

SWATANTRA

Editor: KHASA SUBBA RAO

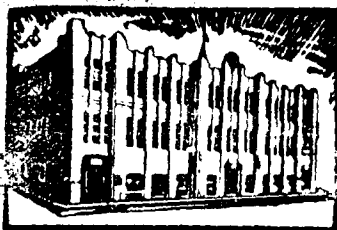
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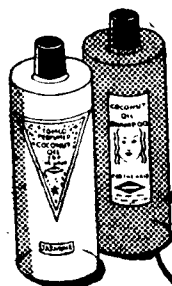
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SWATANTRA

VOL. V, NO. 1

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1950

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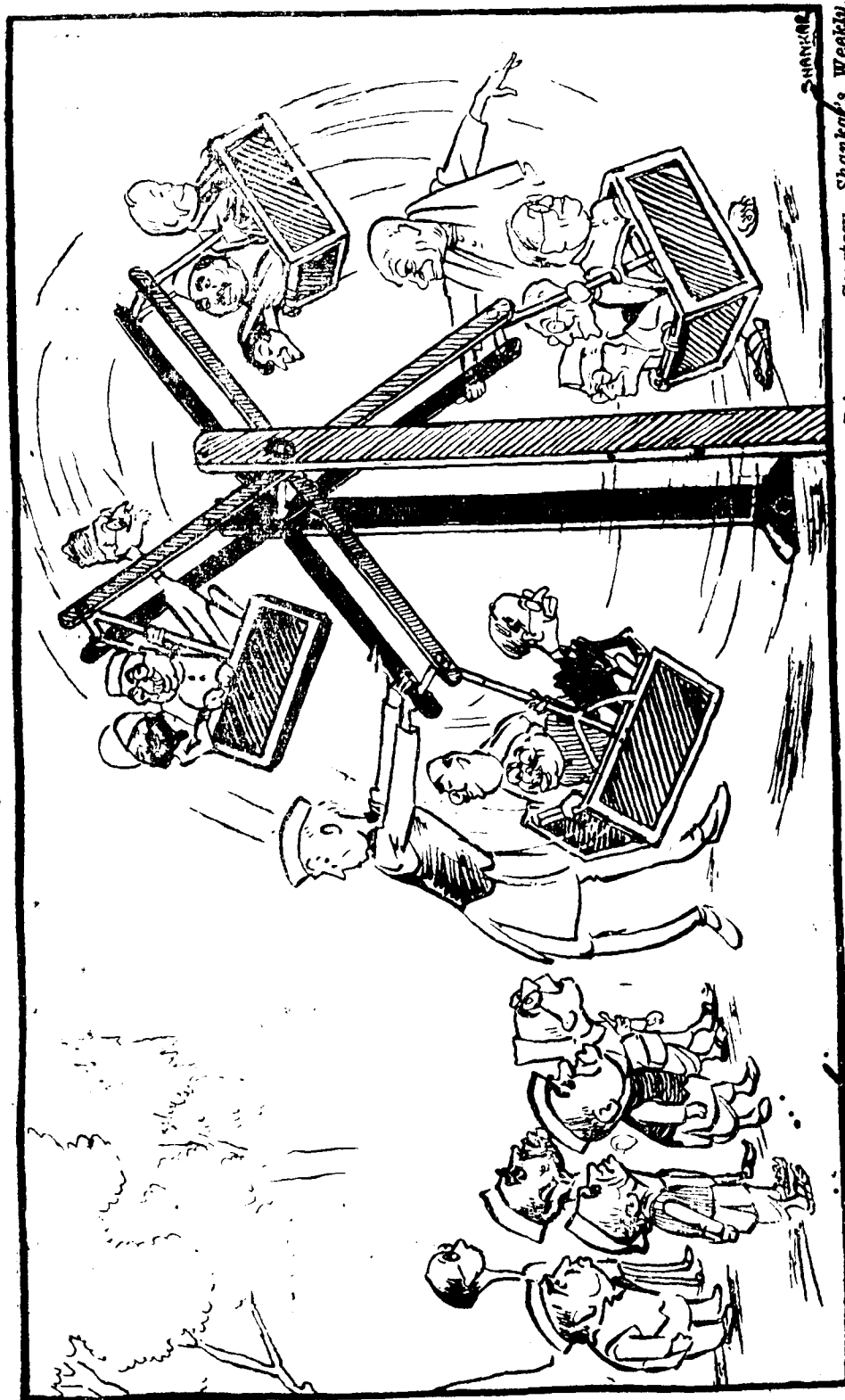
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SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 1

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

INDO-PAKISTAN IMPASSE

THE relations between our country and Pakistan have never been good. In 1948, the military forces of India and Pakistan were fighting against each other on the snowbound slopes of Kashmir. The persecution of the minority communities in Sind again led to mass exodus of population. Border raids on the Punjab frontiers were carried out to weaken the concentration of our forces in Kashmir. Confiscation of evacuee property and their disposal by the Sind Government were further gestures of hostility to India. Non-communal Nehru never lost his patience. He was entitled to hope that with the passing of time the partition sores would heal and their traces would disappear. He sought *ad hoc* solutions of the differences between the two nations by frequent conferences. Gopalaswami Ayyangar deputised for him many times. He had the qualities required of a man to transform acute differences into a happy composition. But all our efforts to achieve an understanding with Pakistan have failed.

The worsening of our relations has now taken a serious and rapid turn. If Nehru had not made the recent speech that he did on Indo-Pakistan relations, we would be entitled to say: here is another prototype of the man with the gamp. Appeasement like a tasty dish may take the keen edge off the appetite for the time being, but creates a craving for the repetitive enjoyment of the same dish.

The trouble with Pakistan is not even that they have some genuine claims on India but have so exaggerated them that we are unable to satisfy them. Agreement can be

reached on genuine claims in discussions between level-headed representatives of the nations or by the intervention of a third party. But Pakistan is fired with the ambition to create an Islamic empire over a vast tract of country where the entire population will be Muslims. The same kind of hunger that overtook Hitler—Labenstaum and purity of race—has also overtaken them. To add fuel to the fire, the diehards of England and the ultra-capitalists of America have come in. In their eyes, such a State inspired by religious fervour and stretching southwards from the sea of Marmara to the Yellow Sea will be able to keep communism within bounds.

We have two courses open to us:—one, to follow the Gandhian way and ask both the Hindus and Muslims of India to hold meetings and prayers together and make an appeal to the people of Pakistan to work for peace and cordiality. Whatever view of this the cynical modern mind may take, it will at least have the great value that it will be a demonstration that the Muslims and Hindus of India are one when it is a question of condemning an injustice to its people; two, to arm ourselves and be prepared not merely to defend ourselves but also to right the injustices done to those who not very long ago were our citizens. Whatever course we may choose to adopt, it is no longer wise to keep back from Indians the crimes that are being perpetrated in Pakistan against our former people. Here is the opportunity for the sagacious statesman to acquaint the people with the happenings in Pakistan and to canalise the

feelings of the people of India into appeals to the public opinion of the world. This again, is the Gandhian way. For it is more effective if every home and village voiced forth its protest against the misdeeds of

Pakistan than for a few of our anglicised representatives to enter caveats in the Assembly of the United Nations. The world can turn a deaf ear to the voice of a few but must perforce listen to the voice of the many.

Sotto Voce

Work and Play

REPLYING to the felicitations of the Government House staff President Rajendra Prasad is reported to have exhorted them "to limit their activities to their actual work." There is a *sutra*-like brevity about the report which teases thought. The very soul of courtesy, Rajen Babu could hardly have brought himself to imply that his audience needed to be reminded that the cobbler should stick to his last. It is just possible, on the other hand, that the new occupant of Viceroy's House thinks there are far too many men (and women) for the work to be done there. But the Prime Minister, who has authoritatively declared that India must not sentimentally hark back to Mahabharata Arcadianism, will not hear of any cheeseparing economies in Government House.

Amateur theatricals, fancy fetes, charity bazaars and other such pleasant interludes used to relieve the *tedium vitae* of the not too overworked employees on these gilded establishments in the days of the British Moghul. But if anybody had objected against such frivolities the frolickers might have truthfully protested that they were but keeping their hand in. It was all useful practice, a sort of dress rehearsal for the day-long pageant which their gubernatorial masters lived. A garden party at

Government House meant that two thousand lost sheep had to be shepherded in and out with all due decorum.

The poor Military Secretary and his myrmidons who toiled early and late for weeks beforehand to ensure that the *tamasha* ended in no contretemps—a favourite word with the old-time reporter—no doubt commiserated themselves on being more hard-worked than any navvy. And I have known whole sections of the Secretariat keeping vigil far into the night—despatch boxes flying, chuprasees dashing against each other in the cavernous passages, self-important superintendents shouting at the junior clerk and even the mice behind the file-racks quiescent in surprise—all because Her Excellency had at the last moment complicated the neatly worked out schedule by taking it into her head to visit a girls' school. No wonder that Diogenes in his tub was not a patch on some of these slaves of imperial grandeur.

Other times other manners. The first and last Indian Governor-General not only respected tradition but made it. He may have reduced balls and dinner parties to a minimum. But he set his hand to the plough and gave his staff friendly talks on edifying themes. If they set out to



emulate him and dug up their little garden allotments and held Gita classes, it could hardly be accounted to them a sin. The President, however, having first-hand knowledge of the bucolic life, probably prefers some other way of passing time. In that case his household staff may go back contentedly to tea-drinking and bridge.

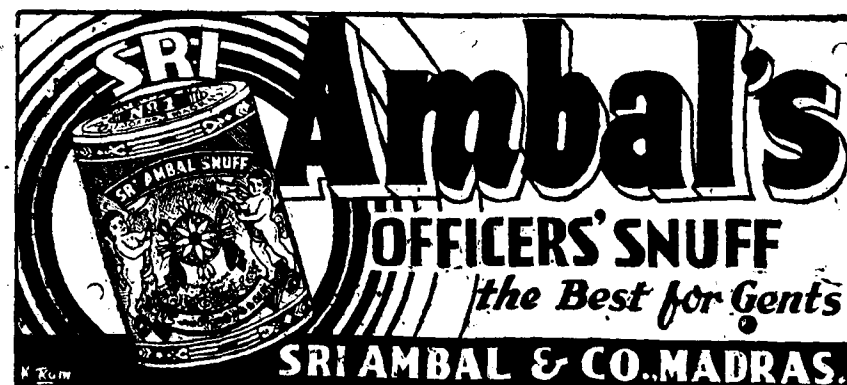
But the dichotomy of 'work' and 'activities' remains. There are some—politicians, for instance—who have activities in plenty but no work, in the trade union sense of the word. There are others who have work but no activities, none of the kind, that is, that you find chronicled in the newspapers and read about with varying degrees of envy by less fortunate folk. The politician would be shocked to find himself regarded as a drone and will quite truthfully maintain that he has not a minute to call his own. Which is just as well, for if he had he might indulge in the dangerous pastime of thinking.

No less demonstrably, are the world's workers—from kings to crossing sweepers—chockful of activities. If crowned heads spend sleepless nights over philately and uncrowned kings, like some we know, are prepared to barter their spiritual kingdom for a horse (to run at Ascot), the rick-

shaw puller forgets his woes in "Fifteen-Point," our Indian draughts, and the postman in his spare hours leads a bhajana. All activity, of course, is not so purposeless—or innocent. Those who look upon themselves as having a sacred mission to disturb the pathetic contentment of the masses may masquerade as mill workers in the interests of infiltration. But they have for the proletariat all of Maricha's contempt for the deer with whom he herded.

From the poet weaving magic patterns of delight to the clod who eats and sleeps and dilutes the species, humanity displays endless combinations of work and activity. But work is work and activity is activity. Much of the world's trouble arises from our incurably romantic inclination to kid ourselves into thinking that the one is the other. The gourmet revels in the chef's masterpiece. But that artist is probably more proud of his ability to scrape a fiddle. And that is as it should be, provided he does not scamp his cooking in the belief that he is another Paganini. One man's work may be another man's hobby. But so long as they both do not sing over what they do, all self forgot, we shall have a world at sixes and sevens with itself.

VIGNESWARA.



SIDELIGHTS :

There are papers which will never be sold—which would rather suffer extinction. And it is well that it should be so. The public has its rights. The paper which has grown up in a great community, nourished by its resources, reflecting in a thousand ways its spirit and its interests, in a real sense belongs to it. How else except in the permanence of that association can it fulfil its duty or repay the benefits and the confidence it has received?—

—C. P. SCOTT.

WITH this week's issue, SWATANTRA completes four years. Its main achievement is to have survived, mortality being so heavy in the ranks of Indian weeklies. As stated in the first issue of SWATANTRA, in democracy mass opinion rules, and the quality of the Government depends on the quality of mass opinion. It therefore becomes very important that popular opinion should be guided properly, and there is no machinery so apt for this purpose as a free press. Among the various sections of the press daily newspapers have the widest popular appeal as the appetite for news ranks in modern times next only to the appetite for food in universality. But except for one or two great dailies of national stature that are run in a spirit of public duty, there is not much evidence of freedom among the daily newspapers of the country. They are commercial institutions run primarily for profit. Their owners are commercial men. They represent an invasion of the precincts of the press by the power of wealth gleaned for the most part from the lucrative black market thrown up by the war. The commercial spirit of the adventurer to whom newspapers provide only a means of trade, is not conducive to the primary duty of guiding public opinion which in democracy is the most important of the duties of the press. What counts to him is property and not social welfare. In the midst of the din of chain newspapers it is the voice of property that is heard and not the cries of hunger or poverty. The poor

who run into millions have not the means to start and run daily newspapers. They must look to the weekly section of the press, comparatively less expensive and less difficult to start, to espouse their real interest against powerful elements seeking to utilise them commercially.

But weeklies, though easy to start, are not so easy to run. Income doesn't come to them from the advertisers in the abundant measure enjoyed by the dailies. Only the crumbs come their way. They lie out of the range of popular necessities, as the hunger for news is not satisfied by them in the same measure as the dailies. They are thrown back on all sorts of stunts to gain the circulation to attract the advertiser to secure the income to brighten the paper. Cross-word puzzles, pictures of succulent bare bodied women, astrological forecasts of the luck in store for you week after week, sex scandals and love recipes constitute the staple of the most widely read of the weeklies, the most sought after, the most flourishing. It is excitement that pays, and not guidance. The path of a weekly journal that seeks to guide opinion without descending to blandishments to pamper it, is a precarious one beset with many dangers.

The weight of many sorts of hard pressures, operates to squeeze weeklies with a responsible purpose out of existence. If they survive it is due to the emergence of a new public that has learnt to realise the immense public value of the weeklies. No ability can sustain a weekly in the absence of a discriminating public. The future of our democracy depends on the widening of intelligent circles of readers contributing with their support to the continuance of weeklies and other periodicals that seek to serve the people instead of exploiting them by glamourising their weakness and prejudices.—SAKA.

AN UNJUST GOD

By S. PARTHASARATHY

"It is quite sometime since we met," with these words, Swami Anu-nanda greeted us. I muttered an apologetic reply stating that the somewhat stringent petrol rationing prevented us from making more frequent visits. But Raman immediately admonished me, "Why don't you tell the truth?", and turning to the Swamiji, he said, "In Madras, January is usually a month packed with many attractions. And it is these that held us to Madras during the weekends." "I was not blaming you for the greater spacing between your visits," replied the Swamiji, and enquired, "How have you both been faring?" This innocuous and formal question, strangely enough, acted like a spark to a lot of ideas which Raman had evidently been compressing within his brain for sometime, and he exploded, "We are both alright. But what about Tirumalai? His life continues to be one full of upsets both big and small. Misfortune, I understand, everyone has to face sometime or other in his life. But why should it be his constant companion? Events which should normally yield him unadulterated joy get invariably marred by some untoward happening or other. The normal routine of his life gets punctuated by hitches occurring with clocklike regularity. Friends misunderstand him without his affording the least provocation. Even his wife and children, in their attitude towards him, oscillate between extremes of affection and indifference. One moment, he gains a small measure of success by his efforts, the next moment, the hand of Fate calls upon him to face at least a minor disaster. What we call 'Luck or good fortune,' never seems to favour him. He is a good man, a very good man; not merely in my opinion but in the opinion of nearly everyone, who comes into contact with him. He is generous to the poor and helpful to

others. He prays and meditates devotion. And even if he does come here often, he regularly secures the grace of a Mahatma at another Asram. But this good man suffers at the hands of Providence. Your God showers his blessings on the greedy, selfseeking and heartless men and ignores this man. People like you ask us to keep our faith firm in God and to act as behoves good men. For what purpose? Is it to afford God the pleasure of seeing us suffer and wither away? I advised Tirumalai to throw away all the pictures and images of God, to burn all the books that teach us to be good and to give up the mourning which he calls prayer and meditation. Success in this world comes only to those who do and dare, that is, to those who do things regardless of what is right and wrong, and to those who dare the consequences, but not to those who are held back by squeamish considerations."

I was acutely uncomfortable at hearing this heretical outburst of Raman and neither by my stern look nor by violent gestures I could restrain him. The Swamiji was however unperturbed and in an extraordinarily soothing voice, he asked him: "Did Tirumalai accept your advice?" "No," shouted Raman, "that fool does not know what is good for him. But he said this much, 'Go and tell your Swamiji what you have been telling me, and if he endorses your advice, I shall accept it.' 'I know you will not endorse my advice. Sitting here, you cannot appreciate our wasted sacrifices on the altar of virtue. This is going to be my last visit to the Asram. You certainly will not like me to come again when I have lost all faith in what you have been preaching. From today, I am going to be a very bad and wicked man. Let me get from the Asuras what the Gods will withhold from me.'"

The Swamiji said nothing. We talk-

ed about other matters. He took us for a walk round the hills and after we had finished our dinner and there was still time before retiring to sleep (for we had decided to spend the night in the Asram) he spoke to us: "In this life we inherit both good and evil from our past. This we call 'prarabhdha Karma.' When I say 'we inherit,' I mean we inherit it in the two parts of us, our mind and our body. We can eliminate the evil from our mind by our yoga but we cannot eliminate it from our body in a similar way. Ignorant people are surprised that yogins should be subjected to the diseases of the body, but it is true that prarabhdha karma, so far as it affects the body, cannot be eliminated by any yogin, however great. He must suffer in our eyes. He can mitigate the suffering considerably and he can even convert the suffering into joy, but this we do not choose to perceive. Should we blame God because he does not intervene to banish the torments of a diseased or decaying body, especially when the body is just a sheath, which must drop out like the ripe fruit from the tree? You say, wicked men flourish. I agree that some of them enjoy a great amount of material prosperity. It often looks as though the Goddess of Fortune had adopted them as her pets. The glamour of wealth about them obscures everything else. We assume that the man who by his wealth can easily satisfy his desires, is happy. But what we do not see are the mental agonies that he undergoes. Money, no doubt, acts like aspirin to kill sorrow for the time being, but the diseased mind begins to throb with pain again and again. He can camouflage his real nature by ostentatious acts of charity. He can make the Press and public men honour and acclaim him. But his is a losing battle against happiness. When, in the end, great disasters overtake him, we just shrug our shoulders, and say to each other, 'it was only to be expected from the way he was going though it took a long time coming.' When Fate took a hand in the case of Hitler and Mussolini, few of those who worshipped them remained to shed a tear. But when Mahatma Gandhi passed away,

in addition to those who worshipped him, the rest of the world came in to share the grief.

"In the case of good men like Tirumalai, even the slightest misfortune they suffer stands out before our eyes like a jarring misfit piece. For, we expect it not to happen to good people. Not only that, we even relate to them the misfortunes which do not concern them. Do we not commiserate with a yogin over the disasters overtaking the world? The Divine is not there to make all the people around good men happy by satisfying their desires so that the good men in turn may be happy. Nor is the Divine interested in so conditioning events around good men that they may be happy. The Divine is interested only in assisting good men to find all the happiness that exists within themselves.

"And as I said, the prarabhdha karma does not stand in the way of a man making his mind happy. But the external events and personalities that normally make us happy or unhappy are not the results of any karma but arise out of our conscious, or unconscious association with them in this life. Where is the other suffering apart from our bodily ones if we do not give them a place and value in our minds? The intensity of mental suffering depends upon the intensity of our attachment to the person or event from which it flows. The wicked man suffers a hundredfold more than good men like Tirumalai because his desires are a hundredfold greater. Your sympathy for Tirumalai is wasted, for Tirumalai suffers in a far less measure than what you estimate. He is happier than the wicked man because he practises disassociation with the events and personalities surrounding him and tries to remain as little affected as possible by the changes that take place there almost daily. He has the chance of retaining that happiness for ever while if he chooses to accept your advice he is sure to become transformed into a restless, unhappy soul."

"Pardon me, Swamiji," said Raman in a low voice. "I spoke without thought. I see the truth in what you have just said."

This Man

Orwell



By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

It is bad enough writing about a living man. But it is a far more difficult—I almost said painful—business to put a dead man in a balance. There are dead men and dead men and George Orwell now two weeks dead belongs definitely to the conjunctive category. Nothing is more certain than that this generation at least is going to find it difficult to forget him, however much it may wish to. The task of assigning George Orwell to a niche is rendered more difficult by the fact that whatever the points of praise or dispraise you raise, you are sure to be labelled in political terms. If you think 1984 his piece de resistance published last year is great and say so you are pro-capitalist democrat, whatever that is. If you think it is atrocious you are pro-communist or pro-leftist. You cannot argue the novel is wonderful without accepting the ideas it conveys as being at the same time wonderful. So it is quite probable George Orwell is never going to be judged for his literary merit, for those dozen little qualities which go to make a novelist or a novel great—style, power of narration, characterisation, the unities, the turn of phrase, the nuances of expression, the effectiveness of the right word. He will be judged for his ideas as he discusses them in his books. Are they good, great, wonderful? Or are they bad, undignified, indecent? Or are they useful, or necessary? Do they serve a purpose?

I think it is right to say no novel should be judged by itself. A look at previous achievement is necessary for a correct evaluation of a piece of writing, because each work marks a milestone in the development of the mind and heart of the writer.

It may be said that before 1945 when he sent to the press a mild satire called *The Animal Farm*, he was little known outside literary circles. He had written before that eight or nine books the circulation of which may almost be said to have been greater since the coming out of his last novel 1984 than before it. When *Animal Farm* appeared the critics sat up and took more notice. Five years before in the early days of the war, they had directed a reproving frown on a merciless indictment of the British government, the British ruling class, the British Party system, the British Intelligentsia—in fact of Britain as a whole contained in a slim volume by him called *The Lion and the Unicorn*. They had not liked it at all. At a time when all over Central Europe soldiers were being frantically exhorted to fight more and fight better and the nation was, by appropriate wholesome propaganda, being prodded into a frenzied admiration for Churchill and a blind unreasoning loyalty to *Rule Britannia* George Orwell struck a discordant note by affirming it as his conviction that the British being by tradition, instinct and preference haters of war, it was improbable that a politician

who promised military "glory" could ever be taken unto the hearts of the men of the Emerald Isle. He had said other things also. For instance that "with its present social structure England cannot survive," and that the English could not win the war without introducing Socialism or establish Socialism without winning the war. He described Britain's imperial policy as a mixture of "humbug and Utopianism." He analysed the elements which went to make up the British national life with a relentless determination to pierce British stolidity and complacency and spoke with an affectionate contempt of "their old-fashioned outlook, their graded snobberies, their mixture of bawdiness and hypocrisy, their extreme gentleness, their deeply moral attitude to life." He cracked that Hitler would at any rate go down in history as the man who made London town "laugh on the wrong side of its face". He said in effect that anybody with eyes to see and with two ideas in his head could have foreseen the second world war as early as 1931, that England had been warned but had not cared to heed the warning. It was all rather embarrassing to be told so because to a great extent it was true. The only sentiment which he expressed and for which the loyalists were prepared to overlook all the rude things he had said was his final expression of hope in the everlastingness of England as such. The Stock Exchange might be burned down, he said in grim accents of doom, the country houses might be turned into children's holiday camps, but England would still be England, "an everlasting animal stretching into the future and the past, and, like all living things, having the power to change out of recognition and yet remain the same."

The critics were glad enough to forget their disapproval when *Animal Farm* appeared. It was amusing, it was harmless and it was a hit against dictatorship. The tale is about a farm the management of which the animals take over after chasing the owner off the premises. It begins as a democratic commune, the chief of the seven commandments of their joint ownership being that "All animals are equal". But slowly and almost unobtrusively creeps in

oligarchy when government is confined to the hands of the "intelligentsia", the pigs. From that to the tyranny of Napoleon, the one pig which puts down all rivals and opposers by the simple expedient of killing them, is but a step. And at the end of the tale the ruling class who had at the outset sworn themselves enemies of all things that walked on two legs, themselves take to trotting on their hind paws and sitting at table and boozing themselves into a state of imbecility. The story carries a serious allegory but the grimness of it is lost in the telling. Perhaps that was why though it elicited good reviews all of which almost without exception mentioned Swift in the course of a nostalgic comparison, the book did not create much of a stir. In his next book (which proved to be his last) Orwell dwelt on the same theme as applied to the world of man, embellished with details, incidents and situations which the comparatively greater brain-power of the homosapien aided by the rapid advancement of science could have made possible, the whole narrative spun out of a horrible, fantastic imagination. It was only when Orwell stepped from the animal world into the world of Man, from the subtle and gentle satire to the blatant, roaring, obvious travesty of reality of the latter, that he was elevated from the position of a mere good writer to a sensational celebrity, almost a symbol, and three continents shouted themselves hoarse in voluble praise or violent denunciation.

Charles Poore, writing in the *New York Times*, relegates George Orwell to the "Obsessional school", that is, to put it crudely, people with bugs in their bonnets—who go scratch, scratch and often draw blood—a school of novelists which "writes remarkably well but on remarkably little matter." Orwell's obsessions are war, totalitarianism, imperialism, control of the Press and allied discomforts. 1984 is not mere satire. It is a hideous caricature of realism drawn by a pen which knew no restraint, only licences. There is no semblance in it of anything we would like to recognise as familiar; the men and women are dehydrated, hot dry remnants of a lost generation,

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the government is invisible, all-powerful, ubiquitous; there are no laws but the most innocent self-indulgence of keeping a diary may be judged as *lese-majesty* and is punishable by death; there is no conversation between people, only words of a monstrous dictionary cautiously handed to and fro over dirty tables across mugs of Victory Gin; there are no children, only precocious brutal little excrescences born out of test-tubes; in fact, it is the world as it will evolve if all the good now in it perished and all that was bad, evil, unhappy grew to enormous proportions—all of this raised to the power of *n*. It is a world with no traditions, bereft of a past, shorn of illusions, peopled by the insensate, without memories, a world sans soul moving grimly and inexorably towards disintegration.

It is the world of *Animal Farm* all over again. From the Leader Pig to Big Brother is an easy transition; the seven commandments of Animism are extended to the world of men as the meaningless yet pregnant Party slogans; the ever-watching mastiffs guarding Napoleon are changed into the unspeakable telescreens; Snowball the pig is the archetype of Emmanuel Goldstein, the Enemy of the People and the target of the Two Minutes Hate; the proles are just the "lower animals" humanized. The rest of the pattern is almost identical—the annihilation of the past, the cancellation of old policies, the abject confessions, the quiet disappearances, the fantastic production figures, the propaganda machines, the lack of trust, the celebrations of mythical victories, the poor food and the harshness and bareness of everyday life, all the phases rendered as much brutally impressive as science, progress, tyranny, helicopters, concrete and hygiene could make them.

It is significant that the book *1984* was received with enthusiasm by the Rightist—if I am still capable of understanding the meaning of that many-faced word—press and loudly booed by the Leftist critics. Mark Schorer has said that "it is probable that no other work of this generation has made us desire freedom more earnestly or loathe tyranny with such fulness." Another has advised his readers: "If you want a good

English book to read now, go to Orwell," adding that Orwell "has a fine, free swinging capacity for taking an idea that is pretty much a cliché and battering it into something that is pretty nearly a masterpiece." And Mr. P. H. Newby, in a broadcast over the B. B. C. last year said "the writing has such passionate conviction that the book is not so much satire as a singularly frightening prophecy." From the Left comes a veritable battery of abuse. "Confidence" says Samuel Sillen succinctly in *Masses and Mainstream*, "has given way to the nihilistic literature of the graveyard", pointing out that the response to the novel "is far more significant than the book itself; it demonstrates that Orwell's sickness is epidemic." The reason for this sharp difference of opinion is that it is generally supposed and said that the totalitarian state Orwell talks about in his book is Russia and the Party the Communist Party. It is not however as generally mentioned that some aspects of the Oceania he depicts bear a remarkable resemblance to the England of today. There is the same harshness and bareness, the ever-present smell of "boiled cabbage", the blunt razor blades, the saccarine, the stale bread, and the oily Victory gin. England had fought and won the war but Orwell had not changed much in relation to it. His affection for the fatherland was still tinged with contempt.

The question of whether a book like *1984* is necessary is difficult to answer. It is not easy to decide either whether George Orwell was a great political seer or just a man with a sick mind. He was ill in body, bedridden with the dreadful tuberculosis, unable to work off his restlessness of intellect, obsessed by an imagination as morbid and extravagant and outrageous as a boy's. Is it necessary? Is it necessary to chill the marrow, make the flesh creep, the hair stand on end, the teeth chatter, the blood run cold, to make the mind wake up and take notice? "Progress" says Oscar Wilde, "is the realisation of Utopias." Everyman needs the picture of the land he is able to see beyond the horizon with eyes other than those set on the two sides of his nose,

for him to make a better man of himself, but does he also need a picture of a horror-filled, anti-Utopia throbbing with evil and hate as an ever-present warning against what is to be avoided? I do not for a moment believe the writing of the book could have given George Orwell any feeling except a malicious satisfaction. He was most probably stung to writing it. In no other way could he express his anger and wrath against man's stupidity and blindness and power-seeking greed and selfishness. If they could not understand him if he just told them, well he would paint them a monstrous, absurd magnified picture of it. And so he sat down and wrote *1984*. To make people see, to make them understand where power would lead them, where control would lead them, how even democracy can be perverted. It is not against Russia alone. It is against all power politics. It is a warning of the way even democracy would go if the governing are greedy and power-mad and the governed are stupid. There is idealism behind it, a despair and an agony, a very laceration of soul. And a great anger. "Since about 1930," he had said earlier, "the world has given no reason for optimism whatever. Nothing is in sight, except a welter of lies, hatred, cruelty and ignorance and beyond our present troubles loom vaster ones." The darkness, as Orwell saw it, was not only at noon. It was at dawn and all day to day and for many tomorrows. Reading *1984* is like seeing disease germs, invisible to the naked eye, through a microscope. It revolts you, horrifies you but you begin to see the danger of them. One has to look at them through a microscope to see them unless one was remarkably intelligent and could diagnose one's own malady. Whether it makes us love freedom more or not, it makes us take our heads out of the sand and forces on us the realisation that it is neither pretty nor wise to play the ostrich any longer. It pitilessly strips political innocence of all its charm and most of its illusions.

