skills and exploit them—like Kothamangalam Subbu and "Surabhi". But there is no continuous growth or development of any literary kind. A frank, reasoned and strictly academic criticism seems to be the one thing necessary to make Tamil literature conscious of its own destiny and purpose. Alike from the point of view therefore of the writer and of the public, the development of critical effort is not only called for urgently but is, in the present predicament, the only thing within our power of providing. Creative genius is the gift of God; a Bharati occurs when God wills it; but a persistent critical activity in the wide sense of the phrase in which Matthew Arnold used it is both the clear duty and well within the powers of the educated public to provide. Tamilians who have been doing all their reading and writing in English till now should begin to study old Tamil with reverence and to read current Tamil literature in a spirit of sympathetic criticism and should record in simple Tamil their reactions not only to current Tamil literature but to any English books that they may read. We can all become critics in Tamil, critics both of current Tamil literature and of books in English that we read. We should not sit back

and leave everything to T. K. C. But by a big concerted movement in criticism we should set going a current of ideas which in the years to come will certainly lead to a revaluation and rehabilitation of our classics and to the production of a great new creative literature in Tamil. Of the inherent and unlimited capacity of the Tamil language, a capacity which is fully equal to that of English, there is no doubt whatever. On the most varied and abstruse subjects of philosophy Tamil has formulated ideas which it would baffle some of the best English writers to express. There is a combined subtlety and strength in the language which in the hands of the best users of Tamil make it a vehicle of unparalleled versatility.

The purists and the fanatics, like the English Saxonists of the mid-sixteenth century and the anti-Hindi Urdu extremists or the anti-Persian Hindi extremists of to-day, can never leave a permanent mark on the growth of a living language. But they can be a nuisance. Ascham in his *Toxophilus* proudly claimed to write an English book on an English craft to English children in the English tongue. He belonged to the school which suspected and hated Latin as the language of the accursed Papists and Spaniards and foreigners generally. But a few years later, Shakespeare brought hundreds of Latin words into English and very soon Englishmen discovered that the Pope had as little to do with Latin as one day our Tamil friends will discover that the Brahmins have to do with Sanskrit. Meantime, our best writers are cheerfully following the actual speech of the Tamilians with its sensible admixture of terms of Sanskrit, Hindustani and English origin and are forging a rich, new modern language, which alone will survive and flourish.

Languages (to those who love them and know how to use them) are not really enemies but the best of mutual friends. One lighted candle does not put out or hinder the burning of another lighted candle. Each helps the other and an array of lighted candles adds brightness and beauty to any apartment. What do they know of Tamil who only Tamil know?

Message from T. K. C. to Mahatma Gandhi
I heartily wish that the
celebration of the Silver Jubilee
of the Indian Review, which
was started in 1904,
may be attended with success.
The Journal has excellently
justified its existence, and it
is to be hoped that during the
coming fifty years it
may not only maintain but
enhance its reputation and
the fostering care and fearless
courage of those who may be
responsible for its continuance. In
India this paper is found to be
common to the highest respect and
the greatest appreciation which
water has to no party and no
class interests but is wholly &
selflessly devoted to the
highest moral & material progress
of the people.
D. K. C.

Dear Mr. Mahatma
My wishes
for a bright
future for your
Review are with
you.
Yours sincerely
17/12/49 M. K. Gandhi

RAJAH SIR HARNAM SINGH



If I have asked to cite instances of
my confidence in Indian progress
and vitality, I would point to the
Indian Review as one signal to
show that there is a forward-looking spirit
in the Indian mind which is not
content with the past but is
looking forward to the future.
The Silver Jubilee of the
Review is an occasion for rejoicing
not only among those who
have watched with sympathy
the progress of the Indian press for
over fifty years but also for all
those of literary spirit. The
special features of the Indian Review
are, in my mind, its broad-mindedness,
its reasonableness and high
moral character and high standard
of its articles. I heartily congratulate
the Editor, Mr. G. K. Mahatma, on
all and attribute to him the
Silver Jubilee of his excellent
periodical.

Harnam Singh
Rajpootana

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
ADYAR
MADRAS, S.

3-12-1925

MR. G. A. VAIDYARAMA AIYAR

The choice of a career for any young man is always a difficult one and is, in a sense, a speculation. I am extremely happy that in your case it has been highly successful and you are able to celebrate the silver jubilee of the Indian Review.

The Review today contains all the features with which it started and some more. Please continue them so that it may be a record of the future as it is a history of the past, twenty-five years.

Remember that agriculturists all the world over are poor and India is an agricultural country. No man should be to put more bread into each man's mouth and this should be possible if the government is agreed and put out the purpose of the Review be to secure such government.

Remember the motto with which the Review was started, about India. The communal quarrel so rampant now a day will disappear in due course when under proper education, people reach the true sphere of religious, moral and social codes. If only the British in India will so conduct themselves that we begin to think he is one of us and not over us, then the foundation of a good and just government is well and truly laid.

May you live to celebrate the golden jubilee and may Amba celebrate the Centenary is the ardent prayer of your ever affectionate brother,
Mambalam G. A. Vaidya Ramani
7/1/25

My dear Natesan,

Please let me offer a word of congratulation on the Indian Review reaching its silver jubilee. You & I are very old comrades in the political struggle, & while naturally we have not always agreed, we have never let small differences cloud our friendly relations. May it be so to the end. You work steadily & faithfully for India, & that the world will hold.

With very kind regards,

Annie Besant

THE ANAGARIKA DHARMAPALA

Headquarters, 11, B. Street,
Kandy, Ceylon
- 9 December 1925

I am delighted to learn that the Indian Review completes its 25th year on the 25th inst. & congratulate its energetic founder, a Christian Mr. G. A. Natesan, for having successfully guided the destiny of the Journal.

The Indian Review is truly cosmopolitan. Its pages have exhibited its universality. What is most remarkable in its progressive tolerance truly offering exposure of every phase of religious thought to expand the fundamentals of his own faith. The readers of the Indian Review know this as a fact because of Mr. Natesan's sympathy I was given the opportunity to contribute an article on the life of the Lord Krishna to its pages. May the Editor live to see the golden jubilee of his popular Review and may its pages help to harmonise the conflicting forces now visible in the Indian sky.

The Anagarika Dharmapala

RT. HON. V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

Bangalore City
4 January 1925

My dear Natesan

We didn't exactly hitch our wagon, on those early days to a star, but we aimed pretty high and, heaven be thanked, never fell. Many things helped, but I am not cynical in suggesting that one of these was the inviolable rule you made at the start of giving a small pocket allowance to every one who contributed to the review. We had our difficulties, to be sure. Not the least came from one of the editorial board, who, you may remember, had conscientious scruples in complying with the arbitrary exactions of English orthography and English syntax. At one looks back on our beginnings through all these years, it seems a wonder, but our success was seldom in doubt. I well remember the care and the labour of that time the anxieties and the vigils. Do you recall - I do - the thrill of joy we felt when an English friend came to your office and congratulated you on the unprecedented and unexpected event of your having reached the first birthday? Since then you have achieved a great deal and, if I may, so far offset your modesty, won the distinction

of a gubernatorial warning circulation, influence, fame, wealth, staunch friends, unforgiving foes, all the marks of efficient public service have come to you in abundance. May you have more of these and ever more!

Yours as always,
with affectionate regards,
G. K. Gokhale

G. K. GOKHALE

101 Arch Street,
Poona.
20th July '03

My dear Mr. Natesan

Dear Sir -

We congratulate you on the success which your magazine has so far achieved & the position it has won for itself in so short a time.

Yours sincerely,
M. K. K. K.

LALA LAJPUT RAI

I am sorry I have not been able to write an article for your jubilee. I am writing this to send you for the 7th anniversary. You have been the founder of the political, literature in the country & have thereby rendered a service to the nation. I am sincerely congratulating you on the 25th anniversary of the Indian Review. I am sure you will continue to do so. Yours faithfully, L. K. K. K.

UNFORGETTABLE AUTOGRAPHS

LORD SINHA

17, ELYSIUM ROW,
CALCUTTA.
(23 Dec)

C. F. ANDREWS

My own friendship with Mr. G. M. Wilson has been unbroken during the whole period of my life in India, which has now extended over twenty one years. I came into closest contact with him, owing to his devoted work on behalf of South African Indians, and I carried a message of affection from him to Mahatma Gandhi, when I posted from him in Madras, at the end of November, 1913. The cause of Indians abroad has found in him an indefatigable worker, and now, in the Council of State, I have named him, in my own mind, "The Member for Indians Overseas." I came to know him first, some after my arrival in India, through the pages of the "Indian Review". Soon after that, I began myself to contribute articles to its pages, and I have continued to do so ever since. I have found his heart at all times eager to sympathise with the sufferings of the poor. It is a privilege to be allowed to write this page in his honour in the "Indian Review".
Sentimentalisms
C. F. Andrews.

Dear Mr. Wilson
Just a few words to convey to you my sincere congratulations on the Indian Review completing its 25th year. It has been a model magazine throughout this period. Hardly a day has passed without the same kind.

With all good wishes

Sincerely

Yours sincerely
S. Lee

SIR SIDNEY LEE

26th November 1912

I offer my warmest congratulations to the Editor of the "Indian Review" on the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of its publication, marking

I hope that the periodical will long continue to render the Indian public the best service of guiding it through the knowledge & aspirations along which will promote the intellectual, religious and political progress of Indian people.

Sidney Lee

DR. WHITEHEAD

I send my sincere congratulations on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first publication of the Indian Review. It has been a valuable work in promoting the discussion of public questions and helping towards the formation of a sound and healthy public opinion. I offer my hearty good wishes for the future and hope that it will continue to influence and continue for many years the good work that it has done for the last quarter of a century.

Much Merit. Henry B. Hall
Glasgow
England
December 1912

BRITISH ANNEXATION POLICY IN INDIA

BY PROF. C. S. SRINIVASACHARIAR,
(Principal, R.D.M. College, Sivaganga)

I

THOUGH the pace of annexations became intensified under Lord Dalhousie, even from the days of Clive and Warren Hastings land-grabbing had been a marked feature of British policy. Occasional protests were made from time



to time against the injustice and impropriety of the pursuit of territorial additions and monetary assignments on every kind of consideration like the securing of the frontier, provision for the proper maintenance of subsidiary troops, concern for the good government of the peoples of states that were held to suffer from misgovernment and the exercise of the Suzerain's right of forfeiting states, principalities and fiefs on alleged failure of heirs according to English notions. One plea that was put forward was that in the case of states which had been actually created by the British Government or restored to their rulers after conquest there was much greater justification for annexing them on their pretext.

At the time of the Great Mutiny the view asserted itself that the policy hitherto pursued towards the States should be put an end to. Sir Edwin Arnold thus remarked in 1865: "We are all for native states nowadays and very delicate about the rights of Rajas and the advantages of an aristocracy." When Bishop Heber who lived a generation before the Mutiny asked an intelligent Indian if he would wish to become subject to British rule, he got a straight reply—"Of all misfortunes keep me from that!" A main charge against Dalhousie was that he ignored consciously and knowingly, the spirit of treaties the British had entered into with the Indian States and put forward spacious arguments justifying annexation on the ground of precedents which he could never substantiate. His earlier prototype, Wellesley, had done the same.

II

In the Carnatic, in Tanjore, in Surat and in Oudh Wellesley's policy was glaringly annexationist. Nawab Muhammad Ali Walajah of the Carnatic (1749-95) with whom the British were closely allied and through whom they were able to destroy French dominion and to establish their own supremacy in South India, was not made aware for a number of years of the fact that his sovereignty over the Carnatic was distinctly recognised by the nations of Europe in the Treaty of Paris of 1763. Against the Company's maltreatment of him and of his honour, the Nawab sought the protection of King George III and as early as 1768 secured a royal envoy to his court, who was to stand between him and the Company's Government, which

hotly resented this interference from Home. In 1792 for military reasons Lord Cornwallis took away the substance of sovereignty from the Nawab, leaving him "the comfortable shadow of it in the shape of a pension." His successor Nawab Omdatu'l Umara (1795-1801) was pressed by Lord Hobart, the Governor of Madras, to assign the entire revenue of the kingdom to the Company, in a manner that was considered inconsistent with his dignity by Sir John Shore, the Governor-General. Shore told Hobart that the magnitude of an advantage could not warrant the prosecution of it by improper means. But while the Directors recalled the erring Governor, they gave a free hand to Shore's successor Wellesley, who unfeelingly prejudiced and prejudged the legitimacy of the claims and even of the birth of Ali Hussain, the son of the Nawab and his nominated successor and suggested the possibility of other claimants being supported by the Government. With Lord Clive, II Governor of Madras, he planned how best he could take away from the future Nawab the entire administration, avoiding open rupture or violent coercion. Fortunately for them the so-called Seringapatam Correspondence between the two Nawabs and Tipu Sultan, lately unearthed from the Seringapatam records were inquired into by an one-sided commission and judged to contain proofs of a criminal correspondence between them. Wellesley, with the sanction of the Home authorities, made up his mind to use this 'proof of treachery' of the two Nawabs for taking over the kingdom on the ailing Nawab's demise. The heir, Ali Hussain, whose legitimacy was questioned was asked by Lord Clive whether he would be willing to transfer

the administration to the Company, as a condition of his recognition as nominal Nawab; and if he should not consent a similar condition was to be extracted from his cousin and rival, Azimud'-daula, who, having had no expectation whatever, easily consented to a treaty by which the entire civil and military government of the Carnatic was transferred for ever to the Company, while the Nawab and his heirs were to preserve their title and dignity and receive 1/5 of the net revenues (1801.) In 1805 Lord William Bentinck, then Governor of Madras, pompously wrote to the Nawab that the British "unwilling to degrade the illustrious house of Arcot, was pleased to establish your Highness upon the throne, reserving to itself the administration of the civil and military affairs of the country." When this Nawab died in 1819 his eldest son was not immediately recognised as successor on the plea that the treaty of 1801 made with him was personal and not hereditary. When in 1855 Nawab Muhammad Ghaus died childless, Lord Harris, Governor of Madras, and Lord Wellesley, Governor-General, took up the startling position that Prince Azim Jah, the late Nawab's uncle and heir-at-law had no right to succeed to the musnud on the grounds that (1) the treaty of 1801 was exclusively a personal one (2) the late Nawab left no male heir and (3) he and his family had abused their dignity and squandered their revenue. Thus went the premier South Indian State out of existence.

III

Tanjore was the milch-cow of both the British and the Nawab in the 18th century and exploited by British adventurers in the name of the Nawab. There was even a scheme to oust the Maratha dynasty and plant the second and favourite son of Nawab

Walajah on the throne. Raja Serfoji, the well-known patron of arts and letters, was adopted by Raja Thuljaji; but his claim was not recognised on the death of his adoptive father. Subsequently, largely through the influence of his teacher and guardian, the missionary Swartz, his right of succession was recognised. But immediately after this recognition he had to resign the administration of the kingdom to the Company (1799) and spent his time in making Tanjore, over which town alone he had jurisdiction, the Home of Learning and Art. Serfoji's son was allowed to succeed in 1833; but on his death without male issue in 1855; the Directors declared that "by no law or usage has the daughter of a Hindu Raja any right of succession to the Raj, and the British should not create such a right for the sole purpose of perpetuating a titular principality at a great cost to public revenue."

The manner in which even the private properties of the Raj were sequestered was not at all edifying. The senior widow of the late Raja, Rani Kamakshi Bai, filed a bill in the Supreme Court at Madras for the recovery of the personal and private estate of her husband. The Privy Council Judgment in that case was ambiguous; while it justified the seizure of the Raja's properties as an act of state of the Company's Government, which could not be questioned in any municipal tribunal, it declared emphatically but ineffectually that the Raja was 'an independent sovereign of territories undoubtedly minute and bound by treaties to a powerful neighbour, which left him practically but little power of free action; but he did not hold his territory such as it was, as a fief of the British Crown or of the East India Company, nor was there any pretence for claiming it on the death of the Raja without a son by any legal title either as an escheat or a *bona vacante*.'

IV

The injustice of the Satara Annexation has been detailed with a wealth of impeccable evidence and great vigour by Major B. D. Basu. The justification of this annexation

is an illustration of the official attitude of the Dalhousie School of Politicians towards the Indian Princes. Pratap Singh, a direct descendant of Sivaji, was released from the custody of the Peshwa (in 1818) and given back his kingdom of Satara. He received on several occasions lavish praise from the Bombay Government and compliments from the authorities at London; but he was deposed in 1839 for alleged actions of disaffection and replaced by Appa Sahib, his brother. Both the brothers were childless and both adopted sons shortly before their deaths in 1848. Sir Bartle Frere, then Resident at Satara, and Sir George Clerk, Governor of Bombay, both urged that the adoption made by Appa Saheb should be confirmed. But the Bombay Council, guided by Willoughby, who might be said to be the "foster-parent, if not the actual father," of the strange doctrine of lapse, Governor Falkland who succeeded Clerk, in the Governorship, Lord Dalhousie, the Court of Directors and the President of the Board of Control were wholly for annexation. When a section among the Directors were inclined to pass a vote repudiating the annexation in the Court of Proprietors, the question was cleverly decided by a carefully managed body of absentee voters who were specially assembled for the purpose. The whole episode illustrates the truth that "the hypocrisy is not the less or the tyranny a jot abated because they are shared amongst many." The Directors declared gravely, four years after the annexation, that they were not prepared to find the annexation of Satara would prove a drain on the general revenues of India.

V

The well-known annexation of Jhansi in 1853, when the Raja died, though the

adoption of a son was officially reported to the British authorities, is an example of similar tactics, pursued in a more arbitrary manner. Dalhousie pleaded that as the principality had been erected by the British Government in 1817, it was not one of the old independent states of India and therefore could be justifiably annexed under the operation of lapse. The Rani pleaded that her husband's house had ever been faithful to Government and that the treaty of 1817 did not bar succession in accordance with the laws and usages of the country. When she was driven by a sense of revenge into participation in the Mutiny, she behaved in such a manner that by all accounts she was deemed the life and soul of a formidable rebel army. Colonel G. B. Malleson thus records his opinion of the Rani:

"Whatever her faults in British eyes may have been, her country-women will ever believe that she was driven by ill-treatment into rebellion; that her cause was a righteous cause; that the treatment she received at the hands of Lord Dalhousie was one of the main causes of disaffection in Bundelkhand and Central India in 1857-58. To them she will always be a heroine."

"Was the annexation worth such a sacrifice"? asks Major Bell.

VI

Nagpur was by far the largest state annexed by Dalhousie. His arguments questioning the validity of the adoption of a son by the senior-widow of the deceased Raja, Raghuji III, were strange and contradictory and totally subversive of Maratha custom and practice. Appa Sahib, the adopted heir, was a grand-nephew of the deceased Raja, and proposed for adoption as a son by the royal widows. The aged and venerable Rani Banka Bai, grand-mother of the deceased Raja suggested that the adoption ceremony should take place immediately after the funeral, but that no public celebration should be done, until the approval of the Governor-General

should have been obtained; and she had the full support of the widows of Raghuji III; the wishes of the Ranis were forthwith communicated by the Resident to the Supreme Government. Soon, Lord Dalhousie recorded a minute that there was no heir or representative of the Bhonsla family and no claimant to the *musnud* of Nagpur and the sovereignty had therefore reverted and lapsed to the Paramount Power. He further asked whether "the state of Nagpur which had been once bestowed as a gift on Raghuji III in 1818, should now be conferred on some body else as a gift a second time." In the course of his Farewell Minute, dated 28th February, 1856, Dalhousie, reviewing his administration in India, declared that

"the Nagpur Raj was transferred by a simple order to the possession of the British Crown and that, beyond the Palace walls, not a murmur had been heard and in no single instance throughout the districts had the public peace been disturbed."

He declared the adopted Prince to be but "a Maratha youth and a stranger," and denied the validity of his adoption unless it should have been confirmed by the Paramount Power. He also held that the British Government was not bound to recognise succession by adoption in the Bhonsla family merely because it had chosen to recognise the right of adoption in the elevation of Raghuji III to the *musnud* in 1818. He further maintained that the state of Nagpur, had, even in 1818, been undoubtedly at the disposal of the British Government by full right of conquest, but had merely waived those rights from motives of generosity and policy allowed the next of kin to succeed.

Maratha custom clearly confers the right to be adopted upon the nearest

VII

relative whose parents consent to resign him. In the case of Yeshwant Rao Aher Rao, the adopted boy, no shadow of doubt had ever been entertained as to his right to be adopted by the widows of Raghuji III. Lord Dalhousie held that Raghuji III did not exercise his right to adopt during his life-time, partly because he did not like to acknowledge his inability to beget a son and partly because he feared that the existence of an adopted son might some day be used as a pretext for deposing him.

Thus the Nagpur Raj became a British possession and Government ordered the British Commissioner to allot the Ranis a quantity of jewels, furniture and other personal property suitable to their rank, while the rest of the personal property was to be sold and the amount so realised constituted as a fund for the benefit for the Bhonsla family. The Ranis sent a memorial to the Governor-General that their palace was surrounded by an armed force under the orders of the Commissioner and the treasures and the family jewels of the late Maharaja, estimated at two millions sterling were forcibly carried away. Sir John Kaye, the contemporary historian, wrote of the auction of the different items of the Bhonsla family properties thus:

"The livestock and dead-stock of the Bhonslas were sent to the hammer. It must have been a great day for speculative cattle-dealers at a great day for the royal elephants, horses, and Sitabaldi when the royal elephants, horses, and bullocks were sold off at a price of carrion; and a sad day, indeed in the royal household when the venerable Banka Bai... was so stung by a sense of the indignity offered to her, that she threatened to fire the palace if the furniture were removed. But the furniture was removed, and the jewels of the Bhonsla family, with a few propitiatory exceptions, were sent for auction to the Calcutta market. And I have heard it said that these seizures, these sales, created a worse impression not only in Berar, but in the surrounding provinces than the seizure of the kingdom itself."

The last great annexation of Dalhousie was that of Oudh in 1856, Lord William Bentinck and Lord Auckland had warned its rulers to reform their conduct and improve the administration. In 1837 Lord Auckland forced the Nawab to agree to a new treaty: but the Directors disallowed it. In 1847 Lord Hardinge warned the King in person that, if he should not reform his rule within two years, the entire administration would be taken away from him according to the recommendations of the Court of Directors made in 1834.

Colonel Sleeman of Thaggi fame was now appointed Resident. He submitted an exhaustive report detailing the miserable condition of the people and oppressive character of the officials and land-holders while the King—as the Nawab Vizier had been allowed by the Company to style himself from 1818, lived a life of slothful ease among corrupt favourites. Sleeman opined that the British Government could no longer forbear to take over the administration in view of its duty towards the miserable people. Sir James Outram, the new Resident, was ordered to institute a searching inquiry into the state of administration and the condition of the people. He declared that there was no prospect, nor any possibility, of any improvement. Lord Dalhousie thereupon drew up a most comprehensive minute in which, strangely enough, he stressed the unswerving loyalty of the Nawabs and recommended that the Ruler should be allowed to retain his sovereignty, but that the Company should take over the whole of the civil and military adminis-

tration of the state on a permanent basis. Dalhousie's recommendation was rejected by the Court of Directors, the Board of Control and the Cabinet, who were unanimous in ordering the annexation of Oudh and the abolition of its throne. Troops were moved up to the Oudh frontier; the King broke down in grief when he was asked to abdicate, refusing to affix his signature to the treaty proposed: and thereupon a proclamation issued that Oudh was incorporated into the British Empire of India.

VIII

The only serious protest that was made against annexationist policy was by the India Reform Society that was started in March 1853 and functioned by the energy and enthusiasm of John Dickinson, assisted by such doughty men as Henry St. George Tucker, John Sullivan, Captain W. J. Eastwick, H. D. Seymour, John Bright and Richard Cobden. Mr. J. B. Norton at Madras was a stout friend of the Indian princes and chiefs. He was the special advocate of Her Highness Kamakshi Bai, widow of the late Raja of Tanjore. He put up a hard pleading for the continuance of the Nagpur Raj. He condemned not only these acts of deprivation, but also the manner in which the deposition of these ruling families was carried out. The Tanjore case was, according to him, even more iniquitous than the Carnatic spoilation. He held, as many others did, that Nagpur was annexed, because its possession would materially help Britain then in getting raw cotton for her factories; and he wrote of the annexation in the following words "and so cotton stuffed the ears of Justice who is deaf as well as blind." He was most vigorous in his condemnation of the class of Residents at the courts of Indian Princes

and described that the typical Resident was "the most pestilent form of an Indian Official" and as being a sort of "Cerberus, uniting the three separate functions of spy, jailor and dry nurse," whose main feature was "the most overweening idea of his own importance. Norton regarded the annexation of Oudh as the last, as well as "the most scandalous and the most fatal of our aggressions."

In the critical years 1856-59, what were commonly called "Native" interests, though really of national and Imperial importance were swallowed up in the departmental changes effected in consequence of the transfer of Government from the Company to the Crown. All matters of private and class interest attracted much more attention and excited more discussion among the legislators and electors of England than had ever been aroused by some high-handed act or elaborate measures of the Indian executive, involving the continuance of a dynasty or a State, and affecting the fortunes of millions."

One outcome of this new attitude was a proposal of Mr. John Bright. He protested against the excessive centralisation of the Indian Government and put forward a plan to break up the Indian Empire into at least five Presidencies based on differences in language and geographical position, whose Governors were to be perfectly equal in rank and salary and were to be assisted by Executive Councils composed half and half of European and Indian Members and who were to be empowered to correspond directly and independently with the Home Government. Thus he preferred five modest Presidencies to one grand and colossal Indian Empire. He had no love for the very name of Empire, because

an impartial policy, such as that pursued by Lord Dalhousie, was wholly abnoxious to him. It was an Empire that most effectively destroyed friendly dynasties and conservative and well-disposed princely estates; and it was a dominion that was the ideal of Lord Dalhousie and that aimed at changing India from a congeries of states into an Empire, one and indivisible. Bright urged Englishmen to abandon their practice of depreciation of the Natives of India, to grant a general amnesty through the mouth of the Sovereign of England, to promise to the Indians a security for their property as complete as that which existed in England

and to put an end to "all those mischievous and irritating inquiries which had been going on for years in many parts of India as to the title to the landed estates, by which you tell the people of that country that unless each man can show an unimpeachable title to the property for ninety years you will dispossess him....." He urged Parliament to hold sacred the right of adoption by Indian princes, which has prevailed for centuries and to establish a court of appeal for the settlement of disputes in India itself between the Government and its subjects, instead of the Privy Council at Home.

THIS LAND OF OURS

—: o :—



MISS MIRA BEHN

[India is to be called Bharat—a sacred name round which has gathered a great deal of legend. There is a grand hymn in the Atharvaveda, describing the greatness and glory of this land of ours. Miss Mira Behn has given an excellent English version of this magnificent Vedic hymn. In releasing it to the press she calls on all men and women to ponder over every verse. "Let the leaders of political and cultural parties search in their hearts, let the merchants and financiers search in their hearts; let the Government and its servants search in their hearts, and let all the people of India, rich and poor, enthrone this hymn in their hearts, and daily pray that we may, by penitence and mutual effort, once more become worthy of the sacred name of Bharat."—ED. I. R.]

Eternal Truth, righteousness, vigour,
Consecration, dedication, knowledge and
sacrifice,

It is they that uphold this land
May this Earth, sustainer of that,
Which was, which is, and is to be,
Extend unto us, broad and ample space.

This Land where, free from quarrelling or
oppression,
Men dwell together.

This land of heights and depths and level
plains,

Who beareth all kinds of vegetation,

May this Earth of ours stretch wide and
yield us joy.

This Land where cultivators diligently
labour,

This Land whose wide regions yield crops
of corn,

She who fostereth all that breathe and
move,

May She, our Land sustain us in plenty,
With cows and grain.

This Land where our forefathers lived
valiantly,

This Land of happiness, for cows and
horses,

And other beasts and birds,

May She our Land, grant us splendour
and bravery,

This Land, Who in the beginning, Lay
in the midst of the waters,

Whose immortal heart pervaded with Truth
dwells on high,

And whom wise men have nobly served,

May this Earth bestow upon us, in our
glorious domain,

Lustre and strength.

This Land where the waters, flowing in
every direction,

Ripple ceaselessly day and night,

May this Land of ours, with its many
rivers,

Endow us with prosperity and lustre.

O Earth! may Thy vast forests,

And Thy mountains of eternal snow,

Be favourable unto us.

O Earth! grant unto us the strength,

That we, Thy children, may ever speak
harmoniously together.

Give unto us the honey of sweet speech.

This widespread, firm set Land of trees
and herbs,

Sustained by the Eternal Law,
And yielding unto us prosperity and joy,
May we ever serve Her!

O Land! Thou art our united home,
And so dost Thou expand.
Great is Thy speed, and Thy pulsating
movement,

Only the great Lord can unerringly protect
Thee.

Even as Thyself, may we shine with the
splendour of gold,

And may we know no hate.

Whether we be moving or sitting,
Standing or stepping

With our right foot or our left,
Let us not hurt our land.

O Land! Thou supportest, as in one home,
Peoples of all kinds,

Of diverse tongues and diverse laws,

O steadfast Earth! even as the constant
cow-of-plenty,

Yieldeth up her milk,

So yield unto us Thy streams of wealth.

Whatsoever villages or forests,

Whatsoever assemblies, battles or other
gatherings,

There be upon Thee O Land!

May we therein, speak ever to Thy glory.

O Land! may we, Thy children,

Be free from sickness, free from withering
disease,

May our lives be long, and may we, ever
wakeful,

Be bringers of offerings unto Thee.

O Motherland! establish us firmly in that
which is good.

O wise One! day by day may we grow
in wisdom.

Grant unto Thy children wealth and prosperity.

BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST

PRINCE SIDDHARTHA AND THE DANCERS

S. N. Chakrabarti



Shushil Kumar Mukherji is one of the most striking artists of our time. As an imaginative painter he has been acknowledged by critics of art as outstanding, his colour-schemes being rich and original.

As a man Shushil Mukherji is sensitive to life and its aches and hungers; he possesses, besides his rare genius for artistic expression, that rarer genius (which most men of his ilk lack) for genuine friendship and the appreciation of others' works free from the taint of envy. In a word, he lives a life of art combined with the art of life—a difficult and noteworthy harmony in an artist.

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA



"MOTHER"

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Kannappan or the Hunter of Kalahasti

A LYRIC PLAY

BY MR. HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA



[The story of Kannappan, one of the greatest Bhaktas in the spiritual history of Southern India, is also one of the most romantic and colourful. Kannappan may be said to have been a fullfledged revolutionary who refused to conform to the canons of worship laid down by conventional priesthood and framers of religious laws. He treated the Lord Siva as an intimate friend and approached him with an air of utter non-chalance and daring which, if at times it overshot its mark, the Lord forgave because He saw behind the crust of his spontaneous crudities and knew that his spirit was illumined even beyond the hunter's knowledge. The Light judges man by the intention not the deed, while the Shadow of shadows judges him by the deed alone. Enthralling Images of Kannappan wrought in stone and metal can be seen at Kalabasti Temple which he has immortalised with the sacrificial offering of his eyes.]

Scene One

A Forest. A herd of deer leap past behind dark trees in the background. Forestage, TINNAPPAN, the Hunter, appears with bow and arrow, followed by his little dog.

HUNTER (*absent-mindedly*)

Lord! what a dark forest! not this, I mean, not this, but the world of men. What thoughts wander through their minds, what crooked ugly thoughts! Greed like a crocodile with hideous jaws and wrinkled body; selfishness, a wild boar ready to rend human flesh in chunks with its sharp strong snout; injustice, a sniffing hyena, and exploitation, man-eating tiger in love with the smell of human blood.....

(*suddenly, a WOOD-CUTTER appears behind a tree*)

Hallo! brother!

WOOD-CUTTER

Salutation, friend Hunter! your bow is the most heartless thing in the world, and your arrow the most shameless, since it thirsts for the blood of innocent creatures.

HUNTER

My arrow is not more shameless than your axe which lops the limbs of trees and peels off their barks with such callousness!

WOOD-CUTTER

But trees are different; they have no life; they do not bleed.

HUNTER

That's what you think! Brother! life is in all things—the Lord's breath is everywhere. Nothing is free from the presence of the Lord.

WOOD-CUTTER

I must start on my job now. Unfortunately, philosophy doesn't feed a man!

(*begins to lop a tree*)

HUNTER

Your axe-blows crash as terrible as thunderbolts—making animals slink away into their hiding-places. That's unfair—It hardly leaves my arrow a chance!

WOOD-CUTTER

I am sorry, but my axe is only doing its duty; and I must take back a pile of logs to the village-fair and sell it, or else my wife and children will have to go without food.

HUNTER

Aha! you see now how selfish man is! so long as you are fed, does it matter if others starve?

(*the Hunter laughs and goes out. While the WOOD CUTTER is busy with his axe, his WIFE enters with a large blue lotus in her hand.*)

WIFE

Husband, husband, look at this!

WOOD-CUTTER

I am concerned with wood, not flowers. But—where on earth did you get it from?

WIFE

O, it is unbelievable! I found it growing out of a footprint, a deep footprint. Surely, some god must have passed this way. Did you meet anybody here?

WOOD-CUTTER

Only Tinnappan, the Hunter, and if you should call him a god, the sky would double up with laughter!

(he laughs while the wife stares at him still trying to solve the mystery)

Scene Two

TINNAPPAN, the Hunter's hut. His wife is busy conversing with a woman-neighbour.

HUNTER'S WIFE

It is late, unusually late! he has not come home as yet.

NEIGHBOUR

There is a strange rumour about him. Sister! people whisper things about him; he wanders here, there and everywhere, and people talk that he talks to himself and there are other things besides, the people talk; and they say he is growing peculiar, that he is a rebel, holds outrageous views and does not care two straws about code and rule and convention.

(enter TINNAPPAN, the Hunter, bearing a slain deer across his shoulders)

HUNTER

People say, ah! is that so? What say they? let them say! but see what I have brought home!

HUNTER'S WIFE

You are late this evening.

HUNTER

Not my fault; had to wait all day for a beast, and all due to that wood-cutter fellow who kept chopping and chipping and lopping and dropping boughs and branches all day long, disturbing the forest and frightening away the animals to their holes and shelters. Anyway, I

was not sorry, for instead, I sat by myself on a tree and heard birds singing away for all they were worth! I say, I did not realise before how really sweetly singing birds sang!

HUNTER'S WIFE

Yes, yes, and you were so lost listening to them that you clean forgot wild boar and deer! and you now come and lay the blame on the wood-cutter.

HUNTER *(growing serious)*

I think you are right: you know, Woman! something new is happening inside my heart.

HUNTER'S WIFE

As if you have a heart left at all. Did you ever hear of a hunter who had a heart? such rough and tough, ruthless, relentless men such as hunters do be!

NEIGHBOUR

Your man has no heart left, since he has given it away to you. You bet, you could tell that from his eyes, the way he looks at you, so tenderly...

HUNTER

You are right when you say that I have given my heart away, but wrong in your guess that I have given it away to my wife!

HUNTER'S WIFE

Then, in that case, you love some other hussy on the sly...

NEIGHBOUR

Men were deceivers ever—what say you? *(laughs and goes out.)*

HUNTER

Now, Wife! listen. I have given my heart away to the Lord.

HUNTER'S WIFE

Now, now, don't rave, You are only a hunter, slaying animals day after day; taking life, causing hurt, making things bleed. Your whole life is an endless habit of cruelty. You have blood on your hands, how can you ever talk of giving your heart away to the Lord?

HUNTER

Most men have clean hands, but their hearts are stained with blood; they can never meet the Lord. My hands might be blood-stained, as you say they are, but my heart is as clear as running water. Let me whisper a secret into your ear: *the Lord has already accepted it.*

HUNTER'S WIFE

Rumour is not wrong, then!

HUNTER

What does it say?

HUNTER'S WIFE

That you have grown queer of late.

HUNTER

Queer is just a polite way of saying mad.....*(laughs)* Yes, I confess I am queer, I am mad—I am mad, mad for the Lord. If only more men could share my madness, this world would be a saner place to live in.

HUNTER'S WIFE

Have you ever met the Lord or even so much as seen him?

HUNTER

What are you saying, Woman? seen him? met him? O! much more than merely that! I lave his face with a mouthful of water which I spit on him every day; then I eat first, and make him eat what remains after I have eaten. Sometimes he drops asleep and snores; then, of course, the easiest way for me is to wake him up with a sharp kick on his stomach.....and the merry way he wakes up and laughs and partakes of my hunter's offering of flesh dripping with blood!

HUNTER'S WIFE

I must say, the Lord is very patient. Just you try and kick one of the king's guards or sentries, leave alone the king himself, and see what happens; handcuffs and flogging and prison!

HUNTER

I would not waste my kick on a common earthly king! But look, now, come to business: here's venison.....a fourth's for us; you may share a bit with your

friend, the neighbour. Three-fourths I take with me.....

HUNTER'S WIFE

For whom?

HUNTER

For my Lord Siva.....

HUNTER'S WIFE

But you dare not desecrate his temple thus!

HUNTER

To him all food is one, whether fruit or flesh, It depends on who offers it and how much love is behind the offering.

HUNTER'S WIFE

The priests would stone you to death.

HUNTER

Their stones would change to precious stones! *(laughs)* Sounds conceited, doesn't it, Woman? But one day you will see, you will see. Priests? why, most of them stone the human soul to death—what does it matter if, for a change, they stone a human body? *(laughs heartily)*

(while going out, he tries and humours her) The Lord, by the way, Woman, is not strictly vegetarian!

(the little Dog rushes in through the door: He stoops down and pats it)

You, you, you, little dog! how much more loyal you are than man!

(slinging the flesh on his shoulder, he goes out followed by the Dog)

Scene Three

The temple courtyard. In front of the door of the shrine. It is nightfall. The door is locked.

HUNTER *(to the dog)*

Little fellow, there is nobody about. The temple door is shut.

VOICE

The door is shut, but the Lord is ever free. *(the door opens of its own accord)*

HUNTER

Miracle! it opened of itself.

(the Hunter walks towards the Image)

My Lord, here I am again; becoming a nuisance to you, I am afraid. Who opened the door to me?

VOICE

You yourself opened it, Worshipper, your devotion opened it. Devotion is the master-key that unlocks all doors.

HUNTER

Sire! I am sorry to come in so late.

VOICE

Early, late, morning, night...these are only words, they mean nothing in the kingdom of love and worship.

HUNTER

I have brought you three-fourths of a deer I slew this evening. A fourth I gave to my family. I hope you don't mind.

VOICE

You did well. When a family is fed, I am fed; when a family goes hungry, I go hungry. I know how hungry I go everyday in spite of being fed by a worshipper like you. Hundreds of homes hardly light their kitchen-fires since, due to black-hearted hoarders, food has gone scarce. Forgetting me, they have begun to depend on those in power who, in their eyes have grown to be the only gods in existence. And these human gods wear tinsel crowns and blind the eyes of the people with the glamour and glare of glass given to them by the people themselves. Their thrones are made of human flesh and studded with the bleeding rubies of eyes that have not slept for years and eyes that have done nothing but wept for years.

HUNTER

My Lord, I notice your eyes are almost about to trickle with tears! I cannot bear it. Instead of my hunting animals, give me permission at once to hunt down these tinsel gods and wipe them out of existence!

VOICE

No, no—your arrow is too narrow and small. Leave it to me to dance my Cyclic Dance of Destruction.

HUNTER
You are taking a pretty long time to do so, my Lord.

VOICE

The longer the time I take, the stronger shall be my steps, the greater their destruction.

(the bark of the Dog outside)

HUNTER

That's my little dog. He has a soul which burns clearer than the flame of a temple-lamp. He is at the moment outside, in the temple-courtyard.

VOICE

When you gain salvation, he shall gain it along with you; for he is as loyal to you as you are to me. He who worships my worshipper gains salvation. Come again, Worshipper! When I think of you you must come, whether it be night or day, whether in solitude or amidst crowds.

HUNTER

But the priests will not give me access; they have driven me away several times out of your temple, Sire.

VOICE

Priests? are there any left these days? priesthood has lost its illumination; in my name it commits all sorts of evil deeds and fools credulous men and women.

HUNTER

Give me leave, my Lord. Be with me always.

VOICE

I am always with you. Learn to see me beyond this form. Form is only the blind contraction into curve and line of the invisible spirit by the little sight of men which reduces all essence into shape. Form is the martyrdom of the spirit. Learn to see beyond it...

HUNTER

Pray, grant me the grace to do so.

VOICE

You shall have it when the time comes...

HUNTER

Not if the time comes?

VOICE

When the time comes!

Scene Four

TINNAPPAN seated on a rock, alone, his little Dog curled up at his feet. Around is a silent forest-place, and all around is quiet as though surcharged with unearthly meaning.

HUNTER (half-humming)

Nobody knows, nobody knows
How the Lord talks with me;

How, wherever I go, He goes,
Sits, or walks with me.

In crowds I am lonely; I walk like a stranger through the market square; I grow lonelier and lonelier; but my loneliness is more and more crowded with the presence of the Lord.....nobody knows, nobody knows
—Ab, here comes a female deer.

(fixes his aim on a Deer which enters)

DEER

Nay, slay me not, kind Hunter! restrain your glittering arrow.

HUNTER

The point of an arrow was sharpened for the heart of a deer such as you.

DEER

Nay, listen! I bear a babe in my womb; it is about to be born. Pray, listen.

HUNTER

Your eyes are as liquid jewels. Would you with your tender gaze tempt me away from the temptation of slaying you?

DEER

Nay, not so! Allow me just this once to return to my abode in the forest, lay my infant there, and return to bare my bosom to your dart. Give me but twenty-four hours!

HUNTER

It is only a ruse to slip away from my itching hands.

DEER

It is a solemn promise, great Hunter!

HUNTER

O, I have seen more promises bled and hurt than this dart of mine has seen creatures like you bled and hurt!

DEER

Those may be the promises of man who has turned his back on truth; but I am a deer, a forest-deer. The promise of a deer carries as much weight and life as I carry in my womb at the moment.

HUNTER

Your pleading melts me. You will return after giving birth to your deerling? and if you don't?

DEER

Mine be the curse of the gods.

HUNTER

But the gods don't ever curse; they only bless.

DEER

The gods work out the law of truth which is without compassion; and a promise once given becomes part of that law. If I should break it, the broken promise would itself break me and deprive me of my babe.

HUNTER (withdrawing his dart)

I am taking you at your word, pregnant creature! I'll return tomorrow to this spot, and await your return. (the Deer departs)

(patting the little Dog) Now tell me, little friend, was it wisdom to have let such delicious flesh slip out of the hands? (the Dog wags its tail, as if by way of answer) I am glad you think so.

(enter a Stag)

(once again, he takes aim)

STAG

Hold, hold! let not your dart be in such haste to make the blood spurt out of my body! I was married only a fortnight ago under a waxing moon; my bride is young and she, too, is a waxing moon! Have mercy!

HUNTER

You are married, I accept; but does that mean you should deprive my arrow of its marriage with your flesh?

STAG

If you must slay me, pray give me just twenty-four hours, just one day more to live with my bride in fullness before I perish.

HUNTER

Strange! even a while ago a she-deer asked of me a similar boon. Twenty-four hours...and that makes just one short day. And does one day mean so much in your life?

STAG

Even a minute, a half-minute, a second might transform the whole of life, Hunter! If one receive the Grace of the Divine...nothing is impossible. Pray, let me go. I give my word to return.

HUNTER (*withholding the arrow*)

And what if you should break your word?

STAG

Our morality is different from yours.

HUNTER

But there is a proverb, is there not... a stag today is worth two tomorrow?

STAG

You are man; your heart is poisoned with doubt and distrust. You do not know, perhaps, that with creatures like us a word once given cannot be taken back? It becomes a question of life and death...to break it is unthinkable, unthinkable!

HUNTER

Well then, in the name of the Lord, I trust you. Tomorrow remember—here—and at this hour! (*Stag goes out.*)

(*Hunter starts humming again*)

Nobody knows, nobody knows
That while I sit alone and apart
A wonderful rose, a wonderful rose
Blows in this hunter's heart!

It is strange: deer and stag. They talked so beautifully. Or were they only creations of my mind? did they really appear? did they really talk? or am I in a trance? No, no! this time if another such should appear I would not let it go...not so easily by my life. My Lord needs food tonight. I must slay some creature or other...I can't go empty-handed to the Lord, can I? He must not remain hungry.

(*enter a third Deer, a young female of beauty and grace. He fixes his aim*)

YOUNG DEER

Please, Sire! just a minute. Aim not at me. Have you seen my antlered lord go by, this way?

HUNTER

Who are you, anyway? Are you carven of shadow or are you real?

DEER

I am real, very real. I was married to my lord only a fortnight ago: his touch is still warm on my young body; it has set my blood a-tingle, and now I am restless, restless—O where has he gone—where, O where? Life without him is unbearable; breath has no meaning without him by my side to link it up with his own. O!

HUNTER

Stand where you are; don't budge. I warn you, don't budge. You and your tribe are all intriguers, the whole lot of you.

DEER

Pray, resist. Give me just twenty-four hours to live in intimacy with my lord; and then, I swear, I will return. I give you my oath to return and bare my bosom to your dart. If I should break my oath, may I become a widow.

HUNTER

You almost became that a little while ago! but I let your husband go. He wanted twenty-four hours as well to love and hold and caress you. There is something of holy light in your youth, of purity in your pleading, of innocence in your voice...I cannot help trusting your word. You may go now; but see

FIRST PRIEST

Who could have had so much daring?

SECOND PRIEST

The Lord will punish him severely.

THIRD PRIEST

He is doomed!

FIRST PRIEST

Look! there are blood-stains on the threshold.

SECOND PRIEST

Somebody has surely been murdered.

THIRD PRIEST

Let us enter.

Scene Six

Inside the Shrine

FIRST PRIEST

Lord, Lord! blood-stains on the floor! where is the murdered body?

(*laughter of Image*)

SECOND PRIEST

Who dares to laugh?

THIRD PRIEST

The spirit of the murdered! look, bones...bones!

FIRST PRIEST

Don't touch them. Some poor man slain!

SECOND PRIEST

Human sacrifice!

(*laughter again*)

Again that uncanny laughter!

THIRD PRIEST

I say, but these are not human bones...

FIRST PRIEST

No, no...they are the bones of a cow...! the holy cow...

SECOND PRIEST

No, the bones of a cow are much bigger!

THIRD PRIEST

No...no...I say, it is...

(*renewed laughter*)

Lord, Lord! save us. Who has dared thus to desecrate this holy place?

to it that you return with your husband tomorrow, here—and at this hour.

DEER

We are one, my husband and I. Slay me, and you slay him; slay him, and you slay me. Thanks, great-hearted Hunter! your arrow shall be rewarded amply for its graceful gesture of postponing its blood-bath by a day.

(*she goes out*)

HUNTER

(*starts humming*)

Well, well, well!

Nobody knows, nobody knows,
And though you might think it odd,
Over my heart a cool wind blows
Like the honeyed breath of a god!

Hallo! the sun has climbed a great way above the trees and the day wears on. And I have not as yet fulfilled my hunter's task. This is a queer place, upon my word: haunted with shadows, I guess. But shadows are a proof of light. I bet my sandals, those were not real creatures.

VOICE OF ECHO

Those were not real creatures...

HUNTER

Who mocks at me?

VOICE OF ECHO

Who mocks at me...

HUNTER

Be silent...

VOICE OF ECHO (*deliberately*)

BE SILENT!

Scene Five

Before the temple door. Three PRIESTS

FIRST PRIEST

What's this?

SECOND PRIEST

Somebody has tampered with the temple lock!