But there seems to be something lacking, some want in George Orwell's equipment as a novelist. I believe emotionally he stopped growing in his middle teens. He could think deeply

and clearly but I doubt if he had ever laughed and wept with people much stroked the heads of dogs and children, stood on a shadowed pavement and pressed a hot young body to his or sat at a cafe table talking sweet incoherent nonsense to a pretty young thing or woke up on a rumpled bed with a glorious vacant head and memory-filled eyes. Had he ever sat beside a stream and fished or heard in the rat-tat of a woman's heels going down the alley the secret of the world's resurrection? Had he smiled at newlyweds, pitied old maids, ogled nude statues or wondered about God? Had he? Somerset Maugham had, Ernest Hemingway had, A. A. Milne had and it is as plain in their books as if they laid bare in them their private souls. But in Orwell there is a dryness, a lack of emotion, there is no sap in the marvellous oak he has created. It is gigantic, powerful, you can't miss it but of life-force there is none. I know it will at once be said the nature of the content of *1984* needed only such a treatment, that the agony behind it could be sustained only by that mode of expression. It is to a certain extent true but there is something more to it than that. His works, his earlier novels as well as his occasional essays, are curiously devoid of humour and warmth. *Burmese Days* which deals with the white-native question in Burma has even a florid romance in it, between Elizabeth and Flory. But it is immature, boyish, it touches the fringes of passion, but only the fringes. There is no further penetration. And his essays are not merely serious. They make you think of a page in a book crumbling to bits. He has written in defence of P. G. Wodehouse without once making the reader laugh in the course of it. To him Wodehouse typified merely "the silliness" of the 1920s and 1930s. He might not have been interested in emotional relationship, he might have been more concerned with content than with form, but these were to the detriment of the completeness of his novels. The love-affairs in his novels—less than half a dozen all in all—are pitiful, futile bits of make-believe. When two people meet in his books, Orwell feels uncomfortable. It was said of Trollope

that you could walk about in his books with your hat on. In Orwell's books, more especially in 1984, you can only sit on a doorstep shivering, naked, and look at your reflection in the dust and feel your tears dry up inside you. "Men can only be happy when they do not assume that the object of life is happiness." It explains everything about him.

How Orwell could have missed seeing that the hope for humanity lies in the heart of every living man, that it is inevitable that man individually and in collectivity should revolt against his destruction by anything less than God, beats me. Power can go only so far and no further. Greed can go only so far and no further. Government can go only so far and no further. If they do go further, help them God, men will stir out of their stupidity and blindness and rise in

one overwhelming, invincible mass and make the pendulum swing back. Of this great and fundamental truth Orwell did get an inkling, it seems, when Winston Smith, wrote in his diary that the effort for freedom must come from the proles. But the book, except for that one single sentence, leaves one feeling defeated, frustrated, without salvation. If Arthur Koestler is a "short-term pessimist" George Orwell's pessimism sticks out into eternity.

He had said years ago in an essay on *Wells, Hitler and the World State* that "in physical details (Wells') vision of the new world has been fulfilled to a surprising extent." Orwell's blue-print for a nightmare will I think for ever remain merely a blue-print. Unless, of course, all of us go stark, staring mad. Which seems unlikely, doesn't it?

The difficulty of solving the problem of war is due to its two-fold nature. On the one hand war is a zoological stage in the development of mankind; it is a sin and an evil. On the other hand wars have provided a way of escape from the humiliating prosiness of every day; they have lifted men up above the pettiness of life. War has provided men with the possibility of performing heroic feats; it has demanded from them courage, fortitude, sacrifice, loyalty and the refusal of safety. And yet again war has unbridled the very lowest instincts of man—cruelty, bloodthirstiness, violence, rapine, and the will to power. Heroism itself can be negative as well as positive. The seductive lure of military glory is anti-Christian in character. The demand for the deification of Caesars, generals, leaders, for the deification of anti-Christ is connected with war. This must be distinguished from the reverence paid to geniuses and saints. Two fates lie in wait for man, either war, violence, blood and heroism which merge into the seductive lie of majestic greatness, or pettiness, complacency, the enjoyment of life, and the power of money. Men and peoples oscillate between these two conditions and with difficulty attain a third and higher state.

—The Divine and the Human—Nicolas Berdyaev.

WHERE IS

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS?

By POTHAN JOSEPH

TOWARDS the close of the Constituent Assembly, Mr. Deshbandhu Gupta, President of the Indian and Eastern Newspaper Society, made a gallant effort to enlarge the liberty of the press so as to disentangle it from the lordly dictum that newspapers have no more rights than individuals whereas it should be open to defend what is called defamation on the ground of public interest; motive being clear, there should be a code of immunities for the ruthless demand that public life should conform to pure standards in a democracy. If what is said in the House is not actionable, why should not the press be conferred a privilege of safety while addressing a wider audience in print? Mr. Deshbandhu Gupta failed in his effort. Next, a belated attempt was made on behalf of proprietors to protect advertisement revenue from taxation by the provinces, the ironic answer of the Centre being a decision that the Centre should be free to appropriate that source of revenue originally discovered through provincial diligence. The status of the press and the scope of freedom remain as before.

Still we hear of the muzzling of the press. My main plea is that once a court of law exonerates me from a charge levelled by the administration, my tormentor, namely, the Executive should not be mean enough to override the verdict and harass me on the ground of "emergency." We are, I fear, not yet seasoned enough to be good losers and we strive to the utmost to win, irrespective of the rules of the game and regardless of conventions which constitute the salt of democracy. The story of curtailed rights in the Indian press is however

an exaggeration if we compare them with modern practices in other countries. I base the contention upon the survey made by the Associated Press of America of the conditions of censorship and news-throttling in other countries to indicate that the press in Republican India is not under harrowing restrictions. I cannot help culling some facts bodily from the report.

Cables reaching the United States from the following countries are subject to censorship: Burma, Egypt, Indo-China, Israel, Iran, the Soviet Union. Messages from the following countries are subject to irregular or informal censorship: the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua. Various other countries have restrictions that amount to a kind of censorship. Communist China admits no United States correspondents. Restrictions in other countries include control or the threat of control over the domestic press and sources of news: threats to expel or imprison correspondents; delay in admitting foreign correspondents. The areas where one or more of these conditions exist, or have existed in the recent past, include: Argentina, Bulgaria, Colombia, Czechoslovakia, Eastern Germany, Hungary, Peru, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Spain, Venezuela, Yugoslavia. Other Latin-American and Middle-Eastern countries impose censorship from time to time, in connection with changes in government or threatened revolts. Vast freedom is granted to the press and foreign correspondents in the United States, France, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Italy and most of the British Commonwealth. Censorship has been relaxed slightly in Greece.

There are no restrictions on outgoing copy, but the domestic press still is under the eye of the Government. In Germany, few restrictions are imposed by the Western occupation powers. Papers in Eastern Germany, Russian-controlled, generally are restricted to the use of Russian-backed news agencies. Spain's newspaper men consider themselves virtually in the class of civil servants. Foreign correspondents are held accountable for any "false" news they send from Spain. Portugal's press is under the screw of the Salazar Government. In Yugoslavia, the press is Government-controlled. Foreign correspondents are hampered chiefly by lack of news sources.

In the Soviet Union, censorship has grown more severe during the last six months. Even the state of the weather may come under the censor's blue pencil, as the weather is considered a State secret. Western correspondents in Moscow find it impossible to send out news unfavourable to the Stalin regime, unless such news happens to have been printed as part of a programme of self-criticism. Poland issued a decree in October providing prison terms for any persons "divulging information which in the interests of people's Poland should be kept secret." The decree's broad provisions can be construed in any way the Government desires. Czechoslovakia expelled four Western press representatives this month, cutting in two the number of Western representatives in Prague. The Government accused the expelled press representatives of writing "unobjective" news. No opposition press has existed in Czechoslovakia since February 1948. Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania keep a close check on foreign correspondents by carefully screening applicants for visas.

The Communist regime of China has restricted news coverage to reporters from countries recognizing it, and has given no indication of welcoming even those. All foreign correspondents in Nanking were ordered in September to cease filing; later, the order was extended to correspondents in Shanghai. Japan has no censorship on foreign correspondents, and occupation authorities exercise only a censorship after pub-

lication of newspaper and books. Indo-China has an unofficial censorship that the French Government refuses to acknowledge. In Burma censors have tried to restrict foreign correspondents to news officially released by the Government. The domestic press has come under new controls. The new Constitution of the United States of Indonesia guarantees freedom of the press, but the nation is under martial law. Nothing has arisen so far to test the Government's tolerance.

The censorship in Egypt has been one of the severest. Nothing considered detrimental to Egypt is passed. Several United States State Department statements on the Middle East have been stopped by the censors monitoring incoming news. Foreign correspondents often are prevented from quoting Egyptian newspapers in dispatches, even though the newspapers circulate outside Egypt. Censorship continues strict in Iran. It has ended in Syria and while still existing in Lebanon, transmission of news stories is rarely stopped. Censorship continues in Israel. It started during the Palestine war and is described by the Government as one of military security. In practice, it goes into the field of "national security" on some non-military matters such as speculation on Government finances. In British-controlled Cyprus, the editor of a nationalist newspaper was ordered to be deported for having written an anti-British editorial. British occupation authorities in Eritrea warned editors against attacking the Government. Foreign correspondents were warned against sending stories that could be considered hostile to the British administration.

In South Africa, the Malan Government is going to hold an enquiry into the working of the press. In November, a South African Government official told foreign correspondents in effect that their reports would be censored if they were unfavourable. The Minister of Posts and Telegraph said: "Those people who send reports to newspapers overseas slandering South Africa.... must not expect of me that all their reports will reach their destination."

The Inter-American Press Congress,

meeting at Quito, Ecuador, in July received a report that freedom of the press was limited in many Latin-American countries. The report dealt at length with the position of the Argentine press because of the influence the newspapers there have had in the Spanish-speaking world. It noted "specific cases of police censorship and postal hindrances" in Argentina and observed that independent newspapers there "have endured during the last ten years various difficulties, pressures and even violence."

Several things have happened in Argentina since that report was made. A few newspapers were forced to close; in some cases for alleged violations of municipal health rules; in others because the supply of news-

print was frozen by a Congressional committee. All newspapers are under indirect pressure through the Government's control of newsprint imports. A new "law of disrespect" has made it risky for the press to carry news that might be considered disrespectful to President Peron and others in the Government.

It is all very well for Lord Pethick-Lawrence to say that the peace of the world is in the hands of the press, but looking at the system of controls and restrictions throughout the world, where have we a chance of being sure of the truth? Taken all in all, the Indian press can't complain that it is under the heel of officialdom and that truth is suffering under an impenetrable black-out.

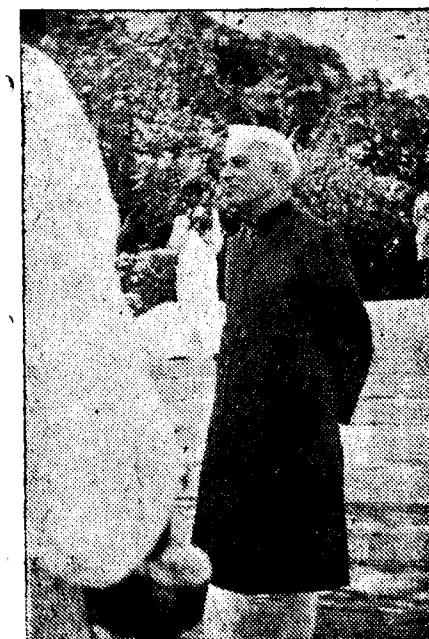
THE COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE IN RETROSPECT

By V. SUBRAMANYAN

IT was on the second day of the conference, that some very important discussions took place; discussions whose repercussions, are still being only slowly revealed. The subject of communist China was taken up early on the second day, and almost all delegates are known to have spoken. What exactly happened inside the Conference room no correspondent can say with any certainty, even those who claim to have what are known in the journalist jargon as "good contacts." These contacts through which sometimes information trickles out to the ears of the vigilant correspondent are sometimes strangely deceptive. Delegates, and ministers have their human failings, and say things, which might lead a nosy newsman astray. At least in one case in Ceylon and in another case in India, news of certain discussions was published before they actually took place! But there are certain trends in news, which are more illustrative of truth than facts themselves, and as later facts come to light, they do find often surprising confirmation.

The discussion on Red China, it

would now appear, was more than merely mild, to use a piece of understatement. Four of the dominions had



Pandit Nehru at Colombo



Mr. Bevin chatting with other delegates.

recognized China and four had not. The latter group, led mainly by Australia and Canada, would seem to have said something fairly provocative about the former group. Then it seems Pandit Nehru in a most cogent and passionate speech, explained the reasons, almost compelling, for recognition. It would then appear that tempers tended to become shorter and shorter, a condition which was eased somewhat by a clever speech of Rajapakse, Ceylon's Minister of Justice. Then both sides agreed to disagree.

That in main was the tale pieced together by many correspondents with the help of various pieces of information, then available. It is now amply clear from later developments that the above story is essentially true.

The recent speech of Spender, Australian Foreign Minister, shows clearly how exasperatingly provocative he could be on the point. In fact Spender exhibited an uncanny knack of exasperating eloquence, even in some of his replies to press men as well as in the last open session of the Conference. He said to Bevin in a sly tone that he could not say he wished him well, referring of course

to the coming elections. The sarcasm he has splashed forth now from Sydney about Red China, asking countries which recognized her to send missions to discuss the matter, is something which reminds one of Vyshinsky and Hector McNeill. I wonder how it could have been possible for such a prince of propensity to say anything far different inside the Conference room. That he said it, is even clearer from many observations which Australian pressmen closest to him, let fall, in a talk with me.

Then again the almost indecent haste with which Nehru left the conference room on that day was a bit significant. It is true that he footed the distance from Queen's house to Senate buildings on subsequent days but it looked as if he was trying to do it as a matter of duty, just to make his exit on the second day, appear natural. Then again, it is indeed a fantastic imagination, which could picture Panditji sitting tongue-tied in the presence of Spenderian splashes of sarcasm. And who does not know the views of Panditji on recognition of Red China?

Then again, the speech of Raja-



Delegates to the conference.

pakse, Ceylon's Finance Minister. To my array of questions on the subject, Doidge, Foreign Minister of New Zealand, gave out only one answer. He, very significantly referred to the speech of Rajapakse, as being the highlight of the day's session. Senanayake, the Chairman of the Conference, who was nearby, agreed with it, with an evident feeling of pride. When I innocently put a supplementary question, in an involved way, asking about the nature of the speech, Senanayake smiled slyly, and told me that he was too old a man to be caught by such a trick. It is now clear that Rajapakse's speech was a conciliatory, and analytical speech. Where was the need of it, if there was a free and frank exchange of views, as the press communique says it?

Then again, I for one cannot understand Panditji, of all men, saying that there was no vehemence. When he really ought to be proud of

it, if he had vehemently defended what was just and realistic, why should he follow the beaten track of other white collared statesmen, saying that all inside the Conference room was a feast of love? Such a way stating things sits ill on the frank Panditji. Even when he tries to hide a thing or two, it juts out of him for miles.

That Nehru's speech had a profound effect on the Conference, can be easily observed from later developments. That it was a splash of idealistic realism on the dreamy blimpish realism of some other delegates, may be an exaggeration. But the attitude of New Zealand and South Africa would seem to have been considerably modified, and even Canada would seem to have been affected. It is too early to predict what this might lead to... But recognition of Red China might be speeded up, if only Mao's Government does nothing more provocative.

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THE PROBABILITY OF ANOTHER WAR

By H. H. ARNOLD

Former Commanding General, U. S. Army Air Forces.

A man must be very brave or a bit "goofy" to write on such a subject as "The Probability of Another War". But with two wars in back of me, I am willing to throw in my two bits' worth. My first thought is that of the death-dealing and destructive capabilities of modern war implements available to mankind, which should make us all shudder at the very thought of another war.

To be realistic, let us go back into history for some facts. Look at our Spanish-American War, for example. Spain was treating the Cubans horribly. The Spanish governors were tyrants. But, even so, was that war really necessary? Could it have been averted? Was there not a planned build-up of feeling and sentiment against the Spaniards within our country?

Let us take World War I as another example. For several years before it started, England, France and Russia, aligned against Germany, Austria and Italy, all accepted the idea that war was inevitable. It was openly talked of; manoeuvres were held along the lines that would be followed in actual combat; and travellers met nationals of these countries who acted as if they could hardly wait until the opening of hostilities. Millions of people in Europe seemed to be more or less pleased to give their armies and navies an opportunity to show their strength. Both sides were sure they would win that war.

With all the nations of Europe definitely aligned, armed to the teeth, eagerly awaiting the starting bell to ring, was that war preventable? How can such wars be prevented?

Now, let us take a look at World War II. As early as 1907 everyone in the Philippines was talking about the time when Japan would attack the islands. The talk became so serious that Teddy Roosevelt sent the

American fleet around the world as a peace-maker. Everything quieted down for a while thereafter, but we knew that after 1917 the Japanese were employing every means possible to prepare for their advance across the Pacific.

When Japan went into Mongolia and China the U. S. A. made no bones about giving her aid. We even created stockpiles of war materials for her that she would use later on with which to take a whack at us. This we did by selling gasoline, oil, scrap metal and other war materials to Japan. Our thinking people knew there could be but one ultimate answer; Japan would finally take over such Pacific Islands as she wanted.

Now the question that arises is: Did we sell Japan those war materials because we wanted dollars more than we wanted peace? We received the dollars all right, but each day that passed we built up the prestige of the Japanese and increased her military strength until she felt strong enough to lick the United States. We didn't have to sell her those war materials.

Let's take a look at Hitler, a fanatic, but a very well-informed one. He understood people, and capitalized upon his knowledge of the psychology of the masses. It did not take long for him to have most of the people of Germany believing they were a superior race. His rabble-rousing speeches convinced his audiences they could conquer the world. He studied his antagonists and knew they would do anything short of war to try to stop him. Hence, until he was ready for war, at a time of his choosing, he took what he could get without fighting.

Could this war have been prevented? In my opinion, it might have been, for there was a period when Hitler's strength lay in his ability to bluff, his knowledge of the weakness of his adversaries, and his ability to

throw out propaganda to confuse everyone as to the strength of his Army and Air Force. There was a time when two, and certainly not more than three, divisions of French or French and British troops might have gone into Munich, and captured Hitler and his whole staff of fanatics, and thrown the bunch into the calaboose with the loss of but very few men.

Wars just don't "start". There is usually a build-up of months, or, maybe, years, behind them. One individual, or group of individuals, may sow the seed for a war; but, in the end it must have the support of millions. Compromise has never stopped a war yet. Since the Spanish-American War, the United States has had to be almost dragged into every war we have fought.

Where are we today? Well, in my opinion, we are just at the threshold of a period when Russia is spreading her ideals and doctrines. She is making long-range plans to take advantage of the weaknesses of the democratic nations. She will follow the pattern, and will continue to grab while the grabbing is good, and will loosen up a bit only when the going gets too tough. A long "cold war" is right down her alley.

In the meantime, the "cold war" is costing the United States billions of dollars, and other democratic nations billions also. On the other hand, this policy costs Russia only slave labour and man hours. Perhaps she is waiting for a financially embarrassed United States as her signal for D-Day.

Meanwhile, she is strengthening her armed forces. It was recently noted by most military men that Russia had organized a militarized police force of Germans for Eastern Germany. Its size, about 40,000 will soon be raised to 60,000. The 60,000 may later become 600,000, and part of a Russian invasion force.

In the two former World Wars we had to rely upon the determined stand of our Allies to permit us to build up our armed strength and productive capacity. Now we no longer have to stand by and wait. Our Strategic Air Force can get into the fight immediately the bell rings.

The equipment we are sending, and will send, abroad to the Western European nations will be of inestimable value to them in meeting any enemy onslaught.

The distance of the United States from Europe does not impose an impassable barrier for airplanes crossing to devastate and destroy industrial or other centres. The cushion built up by the Western European powers can give us time to get better organized and start rolling. However, in my opinion, that has little to do with the probability of another war.

Can the United Nations stop a determined dictator from starting another war? Acknowledging the fact that, after due season, the U. N. did succeed in stopping the wars in Palestine and the Dutch East Indies, are they so organized that they can stop a World War? The fact that the U. N. procedures permit the veto power makes this very problematical in my mind.

We cannot do the things—break the pacts, ignore agreements—that dictators can. We found that out (or we should have found it out) in our dealings with the Japanese, with Hitler, and then, with Russia. No, the future war is not in our hands. We do not want any part of another war; but neither did we want to participate in World Wars I and II. World conditions and the acts of aggressors made it impossible for us to stay out.

I, personally, do not believe there will be another war for some years, and, perhaps, not then, if we, the democracies, can show that we have strength and proper balance in our armed forces; if we are firm in our dealings with would-be war-makers; if we make a point of studying the aims and ambitions of dictator-controlled nations; and if we are realistic in our evaluation of what we find out.

In the past we have done far too much wishful thinking, and it has not helped. Right now there are many Americans who are still doing a lot of wishful thinking about Russia. Let us hope that such dreaming does not become so universal that we will drop our guard.

Sarojini Naidu

By KUSUM NAIR

IT is almost a year now since the nightingale of India stopped singing. She was like a whiff of scented romance, an inspiration in an otherwise mundane world of hard-boiled politicians. Her poetry and wit, her personality was one of the happiest factors in the Indian National Congress, and in fact in the whole country. India produced one Sarojini Naidu. There could never be another.

Born in a family of extraordinary talent and to some extent eccentricity Sarojini had to overcome several handicaps inevitable under the circumstances. The very first perhaps was the date of her birth. To be born on the 13th was in itself a challenge which she successfully met. Lesser wills might have succumbed to the sheer superstition of bad luck usually associated with that number.

In brilliance and charm as also in the variety of faces that her character and accomplishments displayed, it would be difficult to think of a single other contemporary who could compare with Sarojini. She was by no means beautiful. At the age of 60, considered objectively and coldly, she was on the contrary an ugly woman—fat and dark with features it would be difficult to imagine could ever be pretty. Yet the moment you looked at that figure and face with the life behind it, it suddenly transformed into a liquid charm, brilliance touched with extraordinary impishness and yet simplicity of white homespun itself. It somehow completely swept you off your feet and although you felt impulsively humble in its presence it was the humanity of love and admiration.

Every one admired and loved Sarojini or 'Akka' as she was popularly known, including Mr. Jinnah. Perhaps the secret of the charm lay in the fact that no matter what she did or said it was with the whole of her

thrown in. Politics was not nearly enough to absorb her entire energy and time, even though she rose to the pinnacle in that line. She was one of the only two women to be made President of the Indian National Congress. At one time in 1932 she was directing the entire civil disobedience movement.

It must have been an absolute treat for all concerned, including the jailors to have Sarojini in as His Majesty's guest. Once the police were afraid to arrest her. So she went from one police station to another asking them to take her in. Ultimately when they did obey her they did not know what to do. She duly instructed them and they duly obeyed, awestruck as most mortals who did not know her used to be in her presence.

When freedom came, Sarojini was made Governor of the United Provinces and never was a wiser choice made. 'Akka' was cut for governorship, to preside in the Durbar of a Government House. Anyone and everyone who met Her Excellency in Lucknow will remember the experience for a life-time. In other provinces, the Government Houses transformed the new freedom Governors. Sarojini transformed the Government House. From a castle of awesome exclusiveness and formality, it became a court of wit and culture, to which the humblest could go.

Long before Sarojini was made a real Governor, it was her habit to hold court every day wherever she was. Not that she did anything about it. It just happened. Starting from morning, at times before breakfast, visitors would start dropping in. By 10 a.m. or so, there would be a crowd of young and old, men and women, rich and poor, all seated around 'Akka' talking. The conglomeration would consist of politicians from all parties; poets, real and aspir-

true and in the making; and daughters of friends aintances and then just Sarojini would know the each in detail, the names of children in the family and about the illness of the distant aunt and the love affair of the grown-up girl. She would make inquiries about them with the concern of a mother and then give her own remarks and advice if the situation so required. She would talk to the interest of each one present and the conversation would be sprinkled with priceless anecdotes. Perhaps it would be correct to say that Sarojini had the largest collection of anecdotes in this country and few could relate them with the wit, humour and sense of aptness which she did. She must have had a remarkable memory to have stored so many stories of such varied interest. Considering her own standard of intelligence and position, it was amazing how conversation in 'Akka's' court never became superficial or highbrow. In fact even if the pseudo intellectuals tried to be impressive by talking tall, Sarojini would pull them down with a bang. Her level was always of the running brook with all its transparent, cool freshness and earthy proximity rather than vaguely of the clouds.

Apart from her conversational charm, 'Akka' also knew that each one of her visitors liked best to eat. Herself she was extremely fond of eating good food. Whenever she stayed in Delhi, it would be at the vegetarian house of Sir Sri Ram. But her friends saw to it that 'Akka' was well stocked with tasty meat dishes like 'kabobs' and 'Kurmas'. These she would joyfully offer to such of her visitors she knew would enjoy them. Her hospitality was very sincere and touching. As Governor, she would personally see to the menu of her guests, remembering exactly what each would like and giving detailed instructions to the steward to make sure that the meal would be correct to the detail of the hard-boiled egg and the dressing of the salad.

Born in 1897 in Hyderabad, Deccan, Sarojini came from a distinguished Bengali family. Her father was very learned and a Doctor of Science. Her mother was a gifted poetess. Sarojini

herself started writing poetry at the age of twelve and attained wide distinction and recognition. Perhaps, had she devoted herself only to the pursuit of letters, she could have been another Tagore of India. Equal to her other arts and accomplishments and at times the most outstandingly impressive was 'Akka's' art of public speaking. Terrific is the only word to describe her outpourings from the rostrum. When in 1925 she was elected President of the Indian National Congress, she worked for days on her inaugural speech. But when the time came, she spoke something entirely different quite extemporaneously. Once she was asked to broadcast from Delhi. The Station Director made the awful mistake of asking her for her copy. "Have you ever known me write a copy of what I am going to say?" was her indignant retort. Probably she is the only one who had the distinction of broadcasting in India extempore.

I heard Sarojini speak on many occasions. On most she would brush aside the microphone and the huge pandal would reverberate to the deep resounding music of her own natural voice. But the most impressive speech perhaps of all when she seemed to rise miles in height above the rostrum was on the occasion of the Asian Relations Conference in New Delhi in 1947. Very appropriately Sarojini was voted to the chair. The speech she made then, again absolutely extemporaneously, was really a memorable experience which shook even her. Weak in health, 'Akka' nearly collapsed after the effort but she was touched both with the honour of having been made President and with her own performance as a young girl would be at her first success. Sarojini was one of the last of the old school of orators, of the class of Srinivasa Sastri and Annie Besant. Of that generation and class of speakers, perhaps only Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan survives today.

But whatever we may say or write in praise of 'Akka', it would be impossible to depict the whole of her. Much less will it be possible to imprison her dynamic personality in a short article as this. Nothing could imprison her anyhow and it is with a bitter pang that one misses her gay

laughter and mischievous chuckle. Sarojini's death was a national loss, for she did really contain in her all that one could wish any Indian to possess. To all who knew her, it was more than a personal loss. I have yet to meet a single acquaintance of hers who did not love her.

Sarojini's whole life was a gay one full of people and friends whom she infected with her own *joie de vivre*. Yet she died almost in solitude with only the nurse singing the last song to her. It so happened that the Begum Azad wing of the Kamala

Nehru hospital was to be opened at Allahabad on the next day. Mrs. Naidu insisted that her daughter and even most of the Government House staff go to Allahabad for the ceremony. Only a solitary nurse remained to keep her company and bid farewell on her last journey. With her death we lost one of the greatest Indians of whom India will always remain proud. That she was a woman and remained essentially one of the most charming of the land's women adds to that greatness many times over.

CHINESE COMMUNISTS AND SOUTHEAST ASIA—II

By ANDREW ROTH

IN November occurred a conference of great import in the development of Communist China's relations with South-east Asia. At that time the Asian labour federations affiliated to the Communist-dominated World Federation of Trade Unions gathered in Peking. This meeting, held in the capital of the newly-established People's Republic, resulted in the establishment of a permanent secretariat to co-ordinate the activities of the Communist-led labour unions of Asia. This further underlined Peking's new role as the focus of revolutionary activity in Asia.

It is noteworthy that the meeting was keynoted by Liu Shao-chi, chief theoretician of the Chinese Communist Party and Vice-President of the Peking Government. Although little known in the outside world, informed observers consider him the leader of the most militant wing of the Communist Politburo. In his speech to the November conference he emphasized that "armed struggle" by Chinese-style "national liberation armies" is essential to the achievement of "national independence and people's democracy" in many South Asian countries.

The crucial question is how far this speech was intended merely to lay down a line for the guidance of South Asian Communists and how far the Chinese Communists will help them to carry it out. British and American official observers disagree on this sub-

ject. British experts feel that the Chinese Communists, while ready to seize any cheap opportunity to fish in troubled waters, will restrict themselves largely to political agitation. Some American experts want to take measures against armed infiltration as well.

All observers are in agreement that Chinese Communist activities will be overwhelmingly influenced by the tremendous problems they face in consolidating their position at home. Tibet is still out of their grasp and it will be months before they can mount an attack across Formosa Strait. China has not been completely unified for a century and it will probably take years to solve vital administrative problems. Its economy has been drained and twisted by a dozen years of infinitely destructive civil and international wars. Just to heal the wounds will take years, much less the erection of a modern industrial State which the Communists have promised.

These internal problems constitute an obstacle to foreign adventures but not an insuperable barrier. The Bolsheviks, for example, were much more prone to European adventures during the 1918-1923 period when they were internally weak than in the '30s when they were much stronger. However, during the earlier period the Bolsheviks were operating partly on the assumption that a Communist Russia could not stand alone. Com-

munist China has the security of knowing that it is not alone.

There is, of course, no doubt as to the long-range intentions of the Chinese Communists. They are revolutionaries who feel that they have the proper prescription for the ills of the masses of Asia. They have openly called upon the people of South Asia to follow their example and have promised them help. On the other hand, they have tagged non-Marxist nationalists such as Soekarno, Thakin Nu and Pandit Nehru as the "feeble-minded bourgeoisie of South Asia" and "collaborators with imperialism." They are even more bitter than they might otherwise have been because for them the "cold war" has been very hot indeed. They have been at the receiving end of American-supplied bombs and bullets for so long that they tend to consider anyone who is not actively anti-American as an "American stooge" and therefore virtually an enemy.

How far the Chinese Communists will go to aid armed struggle against the Anglo-Americans and their allies in South Asia depends in large part on their estimate of the chances of war. If they think World War III is imminent they will undoubtedly embark on an open campaign—including military infiltration—to deny South-east Asia's resources to the Anglo-Americans. But this seems increasingly remote as the "cold war" gradually shifts into a "cold truce."

The already-suspicious Communists may be stimulated into intervention in South Asia if they become convinced that the U. S. is planning active military intervention to prepare bases against them. American conservatives and a section of the U. S. military leadership has been calling for active U. S. intervention not only to preserve Kuomintang rule in the Chinese territories of Formosa and Hainan but also to give "Greek-style" aid to Burma, Siam and the French-protected regime in Indo-China. Peking would probably consider such "imperialist aggression" to be more than enough justification for open help to the local Communists' "national liberation armies" in those countries.

If the U. S. does not become very openly interventionist on Communist

China's fringes a number of factors may make Peking act cautiously. The new Government has both a rice and a petroleum deficit which have an unsettling effect on Shanghai and South-east China. Readily available sources of supply for both these products are controlled by the Governments of South-east Asia and therefore Peking may act cautiously to secure recognition and the supply of these economic necessities.

The Chinese Communists are also anxious for recognition because they want to establish open contact with the overseas Chinese communities. They wish both to prevent the Kuomintang from establishing bases for "counter-revolutionary activities" and also to recruit trained people to return and help rehabilitate China.

Actually a moderate policy will probably be more effective than a militant one. The Chinese Communists would probably be able to manipulate the Chinese communities and the native Communists with increasing effectiveness. But the Chinese minorities, which usually control the internal commerce of these South-east Asian countries, are regarded with suspicion, mistrust and even hatred by the majorities. Similarly, the indigenous Communists have, in Burma, Malaya and Indonesia, come to be regarded with mistrust because their 1948 insurrections seemed more a produce of international inspiration than of indigenous pressures. If the Chinese and Communist minorities undertake to act as Communist China's "fifth column"—as distinct from an indigenous movement smiled upon by the Chinese Communists—the full force of South-east Asia's nationalism will be concentrated against them.

Although richer than China in natural resources, the newly-established States of South-east Asia are also industrially backward, troubled by agrarian unrest and heavily dependent economically on the West. If the Chinese Communists are able rapidly to overcome their economic backwardness and build a modern and independent State, the ripples from Peking may well engulf South-east Asia.

ON QUOTING Scripture

By S. K. CHETTUR, I.C.S.