THIRD PRIEST

And has entered the holy precincts of our Lord!

VOICE

Not desecrate. Sanctify.

PRIESTS (together)

What has entered here? Is it the Lord's voice or the voice of the devil?

VOICE

My devotee came to see me last night. He brought me offering of deer-flesh.

PRIESTS

Alas, pollution, pollution!

VOICE

You priests! forgetting the meaning of true priesthood, reducing it to a sordid profession, selling me to people for filthy lucre, you grabbers of gold! How dare you talk as you do. For years and years I have been polluted by the falsehoods you have uttered so glibly, by your parrotlike chanting of verses you scarcely understood; nor still understand; by accepting bribes from simple-hearted men and women, by exploiting the credulous, you have polluted me. A true priest is rare among you today!

PRIESTS

Surely, it is the devil speaking. The Lord never chides us like that.

(crowds try and enter)

No, they shall not enter today. The devil has entered here. We must exorcise it before we let them enter. Shut the temple doors.

(at this juncture, TINNAPPAN, the Hunter, enters without any offering; his little Dog follows him. He carries his bow and arrow.)

PRIESTS

Drive this low-born, filthy knave out of here. He dares to come in with his dog... As though one dog like him was not enough!

It was he, for sure, who broke open the lock last night and entered with a slain beast. Drive him out. (excited voices of crowds: "Drive him out")

VOICE

Make way, make way. He is my devotee! make way!

(the temple bells begin to ring by themselves)

PRIESTS (dumbfounded)

What's this? strange! the temple-bells ring of their own accord! Are we asleep? are we in a dream?

(the HUNTER walks up to the Image, unobstructed, followed by the Dog)

VOICE

Welcome! I have been waiting for you.

HUNTER

My Lord! I have brought you no offering today. I have brought only myself and my dog. What! what's happened, my Lord? Why does your left eye turn so red and drip with tears?

VOICE

It hurts like a wound.

HUNTER

Be seated still, my Lord. Allow me to help you. My eye is strong and clear. Pray let it replace your left eye.

(so saying, he pierces out the left eye and fixes it in the socket of the Lord's left eye)

There, that's better.

(temple bells ring clamorously; crowds whisper to each other...a general humming among them)

VOICE

I am grateful, my Devotee!

HUNTER

What's this? your right eye now is red and drips with tears, my sweet Lord! Why does it do so?

VOICE

These eyes have seen too much misery and ugliness around. The world is full of diseases and groans, vulgar sights of men turned brutes, women raped, children slaughtered, famine caused, not by failure of rains, but by a handful of greedy men who burn up whole leagues of wheat and corn and grain in order to preserve an economy which preserves and fattens their granaries and treasuries. O! I have seen men pose as benefactors of suffering millions, collecting funds for their rescue, and using them, instead, to build themselves lordly mansions

VOICE

You shall worship him who stands in my place...once my worshipper, but now a part of me; nay, Me!

(enter two Deer and a Stag)

PRIESTS

How now, how now! even deer and stag follow him, their sworn enemy.

1st DEER

Here I am, Hunter! we looked for you by the rock, but did not find you.

STAG

It was you who broke your word to be there, we did not break our word.

2nd DEER

I did not break my word to bare my bosom to your dart. It was your dart that broke its word to pierce me.

HUNTER

You have come. Alas! my eyes could not see you yesterday; and now, I see you plain.

(the Deer and Stag putting off their masks reveal themselves)

Ye are ancient saints and sages...

TOGETHER

Who come to pay homage to the chosen of the Lord, now part of the Lord Himself.

VOICE

Homage to Kannappan, the Eye-Officer; for Tinnappan the Hunter is no more. The one who shot the arrow once has himself been shot; and now his heart bleeds into a love of the Divine Lord, and hence, into a love of all humanity. He has attained salvation,—(the little Dog barks) and you, too, little Dog! For he who worships my worshipper attains salvation!

(great crowds come and prostrate before KANNAPPAN'S Image. Chants. Temple-bells ring).

and palaces. I have seen the gardens of the rich blow over miles of dead bodies of their exploited brothers. I have seen beautiful young women barter their souls for a loaf of stale bread; and seen young mothers drown their children because they could not bear to see them starve. All these sights—and more, have I seen. And so my eyes have grown red and blind with weeping. And now, you give me your eyes,—why do you want me to see the world again? O Devotee! are you, too, weary of similar sights that you part with your eyes so easily?

HUNTER

Not so, my Lord...not so. Since knowing you, I have found the world transformed into a wonderful place. Sit still—and let me replace your right eye now with mine!

(so saying he sets his big toe on the Lord's right eye; then the Hunter pierces his own right eye with his arrow and fixes it in the socket of the Lord's right eye)

(temple bells ring louder than ever, while the Hunter now is totally blind to all outer appearance)

There, my Lord...I hope you feel better. How does the world look to you now?

VOICE

Wonderful! to look at the world through the eyes of a worshipper like you, is to look on a world of sheer beauty and peace. O my Worshipper! there is no ugliness, no littleness, no vulgarity anywhere now that the Lord looks through the eyes of his worshipper! All I see is me, me, everything everywhere is me. But what will you do now without sight?

HUNTER

My Lord, you are looking now through my eyes, while I am looking through yours. I am you and you are I...

(gradually the Image of the Lord disappears and in its place the Image of TINNAPPAN stands:

shower of flowers: excited voices shout loud praise)

PRIESTS

The Lord has disappeared. Whom shall we worship now?

THE TRIUMPH OF NEHRU

BY MR. J. J. SINGH

President, India League of America, New York.

WHAT is that old saying? "He came", he saw, he conquered." Perhaps this simile has been used by many newspapermen in connection with Prime Minister Nehru's visit to the United States but I feel that this adage can be repeated a hundred times, in this case, without losing its significance or importance. Nehru's triumph was even more important because it was a conquest of love. Many Americans and, for that matter, many Indians, too, have been baffled with the terrific impression Nehru has created in this country even amongst those who neither saw nor heard him. The very fact that Nehru was here seems to have charged the atmosphere with glow and mental excitement. What caused this flurry of hearts? What made them starry-eyed? Could one pin it down to one or two obvious reasons? Could it be that Nehru has the halo of Gandhi—"the spiritual heir", of Gandhi, as he was called? Yes, that did have some bearing, but this was not all.

It is true that among world-conscious and particularly the Asia-conscious groups in this country, Nehru was known as an historian, as a philosopher of universal democracy, social justice and peace, and perhaps, above all, as the fearless and outstanding leader for India's independence. But then these groups are few and far between and certainly do not include the taxi drivers; the butchers and the fish-mongers at New York's markets who came out on the streets in their white aprons to cheer him as he passed by; or even the theater-going crowds on Broadway who, somehow, got the word that Nehru was inside one of the theaters, and the whole of 45th Street was suddenly jammed with 5,000 people.

Or is it what most of the politically alive people are saying: "Nehru has political sex-appeal." No, that does not explain it either. A veteran reporter of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, who followed Nehru around town, when asked why Nehru impressed everyone, answered: "It is a strange thing—I don't know." He added, "Nehru has incredible sincerity,

and although a complex personality, infinite simplicity."

I have been gathering impressions and explanations, but as yet I have found no clearcut explanation, for the intense popularity of Nehru in this country. One thing does stand out, irrespective of what had been said about him and what people had read about him, he has a magnetic personality and you instantly feel it when you are anywhere near him. And in some inexplicable way his personality, and that word covers everything that Nehru is and stands for, reaches out, even when you are not near him or listening to him. It is a phenomenon. Frankly, I am baffled, and so are hundreds of others, and each one has his or her own explanation. Some one says it is because Nehru is "one of Humanity's significant figures." Some one else says it is because Nehru wears "at least a part of his heart on his sleeve." Another one says, "If Gandhi was India's saint, Nehru is her romantic hero." And I would like to add that Nehru may have Gandhi's halo, but if he did not have something of his own, he would not create the moral surge which he does create.

The Indian and American correspondents who travelled with Nehru have sent thousands and thousands of words every day, covering all aspects of his trip. I have not as yet received my copies of the 10 different Indian newspapers that I get, but I have been given to understand that for almost three weeks, Nehru's trip to the United States was not only on the front page but it was the main news. So I am going to state only some of the impressions I have gathered since Nehru's departure and relate some of the incidents which may not have been reported.

The officials of the Embassy of India and the United States Department of State deserve congratulations on the efficient planning and handling of Nehru's trip—with one exception. It is most regrettable that a public mass meeting for Nehru was not held in New York. This has left a void. Hundreds of inquiries were made of the India League of America as to

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whether there would be a public meeting where ordinary Americans could go to see and hear Nehru. All through Nehru's stay in New York inquiries kept pouring into the India League's office, and there was deep disappointment when people were informed that there was to be no public meeting.

We of the India League knew the full importance of such a meeting. In my talks with officials of the State Department, the Embassy of India, including the Ambassador of India, and with Louis Johnson, the Secretary of Defense, a personal friend of Prime Minister Nehru who was keenly interested in his visit to this country, I said, "Nehru is a people's man. He loves people and people love him. It would be a shame if he were kept behind diplomatic and protocol walls and seen only at expensive dinners." I suggested to them, as far back as July 7, (and at that time they all thought that my idea was "most excellent") that a Madison Square Garden meeting should be arranged under the auspices of the leading liberal, progressive, and labor organizations of New York. Not only were we confident of a capacity audience of 25,000, but we were certain of a tremendous overflow, necessitating loud-speakers for adjacent streets. Ordinary people would have had the opportunity of showing their affection and respect for Nehru.

It makes my heart ache to think that this was not done. Nehru would have loved it. He is at his best with crowds, especially crowds of simple, common human beings. I am told that the only place where Nehru was actually moved and felt emotional was at Berkeley, California, where more than 10,000 students and others gathered to hear him.

It must not be forgotten that New York is steadily but definitely becoming the international center of the world, and therefore was the logical place for Nehru to address a mass meeting. We were not alone in feeling the importance of a public meeting in New York. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaking at the dinner in honor of Nehru given by the India League of America and three other Asia-minded organizations, said that it was a pity that "more people could not meet, see, and hear Prime Minister Nehru.

Well, it is too late to talk about that. But I still get an ache in my heart when I think of what an effect such a meeting would have had!

Here below are some reactions which I have received from various people in Washington. It is sort of a composite picture gathered from officials, from friends and from those who are some what critical:

1. Most people in "official Washington" feel that the trip has helped to destroy some of Nehru's suspicions, however small, about U. S. economic imperialism.

2. There were no specific accomplishments in terms of projected or signed agreements. But then nothing of the sort was expected or planned.

3. U. S. officials are extremely satisfied with the visit. First, from the negative point of view: there was no incident to mar it. Secondly, from the positive point of view: Nehru was definitely impressed with the friendliness of the American people. The officials say that this friendliness of the people was more real and genuine than even they had hoped, and that Nehru could not have doubted its spontaneity.

4. As a man, Nehru made an extremely favorable impression wherever he went. Nehru as a statesman was disappointing to some people. (I presume this is the crowd who wanted Nehru to jump feet first into an alliance with Western nations). However, U. S. officials are not worried about this. They realize that Nehru had to be vague and certainly could not talk about Russian aggressiveness in public—not while he was in the United States. That would have been regarded as a repayment for U. S. hospitality and would have played into Russian propaganda hands.

5. On the whole, U. S. officials feel, Nehru is far more on the side of the West now than when he came. They feel that there has been a psychological achievement, a successful visit—that will be invaluable.

NEHRU'S TEMPER

Whatever happened to that famous Nehru temper? Many American newspapermen stationed in India had written

stories about Nehru's temper, and I know that Indian Embassy circles were a little bit jittery about it. One of the reasons why the Embassy decided not to hold any press conferences (a few exceptions were made later) or allow newspapermen to interview Nehru at the airports was that he might lose his temper, if some embarrassing or unintelligent questions were asked. I made it a point to be near Nehru whenever newspapermen were asking him questions on his arrivals and departures from La Guardia Airport. Leave aside Nehru losing his temper, he was all charm, and was most courteous even when some definitely unintelligent and useless questions were put to him. He smiled or laughed it off, but never once did he show anger or annoyance. The same was true of the only "official" Press conference which was held on November 7, the day of Nehru's departure from New York.

I would put Nehru before the toughest group of newspapermen in any part of the world and feel sure that he would handle them as an expert and come out on top.

Nehru did not lose his temper even when others around him felt exasperated. (When Nehru arrived at Greenbrier Hotel at White Sulphur Springs after a night journey in train, some one misplaced his keys and for an hour and a half he waited patiently before the keys were found and he could change his clothes. Yet, no temper.)

I am also thinking of how General Dwight D. Eisenhower acted in the little room at Columbia University, where Nehru was subjected to the mercies of newsreels, television and still photographs. The room was hot and stuffy. It was jammed and noisy. Flashbulbs popped and flood lights beat down. For 15 minutes, the newsreel and cameramen made Nehru read and reread parts of his address. Nehru did not become fidgety nor lose his temper, but you should have watched General Eisenhower. He clenched his fist, gnawed his fingernails and chewed the corner of his Cap and kept saying, "This is a terrible way to treat a distinguished guest.....What a way to treat a friend.....Let's please hurry up." Yet through it all Nehru kept on smiling and

there was no evidence of the famous Nehru temper.

No, sir, from 4.30 P. M. on October 11 when Nehru landed at the National Airport in Washington, D. C., until 2.55 P. M. on November 7, when Nehru left LaGuardia Airport, Nehru did not lose his temper even once.

FLYING HAZARDS:

Nehru covered this country by plane. He mostly travelled in the U. S. Air Force 4-motor Constellation. Only once he had to change his plans, take a train because of bad weather. That was from Washington to White Sulphur Springs. Only once was there any kind of a "flying hazard." That was over the airport in Knoxville where the big Constellation was kept aloft for 50 minutes after time of scheduled landing because of rain and fog. Twice the pilot made unsuccessful passes at the runway in an attempted instrument landing, twice he had to turn away. On the third try, however, the plane made a rather steep and slightly hazardous landing.

NEHRU WITH AMERICAN FARMERS:

Nehru greatly impressed the farmers when he visited the three farms near Chicago—one operated on a share-crop basis, another leased out to a tenant and a third owned and operated by one man. In each case, he inspected the farms from top to bottom, even looking over the furnaces, kitchens and barns. Such keen interest delighted the farmers. Also, such acts as ringing the big out-door dinner bell, signing the family Bible of Glen Peterson, the share-cropper, and being photographed with his arm around Peterson's six-year old daughter Carol Ann, pleased them no end. They were all impressed by Nehru's politeness. One little farm girl said, "I never expected to walk along with such a celebrity. Why, he's nothing like those movie stars in the Chicago theatres... There, you're lucky if they will even look at you."

They all agreed that the *Chicago Sun-Times* editorial was correct when it said, "In many ways, Nehru is the nearest thing this generation has to a Thomas Jefferson in his way of giving voice to the universal aspirations for freedom of people everywhere..."

GREENBRIER HOTEL:

Greenbrier Hotel, at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, is one of the show places of this nation. It is magnificently decorated. There are 602 rooms and not one is furnished like the other.

Louis Johnson, the Secretary of Defence, has been a great admirer of Nehru ever since the Cripps Mission days of 1942 when Johnson was in India as the personal envoy of President Roosevelt. Louis Johnson has been a friend of India for all these years. He is a member of the National Advisory Board of the India League. Johnson invited 168 guests, top ranking business and financial heads, to be his weekend guests at Greenbrier to meet Nehru.

On the first day of their arrival at the Greenbrier, Johnson took Nehru to Hot Springs, 40 miles away, to speak before the National Business Advisory Council. Just as they were entering the car, Johnson indicated the rear seat on the right side and said to Nehru, "For you, your Excellency." Nehru grinned and looked at Johnson in the eye and said, "My goodness, do we have to carry protocol that far?"

Most of that part of the country is dotted with historic spots of the American Civil War between the North and the South. Nehru surprised everyone else in the car by having a better knowledge of the battles fought in Virginia and West Virginia than anyone else present.

At the lunch at the Homestead Hotel in Hot Springs and the dinner that night at the Greenbrier Hotel, Johnson was visibly emotional. Johnson, introducing Nehru to the audience, with deep affection, said, "Here is a man of rare truth. I ask you to drink a toast, not to the Prime Minister of India, but to Jawaharlal, the humble man." The distinguished gathering of millionaires and tycoons of finance and industry in this country, reverently stood up and drank the toast.

Nehru endeared himself to the lunch and dinner audiences by making such simple and honest statements: "It would be easy for you to make a list of our sins. It would be a long one. If you see the good, it will be a long list too. I have

found Americans very emotional and sentimental and being myself that way, there has been a mutual response."

The Greenbrier Hotel was full of guests. A reporter, watching the Nehru plane leave for San Francisco, ended his story by saying, "Greenbrier Hotel is jammed with a record 960 guests, but it seems empty now."

NEHRU IN SAN FRANCISCO

One of the ranking hostesses of San Francisco, Mrs. Frances Diehl, entertained Nehru at dinner. The dinner was held in her own penthouse, 18 stories high, with wide windows and a terrace giving a magnificent view of the San Francisco Bay.

After dinner, Mrs. Diehl served her speciality, flaming coffee diabolo, which has a lot of brandy in it. A teetotaler father-in-law of Mrs. Diehl once told her that he would drink that coffee because all the alcohol had been burned out of it. She told this story to Nehru who said, "In that case, I will have some too."

In New York, in San Francisco, and in other places too, there has been some criticism about the length of Nehru's public speeches. The political sophisticates thought that the speeches should have been shorter and each speech should have covered a definite point. In other words, what is being said is that before one audience, Nehru could have talked about the world political situation, as he sees it, at another place emphasis could have been placed on the importance of Asia vis-à-vis a democratic world order. At another place, about commercial and financial aspects of India, and so on.

But I have found quite a few defenders, even among the political sophisticates, of Nehru's long speeches. Typical is the explanation of Barbara Herbert, an artist in San Francisco, who said, "It was a manifestation of kindness, Nehru feels he must explain in complete detail why he is doing this or that. It is also an example of his regard for others. He thinks highly enough of his audience to believe that they want to know the facts, and, that given the facts, they will understand him."

In a talk in New York where a few Asia-conscious and friendly persons were criticizing the length of Nehru's talk at the India League dinner, Norman Thomas the leader of the Socialists in this country, and a grand old man, told the group: "Can anyone tell me if there is another political leader in this world who has guts to get up and speak for an hour extemporaneously without notes or anything, and not care a damn what he says? I admire him for that."

NEHRU AT THE THEATER

After seeing the performance, "Lost in the Stars," Nehru went backstage, and the huge cast of the show—mostly Negroes—stood in a semi-circle and gave a loud applause when he appeared. Nehru looked somewhat embarrassed and said, "It's reversing things. I am the one who should applaud you." Then he turned towards Todd Duncan, one of the outstanding Negro actors and who has a lead in the show, and said, "It was a magnificent performance, so moving it exhausted me." Again the whole cast cheered him loudly.

The next night Nehru went to see "South Pacific," the most popular musical comedy in New York. It is almost impossible to get tickets for this show. In the black market, tickets for this show have been sold for as high as Rs. 300. After the show, Oscar Hammerstein, one of the producers and who arranged for the tickets for the Nehru party, took him backstage and introduced Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza, the leads in the show. After Nehru left, both Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza continued to enthuse for hours. Mary Martin said, "I feel as though he were a saint. Did you see those eyes? I noticed them from the stage." Pinza groped for the word and came up with, "I feel as though I have met the Messiah. That's what he is—not a saint—but the Messiah. Those eyes! That face! This has been a great thrill and an honour to play before one of the world's greatest men."

NEHRU AT JOHN DEWEY DINNER

The 90th birthday of the great philosopher John Dewey was celebrated at a public dinner the same night that

a dinner was being given in honor of Nehru. I suggested to the Prime Minister that, if possible, he should drop in at the John Dewey dinner where the leading philosophers, intellectuals, educationists, and labor leaders were gathered. Nehru agreed to do so. Unfortunately, Nehru's dinner dragged on and meanwhile the John Dewey dinner ended. I announced to the audience that Nehru had promised to come and would definitely come. 1,100 guests waited for him and gave him a rousing reception when at last he arrived. Nehru paid tribute to John Dewey and said how much his writings had been of solace to him and he considered it a great honor to be present at this celebration to pay personal homage to this great man. This beautiful gesture on the part of Nehru was highly appreciated by the hundreds of liberals and progressives present at the dinner.

NEHRU'S DEPARTURE

There were more than 100 people gathered at Hangar 3, of the American Airlines at La Guardia Airport, to bid farewell to Nehru. All voices were subdued and one could feel a sense of sadness about. I think Nehru, too, felt a little sad. Just before the plane was about to take off, Nehru asked, "Where is Rahman?" He was asking for Afzal Rahman, an old Moslem servant who is now at the Indian Embassy in Washington, and who acted as a valet for Nehru during his stay in this country. Nehru spotted Rahman, went up to him, shook hands with him, and bade him a cordial farewell. Many American newspapermen and dignitaries who were present saw this and were amazed to learn afterwards that Rahman was just a servant. One American said to me: "What a great man." With all my heart, I want to echo that sentiment. Nehru IS a great man.

LOGIC!

She: Why are all those horses running so fast?
He: Why you see, the first one to get to the winning-post gets the Silver Cup.
She: What about all the others?
He: Naturally, they get nothing.
She: Then why are they still running?

FROM MY NOTEBOOK

BY "BEE"

NEW YEAR

These New Year verses were written for the Sunday Pictorial about the year 1916 by Lieutenant Herbert Asquith, second son of the then Prime Minister, and one of the most gifted of younger poets.

The Old Year goes with all its vanished flow'rs;
Across the fields we hear the distant bells;
To other music fade the dying hours.
Leaving a heritage of long farewells.
What world is this, to which the New Year comes—
A world by God, forgotten, lost to Man.
A weary battlefield of broken homes,
A red monotony without a plan,
No! Love and Laughter live; and Chivalry
Still holds the seas from sunset to the dawn;
The sacred wells of Honour are not dry.
And still for her the brightest blades are drawn!
The young Crusaders go to battle singing,
And we, who listen to that song, may know.
Again the bells of Freedom will be ringing,
As they were rung a hundred years ago,

SHADOWS OF THE PAST

[Fourteen years before his death Carlyle wrote in his journal words that both describe the life of his last years and contain his ultimate faith about the universe.]

I live mostly alone; with vanished Shadows of the Past—many of them rise for a moment, inexpressibly tender; One is never long absent from me. Gone, gone, but very dear, very beautiful and dear! ETERNITY, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now; and then; all terrors about it seem to me superfluous; and all knowledge about it, any the least glimmer of all knowledge, impossible to living mortal. The universe is full of love, and also of inexorable sternness and vacacity; and it remains forever true that 'God reigns.' Patience, silence, hope!

GOLDEN WEDDING, OCT. 5, 1884-1934

Sir Ben Turner who wrote these verses 'in "Reynold's Illustrated News" was formerly President of the National Union of Textile Workers, & later Secretary for Mines.

"My dear old wife. For fifty years
We've struggled on together.
We've had our ups and downs, and faced
Both fine and stormy weather.

"We've had our days of gentle joys
And often helped to make them.
And things we couldn't help—which hurt—
We just stood up to take them.

"God's been right good. We've tried to be.
And friends we made in plenty.
And we are still in love as sweet
As when we two were twenty.

"We do not know how long before
We may be called away, lass.
But this we knew; it's very nice.
To live to see this day, lass."

SONG OF THE TRUE VAISHNAVA

This is the folk song dearly loved by Mahatma Gandhi, which he had often wished to hear sung to him in the most sacred moments of his life.

He is the true Vaishnava who knows and feels
another's woes as his own.
Ever ready to serve, he never boasts.
He bows to every one and despises no one,
keeping his thought, word and deed, pure.
Blessed is the mother of such a one. He
reverences every woman as his mother.

He keeps an equal mind and does not stain his lips
with falsehood; nor does he touch another's wealth.
No bonds of attachment can hold him.

Ever in time with Ramanama, his body possesses
in itself all places of pilgrimage.

Free from greed and deceit, passion and anger. This
is the true Vaishnava.

COLERIDGE

He was the first poet I ever knew. His genius
at that time had angelic wings and fed on manna.
He talked on for ever, and you wished him to
talk on for ever. His thoughts did not seem to
come with labour and effort; but as if borne on
the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his
imagination lifted him from off his feet. His voice
rolled on the ear like the pealing organ, and its
sound alone was the music of thought. His mind
was clothed with wings; and, raised on them, he
lifted philosophy to heaven.

"In his descriptions you then saw the progress
of human happiness and liberty in bright and
never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's
ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending,
and with the voice of God at the top of the
ladder. And shall I, who heard him then, listen
to him now? Not I! That spell is broke; that
time is gone for ever; that voice is heard no more;
but still the recollection comes rushing by with
thoughts of long past years, and rings in my ears
with never-dying sound."

—Hazlitt: "Living Poets."

PARTED FRIENDS

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been reft asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder.
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

—S. T. Coleridge: *Christobel*.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

[Condemned to death for "denying the gods and corrupting the youth" Socrates quietly drank the fatal hemlock in the presence of his sorrowing disciples. In this passage taken from Phaedo, Plato relates in words of matchless dignity, pathos and simplicity the final scene where Socrates passes into the great unknown with the same cheerfulness, courage and resignation which had characterised all his actions.]

* * * With these words he rose and went into another room to bathe himself. Crito went with him and told us to wait. So we waited, talking of the argument, and discussing it, and then again dwelling on the greatness of the calamity which had fallen upon us; it seemed as if we were going to lose a father and to be orphans for the rest of our life. . . . Presently the servant of the Eleven came and stood before him and said, "I know that I shall not find you unreasonable like other men, Socrates. They are angry with me and curse me when I bid them drink the poison because the authorities make me do it. But I have found you all along the noblest and greatest and best man that has ever come here, and now I am sure that you will not be angry with me, but with those who you know are to blame. And so farewell and try to bear what must be as lightly as you can! You know why I have come"; With that he turned away weeping, and went out.

Socrates looked up at him, and replied, Farewell: I will do as you say. Then he turned to us and said: How courteous the man is! . . . come, Crito, let us obey him: let the poison be brought if it is ready. . .

With those words he put the cup to his lips and drank the poison quite calmly and cheerfully. Till then most of us had been able to control our grief fairly well; but when we saw him drinking, and then the poison finished, we could do so no longer. My tears came fast in spite of myself, and I covered my face and wept for myself: it was not for him, but at my own misfortune in losing such a friend. Even before that Crito had been unable to restrain his tears and had gone away; and Apollodorus, who had never once ceased weeping the whole time, burst into a loud cry, and made us one and all break down by his

sobbing and grief, except only Socrates himself. "What are you doing, my friends?" he exclaimed. "I sent away the women chiefly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in silence. So calm yourselves and bear up." When we heard that we were ashamed, and we ceased from weeping. But he walked about until he said that his legs were getting heavy, and then he lay down on his back, as he was told. And the man who gave the poison began to examine his feet and legs, from time to time; then he pressed his foot hard, and asked if there was any feeling in it; and Socrates said, No: and then his legs, and so higher and higher, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And Socrates felt himself, and said that when it came to his heart, he should be gone. He was already growing cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, which had been covered, and spoke for the last time, Crito, he said, "I owe a cock to Asclepius, do not forget to pay it." "It shall be done," replied Crito. "Is there anything else that you wish?" He made no answer to this question; but after a short interval there was a movement, and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were fixed. Then Crito closed his mouth and his eyes.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, a man, I think, who was the wisest and justest, and the best man that I have ever known.

THE DINNER BELL *

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

We may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?
—"Owen Meredith."

* Byron wrote in his "Don Juan" of
"That all softening, over powering knell
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell"
which moved Calverley to this mischievous parody:
But hark! A sound is stealing on my ear—
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
"Fate cannot touch me, I have dined to day"
wrote the parodist, a line which is reminiscent of
Sydney Smith's "Fate cannot harm me—I have
dined to-day" and Dryden's better known
"To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd
to-day."

SIGNIFICANCE OF MOHURRAM

BY SIR MAHOMED USMAN K.C.S.I.

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IN the hot month of Mohurram about 1300 years ago there occurred at Kerbala, a town near Bagdad, a sad tragedy for which it is difficult to find another example. The cruelty shown on the occasion knows no parallel.



After the assassination of Hazruth Ali and the murder of his eldest son Imam Hasan, a grandson of the Prophet, Yazeed became the spiritual and secular head of Islam and the Islamic dominions, setting aside

the claims of Imam Hussain, another grandson of the prophet, and brother of Imam Hasan, and was ruling at Damascus. Yazeed was an embodiment of all that was wicked, cruel and immoral. Imam Hussain, holy saint as he was, ignoring all this was leading a pious and peaceful life in Madina. Of course he commanded the greatest respect from all Muslims. Yazeed thought that so long as Imam Hussain lived he was not secure in his position and so demanded that the latter should pay homage to the former as the spiritual and secular head of Islam. The holy Imam refused to do this, as he could not pay homage to wickedness, cruelty and immorality. Though his life was threatened, he was firm in his resolve not to yield for the good name of Islam.

In the meanwhile the people of Kufa (Mesopotamia) being tired of Yazeed's tyranny and terrible oppression, invited Imam Hussain to go over there and be their spiritual guide. The Imam then sent his representative there to find out the truth. After satisfying himself that the people of Kufa were sincere in their

desire, he left Madina with his family to Kufa. Yazeed coming to know of this, changed the attitude of the people of Kufa towards Imam Hussain by bribery and threats, and ordered that he should be surrounded and killed. When Imam Hussain reached Kerbala, he and his family were surrounded by Yazeed's army, who cut off food and water supply to them for several days.

Just imagine Imam Hussain in thirst and hunger, in the intense heat of Kerbala, witnessing the agony of his family and children crying for water and food. Still he was adamant in his resolve not to yield though he saw with his own eyes how those, who were near and dear to him, were killed one by one. Ultimately the Imam was also killed by the actual severing of his head from his body by the sword. Only the ladies, children and one sickly son of his were allowed to go.

Imam Hussain suffered and sacrificed his life in the cause of righteousness and truth. The rule of Yazeed soon collapsed. As a result of suffering and sacrifice, Imam Hussain gave new life to Islam as a puritanic religion. Sacrifice made, and suffering endured in a righteous cause never fail to achieve their object. It is said that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.

We have a glowing example of this principle in our own country. The sufferings and the sacrifices of Gandhiji and the Congress leaders for quarter of a century have not been in vain and have brought about the independence of India.

NO TROUBLE

The vicar was talking seriously to one of the young men in his parish.

"John," he said, "I hear you've been raising false hopes in maiden hearts. I don't like such behaviour. Rumour whispers that you are engaged to one girl in this village, to another in Little Mitchin and to a third in Brenchley. How can you do such a thing?"

John looked sheepish as he replied: "Well, sir, I've got a motor-bike."

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE FUTURE

BY PROF. S. RAMASWAMI, M.A.

THE CRISIS IN OUR UNIVERSITIES

'NO one,' wrote Thomas Arnold, 'ought to meddle with Universities, who does not know them well and love them well.' It is with these words that Sir Walter Moberly opens his preface to his recent book, *The Crisis in the University*. And while he recognizes this principle as axiomatic, he concedes that even the most devoted academic patriotism doesn't exclude but rather compels a clear recognition and a searching diagnosis of ailments. I don't propose to offer herein anything in relation to Universities in India like the searching analysis of the contemporary spiritual failure, as he regards it, of English Universities, which Sir Walter provides in his stimulating book. Indeed that task has been faithfully discharged by the Report of the Radhakrishnan Commission on Indian Universities, which at long last has been officially published. I shall only venture a few comments on some of the findings and recommendations of the Commission.

PUBLIC APATHY

It is, however, profoundly depressing to find that public interest in the working of the Universities is so extraordinarily fitful in the country. The public would seem to take some kind of interest in the way the universities are tending only when they are sharply confronted with such gross breaches of decency and good order, as recently disfigured the conduct of the students of Annamalai University. Even convocation orators, part of whose stock-in-trade used to be a rather lofty condemnation of university education from their ludicrously utilitarian standards, to-day confine themselves to the exposition of some political or social problem in which they are specially interested and do not review the aims or results of the working of the universities in the country, though there is now and again, a stimulating external view presented by men like Rajaji. This apathy is curiously enough evident even in relation to the new constitution of India. Apart from the desultory and dreary discussions in the Assembly itself,

lit up only now and again by an illuminating exposition of this or that provision by Sri Alladi Krishnaswami or Dr. Ambedkar, there has been little serious public discussion, or for that matter, discussion by the universities and other learned bodies of several controversial aspects of the constitution. What are our Madisons, Hamiltons and Jeffersons doing, I wonder. Surely they know that it is not enough to frame a constitution wisely. It is their task as it was the task of the Fathers of the American constitution to expound the principles and defend the provisions of the new constitution and get the people to understand as well as accept it. I should so like to see emerge out of these expositions an Indian *Federalist* in the not too distant future. Similarly I should have liked it if some one comparable in authority in India to Sir Walter Moberly had provoked discussion on the universities in India,—which have been in a state of continuing crisis practically since the Montford Reforms went into force—and the Radhakrishnan Commission of Enquiry had followed in response to public demand. But, alas, we are very, very far indeed in India from deeming it our duty to concern ourselves intelligently with these matters. A vigilant, informed and intelligent public opinion is the condition of the successful working of democracy. Of that degree of public alertness, there is as yet scarcely any evidence.

THE RADHAKRISHNAN COMMISSION

The most gratifying feature of the Universities commission's constitution, was that it had for its Chairman, a philosopher-statesman of the wide and varied academic and administrative experience and distinction of Dr. Radhakrishnan. That was perhaps its greatest good fortune. The Report bears on every part of it the impress of Dr. Radhakrishnan's alert, active mind, his profound sense of human and academic values and his unremitting concern for national well-being and progress. It is lit up, unlike several official Reports which have come out

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on this subject and on others, by a genuine faith in the value and vitality of India's ancient national culture and the need to make the best of that culture the foundation of educational reconstruction in the country, harmonized doubtless with the best in modern thought.—Even so, when one compares this Report with the great Report of the Sadler Commission on the Calcutta University, one feels a certain sense of disappointment. In many respects, the later Report marks a very great advance indeed on the earlier one. But, and this is a very tentative judgment, somehow, the later Report seems in a few places to enunciate commonplaces, attempt superficial diagnoses and suggest irrelevant or impracticable remedies.

GRANDIOSE OBJECTIVES

The Radhakrishnan commission defines the objective of education in these terms: 'To create a social order guaranteeing democracy through the realization of justice, liberty, equality and fraternity', and proceeds to say that education is 'not a means to earning a living; nor is it only a nursery of thought or a school of citizenship. It is initiation into the life of the spirit, a training of human souls, in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue.' This definition does not lack comprehensiveness. Indeed it would seem to be too comprehensive and even, apparently contradictory. For while it recognizes education as essentially a spiritual process, it seeks ends and aims in the realm of politics, economics and social life which might well seem irrelevant from a truly spiritual standpoint. A just, free and democratic social order may properly be the objective of political or social policy. But educational policy is not and ought not to be concerned with political or social objectives in any immediate and intimate sense. And the use of question-begging terms like justice, liberty, equality and fraternity in the statement of objectives may conceivably do harm. It is not mere pedantry to object to the loose use of terms which rouse passionate controversy, in a context and in a country where political, communal partisan and provincial approaches are on the increase. Surely the Commissioners

are aware of the enormous opposition that Oxford and Cambridge have evoked in England from the partisans of the Red-brick university, charging the former with creating or aiming at creating an aristocracy of culture apart from the mass of the people and with starving modern and scientific studies in order that dead languages and literatures may continue to flourish. The attitude of men like J. D. Bernal and J. B. S. Haldane to the older universities is another instructive example of the kind of barren quarrel that such terms as equality and justice provoke. I say barren, not because I am not interested in justice and equality or because they have no bearing on education but because in considering the aims of university education, more urgent and immediate issues arise which tend to be crowded out of attention by energetic preoccupation with the educational implications of these political and economic terms. The university, whatever the individuals working within it may do in their individual capacity, should stand above the battle. I am not pleading for *laissez-faire*, for a policy of academic indifference to urgent social issues. But the atmosphere of the university should not be disturbed by importing into it the contentions and confusions of the world of politics. It would ruin the work of the university altogether. We shall have in our country, where the universities are suffering still from *balarishta*, far graver ailments such as even stronger, doughtier universities of the West have not entirely withstood. Imagine a university dominated by the queer notions of equality and justice of the so-called 'Self Respect' group in our own province of Madras and the way these notions have of corroding and destroying academic work altogether. Look at the fate of Annamalai! And remember the part which Aligarh, under Dr. Ziauddin Ahmed, played in the disruptive Pakistan agitation of the last few years.

THE AMERICAN BIAS

The Report says: 'There is great disparity between what our country requires and what our education offers. We produce a large number of arts and law-graduates

but not enough teachers, administrators, doctors, engineers, technicians, scientific researchers and the like.' True. But why should the Commissioners have assumed that it was the business of the universities to produce Doctors, administrators, engineers and technicians? Is it not rather the business of the university to make 'men' of their educands? Is not the failure of our universities to produce the right type of men the greatest and most disastrous failure of all? We could do without technicians and engineers, and even without doctors and administrators if we could claim to have produced and to be producing men. But strangely enough, in a Commission with so distinguished a humanist as Radhakrishnan at its head, there seems to be a strange failure to take account of this basic fact. We venture to think that if Dr. Radhakrishnan had succeeded in persuading Sir R. W. Livingstone to join his commission the pervasive 'practical' American bias noticeable in many parts of the report would have received salutary correction.

THE RIGHT TYPE OF TEACHERS

The Report then asks why our education does not produce teachers of the right type in abundance and answers thus: "The good old times when the profession of teaching attracted those whom no worldly rewards could tempt are no more. In this age of money-economy and profit motives, it is futile to expect that teachers alone would rise above the spirit of the times. Salaries which the universities cannot command but industry and governments easily offer are taking the cream away leaving the staffs poorer, envious and discontented." And yet one would have thought that teachers were almost the only class of people of whom one could rightly and justly expect that they would rise above the mercenary spirit of the times. It is indeed a serious indictment of any system of education that it doesn't produce in large numbers a band of disinterested seekers of knowledge whom love of knowledge fills so much that all else is to them of little account beside it. The state and society today condemn the hapless man

or woman who takes to the teaching profession to a lifetime of poverty, social degradation and acute personal humiliation and unrelenting drudgery. With the exception of a few who have crept, climbed or intruded into the topmost posts and thereupon turned their backs on knowledge and truth and all the rest of it, the vast majority of the teachers have nothing to look forward to except stark poverty at the end of their drab and wearing lives. Incult politicians masquerading as educationists, somehow, in this country, take hold of centres of power and authority in the educational world and set about 'transforming' the atmosphere of university life pretty systematically.

ACADEMIC BARBARISM

The results are writ large in the intellectual sterility, the poor morale and stinking corruption of our academic life today. Absence of standards, says Dr. R. W. Livingstone, is just barbarism. Academic barbarism—that would be hardly an unfair description of current conditions in the country. There are neither proper standards of conduct nor proper standards of academic attainment today in many of our universities. The most outrageous results and 'classes' and 'distinctions', the fudging of 'research', the systematic misappropriation of credit for work done by others, the total neglect of academic duties as a consequence, mostly condoned by authority, of the concentration on cultivation of the personal or political interests of the party or persons in power—all these disgusting facts of our contemporary academic life have so far not attracted public attention in the requisite measure. For every instance of academic malpractice for e.g. in assessment of performance at examinations that comes to light, (as happened recently in Calcutta, culminating in the resignation of Calcutta university's Vice-Chancellor,) several, far more glaring, pass uncriticized, though, we venture to think not entirely unknown!

And this state of affairs has an important bearing on the current widespread manifestations of

indiscipline in the country. Teachers who inspire respect neither by their ability nor by their character are on the increase. With significant exceptions, teachers today in the higher ranks are hangers-on of the powers—; that—be, hardened in luxury and sloth and ignorance and, in the lower ranks, pathetic half-starved drudges perpetually in search of pottage, and ready to sell their souls and all for it! What conceivable incentive to orderly and scholarly pursuits does this state of affairs afford to the young, vigorous band of students, men and women, who crowd into our colleges? Most of our colleges are filled with noise and not infrequently with violence as well. Pandemonium was, as students of Milton know, quite an orderly place and so that word doesn't remotely describe the ordinary college classes of today wherein usually the teachers are the only silent members. But apart from the tremendous disturbing influence of coeducation in some institutions where conditions are not yet quite suitable for it, the sheer irrelevance, from the students' point of view of current curricula and text-books, the incompetence and comprehensive slovenliness of the teachers and the formidable external forces working all over the country for transforming the country into a communist chaos, are strong elements in this manifestation of student disorder. Examinations, largely a farce having regard to the low standards of attainment now prescribed for securing a pass are made to seem even more absurd by engineering large-scale leakages of question papers. Good teaching by teachers of character and ability is the only conceivable remedy against this. Strangely enough, one cannot confidently say that it has been tried!

TEACHERS AND PUPILS

The Commission suggests that one cause of the loss of confidence between teachers and pupils in recent times was that teachers as a class were apparently on the side of law and order in their capacity as educators, while thoroughly in sympathy themselves

(!) with the struggle for national freedom. It was perhaps true, in a few places and with reference to a few individual teachers, that their apparent identification with authority lost them the trust and confidence of their students. But in the vast majority of cases, it is true to say that teachers thought but of themselves and their immediate interests. And in many cases, Students' Unions were unquestionably moved more by personal or party feeling and a sheer irresponsible love of disorder and natural recalcitrance than by patriotic fervour. One has only to compare the splendid heroism and abandon with which the flower of the youth of England flung itself into two wars recently and ran to the rescue of troubled Spain, with the behaviour of our boys, to see the tremendous difference. I don't blame our boys or our girls. As Macaulay points out, subjection to a foreign yoke is one of the most potent causes of national deterioration. And it affects the nation at all levels and in manifold ways. A struggle for freedom is one of those forces that test and purge the inner spirit of a people. Under Gandhiji many a miracle was wrought. Indeed students as a class were the first to come under that magnificent ennobling influence. But on many occasions Gandhiji's technique, was, to his own deep heartfelt grief, most unconsciously and mischievously perverted and abused. To his dying day, he felt the grief of the essential lack of discipline of his people, students and others, though on occasions he had been led to believe them stronger and more disciplined than they were. The problem of student discipline is but an aspect of a larger problem of national indiscipline, which manifests itself in the form of blackmarketing, tax evasion and corruption of various kinds in industry, commerce, administration and education. It calls for sterner action and that urgently. So far as students are concerned, if the atmosphere of general demoralization outside the university is not cleared soon it is bound to tell still fatally on their discipline within the university. Even so, the problem within the university can only

be tackled by good teaching which by example and precept stimulates a deep love of knowledge, such love as our race has shown through all our history.

It is almost literally true that people get the teachers they deserve. Look at the 'material' that comes to our teachers' training colleges, the storm-tossed weather-beaten failures who seek a haven of rest in teaching! It is not enough to paint the responsibilities of teachers in glowing terms. Pious exhortation to go and teach is useless. The remedy is to readjust the conditions of work of the teachers such that they attract the very best men and make for their self-respect as well as the respect of the community for the teaching profession. I would prescribe a time-scale of pay of Rs. 250—1500 for teachers of the Collegiate grade, having but one class of teachers. And I would make the principal teacherships and headmasterships in the larger schools come into this category, as in England. The recommendations of the Commission in this regard are pitifully inadequate. We must make the profession of teaching not merely just as attractive as the Indian Administrative service but far, far more attractive. The Holy writ says, By their fruits, ye shall know them. We may adapt it and say, By their teachers, ye shall know them. And that would be in accord with India's most ancient tradition, wherein the Guru is above all others in the community, with the exception only of the Sovereign, who, too was bound to obey the bidding of the Guru!

THE PLACE OF RELIGION AND THE HUMANITIES

On the issue of religious instruction, it was only to be expected that a commission led by Dr. Radhakrishnan would take a strong and positive line. Even so their concrete recommendation seems to be an unworkable and weak compromise. Once the necessity for religious instruction is recognized, the study of the elements of comparative religion becomes inevitable. But alongside of it, I would suggest that movements of the type of the student Christian movement in England should be encouraged in respect of other religions, as well. Some words of A. E. Taylor in his

The Faith of a Moralist seem in this connection extremely apt:—

The question is one of an ideal of life for the whole future of humanity. It is idle to hope, as some do, that the secularization of education may at least leave religion in being as a graceful and desirable embellishment of life for the exceptionally sensitive and imaginative souls. It is of the very nature of a living religion to claim supreme direction of effort and action. If the claim is disallowed, religion itself ceases to be real; if it is allowed, it is idle to dispute the right of religion to be made the foundation of education. A wrong answer to the question about the relations of morality and religion once generally accepted is certain sooner or later, to be made the foundation of an educational policy and adoption of a radically vicious educational policy means shipwreck for the spiritual future of mankind."

More need not be said on this!

On the issue of the place of the humanities, the Report has taken a sound line. One hopes that Indian universities will lose no time in enlarging the facilities for the study of Philosophy and in particular for the study of Sanskrit Literature in the country. For after all, in every sphere it is the study of the humanities that will supply those philosopher-kings whose rule is best for us. After all, the ideal civil servant is a type of the philosopher-king. And let us not forget the lesson of the fact that Sir Oliver Franks, former Professor of Philosophy in England is the U. K. Ambassador to the U. S. A. and Dr. Radhakrishnan, India's to the U.S.S.R.

THE CLUB BORE

"When I was in India," said the club bore, "I saw a tiger come down to the water where some women were washing clothes. It was a very fierce tiger, but one woman with great presence of mind, splashed some water on its face—and it slunk away."

"Gentlemen," said a man in an arm-chair, "I can vouch for the truth of this story. Some minutes after this incident, I was coming down to the water, I met this tiger, and, as is my habit, stroked its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet."

THE APPRECIATION OF THE MOVIES

AN ENQUIRY INTO VALUES

BY MR. AMAR MUKERJI, M.A.

ONE of the paradoxes of film-aesthetics is that while many of us can enjoy a film, there are only a few of us who can really appreciate it. The outcome is that, by concentrating too much on the element of enjoyment at the cost of appreciation, we often induce the producer to play to the gallery and, as some of the Bombay films will instantly reveal, the one motive of the capitalist is to provide amusement howsoever cheap and poor that might be. But a sense of appreciation of the films very soon puts a brake to mere enjoyment and lets us sharpen our critical faculty to use it towards the development of a taste the reasonable satisfaction of which only can create genuine enjoyment. The sex-theme, the fashionable college-boy and college-girl, the bloated prostitute and the uncanny duets are the resultants of our escape from appreciation merely for the sake of amusement. Like, an art-critic whose eyes must be trained if he is going genuinely to enjoy a picture, we must also develop the faculty of appreciation of films, towards which end this article is a modest endeavour.

THE NATURE OF THE ART

The fact is that the cinema is a composite as well as a popular art; composite in the sense that the various mediums of artistic expression combine together to produce a harmonious effect; popular in the sense that it gives appeal instantaneously to a large number of people because its subject matter is definitely linked with the doings of men and women, and because it holds in relief to man the multifarious doings of man in one shape or the other. To an extent these two things are slightly contradictory to one another since the art-forms that the movies employ soon tend towards a treatment where realism suffers a discount. The aesthetic of the cinema is not the aesthetic of the traditional arts since so many such arts converge in it that

the standard for one may become useless for the other. Cinematographic medium has in contradistinction to many other mediums the appeal to the bulk creating naturally greater chances of playing to the gallery, as they see it. And yet as a visual art its basic condition is visible imagery where the many lines of pictorial development lead us straight to an approach of the idea. Movement is its co-ordinating feature—movement that seizes not only the life out of the story but grapples all its sensation, association and emotion.