FROM childhood, I have been an ardent admirer of the Bible and some of the stories in the Old Testament used to fascinate me greatly. I was always intrigued in the book of Genesis by the wonderful account of the way in which the earth was created by God in six days. "And on the seventh day he rested." I thought it was a mighty fine idea and have believed in resting on the seventh day myself, even though I may not have created as much as the Creator in the previous six days.

When I think of the popular enthusiasm for unremitting toil in work shops and factories, I am always tempted to exclaim with Jesus: "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that not even Solomon in all his glory was ever arrayed like one of these." If I were confident that I was as beautiful as the lily of the valley, I too would not bother to toil or to spin, but I would capitalise the fortune that is in my face and go to Hollywood.

The real reason why the Bible has been so frequently relied upon as a source for quotation is the wealth of wisdom and abundance of poetic imagery that is to be found in it. Take for instance the Psalm: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters: Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." This is pure poetry and very quotable. But, while the Bible by its richness of content justifies the habit of quoting, there is something essentially wrong, I feel in the type of mind that always requires to buttress an argument by a quotation either from the Bible or from some book of literature. It seems to me that the truly cultured man does not need to depend upon quotations for his views or his arguments. This habit is carried to great extremes in our coun-

try. Here we have gone even further and nobody can talk of any modern invention or refer to any progress in the fine arts or the sciences without being told that all these had been anticipated in the Mahabharatha or in Kautilya's Arthashastra or in the Atharva Veda. You talk of aviation and your inter-locutor promptly tells you that Hanuman's famous leap from the main land to Lanka was the first recorded example of an aeroplane flight in India. If you refer to the matriarchal system in Malabar, you will be told that Draupadi with her five husbands started the fashion in the days of the Mahabharatha and so on without limit, and I am perfectly sure the Pandits will find you verses in the Atharva Veda which can be interpreted to indicate the discovery of the atom bomb. This vicious habit of mind of always groping in the dead past for a justification of the events of the present is what has kept India backward, and prevents her from a full expansion of her pioneering spirit. We are woefully backward in scientific discovery and invention because we are not alert go-ahead, live-in-the-future guys. I plead now for a more alert and progressive outlook particularly among young men and young women.

This is not to say that apt quotation has not got its uses in the scheme of things. The most brilliant speakers and writers have been known for their ability to quote mellifluously. Besides, there are some lines in literature so unforgettably beautiful that they are bound to be quoted. Take for example Keats's famous lines about "Magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn." These lines which are suggestive of new horizons, of romantic and perilous adventure, are often misquoted or quoted so inappropriately as to damage their intrinsic beauty. Another quotation which has suffered

owing to wear and tear is the famous one from Tennyson's *Ulysses*:

"For all experience is an arch where-through

Gleams that untravelled world

Whose margin fades

For ever and for ever as I move."

Then there are again cases of the opening lines of a quotation being quoted without adequate knowledge of what the closing lines are. A typical example is Kipling's famous line, "For east is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet." This is being wrongly used by many people (who should know better) to illustrate the impossibility of the east meeting the west on any ground whatsoever. But Kipling's couplet was followed by the lines

"Till earth and sky stand presently

At God's great judgment seat;

But there is neither east nor west,

Border nor bread nor birth,

When two strong men stand face to

face
Though they come from the ends of the earth."

Examples could be multiplied of this tendency to fallacious quotations, particularly from Shakespeare. But I think I have laboured the point sufficiently. Instead let me content myself with a reference to a few more memorable quotations. How rarely is it that a modern lover, tongue tied before his bashful mistress is able to declare with smooth emphasis:—

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Though art more lovely and more temperate

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May

And Summer's lease hath all too short a date,

But thy eternal summer shall not fade

Nor lose possession of that fair though owest

Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade

When in eternal lines to time thou growest"

Or having gone back to the solitude of his room after his tongue tied interlude does he exclaim like Faustus:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

O Helen! make me immortal with a kiss!"

Undoubtedly sincerity of emotion is usually expressed by stumbling phrases, by half-cries, by wordless sighs and by voiceless endearments. Quotation would at such moments render the scene melodramatic or farcical. I prefer to think that our modern lovers refrain from quoting at least in their love-making. But I am not sure. In India one must do everything by the precedent set in the sacred books.

The humorous aspects of this have been very cleverly worked out in a recent film in which the hero who is a painter anxious to find the perfect woman model falls in love with a school-teacher (acted by Miss Virginia Mayo) whose theory of life is that emotion should be controlled by intellect and who is teaching modern poetry to an adult night school which the painter purposely joins. He is attracted by her perfect figure and looks but he makes her believe that he admires only her intellect. The love scene between them on Manhattan beach, is exquisitely absurd as each quotes poetry to the other suitable for love making and straight-away gives the citation of the quotation. Finally the heroine is driven to tears that night at the grim reflection that the painter does not seem to care very much for her body, but only for her mind. This *reductio ad absurdum* shows the lengths to which inappropriate quoting can go. But nobody will deny that the greatest pleasures to be derived by reading great literature are obtained when they become part and parcel of one's consciousness though it would be ostentatious to trot them out in and out of season. Thus the memorable lines in Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi":—"Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young" are poignant but hardly quotable. The gentle beauty of the lines of Yeats

"O. hurry where by water among trees
The delicate-stepping stag, and his

lady sigh,

When they have but looked upon their images,—

O that none ever loved but you and I!"

should remain in some quiet corner of the mind and not be produced to adorn the niceties of tea-table conversation. In other words, the test of

wise reading is not the capacity to quote from what one has read but the ability to assimilate beautiful ideas so as to make them part of one's personality. When this is done the subsequent actions of the person they enrich will bespeak his intellectual wealth much more than any ostentatious display by quotations in the manner of a huckster or peddler opening out a tin trunk and displaying his wares by the road side.

In the last resort, learning should be the quiet culture of the mind and not a pyrotechnic display of wit. How often, when I have attended an athletic meet, and seen the various athletes in their shorts and tunics allowing their muscles to ripple and then leaping forward in the race with precision and speed, or hurling a javelin with grace or achieving the

minor miracle of a 14 ft. pole-vault, has it not struck me that the true man of intellect does not attempt to show his paces in so public a fashion or win the plaudits of an admiring populace who crowd the stands of a stadium. The intricate mechanism of the mind is not meant for such vulgar display. The wise man uses his knowledge only for the purpose of benefiting mankind or in applying it for the amassing of more knowledge. He does not carry his knowledge like shining baskets of fruit before him or wear it like epaulettes upon his shoulders and in a soldier's uniform but in his speech,—manner and bearing true wisdom will shine with a constant gleam like that of the pole star and with lambent colours as rich as those of any *Aurora Borealis*.—(Courtesy—All India Radio).

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had been a long time on Mr. Snagg's trail, "What is your objection to having your life insured?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied Snagg. "The idea of being more valuable dead than alive is distasteful to me."



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THE PILGRIM VIRGIN

Short Story

By S. KRISHNIAH

AT 5 p.m. on the 18th instant, thousands of people will accord an enthusiastic reception on the Island Grounds to the statue of Virgin Mary which is an exact replica of the one which is venerated at Fatima. It represents—as far as human art, which is the product of limited human ability, can accomplish—the Blessed Virgin as she appeared to the children at Fatima. The statue, it is claimed, has the power of performing miracles. Many of us have heard of miracles which as late as two months ago were attributed to this statue and which happened in South India. At least two of them are sufficiently authenticated to convince anyone but the worst sceptic.

Do miracles really happen? In 1950? And if miracles do happen could a slab of stone however exquisitely engraved perform one? Or, to put it in different words, does God perform miracles because of devotion to and faith in the statue of Our Lady of Fatima?

I do not know, and for that matter, nor do you.

On Sunday, May 13th, 1917, three children were tending flocks of sheep at a spot called Cova di Iria in the village of Fatima sixty miles north of Lisbon, Portugal. It was just after Angelus and a blinding flash of lightning from a cloudless sky scared them. They decided to go home. Another flash, more brilliant than the first, followed. To their right, in the blinding light, a young lady of dazzling beauty appeared. The children took in the apparition with scared eyes.

The three children were Lucie, ten years old and her cousins Jacinta and Francis aged seven and nine.

The 'young lady' conversed with Lucie and promised to return to the same spot for six consecutive months, on the thirteenth of each month, at the same time. The vision lasted for

ten minutes and the beautiful lady then vanished retreating towards the east and faded into the sunlight.

When the parents heard about this they refused to believe it and Lucie was rebuked and whipped for 'lying.' But the children would not retract from their version of what they had witnessed.

After finding their efforts futile Lucie's parents adopted an attitude of prudent reserve and on June 13th, 1917, the three children accompanied by about sixty people made their way to the Cova di Iria before noon. The 'apparition' came again and was almost the same as on the first occasion.

The sixty who were present while Lucie, Jacinta and Francis experienced the second vision scattered the news far and wide and nearly five thousand people assembled on Friday, July 13, 1917 at Cova di Iria. At the same hour and in the same manner the vision appeared to the children and the 'lady' asked Lucie to come to the same spot on the thirteenth of each month and promised that on the thirteenth of October she would work a wonderful miracle.

During these appearances of the strange lady the spectators noticed the sunlight becoming dull. They also saw a little white cloud surrounding the children and obscuring the scene of divine revelation.

What followed is more difficult to believe than the apparitions themselves. It is very surprising that as late as 1917, when the Portuguese Press was broadcasting the news through the length and breadth of the country, the mystics and psychologists do not seem to have evinced any interest in the children. Perhaps the war which was convulsing the globe at the same time prevented the high-brow intellectuals of the world from taking personal interest in the apparitions or from investigating them at first hand. It is also

almost unbelievable that the local authority, the Administrator, named le Terblantier used sophistry and threats of torture to force the children to revoke their statements.

But he failed and on the 13th of August a huge crowd estimated at eighteen thousand assembled by noon at the spot where the vision was to appear. But alas! came mid-day and the children were not there. The eager crowd waited but the news spread—the children would not come. *Le Terblantier had locked them up!*

With surging indignation the crowd decided to protest against this high-handed action of the Administrator. But wait! Something happened. A clap of thunder and a flash of lightning rent the clear sky and a light cloud appeared near the spot where the apparition usually appeared and then slowly moved away. Quietened by the presence of the supernatural the crowd dispersed calmly.

The Administrator tried further artifices but failed dismally whereupon he restored the children back to their parents and on August 19th in another place called Vallinhos the apparition took place to the infinite surprise of the children.

About thirty thousand people were assembled at Fatima on the 13th of September. A little before midday the children arrived and the vision again appeared. It was the same as before except that "a luminous globe" moved from east to west and glided slowly and majestically across the heavens. Then, more wonderful still, from the cloudless sky fell a shower of white flowers which without reaching the ground faded away at a certain distance from the earth. The crowd was struck with awe and profoundly moved.

And then came the 13th of October 1917—the day of the promised miracle, announced by the 'Lady' on July 13th and confirmed by her on August 19th and September 13th. The scene attracted believers and unbelievers in thousands at the hour already fixed—noon—and the place—La Cova di Iria. Seventy thousand people gathered at the place where the vision and the miracle were to take place. As the midday hour approached the children threaded their way through the eager, expectant, surging throng. It

was raining and it was cold. The apparition appeared and stayed for about ten or twelve minutes. But moving away the 'lady' pointed to the sky and Lucie called out bidding everybody look at the sun.

I quote:

"Then all at once the sun began to spin round and round just like a wheel of fire casting in every direction like a gigantic magic lantern enormous beams of light, green, red, blue, violet, of every colour, painting the clouds, the earth, the huge crowd in the most fantastic fashion. Suddenly after four minutes, the sun stood still, only to begin again a second and then a third time the same whirling dance in a fairylike maze of light. After this magic dance of fire and colour the sun ceased to turn, and suddenly like a gigantic wheel which by the very movement of turning has become loosened, behold the sun which detaches itself from the firmament and hurtles down towards the crowd crouching on the ground, giving everyone the impression that this is the end of the world prophesied in the Holy Gospel. From this assembly, suddenly on its knees and stricken with terror, arises the most ardent supplication, the most fervent acts of contrition. Then the sun stops in its dizzy descent and resumes its normal brilliance."

There is nothing that can be added to these 'facts.'

But on the 18th instant teeming thousands will pay homage to the statue of Our Lady of Fatima in Madras.

Yes, this sounds like a fairy tale. But remember that the miracle of October 13th, 1917, had been foretold—the place, the date, the hour. The largest possible publicity had been given to it in all the provinces of Portugal. Publicists, journalists, reporters, photographers—all were at the spot and had the privilege of watching and investigating the scene.

Do you believe in the Holy Waters of the Ganges? Do you believe in falling on your knees in supplication Mecca-ward? Or are you prostrate before the impalpable idols of Science and Reason? I do not know. Nor care.

But I have stood in mute unbelief

ing reverence by the grave of Sister Alphonso and experienced an indescribable something. And I have felt with the whole of my being the almost tangible faith of a devotee in Palni. I know of an old man who on his death-bed was revived by the waters of the Ganges and I know a

young boy who, suffering from nephritis and given up for lost by an eminent physician, was completely healed by oil from Velanganni.

I do not pretend to understand these things but I have been given hundreds of explanations except the obvious.

QUESTION TIME IN THE COMMONS

By WILSON HARRIS

Editor of "The Spectator" (London)

In the House of Commons questions are an essential feature—and a highly important feature—of each sitting on four out of five Parliamentary days a week.

The institution, which developed gradually, is regarded by everyone—Members and Ministers alike—as being of immense value. It has in fact been described by a foremost British historian as a 'fifth freedom' to be added to the four popularised by President Roosevelt.

THERE is, I believe, nothing in any Parliament of the world comparable to Question Time in the British House of Commons. In several national Chambers formal interpellations on some question of immediate importance can be addressed to the Head of the Government or to a particular Minister. But these are comparatively rare, and stand outside the normal order of business. Something closely resembling this happens in the British House of Lords.

But in the House of Commons questions are an essential feature, and a highly important feature, of each sitting on four out of five Parliamentary days a week. (There is only a short sitting on Fridays, and questions are not included). On every other day a full hour—or to be precise some 55 minutes, because the first five minutes are occupied by prayers—is devoted to questions to Ministers, questions on subjects important and unimportant, local and national, or for that matter international, which any Member, whatever his party, has the right to put.

The questions vary in character. Sometimes the questioner is genuinely seeking information. Sometimes he is trying to make party capital, sometimes to draw attention to a real or imagined grievance. Sometimes it is

an opportunity for importing a touch of humour into normally dull or serious proceedings. The institution as a whole is regarded by everyone, even by the Ministers who sometimes suffer under it, as being of immense value. It enables Members to inform themselves on the reasons for executive action. It is an effective safeguard against any arbitrary proceedings by Ministers. It has, in fact, been described by a foremost British historian as a fifth freedom to be added to the four popularized by President Roosevelt.

GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT

Like most British institutions, Question Time developed gradually. Till about a hundred and fifteen years ago questions in the House of Commons were as infrequent as interpellations in various European Parliaments.

It was in 1835 that notice of a question was first printed, and in 1849 that questions were first given a regular place on what is called the Order Paper—the daily programme of business in the House. But questions at that time were not numerous. For a while they only averaged about one a day. In 1880, the average was 13 a day; in 1900 the number had risen to 41. Now they are nearly three times as many.

How, it may naturally be asked, can over a hundred questions be dealt with in less than an hour, particularly as a principal question is almost always followed by "supplementaries," about which a word more in a moment? The answer is that of course they cannot. On the particular day on which I am writing this the last question reached out of a total of 109 on the paper was No. 52. The remainder are all answered in writing, and the replies circulated with the printed report of the day's proceedings. The author of a question which will clearly not be reached can, if he chooses, hold it over in the hope that it will appear higher on the list another day and be answered orally, but as a rule he is content with a written reply.

RULES

There have, of course, to be rules governing Question Time. In order to ensure that the appropriate Ministers will be in their places to give answers, questions to particular Departments are allotted to particular days. On Wednesdays, for example, questions may be addressed to the Foreign Secretary, The Colonial Secretary, the Minister of Defence, the Minister of Food, the representative of the Admiralty (the First Lord of the Admiralty is in the House of Lords) or the Postmaster-General; on Thursdays to the Minister of Education, the Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, the President of the Board of Trade, the Home Secretary, the Minister of Agriculture, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Minister of Health and the Minister of National Insurance; and so on.

Questions to the Prime Minister, on the general policy of the Government, as distinct from purely departmental activities, appear (if there are any) every day, and the Prime Minister is expected to be there to answer them. In recent years questions have become so numerous that they are rationed; no one may have more than three questions on the paper on any particular day; but there is nothing to prevent a Member from putting three on each day of a whole Parliament.

Every question must be handed in to the appropriate official at least two days before an answer is expected. It

is, of course, necessary that the Minister concerned should have sufficient time to prepare his reply, which often involves a great deal of enquiry and research. Actually the answer is prepared not by the Minister himself, but by some of the chief officials of his department; for it is essential that the answer shall be complete and accurate, though sometimes it is so drafted as to conceal facts which for one reason or another the department does not want to disclose.

SUPPLEMENTARIES

That is where the Supplementary Question comes in. When the question printed on the paper has been answered, not only the original questioner but any other Member in the House can rise in his place and put a supplementary question on the same subject. That constitutes a severe test for the Minister. His original answer has been carefully prepared for him, but he must deal at once, and immediately, with supplementary questions, of which by the nature of things no notice is given.

Take an actual question put, in the week in which I am writing, to the Colonial Secretary about the number of students at Makerere College, in Uganda, who are studying agriculture. The answer given was that there are 16. The questioner then asked whether that number was not unsatisfactorily small, in view of the importance of agriculture in Africa. The Colonial Secretary explained what steps were being taken to increase the number. Another Member asked whether the incentives offered were proving effective. The Colonial Secretary said it was too early to say. A third wanted to know whether more active steps could not be taken. In answer to that appropriate assurances were given.

That is a comparatively simple set of supplementaries. The same day a question regarding the retention or abolition of National Service (Conscription) gave rise to a regular interrogatory argument in which the original questioner asked one supplementary and three other Members joined. If this goes on too long the Speaker can always end it, and often does, by calling the next question. The Speaker himself never disallows

questions once they have been printed on the Order Paper, but many never get printed at all, and therefore are not put, because they have been disallowed in advance on some technical ground by the Clerks of the House, to whom they have to be submitted.

A question, for example, must not simply ask for information which is already available in some official document. It must not be so framed as to constitute an argument. It must not cover the same ground as some other question which has been answered recently. It must not concern the conduct of a Judge or other magistrate. A good many questions are stopped on these or similar grounds. But experienced Members show considerable ingenuity in so framing their questions as to evade the restrictions.

NO ABUSE

Without fairly strict supervision by the Speaker and his officials Question Time might easily be abused. As things are, it rarely is. If a Labour Member in the present Parliament asks the Minister of Labour what was the number of unemployed in 1948 as compared with 1938 (when the Conservatives were in power) everyone knows quite well that he is not genuinely seeking information but trying to score a party; but the question is perfectly in order.

Similarly, if a Conservative Member asks the Minister of Food why he bought Algerian wine, why he sold it again, whom he sold it to and whether he made a profit on the transaction, he is not really interested in Algerian wine at all, but in exposing what he considers an error of judgment on the Minister of Food's part. In the same way questions by one of the few pacifists Members on the post of the British Army manoeuvres in Germany, or of the reinforcements sent to Hong Kong, are well understood to be put for merely propaganda purposes. But no one challenges such use of Question Time.

Very rarely Ministers refuse answers to questions. If troop or fleet movements are concerned the answer may well be (though not often in peacetime): "It would not be in the public interest to give the information asked

for." The Minister of Food sometimes gives a similar answer if he is asked the price of some consignment of food bought on Government account.

There are other good reasons for not giving oral answers to questions. One is explained by the fairly common reply: "As the answer contains a number of figures I will, with permission, circulate it in the Official Report." (Often quite elaborate statistical tables are involved). Another reason is that the information desired has to be obtained from some distant colony. Take a particular question—about the water supply at a village called Kpanda in the territory of Togoland, in West Africa. The answer was: "I am asking the Governor for a report on the position at Kpanda and will write to the Honourable Member."

SALUTARY EFFECT

Question Time may be regarded as a searchlight turned on the activities of Ministers. On Ministers themselves it has a most salutary effect, in compelling them so to conduct themselves as to be able to meet successfully criticism that may be directed at them any day from any quarter in the form of a Parliamentary Question. To Members of the House, particularly those who do not often take an active part in actual debates, it gives an opportunity of raising questions of public importance, especially questions of concern to their own constituents and incidentally of getting their names into the Office Report.

And every British citizen has the satisfaction of knowing that if he suffers under some genuine grievance he can always get his Member to put down a question about it. Question Time will quite certainly endure as long as the House of Commons does.

The appreciation of Sri A. Rama Iyer, formerly Principal, National College, Trichinopoly, which appeared in these columns last week, was contributed by Mr. K. Swaminathan, Lecturer, National College.—Ed.

GREAT REFORMERS:

ALBERT EINSTEIN

THE extraordinary influence of Albert Einstein is one of the wonders of the age. It is easy to see why Isaac Newton affected the world of thought as greatly as he did. Newton made the movements of the heavenly bodies accessible to reason. A machine is a familiar object—anyone can understand how it works—or, at least, *feel* that he understands. And to convert the major phenomena of matter and its motions from mysteries into simplicities, according to the analogy of the machine, was Newton's contribution to human thought.

But Einstein, Einstein converted these simplicities back into mysteries again—for most of us, at any rate. Yet Einstein's greatness is almost universally acknowledged. Why should this be?

One explanation, perhaps, is that we feel that the reasons behind the things we see ought to be subtler than the machine explanation. A kind of release from dull, "mechanical" certainty is suggested by the Einstein Theory. A machine is an extremely external device. It has no inner life. If everything, from atom to cosmos, works according to the machine principle, then Destiny is something that is boxed and delivered according to rigid, mechanical laws, and we human beings are partly impotent subjects of the delivery, and partly impotent spectators. Perhaps a deep distrust of this unsatisfying aspect of the Newtonian cosmology is behind the popular reverence for Albert Einstein. Perhaps, too, the more human longing for romance makes us want a universe that slide rules cannot wholly explain.

Albert Einstein was born in 1879 at Ulm, in Bavaria. A year later the Einsteins moved to Munich, where Albert spent the days of his childhood and youth. His father was a small manufacturer, his mother a person of artistic sensibilities who loved music. They were not orthodox Jews. Of Hermann Einstein, the father, Philipp Frank says in his life of Einstein, "The dietary laws and other custo-

mary usages of the Jewish community were to him only an ancient superstition, and in his house there was no trace of any Jewish custom." The family loved literature and poetry and the home was pervaded by the spirit of Heine and Schiller instead of the sombre tone of the Hebrew scriptures.

As a child, Einstein was known as a "dreamer" who avoided the active play of other children. Military games and displays were particularly repugnant to him. When his parents promised him that he, too, could some day march as a soldier in a parade, he said: "When I grow up I don't want to be one of those poor people." Instead of the exhilaration of the martial spirit, Einstein saw in parades the coercion of human beings—"a movement of people compelled to be machines." Einstein's basic character was formed early in life. As Frank puts it:

At this time Einstein apparently already revealed one of his most characteristic traits: his intractable hatred of any form of coercion arbitrarily imposed by one group of people on another. He detested the idea of the oppressor preventing the oppressed from following their inclinations and developing their natural talents, and turning them into automatons. On the other hand Albert was also conscious of the natural laws of the universe; he felt that there are great eternal laws of nature. As a child he was able to understand them only in the form of traditional religion, and felt attracted to it and its ritual precepts, which symbolized a feeling for the laws of the universe. He was offended by the fact that his father always scoffed at religion, and he regarded this derision as resulting from a type of thought that is in a certain sense disharmonious and refuses to submit to the eternal laws of nature. This dual attitude—hatred for the arbitrary laws of man and devotion to the laws of nature—has accompanied Einstein throughout his life and explains many of his actions that have been considered peculiar and inconsistent.

While at the age of nine, the young Einstein revealed no special talents, and his lack of fluency in speech had

been noted by his teachers, he was known to his school-mates as *Biedermeier* (Honest John) because of his special propensity for telling the truth. Another quality was that he never expressed himself until he had reflected upon what he was going to say.

His school days were not eventful. He went through experiences which might be expected of the combination of a boy of his character with the dictatorial German educational system of the time. He was largely self-educated, for he devoured books on natural science. He was good at mathematics, but found difficulty in studying subjects which did not interest him. Eventually, he developed a strong resistance to all routine methods of instruction, so that a brief stay in Italy with his family and the experience of the more liberal Italian schools brought him great pleasure. The need to earn a living led to Einstein's enrollment in the Polytechnic School in Zurich, Switzerland. Here, Einstein discovered the classics of theoretical physics, the works of Helmholtz, Kirchhoff, Boltzmann, Maxwell, and Hertz. Hermann Minkowski, who later gave Einstein's ideas their mathematical formulation, was a lecturer at the Polytechnic, but in those days Einstein was bored by Minkowski's classes!

Einstein graduated from the Polytechnic School in 1901. He was twenty-one years old and had become a Swiss citizen, but he had no job. He worked briefly as a tutor, but lost this position because he objected to the spoiling of his pupils by other teachers. After some dark days of unemployment, he finally gained an appointment to the Patent Office in Berh. This gave him a comfortable income, interesting work, and time to think. Einstein was now to enter upon his great adventures of the mind.

Four years later, in 1905, Einstein published his Theory of Relativity, destined him to be drawn on to fame and a kind of "fortune" by the irresistible force of his discoveries, acting upon his contemporaries. In 1909 he was appointed professor of theoretical physics at the University of Zurich. A year later, he accepted the chair of theoretical physics at the

University of Prague, the oldest university in Central Europe. Then, in 1913, he was invited to teach in the famous Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin and to become a member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Science. He remained in the Academy until 1933, when he resigned in protest to the policies of the Nazis. Late in that year, he undertook his new duties at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, New Jersey, where he has remained ever since, although he retired from his "official" position in 1945.

What, exactly, did the Einstein Theory do to the idea of the world we live in? Asked this question by American reporters who greeted him upon his first visit to the United States, he replied:

"If you will not take the answer too seriously and consider it only as a kind of a joke, then I can explain it as follows. It was formerly believed that if all material things disappeared out of the universe, time and space would be left. According to the relativity theory, however, time and space disappear together with the things." (Quoted by Philipp Frank in *Einstein: His Life and Times*, Knopf, 1947, p. 179).

This is as good a point of departure as any from which to consider, not the Einstein Theory itself, but its general implications and impact on modern thought. Newton's world was a world in which absolute time and absolute space presided in absolute indifference over what went on within them. Time and space, for Newton, were theological rather than physical conceptions. They were the changeless framework of reality. Infinite duration ticked off its moments regardless of matter, motion, and man. Infinitely extensible space was a roofless, wall-less, bottomless Euclidean continuum in which the stars and planets swam.

These two, space and time, were the scene of the Cosmos, not parts of it. Einstein made them parts. Actually, Newton regarded space as an aspect of Deity—"He supposes," a friend and student of Newton wrote, "that as God is present in space where there is no body, he is present in space when a body is also present." Space for Newton, probably meant "the Divine Sensorium" of the Cambridge Platonists, to whose views he

was much inclined. But when "God" was removed from physics as the absolute cause of physical phenomena—of gravitation, for example—nothing was left but a mathematical formula which described the action of gravitation, but did not explain it. As Lange remarks in his *History of Materialism*, "The course of history has eliminated this unknown material cause, and has placed the mathematical law in the rank of physical causes."

As a result of Einstein's work, space, time and matter are inextricably mingled as parts, expressions or aspects of one reality, and no single aspect of that reality can exist without the other. Einstein might title his writings about relativity: "On the Integration of Events with their Environment." The events create the environment and the environment frames the events. And as all external perceptions take place within some limits, all observable environments are finite; and, therefore, "physical" space and measurable time, being the environment of events, are limited and finite.

Although Einstein has been consistently unsympathetic to all attempts to found new metaphysical systems upon his discovery—he told the worried Archbishop of Canterbury that Relativity would have no effect on religion—many of the men who interested themselves in Einstein's thought from the beginning did so for philosophical reasons. They felt that Einstein had laid the foundations for a new beginning in philosophy, and perhaps for religion as well. Somehow, Einstein's new universe seemed to be alive. Indeed, the field theory of physics has since spread to biology and may eventually take over even psychology—the "field" idea, that is, may be adopted by psychologists who see no future in the mechanistic approach to mental phenomena.

For the overtones of the actual content of the Einstein Theory, two books ought to be read: *The Evolution of Physics*, by Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld (Simon and Schuster, 1938), and the Philipp Frank biography, which is also an excellent interpretation of the Theory for the layman. Then, for an intimate account of Einstein's personal life, there

is *Einstein* by Dimitri Marianoff, a Russian journalist who married Einstein's step-daughter and lived in his house for eight years.

Reading of this sort suggests that the real reason for Einstein's popularity is that, both for what he is and for what he has done, Einstein makes the rest of us proud that we are human beings—he is a credit to the human race in a period of history which has very few credits on the side of mankind. His personal character, which is one of uncompromising integrity, confirms what we all want to be true—that greatness is both moral and intellectual. In method, he belongs with the Platonists. "It was a characteristic feature of Einstein's mode of work," Frank writes, "to deduce from his fundamental principles all the logical consequences to the limit"—the Platonic method. In a lecture at Oxford on his theory of knowledge, Einstein said:

It is my conviction that pure mathematical construction enables us to discover the concepts and laws connecting them, which give us the key to the understanding of the phenomena of nature. Experience can, of course, guide us in our choice of serviceable mathematical concepts; it cannot possibly be the source from which they are derived.

In a certain sense, therefore, I hold it to be true that pure thought is competent to comprehend the real as the ancients dreamed.

Einstein's reverence for nature is not rhetorical. His pronouncements on religion and science are not studied efforts at reconciling intellectual or institutional differences, but a spontaneous reaction to the living experience of his mind. What he says, therefore, has the peculiar power of felt reality. One has the expectation that if experimental means of verifying his philosophical intuitions could be made available, the latter would be found to be as accurate as his predictions of physical laws based upon the reasoning of the Relativity Theory.

Nothing has been said of Einstein's pacifism, his work on behalf of the Zionists, his ever-ready sympathy for the problems of students, his instinctive acceptance of all human beings regardless of status, his rejection of anthropomorphic religion, his dis-

regard of the artificialities of polite respectability," and, finally, his exquisite sense of humor. Of these qualities, the humor seems the most important. When asked about his reaction to the plaudits of the multitude, he pointed out, "They cheer prize-fighters, too." When told in Berlin that a patriotic society of women in the United States had passed a resolution protesting his admission to the United States, calling him a "dangerous" pacifist, he remarked to the reporters that the cackling of geese had once saved Rome, and that the adlies might be right. When a zeal-

ous student on the campus of an American university, crowded up to Einstein and challenged him: Isn't everything you have discovered part of God's Plan?" Einstein replied graciously, "Shall we not have to ask God that?"

There are more ways than one to effect reforms. The reforms instituted by Albert Einstein belong primarily to the order of the mind—they are seminal for the science and philosophy of the future. But they are also human, illustrated in the flowering of a completely natural man.

—Manas.

CHRISTIANS & HARIJAN FUND

THE Catholic Archbishop of Madras and Father DeSouza of the Loyola College have both protested against allotment of special Government grants exclusively for Harijan uplift. They claim that Christians of Harijan extraction should be allowed to share in the benefits for Harijans. The claim is based on a fundamental misconception.

The constitution itself recognises Harijans as a separate class (different from Christians and Muslims) for whom reservations are made in the matter of appointments, social benefits and representations in the Legislatures. This special treatment of Harijans is based on the fact that they have suffered and are still suffering from the custom of untouchability, though untouchability has been abolished by law. A custom dies slowly notwithstanding ordinances and special legislations. Social reforms cannot be effected merely by the magic wand of a legal enactment. Legislation must be supplemented by other positive measures of amelioration.

The Christian community does not recognise untouchability. A Harijan who becomes a Christian no longer suffers from disabilities following the observance of untouchability.