It is the three last-mentioned human instincts on which the producers bank and bank rather too much, when they neglect the borderline of individual approach, hurl their individual visitors in a motley crowd and take advantage of the crowd psychology. The amusement element in the film becomes then of the most crude variety and the personal craftsmanship and artistic inspiration both of the producer and the visitor, are soon lost in a maze of cheap tricks. Not that the movies should not deal with the human theme; that is of course their only subject though their business is not to provide us merely with a vicarious satisfaction in fame, fortune or love. The films in that case rely on an unambiguous and easy development for their erstwhile success—the boy getting the girl, the slums producing a beauty and Louisiana being finally purchased. To most the movies in that case mean stars—the combination for instance of Ashok Kumar with Lila Desai or Kanan Devi or somebody else. How many for instance would run to see the film if a non-dancing star dances therein? The way some of the cinema advertisements are put—every film decidedly the best in the year and the way even some of the reviewers barter their opinions for complimentaries: all these reveal that without a proper awareness of the film aesthetic among the film-fans the cinema

can degenerate a lot. The commercialization of the films thrives on our ignorance of the film values.

THE FILM VALUE

What is this exactly? Is it merely to quote a critic, 'the saccharine beauty, the elaborate stylish chic and polish, the store-bought ease and urbanity, the cheap exultations, the same half-truths, sentimentalities and puerilities'? It is not that exactly, and the form of the film-art is invariably linked up with the content. The good film director is a creator using a very complicated medium and his business is to transmute the contents of a theme in such a way that it gains a new symbolism where suggestion is as important as revelation. The film-medium does here excel over many other arts because it can combine the visual and auditory faculties of man so admirably that what could not be made vivid by one of the many means is made so by the juxtaposition of the many. 'Methods are taken from the stage, from verbal story-telling, and developed in a straight narrative manner. The peculiar and crystallising vividness of pictorial imagery is sacrificed when pictures are used as mere illustrations to the talk'.

But then a good film is not merely all this. It uses a tremendous range of visual images with a freedom where the visual image is the uppermost and can easily be stretched to the two extremes of realism and fantasy. This involves the subtle use of our many planes of consciousness. And then the associative value of the printed word is more intensified so as to create both good and bad impressions, according to the necessity of the occasion. Indeed the change from one to the other is fairly easy and the effectivity depends on a greater flexibility of action, place and plot. The theatre with its physical limitations hardly allows such a scope while our visual range which is both contractible and expandible at will can be used to all purposes. The movies are as somebody pertinently observed, almost overwhelming in their ubiquity and so in the sense of values attached to them.

Consider for instance what a cameraman can do. He can invest a trifle with greatness and can at once hide a thing of great magnitude from you the whole region of natural shape both animate and inanimate can be vice versa, animated or deadened. A Tarzan can do anything and a Charles Chaplin as Gardiner said can become an institution by himself. He can cause the microscopic momentarily to fill the whole of the conscious mind, to become the sole existing reality or he can capture with historical exactitude a mighty natural calamity or a callous human waste.

The fact is that as Pudovkin said, 'to show something as everyone sees it is to have accomplished nothing. And to attain this effect what a conglomeration of devices are used?' 'The movie-artist', says a man belonging to the trade, 'has as his command a multitude of camera effects, effects of lighting, processing and trick-work—mechanised and optical resources which may be used to transform and qualify the character of any object or experience'. But for a successful film there must be behind all this what Margaret Kennedy has called, 'the stamp of one predominating creative mind'. 'The single signature' she continues, 'in screen art is at present the signature of the directors' whose business is to capture the continuous flux of a whole existence in such an ordered and assembled relationship that the stark reality assumes the reality of the films, better said, its peculiar expressability. The pictographic must always be subsumed under an ideographic structure where as Vachal Lindsay emphasised, even an inanimate object can have a personality.

LANGUAGE AND MONTAGE

This personality gives to the object or person a peculiar film language that is in many ways different from the language of the common speech. In the movies, speech is the combination of the auditory and visual effects and time is ambient, fluid—not a line going straight from yesterday to to-morrow. Like a dream which fades in and fades out imperceptibly, the images in films surge and flow, tumbling forth upon one another, advancing

and receding, or gradually and almost unconsciously blending and changing—mixing 'real' components with 'unreal' arrangements. The approach to the person or the object is relative at the moment—relative to the relationship that exists or that does not exist at a time.

This discovery and use of the language is called in cinematographic terminology montage and S. Eisenstein puts great emphasis on 'the juxtaposition of separate shots' by slicing them together in a way that 'the result is qualitatively distinguishable from each element viewed separately.' Like poetry, montage speaks through metaphor but unlike it, it stresses picture-telling by relying not much on the dialogue only but as Alfred Hitchcock once suggested, on the vividness of action selected with caution. Lighting and duration add to the complexity of the affair while the subjectivity of the director's approach soon enter into conflict with the objectivity of a mass appeal. The sound can interfere with as well as further the effect: the background music

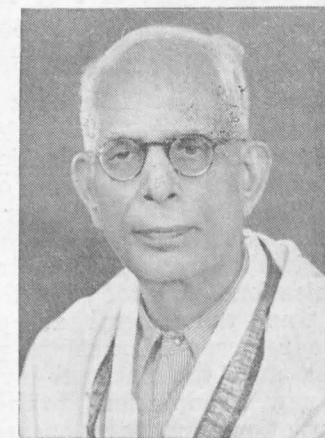
is to-day slowly giving way to carefully worked out supporting sound and musical scores which may be used as aural parallelism or counterpoint or aural commentary.

CONCLUSION AND PROSPECT

The film then, as Pudovkin said, is the synthesis of each and every element—the oral, the visual and the philosophical; it is our opportunity to translate the world in all its lines and shadows in a new art-form that succeeded and will supersede all the other art-forms'. To enjoy the total artistry behind the films and not merely some of its elements it is essential that we familiarize ourselves with the secrets of the medium and do not rest content merely with a half-hearted understanding of certain isolated fragments. The millions of rupees that are spent on films may soon be wasted merely on sex-appeal should we remain ignorant of the film-values. A genuine enjoyment of the movies can emerge only when we know what a film means.

From its beginning I have watched the progress of the "Indian Review" under its able first Editor and proprietor. My congratulations and best wishes go to the present Editors of the "Indian Review" on its attainment of the Golden Jubilee, not unmixed with regret that G. A. Natesan is not alive to celebrate it.

T. R. V. Sastri



T. R. V. SASTRI

Industrial Management and Labour

BY URMILA SRIVASTAVA

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TO establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, have been acclaimed as the fundamentals upon which modern industrial democracy should be built. Although the groundwork of the modern industrial management had been laid several years ago by Frederick W. Taylor, the 'father of scientific management' and his contemporaries, the mental revolution is only a recent development in the field of industry. Production and distribution are an integral part of modern life and the belief is widely held that efficient performance of the activities involved will bring about 'better standard of living, more leisure, better use of leisure, and opportunity for the fuller development of the individuals who make up our modern society.' Labour is now accorded an increasingly important position in the management of industry in most of the industrially advanced countries. This aspect of industrial democracy is briefly reviewed in the present article.

With gradual consolidation and organisation of the labour movement, the working class began to feel that it had something to contribute to matters that related to efficient production and that it had, among its members, a pool of mental power and ideas that was not being utilized. This gave rise to the vital question of participation in the establishment of standards of output and in 'the means provided for bridging periods of transition that accompany technological changes in industry.' From an organisational point of view, the solution offered was the general acceptance of collective representation at the plant, the industrial, and the national level. This gave a new 'complexion' to the labour-capital relations and there ensued a new era of 'joint consultation in industry'. Recent labour legislations bearing on the subject and developments in the organisation of works and production committees in foreign countries and India

reveal the understanding and appreciation of labour's significant role in industrial management.

WORKS COMMITTEES IN DENMARK

In Denmark, the agreement regarding the establishment of joint committees to promote co-operation between management and employees which came into force in September 1947 lays down the following functions of the Committee.

(a) SOCIAL: In order to establish the best possible conditions of work the committee deals with questions of welfare, safety, health, stability of employment and similar matters. In case of reduction or re-organisation of the activities of the undertaking, it is required to see that the workers concerned suffer as little as possible from these changes. Thirdly, the committee must attempt by appropriate negotiations to remove any source of disagreement which may occur inside the undertaking, but it is not competent to deal with questions relating to the conclusion, prolongation, denunciation or interpretation of collective agreements on wages or other terms of employment.

(b) TECHNICAL: The Committee may deal with any question regarding the effective and appropriate organisation of work (such as the best means of utilizing machinery, equipment and raw material, job distribution etc.) with the object of improving production and so reducing cost. It must also promote technical training in the establishment.

(c) ECONOMIC: In order to interest salaried and manual workers in the business of the undertaking, the employer is required to give the Committee all information on economic conditions, and the undertakings' position in the trade or industry to which it belongs.

PRODUCTION COMMITTEES IN FINLAND

Production Committees consisting of representatives of management, workers

and salaried employees have now been functioning in co-operative productive enterprises in Finland for a year. These committees are bodies for information and consultation; matters such as wage bargaining do not come within their competence. The duties of the Committees are

(1) to consider information and questions concerning the economic position and output of the plant';

(2) to discuss methods of raising output and productive efficiency, of improving working processes, and maintaining discipline;

(3) to supervise the effective use of raw materials and fuel and the sale of products;

(4) to draw up plans to facilitate the supply of equipment and necessities for the workers and employees, and to promote occupational and technical training and spare time activities;

(5) to examine factors concerning improvements in works-safety and industrial hygiene, and to supervise the application of safety regulations; and

(6) to act as an initial intermediary in disputes between the management and personnel and generally to work for the maintenance of industrial peace.

LABOUR MANAGEMENT IN U. S. A.

On 22nd August 1947, the United States Conciliation Service after operation for 34 years within the Department of Labour became under the provisions of the Labour-Management Relations Act, 1947 an independent agency under the name of Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. A permanent National Labour Management Panel has been created to advise the Director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service upon request, in the avoidance of Industrial controversies and the manner in which mediation and voluntary adjustment shall be administered, particularly with reference to controversies affecting the general welfare of the country.

PRODUCTION COMMITTEES IN ENGLAND

Industrial democracy, in the sense that the worker has a say in the running of industry, has yet to be won in England. Mr. Herbert Morrison observed the other day that the joint production Committee machinery, set up during the war, is creaking badly—in spite of the efforts of the Ministry of Labour and the T. U. C. to resuscitate these bodies. The Labour Party in the U. K. recently put forward a number of practical proposals for making joint production Committees effective.

MANAGEMENT IN RUSSIAN INDUSTRY

Production conferences in factories, plant and other large enterprises and economic units are the best way of drawing the working masses into the task of the practical construction of Soviet economy, of fostering in them a realisation of the close tie between the interests of the toilers and the degree of economic success of the socialist state, and of selecting and educating new contingents of economic officials and administrators of working class origin. It is useful to strive to glimpse the 'spirit' of Soviet 'economic man', to sense the psychological 'climate' surrounding and underlying economic activity in the U.S.S.R. It is not easy to separate the psychology of managerial personnel from that of others in industry. It may be assumed, however, that the frame of mind prevailing in the more active or better aid strata of working masses is not much different from that of managers. It may be that in Soviet Russia prestige and honour are more important and effective rewards and incentives than increases in income to the workers who are imbued with a great passion for success. No wonder that 'hundreds and thousands of workers educated by the Party (Congress) became talented foremen, engineers, and managers'. Indeed, the leaders of Soviet economy skillfully create the psychological atmosphere of 'socialist competition' to achieve higher productivity, fastest fulfilment of Plan, lowest cost of production, most complete mastery of new equipment.

LABOUR MANAGEMENT IN INDIA

In India not until the last Industries Conference held in December 1947, was it considered that active steps should be taken to associate labour in all matters concerning industrial production. The machinery which the Government propose to set up should function at different levels, central, regional and unit. At the centre, there should be a Central Advisory Council, which would cover the entire field of industry and would have under it Committees for each major industry. These Committees should be split up into sub-committees dealing with specific questions relating to the industry e.g. production, industrial relations, wage fixation and distribution of profits. The regional machinery under the Provincial Governments should be Provincial Advisory Boards which, like the Central Advisory Council, should cover the entire field within the province; they would have under them Provincial Committees for each major industry. The Provincial Committees might also be split up into various sub-committees dealing with specific questions relating to production, wage fixation and industrial relations. Below the Provincial Committees should come Works Committees and Production Committees attached to each major industrial establishment.

Thus, the labour-capital organisation contemplated by the 'Industries Conference, aims at a more extended scope of joint consultation in industry than in some of the foreign countries even. Already the Industrial Relations Machinery, both at the Centre and in the Provinces, is being strengthened, and permanent Industrial Tribunals are being established for dealing with major industrial disputes. The Government of India in the Ministry of Labour have issued an order dated the 7th May 1948 directing every employer of an industrial establishment in which 100 or more workmen are employed or have been employed on any day within the 12 months preceding the date of the publication of the order to constitute a

Works Committee. The U. P. Govt. has issued a similar order. It is hoped that other provinces would follow suit without delay so that a full-fledged capital-labour organisation emerges soon hereafter, with more readiness on the part of industry to deliver the goods and more realisation on the part of labour that it is real wages that matter and not the will-o'-the-wisp of bulky pay-packets, in order to augment production in each sector of Indian economy which alone could solve the present economic ills in the country. The recent recommendations of the Profit-sharing Committee augur well for the participation of labour in management in-as-much as the system of remuneration to capital as well as labour is so devised that both will share the product of their common effort after making provision for payment of fair wages to labour, a fair return on capital employed in the industry and reasonable reserves for the maintenance and expansion of the undertaking. But more than any labour-capital organisation, the employers, employees and their representatives must bring to their relationship the good faith, tolerance and willingness to co-operate without which no scheme can be truly operative. Indeed, a tremendous burden of responsibility for peaceful labour relations, for full production and a stable economy lies squarely on the shoulders of the men and women of the industry and labour. And so, while India is marching towards economic socialism, labour's increasing association in industrial management may well be a torch bearer throughout her journey along the road that is smooth enough not to throw the industrial vehicle out of gear.

INDIGNANT PATIENT

The doctor diagnosed Anglo-Indian colonel's illness as hydropsy. What was that? Too much water in the body, the doctor explained. The whisky-drinking Briton was indignant. "But I've never drunk a drop of water in all my life, doctor!" He paused. Then sadly, he concluded: "Must have been the ice."

THAT SUMMER AFTERNOON

BY B. N.

APRIL 1912—It all comes to mind with the vividness of a family album. I had finished my university career—an euphemism for quitting college without a degree—and was out looking for a job. I had made up my mind as to



G. A. N. IN 1912

what that job should be. I was to be a journalist—my cynical friends said I was fit for no other. But that was not all. I must choose a paper to my liking—one that would be compatible with my tastes, my aptitude and my politics. We were stout-hearted patriots those days, determined to save the country! I thought I could do my bit for my poor country by writing, and the lure of the Press became as insistent as the summons to service. Money was no consideration. I just wanted a foothold and promised myself a grand future as any young and ardent mind would do. O to be young with those dizzy raptures!

V. K., if he happens to light on these pages, will recall with mingled feelings of nostalgia and abashment, how arm in arm we tramped the dusty road from Gadilam to Pennar in Cuddalore and back to the moonlit maidan to muse over the fortunes of fallen India and the way to redeem her from subjection. We were parlour-patriots, shrinking from blood and

toil and altogether ill-equipped for the rough and tumble of active life. We sat there under the starlit sky—our heads muffled in cotton wool against the falling dew—and dreamed and debated till the small hours of the morning by the side of that old cannon—a relic of Clive's day—the only piece of artillery we knew. We had never handled small arms in our lives and had hardly any notion of a revolver as distinguished from a rifle. Yet we swore to free the country from alien rule by brave adventures into the realms of the imagination. Strangely enough we were too timid or thoughtful to align ourselves with the extremists and too scornful of rose water liberalism. We were so snobbish that V. O. C's "vernacular eloquence" failed to move us while the thunder claps of Surendranath with the eternal refrain of India's loyalty to the British King only evoked our silent but derisive smile. Yet the prospects of freedom thrilled us as nothing else could do.

Does he remember that fine morning when C came down from Madras and walked straight into our room? C in his teens had left school on the eve of his examination, thought of the poor people of this sleepy hollow with compassion, and tried to do his bit to rouse them to a sense of their duty to the country! "Why don't you finish your Matric and then take to national work? That would be good both for you and the country," I said. "My education could wait," he said. "I shall lift the country a little and then resume my Matric." That was the spirit of the day, wise or otherwise.

I think it was Johnson who said that nobody ate or slept any the less because of his country's misfortunes. That must have been said in a spirit of contradiction when he was bent on scoring a point over his adversary. For in truth, anything that went wrong with the country afflicted us, poor souls, with the poignancy of a personal misfortune. And when at last independence on which we mused by day and dreamed by night, was actually realised we felt a thrill of exaltation such as comes to one who has himself fought and won a glorious victory.

At this distance of time it all looks strange and perhaps we may be wiser to-day—but are we any whit the happier for our vaunted wisdom? Can even the wisdom of later years compensate for the loss of our early enthusiasms?

I have lost the dream of Doing.

And the other dream of Done.

But that is by the way. Neither by temperament nor by the incidence of fortune had we an opportunity of service through deeds. The knight-errantry of our vision could only express itself in words. And I turned to writing instead of doing—thinking happily that they also serve who only sit and write.

The *Indian Review* had always attracted me—just because it was the only journal of its kind in India I had known. I liked its varied fare and its impressive list of contributors. I liked too the academic touch in articles that owed their interest mainly to their topicality. Above all there was an aroma of culture and patriotism which exactly suited my temperament and tastes. And I had no hesitation in choosing it, notwithstanding

that it had not very much to offer by way of material attractions. To be fair to my employer, this was made plain to me.

On a warm summer afternoon I was taken to Mr. Natesan by a friend of my father, who commanded a good insurance business in Madras. As an insurance-man he was expected to know all and sundry and he promptly undertook to introduce me to Mr. Natesan. At the office of the *Indian Review* I met G. A. N. and somehow on the strength of a short article I had written for the *Review* and the pert and nonchalant manner of my talk I had no difficulty in persuading him to accept me. He gave me some journals for precis work and asked me to meet him the next day. When I saw him next the first thing he said was that I need not have taken the trouble to get a third person to introduce me—for I evidently felt that the insurance gentleman, true to his tribe, had tackled him with a personal proposal of his own—much to the chagrin of one whose resources had other uses than to meet insurance premia.

Strangely enough, Mr. Natesan insisted on certain formalities which included a schedule of pay which was meagre enough in all conscience and a long catalogue of duties besides a rigorous demand on my time. Thrilled by the sight of new books and magazines with the fragrance of fresh pages and the opportunity for self-improvement, I didn't mind the rigours of his discipline, but when he asked me to give in writing my acceptance of his conditions I thought it was the limit. In fact, in accepting his offer I wrote frankly that I had never yet been a servant before and though the conditions were one-sided with all the duties on one side

and with no corresponding obligations on the other, I hoped that time and personal contact would prove how unnecessary were all the vexatious formalities. Mr. G. A. N.'s brother, who was seated near, thought that with my attitude and his brother's temperament we could not pull together long.

The good man's prophecy proved wrong while Natesan intuitively felt I was the right man for him in spite of a certain definite turn for truculence in me.

That truculence, I must say, was the result of repeated failures in my attempt to find an appropriate occupation. A good Catholic priest of my village, a family friend, had given me a note of introduction to L. D. S.* a well-known Christian gentleman in high government employ. His rough and formidable exterior concealed a colossal intellect. That gentleman was to introduce me to the *Madras Mail* (now *The Mail*)—an Anglo-Indian paper. I courteously declined the offer as I knew it couldn't agree with my constitution. Then there was a certain D holding some position in *The Hindu*. My father who had lost his all in a hopeless venture in the village from which D hailed had spoken to him of my desire to join *The Hindu*. Strangely enough, that gentleman threw a brick when, after an unconscionable delay, he offered a post in the Accounts Department of the paper and I sharply replied if I would manage a little mathematics I could have been a full blown Graduate. With these two disappointments I grew somewhat callous and I confronted Mr. Natesan with a take—it—or—leave—it air. That was precisely what piqued the elder brother but it was just what made up Natesan's

mind in my favour. How curiously different are the reactions of different men to the same cause!

And so what was intended to be an interlude turned out to be my life occupation. So much of our life is dependent on the contingent and so little of it goes according to plan that the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang-aft agley. Is it after all so bad? It is the unexpected that becomes the normal. And so we go through life in a series of surprises, and for all their painful reactions at the moment it is the unexpected that lends savour to life.

Eight and thirty years have passed by since that summer afternoon when I took charge as Mr. Natesan's assistant. Together we have plodded on through thick and thin, without much hitch. There was a similarity of taste and opinion though with a difference. Of course there were differences of temperament and outlook. It would be strange if two people with any pretensions to intelligence could agree on all things all day long. But such differences were by no means vital and made not the slightest interruption in our long and, I think, not un-fruitful association.

I remember many a day we sat together working at a memorandum or article or book, on holidays and out of office hours—with no thought of personal discontent or weariness. It might be cynically said that such unwearied service would suit the need of the firm very well. But then I have always enjoyed the work I did and was not much disturbed by thought of over work or poor pay. There will always be some kind of drudgery in any occupation, but with me, journalism was the right kind of drudgery,

and it would seem to have served me fairly well for different reasons.

And now he is gone what an aching void has opened in my life with his passing! Little did I dream when I came into the office of the *Indian Review* that it would become so much a part of my life that its Editor would be

not merely my employer for his life but more than a parent to me. But then, what gives life its chief savour is, as I said, the delightful or poignant unexpectedness of so much that happens! I shall ever cherish the memory of that summer afternoon, which promised so little and gave so much to me.



G. A. NATESAN WITH HIS SONS
MANIAN NATESAN AND CHANDRAN NATESAN (1938)

The Minor Conduit : A Short Story

BY MR. S. K. CHETTUR, I.C.S.

I

I remember reading a story somewhere of a football match which was arranged between a team of elephants on the one hand, and of ants on the other. In the course of the match, one of the ants got the ball and made a good break-a-way and was heading for the opposite goal when the elephant full-back put its foot down on the speeding ant and crushed it to death. The referee blew his whistle and the crowd boo-ed. "Why did you do such a thing?" questioned the referee angrily, "See, you've killed him!". The elephant full-back hung his head in shame. "Gee, I'm sorry," he said "I was only trying to trip him up!"



This story is not strictly germane to the tale I have to tell, except that it points a moral about incongruities not being able to mix either in sport or in society without tragedy resulting. And I sometimes think of life as a game played between the gods on the one side and us human beings on the other, and when we least expect it a god puts his foot down too heavily, possibly only with intent to trip us, but with results fantastically disastrous. That is the only explanation I have for the incidents set forth below.

Avarai is a village about fourteen miles from Conjeevaram. It has all the features of a South Indian village, the usual collection of mud huts with thatched roofs, the somewhat larger houses with tiled roofs of one or two wealthy ryots with polished front verandha and stone steps, and the usual number of cattle tied here and there in front of the house. But Avarai is a cut above other villages in that it has a beautiful little temple and an extraordinarily dilapidated temple-car, the massive pyramidal structure resting on four large wooden wheels

within a triangular-shaped corrugated iron roofing of its own. This temple-car was the pride of the village and was ceremoniously dragged once a year on the occasion of the Ayudha-puja festival. This was a great day in the village and all the villagers turned for the occasion dressed in their best and the car which started at about 4 p. m. after the midday-meal was well over peregrinated through the main streets and returned to its iron-roofed palace at night-time. A day of festivity and rejoicing. A day when young and old entered into the spirit of the occasion with joy and vigour and forgot the many ills and woes that beset our mortal life.

II

But Asst. Engineers and Overseers are never enthusiastic about festivals. One may wonder what exactly they have to do with it, but a wise Government has stipulated that no temple-car shall be dragged without a certificate from an Asst. Engineer that the axle trees are in good order and that the vehicle is in a fit condition to be dragged. As Avarai is a good fourteen miles from Conjeevaram, the Asst. Engineer usually delegated the inspection to the Overseer. The Overseer that year had a large number of major irrigation tank breaches to attend to; none of them was close to Avarai, and it looked silly to go all that way just to look at the massive wheels of temple-car: so when his periodical register showed that a report was due on the Avarai car, he merely looked up his predecessor's previous year's inspection notes and recorded a report:—"Inspected temple-car. Condition satisfactory as in last year," and pushed up this completely mendacious annual document to the Asst. Engineer. The latter thereupon issued proceedings certifying that the temple-car was fit to be dragged on the occasion of the annual festival, a certificate which was communicated to the local Sub Inspector and to the temple-trustee.

"Yes," said Ramanatha Iyer, the Sub-Inspector, seated at his desk in the police station four miles away from Avarai,

"tomorrow is the big festival at Avarai, and the Assistant Engineer's certificate has just arrived, in today's tappal. I intend going over in person and supervising the dragging of the car. I believe the deity there is all-powerful and I am sure my promotion as Inspector will go forward all the more quickly with His divine Blessings."

"Yes, Sir," said the Head-Constable, "the car festival cannot be a success without your honour's immediate presence. We shall take the usual bandobust of one H. C. (myself) and three constables, leaving only Arumugam the Station writer to look after the police station."

"Very good, we shall start at 2 p.m. tomorrow for the village."

The Head Constable saluted and withdrew from the presence.

III

And now the Gods who love to play ball in the game of life with us mortals had so ordained that Chengalvaraya Osiyar a big ryot should have a shallow depression in front of his tiled house. About three days before the festival there was a sharp burst of rain and this shallow depression was filled with muddy rain-water making an unsightly puddle right in front of Osiyar's house. A man gifted with a faculty of neatness and orderliness, Osiyar did not appreciate the existence of this puddle right under his nose, and as the village was innocent of side-drains into which this water might be led, and as the lie of the land sloped across the road, he called a couple of coolies and dug a very shallow drain, about nine inches wide and about three or four inches deep from the offending puddle, right across the road to the other side where he hoped it would diffuse itself among the opposite houses. And his engineering operations were crowned with success, within an hour or two the water had flowed away through this new conduit across the road and the puddle was no longer there. And all was well again, from Chengalvaraya Osiyar's point of view tho' his opposite neighbours might well have objected to the general dampness in front of their houses.

This might seem a slight and trivial incident, hardly worth the recording were

it not for the fact that Chengalvaraya Osiyar's house was on the main road, one of the most important routes of the temple car procession and also at a point where the road descending a natural slope almost up to Osiyar's house rose gently from that point upwards towards the end of the street. These slopes were so gradual and gentle that nobody walking or even cycling would have noticed them very much, or been distressed or pleased by their existence, but they played an important part in the dramatic events that took place during the festival.

They only go to prove my theory of the complete inter-connectedness of things, forgive the phrase, but not a leaf falls in the forest without its repercussions elsewhere. And not a single minor conduit can be dug in a village without something happening as a result of it, especially since Assistant Engineers, who are too busy to inspect themselves, issue certificates on the basis of what reckless Overseers certify about temple-cars being in fit condition that they have not inspected, because too many irrigation tanks have breached. And what is a temple-car any way when compared with repairing a tank which has breached? One means food and the filling of hungry mouths and salvation from starvation: and the other means merely religion and a hysterical populace and a lot of noise and confusion. Or can it mean human lives too? I wonder.

IV

And so the afternoon of the festival arrived. The village was humming like a hive of bees, and the scene at the starting-point of the car procession was one of great excitement and religious fervour. Stout ropes had been unearthed from their hiding places and attached to the front staples of the car: the priests had arrived in procession from the temple bearing with them ornaments and flowers and sandal-paste and a silver plate to receive *dakshina*: the deity was duly mounted on the car and after a tremendous flare of nagaswaram and beating of drum a large number of enthusiastic young men of the village lifted the ropes to their shoulders and pulled. And other young men applied the customary staves of wood underneath

the wheels and levered it out of its twelve months solidity, and lo! the temple-car was again under weigh and rumbling slowly along on the first stage of its circumambulation of the village.

Prominent among the ryots was Chengalvaraya Osiyar dressed in his gayest clothes with his body devotionally bare from the waist upwards. He was one of the temple trustees and took a leading part in directing the operations. As for Ramanatha Aiyar, the Sub Inspector, he was in his smartest uniform and the red and gold tissue in his turban gleamed in the afternoon sun as he strode along close to the pyramidal vehicle of the god and directed the pulling, and with the aid of two constables prevented the village urchins from coming too close to the massive wheels. It was a touching sight this all the majesty of the law, in full co-operation with the religious fervour of the villagers striding along performing duty conscientiously and hoping perhaps in its hearts that the deity whose car it was helping to see dragged, would keep a kindly eye on that promotion to Inspector which was now a trifle over-due.

"The God moves well to-day," said Chengalvaraya Osiyar to the Sub Inspector, commenting on the fact that the car had started off with less than the usual stubbornness.

"Yes," said Ramanatha Iyer "the god seems keen on seeing the village once again."

"That rain we had three days ago was very helpful," said Osiyar "it was just what our crops need." It was just the kind of friendly back-chat intended to impress the other villagers.

Ramanatha Iyer nodded agreement and turned to administer a friendly rap to a village boy who had come up too close to the chariot.

"And what a clear bright day it is to-day!" he replied. And in fact it was a lovely September day, the sun was shining brightly in the sky, there was gentle breeze in play and the atmosphere had that fine rain-washed clarity which is so refreshing to the eye and soothing

to the mind. Altogether a heavenly day. To the simple mind of the villagers, God was seated on his chariot and all was well with the world.

After two hours the car had traversed three streets and come to the street in which Chengalvaraya Osiyar's house was. About ten yards down the street they came to a stop in order that the priests might perform a special puja and distribute the sacred *prasadam* to the crowding devotees, and then the young men lifted up the ropes and pulled with a will and found that their task was easier because of the gentle slope. And they went at it with vigour and the car moved forward a bit more energetically than usual. Just in front, preceding it was the nageswaram player and the drummer and the three priests and close to it were the Sub Inspector and Osiyar and the two other temple trustees and immediately behind were a vast concourse of villagers. And so triumphantly the car careered down the street towards Osiyar's house.

Nobody knew at first what had happened, as very few had any knowledge about Chengalvaraya's minor conduit. All that they saw was the car with the gathered momentum of the slope suddenly rock to a stand-still with its front wheels caught in the ground. The massive super-structure with the momentum of the pull and the slope was however unable to stop so easily. With a sharp, tearing, rending sound, it broke away from the wooden base and from the heavy large rear wheels and came toppling down with a stupendous crash, many of the wooden timbers and supports smashing to bits in the process.

Shrieks and cries and groans arose from all sides. Apart from the tragedy of the deity being thus precipitated in the dust, (and the priests who had escaped rushed forward and picked up the idol with its costly vestments and jewels) there was the tragedy of the human beings who were crushed and pinned to death beneath the fallen edifice of the car. The young man in front nearest the chariot had been killed on the spot, another had jumped away just in time to avoid sudden death. Chengalvaraya Osiyar who had been walking close on the right side was struck on the

head and back by falling pieces of timber from the super-structure. So was Ramanatha Iyer and both lay on the ground, bleeding profusely. The lovely lace turban of the Sub-Inspector had rolled away and was trampled in the dust in the stampede which had followed the collapse of the car.

Tragedy, stark and naked, with all the grisly trappings, of death, had descended on the village at one fell blow.

V

The Collector and District Magistrate of Chingleput, as luck would have it, was camping at Conjeevaram. After a full day's work he had taken an early dinner and after reading a book of crime and mystery till about ten o'clock had retired to his camp-cot in the main room of the P. W. D. bungalow. He had just settled himself cosily within the mosquito-curtains and closed his eyes, with a mental invocation "Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace, the baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe" when he heard an oft repeated cry of "Collector-durai" coming up the drive. Then he heard a colloquy between the peons and the intruder, and a minute later the butler knocked.

"Urgent report from Avarai village."

The Collector got up and strode to the door and took the note. It was a brief scrawl in Tamil from the Village Munsiff to the effect that a terrible tragedy had overtaken the village as the temple car had collapsed on the worshippers killing three people outright and injuring several. The note begged for help.

The Collector was a man of action. Hastily putting on a jacket and trousers and slipping on strap-sandals he shouted for his car. This was a matter of five minutes. Then taking a reliable peon he dashed to the Headquarters Hospital and shouted out for the House-Surgeon on night duty and told him to collect as much of bandages, iodine and splints as he could and be ready in fifteen minutes and he would depute the Circle Inspector to pick him up in a car. Then having informed the Town Police Station what had happened and given clear instructions for the Circle Inspector of Police to follow him in a big bus (to be commandeered) picking up the doctor, the Collector set out in his

car for the village, with a local taluk office peon as guide.

It was a dark night with a very slender sickle of a new moon in the sky. The cold night air beat into the car as the Collector sat in the front seat watching the road unwind under the brilliant head lights. After ten minutes or so they reached the sandy wastes of the Palar river which had to be crossed. There was no bridge or cause-way. But it was a bus-route and palmyrs—fronds had been laid in the cart tracks to give a grip to the tyres. Along this improvised track the Collector's car shot forward on second gear straining at the leash like a hound; at one or two places it was touch and go and it looked as if the sand would win a victory but the driver was an old hand at this game and the car won through all right.

And thus three quarters of an hour later, the Collector drew up in the main street of the village opposite the village *chavidi* to find the villagers seated here and there in stunned silence. On almost each pial of the houses was laid out an injured man, and the rest of the villagers were there looking absolutely crushed by the magnitude of the tragedy. From two or three houses came the low systematic wailing which mourned the passing of a loved one. To add to the midnight eeriness of the scene there were only one or two hurricane lanterns to light the gloom.

The village munsiff was soon summoned and a petromax light was brought. With its aid the Collector walked across to Chengalvaraya Osiyar's house and inspected the scene of the accident. It was a terrible sight which met his eyes. Right below the overturned superstructure, caught well within its frame-work was the crouching figure of a man, the face contorted with a grimace of terrific agony. He was quite dead, and had been dead (mercifully) for hours. This was one of the young men whose duty it was to push forward the wheel by using a stave and being very near to the car he had fallen an immediate victim. There was one other man caught midway in the structure and he looked almost life-like as he balanced spread-eagled on two beams; it was impossible to remove him as his head was pinned under a projecting shaft. These grotesque figures

of death with the inevitable stench of rotting blood and putrefaction, lit up in the white glare of the petromax with the shadows of the weird overturned superstructure stretching away in a gigantic pattern into the surrounding blackness conveyed an effect of sinister macabre terror to the Collector. It was clear to him that nothing could be done here without a crane or some other dismantling engineering apparatus. A little distance away and still caught up in the conduit dug by Osiyar were the two enormous front-wheels of the giant car, and the presence of the unauthorised drain told its story all too clearly to the Collector.

"Who dug this drain?" he asked.

A couple of disconsolate voices told him.

"Where is he?" demanded the irate Collector.

"He is lying unconscious in the house," was the answer. "He is said to be dangerous." The meaning implied was that Osiyar was in a dangerous condition, and not that he was stricken with rabies.

The Collector proceeded to the adjacent pial where the Sub-Inspector was laid. His tunic had been removed and a rough bandage put over a wound in his arm which had been bleeding profusely. He was breathing stertorously and seemed to be in great pain and to suffer from internal injuries in the chest. The Collector spoke to him praising him for his devotion to duty, but he was quite unconscious. Manna from heaven was dropping, but the recipient was not aware of it.

Thus in turn he visited each house where there was a casualty and spoke words of good cheer to them and said medical help was following on in a bus. But nothing seemed to affect the stolid immobility, the frozen calm with which his words were greeted.

About half an hour later, the bus arrived with Circle Inspector and doctor and medical aid and after first aid had been rendered the doctor put twenty-two injured persons in the bus, including the Sub-Inspector and Osiyar. At about three thirty a.m. the bus departed for Conjeevaram with its unfortunate load of victims. The Collector too departed after making a

detailed enquiry into the cause of the accident and seizing from the Head constable the certificate of fitness of the temple car granted by the Asst. Engineer.

VI

And so my conclusion is that the God who had condescended to play football with the inhabitants of Avarai had attempted to trip up some of the mortals in the heat of the game and with catastrophic results. I should indeed have liked to record that the Sub-Inspector gradually recovered from his wounds and lived to see happier days. But such was not the case. At 4-30 a.m. as the bus was entering the gates of the hospital, the Sub-Inspector expired with final stertorous groan.

As for Chengalvaraya Osiyar, builder of minor conduit and cause of all the trouble, he languished in hospital for fourteen days with a concussion of the brain. Finally cerebral meningitis set in and he too died, absolutely unconscious, not knowing what it was that had killed him. In his case, it was verily heavy retribution for his fault.

As for the other twenty injured, they were not so badly hurt and all of them gradually recovered and returned to Avarai village. If you question them, they will give you all the facts.

A shallow trench ten feet long had to be dug to extricate the young man caught under the super-structure. As no special dismantling apparatus was available, the various parts of the super-structure were sawn away to extricate the other spread-eagled man and both were given a decent cremation.

Such is the tale of Avarai village and the temple car which ran into the hidden conduit. I do not know rightly what the moral in it is, except perhaps the obvious one that momentum is a force which like gravity is irresistible, and the less recondite one that when the gods make up their minds to play football with us unfortunate mortals, one may be sure the odds are all on the side of the gods, and that they do not hesitate to trip a mortal or two up when they feel like it, especially if they see the mortal is about to score a goal, even if the goal be only the humble office of a Circle Inspector.....

[On Saturday the 26th November, 1949 Dr. Rajendra Prasad, President of the Constituent Assembly, put to the vote a motion by Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, Chairman of the Drafting Committee that "the Constitution as settled by the Assembly, be passed." The passage of the Constitution which will govern 32,00,00,000, people was received by the House with acclamation. At 11-12, the President authenticated the historic document so that parts of it might be brought into operation immediately. Among these Articles are those relating to citizen-ship, provisional Parliament, and temporary and transitional provisions. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, addressing to the House, said: "It is up to us to preserve and protect the street." This marks the completion of three years of labour in connection with the framing of the constitution. The result has been such as to merit the general approval of all sections of the House. During the third reading Mr. Alladi Krishnaswami Ayyar, member of Drafting Committee rightly claimed that the Constitution truly reflected the spirit of the objectives in the country that the Indian constitution was in some ways in advance of some of the Federal Constitutions, including that of the United States. The Indian constitution while it was not committed to any particular form of economic reorganisation of society, the people would be free to choose and mould their economic life in any manner they choose.—Ed. I. R.]

I. DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD

President, Constituent Assembly

Dr. Rajendra Prasad, congratulating the Assembly on the accomplishment of "a task of tremendous magnitude", expressed



his faith in the village people who would constitute the bulk of the India's vast new electorate. "In my opinion", he said, "they possess intelligence and commonsense, and have a culture which sophisticated people may not appreciate, but which is solid."

We have prepared a democratic constitution. But successful working of democratic institutions requires in those who have to work them, willingness to respect the viewpoints of others, capacity for compromise and accommodation. Many things which cannot be written in a constitution are done by conventions. Let me hope that we shall show those capacities and develop those conventions. The way in which we have been able to draw this constitution in the lobbies, strengthens that hope.

Whatever the constitution may or may not provide, the welfare of the country will depend upon the way in which the country is administered. That will depend upon the men who administer it. It is a trite saying that a country can have only

the constitution it deserves. Our constitution has provisions in it which appear to some to be objectionable from one point or another. We must admit that the defects are inherent in the situation in the country and the people at large. If the people who are elected are capable and men of character and integrity, they would be able to make the best even out of a defective constitution. If they are lacking in these, the constitution cannot help the country.

After all, a constitution, like a machine, is a lifeless thing. It acquires life because of the men who control it and operate it, and India needs today nothing more than a set of honest men who will have the interest of the country before them.

There is a fissiparous tendency arising out of various elements in our life. We have communal differences, caste differences, language differences, provincial differences, and so forth. It requires men of strong character, men of vision, men who will not sacrifice the interests of the country at large for the sake of smaller groups and areas in it and who will rise over the prejudices which are born of these differences.

We can only hope that the country will throw up such men in abundance. I can say this from the experience of the struggle that we have had during the period of the freedom movement that new occasions throw up new men; not once, but almost on every occasion when all leading men in the Congress were clapped into prison suddenly without having the time to leave instructions to others and even to make plans for carrying on

their campaigns, people arose from among the masses who were able to continue and conduct the campaign with intelligence with initiative, with capacity for organisations, which nobody suspected they possessed.

I have no doubt that when the country needs men of character, they will be coming up and the masses will throw them up. Let not those who served in the past, therefore, rest on their oars saying that they have done their part and now has come the time for them to enjoy the fruits of their labours. No such time comes to anyone who is really earnest about his work.

In India today, I feel that the work that confronts us is even more difficult than the work which we had when we were engaged in the struggle. We did not have then any conflicting claims to reconcile, no loaves and fishes to distribute, no power to share. We have all these now, and the temptations are really great. Would to God that we shall have the wisdom and the strength to rise above them, and serve the country which we have succeeded in liberating. Mahatma Gandhi laid stress on the purity of the methods which had to be pursued for attaining our ends. Let us not forget that his teaching has eternal value and was not intended only for the period of stress and struggle, but has as much authority and value today as it ever had before.

We have a tendency to blame others for everything that goes wrong and not to introspect and try to see if we have any share in it or not. It is very easier to scan one's own actions and motives if one is only inclined to do so than to appraise correctly the actions and motives of others. I shall only hope that all those whose good fortune it may be to work this constitution in future will remember that it was a unique victory which we achieved by the unique method taught to us by the Father of the Nation, and it is up to us to preserve and protect the independence that we have won and to make it really bear fruit for the man in the street. Let us launch on this new enterprise of running our independent Republic with confidence, with truth and non-violence and above all with heart within and God above.

II. DR. B. R. AMBEDKAR

Chairman, Drafting Committee

Replying to the eight-day debate on the third reading of India's draft Constitution, Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, Chairman of the Drafting Committee, refuted the charge of dilatoriness, and said that criticism of too much centralisation was exaggerated.

Urging people to defend their constitution to the last drop of their blood, he warned against democracy in India giving place to dictatorship. India should hold fast to constitutional methods if she were to maintain democracy in form and fact and to achieve social and economic objectives.

"On January 26, 1950 India will be an independent country. What would happen to her independence? . . . The first thing in my judgement we must do is to hold fast to constitutional methods of achieving our social and economic objectives.

It means we must abandon the bloody methods of revolution. It means that we must abandon the method of civil disobedience, non-cooperation, and satyagraha. When there was no way left for constitutional methods for achieving economic and social objectives, there was a great deal of justification for unconstitutional methods. But where constitutional methods are open, there can be no justification for these unconstitutional methods. These methods are nothing but the grammar of anarchy and the sooner they were abandoned, the better for us.

WARNING AGAINST BHAKTI CULT IN POLITICS

The second thing we must do is to observe the caution which John Stuart Mill has given to all who are interested in the maintenance of democracy, namely, not to lay their liberties at the feet of even a great man, or to trust him with powers which enable him to subvert their institution. There is nothing wrong in being grateful to great men who have rendered lifelong services to the country. But there are limits to gratefulness. As has been well said by the Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, no woman can be grateful at the cost of her chastity,

no nation can be grateful at the cost of its liberty.

This caution is far more necessary in the case of India than in the case of any other country. For in India, *Bhakti* or what may be called the path of devotion or hero-worship, plays a part in its politics unequalled in magnitude by the part it plays in the politics of any other part of the world.

Bhakti in religion may be a road to the salvation of the soul, but in politics *Bhakti* or hero-worship is a sure road to degradation and to eventual dictatorship.

SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

The third thing we must do is not to be content with mere political democracy. We must make our political democracy a social democracy as well. There is complete absence of two things in Indian society. One of these is equality. On the social plane, we have in India a society based on the principle of graded inequality, which means elevation for some and degradation for others. On the economic plane, we have a society in which there are some who have immense wealth as against many who live in abject poverty.

On January 26, 1950, we are going to enter into a life of contradictions. In politics, we will have equality, and in social and economic life we will have inequality.

We must remove this contradiction at the earliest possible moment, or else those who suffer from inequality will blow up the structure of political democracy, which this Assembly has so laboriously built up.

How can people, divided into several thousands of castes be a nation? These castes are anti-national in the first place because they bring about separation in social life. They are anti-national also because they generate jealousy and antipathy between caste and caste. But we must overcome all these difficulties if we wish to become a nation in reality. For fraternity can be a fact only when there is a nation. Without fraternity and equality liberty will be no deeper than a coat of paint.

EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY

There can be no gainsaying that political power in this country has too long been the monopoly of a few, and that many are not only beasts of burden, but also beasts of prey. This monopoly has not merely deprived them of their chance of betterment, it has sapped them of what may be called the significance of life. These down-trodden classes are tired of being governed. They are impatient to take part in the Government of the country.

This urge for self-realisation in the down-trodden classes must not be allowed to develop into a class struggle or a class war. That would indeed be a day of disaster.

Therefore, the sooner room is made for the realisation of their aspiration the better for the few, the better for the country, the better for the maintenance for its independence, and the better for the continuance of its democratic structure. This can only be done by the establishment of equality and fraternity in all spheres of life.

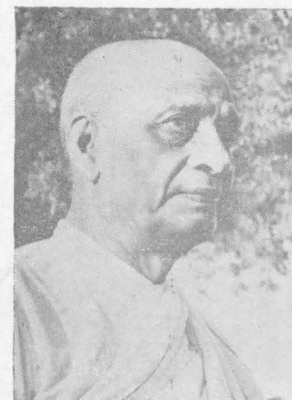
III. MR. R. R. DIWAKAR

Minister of State for Information and Broadcasting

The members of the Constituent Assembly as representatives of the people solemnly resolved three years ago to frame a constitution. They have laboured at it for the last three years, observed Mr. Diwakar and thus have shaped and formed the structure of Government which the whole of India needed.

The most important thing about this constitution is that we have given it to ourselves as free people in a free country. Those who think of the Commonwealth as an influencing agent must take note that when it came to that, it was the Commonwealth that had to change its structure and not our constitution.