A Harijan Christian is a contradiction in terms as much as a Brahmin-Moslem. In the Madras Communal G. O. Brahmins are allotted certain percentage in the Services. Can a Brahmin convert to Christianity claim a share in the percentage re-

served for Brahmins? Or will he be willing to suffer the disabilities to which Brahmins are subjected? If every Christian and Muslim will base his civil rights on his ancestry, the caste and position he occupied in Hindu society before conversion, and not on religious affiliation, there would not exist separate Christian and Muslim communities, and there would be no communal problem in India and that is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But the existing facts are otherwise.

If the Government grants for Harijan uplift are to be shared by Christians of Harijan origin, Moslem converts from the Harijan fold also cannot be denied the same benefits and where are we to draw the line? Is the benefit to be limited to the first generation of converts, and if so, why? Or is it to be extended to the second or third generation of converts, and in the latter case, will not an enquiry be necessary to find out whether the old Christian converts have retained exclusively Harijan blood or got intermixed with Christians of non-Harijan origin?

The needs of Harijans are great, their needs are real and the Government cannot shirk their responsibilities towards them or allow the pittance of a grant made exclusively for Harijan uplift to be frittered away in favour of those who have ceased to suffer from disabilities peculiar to the Harijan section of the Hindus—(S. Srinivasa Iyer).

LEGACY FROM CAIN

THE origin of the Hydrogen Bomb, the latest devilish invention of man to kill man, goes back many million years.

It all began, you might say, with Cain and Abel, the sons of Adam, quarrelling, and Cain killing Abel, presumably by bashing his head with a piece of stone.

That stone was the primeval instrument of murder. Ever since then the children of Adam have been devising ever-new weapons of destruction to kill each other. In the Stone Age, they made flint weapons by shaping and sharpening stones into daggers and axes. The dawn of the Iron Age brought with it the swords, sabres, spears, battle-axes, daggers and knives. The invention of gun-powder (by the Chinese who were originally interested only in its use for harmless fire-works) helped the manufacture of muskets, and cannon and pistols, but even before then there were catapults and flame-throwers for purposes of long-range incendiarism.

The invention of the Atomic Bomb was the final, diabolical step in Man's long journey towards the extermination of Man. But the ultimate has been proved to be the penultimate, and the Hydrogen Bomb—its destructive power reputed to be a thousand times deadlier than the Atom Bomb—is the latest weapon with which humanity has armed itself for purposes of self-destruction.

DOOMSDAY AHEAD

The followers of at least three principal religions—Judaism, Christianity and Islam—believe that one day the world will come to a violent and catastrophic end. Democracy is supposed to be the final punishment for man's wickedness and excess of sin, and is also the Day of Judgment when righteousness would be rewarded and sinfulness punished. Among the Hindus the same idea of Reward and Punishment (a practical rather than a metaphysical incentive for righteous con-

duct) is embodied in the doctrine of transmigration of soul—death being followed by re-birth and the next incarnation being determined by one's good or bad deeds in the previous life.

But, alas, neither the lure of paradise nor the fear of hell, nor the prospect of being re-born as a donkey or a serpent, has kept man away from sinful life. It is a moot point of metaphysical debate whether there will or will not be a doomsday. But there is little doubt that, by recklessly indulging in the competitive production of Hydrogen Bombs, Atom Bombs and Bacteriological Bombs, Man is travelling fast on the road to race suicide. Not God but Man himself will determine the moment of his own doom. And that moment came perceptibly nearer when President Truman affixed his signature to the order for work to proceed on the manufacture of Hydrogen Bombs.

In this connection it is interesting and somewhat disturbing to find that the description of Doomsday, as given in the scriptures, bears a striking resemblance to the catastrophic consequences of an atomic explosion. For instance, it was recorded fourteen hundred years ago that on Doomsday the earth would be blown to smithereens, every thing would disintegrate into its component particles, and that the sun would come down so near to the earth as to be 'no higher than the length of a spear and a quarter'. The disintegration of matter is, of course, an accurate forecast of the fatal atmospheric effects caused by the chain reaction of splitting the atom. And the few surviving eye-witnesses of the Hiroshima explosion have testified that the phenomenal flash of the atom bomb created the uncanny illusion of the sun having suddenly descended to the earth!

It is remarkable that men of vision and philosophic insight have been warning humanity against the prospects of self-des-

truction. Indeed, several imaginative writers forecast the development of the atom bomb (or some other destructive devices very much similar to it) many years before the scientists had even considered such a possibility seriously.

H. G. Wells' *War of The Worlds* in which he imagined the earth being invaded by a mechanised army flying down from Mars provided in advance a glimpse of atomic total war. Some years ago when Orson Wells tried the dangerous experiment of broadcasting a radio play based on this novel, so realistic was the tone and tempo of the broadcast that thousands took the fiction to be fact and several were even killed in the frightful stampede to get out of the big cities mentioned in the broadcast as probable next targets!

Jack London's novel, *The Iron Heel*, also a fantasy of the future, first published in 1907, not only forecast the coming of fascism but also mentioned atomic radio activity.

Twenty years later, and 18 years before the first atom bomb actually burst, in 1927, that other great imaginative writer, Karl Capek, wrote his fantasy novel, *The Absolute At Large*, visualising how "the absolute" or "divine essence" is accidentally set free in the world as a by-product of a new atom-splitting machine, and prophetically warned that even the "civilian" use of atomic energy in a society based on private profit, would be highly dangerous, resulting in industrial chaos, social disintegration and, finally, War! The book closes on this eminently rational and humanistic note which is no less pertinent today as a warning to both the camps in the "cold war".

"A man may certainly think that another religion is a bad one, but he ought not to think that the man who follows it is a low, vile and treacherous fellow. And the same applies to politics and every thing

"And that's what so many people have hated and killed each other for... You know, the greater the things are in which a man believes, the more fiercely he despises those who do not believe in them. And yet the greatest of all beliefs would be in one's fellow-men.

"Every one has the best of feelings towards mankind in general, but not towards the individual man. We will kill men, but we want to save mankind. And that isn't right. . . *The world will be an evil place as long as people do not believe in other people.*"

These words should be the guiding principle of the U. N. O. and any other sincere attempt at international understanding. It might also be the epitaph of the world that destroyed itself!

GIANTS AND APES

More recently, Upton Sinclair, Aldous Huxley and the late George Orwell used their imaginative pens to visualize the horrors of the atomic age.

Upton Sinclair's play, *The Giant's Strength*, visualised the horrible consequences of the atomic war destroying nearly the whole world—either side raining disease, destruction and death on the other, but able to do precious little to defend itself! The few American survivors live in caves in the mountains and revert to a near-primitive pattern of life.

Huxley, in his novel-in-the-form-of-a-scenario, *Ape And Essence*, describes the adventures of a few scientists from New Zealand (one of the few countries to escape destruction) who come in 2018 on a Re-Discovery Expedition to North America which has been reduced to atomised rubble during the Third World War, and where the few survivors, reduced to ape-like savagery, live by digging graves and stealing coffins and shrouds.

These prophecies of doom are no longer to be dismissed as novelist's fantasies—to be read, enjoyed and then forgotten. With the appearance of the Hydrogen Bomb—so casually described as a thousand times deadlier than the Atomic Bomb—the world takes one more decisive step towards self-destruction! Unless the people make up their minds to prevent it!

ANTS AND MAN

Why does man make war at all? According to Julian Huxley, the world-famous scientist, "there are only two kinds of animals that habitually make war—man and ants. Even among ants war is mainly practised



by one group, comprising only a few species among the tens of thousands that are known to science. They are the harvester ants, inhabitants of arid regions where there is little to pick up during the dry months. Accordingly they collect the seeds of various grasses at the end of the growing season and store them in special underground granaries in their nests. It is these reserve supplies which are the object of ant warfare. The inhabitants of one nest set out deliberately to raid the supplies of another group . . . harvesters are the only kind of ants to go in for accumulating property, as well as the chief kind to practice war . . ."

Hitler and the Jingoists were wrong in regarding war as a natural or biological phenomenon. War is not the universal law of nature. It occurs very rarely, and where it occurs, "it is associated with the amassing of property or with territorial rights".

If war has to be outlawed, therefore, ethical appeals alone will not bring about Peace, without equitable redistribution of man's worldly goods, within nations and between nations.

"Learn from the ants, o sluggard"—not only the lesson of industry and perseverance but also the economic foundation of a lasting peace!

FRENCH IMPERIALISM

The Anglo-Americans' undisguised support to Bao Dai, the French puppet ruler of Viet Nam, and the Soviet Union's recognition of the revolutionary Government of Dr. Ho Chi Minh spotlights the fact of French imperialism being still arrogantly active and kicking in South East Asia, despite Mr. Noel Baker's specious declaration that "the old Imperialism and colonialism are dead," and Pandit Nehru's illusion that the era of imperialism is over. The fact remains that the shadow of European domination still lies heavy on large parts of Asia. Viet Nam (formerly known as French Indo-China) is one of them.

Viet Nam, consisting of Cochin China, Annam, Cambodia, Tonking and the Laos territory forms the French empire in south-eastern Asia, with an area of 286,000 square miles (as against 212,600 square miles of France itself), with a population of 24 millions, of whom only 42,000 are

Europeans, mostly French, but they own most of the wealth of the country in the form of vast plantations and mines. The Penguin Political Dictionary described it as "very rich and one of France's most valuable colonies". Indo-Chinese products which France has so far been exploiting include rice, rubber, zinc, tin, anthracite, phosphates. No wonder the French are so anxious to keep Bao Dai on his throne!

The people of Indo-China (most of whom are of Mongolian origin) have strong, natural, racial and cultural affinities with China—and, to a lesser extent, with India. It was from China that the French grabbed this territory in 1862, though Cambodia was conquered as late as 1907.

After the collapse of France in 1940 the people of Viet Nam were left at the mercy of the Japanese imperialists. It was Dr. Ho Chi Minh, the Nationalist leader of Viet Nameese people, who organised resistance first against the Japanese and later, against the French. In 1945, he proclaimed the Republic. As against him, the French have tried to regain power by propping up the king-puppet, Bao Dai. Today there are two mutually hostile governments in Viet Nam—as there were in China until a few months ago.

Behind Bao Dai stands imperialist France, England and America, and the reactionary, feudal monarchist cliques of Viet Nam.

Behind Dr. Ho Chi Minh stand the vast majority of the people of Viet Nam and the moral, fraternal support of the New China and the Soviet Union.

There can be no doubt on which side the sympathy of the Indian people should lie.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

WASHINGTON: President Truman said that it was not necessary to notify the United Nations of America's decision to go ahead with production of the hydrogen bomb . . .

TEXAS: The Communist nations now have air and submarine superiority, and an army larger than the combined field forces of the West, said Mr. W. Stuart Symington, American Air Force Secretary.

NEW DELHI DIARY



"WHATEVER may be the views of the Portuguese Government or its officials, so far as the Government of India is concerned Goa must come back to India"—this declaration was made by Pandit Nehru in answer to a supplementary question in the Parliament and was cheered loudly by the members. The language of the statement was clear and unambiguous. There was really no provocation for the statement, except perhaps that Pandit Nehru said what he had wanted to say for a long time on the issue of foreign colonial possessions in Indian Union territory. What he said about Goa holds good in the case of French possessions in South India, whose political future is causing a little embarrassment to New Delhi. This is because the French Government does not appear anxious to hold a free and impartial referendum in the possessions. Various methods are being resorted to for restricting the number of eligible voters, so that the decision can be cast in favour of either *status quo* or continued relations with the French Government on a new political basis. The Government of India has taken strong objection to this procedure. More so, because it was agreed between the two Governments in June last year that the fullest opportunity would be given to all sections of people in the colony to choose their political affiliation. The Colonial Authorities, apparently under instructions from the Home Office in France, are reported to be doing all in their power to postpone a referendum and to squeeze out a favourable vote, if it comes to the actual holding of the referendum.

Pandit Nehru must have had this picture in the background of his mind when he referred to the political status of Goa. The future of this possession is now a matter of negotiation between India's representative, in Lisbon, Mr. P. A. Menon, I.C.S., and

the Portuguese Government. Mr. Menon undoubtedly would have conveyed to Dr. Salazar's Government the views of the Government of India on the subject. Imperialism dies hard and would not give up its hold without a challenge. It happened with the British rule and probably it has to be repeated, though on a smaller scale, in the case of tiny possessions of France and Portugal. The policy of the Government of India is quite clear. The political incorporation of these units into the Indian Union is the final objective, but the Government of India will be willing to consider transitory arrangements that would not violently upset cultural and economic life in these possessions. If necessary these units can be made centrally administered areas, but the authority of France or Portugal over these possessions will have to go.

The next big problem facing the External Affairs Ministry is the growing deterioration in the relations between India and Pakistan. The recent visit of Mr. Ghulam Mohammad, Pakistan Finance Minister, ostensibly on a social call but in reality to sound the views of the Government of India on the various problems, does not appear to have contributed to any relaxation of the tension between the two countries. Pakistan's intransigence has increased, especially after India became a Republic and brought the new Constitution into force. Probably the rulers in Pakistan believe that India's emergence as a Republic would weaken her relations with Britain and other Commonwealth countries and therefore, now was the time to press forward her demands with great vigour. If that is the view of Karachi, Pakistan is in for a tactical failure. Fortunately for India, Pandit Nehru's statesmanship has cemented the relations with Britain and Commonwealth countries firmly and creat-

ed substantial goodwill in other parts of the world. Pakistan is the only country in the world proving a nuisance to India. India desires a settlement with Pakistan on an overall basis and it was with that end in view that she proposed a "no war" declaration. Pakistan has not only pooh-poohed the idea, but has put forward the settlement of outstanding problems as a condition precedent to accepting the declaration. Not content with this, Pakistan has resumed the campaign of vilification against India and its Prime Minister, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, in a recent speech went to the extent of alleging that India was making preparations for war against Pakistan.

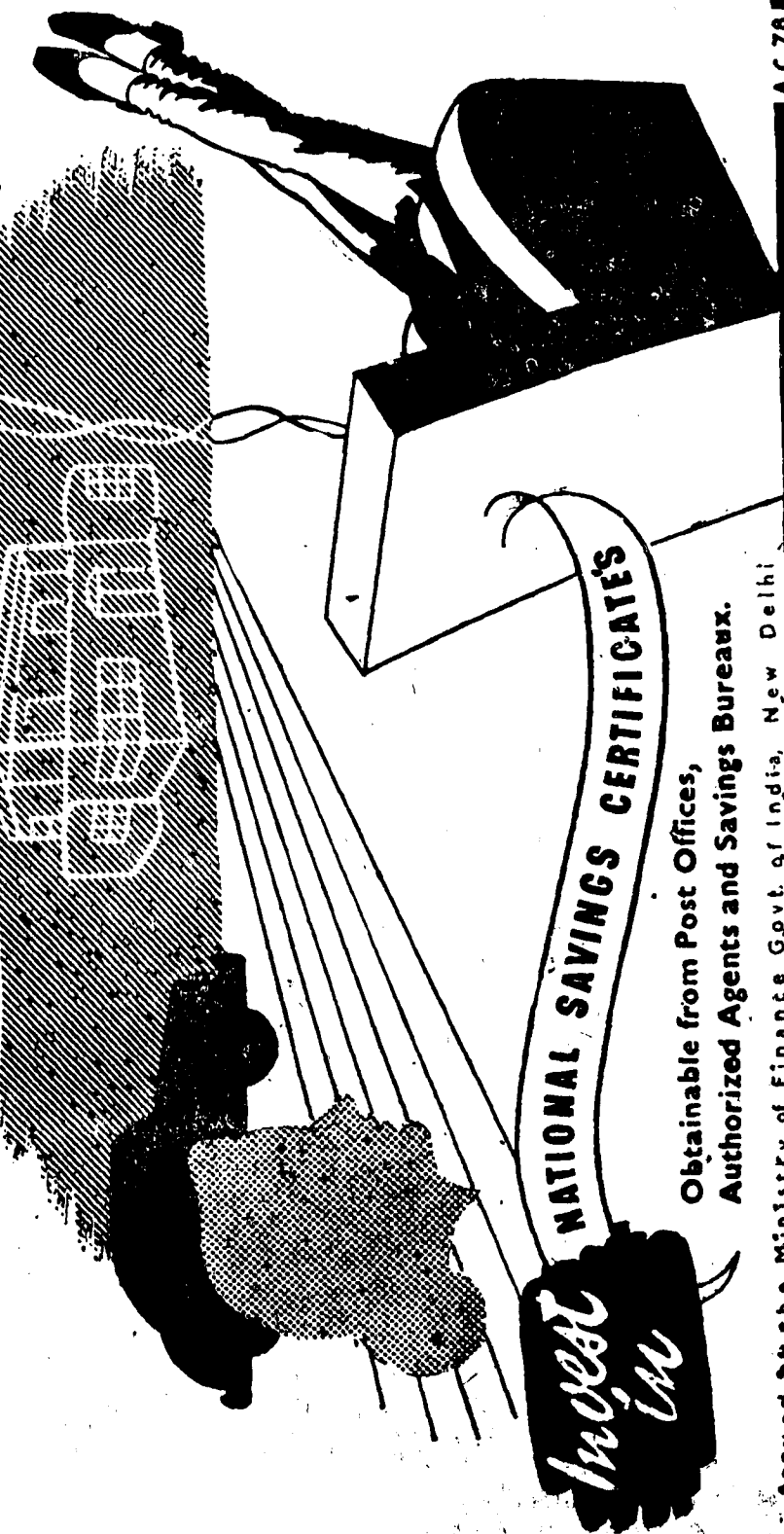
In truth, the preparations are all on the other side and what is more surprising, there have been repeated border raids right from Kashmir down to Kutch and on the Assam-East Pakistan border. Government have had to take special measures in the Rajasthan sector to prevent recurrences of such raids. New Delhi is watching the situation carefully. Those who got the impression from the Presidential speech of Dr. Rajendra Prasad that a reduction would be effected in the Defence Budget have got the reassuring statement from Pandit Nehru that nothing would be done to sacrifice the security of the country. When it was pointedly asked as to whether any reduction would be made in the Defence Budget in the coming year, Pandit Nehru said that it all depended on circumstances and the items under which economy may be sought need not necessarily endanger the country's defence.

Delhi witnessed an impressive ceremonial procession, when the President drove through the streets of the Old Capital last Sunday. In a way, this was a make-good for the lack of pageantry on the 26th of January. Thousands of people had expected on that day colourful marches through the Presidential route before and after the State Drive, but the sight of only a few horses drawing the coach of the President, with the company of lancers proceeding half-

a-mile in advance, disappointed some, particularly those who could not get entrance to the big parade at the Irwin Stadium. The Local Administration thought over the matter and decided to arrange a second procession from the Red Fort in Old Delhi to the Town Hall. The second show was better arranged, despite inclement weather, and seemed to satisfy the residents of Old Delhi. But the more important feature of the ceremony was the use of *Pugrees* in Rajput fashion by the two A.D.Cs. escorting the President. There was loud criticism of the dress worn on the 26th January by the A.D.Cs. and Mr. Balkishan Sharma referred in Parliament to the "hideous sight" of white hats with Dr. Prasad. The new procedure was followed after the debate and in a sense, is a victory, though small, of Assembly opinion.

There were loud criticisms during the debate when Pandit Nehru answered charges, major and trivial, made on the Government. Lobby reaction to the Prime Minister's speech in answer to criticisms made of Government's policies was one of mild appreciation. While welcoming generally the reiteration of peaceful intentions and the progressive policies of the Government, members felt that the speech did not go far towards convincing that the Government had a settled mind on major political and economic issues. This mood was reflected even during the Prime Minister's speech, when he spoke on Indo-Pakistan relations. In fact, one member went to the extent of suggesting that he was not sure if the Cabinet knew its own mind. Pandit Nehru's pungent remarks earlier about certain groups and interests working for reaction and wanting a throw-back to the medieval period, have not been well received. Mr. Hanumanthayya objected to the Prime Minister referring to the Mahabharata and continued his objection, even though Pandit Nehru assured him that he meant no discourtesy to the Mahabharata or to the great philosophy expounded therein, but did not want the country to be overawed merely by the thoughts of ancient glories.

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LIFE

LIFE, to most of us, is a calm, unspectacular, uneventful affair. There is no drama in it except the drama of the commonplace, the drama of earth and salt. There is not much fun or gaiety in it, no bewildered or excited laughter, nor any tragedy more intense than the tragedy of disappointment or dead end. But it has something—a quiet, simple dignity.

AVM Productions' much-discussed film now running at the Paragon Theatre has everything except dignity. There is fun in it, a little silly, a little vapid, a little artificial; there is tragedy in it, a huge, massive hunk of it; there are at least two attempts at suicide, five accidents, three rescues, a desertion, two love affairs, a blood transfusion, two hospital scenes, half a dozen dance sequences and a baby. I have yet to see a South Indian film in which there isn't a part for a youngster just so high. They seem to go so pat both with happiness and tragedy, bless the dear little cherubs!

The film deals with Young Love in the form of Mohana (Vyjayanthimala) and Nathan (T. R. Ramachandran) and seduction and desertion in the forms of Moorthy (Sahasranamam) and Meenakshi (Draupadi). The two affairs run concurrently and their outer fringes touch when Moorthy wants to marry Mohana and Meenakshi dumps her child in Nathan's car. But of course it is all straightened out in the end, the misunderstandings are cleared and the girls walk away with their respective swains.

Mohana, the attractive, fashionable, educated, precocious young daughter of Sivasankaram Pillai (K. Sarangapani) has one passion besides having a good time with no-good young friends, and that is reading novels. Among her favourite occupations are going to the theatre, chatting with friends, reading novels, ignoring her step-mother, playing up to her fond old dad, reading novels, dressing up for college, dancing and reading novels. She read them in her pyjamas, she read them in bed, she read them on her stomach. See what I mean?

Among all the trash she swallows with the avidity only seventeen-year-olds are capable of, there is one for whom she has a special niche in her heart and that is Ashokan, the author of the most thrilling, passionate stories and the recipient of more medals and prizes than he could count, bestowed on him in appreciation of his literary merit. The only thorn in Mohana's luscious young side is Nathan, her neighbour, the most unappreciative, unaccommodating young man that lived or breathed. Here is clearly a case of dislike at first, or so you think. You are wrong. It is remarkable how often the other thing begins in exactly the same way. And so, before long, the two instead of throwing books at each other, begin to bill and coo in sequestered corners.

Moorthy has by this time, successfully captivated, seduced and deserted Meenakshi all in the course of a few days and Mohana's step-mother is neck-deep planning to get her married to Moorthy. Poor Meenakshi hurries

to town in search of Moorthy on the embarrassing discovery of approaching motherhood. She does find him but only after her babe has been brought into the world. More misunderstandings follow and the air is thick with tragedy when suddenly Moorthy sees light and repents and forthwith is happily reconciled to the patient Meenakshi.

The film meanders on touching on themes hackneyed enough in Indian films and treating them in a familiar enough way. Draupadi does a lot of weeping with the consummate skill which might be expected of a stage actress of her standing and Vyjayanthimala does a lot of silvery-toned laughing with no skill whatever. It seems a pity Mr. T. R. Ramachandran has been wasted in comic characterisations so long for this semi-serious

role in "Life" suits him admirably. Mr. Sarangapani is the victim of a repetitive script and the joke about the good old days when he was at college not only dies a natural death sometime before the middle of the picture, but begins to emit a faint smell towards the end. Draupadi acquits herself convincingly and admirably. Here is an actress with real talent indeed.

That Vyjayanthimala is a 'find', there is no doubt. She is pretty, vivacious, graceful, camera-unconscious and intelligent and, what most of our film stars are not, *young*. Her face is an unclouded mirror of her emotions. The picture is worth a visit if only to have a look at her go through her part with the confidence of a trooper. She is charming, really charming.

NEEDLE OF LIGHT OVER LONDON

Rising nearly 350 feet above the banks of the River Thames is to be constructed a giant silver-gleaming pointer visible from most parts of London to point the way to the Festival of Britain in 1951. It will apparently be poised in mid-air 40 feet above the exhibition and will itself rise a further 290 feet—a needle of light over London.

The pointer will be of open aluminium lacing, light and elegant and with the minimum of wind resistance. As it stands "shining in the sun by day and illuminated from the inside by night," it will, say the Festive authorities, "create the illusion of a heavier-than-air structure defying the laws of gravity." It will, in fact, be supported by a cradle of steel cables.

The MADRAS DIRECTORY for the year 1949-50, is a comprehensive, attractive and well got up publication running to about 1,000 pages. It is divided into 12 different sections. The exhaustive Commercial Section of the Directory runs to nearly 400 pages and contains also a detailed list of merchants, agents, importers, exporters, industries, etc. Pictures of the Governor-General, Prime Minister, Deputy Prime Minister, the Madras Governor, Her Excellency the Maharani of Bhavanagar and the Ministers of the Madras Cabinet are also included in the volume.

The Directory is neatly bound in calico and conveniently indexed. The publishers have put in splendid work on this fourth issue of the Directory. The Directory is edited by Mrs. Padma Balakrishna B.A. (Hons.) and published by Mr. V. Balakrishna for the MADRAS DIRECTORY & WHO'S WHO from 117, Armenian Street, Madras.

Letters To The Editor

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

**Celebration Of Republic Day—
Aghastly Mockery**

K. S. S.

The celebration of Republic Day on January 26 was a ghastly mockery. It was like celebrating a marriage without the bride.

India can be called a Republic only when the chosen representatives of the people are at the helm of affairs: when the sovereign Parliament at the Centre and the provincial Assemblies and Councils are composed of persons elected by popular will or if at least these so-called Members of these bodies respected and acted in accordance with the wishes of the people. But neither the Members of the old Constituent Assembly, which has now been magically converted into the Indian Parliament, nor those of the Provincial and State Legislative Assemblies and Councils can be regarded as representatives of the people. For one thing, most of them were nominated at the sweet will and pleasure of unscrupulous Congress bosses, the considerations that guided the selection of nominees being anything but merit, integrity and popularity. Most of them would not have had the ghost of chance of being returned in a direct election. For another thing, those who were elected were elected on issues that do not exist today or which are no longer held sacred by them. It was because of their association with a party that was engaged in the struggle for freedom against the British Government at great risks and suffering, that the present Congress legislators were returned at the last general elections. Now that struggle is over. Another struggle has begun, a struggle for 'economic swaraj,' as they called it, which was the keynote of the Congress election manifesto. But the Congress legislators, far from striving for the achievement of the economic swaraj and the implementation of Gandhian principles, have been engaging themselves in feathering their own nests from their vantage positions. Most of them became corrupt to the core, indulging in nepotism and blackmarketing of the worst sort. And the post-freedom Congress rule has far from bringing in economic millennium for the people, led the common man far away from the goal of "economic swaraj." The bigwigs and capitalists were elevated to comfortable positions while the poor and the exploited were still deeper pushed in the mire. Economic inequalities have been rendered

more anomalous and cruel. While everyone talked of the necessity of increased production nobody seemed to be worried over the distribution of the produced wealth. Prices are soaring higher and higher. Blackmarketing is flourishing under the cool shade of lenient and reluctant law. Hoarding of essential commodities of life by unscrupulous and greedy speculators remains unchecked. The economic life of the people has consequently become unendurable.

And here in Hyderabad, the 'Republican' States Ministry has committed an atrocity in installing the reactionary Nizam as the Rajpramukh of the State, thus proving traitorous to the public opinion inside and outside the State and to their own declarations in the past. That the Nizam is hated by all sections of the people except perhaps the Muslims who still seem to be holding a soft corner for the Nizam, can be divined from the anti-Nizam demonstrations held all over the State on January 26, the day of rejoicing elsewhere in India. The Socialists observed "Anti-Nizam Rajpramukh Day" all over the State. The Congress leaders boycotted the swearing-in ceremony lest they should encounter hostile demonstrations in the mofussil areas. Eminent State Congress leaders like Pandit Narendraj, President of the Andhra (B) Provincial Congress Committee, held public meetings expressing their resentment at the installation of the Nizam as the Rajpramukh of the State. The annual session of the Andhra (Telangana) Congress Committee described the Nizam as one "who was responsible for murders, loot and arson" before the police action and as one "who declared war against the Indian Union and its people," and demanded his deposition.

The elevation of undesirable, worthless and corrupt persons to positions of eminence and the postponement of elections on one pretext or other, coming as they do on the top of complete barrenness of positive material good resulting from three years' Congress rule, robbed the Republic Day of all its thrills. The truth of the matter is that if fresh elections are held immediately most of the Congressmen and leaders holding office now will be ousted from power, and they are terribly frightened at the prospect of parting with power. But the celebration of Republic Day on January 26 would remain a ghastly mockery unless people are afforded unfettered opportunity of selecting their own legislators, Ministers and Statesmen immediately at the polls

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SWATANTRA

VOL. V, NO. 2.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1950

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AFTER THE FAIR!

SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 2

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

EINSTEIN WARNS THE WORLD

WHEN President Truman announced the other day that America was going to make the Hydrogen bomb, he did not shock the world. Yet it was a decision that may mean the annihilation of life on this planet. Step by step, the researches of atomic physicists have brought us nearer to this final triumph of technology. An American who recently visited Nuremberg wrote this description of an air raid: "The half-timbered houses went like a dry forest; some people, having taken refuge in their cellars, drowned in their own wine when the tuns burst; others, making for the outskirts of the city, were baffled in their progress by the wild waves of flame that inundated the narrow twisting streets. How many sets of human bones still lie beneath the debris no one can guess. People still speak of the following summer, when the effluvium of putrefaction hung over the town. For a long time in my wanderings about the city, I might not meet a living creature, but then, in an hideous place, I would come upon a lone child examining the skeleton of a house".

That was the result of a single raid in 1945, with the ordinary bombs of the time. Since then, there have been the atomic bomb raids on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, a single bomb killing half a lakh of people and injuring an equal number. Now we are told that the improved types are six times as powerful. But they are child's play compared with the projected hydrogen bomb which Mr. Truman so cheerfully puts into manufacture. A single H-bomb will wipe out whole cities like London, New York or Moscow. Even

then, the confirmed optimist might say, the human race would still survive. But Albert Einstein, who ought to know, now warns the world that there is a possibility that radio-active poisoning of the atmosphere may kill all life in the wake of the bursting Hydrogen bomb.

If Einstein is right, the current quarrel between the United States and Russia is not a private dog fight but something which involves the whole of mankind. Across the wreckage of Central Europe and the Far East, the two Great Powers glare at each other. They do not seem to want to make any further friendly gestures. There is no evidence of any desire on either side to seek agreement. America worked out an atomic energy plan some time ago but wants it adopted without compromise. The Russians make so-called peace offers but the language in which they are made is provoking and bellicose. The leaders on both sides are unwilling to meet. The correspondent of the *NEW YORK TIMES* plainly says that Truman and Acheson are so disillusioned that they have made up their minds to rearm first and talk afterwards. Einstein finds that the arms race between the United States and Russia, though originally supposed to be of a preventive type, has assumed a hysterical character. Even the philosophers, it seems, are now assuming that there is no alternative to a third World War. Bertrand Russell in his Halley Stewart lecture sees no prospect of world unification except as the result of an American victory in the next war.

In a situation as menacing as this, the neutral nations who are not camp-followers of America and Russia should not remain indifferent or merely cry "A plague on both your houses!". Though Russia is strong she is inaccessible and less influential than the Anglo-American bloc in the United Nations. If the deadlock is to be broken, it is the latter who must be persuaded to see reason. Fortunately, Mr. Nehru is well aware of the import-

ance of this problem. India should take the lead in attempting the formation of a peace-making bloc in the United Nations. The first step should be to gain the support of Great Britain. For Britain still holds a key position in the world balance of power and possesses the diplomatic skill necessary to negotiate a settlement between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Sotto Voce

An Island Of Memories

If you knew a man when you and he were boys together, you still instinctively think of him as a boy, though you know he is a grandfather and you would probably not recognise him if you were to meet him in the street. Buildings are in this respect rather different. With every new coat of whitewash they change their personality. And if they ever made upon you the impression of raw youthfulness, you have forgotten it. They seem to have been always there, though it is a fact that they mellow much more slowly than we humans do.

Still it was something of a shock to find that the Victoria Students' Hostel had attained its Golden Jubilee. Reading the news I seemed to feel for a moment the clammy touch of Time. For I had spent three happy sabbatical years in its umbrageous shades when it had barely reached its teens. Chronologically I was the senior and I was familiar with it by report long before I looked upon its red-brick walls and spacious quadrangle, its (to my still youthful eyes) unbelievably ancient

trees and little pond peopled with shadows where the ducks swam sedately and the kingfishers flashed like jabs from the blue sky.

I was not new to hostel life. I had already spent a couple of years away from the thralldom of home but in very different surroundings. It was a big barracks in an old historic town in which some three hundred of us lived a very gregarious life, pleasantly distracted by the noises of the bazaar in what ought to have been our studious morning hours, most unpleasantly so at night by the bugs which rained down from the ceiling. But what with bathes in the Kaveri, riotous football matches and week-end jaunts to the great temple city nearby, we had little time to think of the hostel except when snatching a meal. And then we dutifully groused at the menu and plotted against the superintendent. It was all great fun.

Life in the Victoria Hostel was as different from my upcountry experience as cheese from chalk. It was



ruinously expensive, for one thing. And being an alumnus of the College for Gentlemen across the Canal cast upon you a statutory obligation to be a snob. You had to give in tips to the postman alone, when he handed you the monthly remittance from home, more than you had spent on a whole week's evening coffee at the other place, the only indulgence your conscience had permitted.

But sinking into the lap of (comparative) luxury as one might into the insidious depths of elder-down, our souls burgeoned. Class hours were none too many; and while lectures might not be skipped, there was little inducement to do so, since we merely travelled from one lounge to another. In fact we worked rather more in our rooms than at college. And we could moon about to our hearts' content. We had the traditional contempt of the gown for the town and the cinema was still in its infancy. And so we found it mighty pleasant to laze over the magazines in the well-stocked library after an early supper, while Sir Henry Bliss (in oils) beamed at us from his corner and the frogs mobilised, as our local wit put it.

My one grouse against authority was that they opened the Library—that well-remembered oval, full of amenity—too late in the morning and closed it too early at night. And my first vexatious experience of red tape was also in connection with the

Library. In returning a book I had absent-mindedly entered the wrong date and let it appear that I had exceeded the time limit. And when I found myself mulcted in eight annas I raved in vain against the obtuseness of the Steward, a dour-faced ex-corporal who could however be merry in his cups, unlike his neighbour who—according to F—, drank "not to be happy but to beat his wife." I appealed to Principal Stone, our Warden, but that bluff old gentleman disarmed me by saying, with a twinkle in his eyes, that the fine was for absent-mindedness which might lose me marks.

Marks were really marks then, not what you made the craven yield at the point of the pistol or by going on a fast. But we were no plaster saints, I assure you. We had our bonfires in the quadrangle, our regular Convocation Day rags, and even our little scandals. A tactless Warden had, for instance, exposed himself to the *argumentum ad baculum* (but that was before my time); and steward-baiting was a pious duty. Poor F—has long been gathered to his fathers. So have many others who monitored us or ministered to our pleasure like D—Rao, the Silenus-like genius of the kitchen whose *halwas* were as famous as his amours. But that bit of Chepauk remains, a bright island of memories in the flood of time.

VIGNESWARA.

From the democratic principles of liberty and equality it follows that democracy is based on publicity. Hence, too, the great importance of public opinion in modern life. Freedom of opinion is a form of political freedom, and a condition of it. In practice, journalism and the daily Press are extensions of parliamentary control over governments if not substitutes for it. Moreover, the freedom of the Press ensures the right to criticise public men and the whole apparatus of the State. Criticism is at once a postulate and method of science and of the scientific spirit. The right to criticise is a right of political initiative. The right and the duty of democratic public opinion leave, or should leave, no room for concealment or secretiveness."

"Democracy requires of every citizen public spirit and a sense of the law. Democracy is based on individualism, not on capricious individualism but rather on the effort to strengthen individuality and the sense of individual responsibility. Democracy means self-government, which means self-control, and self-government begins at home. —Thomas Masaryk, in *The Making of a State*.

ON THE EVE OF THE TEST

By V. P. RAMAN

BY the time this issue is in your hands, the Fifth Test would have begun and progressed to a stage when interest is maximum. Requirements of the press being what they are, I cannot possibly know what the position is when you read this. My remarks are made in ignorance of the Saturday scores and are of a general nature.

The fate of the rubber remaining undecided, and the ultimate Test being no unlimited fixture, hopes of good cricket at Chepauk are not unnatural. A wicket so famed as ours for barely lasting the five-day period, is bound to play tricks, and the disastrous way the Indian team last year failed to cope with the terrors of Trim, Jones and Co., is a lasting monument to the vagaries of the M. C. C. pitch. The fourth day has been always the turning point in the game, in Madras—a peep into past records will bear that out—and who wins the toss will very nearly win the match. Hassett lost his 'Unofficial' Test with the rubber in 1945 despite his having had the first use of the wicket, but then, Bannerjee and Sarwate bowled with an inspiration too great to be natural; besides, a classic Amarnath century and a typical Modi 200 went to ensure a victory, smooth and easy.

This Commonwealth side is beyond doubt a more formidable combination than the Australian Servicemen, most of whom were still not free from the freshness of battle and the boom of cannon. They just chucked their khaki, donned white apparel, and after a solemn sermon on the rules of the game from Hassett, forthwith came on to the field. With all that they did creditably well. Goddard brought with him a team overwhelmingly superior and the enthusiasm was at his wit's end to suppress patriotism to an appreciation of the game. To lose oneself in the poise and effortlessness of a cover-drive by Weekes, momentarily unconscious of the increasing burden on the home side, requires a mentality too sublime to be available in the

stands. A stroke by Mushtaq is hailed with twice the rejoicing, for it does both the head and the heart good to see.

Livingston comes to Madras without the handicap of Hassett who had to turn gunners into batsmen, and without the advantage of Goddard who has a ready-made batch of match-winners at his beck and call. To win, "Jock" must use his grey-cells, and like Nelson expect everyman to do his best; likewise, to lose, he must bungle badly indeed. Hazare whom Madras will see in the strangely new role of skipper, has, all considered, a better chance of winning. I was about to add "if he wins the toss" when I was reminded of an article of learned length by a friend and namesake of mine in a souvenir last year. In a peroratorical paragraph he predicted victory for India, if a number of conditions were satisfied. Unfortunately for us, none of those conditions were fulfilled, and we lost. So I refrain from imposing conditions and foretelling a result on hypothetical data. But this much we are entitled to hope. "Let the Better side win, and let the victory be a well-fought-out one." The Jai-Hind cry lurks halfway in my throat!

I have it from the lips of an all-India cricket figure that the success of Worrel at Kanpur was no less due to the absence of spinner Naidu than to his familiarity with a coir wicket. Ill at ease against C. S., Worrel's record would have suffered materially had all the catches he spooned been accepted with thanks. This in no way detracts from the mettle of the Wonder Boy, who is in fact a step higher than his countryman Weekes. 'The wiles of Tribe were exaggerated', said my friend, 'by the misjudgment of Indian batsmen, who placed their feet awkwardly'. In Madras, the prospect of India playing on the penultimate day against the left-hander is most unalluring. Bleak thoughts banishing, let us pray for a victory of the Republic within the Commonwealth against the Commonwealth.

"TIGER" VARADACHARIAR: AN APPRECIATION

By S. Y. KRISHNASWAMI, I.C.S.

THE death of Tiger Varadachariar has removed from our midst the last of the giants. *Ultimus Romanorum*.

I came to know Tiger well only during his later years; but then I came to know him so well that on my part friendship ripened into regard for one endowed with so much talent and so little vanity. By then Tiger had ceased to be a regular 'platform artist.' He did give concerts now and then but he had risen to the status that Gladstone and Disraeli achieved during their last years—legendary, olympian, revered by those at the top of the profession.

Actually Tiger was never a popular artist. He did not attract the large mass of music lovers who crowd the concerts and enjoy a mild nervous exuberance produced by pleasant sounds. Tiger could not attract the masses if he tried. He was cast in a different mould. He lived, moved and had his being in fierce isolation, digesting rather than expressing his visions of beauty in sound. He possessed very few of the superficial graces that make for general appeal. He could never look upon his music with sufficient objectivity to discover what made for success and what did not. He was utterly true to his inspiration all the time and when it slackened so did his music. He could not strive after conscious effects. Primarily, therefore, his approach was romantic rather than classical. The unending search for new and yet newer forms and variations was his forte—not the chiselled patterns of set beauty. This is not to say that he violated tradition. His fidelity to tradition (*Sampradaya*) was not imitative; rather, tradition merely supplied him with a basic frame-work, the circumferences of which had set themselves indelibly in his mind; so much so that without transgressing it, he found an infinite field for the play of his imagination. He belonged to the class that creates and not follows tradition. He used to come in

for criticism on this score from the drier Pundits of his day, who did not realise that art develops by the grafting of changes without doing violence to the parent form. Such changes, however, can be handled only by acknowledged masters. In fact, the extent to which new variations are woven into the old pattern so as still to preserve the original harmony of the design, is a sure measure of mastery in the art. This is true conservatism and rightful broadening from precedent, and not unquestioned reverence for what is merely old. It is in this sense that Tiger was a true traditionalist and Tiger himself was not unaware of this. He once told me: "Suppose I marry a beautiful woman. I would like to deck her with different jewels and clothe her in different saris every day. That will not alter her person; on the contrary, they will enhance her inherent beauty."

Naturally, Tiger was at his best where the imagination had full scope; that is, in *raga*, *thana* and *swara* rather than in the *krithis*. He confessed to me on one occasion that his repertoire of songs was meagre in comparison with that of many of the younger musicians. At his best he had few equals in singing *ragas*. His method was to make the conclusion of each phase the starting point of new phases. He used to compare this method to the way in which each branch of a tree puts forth new branches of its own. He often started where others left off and he could go on for an incredible length of time on a normally narrow aspect without once repeating himself; not in a thin, tenuous fashion, meandering between distant sounds, as some pipers do, but packing his exposition with a wealth of detail, reminding one of the filigree work of master goldsmiths or the architectural patterns of the Hoysala Temples at Belur and Halebidu. So many, in fact, were the variations that he worked in, each so subtly different from others, that the

imagination panted and got out of running in following him. One remembered nothing that one could grip and preserve, but only a magnificent *tout ensemble*. He never sang a *raga* in the same way twice. He depended upon spontaneity to such an extent that he would often start a *raga* and then leave it off on the ground that it was not taking shape. I have had frequent personal experience of these moods of his.

In singing *thana* and *swara*, it is my considered opinion that he was unique. He admired and followed the late Patnam Subramania Ayyar in his *thana* exposition and in his leisured moments used to demonstrate the several varieties of *thana*. The groupings were modelled somewhat on the *tala* patterns of three, four, five, seven and nine units but not quite so rigidly. Tiger did not like *thana* or *swara* singing in a slow tempo. He felt that these were fundamentally suited to *Madhyamakala* technique. He once remarked that slow *swara* singing was only *raga alapana* of a different kind. His method of singing *swara* had two leading features. The first was continuity. His own comparison was that of the flow of oil—a steady uninterrupted stream. That was his conception of form. Secondly he grouped the *swaras* within this continuity instead of stringing them along a single line. The traditional example of this method is of the juggler with his balls but Tiger had a more modern comparison. *Swara*, he said, to me should be sung with the speed and beauty of two tennis champions volleying to each other from near the net. He was thinking here not merely of groupings of three or four *swaras*, but pairs of groups, each opposite to the other. He was also particular that *swaras* should be enunciated

gently and not bitten. To use his own inimitable simile they should be handled like flowers in one's palm, to be felt and not crushed. Both his *thana* and *swara* expositions had an affinity to each other.

Tiger was not merely a great exponent but he was a creative artist of a high order. Unfortunately, his creations were of the moment, and he lacked a musical Boswell to take them down on the spot. Several exquisite pieces have thus been lost. I recollect an evening when he composed a complete *Varna* in *Todi raga*, and, just as completely forgot it the next morning. He then offered to make another one if I so wanted. He has, however, composed several pieces including a *Varna* in the *Sriranjani raga* for dancing. He has also, at the instance of Srimathi Rukmani Devi of Adyar, set Kalidasa's *Kumarasambhavam* to music suitable for dancing, himself composing the dance patterns (*Adavus*) to follow the music. This is a striking example of the range of his knowledge and creative capacity.

Music to Tiger was like speech to other people—a normal method of saying what he wanted to say. So much so that he saw the shape of a *raga* as a single entity and would lapse from *thana* to *swara* and back again into *raga* with complete abandon. He would jumble them up in profusion. The effect was of entering another world where sounds had sense like Wordsworth's impulses from the "vernal wood." This was pure music where the intellect and the feelings became inseparable and one heard with the mind; where the voice, the drone, and the scales of the *raga* became subordinate to a vaster effort at the fulfilment of beauty and truth.

"What will save your constitution (the English Constitution) is that at bottom the people have more virtue than those who represent them. 'The spirit of liberty' reigns in the broad masses of the nation. And so I maintain that as long as the ordinary run of people preserve their principles, it will be difficult for your constitution to be overturned."—Montesquieu, in a letter to an England friend.

NEED FOR — Popularising Science

By R. L. N. SASTRI

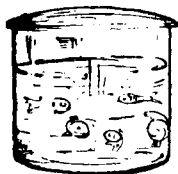
THE results of scientific research, if they are to contribute to the well-being of the common man in the social, cultural and economic spheres, have got to reach the ears of every literate citizen in terms intelligible to him. The importance of the development of a popular scientific outlook, cannot be overestimated. Adult franchise will be a meaningless aspiration in the hands of a people contaminated with superstition and ignorance. The deteriorating and alarming situation with regard to the health of this nation is in a large measure traceable to a general lack of understanding and appreciation on the part of the people of the modern ways of combating and preventing the spread of disease. Even among educated men there are people who do not believe in the efficacy of the isolation of persons suffering from contagious diseases or who are not aware of the evil consequences of non-isolation. The amount of resistance offered to compulsory vaccination by people of all classes can be known only to the unfortunate persons placed in charge of that job. Dr. P. V. Cherian in a recent speech pointed out that as a result of ignorance on the part of the public as to the proper time of bringing cases of cancer to the notice of the doctor, it is becoming impossible to cure cancer at the advanced stage at which it is usually brought to the attention of the specialist. If our agricultural production has got to be increased in any appreciable measure, any number of GROW MORE FOOD campaigns

will be futile unless they have provision for the employment of efficient measures to instruct the ryot and bring home to him the bearing of modern scientific developments on his every-day operations in the field. The value of fertilisers, the importance of improved varieties of seeds, the various ways of curing and preventing plant and animal diseases, the advantages and methods of storing and preserving foodstuffs, are all bound to lose much of their practical significance and to remain merely slogans from text-books as long as they are confined to the realm of the laboratory scientist. It is no wonder, therefore, that the recent action of the Government of Madras in banning the cultivation of wheat in the Nilgiris as a measure to prevent the incidence of wheat rust in the plains on well-supported scientific grounds, met with considerable opposition even from cultured circles. There is a widely prevalent superstition in the country that artificial manures are harmful to crops.

That there has been a general recognition on the part of educationists, public workers and the Government alike of the importance of imparting scientific knowledge to the common man, cannot be denied. But recognition is one thing and fulfilment of the objects is another. Theoretically it is possible to enumerate a long list of the possible ways and means that may be adopted. Regional exhibitions, museums, cinemas, practical demonstrations and so forth are recognised as potent means.



They are all quite costly projects and it is for the Government and other institutions interested in public welfare to take up such schemes.



There is another promising medium for popularising science and it is here that the Press should step in. Journals like *ENDEAVOUR* in England and *POPULAR SCIENCE*, *THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE* and various others in America are doing a great service in eradicating ignorance and enlightening the public mind. Besides, there are countless papers dealing with more specialised subjects like the wireless and home gardening. It is sad to note that in our country there is not even a single journal of that standard devoted entirely to the popularisation of scientific knowledge. Popular journalism in science is still in its infancy in India. It is, at the same time, heartening that many of our leading dailies are devoting a reasonable proportion of the space in their Sunday magazine sections to popular articles on science and in doing so they are doing yeomen service to science. Young men of science with journalistic zeal and aptitude should be encouraged to write upto—or rather

down to—the desired standards. Not only men of politics and economics but persons trained in the natural sciences, may also turn out informative useful articles in the Press. Special facilities may also be created for publishing instructive illustrations so as to impress the lay reader and help him to appreciate intricate problems. Biographies and adventures of some of the great scientists should be made a special feature, for they are as enchanting and inspiring as the adventures of political leaders. Mention may be made of one or two Indian journals maintained by the Governments at the centre and in the provinces and devoted to popular agriculture. One is *Indian Farming* flourishing under the auspices of the Indian Council of Agricultural Research and the other is *Padi Pantalu* published in a local vernacular by the Madras Government.

While a single field of human activity like the movietone is represented by hundreds of voices in the popular press, popular science has no voice in the country. It is therefore to the Press and the scientific-minded well-to-do classes that we should look to with hope.



WORLD'S QUICKEST "BRAIN"

A new British electronic "brain" which is expected to outshine all rivals by its speed in working out mathematical problems is likely to be completed with the "memory" built in by this summer.

This machine, known as the ACE (Automatic Computing Engine) is expected to surpass even the EDSAC, the most advanced electronic calculator, completed at Cambridge University last summer. The ACE will solve, in a few seconds, problems which would take a team of mathematicians years to work out and should prove invaluable to scientists engaged on research into atomic energy or aero-dynamics.

Its special features include: a memory capacity of 75,000 decimal digits; ability to tackle simultaneous equations with up to 100 unknowns; and a library of prefabricated instructions. This library, contained on specially punched cards, will obviate the laborious system of plugs and switches usually employed with this type of electronic machine.

The National Physical Laboratory which is responsible for the invention and construction of the ACE considers it unlikely that other similar machines will ever be made since so great is the speed with which it will work that this one machine by itself will be able to cope with all the exceedingly abstruse problems for which it is designed.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

THE CASE OF THE AMERICAN SUICIDE

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

DID you know that about 22,000 Americans commit suicide every year, that 1900 more Americans have taken their own lives than were killed by bullets in two world wars? In recent months notable men and women have died by their own hands such as Secretary of Defence James Forrestal; Thomas Heggen, author; Rose Lockridge, prize-winning writer of "Raintree County." The question, WHY, has been asked by millions. I have found some of the answers to that question, from scientists, psychiatrists, clergymen, top officers of insurance companies, police officials and the amazing non-profit organization, the Save-a-Life-League, which has the record of saving many from suicide. All the specialists seem to reach one conclusion: Suicide is a disease. They believe it is a disease that can be prevented. Religion is a source of strength to many. There is a great national organisation whose sole purpose is aiding those on the verge of killing themselves or who have tried suicide and failed. The Save-a-Life-League has headquarters at 505 Fifth Avenue and representatives in Los Angeles, Chicago, Fort Worth, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, Boston and other major cities in the United States. The League helps an average of about 1,000 unfortunates a year. The records show that about 96% of them find the strength to go on living, abandon the idea of suicide. But the thousand helped by the Save-a-Life League are only a fraction of the number of suicides in America each year. Police and insurance statistics indicate approximately 100,000 attempt to end their lives every 12 months.

There is a sameness about suicide statistics, year after year, from which definite and surprising conclusions can be drawn. (1) In spite of

the general impression that women are emotionally less balanced than men there are many more men than women who commit suicide. (2) From dramatic news stories, it would seem that suicide occurs not frequently during the conflicts of teenage years. The truth is that more than half of all suicides occur among people of 45 years and over. (3) In the United States, suicide is almost completely limited to white people. Some other strange facts; more people commit suicide in the Spring than at any other season; the worst day of the week for suicides is Tuesday; suicides decline enormously during wartime. This may be due to the fact that more people are employed during wartime and that unhappy people have less time to worry about themselves. Unfortunately in the postwar period, suicides spiral.

Why on earth do people want to die? There are four motives which experts agree are the most common: (1) Economics; (2) Ill health; (3) Domestic difficulties; (4) Prolonged emotional stress. Significantly, none of the authorities mention shattered love affairs as the motive for any appreciable number of actual suicides. Love is, they agree, the cause of a large percentage of half-hearted suicidal attempts. The spurned one, usually female, takes a small dose of poison or slashes her wrist, in the hope that reconciliation with the loved one, not death, will be the result. It often happens there when a well-known person commits suicide, complete strangers are moved to thoughts of doing away with themselves. So says Miss Lone Bonnell, chief counsellor of the Save-a-Life League, which was founded by the late Rev. Harry M. Warren, pastor of the Central Park Baptist Church of New York. Now his son, Harry M.

Warren, is carrying on the work at their New York Office, with the effective assistance of a small staff headed by Miss Bonnel. As soon as the organization hears of an attempt at suicide, a field worker goes to the scene. There is no fee. There is no question of religious background. There are no records to be filled out. If it is necessary the league gets the help of social agencies which can supply financial, medical or legal aid. The League itself teaches a philosophy of life which is incompatible with suicide, a faith in a Being higher than ourselves and faith in the power of prayer to reach Him. There is little or no treatment or cure of people with a tendency towards suicide. Great men in history have emphasized the curative value of prayer and the necessity of faith, either in God or in the significance of life. The difference between the

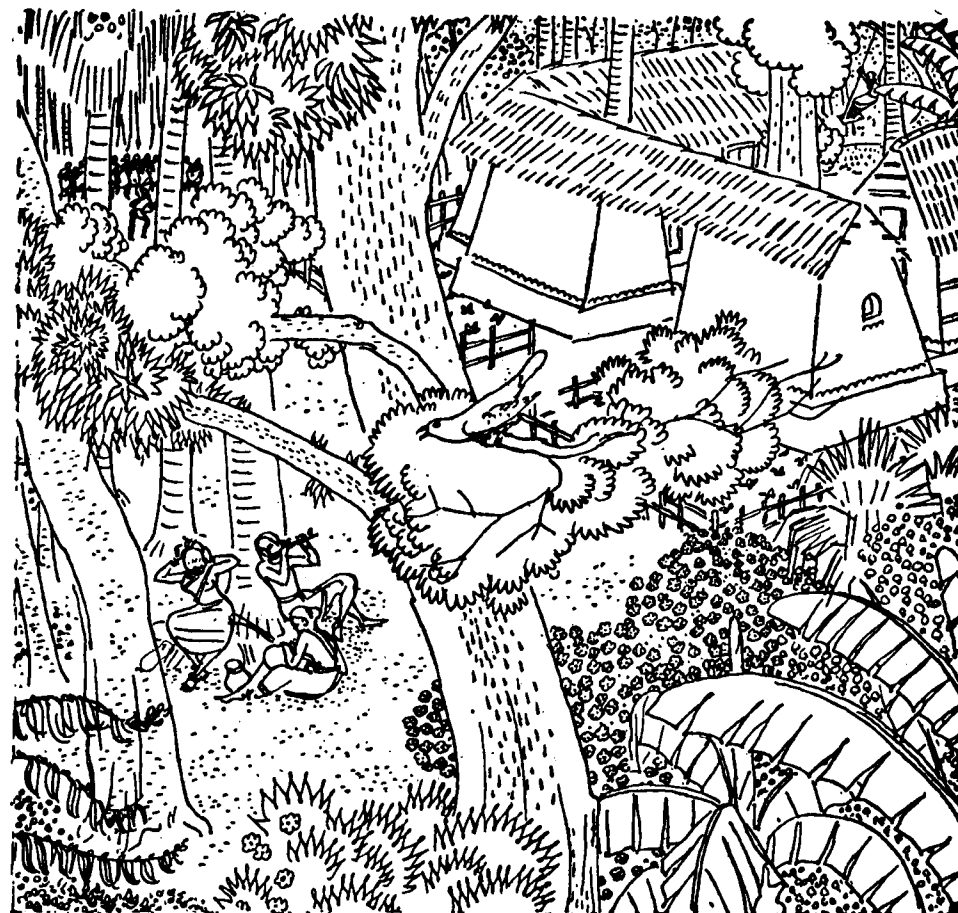
well-balanced person and the man or woman who deliberately wants to die is that, in normally adjusted people, the urge to live is strong and constant, while the impulse towards self-destruction is weak and short-lived. That is why most psychiatrists believe that suicide is not a normal reaction, no matter how strong the emotional stress an individual suffers. The act of suicide requires long periods of mulling over a single idea. A well-balanced person does not harbour such thoughts long enough to carry the idea into action. Suicide is a disease to which no one is completely immune. The impulse towards self-destruction appears, sometime or other, in all of us. The chief vaccine against it is the possession of a character or personality which can face realities of life, no matter how hard the going.

AS YOU LIKE IT

MY dear R—, I think children are a great deterrent to any form of work. I have been trying to reply to your letter at leisure for the past one fortnight but my little daughter (still under three, she promises to grow extremely intelligent) takes complete possession of me all the time I am at home, and so writing to you gets put off. And writing to you is not like replying to a business letter when you acknowledge receipt of a favour dated so and so and round off with a Thanking-you-for-an-early-reply. Here one does not formally acknowledge any favour and does not send anticipatory thanks for a reply, because a letter from either side acts as a stimulant instead of a burden to be shoved on the head and fingers of an intelligent stenographer. Moreover there is no special point around which to write. It's an illimitable vista in which you roam at will, skipping from one point to another thousands of mental miles away without any sense of time or space and without any logical coherence of a settled track.

The uppermost desire in me at present is to meet you. I am getting sadder day by day because I am con-

vinced now that there is very little hope for man. I pity the coming generations whose struggles will be much greater than ours and whose lives will have to face greater dangers than ours. The sense of security is permanently gone from the world and the Jesuses and the Buddhas if they were to start preaching today, would not be crucified or glorified, they would be made much of, they would be reported fully in the press, and their teachings would form texts for schoolboys (approved by the textbook committee), not for the substance of what they say but for the simplicity of their style. I am losing faith in some human beings in whom I had great faith. In my contact with people I find every code of conduct failing. You can't rely on anyone, education is just a flimsy polish which wears off at the slightest touch. All the great teachers and philosophers have wasted their time in looking away from truth which has been glaring in their faces. Life does not seem to present any meaning. To be frank, I am scared. It may be due to my psychological make-up. Perhaps a drunken man has a clearer vision of life than myself! The great problem



Spring

The air is heavy with the scent of flowers. The dull grass grows more green and is strewn with early blossoms from the mango trees. The earth stirs to fresh fertility and the day seems gay and charged with promise. Life is infused with a new meaning. In the gladness of this mood, tea is a cheerful and sustaining companion—it is the cup that refreshes the body and keeps the mind in tune with the spirit of the season.

Tea

Any Time is Tea Time

INSERTED BY THE CENTRAL TEA BOARD

is: on what to bring up the children? on what to teach them? or to continue the hereditary "don'ts" and leave them to their fates!

I quite share your ecstatic feelings that our country has thrown off the age-old fetters of slavery and is a republic today. The trial by fire is over. Witnessing the dawn of a wider era, the liberated Indian spirit stands confronted with a domain so vast and complicated that it has to take one of the profoundest inspirations in history to achieve internal harmony. A difficult period lies ahead for us, one can only hope that our long struggle for freedom will have not delivered the country into the hands of those who see only material prosperity for themselves and their families.

Yours is the business of a writer and you will have to fulfil your destiny same as a prostitute has to fulfil hers. You may put as much gall in your words as you like. It will have no effect. If you want your book read by the person who needs most to read it, you will have a preface by Bernard Shaw and a postscript by Winston Churchill. It's an all-round mess which will never be cleared up. With the release of more paper and ink more books will flood the market, disillusioned young men will write thousands of pages against the makers of the present and the future mess, and still the same mess-makers will be in power and the same young fools will do what the mess-makers ask them to do.

The problem of the world is and will remain too big for man. The post-war wrangling and bickerings are an index to the future of the world. Everyone is trying to retain or regain power and everyone talks of humanity, fairness, and justice. We all discount the inherent suspicion in man which will never make any sensible one to lay one's cards open. One will always have a joker up one's sleeve.

You ask me to tell you what books I've been reading of late. They are many and varied. One book which

caused a sensation in the British Press towards the close of last year—there was a loud clamour to ban it on account of its smuttiness which only increased its circulation to a very wild extent—is entitled *The Naked and the Dead*. Its author Norman Mailer is very young, an American born in 1923, and this is his first novel. During World War II he served Leyte, Luzon and Japan in various capacities: as a clerk in regimental intelligence, an aerial photograph expert, a wireman, a rifleman in a reconnaissance platoon, and to crown all as a cook and baker. He was graduated from Harvard in 1943. After his discharge in 1946 he began to work on the novel which took him about a year and a half to write. It records a brief campaign on Anopopei, a Pacific island, and reveals the horror and brutality of war in its utter nakedness. Read it if you can, but I don't think it is the kind of book that would stand re-reading, so that it is not a book to buy. It is very long, running to about 750 pages, parts of it are very touching and impressive, but great chunks of it dull and fumbling. The ideas of semi-illiterate western man on birth, copulation and death have so little imagination, they are obsessed with the gross details about the sexual act. The novel which deals with a group of men isolated from women, contains so much talk about the sexual act, one gets very bored very soon. My opinion is harsh of course, but realism of itself is never enough. The book's design is odd, and it could go on for double its length for the pattern is imposed on the material, it should of course be the other way round—so that one got the feeling that the method chosen was the only possible. But it is an experience to read the book. I needn't say more. If I remember right, your elder brother who is an M.B.B.S., Major, K—won his M. C. in the war in one of the Italian campaigns. Why not you ask him to write his memoirs so that we may have an authentic Indian view of war? If he hasn't the gift of expression why don't you help him? Yours ever, NEMO.

FROM RANJI TO HAZARE

By P. N. S.

INDIA is the youngest aspirant for international honours in cricket. She entered the contest in 1932, when the Indian team led by the Maharaja of Porbunder toured England. Since then our cricketers have gone thrice overseas—twice to England, in 1936 and 1946, and to Australia in 1947-48. England under the captaincy of D. R. Jardine came over here in 1933 and the West Indies toured this country last season. In all, India has taken part in twenty official tests, besides a number of unofficial tests. True she has not won even one of the official tests, though she has to her credit some victories in the unofficial ones. But wherever our cricketers played—whether in England or in Australia—they have captured the hearts of the critic as well as the ordinary spectator in no uncertain manner.

Our attitude to the game has come as a refreshing contrast to the dour battles between England and Australia and South Africa. Our style of play has lighted the occidental fields with a "crackling fire" as one famous critic put it.

It was towards the close of the last century that the Jam Saheb of Nawanagar appeared on the scene of English cricket, and his arrival was heralded in these terms: "A strange light from the East flickered in the English sunshine while he was at the wicket." A unique and wonderful batsman had arrived, overshadowing all the great ones that had gone before him and "inexplicable unless in terms of genius." Ranji was a remarkable instance of the power and scope of cricket to express not only 'the style that is the man but also the style that is the race'. Neville Cardus, the greatest of English writers on the game, says of him, "When he turned approved science upside down and changed the geometry of batsmanship to an esoteric legerdemain, we were bewitched to the realms of rope-dancers and snake charmers; this

was cricket of Oriental sorcery Bowlers threw up their hands to high heaven as he made his passes of flexible willow and saw their thunderbolts enchanted from the middle-stump to the fine leg boundary"

There is a story about Ranji's superb fielding, especially in the slips. The great Tunncliffe of Lancashire had made a tremendous cut, and as the ball flashed past the bat, the batsmen began to run, and after a couple of runs had been made, Ranji quietly produced the ball out of his pockets—so quickly and so unobtrusively had the catch been made! And as Tunncliffe passed Ranji on his way back to the pavilion, he was heard to remark to the great Indian, "Mr. Smith, I hope it is the same ball".

Such was Ranji, "prince of a little State, but king of a great game". Stories about his prowess have become legendary; modern youth may be sceptical about his greatness; but the accounts we have of this immortal cricketer are those of eye-witnesses, not the products of the imagination of fertile minds.