The next important thing about our Constitution is that it is a democratic republic based on adult franchise. It is no doubt a bold experiment. But was there any other way out of it? If we want a democracy to be strong, it must be broad-based. In addition to being a



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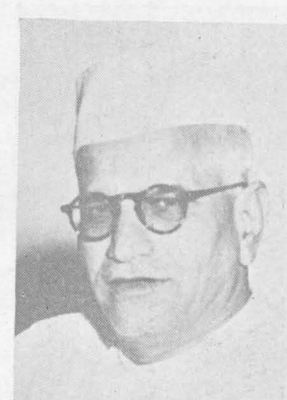
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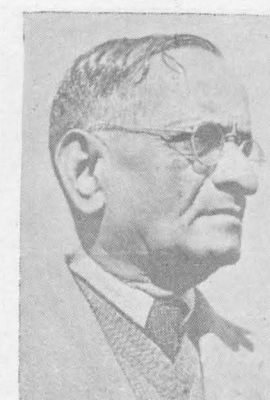
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N. V. GADGIL



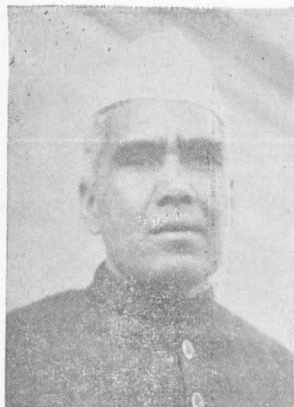
Dr. S. P. MUKERJI



Sir N. G. IYENGAR



SARDAR BALDEV SINGH



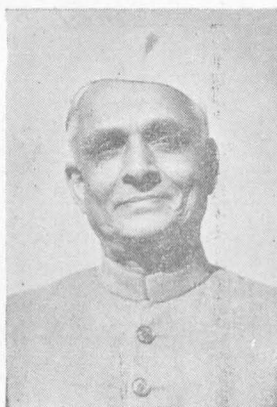
MOHANLAL SAXENA



JAGJIVAN RAM



AMRIT KAUR



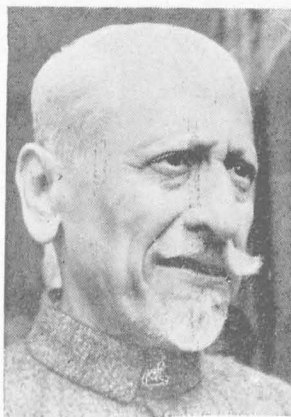
R. R. DIWAKAR



K. C. NEOGI



R. A. KIDWAI



MAULANA AZAD



K. SANTANAM



J. DOULATRAM

political democracy, it must also aim at social and economic democracy. This our Constitution seeks to do through its Fundamental Rights and its directives. Free expression and development of public opinion and decision by discussion may be said to be the basis of all democracies. No country, where opinion is not free can be called democratic whatever the outward form of its Constitution.

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY

According to the Constitution, every citizen of the Union as a citizen, is equal to the other. He cannot claim to be more on account of either birth, wealth or religion. All such privileges have been abolished once for all. Equal opportunities are sought to be thrown open to every citizen irrespective of caste, creed or sex. Justice, economic and social, is aimed at. Thus, the basic principles for a democracy in which 'everything ought to be for all, nothing only for a few', are laid down.

It is sometimes said that the Constituent Assembly lingered too long on constitution-making. But if we take a calm and dispassionate view of things, I do not think we have spent time for nothing. Let us imagine that we had finished our labours two years ago. What kind of constitution would have been our lot? We would have been faced with reservations on a communal basis for a number of communities. Another very reactionary thing would have been the continuance of a number of States with different administrations and different structures of government. Is it too much to have waited for two years to abolish all reservations on communal lines except only in one case, and to bring about administrative uniformity throughout the land? It is from this point of view that we have to look upon the time that we have spent over this matter and not merely think in terms of how many rupees we have spent on each minute that the Constituent Assembly sat. What we would have gained in time and money if we had hurried, we would have lost in substance and achievement.

* * *

UNITY MAINTAINED

It is possible to point out a number of defects here and there. One would have

certainly liked it to be lighter than what it is and legalistic than what it proposes to be. But a constitution is not to be judged by a few defects. It has to be judged as a whole. And what do we find? Within the course of the last three years, it has been possible to decide that there should be a single citizenship from Kashmir to Cape Comorin, a single language in a single script for the whole State throughout the land, and a single pattern of administration, namely, the parliamentary system of government, a system which has proved to be good enough for a steady and strong democracy. And all this has been achieved in India which is known for its variety of peoples, religions and languages. It is now for us to work under this Constitution for security and justice inside the country and for protection from outside forces.

SIR WM. WEDDERBURN

19 Thurloe Square,
S.W.

Dear Mr. K. C. Neogi,
Having travelled for
some time in India - as
the article was intended
for the benefit of the Indian
people, I have added the
£1 to our Propaganda
fund.
Yours,
W. Wedderburn

24 April 1950.

Threat of S. African Fascism to East Africa

BY MR. M. J. SERONEY

[The writer of this article is an East African national studying in India under the goodwill scholarship scheme of the Government of India for foreigners.—*Ed. IR.*]

NOW that it is evident that India's case against South Africa in the United Nations Organisation has failed to move that august body to take action against South Africa, it is well to consider what South Africa means to the rest of Africa and especially to East Africa—the effect which a government based on the theory of white supremacy has upon other African territories with a considerably large European settlement as for example the two Rhodesias and East Africa. The failure of U. N. O. to take action against South Africa and the possibility that to consolidate her possessions in Africa Britain may grant self-Government to East Africa and the Rhodesia, may encourage the spread of South African fascism northwards, especially when you notice the infectious character of the South African disease.

Although the condition of the Africans and the Indians in East Africa is not as hopelessly desperate as that of their brethren in South Africa, yet it behoves all who are interested in the cause of African freedom both in India and East Africa to be alive to the threat that an unpunished South Africa ruled by fanatics like Dr. Malan and his Afrikan hordes means not only to the rest of Africa but to world peace.

I regard it a fresh evidence of the statesmanship of Pandit Nehru that he realises that future struggles will lie mainly in Africa and that failure to settle the race problem satisfactorily will endanger world peace. Unless all lovers of freedom are vigilant we in East and Central Africa may soon find ourself engulfed by the fascist tide from South Africa. Nor is the fear altogether unfounded, for there are already disquieting symptoms which seem to point that way.

The situation in East Africa has not deteriorated to the same extent but it needs only a slight turn of the handle of fortune and the fifteen million East Africans are committed to the oppression of a white oligarchy.

The present situation in East Africa compares favourably to that in South Africa. There is just enough oppression in East

Africa to spur us on to an active opposition and a political consciousness but not enough to give us a sense of frustration and helplessness.

While in East Africa the condition of the African and the Indian has been showing signs of steady improvement the situation in South Africa on the other hand has been steadily deteriorating since South Africa became independent in 1910. Dr. Malan with no vestige of prudence, tact or Statesmanship, seems in his madness determined to bring things to a climax in that sad country where things are committed which if they were revealed in their entirety will shock the conscience of the world.

FEAR HAUNTS THE AFRICAN

The African in South Africa is absolutely helpless against white oppression. Fear haunts him the whole twenty-four hours of the day and it is not an exaggeration to say that his life is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short.

The cruelty of the white police is proverbial and the African can never expect justice in South Africa. There are instances of a white man murdering an African and being let off with a light fine. An African dare not look at a white woman in the face for fear of being waylaid and perhaps killed by white hooligans.

Listening to my friend from South Africa who related to me all these horrors, I have often congratulated myself that I come from East Africa, where although there is still much to be done, things are not as bad as in South Africa.

As long as there is race discrimination in East Africa we cannot expect complete justice but the grosser manifestations of injustice and the evident miscarriage of justice noticeable in South Africa is not found in East Africa, and the fact that there is always a possibility of appeal to the Privy Council acts as safeguard.

According to the South African Constitution an African or an Indian cannot sit in the Parliament. But in East Africa you find Africans and Indians sitting in the Central Assembly and in the various East African legislatures.

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THREAT OF S. AFRICAN FASCISM TO EAST AFRICA

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Although we have won a little ground in East Africa things are still far from satisfactory. There is still race discrimination and inequality of opportunity in all walks of life. It would be a mistake to suppose that our progress in East Africa along constitutional lines is steady and assured. We still have pitfalls to avoid and the most important of them is to be caught by South African fascism which will plunge us into oppression at the hands of the white settlers of East Africa.

The ancestors of Mr. Malan and General Smuts who came from Holland first settled at the Cape in 1652, and due to circumstances and developments, which I shall not now enter into, they developed their present psychology towards the coloured peoples.

The British annexed the Cape Colony in 1795 and in 1834 they abolished slavery and declared the equality of all men. The Boers, as the Dutch settlers had come to be called, trekked north and founded the republics of Orange Free State and Transvaal whose constitutions recognised the relations between the white and black in Church and State as that of master and servant.

As a result of the imperialist schemes of Cecil Rhodes the British came into clash with the Boers, in the South African War (1899-1902) which ended in the defeat of the Boers and the annexation of Transvaal and Orange Free State.

BRITISH TREACHERY

One would have thought that now that the British had the power they would extend their more liberal policy towards the African in Cape Colony to Transvaal and Orange Free State. Instead they betrayed the African by an act of treachery which will be long remembered in Africa when all other evils of British Imperialism will have been forgotten.

The period between the Treaty of Vereeniging (1902) and the outbreak of the First World War proved to be a period of the armed camp diplomacy and an armament race in Europe. Knowing that in the event of a war between Britain and Germany South Africa will be one of the fields of operation the British were anxious to win the loyalty of the Boers.

Blatantly ignoring the needs of the Africans and the Indians Britain granted Dominion Status to South Africa. From now on it meant that the Africans and the Indians could not appeal to London.

Judged by its results the British policy was successful. How successful is gauged by the fact that South Africa fought on the side of Britain in the two World wars.

It has been this desire of Britain to please South Africa that has made Britain unwilling to offend her by using her influence even in the interests of Commonwealth Relations. It shows that the Britisher is selfish and unscrupulous and would sacrifice even his friends if by so doing he will gain something.

It is this aspect of British policy that makes us feel unsafe in East Africa. There is a noisy little group of white settlers in East Africa that has in the past shown how much undue influence they can bring to bear even on the so-called Socialist Government of present day Britain.

Bitter experience has taught us in East Africa that the Empire means more to an Englishman than his Socialist principles even though that person be Mr. Creech-Jones who now talks a language much more like that of Oliver Stanley than what he used when he was in the Opposition benches. We, therefore, have no more confidence in him, and we can never tell when he may betray us again.

The White settlers have since 1926 been agitating for Dominion Status for East Africa, which would have meant the oppression of 15 million Africans and one lac Indians by a few thousand (80,000) Europeans just as you find in South Africa the oppression of 10 million non-Europeans by 2 million Europeans.

Till now the African, and the Indian, have successfully resisted this demand but we do not know how long the Opposition will hold. The White settlers have recently intensified their activities and issued what they called "The Kenya Plan" whose object is to achieve Dominion Status for East Africa under what they call their leadership, which really means their domination. They use exactly the

same language as General Smuts and we do not doubt that if they get chance they will do the deeds of Dr. Malan.

PRO-WHITE PLAN

What makes us feel insecure is the fact that there is a Pan-African movement encouraged by the white settlers whose aim is to perpetuate European domination in South, East and Central Africa. This is advocated ostensibly as an effective means of preventing communism from getting a strong foothold in Africa.

It is just possible that to safeguard East Africa for the Commonwealth and to secure the loyalty of White Settlers of East Africa in the impending struggle with Russia the British may betray us into their hands as they did in South Africa to win the loyalty of General Smuts against Germany. Such a betrayal will mean that even the few rights we have won will be taken away from us and our state will be like that of our suffering brothers in South Africa.

To avert the threat, I have described it is necessary that the Africans and the Indians in East Africa close their ranks and fight a common cause. There are recent tendencies to show that the two communities are gradually coming to realise this.

But talking about it is not sufficient. The Europeans are closing their ranks and are coming out with concrete plans. We need a similar demonstration of unity between Africans and Indians.

Taking into account the economic situation in the country and the part Indians play in its commerce and the gradual awakening of the African into commercial consciousness conflict of interests is inevitable. What is needed to the coming together of the leaders of the African and the Indians to find out how to so resolve and adjust their differences as not to play into the hands of those who would "divide and rule" and produce a situation similar to the recent Durban Riots.

So far, there is no political organisation representing the whole of East Africa except the East African Indian National Congress led by A. B. Patel, R. C. Gautama and others. The Europeans have no such organisation but the European Electors Union of Kenya is very strong and

generally gives a lead to all East African Europeans in their fascist aspirations.

This body represents 29,000 Kenya White settlers who elect 11 members to Kenya Legislative Council, as against 5 elected Indians representing an Indian population almost twice that of the Europeans and 4 nominated Africans for 5 million Africans.

ALL-KENYA NATIONAL MOVEMENT

The most active African political institution is the Kenya African Union regarded as the most successful attempt in recent years to organise an all-Kenya national movement. Its president Mr. Jomo Kenyatta is a capable leader, who went to England in 1930 and on account of his political views was refused a return permit to Kenya by the Conservative Government and who managed to return only with the advent of the Labour Party to power in England. Other notable leaders are the Hon. E. W. Mathua (M. L. C.), the first African to be appointed to the Kenya Legislature in 1944, and Mr. Peter Koinange, who recently finished his tour of India.

In Uganda there is the Bataka recently banned owing to its leftist leanings, led by the ex-Brother Francis Mulumba. There is also a similar African Association in Tanganyika. The main pre-occupation of these African bodies at present is to unite the Africans in the various territories, and to create in them a political consciousness.

We hope that in due course there will be an all-East African organisation on lines similar to the E. A. Indian National Congress. When this has been achieved the Africans and the Indians will be able to join their ranks and present a joint Indo-African Front to fight for their rights and to save East Africa from going fascist in imitation of South Africa.

GANDHIAN WEAPON

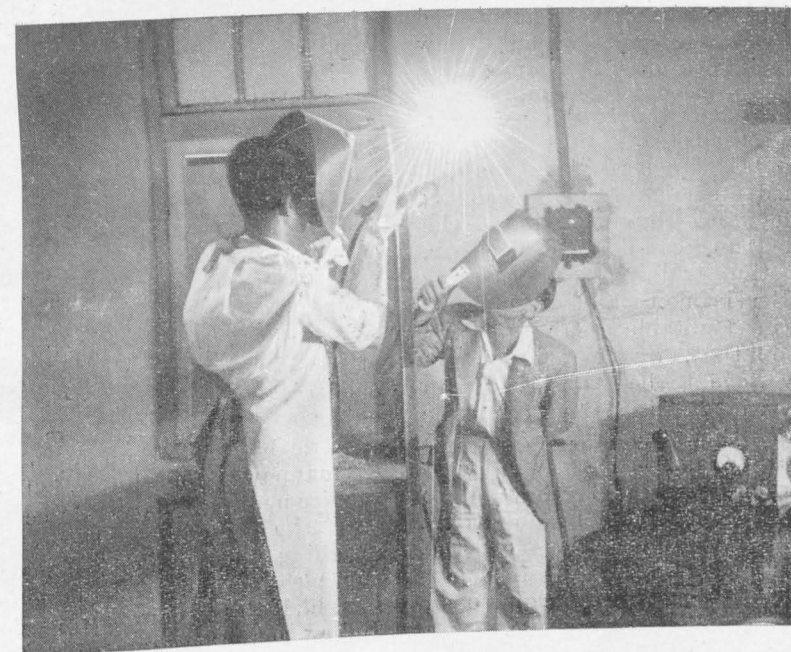
Once given a non-European or Indo-African Unity Front the rest is easy, and in all our struggles we have before us the valuable technique used by the immortal Mahatma Gandhi I mean the infallible method of non-violent non-co-operation. It is enough to convince the African and the Indian masses that the British Government will not stand even for 48 hours if we were to completely withdraw our co-operation.

Planned Utilization of Manpower Resources

BY MR. K. RAMACHANDRAN

OF the experiments undertaken in India under the stress of war, the National Employment Service is one that has come to stay as an instrument of social welfare. India has enormous resources in manpower and material, but because of her backward economy the very abundance of her manpower and material complicates her problem. In the past, employment was left to seek its own level, while unemployment was expected to cure itself under the normal

of a large number of individuals in any society gives rise to a sense of frustration; it involves a waste of manpower; it brings misery in its wake and breeds discontent. Full employment has, therefore, been the aim of most modern States who have been planning the efficient distribution of their available manpower among the various demands of national economy. An Employment Service has been recognised as the best agency for achieving this ideal of full employment.



TRAINEES AT WORK

operation of the law of supply and demand. Promoting employment has now become an important responsibility of the modern State, and India has declared, as one of the directive principles of State Policy, that "the State shall, in particular, direct its policy towards securing that the citizens, men and women equally, have the right to an adequate means of livelihood". Sir William Beveridge has mentioned unemployment as one of the four giants which should be destroyed if a nation is to achieve social security. Continued unemployment

Western Nations had long ago realised the potentialities of the Employment Service in the scientific utilization of labour. In 1919, the International Labour Organization passed a convention advising its members to set up an Employment Service as a means to the promotion of employment and the equitable and facile distribution of manpower according to the various demands of the nation.

India, as one of the signatories to the convention, ratified it in 1921, but owing to the complexities arising from constitutional changes denounced it in

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1938. The emergency created by world war II led to a reversal of policy and to the setting up of a small number of Employment Exchanges as appendages of the National Service Labour Tribunals. The object of these Exchanges was to ensure that all available technical personnel was utilized to meet the needs of war industry. When the war came to an end a different problem cropped up—the resettlement of the demobilised Services personnel and discharged war-workers. The Exchanges already set up were switched over to this task, the organisation being extended and reshaped to deal with the new problem. Thus came into existence the Resettlement and Employment Organisation which now consists of a network of 54 Employment Exchanges, 54 District Employment offices and more than 150 training centres. When first established, the primary object of the Exchanges was to assist the demobilised soldiers in securing suitable employment by bringing the employers and the candidates together. The object of the training centres was to train ex-Servicemen and discharged war-workers in suitable trades and occupations, so that, on completion of training, they could be absorbed in gainful occupations in the economic development of the country. Although the scope of these institutions was first limited to Services personnel they were so designed that they could, in due time, also serve the permanent needs of the country and cater for all classes of people. Gradually, the Exchanges were thrown open to all classes of employment seekers.

When, in the wake of partition, the mass migration of people from Pakistan called for an organisation to provide employment assistance to the hundreds of thousands of displaced persons and to train as many of them as possible for gainful employment in their new environments, the Resettlement and Employment Organisation was called in to help to meet the emergency. The whole Organisation was switched over to this new and urgent task and earned the appreciation of many displaced persons and their leaders.

There has been a growing recognition of the value of Employment Exchanges

as a scientific agency for manpower supply. Being a State organisation with a network of over 100 Exchanges, the Employment Service has at its disposal far more detailed information about available workers than any individual employer can have. The latter's knowledge is, of necessity, restricted to a particular area, and his selective field is limited to those who come to his gates for employment. But, as the Employment Service receives vacancy notifications from the many employers who seek its assistance and from a large number of applicants, it is in the position of a vast manpower bank with a network of branches upon whom the entire country can draw.

Nowadays, with the general shortage of skilled personnel, managements cannot afford to waste skilled manpower. An employer has not only to select a man to fill a vacancy, but has to select the right man for the precise job to be done. It is here that the Employment Organisation makes itself even more useful than a Bank.

The proper distribution of manpower so as to ensure the maximum utilization of the productive resources of the country, which is one of the principal objects of the Employment Service, is inextricably bound up with the training of manpower for the varied and changing requirements of national economy. "Give us the men and we shall produce anything the market demands"—this is the plea of many a manufacturer who has had to explain away deficiencies in Indian manufacture.

The Employment Service, even at this stage of its growth, has fairly accurate knowledge of the urban Employment market, the volume of demand for and the available supply of labour for various industries and fields of employment. As an integral part of the Employment Service, therefore, have been set up training centres, where ex-Servicemen and displaced persons are being given training in occupations and trades selected with reference to the needs of the employment market. They represent the first planned effort on a national scale to bring technical and vocational education within the reach of a large number of people. The training of ex-Servicemen and

displaced persons will soon come to an end and proposals to throw these centres open to all classes of suitable persons are under consideration.

No training scheme can be successful unless efficient Instructors are available. Experience has shown that there is an acute shortage, of such instructors in the country. To meet this shortage, a Central Institute for Training Instructors has been opened at Koni-Bilaspur in the C. P. The object of this Institute is to ensure a high standard of training to Instructors drawn from all parts of the country.

In order to enlist the co-operation of all interests involved, the Employment Organization has set up tripartite advisory committees at all levels—national, regional and local.

Starting from scratch and contending against a vast mass of prejudice, the Employment Service has, during the first year of its work, achieved results which reflect the increasing confidence it has won

both from employers and employment-seekers. The number of employers utilizing the organization for filling vacancies under them rose from 701 in 1945 to 3,182 in 1946, to 3,919 in 1948 and 5,274 in 1949. The number of vacancies notified to the Employment Exchanges similarly showed a steady improvement, rising from 3,788 in July 1945 to over 21,669 in July 1947 and 35,707 in May 1949.

The placings effected have kept pace with the growing popularity of the organization. The monthly placings which were 1,462 in July 1945 rose to 8,095 in July 1946, to 16,683 one year later and to 24,433 in May 1949.

In spite of its achievements, the Employment Organization realises that it is only at the beginning of its tasks. So far attention has been paid more to bringing together, as rapidly as possible, employers needing workers and workers seeking employment than to the long-term responsibilities of manpower budgeting and planned action.

*Hyderabad, Secan
5th March 1950*

*To the Editor 'Indian Review'
Sophranad, Madras.*

Dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in sending you a poem entitled 'Do a Buddha Seated on a Lotus' I am however not quite sure whether you wish 'Special Verse' in your pages that are always full of such poems and important subjects, but unfortunately I am not prose at all, and any contribution I might send you would be in Verse form.

*I thank you also for a copy of the Indian Review.
Yours faithfully,
Sardini Naidu.*



SAROJINI NAIDU

These Eventful Years: 1900-1950

(Chronological Table in the History of India since the "Indian Review" was Founded)

1900. January "Indian Review" founded.
—The Boer war;—The gains of Learning Bill—Hindu Religious Charitable Endowments Bill in Travancore.
1901. Creation of the N. W. Frontier Province.
1904. Indian Universities Act of Lord Curzon.
1905. Partition of Bengal:—New Government of East Bengal and Assam.
1906. Foundation of the Muslim League.
1907. Split between the Moderates and the Extremists.
1909. The Minto-Morley Reforms.
- 1910-16. Viceroyalty of Lord Hardinge.
- 1911-12. The Coronation Durbar.—Visit of Their Imperial Majesties—Transfer of Capital to Delhi—Reversal of the Bengal Partition.
1914. First World war.
„ Smuts-Gandhi Agreement.
1915. Death of G. K. Gokhale.
1916. Failure of Indian Government to supply the Mesopotamian army.—The Lucknow Pact.
1917. Visit of the Secretary of State —Mr. Montagu to India.
1918. The Montford Report.
1919. Martial Law in the Punjab.—The Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms.
1920. Death of B. G. Tilak.
1921. New Legislatures inaugurated by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught.
„ The Moplah Rising in Malabar.
1925. The Paddison Deputation to South Africa.
„ Sikh Gurudwaras and Shrines Act.
1926. The Linlithgow Commission.—The Swaraj Party of C. R. Das and Motilal Nehru—Murder of Swami Shradhdhanand.
1927. The Skeen Committee.—The Butler Committee on Indian States.—The Simon Commission.
1930. The Sarda Act passed—Gandhi's Salt March.—First Round Table Conference.
1931. The Irwin—Gandhi Pact.
—Second Round Table Conference.
1932. The Prime Minister's Communal Award.
1933. Third Session of the Round Table Conference.
1934. The Publication of the White Paper—Joint Select Committee.
1935. Government of India Act passed (August 2.)
1937. Burma separated from British India.
—Provinces of Sind and Orissa formed.
—First elections under Provincial Autonomy.
—Congress Ministries in eight provinces.
1939. War with Germany—Resignation of Congress Ministries—Breakdown of Autonomy in the Congress-controlled Provinces.
1940. (Aug.) Announcement of future Government of India by the Viceroy.
1941. The breakout of the war in the East.
1942. The Cripps Mission and proposals.
—'Quit India' Movement.
—Aug. 42 Resolutions of Congress.
1943. Retirement of Linlithgow.
- 1943-46. Viceroyalty of Lord Wavell.
1945. The Simla Conference.
1946. Cabinet Mission: Its award (May 1946)—The Interim Government.
1946. Constituent Assembly of India inaugurated.
1947. Mountbatten's Declaration of Feby. 47—Announcement of June 47.
—Announcement of the formation of two Sovereign Dominions—India and Pakistan.
1948. Jan. 30 Assassination of Gandhiji Sep—Police Action in Hyderabad.
1949. Draft Constitution of the Indian Republic passed into law.
—Integration of States completed.
—King George VI declares India's Status as Republic in the British Parliament.
—Indonesia declared Republic.—Dr. Soekarno, President.