There is also a lesson that the Jam Saheb has left to posterity. His cricketing genius was not born with him. When in England for studies, he found the lure of the game irresistible; he spent hours at the nets, engaging great professionals to bowl at him, and practised and practised, and this infinite toil made him one of the world's most outstanding cricketers.

And in our own time, the great C. K. Nayudu, thrilled spectators wherever he played—the connoisseur as well as the layman—by the brilliance of his methods. A great all rounder, excelling in all departments of the game, his batting reached the heights of culture and was volatile. It thrilled the senses for "silky wrist work gave to them rare velocity, ease and loveliness." "Not for a long time to come," says the 'Cricketer', "shall

I forget the grace, and personal fire of the strokes . . . " and adds that "the job of match-winning was forgotten in the glow of Nayudu's cricket". We in this land have seen C. K. Nayudu at his best and have experienced the thrill of the most exciting game. The tall athletic frame, supple and sinuous, ever agile; the delicate late cuts placed uncannily between the slips; the majestic pulls and drives; the run between the wickets, a visible music of flight—who can forget all these? No wonder, when a doubt was felt as to Nayudu's trip with the Indian team in 1936, telegrams poured in from England declaring that if C. K. did not accompany the team, gate money could not be guaranteed and hinting that the tour itself might be dropped.

And then the illustrious nephew of the illustrious Ranji—Prince Duleep-sinhji. There was no happier man than the uncle himself when he saw his young nephew score one of the finest centuries in cricket in his first appearance for England against Australia. Barring one or two Englishmen, Duleep was the most popular cricketer in England in his time. His batting as brilliant as it was consistent, his great slip fielding which evoked memories of Ranji and his charm of manner, drew to him one and all. And no greater tribute could the Britons have paid to him than when he was, like Ranji, asked to lead his county, Sussex. And how well he did it! He led her to victory in as great a manner as his uncle did years before. But, alas! it was one of the tragedies of cricket that a career so brilliant and so hopeful should have been cut off in its prime by an ailment that crippled the prince and prevented him from wielding the willow ever after.

These three—Ranji, Nayudu and Duleep—may be said to be the trinity of Indian cricket. India owes everything to these men for the prestige she has gained as a cricketing nation.

Then we had Iftikhar Ali, the Nawab of Pataudi—a disciple of the great Frank Woolley—who played the game in the English manner. He joined Ranji and Duleep when he scored a grim century against the Australians at Melbourne in his first appearance in a Test; after that he fell out

of grace with his skipper Jardine and was dropped for the remaining tests. Ill-health then prevented him from assisting India for some years. But he came back and led our cricketers in their tour of England in 1946. Far from fit, he was never able to give of his best though he did score centuries and play many a fine innings.

Who can forget the tall, lissom Amar Singh and his deeds with the leather and the willow in India, in England and in the Lancashire League. C. G. Macartney, the great Australian player and critic, said of him, when he bowled against Bradman's men in England in 1938 and captured six wickets, that his was the finest piece of sustained swing bowling that he was privileged to see in a long time. In his day Amar Singh was very deadly, swinging the ball both ways and late, and making it rear off the pitch at a great pace, and he possessed a stamina that at critical times pulled the side through, and Bill Hitch says he was "a great trier and hard worker and a fearless hitter; I shall never forget how he hit Larwood at Nottingham. "We in Madras can still remember how he thrashed Clark and company in the Test against England led by Jardine; his superb bowling on the first day of the same test after the delightful Walters and Bakewell had put on a century in partnership for the first wicket, when he shook England's position to such an extent that it required the dourness of a Jardine to restore stability; and again against Tennyson's team, and especially against Joe Hardstaff, who only in the previous match had scored a double century and proclaimed that he was in the best form possible. The scene is still vivid: Hardstaff surrounded by eager fieldsmen, playing back to Amar Singh and missing, playing forward and again missing, and driven to impotency succumbing at last to the great bowler's length and spin. Lastly we saw Amar Singh at the top of his form when the Australians under Ryder played at Chepauk. It was India's tragedy that her hopes should have been scotched by the grim hand of death.

Mahomed Nissar—the tall burly figure moving up to the wickets with rhythm and hurling his catapults at

the batsmen—was a figure cricketers cannot forget. His breakbacks unfailingly knocked the stumps of the greatest of batsmen. Holmes and Sutcliffe, fresh from their record stand of 555 in the previous match were sent back to the pavilion when the crowd had hardly taken their seats during the tour of 1932—and in a Test match!

The scene was Bombay. It was the first Test between Jardine's men and India led by C. K. Nayudu. C. K. himself was at one end, batting in his best style. At the other end, a youthful slim figure kept the crowd electrified by a fusillade of magnificent strokes all over the field, and passed his century before he got out. It was none other than Lala Amarnath making his debut in Test cricket. Since then this great cricketer's career has been marked by brilliance and marred by tragedies. His great performances in England, on the eve of his being sent back home, again in 1946-47 with the ball, and in Australia where he led his men and earned tributes from such critics as Victor Richardson, Fingleton and Wally Hammond, will live long in the memories of all those who love the game for its sake. His batting is moulded on classical lines, and in merit he stands only next to C. K. Victor Richardson writes, "One cannot praise Amarnath's batting too highly. Innings after innings, he is saving his side, and no player in the world today is better now than this brilliant batsman. How long can the strain be borne? . . . No captain has done as much to bring a team to the top as this man." And again, "he has the whole of Australia talking and already worshipping at his shrine as much as Bradman at any time of his career."

Yes; Amarnath was not able to bear the strain. When the tests came and with them added responsibilities, he cracked and did not fare as expected, to the disappointment of the vast numbers of his admirers. But there was one brief hour of glory at Melbourne in the second Test, when he eclipsed even the great Don. The success of the Australian tour was in the main due to him; and that with the absence of Merchant and Mustaq from the side.

It is the hope of all lovers of cricket

that the present enforced inactivity of Amarnath is only a passing phase and that he will once again be at the stumps, hitting gloriously.

Vijay Merchant came to prominence in the wake of Amarnath. A unique batsman, he thinks out strokes, and does not perform by instinct; he has brilliant thrusts all round the wicket, selecting quickly but wisely, never a creature of impulse. It was written of him that "here was international quality unmistakable, batsmanship good enough to lay the foundations of any English or Australian innings." It seemed that the strain under which he performed in England during the 1946-47 tour would put him out of cricket for ever, but happily proper rest and medical attention have brought him back to the arena where he shows promise of eclipsing his own previous achievements.

What is true of Merchant is true of Vijay Hazare. At one time it was a race between the two in the matter of breaking records, and the memorable innings in which Hazare passed the three hundred and odd runs made by Merchant with his own brother holding the fort at the other end at the Bombay Pentangular is still green in our memory. In Australia, by scoring centuries in both innings against the fiery Lindwall and company, in the Test at Adelaide, he became the only Indian to accomplish this feat. A couple of hundreds against the West Indies last season was another achievement. And only a few days ago he scored two centuries in three tests against the Commonwealth team and, finally, led India to victory in the Calcutta "Test". This quiet, unassuming, gentleman cricketer has proved he is as good a general as a soldier.

Perhaps less consistent than these two, but certainly more brilliant than either is S. Mustaq Ali, who treats all bowlers in the manner of C. K. Nayudu, whose disciple he is. Mustaq is a batsman who has rarely failed on big occasions, a thorn for the opposition not only by the scores he makes but also by the manner in which he makes them. Of him did the "Cricketer" write, after the memorable partnership of 203 between him and Merchant at Old Trafford during the 1936 tour: "His cricket

was touched at times with genius, imagination; there was suppleness and a loose, easy grace which concealed power as the feline silkiness conceals the strength of some jungle beauty of gleaming eyes and sharp fangs."

And so the pageant rolls on. H. D. Kanga, K. M. Mistri, R. P. Meheromji, J. S. Warden, all pioneers of Indian cricket; Professor Deodhar, as much a professor of the game; L. P. Jai, next only to C. K. Nayudu in his heyday; Vithal, Vajifdar, Kapadia, and Godambe, all of Bombay; Ramji, brother of the famous Amar Singh and a speed merchant; the Malayan Lall Singh, a superb fieldsman and a darling of the English crowds in the 1932 tour; Jehangir Khan, the all-rounder; the famous Ali brothers of cricket, Wazir and Nazir; Navle, a first-class stumper of untiring energy and Naomal Jeomal, who opened the innings with Navle and then with Dilawar Hussain; D. D. Hindlekar, another class keeper who sacrificed his health and perhaps his life at the altar of cricket; the 'Yuvaraj of Patiala', a lovely figure and a lovelier cricketer, called away from the field of play to the field of politics, and Vinoo Mankad, acclaimed as one of the world's outstanding all-rounders. It is difficult in this brief survey, to recount all the names.

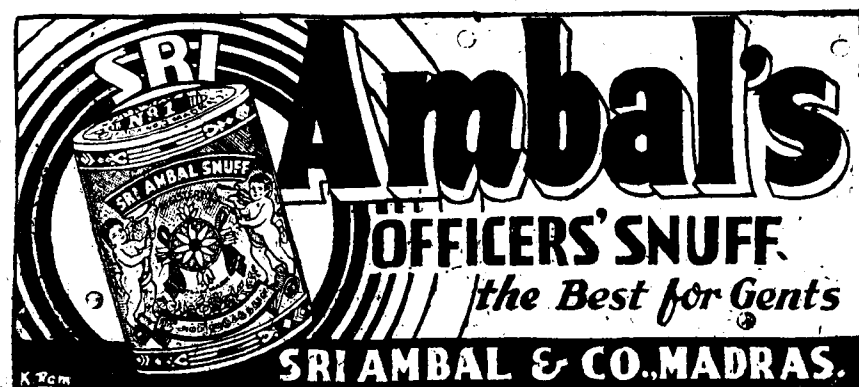
The Wisden, the bible of cricketers, has included in its list of cricketers of the year Ranji, Duleep, Nayudu, and Mankad and paid tribute to India's ability.

In our own city of Madras, we had

the great Buchi Babu, the father of cricket in the city, and his three sons, M. V. Ramanujulu, C. Ramaswami, and M. Baliah. And Baliah, the youngest of the three; an artist whose batting was the vintage of cricket, and of whom it is said he used to get lost, in the admiration of his own strokes. The great artist he was he forgot to run for the stroke. C. R. Ganapathy, whose medium, slow, pitched at an impeccable length, whipping off the pitch had many a batsman—local as well as international—in constant trouble; and his true disciple V. Jagannathan, who would surely have reached all-India fame but for death, which snatched him away so cruelly in his prime. Last but not the least is the redoubtable M. J. Gopalan, the most popular of Madras sportsmen.

India's cricketers have been as glorious as those of any other country. Ours is a heritage which must be zealously guarded—not only guarded but improved upon. For it is not enough that we play like them to enjoy and enchant. We must also play to win. The material and the opportunity is there. Placing country above self, India's future cricketers must face the task in co-operation and co-ordination. If they do so, as they did at Calcutta, success is assured.

Let us hope the victory at Calcutta over the Commonwealth team is a precursor to greater victories and let us hope, in the words of our revered leader Rajaji: "May this give a New Year lead to our people in all our endeavours".



THE DOLL

By KRISHNADEVAN

The tragedy of poverty is not merely the tragedy of hunger and rags. It is something more. It is the tragedy of a glimpse of the unattainable.

INDU, the daughter of the workman was very proud of her collection of beads, broken bangle pieces, smooth egg-shaped stones she picked up from the streets now and then, and a small oblong piece of brick that was the god and a smaller one that was the goddess. She kept them in a cardboard box which was a present to her from her father. Every day she carried the box and went to play with Kannan, the neighbour's son, under the shade of a tree.

Kannan's father, a workman himself, was comparatively richer for he could afford better clothes for his child and often bought him toys of which the neighbouring children could not even dream of.

On that day the two little citizens—Kannan and Indu—met in the shade of their favourite tree. Indu spread out all her collection of beads and stones and looked up at Kannan with an innocent pleasant smile.

"Now, there the god will sit and by his side the goddess."

"That's nice, Indu."

Suddenly Indu saw a new doll which Kannan held in his hand. It was a very beautiful doll and Indu had never seen one like that before. She wanted to take the doll from him, caress it tenderly and sing a few lines from a lullaby which she learned from her mother.

"It's very beautiful. I like that doll. Give it to me."

"It's my doll. I won't give it to anybody," said the boy.

"I don't want it. I will give it back to you. Only for a while, Kannan, please..."

"I won't."

"Who bought you that doll?"

"My father of course."

"From where did he buy it?"

"I don't know. It's my doll, I won't give it to you."

"Oh, you are a bad boy. Didn't I give you some beads the other day when you asked me for some? I don't want it for myself. Give it only for a while."

"I won't. He is mine, I tell you." The boy's tone was determined.

"What do you call him?"

"Grand Uncle."

"That's nice. Kannan, give me Grand Uncle for a while."

"I won't. My father said that I must not give the doll to others. And you know what he said? He said if I give it to others he will never give me more dolls. I won't give it to you."

Indu could bear it no longer and she suddenly got up and pounced upon the beautiful doll. Kannan pushed her and leaving her on the ground, under the shade of the tree, ran away with his doll.

Kall was in the kitchen of their little home, when she heard the child's cry and seeing her all in tears took her in her arms and kissed her on the forehead.

"Who beat you, Indu?"

"I want Grand Uncle," replied Indu.

"Now, who is that?"

"It's Grand Uncle. A doll. Kannan didn't give him to me."

"Oh, I will beat him. But don't cry. Let father come back from work. You

and I will go to market and buy a Grand Uncle."

"You won't. You are just telling me. You never do."

"No Indu, I will buy you one. Let father come home."

Indu stopped crying and sat in a corner of the room waiting for her father to come home. Every other moment she went to her mother and asked:

"Mother, when will Father come?"

"Just now. It's time he came. And then we will go and buy you a Grand Uncle. Now go and play, aren't you my good child?"

Indu was no more bothered about playing. She sat there in a corner, with an angry look on her face, sucking her fingers.

At last, Koran, her father, came back home. It was evening and the little house was almost dark. Indu ran towards her father and holding his rough palms, said:

"Father, shall we go and buy a Grand Uncle?"

"You have no Grand Uncle, my child. Who told you?"

"No, Mother said she will buy me one today after you come back from work. Now . . ."

The child was almost in tears again. Kali came out of the kitchen and looked at the dark, weary face of her husband.

"Why, are you not well?"

"I am alright, Kali."

"But why are you looking so tired? I have never seen you before like this."

"I think it will always be like this from now on, how can it become worse?"

"What happened?"

"No work again today. I roamed everywhere. But no work. Nobody wants me to work for him. I suppose we will have to starve."

"Starve?" Kali had a frightened look in her eyes.

The child did not like the way her parents dismissed her. She went back to her old place in the corner of the room and sat there as before sucking her fingers, the angry look deepening in her eyes.

"So there is no work," said Kali.

"Yes, yes, yes. No work. No food. Nothing."

"What are we going to do for tomorrow?"

"Let it be tomorrow. And then the day after. Don't ask me, girl, don't ask. I really do not know. I don't know."

"And that man was here today."

"I know."

"Yes, he came. I didn't want to tell you now. But then I . . ."

"That doesn't matter. There are thousands on the roads. And our little family will make no difference."

"Don't say a thing like that."

Kali looked at her husband's muscular arms, those arms that could not find work. Then she was suddenly reminded of Indu, the morning's incident, and the doll.

"But we must buy her a doll. I promised her." She told Koran.

"No food. How can one think of dolls?"

"But she is only a child."

"There is no money."

"You know, . . ."

"What?"

"When I was a child, I wanted to play with a doll so much. My father couldn't buy me one. I cried for days and days but didn't get it. I don't mind starving. But I want my child to play with a doll. Just for a day."

"Sell all that you have and buy her one. I won't grudge it."

"We have nothing to sell."

"Then . . ."

Now her husband was not in a mood to listen to Kali. He understood everything she said. He too wanted to buy his daughter a doll, she knew, but there was no money. Not even for food.

At night, the little family sat in the kitchen and ate from a common bowl. Indu was crying all the time and after some time she went to sleep, still crying. The mother looked at Indu. Her face was wet and flushed in the light of the small dim kerosene lamp that burned in the room. And in her sleep she was muttering something and sobbing.

The night passed and the child woke up in the morning again asking for the doll.

Koran was ready to go out as usual in search of work. He looked for the small tin can in which he used to carry something to eat at noon.

The can was lying in the kitchen. He took it in his hand when he heard his wife say: There is nothing in it. It's empty. There's nothing in the house."

Without a word he left the can and came out of the room. And as he was about to leave the house Indu cried out: "Father, will you bring me Grand Uncle when you come home?" He averted his head and hurried away.

Indu did not go out to play with Kannan. She had almost forgotten about him, her beads, broken bangles, the little god and the goddess and the old tree. Only one thing mattered to her. The doll.

She went to her mother and said: "Mother, you didn't buy me Grand Uncle yesterday."

"Father will bring it to you today. Don't cry. Let him come."

And Indu again waited for her father to come back home. She went up and down the room and looked out of the door and occasionally reminded her mother of her promise.

It was again evening when Koran returned home. Kali was anxiously waiting for him. She did not know what news he would bring her. Did he find work?

"Today again," said Koran.

"What?" asked Kali.

"Same as yesterday. No work."

"But we can't starve?"

"I cannot steal either. Can I?"

Kali could not say anything more to him. She went to the kitchen. In an earthen pot some water was boiling. The fuel in the small oven had almost burned out. There was an unhappy silence inside the house and out.

"Where's the doll?" Indu was only waiting for Koran to return.

"Tomorrow," he said.

"Tomorrow?" cried Indu. "When will this tomorrow come?"

"I really want to buy a doll. But I can't, I can't, I . . ." Koran murmured to himself. How could he, an unemployed beggar, buy a doll for his child?

The child slept again on an empty stomach, crying for the doll. It was night. The song of drunken men from a nearby toddy shop came breaking the silence. There was something melancholic, defeated and boring

about that song of the drunken men.

Koran entered the kitchen of his home.

"I am hungry, Kali. Give me something to eat . . ."

"But there's nothing here. You don't get work. And I don't earn anything, you know." She did not mean to say even so much but the words came out of her mouth before she could stop them.

The workman's eyes turned red, his body shivered. He drew close to his wife, caught her by the hand and then beat her.

"No food? After a whole day's wandering. And you ask me for a doll. You are ruining me. You have ruined everything I had. I have been working day and night now for years. And what have I? Not even food."

He wanted to say much more, but restrained himself and walked out of the kitchen and then out of the house.

The child woke up from her sleep, frightened. And she again began to cry. She knew that her father had beaten her mother, but did not know why. Kali was sitting in the kitchen and weeping.

It was past midnight when Koran came back home. Kali had put out the kerosene lamp. She was lying on a torn mat, staring at the roof of the house. Koran entered the house and lay quietly by the side of his wife.

Kali did not say anything for a long time. She wanted to tell him that she was not angry with him, that she knew that he did not mean what he said. But to speak cost her an effort and she felt she had no energy even for that.

Koran ran his rough palm over her cheeks and forehead. "Kali!" he whispered.

"Yes?"

"Kali, I have no other place to go. This is my home. You are my wife. Indu is my daughter. This is mine, all these . . . I have come back."

They were silent for a long time.

"Are you hurt? I didn't mean to do that, Kali."

"I know that. I know you don't mean many things you say and do."

"But . . ."

"But don't beat me, Koran. What is the use of beating me?"

"I know. There is no use. But when I am hungry and tired and hopeless something happens to me. I don't want to do it, you know."

"I know."

"And tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?"

"I must buy her a doll. I cannot bear it any longer. A man must be able to buy a doll for his child."

"How can we?"

Where was the money to come from?

It was again morning. Indu woke up. She began to remember the doll again. But she did not ask for it any

more. She went up to her father and sat on his lap. "Father, why did you beat Mother yesterday?" she asked. And after a pause she added, "I won't ask for Grand Uncle any more."

Koran sat looking at the ground. There was nothing to say.

Kali shouted from the kitchen: "Indu, who told you Father beat Mother? Father never beats Mother. We were only playing Police and Thief. We played well, didn't we? Ask Father."

Indu ran to the kitchen. She would collect her beads and go and play. As long as her father was not angry and her mother did not cry, it was alright.

Indu never spoke about Grand Uncle again.

HAPPINESS IN WORK

"The best example of happy work in society is found in the family, the most instinctive and smallest unit of co-operation. It is not always a perfect organism, but in general each of the components tries to make life easier and more peaceful for the others.... Outside that unit human relations are based on force, on bad faith, on exploitation. Human nature has been made suspicious by the examples of groups which today are trying to impose rules on others. Full employment, social security, etc., cannot alone make work happy. It is not only in the material field but essentially in the spiritual that work must be reorganised. But it will be a vain task if environment and outlook are not first purified, for work is its most vital manifestation."—N. L. Merano, Italy in Echo.

"Work is not a burden for all. There are certain categories of workers, e. g. the peasant and the professional man, who work longer hours than the salaried and enjoy it. Their activity has a twofold interest and scope: it is done for themselves and their families and for humanity as a whole. In the past the majority enjoyed work more than the majority do today. Unhappiness in work in our present society is found almost exclusively among workers and the salaried.

To make work pleasant and acceptable, society must be reorganised to eliminate the fear and burden of necessity: free the worker from indifference by giving him an interest in the firm. This is socialism. —G. V. Venezia, Italy in Echo.

President Woodrow Wilson, although accustomed to being besieged by office seekers, was particularly annoyed by one persistent politician. Finally the fellow played directly into his hands. "Mr. President," he asked bluntly, "you remember the man you appointed to the Federal Trade Commission last week? Well, he died this morning. Would it be alright with you if I were to take his place?"

Wilson eyed the politician for a moment, then nodded. "Certainly, if you can arrange it with the undertaker."—Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.

We, The People

By V. VENKAT RAO

THESE are vibrant, elusive words. Though they do not yet have a settled place in the political thought of several countries, they have gained power since 1787. And they are at the top of the constitutions of India and the United States of America. These words have an interesting historical background.

As late as September 10, 1787, seven days before the date of adoption of the Constitution of the United States by the Philadelphia Convention, the draft preamble read as follows:

"We, the people of the states of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Islands and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia do ordain and establish the following constitution for the Government of ourselves and our posterity".

But the Convention had already adopted a resolution that the constitution should go into effect when ratified by nine states. The Committee of Style, to which the draft constitution was referred for a final shape thought that it would not be correct to mention in the preamble, the names of those states which would not ratify the constitution. They, therefore, omitted the names of the states and retained the words, 'We, the people'. It is thus evident that the Committee of Style was very particular about the style and not the meaning of the words. They do not mean the words 'We, the people' as 'We, the representatives of the people of the United States'. For the Committee did not contain democrats or those who had belief in the ability of the people to govern themselves. It consisted of Alexander Hamilton, William S. Johnson, Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris and James Madison. Hamilton had nothing but contempt for the people. At one time he had said, 'Your people are a great

beast'. Johnson was a high Tory who did not lend any help to Washington and his men when they were fighting the battle of Independence. Rufus King was a Hamiltonian. Morris despised the French Revolution and was willing to break the Union of 'we, the people', during the war of 1812. Of the five who gave a final shape to the preamble, Madison alone cared for the people. So it could not be expected that these people would have meant the words, 'We, the people', as 'We, the representatives of the people'. But in course of time, these words came to mean that. So far as the Indian constitution is concerned, there is no such ambiguity. It is no doubt a fact that the Drafting Committee like the Committee of Style did not consist of representatives of the people. It consisted of men only. A great majority of them were lawyers, some of them from Madras, the most litigious of all provinces. A still greater majority of them were caste Hindus who had implicit belief in the existing order of society based on the caste system. Six of the seven members did not lend any help to the cause of Indian Independence when Gandhiji and his men were fighting the British rule. One of them was an Advocate-General for more than twenty years and was defending the actions of the British Government in the courts of law; one was a staunch Muslim Leaguer and fought for the division of the country which brought about so much suffering and sorrow to millions of innocent men and women; two of them were civil servants and took to politics after retirement from service; one was supporting British rule in this country in order to get more privileges for his community; one was a high Tory and had no belief in the capacity of the people to manage their affairs. He told the writer when he was discussing with him the question of adult suffrage that adult suffrage would bring in to being "Government by the men of the

gutter". The last one was a business man and was busy making money. Of the seven members, only two may be said to have approached the people for their vote. A third was elected to the Council of State but his constituency was a pocket borough. A fourth contested for a seat in the Madras Legislative Council from the Landholders' constituency but was defeated. With the exception of one all the remaining six were not members of the Legislative Assemblies, either Provincial or Central at the time of their election to the Constituent Assembly. And so it may be asked whether the Drafting Committee consisting of such men would have really meant the words, 'We, the people', when they fixed up the preamble to the Constitution. The fact is that the drafting committee is not responsible for the inclusion of the words in the Preamble. Then how did they come into existence? Para 4 of the Resolution on Objects and Aims moved by Pandit Nehru in the Constituent Assembly on December 13, 1946 clearly stated that all power and authority of the sovereign democratic India is derived from the people. Further, the Constituent Assembly, directed its Constitutional Adviser, Sir B. N. Rao, to prepare a draft constitution based on the Objectives Resolution, and place it before the Drafting Committee for scrutiny. It is thus evident that the Constitutional Adviser would have borrowed these words, while preparing the draft constitution, from the constitution of the United States of America. And the Drafting Committee simply gave its approval for the use of these words. Thus the Drafting Committee simply carried out the wishes of the Constituent Assembly as expressed in the Resolution on 'Objects and Aims'.

But then it has been contended that the Constituent Assembly itself was not competent to draft the constitution much less to speak on behalf of the people. The basis of this contention is that the percentage of the population who had the right to elect representatives to the Provincial Legislative Assemblies was only 14; that the issue of the election of members to the Constituent Assembly was not before the electorate at the time of elections to the Provincial Assemblies;

and that the election of members to the Constituent Assembly was indirect. It is, therefore, argued that the Constituent Assembly was not a representative one. But students of pragmatic politics should keep their little boats near the shore lines of reality. It is no doubt a fact that the members of the Constituent Assembly were not elected by a direct vote. But that was owing to the peculiar circumstances under which it came into being. In spite of the fact that the Constituent Assembly is an indirectly elected body, it was far better represented than the Philadelphia Convention that framed the American constitution, 1787, the Quebec Conference that framed the British North America Act, 1861, the Melbourne Conference that framed the Australian constitution, 1900 and the Cape Town Conference that framed the South African constitution. The one characteristic feature common to all these conferences is that they consisted of delegates nominated by the respective governments. Further, all of them were men. And women had to battle for nearly 150 years, even in a "democratic" state like the United States to get a place among the "people". But our Constituent Assembly consisted of representatives from the several layers of the society in proportion to their population strength. Further, there were also a good number of ladies. It is, therefore, evident that the Constituent Assembly consisted of representatives of the people and therefore had the necessary authority to frame the constitution.

Now who are these "people?" And what do they say? We have a conglomeration of peoples, of many races and nationalities, of varying degrees of intelligence and ignorance, characters, good, bad and indifferent, many of them lazy and foolish, many more industrious and eager to accomplish something good for themselves and for their country. Urged by a variety of motives, they came to this country. Some came as invaders, some as plunderers, and some to escape persecution. While some left, others remained. From this promiscuous breed, the race now called Indian has arisen. In spite of these varieties and differences, they now say that they are the

people of this country and have taken the oath of allegiance that they would remain as one and indivisible people of the Indian Republic. They also indicate that they would get along together without fighting out any difference of opinion, except by constitutional means; that they would respect those sentiments of justice,

decency, fairplay and tolerance necessary to social living; that they would preserve and promote liberty, beat off all forces tending to despotism, stimulate co-operation in all matters of common interest; that they would give themselves to the service of the country when centrifugal forces threaten the integrity of the state.

BRITAIN'S POST-WAR PARLIAMENT

By STANLEY ELLIS

The dissolution on February 3 brought to an end the longest Parliament Britain has had for 44 years, apart from those extended during World Wars I and II. Its record shows that legislatively it has been one of the most active Parliaments the British people ever elected.

WHATEVER verdict posterity may pass on the performance of the British Parliament during the heavily burdened years between May 1945 and the dissolution in 1950 a high commendation for diligence will surely be included. The quantity of work achieved has been enormous.

With the victory in Europe in 1945 a page of history turned and the war-ravaged world looked with a renewed optimism to the legislators, international and domestic. Everywhere there was so much to be done and perhaps nowhere was the task greater than in Britain, where every asset, of men, money and materials, had been thrown, without reservation, into the battle for the survival of freedom and the democratic way of life.

The terms of the legacy were harsh, even though the opportunity was rich and, as the politicians planned, whether in solemn world conference or national conclave, the reverberations of the first atom bomb explosions could still be felt.

In Britain, interest in her heritage of democratic institutions and in Parliament itself could hardly ever have been more marked. Press and radio turned with a new enthusiasm to the reporting and the discussion of affairs at Westminster, and the House of Commons functioned under the continuous vigilance of the home public and the serious scrutiny of many astute overseas observers.

The General Election of 1945 in the United Kingdom was quiet and orderly; but its result excited the world. The Labour candidates swept the polls and found themselves returned to power with a majority of 148 over all other parties and groups. The Labour Government regarded this as a mandate to push ahead with what it visualised as a five-year plan of Socialist legislation. The speed at which it was developed was a fast one, particularly as it was achieved alongside the need for much reconstruction and rehabilitation both national and international, not all of which could be entirely party-planned.

Now Britain is looking back on those five years and her citizens will pass their own judgment by the democratic means of the secret ballot. The achievements, the shortcomings, intent and dissent, all these go under the microscope of public opinion.

Any review of legislation in the United Kingdom during these last five years must surely concede that the Acts of the greatest domestic significance, however bitterly they have been argued or opposed, have been those introduced to bring about certain national services, including the health service and the nationalisation of certain vital industries. But if any study stopped there it would offer an untrue and unbalanced picture of the workings of the Parliamentary system in Britain during this period.

The Labour Government had more than enough voting strength to work its will over many things, but the Opposition was watchful, critical, hostile or co-operative according to its own strict assessment of each item before Parliament. At first there were many measures to be brought to completion which had been the offspring of the wartime Coalition Government and there were others that had almost the unstinted support of all parties.

In these last five years coal, electricity, gas, civil aviation, the railways with other forms of inland transport and the Bank of England have under controversy passed into public ownership. National Insurance and Health schemes are now operating. The social security measures were not, in their origins, one-party conceptions, but the Health Bill and, of course, the nationalisation ventures were developed according to the Labour plan. The broad field of Parliamentary activity, however, was not always confined by the bounds of party political thinking.

There are Private Members bills that will be remembered with gratitude and such measures of general humanity as the Children Act—demanding that the counties and county boroughs must look after homeless children—that resound to the credit of all parties.

The State opening of Parliament in August 1945 coincided with the surrender of Japan. The war was over; the great unwinding of the mightiest war machine Britain had ever created had to be begun; yet ere long it was plain that the politicians and the public were faced with the realisation that the problems confronting humanity in the new peace were perhaps greater than those projected by war.

During the first Session of Parliament (1945-6), 96 Bills were introduced, of which 84 became Acts. On balance the weight seemed to be on social security with the National Insurance Act—and its supplementary Act covering industrial injuries—and the National Health Act, but there was much activity on the industrial and economic side. An early Act nationalised the Bank of England. The Bank had, of course, long work-

ed in close collaboration with the Treasury prior to this legislation.

The Bank of England Act was followed speedily by the Borrowing (Control and Guarantees) Act which put capital investment of amounts over £10,000 under national control and was regarded by the Government as a key move in its full employment programme. Thereafter came the first main measures of nationalisation, commencing with the Coal Industry Nationalisation Bill which established the public ownership and control of the coal mining industry and set up the National Coal Board with members from two sides of the industry and from independent sources.

But the first session was not devoid of variety. There was, for instance, the Atomic Energy Act which gave the Minister of Supply the signal to go ahead with the development of atomic energy in Britain, to prevent any unauthorised production in this field and withhold certain information when this was thought necessary. And there was a pleasant interlude with the passing of the British Museums Act which was devised solely to allow a copy of the original Magna Carta to leave the United Kingdom on loan to the United States.

In the field of world affairs, the United Nations Act—introduced to enable effect to be given to certain provisions of the United Nations Charter and provide a means of acting upon decisions taken in the Security Council and the Bretton Woods Agreement Act—was brought in to support the foundation of the International Monetary Fund and the Bank for Reconstruction and Development.

Home affairs were seldom in the background for long. The Civil Aviation Act established national control of civilian air services through three publicly owned corporations (since reduced to two) and the Minister also took responsibility for all civil airports. The Cable and Wireless Act prepared the way for a world-wide communications system to pass under public control by January 1, 1946.

It was a year later that the National Coal Board took over the manage-

ment of 1,500 collieries, 400 small pits, a million acres of land and became the employer of some 690,000 miners and 30,000 clerical or administrative staff.

Most in the public mind, however, were probably the two social measures, the National Insurance Act and the National Health Service Act. Before the Labour Government took the Parliamentary helm, a Ministry of National Insurance had been set up and a Family Allowance Act passed. Effect was now given in the National Insurance Act to the scheme outlined in the Beveridge Report some three years previously.

The Insurance Act was indeed a clear legacy of the Coalition Government and, in its final form, passed the Commons with only two dissenting voices. It extended the system of national insurance to cover practically everyone in the country; sickness, unemployment, maternity and widows' benefits were fixed and so were death grants, retirement pensions and guardians' allowances, with the public divided into three classes, the

employed, the self-employed and the non-employed.

The National Health Service Act of 1946 had by no means such a smooth passage, for the Minister had departed considerably from some of the previous ideas. Many of the Opposition could not agree to the extinction of voluntary hospitals or any substitution of salaries for fees in the payment of general practitioners. As finally passed, however, the Health Service Act gave the Minister responsibility for all the health and medical services throughout the country, including hospital and specialist services and established regional boards, councils and committees to undertake the local organisation of the new public service. It created a general practitioner service which meant that doctors were paid for their services by the State and not by the individual patient.

The new service thus became free to every citizen and the cost had to be met partly by the Exchequer, partly from local rates and partly through National Insurance contributions. A national and comprehensive health service was in being.

In a college class there was an aggressively intelligent student who continually interrupted the professor with questions. Because the professor was patient, and the queries were pertinent, he stopped his lecture each time to answer them. But one day, after a series of his finest thoughts had been made meaningless by this human question mark, the professor paused. "Young man," he said gently, "I want to apologise to you for constantly interrupting the beginning of your sentences with the middle of mine."—J. L. Sims, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia.

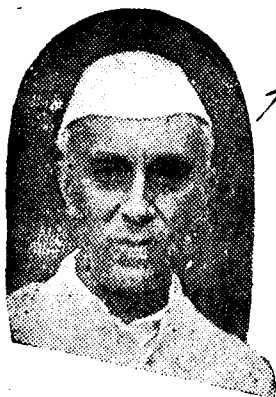
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Mark Twain was once invited to the house of a famous friend. Together with one of the other guests, a young writer, he took a good look at the library of the house, admiring the many beautiful books in it. The writer took a few books from the shelves and asked the host whether he would lend them to him, which the host refused.

The guest was offended but Mark Twain told him: "You know after all I think our host is right in not wishing to lend out books for one never gets them back. See, all of these are borrowed books which have never been returned."

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"A great man of action must also be a great dreamer. Of course, if the dream is not followed by action, then it is a bubble; it has merely served to divert the man from doing something. But great action cannot take place if the man has it not in his brain to think great thoughts, to dream great dreams."—Theodore Roosevelt.



An Open Letter to PUNDIT NEHRU

PUNDITJI,

Fortunate is the nation which has a hero living in its midst. Athens was the greatest state when Pericles was living. And fortunate is he upon whom such a high honour falls. You are aware of it, for, did you not say, "I marvel at my good fortune. To serve India in the battle for freedom is honour enough . . . But to suffer for the dear country—what greater good can befall an Indian unless it be death for the cause or the full realisation of our glorious dream?" Nor is it necessary to remind one so modest as yourself that many have suffered for the cause of India, some of them far more than you have suffered even though their names are hardly remembered today. Thousands upon thousands have died for the cause, and thousands upon thousands will yet have to die. They asked for (and when their hour comes their successors will ask for) no greater recognition than it to be said of them that they died for the cause.

Today, the country's choice has centred round you. Therefore though you may not be the titular Head of the State it is to you that we must bring our fears, address our hopes, and it is from you that we must seek redress from the wrongs and iniquities and injustices that surround us as much as they did when our land was under foreign domination.

According to a New Delhi news-report (Nov. 25.) "the House entirely endorsed Dr. Ambedkar's observation that democracy in India could not survive long if 'equality and fraternity in all spheres of life were not

established." A few days earlier one read also: "The dogma of superiority by birth and wealth had disappeared from India and had been replaced by a classless society where every man and woman would have equal rights", said by Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, President, Indian National Congress, while addressing a meeting at Perambur (Madras).

None of us imagine that either Dr. Ambedkar or Dr. Sitaramayya take lightly the implications of our new Constitution. This is the consummation we would all wish for, and every lover of freedom and security would endorse those sentiments. But the means of achieving progress and retaining stability in the social structure is something over which the best brains in the world have worried, and are worrying. John Stuart Mill said: "Order is not an additional end to be reconciled with Progress, but a part and means of Progress". How to reconcile Liberty with Authority? How much of individual freedom must be sacrificed for the social good? Bertrand Russell in his Reith Lectures for 1948-49 (*Authority and the Individual*) poses the question, "How can we combine that degree of individual initiative which is necessary for progress with the degree of social cohesion that is necessary for survival?" He values the modern stress on equality, but he points out that without liberty equality will not encourage non-conformity, and self-respect ("the proper part of pride") and the readiness to be in the minority, when necessary. "A society in which," he

says, "each is the slave of all is only a little better than one in which each is the slave of a despot. There is equality where all are slaves, as well as where all are free. This shows that equality, by itself, is not enough to make a good society. . . . A good society is a means to a good life for those who compose it, not something having a separate kind of excellence on its own account". Russell is, of course, a Socialist. He concedes the principle of social ownership of certain aspects of public economy but he is very jealous of the encroachment of institutions upon individual freedom. Persons, not institutions, are the carriers of value, according to him. In matters of opinion he stands for absolute non-interference by the State. It is curious that he has broadcast these advanced views against monopoly and controls over the B. B. C. When will our A. I. R. allow opposition views to be broadcast over the Government-controlled radio? Not for a long time, I fear. When will our Government cease to frown upon newspapers and periodicals which dare to criticise its departments and expose scandals like the "Secretariat scandal" at Madras? It remains to be seen. Russell is vehemently against the monopoly of media of opinion and publication. How far must we go with Hobhouse in his theory that individual liberty is in proportion to social control? Not so very far, after what we have seen of the effects of the "Goose-Step" and what we are witnessing elsewhere today. Ours is both a democracy and a republic. Democracy is majority rule, safe enough with a conservative country like Great Britain but beset with problems for Asiatic countries. It is the Republic which looks after minority and individual rights. A Republic (as well as a Democracy) offers a process of social betterment whereas a Dictatorship offers a take-it-or-you-will-be-shot programme. Therein lies the danger of "Planned Economies." That is why Nationalization is so perilously close to National Socialism. In order to rid the country of private monopolies the Government steps in and becomes the monopoly-holder, as it is with the Post Office, the Railways and certain other Public Utilities. Whose business is it

to watch and see that the Government does not bite off more than it can chew? Why, that of the Opposition Parties! Which means that a Democracy, and even more a Republic, must not only tolerate but encourage Opposition Parties, both an official Opposition as well as independent Oppositions. I must quote the late Will Rogers, the American Indian who said, "If there's one thing the Republican Party have got to learn it is that you can't get votes by denouncing."

What is the position in India after August 1947? Ours has been a scared Government, even after we have admitted that Sardar Patel's swift action in Hyderabad and his 'States' liquidation' were superb moves. There has been too much witch-hunting, and too little tolerance of constitutional Opposition. Communist mischief, when it assumes dangerous proportions, or even before it comes to that, must be stopped, but are we sure that we do not confuse agrarian revolt and Kisan activities with Communism? Is it not likely that some of the demobilised men have taken to dacoity and highway robbery and murder? By labelling every form of unrest as "Communist" Government has helped Communism to loom large in the eyes of those who were formerly indifferent to the ideology of that Party. Not a day passes without the newspapers carrying a report that the Police raided such and such a house and arrested so many people and "some Communist literature was seized." Would it not be in the public interest to take the public into confidence now and then and divulge the nature of such "literature". If it is a copy of the *Daily Worker* or the *People's Age* it should be harmless enough however virulent the language. If it were Engels or Marx—well that's a distinction that we have among us those who burn the midnight oil reading them! Otherwise these hush-hush tactics make us remember the time when it was a crime to sing *Vande Mataram* or to possess a copy of a proscribed book by Tilak or Savarkar. We have had too much of *Verboten*, too much of what the Congress Party is agin' and too little of what the Government stands for. To quote Mr. David Lilienthal (Chairman of the Atomic

Energy Commission) from his book "This I Do Believe":

"Traditionally, democracy has been an affirmative doctrine rather than merely a negative one Any form of government, therefore, and any other institutions which make men means rather than ends, which exalt the state or any other institutions above the importance of men, which place arbitrary power over men as a fundamental tenet of government are contrary to that conception, and, therefore, I am deeply opposed to them. . . . It is very easy to talk about being against communism. It is equally important to believe those things which provide a satisfying and effective alternative. Democracy is that satisfying, affirmative alternative. Its hope in the world is that it is an affirmative belief, rather than being simply a belief against something else and nothing more. I deeply believe in the capacity of democracy to surmount any trials that may lie ahead, provided only that we practice it in our daily lives"

Have we not divided the country arbitrarily into opposing camps, one painted white, the other, or others, painted black? I believe we have. And the reason for this is that the Congress Party has over-reached itself. It began as a political party with an avowed purpose. The purpose has now been achieved, even if it is not the *Purna Swaraj* that was originally envisaged. Should the Congress Party continue militant, crushing underfoot all opposition? Even the very term "Congress President" is not apt any more. Lord Woolton is the Chairman of the Conservative Party but his movements are not publicised as we do the day-to-day movements of the Congress President. In fact the very credo of the Congress Party is no longer feasible, or desirable, for a live political party. According to the Congress Constitution an 'effective member',

"shall be a habitual wearer of certified khadi made from hand-spun yarn and a teetotaler. He should not observe or recognise untouchability in any shape or form. He must be a believer in

inter-communal unity and shall have respect for the faiths of other people. He should also believe in equality of opportunity and status for all, irrespective of race, creed or sex. He must declare that he devotes regularly a part of his time to some activities connected with the Constructive Programme."

With all respect to those who drafted this manifesto one must say that as the creed of a political party it is an anachronism in the present international setting. It is alright for a religious, or a quasi-religious body; but it has outlived its usefulness for India now that India has emerged as a Republic. Moreover if one were to go with a fine comb through the ranks of the leaders of the Congress Party one would find that only a few qualify for 'effective membership'. The position has been further made ridiculous by the fact that "a very large number of such 'non-eligible' effective members are reported to have signed membership forms in the Congress provinces of Andhra, Bengal, Vidharba and East Punjab. It is learnt that about four lakhs of such 'effective members' have signed membership forms from one district in Andhra."

Let Congress, cleansed of this dross and with a revised Constructive Programme, and, with a Policy, continue as a Political Party. It is today the major Party. Let us also have, nay welcome, other constitutional parties, such as the Socialists. Not only that, just as there is conscription in France, and in Burma the obligation for every male to live as a monk for a short period let us, as David Lilienthal suggests, conscript into the Government young men of any Party or no Party. What Lilienthal says is: "a moral obligation to engage in the public service during a part of every qualified man's best years has become, for the generation that lies ahead, an actual necessity." This means that businessmen, aviators, chess experts, authors and journalists, doctors and Vaidyas, pundits and purohits and all other categories of men would serve a period in government and then revert to their original jobs. It seems to me the most effective answer to those who criticise Government in season and out of season. However, we must not be afraid of trial and

error, for trial and error is life; and he, who is afraid of life, said Bertrand Russell once, is three-fourths dead. "The element of the unexpected and the unforeseeable is what gives some of its relish to life and saves us from falling into the mechanical thralldom of the logicians." (Winston Churchill in *The Sinews of Peace*.)

I began with a reference to Athens. Let me conclude what I began in a spirit of humility, and at the same time, of affection for the land I have adopted, with these words from Thucydides about Athens, which under Pericles, set the finest example of a democracy ever known:

"Our Constitution is named a democracy, because it is in the hands not of the few but of the many; but our laws secure equal

justice for all in their private disputes, and our public opinion welcomes and honours talent in every branch of achievement, not for any sectional reason but on grounds of excellence alone. We have no black looks for our neighbour if he enjoys himself in his own way, and we abstain from the little acts of churlishness which, though they leave no mark, yet cause annoyance.

We are lovers of beauty without extravagance, and lovers of wisdom without unmanliness. Wealth to us is not mere material for vainglory but an opportunity for achievement; and poverty we think it no disgrace to acknowledge but a real degradation to make no effort to overcome."

—J. VIJAYATUNGA.

COMMUNIST POLITICAL TRIALS

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

POLITICAL trials and the convictions that inevitably follow them have become an all too common feature of East European Communist states. Not infrequently, in these trials, those who had till then been considered ardent Communists and were high up in the party hierarchy as well as in government figured as the accused and met the fate to which they had sent several others when they were occupying the seats of power. The latest such instance was the treason trial and execution of Ktraicho Kostov, former Vice-Premier of Bulgaria. The court, says a report, was surprised by his unexpected plea of "not guilty" to the major charges of spying for Britain and plotting an anti-Soviet Balkans federation with Yugoslav military aid. Indeed, the court, and the whole Communist world, had reason to be surprised, nay, shocked, at the daring of Kostov in refusing to confess to the crimes he was supposed to have committed by those who prosecuted him, but had not perhaps even dreamt of perpetrating. Courts in Communist countries have been so much accustomed to confessions

during the course of the trial of persons accused of treason by their erstwhile colleagues, that Kostov's action was both unexpected and surprising. This surprise would have been all the greater because obedient confessions were forthcoming from Ivan Stephanov, ex-Finance Minister, and six others to the charges levelled against them.

These trials raise far-reaching issues like the one of the administration of justice in Communist countries. It has been often asserted that the duty of courts in the U.S.S.R. is the defending of the interests of the proletariat, i.e., the state. Obviously, the same view is held by her satellites also. Himmler is reported to have told Nazi judges that, in administering justice, one had only to consult his Aryan instincts, and need not consider the justice of a case. The Communists also seem to hold that, in administering law, one must only follow one's Communist instincts. Indeed, it seems to be the opinion of the rulers of East European Communist states that it is immaterial whether the accused person has actually committed the

offences with which he is charged. What is relevant is that the person should be convicted. A political trial the result of which is in doubt is clearly of no use to the Communist rulers. Acquittal is unthinkable because the guilt of the person is assumed and proclaimed by the ruling faction through propaganda. The purpose of the trial is to give effect to a decision already made, and no testimony and no witnesses who may upset the prosecution can be admitted. The political trial is not only a method by which the Communist party, claiming absolute power, attempts to destroy its political opponents physically and to discredit them morally. It is a means by which the rulers seek to justify themselves to the people.

The Communists have very well realised the value of the political trial as a medium of appeal to the masses. It is much more dramatic than the proceedings in a court of law. Every political trial is, so to say, a pre-determined, pre-planned theatrical production. The proceedings are transmitted through films, radio broadcasts and the press for propaganda. This is particularly easy because, in Communist countries, the Government has a monopoly of the means of publicity. All this propaganda is not only for internal consumption; it is used with as much effectiveness abroad. The rulers attempt to make the people forget their grievances by perpetually keeping them in fear of an enemy. And, this is one of the methods, according to Aristotle, by which a dictator tries to maintain himself in power. These trials are also helpful in winning over the sympathies of liberals in foreign countries and also countries following a middle-of-the-road policy in the East-West cold war, if they are ignorant of the methods employed to extort confessions from the accused.

The propaganda effect is greatest if the accused can be persuaded to confess and co-operate with the prosecution, for self-inculcating testi-

mony is the most convincing of all. If the principal accused in a trial refuses to confess, the worse for him. For, all the prosecution witnesses will also be accused, and these persons will confess to what is required of them and denounce not only the obstinate principal accused but also themselves. The court protects them from cross-examination, and evidence from the other side is not admitted. But the ideal is that all the accused without exception should confess that they are guilty.

It is not after all very difficult to make people, who know the methods of their rulers, to confess to whatever is required of them. People may be induced to confess falsely, or to distort or add invented supplements to confessions of genuine guilt, for several reasons. A man, who is not a fanatic, may confess if he knows that by doing so he will be saving, if not himself, at least his family and friends from the vengeance of the state. He may know that his refusal to plead guilty to the charges levelled against him will mean persecution and suffering for those near and dear to him. Will not a man in such a position confess to anything, since anyway he will be put to death, if by a final act of his he can save his wife and children?

Political fanatics cannot, however, be subdued by any such consideration, and if a man's opposition to the regime is uncompromising, he must be destroyed by other means. Such a one was Cardinal Mindszenty. There are also political fanatics of a different sort—ardent Communists who have fallen from grace—who will confess to anything if it is to promote the cause of Communism. These fanatics will be prepared to sacrifice themselves on the altar of international Communism willingly by debasing themselves even when they are themselves the victims of that ideology. We do not know yet for certain to which of these categories M. Kostov belongs.

Subtract from the great man all that he owes to opportunity, all that he owes to chance, and all that he has gained by the wisdom of his friends and the folly of his enemies, and the giant will often be seen to be a pigmy.—C. C. Catten.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

A primal concern of our Republic should be the devising of a suitable agency for the eradication of crime and its proper punishment for in the present unsettled conditions of society, no modern state can afford to be remiss in this respect. Perhaps most exacting in this regard were the ancient Hindu Law givers who penalised the Sovereign if the guilty escaped retribution and the innocent suffered. Even in a philosophical treatise like the Bhagavat Gita the Lord has definitely assured us that He will not hesitate to come down to this earth "to protect the law abiding and decimate the evil doers." At a press conference the other day, Pandit Nehru referred to certain difficulties in the way of punishing blackmarketeers: if they are to be proceeded against judicially, they know how to circumvent the issue: if extra judicially, they will pass into police zoolum. That perhaps is the aptest commentary on the state of our laws. As an example of our cumbersome procedure, our Prime Minister has also alluded to the Nathuram Godse trial, which lasted a year and a half, costing the state 9 lakhs of rupees.

Since we attained independence, certain unhealthy developments have set in. Crime is increasing: even a comparatively peaceful province like Madras has registered 635 murders for the first half year of 1948. We witness on the one hand, unbridled violence, murder, loot, and arson even of food stuffs; on the other hand we have the hoarders and blackmarketeers, syndicates and boards, who seem to have stepped into the role of the foreign government in the exploitation of the masses and the middle class. To some extent there is inter-connection between the two: crime thrives on empty stomachs.

Patriotism is at a low ebb. When it was a question of fighting the Britisher every one gave up his province, community, family and even himself, for the sake of the country; but now with our own men at the helm, patriotism is getting to be provincial, lingual, communal and in the ultimate analysis, individual. When England went off the gold standard in 1930, the English people flocked to the treasury to pay up their taxes, but which one of our big tax-dodgers respond to the frantic appeals of our Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister? Every expedient has been tried, even the dubious one of "compounding their felony," but as yet to no purpose. All of which means that *Ahimsa*, which helped us win our independence is unlikely to help us preserve it. Our criminal laws and procedure need radical pruning and re-modelling, and like their counter parts in England, made fool and corruption proof. The matter cannot brook delay. In a well ordered society, grave crimes like murder or arson should not be left unpunished or punished inadequately because as Mr. Justice Avory used to emphasise, the most powerful deterrent to crime is the certainty that the appropriate penalty will be imposed on the offender. As for the anti-social offences like blackmarketing and hoarding, their wholesale eradication is about the only means to take the wind out of the sails of the socialists and other parties who are at present ranged against the government.

Crime cannot be prevented—even prohibition has not done the trick—but can be detected and punished. Our detective agencies have doubtless accomplished wonderful things in the past, but still need rehabilitation root and branch. Detection has to be separated from routine Police

work. Investigation of crimes calls for the highest education, skill and judgment and detachment and no state can afford not to copy the excellent state of affairs obtaining in England. The police is still dreaded in our country, even by the high-ups at the centre and this is as it should not be. An inefficient Police may aid crime to grow whilst a partisan one might do worse, as the great killings in Calcutta, Noakhali and Amritsar plainly indicated. One method of obviating the shortcomings is to keep recruitment at an All-India level. This to some extent obtains in the higher ranks of the force but it is essential to apply it to the not less important lower ranks.

The Law is very distrustful of the Police. Even the British Government in India which was more or less a police state, had had to initiate a number of stringent provisions for securing the liberty of the subject against police influence. In 1850-91, when most of our penal laws and procedures were shaped, the government had to reckon with the existence of large-scale extortion and undue pressure by the police of accused persons. Police custody would afford opportunity for coercion and extortion and hence confessions to the police were interdicted, the more so because it would short circuit the work of detection and every policeman would work up to a confession rather than work down from it. Hence our laws prohibit detentions in police custody for upwards of 24 hours, discount the value of statements to the police when investigation is afoot, and ban wholesale confessions to the police except in one instance, and have made extortion and torture substantive offences under the Penal Code. As regards confessions, the rule is that any confession obtained by inducement, threat or promise from a person in authority and that made to a policeman without the imprimatur of a magistrate, are illegal and cannot be acted upon. If however any information is discovered in consequence of a confession, then so much of it as led to its discovery, will be accepted. Confessions by a co-accused are under certain circumstances, relied upon, if corroborated by other evidence.

In regard to grave crimes like murder, it may be said that generally, every murderer "carries in his left hand the clue of what he did by his right"; and furthermore that in nine cases out of ten, the culprit (even an 'ideal villain' like Richard III) is pressed by the qualms of conscience to relent and confess and thereby obtain mental peace. Investigation of such crimes calls for a high degree of detective skill, for which as in England the police should work in unison with the detective, the scientist and the chemist, and all unnecessary legal impediments in the way of receiving genuine confessions, should be removed.

Evidence in any criminal trial is (1) Direct and (2) circumstantial. Direct evidence consists of (1) the testimony of eye witnesses and (2) confessions. Of these, testimony of eye witnesses is rarely if at all available and confessions are seldom if ever acted upon. Ultimately only circumstantial evidence is forthcoming, which often is not very decisive; it consists after all of a chain of circumstances and one weak link may upset the whole apple cart; confessions by the accomplice and the approver, can of course be made use of but as they are not given on oath, and neither in the presence of the accused nor subject to cross examination, they will be considered only if corroborated by other evidence. Hence it is not surprising that many a criminal is enabled to go scot free. A few examples will illustrate.

A murders his wife in the precincts of his house, and in a truly penitent mood, goes straight to a police officer and confesses his guilt. At the trial he retracts and there is no other evidence available. A will be acquitted. The police officer may be of the highest integrity, still the confession made to him is valueless. No doubt, if the confession leads to the discovery of any fact, then that fact may be proved. Here again the rule is not easy of application.

Even if A says to a policeman, "I cut B with a knife. I have buried the body in my garden," the confession is not admissible because what is really discovered is not that A cut B but the knife which was perhaps used by him perhaps to cut B. Suppose,

however, A says, "I killed B. This is the sword with which I killed him". This too is not entitled to any weight because the confession that A killed B must be accompanied by the *discovery* of the knife. A knife that is produced is not the same thing as a knife that is discovered in consequence of information.

The present legal position is by no means satisfactory, and in this particular, law does not aid justice or truth. Mr. A. S. P. Ayyar I. C. S. very pertinently remarks in this connection: "The best of laws are after all intended to find out the truth and not bury it in a mass of meaningless jargon." Ancient Hindu Jurisprudence set much store by confessions which greatly reduced the penalty. In England, a confession will not be excluded simply because it has been obtained by questioning by the police before arrest. Legally it is admissible, although Judges generally act on it only after satisfying themselves that there was no persuasion of any kind; in other words, the policemen

have to keep their mouths shut and ears open. There is no reason why such a state of affairs should not obtain in our country too. After all, a police officer especially of the higher ranks is, at the worst, no less reliable than an accomplice or an approver, and a confession made to him, which is corroborated, independently can be accepted, without shocking one's legal conscience. Of course it goes without saying that for such a consummation to be attained, a wholesale transformation of our Police administration must be taken on hand. An Income-tax officer is vouchsafed drastic powers not dissimilar to those of a policeman and yet is regarded in a more favourable light by the public. It is up to the government to devise measures to bring about a satisfactory solution of one of our age-long difficulties, and one hopes that the recent Police Chiefs conference at Delhi will set the pace for drastic reforms in regard to one of the major problems of the state.

NEW FEATURES OF COMING GENERAL ELECTION

By ERNEST ATKINSON,

SINCE the last General Election the basis of both national and local elections in the United Kingdom has been thoroughly overhauled. An attempt has been made to set out constituencies of approximately equal size, plural voting has been abolished and the number of Members of Parliament reduced.

It is a process that began in 1944 and indeed earlier. In that year the Speaker of the House of Commons presided over a conference of all the principal political parties at which it was agreed, among other things, that the existing two separate registers of parliamentary and local government voters should be assimilated.

During the life of the last Parliament the process of review continued. The temporary arrangements at the end of the war had raised the num-

ber of M.P.s. to 640. The later revision, made after a good deal of debate, brings down the number who will sit in the next Parliament to 625—at one time the Government proposed that the number should be 608 but it was argued, and the Government accepted the view, that this would have created certain injustices of representation in London and a few other large cities.

Much political squabbling accompanied the revision in 1948 of the size of constituencies. Nevertheless, the House of Commons at length approved the changes which now hold.

That independent authority on the representation of the people; Mr. R. B. McCallum, has remarked on one of the likely effects of the re-distribution. He says that in 1945 the constituencies that returned Labour M. Ps. averaged 51,000 in size; those

returning Conservatives averaged 57,000. Thus the Conservatives, he says, were under-represented in proportion to their voting strength. Now that the areas are more equally divided the Conservatives may be expected to gain. How much and in what areas cannot, of course, be reliably guessed. The expectation rests on the assumption, of course, that the people will vote the same way as they voted last time—an assumption which can never be made at an election.

Among the most interesting changes made in the process of evening-up the size of constituencies was the abolition of separate representation for the City of London, the historic square mile in the heart of Greater London. The majority of the voters in the City were holders of the so-called business vote, held by virtue of the occupation of business premises. That was abolished under the new arrangements.

The residential voters remaining numbered no more than 4,600. The Government, therefore, held that there was no justification any longer for the City of London to return a member to Parliament on its own. There was a strong and, indeed, picturesque protest from the City. The Corporation sent the City Remembrancer to exercise the ancient right of presenting a petition at the Bar of the House of Commons, recalling that the City had returned members to Parliament for 600 years. The protest did not avail, nor did a separate deputation to the Prime Minister including the Lord Mayor, the Governor of the Bank of England and the Chairman of Lloyd's the famous marine insurance institution.

It had been proposed to amalgamate the constituency with the neighbouring Finsbury and Shoreditch but after much argument it was accepted as more seemly that it should be amalgamated with Westminster. The new constituency has 78,000 voters.

Along with the business vote went the University vote. There were 12 M. Ps. in the last Parliament who, if they wish to come back in the next, must fight elsewhere. The election of University members was done by

post and by proportional representation.

The history of special representation in Parliament for the universities goes back to 1603. In that year King James I gave Oxford and Cambridge the right to elect burgesses to Parliament. He also arranged for Trinity College, Dublin, to be represented in the Irish Parliament. That was continued after the union until 1922. The Scottish universities and London University were added in the last century and the newer provincial foundations of the University of Wales and Queen's, Belfast, were added in 1918.

The universities have sent many distinguished men and women to Parliament. Oxford has been represented by such as Peel, Gladstone and Lord Hugh Cecil. Cambridge sent such as Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton, William Pitt and Palmerston. The Scottish universities have sent Ramsay MacDonald, John Buchan and Sir John Boyd-Orr. London has sent Sir John Lubbock. And the Combined English Universities, historian H. A. L. Fisher and Eleanor Rathbone.

With the big changes went some smaller ones that affect the conditions under which the present elections will be held. Thus it was arranged that the electoral register should be revised and published twice a year; but in the economy drive announced by the Prime Minister last autumn it was decided that the register should be revised once and not twice a year. The present contest is being held on last October's register; the next revision is due next October.

Candidates may spend at the most £450 on their election campaigns plus 2d. for each elector in the counties and 1½d. in the cities. Candidates may not use to carry voters to the polls more than one motor-car for every 1,500 electors in the counties or one for every 2,500 in the boroughs. They may not pay for bands, torches, flags or banners—they may be used if they are not paid for—a rule made, no doubt, by way of securing that if the British people are to have colour and fun in their electioneering it shall be spontaneous.

ELECTIONS IN BRITAIN

BRITAIN may be a democracy, but it cannot be said to be a secular democracy. Religion plays a vital part in British political affairs—in the succession of the King as in a General Election. An atheist has as much of chance of becoming Prime Minister of England as a Bishop has of being the successor of Stalin.

It was amusing to read the report that at the dissolution of the Parliament a service was held in the St. Pauls' cathedral, attended by the leaders of all the parties—except, of course, the "Godless" Communists. The joke, however, was at the expense of the participants, for by accident or cynical design the text chosen for the sermon was: "Can the blind lead the blind?" The answer will be provided by the British electors on February 23.

ROAD TO DEMOCRACY

It is an oft-repeated axiom that Britain has no written constitution, but it would be wrong to imagine that there are no specific legislative enactments whatever to guarantee those liberties which the Briton has learnt

to take for granted for himself—and to deny to other peoples in other lands! The transfer of power from autocratic kings to the people of Britain in whom is now vested the ultimate authority to choose their government was achieved by gradual stages—but not without agitation, conflict, and at least one King losing his head! Here are some of the major legislative milestones on the road of British democracy:

1215—Magna Carta, securing annual convention of Parliament, basic liberties and equal administration of justice.

1628—Petition of Rights, establishing the sole tax jurisdiction of Parliament and laying down certain specific liberties of the citizens.

1679—Habeas Corpus Act, securing the liberty of the person and establishing safeguards against arbitrary arrest.

1688—The Bill of Rights, resuming and codifying these principles.

1911—The Parliament Act, practically nullifying the veto of the House of Lords and investing the House of Commons with the supreme legislative and executive authority.

"MONSTROUS DOCTRINE"

Every time a General Election is held in Britain and the common people exercise their right to vote the Government of their choice into power, the old Tories must be writhing in agony in their graves. It was not, by any means, easy for the working people to wrest power from the hands of the privileged class of feudal Lords who resisted, for centuries, every attempt to introduce democracy in Britain.

In 1794, William Pitt moved a bill suspending Habeas Corpus and in the course of his speech he gave expression to the oligarchical attitude of his Party:

"The monstrous modern doctrine of the Rights of Man..... threatens to overturn the government, law, property, security, religion, order and everything valuable in this

country....

"That great moving principle of all Jacobinism, the love of plunder, devastation and robbery, which now bears the usurped name of liberty...the arrogant claims of the same class of men who lord it now in France, to trample upon the rich, and crush all; a plan founded in the arrogance of wretches, the outcasts of society...."

These "wretches" and "outcasts of society" are today the supreme authority in Britain and the descendants of Pitt and of other Tories—the Churchills and Edens and, indeed, all Conservative candidates—have to go to these very "outcasts of society" to beg for their votes!