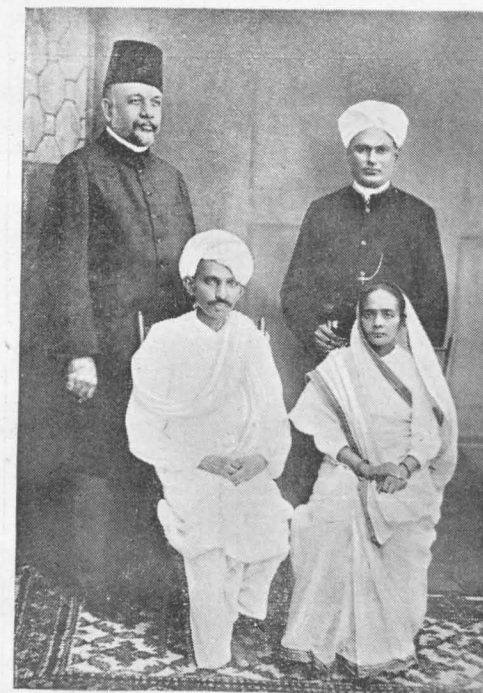
MOTHER VASANTA

BY DR. JAMES H. COUSINS *

Now while the flags of Freedom are displayed,
And in the dust old feuds dismembered fall,
What voice recalls your voice's wakening call
When the crushed soul of India was afraid?
Silence rewards the labour you essayed
For Liberty that would be one for all.
Now sundering faith leads Liberty in thrall;
The marriage of your making is unmade.

Mother Vasanta! O forgiving heart
Wherein the spring was ever at its prime
Though human seasons played a changing part;
From your white peak that all at length must climb
Comes only love for stumbling feet that start
On their long upward pilgrimage through time.

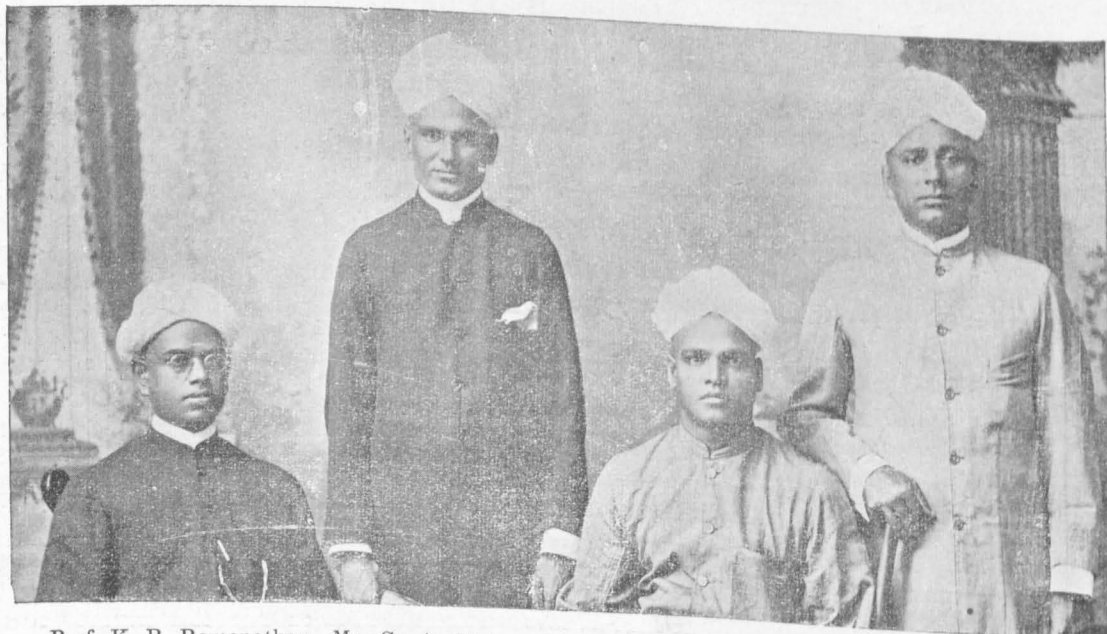
* From *Twenty-Four Sonnets*. Kalakshetra, Adyar.



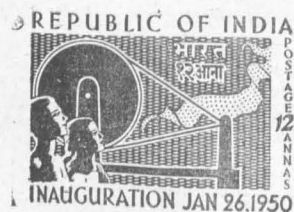
MR. NATESAN WITH BAPU, KASTURBA
& YAKUB HASAN (1915)



MR. VAIDYARAMAN & MR. NATESAN



Prof. K. B. Ramanathan, Mr. G. A. Natesan, Rt. Hon. Sastri, Mr. G. A. Vaidyaraman (1907).



Special stamps in four values will be released on January 26, 1950, in commemoration of the inauguration of the Republic of India.

Home and Foreign Affairs

By "AN INDIAN JOURNALIST"

Thanks

THIS number, as our readers are aware, marks the opening of the 51st year of the *Indian Review*. Every effort has been made to produce a copy worthy of the occasion. That, of course, would not be possible without the goodwill and co-operation of many people to all of whom we take this opportunity to render our thanks. We thank H.E. the Governor-General and Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister and the Governors and Premiers of Provinces and the many distinguished writers who have contributed to this volume. We thank the Congress President and the Archbishop of Madras and the Professors and Scholars whose contributions must add to the weight and dignity of this publication. We thank our subscribers and advertisers and other readers for their kindness and patronage during many years past. Nor will our readers grudge a word of thanks to the staff and workers in the office of the *Indian Review*, who by their tireless devotion to duty and sustained enthusiasm made it possible for the publishers to issue the Golden Jubilee number in time. Their record of service has been long and faithful; and one in particular (now past the Psalmist's three score years and ten) who printed the first number of the *Review* in Jan. 1900 is still doing his bit for the Golden Jubilee number in Jan. 1950.

We look forward to the continuance of that goodwill and co-operation from all parties, in the future as in the past.

The Republic of India

On the 26th of this month the new constitution of Free India as framed and adopted by the Constituent Assembly comes into force and the President of the Indian Republic is to be installed. It is a great day for India. Happy the generation that has lived to witness this day.

The Indian constitution is no doubt the lengthiest of written constitutions with its 395 articles but the Preamble gives the

gist of our hopes and desires in words as brief and simple as are the words of the American declaration. It is for us and future generations to treasure the lofty ideals embodied in the Preamble and live up to the faith that inspired this declaration. It is a great tradition that we are bequeathing to posterity. Here is the Preamble:

We, the people of India, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a Sovereign Democratic Republic and to secure to all its citizens;

Justice, social, economic and political;

Liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship;

Equality of status and of opportunity; and to promote among them all;

Fraternity assuring the dignity of the individual and the unity of the Nation,

In our Constituent Assembly this 26th day of November, 1949, do hereby adopt, enact and give to ourselves this Constitution.

Flowing from this sweeping formula of Justice and Humanity are the articles affording equal opportunity to all and abolishing untouchability in every form.

"No citizen shall, on grounds only of religion, race, caste, sex, descent, place of birth, residence or any of them, be ineligible for, or discriminated against in respect of any employment or office under the State."—Article 16 (2).

"Untouchability is abolished and its practice in any form is forbidden. The enforcement of any disability arising out of untouchability shall be an offence punishable in accordance with law."—Article 17.

The other articles may limit the scope of this great declaration to suit the conditions of the day and the exigencies of administration but the Preamble remains as the rock of our hopes and aspirations.

India and Pakistan

Relations between India and Pakistan are fast deteriorating. The leaders in either countries are loud in their protestations against the other's conduct while justifying their own. In this endless series of recriminations the victims are the people who have had no voice or choice in the partition. A relentless destiny seems to be working against the innocents on either side of the border.

Evacuee Property

As time passes the points in dispute between India and Pakistan seem to multiply rather than diminish. Kashmir, distribution of canal-water, jute and currency difficulties, abducted women, forcible conversion and harassment of Hindus in Sind, border raids and the problem of evacuee property—there seems no end to this recurring series of obstacles to peace. Let us take only the last item—evacuee property—on which the Government of India have just brought out a closely reasoned and well documented brochure. The record is painful reading.

Evacuee property in West Pakistan is estimated at Rs. 4,000 crores which is about ten times the value of Muslim property left in India. Then as against the 4 million acres of mostly unirrigated land in East Punjab left by Muslims about 8 million acres of mostly canal-irrigated land have been left in West Punjab by Hindus and Sikhs, the difference in the value of land alone being about Rs. 300 crores. The difference payable to India on immovable property would be about Rs. 1,000 crores while the total difference taking into account all properties, movable and immovable, would run into Rs. 3,600 crores roughly. Surely compensation for evacuees on such a colossal scale could only be possible on Government level. Is that the reason why the Pakistan Government has consistently evaded a settlement of the problem on a governmental level?

Indonesian Republic

On the 27th of Dec. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands signed the transfer of Sovereignty to the Republic of the United States of Indonesia. This marks the end of 340 years of Dutch Colonial rule in the Pacific. After 25 years of struggle President Soekarno and Dr. Hatta, the Prime Minister and other Indonesian leaders have brought freedom to their people. They deserve warm congratulations on the completion of a task which is bound to have far reaching effects on the future set up of Asia. India which has always supported their claim to independence has reason to be specially gratified at the satisfactory conclusion of negotiations in

which both the Dutch and the Indonesians have shown considerable patience and judgment and a sense of realism and statesmanship which does credit to either country. There is no doubt they have well profited by the example of Britain's new relations with India. It is a testimony to the indisputable fact that Asia is coming into her own. We trust that other European powers—the French and the Portuguese who still hold pockets of influence in the East—will not hesitate to follow the lead given by the British and the Dutch in the East.

14th January 1945 45, ST. JOHN'S WOOD PARK,
N.W.

Dear Mr. Natesan.

I may congratulate
you I think, on having so many
brilliant contributors to your review
from so many sources

Some time ago I noticed that
you were displaying activity in the
civil arena also and I trust that

you have no intention of abandoning
a career in public life. There are
many years' hope of valuable service
in store for you yet

With all best wishes
I am yours very truly
Henry Cotton



The WORLD of BOOKS

(ONLY SHORT NOTICES APPEAR IN THIS SECTION)

CHARLES FREER ANDREWS: A NARRATIVE.
By Benarsidas Chaturvedi and Marjorie Sykes. With a Foreword By M. K. Gandhi.
George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London.

Charlie Andrews, whose life-record, needs, in the words of the Mahatma, "no introduction and is its own introduction," is here depicted in the various stages of his remarkable service, by the authors with a commendable degree of fervour and frankness displayed in almost every page. With an exultant mind he set his face towards the East, at the age of 33. His work at Delhi in the first years was animated by a longing that the students of his (St. Stephen's) College should serve outcasts in the spirit in which he had served at home. His literary gifts and genius for personal friendship did a great deal to bring the European missionaries into real touch with the Indian national movement. He advocated strongly the upkeep and encouragement of Christian Colleges. At the call of Santiniketan, he felt that he had the call of the *sanyasin* "to give myself wholly into the hands of God... and take up whatever work He gives me to do". He laboured hard to improve the condition of Indians in other parts of the Empire. At Durban when he met Gandhiji for the first time, he made a gesture of reverence, that caused an 'uproar' in the white press. He found Simla worse than South Africa in the matter of race exclusiveness. His report on the condition of Indian indentured labour in Fiji (1916) was dedicated to Gokhale, most fittingly, as it displayed the temperate and relentless logic that marked the great Indian statesman. Amritsar of 1919 found him deeply engrossed in helping the Government and Congress bodies of inquiry and became so unacceptable to Europeans that he was refused entry into a church near Lahore and told "This House of God is not for rebels."

Andrews believed, as early as 1921-22, in "complete and perfect independence

for India" as a religious principle, "because I am a Christian" and played his part nobly in the "dusty political arena" of those years... To the cause of labour he continued to devote much of his time, energy and sympathy. Other matters, like the evil of opium traffic, also engaged his attention. He sought for that part of the English people who would respond sympathetically to his Visva Bharati ideals. His services, at the time of the Round Table Conferences, to Gandhiji in England are well-known.

The many-sided labour of love and reconciliation that continued to mark him down to his last years is described by our authors with just that amount of detachment and minimum of extracts from his statements, correspondence etc, as would stimulate and elevate the mind and heart of the reader.

A SILVER JUBILEE MESSAGE

FROM

THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND

During its life the *Indian Review* has witnessed many strange changes in the mind of your country, and it has been a very active pioneer in what has been a real value to Indian Nationalism... I have never ceased to be interested in Indian affairs since I first came in personal contact with your wonderful country and its wonderful people, and you can always rely upon anything I can do in a very busy life to promote those things which I think the *Indian Review* and myself have in common.

I hope that a long and useful life is in front of your *Review* and that India and its people will continue to flourish.

Mansueta Bonnet

January 1925.

[JANUARY 1950]

PROFILES. By G. Venkatachalam.
Nalanda Publications, Bombay 1.
Price Rs. 8-4.

Mr. Venkatachalam, well-known almost throughout India and Ceylon, and among discerning Indologists abroad as an extremely enthusiastic and earnest student of art and of its meaning for life, has gathered into this volume a few sketches of the traits of men and women whom he has known and counted as friends and whom he has studied from his own standpoint as an artist and art-critic. And truly an astonishingly varied and interesting group they make from Bhagawan Sri Ramana Maharishi and Mahatma Gandhi and Krishnaji at one extreme to Ranganayaki, Kamaladevi, Lalitha, and Padmini and Philomena Thumboo Chetty, at the other extreme. There are saints and *jivan mukthas* among them, and there are poets and savants. There are dancers and singers among them and there are painters like Roerich. There are statesmen, and scientists, and a few Marxists of China also thrown in. Mr. Venkatachalam, we venture to say, has had exceptional good fortune. There must be very few indeed who could say that they moved

MANSFIELD COLLEGE,
OXFORD.

21/3/54

My dear Sir,

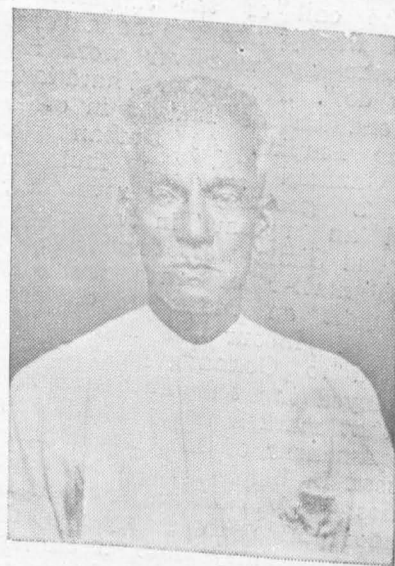
Let me thank you
very sincerely for the copy of
the "Indian Review". It is excellent
and well written, and distinguished
by a love of truth and right.

Sincerely yours

A. M. Ambrose

with Gandhiji, Tagore, Ramana Maharishi freely as their friends.

There is an unmistakable touch of first-handness and freshness about these Profiles—and the title seems chosen as much from a love of modesty as from a love of accuracy, for there are quite a few sketches here that are no more than profiles. Mr. Venkatachalam has not allowed his affectionate regard for his saints or artists or statesmen friends to blind him to their human warts and weaknesses. He has not allowed conventional estimates to narrow him into exalting Ramana Maharishi over Krishnaji and concealing his very individual preference for the latter's way of life. And in his study of the singers and dancers and violinists and painters, he has not allowed theoretic prepossessions of one sort or another to colour or bias his impressionistic estimates of their achievement and quality. Mr. Venkatachalam however cannot be said to have gone very deep in his analysis, even of his own impressions of those he has sketched here. But then obviously, no lover and enjoyer of things of such varied beauty and worth could go deep and remain invincibly a lover of all of them.



K. KANNAPPA MUDALIAR
who printed the first number in Jan. 1900
is still doing his bit for the Golden
Jubilee Number in Jan. 1950.

JANUARY 1950]

★ TWENTY-FOUR SONNETS. By James H. Cousins, Kalakshetra, Adyar.

Here is a sheaf of well-constructed sonnets, architecturally built, stone by stone, and chiselled, each of them, into a perfect image. Cousins has always had a firm technique; and it is obvious from his work that he does not merely depend on what is usually termed inspiration, but on earnest indefatigable labour which eagerly awaits the rounded phrase, the ripened word-pattern as out-come. Cousins is a master of rhyme-schemes which often are both difficult and original.

James Cousins, the Irish poet, seems, with time, to have gripped the hand of Jayaram Cousins, the Hindu thinker, more and more firmly. The fusion of the two personalities into one, colours his writings and makes them solid, in the sense that old architecture is solid. To grasp Cousins, therefore, presupposes in the reader a seriousness of approach based on a fusion, within himself, of some intellect and intuition without which some of his work might seem heavy, laboured and devoid of the fluent fire one usually and carelessly associates with poetry and poets.

In the twenty-four sonnets before us we have a mature master at work, and if some sonnets may seem to have uttered more profundity than others, it is due to the scope and difference of subject-matter embodied in them.

Cousins is not a poet merely to be read and enjoyed—but studied and digested.

MR. K. C. REDDY
CHIEF MINISTER, MYSORE

I am very glad to find that the Publishers of the "Indian Review" are bringing out the Golden Jubilee Number of the Journal on 1st January. The Journal, founded and nurtured by the pioneering efforts of that eminent person, the late lamented Sri G. A. Natesan, has established a record in the field of journalism and has richly contributed to the progress of India in several directions.

I earnestly hope that it will continue to maintain its high traditions and serve the country in an ever increasing degree in the future.

I wish the "Indian Review" every success.

SANSKRIT, ITS ORIGIN, COMPOSITION AND DIFFUSION. BY CALVIN KEPHART, LL.M., D.C.L., Ph.D. Shenandoah Publishing House, Inc., Strasburg, Virginia. Washington, D. C. 1949.

The title of the book suggests very interesting matter for the philologist and student of Sanskrit.

The author appears to be a scholar of extensive ethnographic studies and the book is a plea to use ethnographic and allied studies in solving philological questions. It is also meant as a forerunner to the author's forthcoming work on the Races of Mankind. In fact references in this book to the latter are too many.

To orthodox students the theories propounded by the author will certainly appear to be unsupported by facts and unnecessary. The book however provides food for thought.

It is attractively printed and got up.

MR. R. K. SHANMUKHAM CHETTY

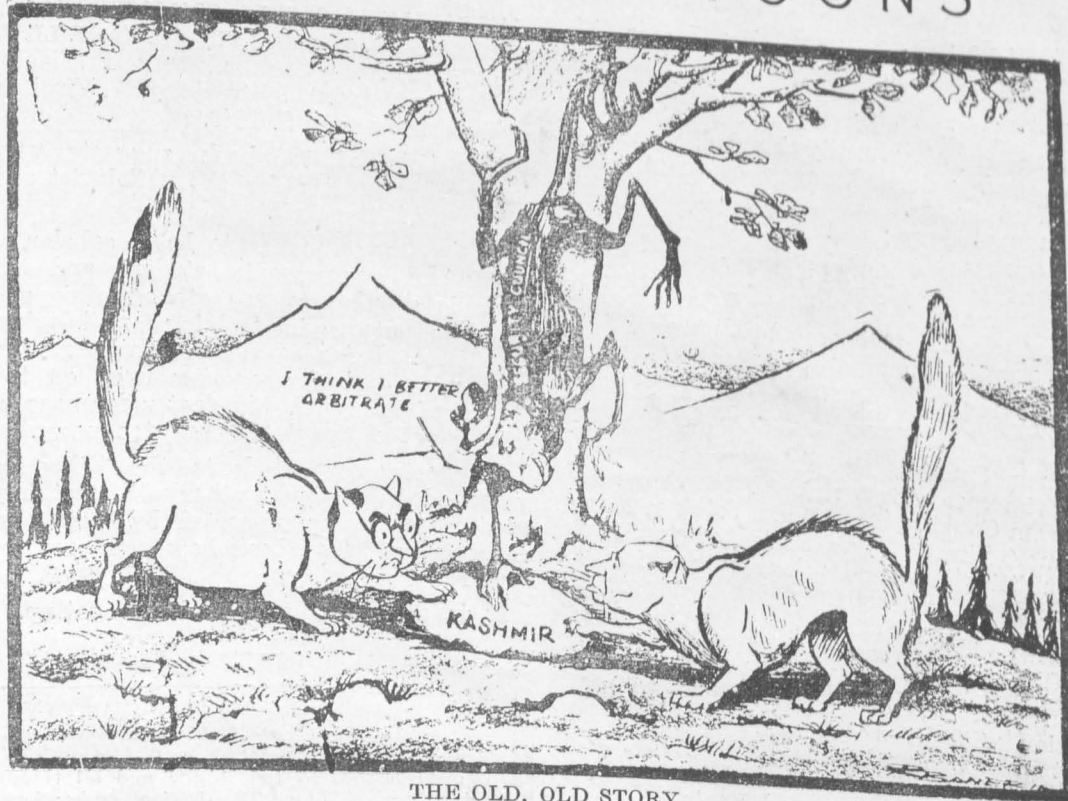
On the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the *Indian Review* I send my cordial greetings and good wishes to the Editor and all those associated with him. The *Indian Review* has



occupied for the last 50 years a unique place among Indian Journals. In the early years of the Indian national movement the *Review* helped not only to educate but also mould public opinion on sound lines. The service that this Journal and its founder the late Mr. G. A. Natesan have done in this direction is invaluable. I hope

that in the years [to] come the *Review* will continue this great service. The responsibility of guiding public opinion on right lines is now greater in a Republican India than before. The manner in which the people of our country are going to use their liberty will determine the fate of millions of human beings. The *Indian Review* has still glorious opportunities of playing a prominent part in this direction. I wish the *Review* and all those associated with it all success.

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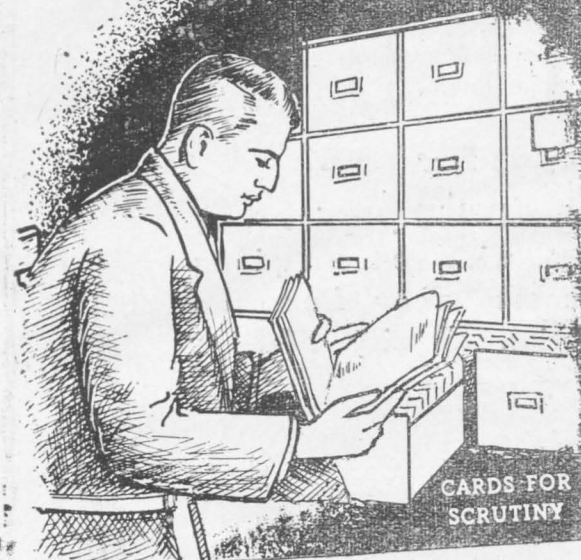
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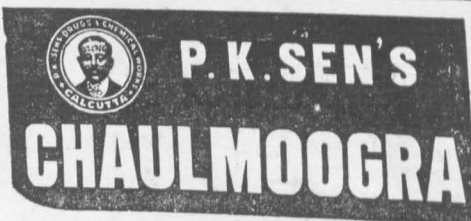
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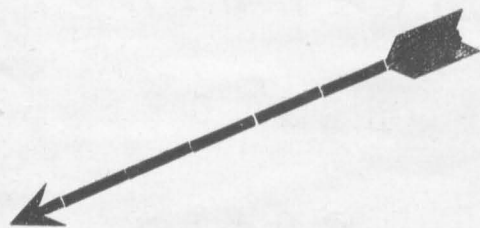
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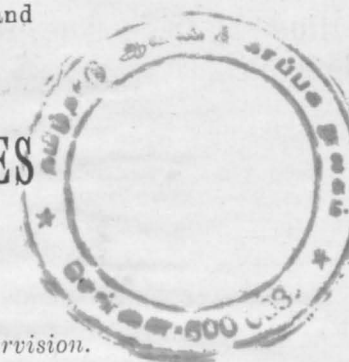
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