POLITICAL SEA-SAW

For several hundred years, British politics was a game of see-saw played alternately by the only two parties then in existence—the Tories and the Whigs. The Tories (who now call themselves Conservatives) were the



Rightists and Reactionaries, the upholders of blue-blooded privilege, while the Whigs (now called Liberals) were the comparative "progressives", representing the liberal-democratic outlook of the new industrial and professional classes. The conflict between the two parties was bitter and often personal, but seldom going beyond oratorical invectives. The restricted franchise provided a frequent shift in the delicately equipoised political balance. Now the Tories were in power, now the Whigs! It was the adult franchise and the consequent rise of the Labour Party that eclipsed the Liberal Party and reduced its remnant to the third position.

Before its striking and sensational victory in 1945, the Labour Party twice formed the Government—in 1924 and 1929-31 but both times as a minority only (the Conservative-Liberal opposition holding the majority) and so was obliged to go slow in its programme of nationalisation. Even in 1945, the Labour candidates polled only 48 per cent of the total votes cast, but in the House of Commons they had 393 members as against 213 Conservatives and barely a dozen Liberals.

SOCIALISTS AT HOME, IMPERIALISTS ABROAD!

The British Labourites are called "Socialists" but their Socialism is not only tepid—"Fabian, moderate, evolutionary and democratic"—but also unmistakably tinged with imperialism. No doubt the Labour regime did allow the withdrawal of British rule from India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon—but it was more in the nature of a 'strategic withdrawal', necessitated by the national upsurge in these countries, rather than an atonement for Britain's imperialist past. The unrepentant continuance of British imperialist machinations in Malaya and elsewhere in the Middle East and South-East Asia shows that, like the proverbial leopard the British Bull Dog also seldom changes its spots.

And yet one cannot deny that in its internal policies the Labour Government has certainly brought about a remarkable 'bloodless revolution' in economic relationships, a gradual and 'painless' liquidation of the parasite class, and a definite improvement in

the living standards of the common people of Britain. The major achievements of the Labour Government, during its five years in office, may be catalogued here:

1. Unemployment has not only been reduced but practically abolished. Full Employment has been assured. (During the Conservative regime there were always two to three million unemployed!)

2. Average weekly earnings of workers have gone up—from 53 shillings to 119 shillings.

3. Social security (including old-age pension) has been provided to every citizen.

4. Children get free milk and free meals in schools; the school-leaving age has been raised by one year, and secondary education has been made free. University education is no longer a monopoly of the rich, as even in Oxford and Cambridge nearly 75 per cent students come from poor families and are helped to pay for their education through stipends and scholarships.

5. There has been levelling of income groups by a graduated scale of taxation. Before the war there were 11,000 people with incomes over £5,000 per year (after paying all the taxes), now there are only 250! The working class wage has brought it very near the middle class, while the aristocracy has been levelled down very nearly on par with the middle class.

6. Transport services, coal, electricity, gas and other such major industries have been nationalised. Iron and Steel will be the next to be nationalised if Labour is returned to power.

7. The National Health Service makes medical aid (in every form, from dental treatment to maternity care) available to every man, woman and child in Britain.

8. Despite dollar shortage, food is made available at reasonable prices through state subsidies.

Quite a creditable record for a five-year term of office!

But the main problem of Britain is the adverse balance of trade which rose to the astronomical figure of £675 millions in 1947 though in 1948 the gap was reduced to £120 millions. Britain is heavily indebted to America and it

is this economic subservience which has made Socialist Britain toe the American monopolists' line in foreign affairs. Marshall Aid, while relieving the economic tension momentarily, further accentuates this subservience. As Asoka Mehta has rightly observed, "The dilemma of British Socialism is the familiar dilemma of all those who seek to build socialism in one country". If Labour is returned to power, as one expects and hopes it will, it will have to face the alternative of going forward towards world socialism or remaining stuck in the capitalist morass of America's making".

"PARTY OF RICH AGAINST THE POOR"

In their election campaign against the Churchill-led Conservatives, the Labourites might well use the following devastating description of the Conservative Party:

"A party of great vested interests, banded together in a formidable confederation: corruption at home, aggression to cover it abroad; the trickery of tariff juggles; the tyranny of a well-fed party machine; . . . sentiment by the bucketful; patriotism and imperialism by the imperial pint . . . The party of the rich against the poor".

This is not Gallacher or Palme Dutt or Bernard Shaw, neither Attlee nor Cripps nor Bevin—but no less a person than Mr. Winston Churchill himself. Believe it or not!

This description of the Conservative Party was given by Mr Churchill forty years ago, in 1908, just after he first left it to join the Liberals, and recalls the interesting fact that Churchill who has come to be regarded as the very symbol of Conservatism, had a brief "Liberal" career, too, when he used his well-known power of invective against his former and would-be Conservative comrades.

At any rate, that description, by and large, still holds good, and the Conservative Party still stands for aggressive imperialism abroad, lower wages at home, and an out-and-out hostile policy towards the Soviet Union.

The two dominant passions of Mr. Churchill's own life have been anti-Bolshevism and, what may be called, anti-Indianism. During the war he

might have agreed to sit at the same table, and drink vodka out of the same bottle, as Stalin, and since then he might have shaken hands with Nehru, but the fact remains that there has been no greater enemy of Soviet Communism or Indian nationalism. Some of the epithets he has used for the Soviets are: "... enemies of civilisation . . . infected Russia, plague-bearing Russia . . . blood-dyed tyrants of Moscow . . . degraded Russian barbarism . . ." Even in 1940, during the war, he said, "Communism rots the soul of a nation; it makes it abject and hungry in peace, and proves it base and abominable in war." As for India, he has ever believed us to be unfit for self-government, and missed no opportunity to heap ridicule on our national leaders: "... those Brahmins who mouth and patter the principles of western liberalism . . . to abandon India to the rule of these Brahmins would be an act of cruel and wicked negligence . . ." Of Mahatma Gandhi he had the unpardonable bad taste to speak in those notorious words: "It is alarming and also nauseating to see Mr. Gandhi, a seditious Middle Temple lawyer, now posing as a fakir of a type well-known in the East, striding half-naked up the steps of the Viceregal Palace . . . to parley on equal terms with the representative of the King-Emperor".

If (by some unhappy accident) Churchill and the Conservatives do win the election, not only would the British worker have to tighten his belt and prepare to endure unemployment and lower wages, but even the present pro-British Government of India might, willy-nilly, have to walk out of the British Commonwealth, and the world might be faced with the grim spectre of the Third World War!

CIGAR VERSUS PIPE

The leaders of the two opposing parties provide an interesting study in contrasts.

Churchill is a born aristocrat, Attlee, though no proletarian, belongs to the professional middle class; Churchill is 76, Attlee is 67; Churchill is fat and chubby—like a cartoon of capitalism, Attlee has the "lean and hungry" look of the Middle Class, like the umbrella-carrying "common man" of

Low's and Strube's cartoons; Churchill was a soldier and war correspondent before he turned to politics. Attlee was a lecturer in the London School of Economics; Churchill was once a Liberal, Attlee (as a student) was once a Conservative; Churchill is brilliant, pugnacious and aggressive, Attlee is cold, reserved, shy and cautious; Churchill is an enthusiastic amateur painter, Attlee is an enthusiastic amateur gardener; Churchill likes to make brick walls, Attlee enjoys pottering round the garden; Churchill is a gourmand, Attlee's appetites are strictly moderate; Churchill is an inveterate smoker of the aristocratic cigar, Attlee is a smoker of the proletarian-intellectual pipe.

Their smoking habits, indeed, may symbolize not only their distinct personalities but also the classes and ideologies that they represent.

India and the world, surely, wish the humble 'pipe of peace' to triumph over the pugnacious, aggressive, aristocratic and imperialistic cigar!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

WASHINGTON: The United

States Joint Chiefs of Staff have presented a secret report to President Truman on halting Communist expansion in South East Asia They announced that they have given General MacArthur authority to assume control of American naval forces in Japanese waters in the event of an emergency.

SEATTLE: War-time air raid warning systems are to be put in working order again in Washington and Oregon states (on the Pacific coast) at the request of the Secretary of Defence, Mr. Louis Johnson.

BANGKOK: Mr. Butterworth American Assistant Secretary of State for Eastern Affairs, said here that "the State Department hopes to make practical plans for closer and more effective co-operation between the peoples of America and the peoples of Asia".

NEW YORK: Dr. Albert Einstein warned that the hysterical armaments race between the United States and the USSR "beckons general annihilation".

COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE IN RETROSPECT

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

ANOTHER development during the discussions on Communist China is still unconfirmed but judged by events, it seems also to have taken place. The Colombo Press did not report it, but one Indian correspondent at least was aware of it. It seems, as Nehru was speaking on Red China, a point which he made gave rise to a brief discussion of the position of the Kuomintang in the U.N.O. Then it became known that with the use of the procedural veto, Kuomintang China could bar the admission of Red China as a member, indefinitely. Unless and until the procedural veto is abolished, Red China cannot enter the U.N.O. To this effect, some Commonwealth countries at least agreed that Russia could be induced to abolish the procedural veto, so as to make possible the entry of Red China

into the U.N.O. and Security Council. Credence is given to the possibility of such a development, by the recent news item that the Indian delegate mooted the subject of the revision of the procedural veto in the U. N. O. Whether it is helpful and proper for India to take up this thankless task is another question.

The discussions on the third, fourth and part of the fifth days, were centred on the Japanese peace treaty and South-East Asia. It was understood that the delegates discussed the political situation there first, and later the economic situation. There was of course a separate meeting of the economic experts going on, discussing the short-term dollar position of the sterling area, and all other developments, since the Washington talks, and the London Conference of

Finance Ministers. The problems discussed were mainly the method of fighting the spread of Communism in South-East Asia, the help to Burma, and the position in Indo-China. Regarding the first, pious hopes were expressed by various delegates. The common harmless piece of piety on which they were all agreed was that the seeds of communism are in the economic misery of the people, and the real remedy was economic regeneration of South-East Asia. I put the question bluntly to Mr. McIntyre, Counsellor on External Affairs, Australia, as to whether they expected the Communists to wait patiently on the borders of South-East Asia, till they completed their tidy economic plans. But he would not say anything definite on any short-term measures of checking communism there. Again, he asserted what various other Australian spokesmen have repeated, namely, that the Government would ban the Communist party there.

Was then the question of fighting communism by anything more than paper plans of a long-term nature at all discussed? It is clear that it was but it was never squarely faced. From various sources, news trickling through amounts to this, that a defence system was mentioned but not even talked about for long. The interests of the dominions are quite divergent on such a momentous issue. Nor will public opinion in India tolerate Indian forces being utilized any further for the doubtful objective of killing communism in Malaya or Siam, after the execution of Ganapathy.

Even before the Conference it was evident that no pact could come out of the Conference, binding the dominion Governments. But when South-East Asia was being discussed the Conservatives and the Conservative Press saw to it, that this foreseen omission was made much of. The vociferous M.P., Gammaus, made a statement that the Conference would be a flop if it did not conclude a Pacific Pact. Unfortunately, the election date in Britain was announced at that time. It had a cooling effect on the Conference indeed. Pandit Nehru did refer to the interested propaganda of the Tory Press,

in his press conference, in another connection.

Whatever be the reason, whether it was the limitations of the Conference itself, or other issues, military plans did not find a prominent part in the discussion on South-East Asia. The delegates contented themselves with pious statements on economic issues, even during the general discussion. The leading figure during the discussion was of course Malcolm Macdonald who gave a broad survey of the situation in the area, from his recent tour.

Burma was specifically discussed, and there was no difficulty in agreeing to aid the Burma Government, since the matter had already been discussed in previous conferences, and agreed upon. The aid to Burma, estimated as 7½ million, would be made available to her in sterling credits to be used by her as she pleased. But even on this already agreed subject, there were discordant notes. The total amount of aid had been nearly halved, and some dominions had also halved their proposed original contributions, while others had bluntly refused to contribute. This policy of some dominions, so ardent in their advocacy of fighting communism tooth and nail, is almost inexplicable. It will be too early to call it short-sighted either. But the real difficulty in aiding Burma would be in administering the proposed aid. For on the day the amount of aid to Burma was made known, I interviewed U. Tint Swe, the Burmese Minister in Colombo, on the subject. He was confident that they were near the end of trouble in Burma and the rebellions were fizzling out. Hence he would not welcome any aid from the Commonwealth or America which came with strings attached. Thakin Nu has later confirmed such an attitude.

The subject on which there might have been some hot discussion was Indo-China. It is quite well known that Malcolm Macdonald is an out and out supporter of Bao Dai, while India, and even Pakistan do not consider him a popular ruler. Bevin threw the press off the scent in his press conference by saying that Britain would wait and watch, but he seems to have thought better of

it when he arrived in London. Whether such recognition and but-tressing is an effective counterblast to Red Chinese expansion, the next few months will see. It may even be that, Australia, and the other three waiters and watchers, would recognize Red China, when Bao Dai's regime is found to be strong enough to resist Red China's blandishments or threats.

The discussions on the Japanese peace treaty seemed to have gone off fairly smoothly. But it was on this subject that the Conference was expected to get spectacular results. *The Economist* of London, before the Conference, went to the extent of saying that the Conference would act like a Cabinet on this point (singularly enough the Conference met in a Cabinet room). The details of the treaty, I think, were not discussed, if only for the reason that there were plenty of others besides the Commonwealth who would have their say on it. But this decision was taken, namely, that all the dominions would be represented on the negotiation committee. The Ceylon press was jubilant over it, but forgot that the other dominions could only recommend her for a place, but other powers like America and Russia would have their say. Regarding the position of Russia again there seems to have been some differences. The Australian viewpoint was that Russia had no place in the Japanese peace treaty, since she fought for only two days and sustained no losses. Such an attitude will be the last one which will lead to an early peace treaty. I would like here to refresh the

memory of readers with what happened at the Singapore Conference of Britain, Newzealand and Australia, held in November '49, when it was decided to recognize Red China, and conclude an early peace treaty with Japan. Dr. Evatt, the then foreign minister of Australia said that the treaty had been delayed four years too long. Anyway, that no common draft was agreed upon now is clear. Sometimes silence is taken as a sign of achievement, but the silence of all delegates till now, I fear, carries no achievement with it. At least the British Labour Party would have made much of it if there was any.

This distressing dearth of achievement on all these days, alarmed the pressmen, who with their frenzied pens went on highlighting dimmers, talks and stale jokes. But the delegates seem to have been even more alarmed. So some of them at least thought of the safest and shortest route of escape from a confession of failure. That, as every one knows, is to propound an economic plan; which afterwards may be left to take care of itself. Australia produced a plan, and then Ceylon also hers. But the final fused plan is also quite vague on many important points. It has not worked any mechanism for either co-ordinating the Commonwealth policies, with non-commonwealth South East Asian countries, like Siam or Burma, nor is there any plan for getting the money for it from the U.S.A. or the World Bank though Mr. Jayewardane expressed a pious hope that they would get a loan from the World Bank, once the full plan was worked out in detail.

The question whether such and such a course of conduct does not do physical harm is the safest test by which to try the question whether it is moral or no. If it does no harm to the body we ought to be very chary of calling it immoral, while if it tends towards physical excellence there should be no hesitation in calling it moral. In the case of those who are not forced to overwork themselves—and there are many who work themselves to death from mere inability to restrain the passion for work, which masters them as the craving for drink masters a drunkard—overwork in these cases is as immoral as over-eating or drinking. This, so far as the individual is concerned. With regard to the body politic as a whole, it is, no doubt, well that there should be some men and women so built that they cannot be stopped from working themselves to death just as it is unquestionably well that there should be some who cannot be stopped from drinking themselves to death, if only that they may keep the horror of the habit well in evidence.—Samuel Butler.

NEW DELHI DIARY



THE recrudescence of communal trouble in Calcutta and other parts of West Bengal following large-scale exodus of Hindus from East Bengal, was the major problem that engaged the attention of the Central Government last week. Though the Government of India was expecting a great strain on the resources of the Provincial Government as a result of the developments in East Bengal, it did not foresee a revival of communal trouble on a large scale. Prompt steps taken by the West Bengal Government and the personal attention paid to the problem by the Central Ministers including Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel have reduced the tension.

Concerted action by the two Governments of East and West Bengal has temporarily put a stop to the migration from either Province. This was the course suggested by Pandit Nehru and has yielded quick results. But it can by no means be stated that the problem has been solved for all time. The root cause of the trouble, undoubtedly, is the extremely communal attitude of the Pakistan Government towards minorities in general and Hindus in particular. There is practically no minority problem in West Pakistan after the migration of Hindus and Sikhs since partition. A large number of Hindus are still left in East Pakistan who have been living under conditions which cannot be described as favourable. There was also large-scale migration from East Bengal immediately after the establishment of Pakistan, but the exodus stopped after the middle of 1948 and the Hindus continued to stay there, even though they were subjected to severe economic hardships. Lately, the Pakistan Government appears to have followed a strict policy of communal separation and incidents of hooliganism and looting have multiplied.

Refugees from East Pakistan arrived in large numbers in Calcutta and the districts of West Bengal and communal tension became inevitable.

The Government of India as well as the West Bengal Government have taken all measures possible to prevent recurrence of such incidents. Maulana Azad is paying a visit to Calcutta to study the situation first-hand. The view is firmly held in political circles here that unless the problem is viewed in its right perspective there is little chance of establishing permanent peace in West Bengal. That one should hear of such a systematic and planned effort to drive out Hindus from East Pakistan after the recent visit of the Governor-General of Pakistan and other Ministers from Karachi to East Bengal, is indeed surprising. It is not possible for the Government of India to do anything to control the situation in what has now become part of a foreign country. Economic distress in East Bengal may be one of the causes leading to the disturbances or one of the factors exploited by communal elements to gain their objective. These events have underlined the importance of an overall agreement between India and Pakistan in the interests of peace and good relations. When India made the proposal of a "No War" declaration, Pakistan came out with a counter-proposal of agreement on Kashmir and other issues as a condition precedent to accepting the declaration. In other words, Pakistan is not prepared to renounce war as a means of solving problems between the two Governments excepting under conditions. Even from what Mr. Zafrullah Khan has said at Lake Success, one can draw only this inference.

Pakistan's mood is clearly seen in the editorial columns of the *Dawn* the Muslim League Newspaper. Characterising the "No War" proposal

of India as a camouflage, it says "Pakistan is being incessantly villified for not joyously welcoming the Indian Prime Minister's Hitlerian offer of a joint no-war declaration (we had almost said a non-aggression pact)."

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan's recent speech at Rawalpindi alleging war preparations in India has not surprised New Delhi. It is known for sometime past that the Pakistan Government and its leaders have been encouraging wild propaganda against India. Apparently the leaders of Pakistan are unable to solve many of the local problems and can maintain control over the administration only by keeping up war hysteria against imaginary enemies. The Kashmir problem comes in handy for such a policy. The recent successes in India's foreign policy have been viewed with alarm in Karachi, which finds it extremely difficult now to mobilise opinion in world capitals against India. The threat of a visit by Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan to Moscow failed to have the effect of converting the British Government to its point of view. Even though the Security Council is vacillating on the Kashmir problem, it cannot be stated that discussions there have always been helpful to Pakistan.

At Lake Success the Pakistan representative, Mr. Zafrullah Khan, is taking great pains to get a hearing for Pakistan's case. Quite often he has had to shift his ground to bring new arguments against India. India's representative, Mr. B. N. Rau, has wasted no opportunity to expose Pakistan's absurd claims. The disclosure of the advice tendered to the Pakistan Government by General Gracey in the matter of moving troops into Kashmir, which has come as a surprise in New Delhi, has only helped the Indian viewpoint and is

a clear proof of Pakistan's guilt in the whole affair. On the basis of this admission alone, Pakistan can be branded as aggressor and treated accordingly. Pakistan wants India to be treated on the same footing as herself and what is worse, is justifying the despatch of troops to Kashmir on the grounds of strategy and "self-defence."

Apart from the fact that it is a most damaging admission by Pakistan it is asked in political circles here whether it was right and proper on the part of a senior British Officer to take sides in the Kashmir dispute, when all the time Britain professed to be adopting a neutral attitude. This has led to much legal quibbling. The suggestion that India wanted to attack Pakistan from Kashmir all the way through the mountainous Banihal Pass and the Kashmir valley can only amuse military leaders and strategists.

The sole argument now left for Pakistan and repeated by Mr. Zafrullah Khan is that Pakistan's economy and geography are inextricably bound up with Kashmir. In support of this stand, he has pointed out the flow of the five rivers into the Punjab. A study of the hydrology of the rivers exposes the flimsy nature of this argument. In actual fact the river system of Pakistan is divided into two parts; one consisting of the Indus and the Jhelum, which flow through Kashmir carrying 2/3 of Punjab's river water. The remaining four rivers, Chenab, Vyas, Ravi and Sutlej rise in East Punjab and Himachal Pradesh and carry 1/3. Only the Indus and the Jhelum originate in Kashmir and the waters of these two rivers are used very little in Kashmir and no harm has come to Pakistan because of Kashmir's link-up with India.

Nothing could be more destructive of character and warping to vitality than a long course of abnegation and sacrifice. Were it not for this universal inertia of humble patient acceptance, the worst human evils—war, cruelty, poverty, the oppression of the penniless and the persecution of the weak—could be destroyed tomorrow. In the world as I have known it, I have come to recognize resignation as the deadliest of the seven deadly sins; to see it as a positive menace to the civilization which only some tremendous renaissance of initiative can now rescue from doom.—**VERA BRITAIN.**

Letters To The Editor

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

Communalism In Madras

As though the havoc wrought by Communalism rampant in the administrative services is not enough, the Education Ministry of our state has issued a G.O. 87 dated 12-1-50 extending the poisonous principle to the Selection of Teachers in Elementary Schools under Local Boards.

While branding all sectarian associations like the Justice Party, self-Respectors' Party and similar parties as a menace to Gandhism, and proclaiming from house tops that the advent of Independence has brought in its wake Equality, Fraternity and Liberty to one and all, our leaders, Congress Ministers and patriots indulge in unfettered patronage, favouritism and nepotism of the worst type unheard of even during the Justice Party regime. India has become a Republic and has tasted Independence for over two years and how does the man in the street feel? Every man placed in power seeks to promote the interests of his own blessed self and that of his own caste and community. People have lost faith in their erstwhile leaders. The common man does not feel the glow of Independence and freedom. Unemployment amongst the educated middle classes, the rich men growing richer, the toymen amassing wealth in questionable ways, are all commonplace spectacles.

There is no co-ordination between the Elector and the Elected. There are factions and party politics everywhere. Especially in the Andhra area the situation is sickening. The Provincial Congress is dragging one way and the Andhra Ministers the other way. In every nook and corner of the Andhra District there are two parties—the Ministerial and A.P.C.C.; in common parlance the Chandramouli Party Vs. the Ranga Party. It is a scandalous state of affairs, and the way in which four and odd lakhs of Effective Congress members were enrolled in this blessed Guntur District shows the way the Congress is going.

The activities of the A.P.C.C. are confined only to disciplinary actions, ordinances and power politics. There is no constructive activity that it can take pride in. Its leaders are men of second rate talents. There is no place for men of culture and drive in whom the country can take pride. Even there communalism and sectarianism runs riot.

The position is hopeless, lightless and gloomy. It is high time that the Congress

rank and file is recognised and its prestige restored. The New Constitution so much boosted should be made to benefit the masses and enforced in spirit and letter whether communal administrations like Madras like it or not.—There is sense in claiming special treatment for Harijans and other backward classes but that does not mean boosting up advanced communities like Mudaliars, Reddis, Kammas and Kapus under colour of the Communal G. O. These communities, in the name of social justice, are monopolising every job and are occupying positions over and above their merits or claims.

It is time that our leaders of thought ponder over the situation. The Press can do much by way of reforming the communal-ridden atmosphere but it is fighting shy.

Can you Mr. Editor, find a solution for the stalemate in public morals and deterioration in efficiency evident everywhere in our state?

P. RAMABRAHMAM.

Repalle.

Rationing In Kurnool

Will the Food Minister enquire into the rice rationing scandal in Kurnool and put an end to it immediately?

Kurnool Town is a statutory rationed area where no breakdown in rationing should occur. Which means, there should be uninterrupted supply of foodgrains to the ration card-holders. Kurnool people had a shock of their lives when they went to draw their rice rations from the depots in the last week of December. It is no exaggeration to say that never before in the history of rationing did we come across a similar kind of rice. It has to be seen for one to comprehend its wretchedness. Consequently there was so much indignation among the citizens that even a usually docile and lethargic body like the Rationing Advisory Committee (non-official) had to convene a special meeting immediately to consider the situation. A sample of rice was exhibited on the table and members swore that even animals refused to eat it and demanded how it was that such stuff came to be forced down the throats of the helpless card-holders here. The Committee ultimately resolved, that the rice now under distribution to the people in Kurnool was "unfit for human consumption," and demanded its immediate withdrawal from the ration depots.

The local authorities admitted the genuineness of the complaint of the Rationing Advisory Committee but ruled that the stuff had to be disposed of and since it could not be destroyed, the people had perforce to eat it. However, feeling pity for the distressed public, the authorities condescended to administer the stuff in small doses and accordingly ordered that, henceforth, it should be issued along with a better quality of rice in the proportion of 2:5 until the stock was over!

"HAVA"

Kurnool.

University Education

Readers of SWATANTRA and the public in general must be grateful to Dr. Vaidyanathaswamy for his very thoughtful and convincing article on University education. I do not think anybody else has analysed the situation so well. The principle he has enunciated

in his article, namely, that University education must be built from the top—from the level of research and advancement of knowledge—is the right one.

The two remedies he suggests in his article, namely, restriction of admission to colleges to "only those who have a call for the pursuit of knowledge and truth," and the teaching of the various subjects "not as unconnected schedules of information like the subjects of our college curriculum today, but as parts of one great science, the Science of the Real" so that University education may be capable of "giving that total creative outlook on life, which is the foundation of character or culture,"—richly deserve to be adopted by our University authorities, if our Universities are to survive the present chaos and be able to contribute to right thinking and right progress in the world.

L. KAMESVARAN.

Mysore.

A clerk in a bookstore tried to reassure a doubtful lady about a modern novel:

"It's not dirty, madam. It's just earthy, which is a very different thing."

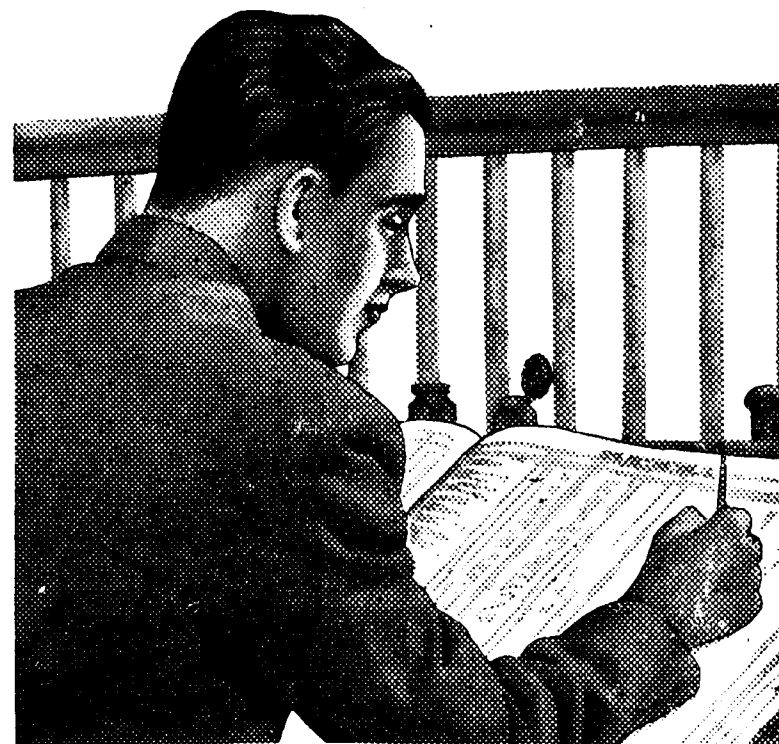
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The polite dinner guest turned to the forbidding female on his left and said: "Tell me, dear lady, have you children, by any—er—chance?"



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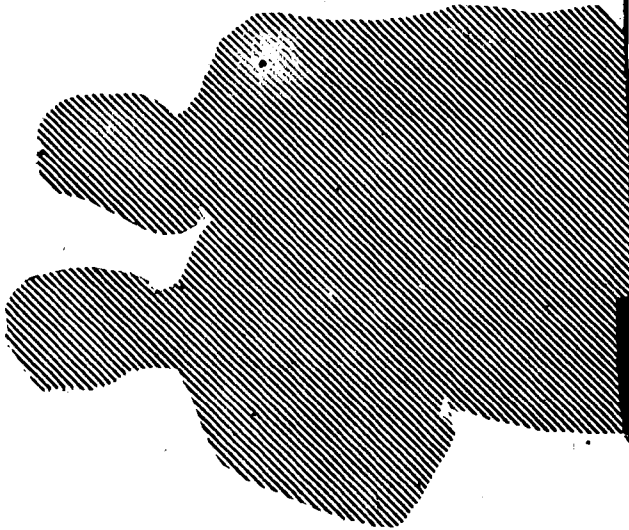


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SWATANTRA

VOL. V, NO. 3.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1950.

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WHAT PRICE PEACE?

SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 3

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

AMERICA AND ASIA

THE "cold war" seems likely to warm up in the Far East. American Joint Chiefs of Staff, after a tour of American bases in the Pacific, are reported to have told the President that a crisis in the present world struggle between the Soviet bloc and the United States is more likely to develop in Asia than in Europe. Based on this report, the emphasis of American global strategy is being shifted from Europe to the East. American envoys in Asia and the Pacific, from capitals as far distant as Karachi and Tokyo, Rangoon and Canberra, have just concluded a three-day conference on every aspect of the political, economic and military situation in South-East Asia. Dr. Jessup, President Truman's Ambassador-at-large in the Far East, after participation in the Bangkok talks, has been visiting South-East Asian countries and doubtless sounding the reactions of their Governments to the new situation created by the success of the Communists in China and the developing Communist threat in Indo-China, Thailand, Malaya and Burma. The immediate danger-spot is Indo-China where the stage seems set for a repetition of the Greek tragedy. The recognition of the Communist-supported nationalist leader Ho Chi-Minh by Peiping and Moscow has been promptly countered by the recognition of the French-sponsored Bao Dai Government of Viet Nam by Britain and the United States. In the American policy of "containing" Communism in Asia, Indo-China occupies a key place. For if Indo-China falls to the Communists, it will

be impossible to save Siam, which has a large Chinese population, while the peril to Burma and Malaya, where the position is precarious as it is, may become well-nigh irresistible. The choice, as American opinion sees it, is between aid in arms and funds to the French and Bao Dai and full-blooded American military intervention. Sections of American opinion seem to feel that there is no escape from the latter as the situation has reached a stage where it cannot be saved by American arms alone without American participation. Much will depend on what the Chinese and the Soviet do for Ho Chi-Minh. Whatever happens, one thing seems certain: the twenty million Viet-Nameese will have to go through blood and fire while the struggle between the two Big Powers is fought over the body of their country.

Indian diplomacy faces an extremely difficult situation in this crisis. India has recognised—in the view of some, in too great a hurry—the Communist regime in China. At Colombo, where there was vigorous pleading by Britain and Australia for recognition of Bao Dai, Pandit Nehru stood out for non-recognition of both Ho Chi-Minh and Bao Dai till it was clear who exactly was in real control of the country and commanded the support of the bulk of the population. That stand was in strict theory quite right, but in a fluid military and strategic situation, it was not to be expected that the U. S. and Britain could wait indefinitely. American papers have been critical of India's attitude regarding Indo-China, forgetting the fact that in the present context,

India's recognition of Bao Dai would be a decisive indication that she had chosen to cast her lot with the West in the "cold war." The Prime Minister has been resolute in the pursuit of the non-involvement policy, despite the misunderstandings and suspicions to which it has given rise on both sides of the "Iron Curtain." It has been an extremely difficult policy to pursue in a world where each Big Power acts on the principle, "Whoever is not for me, is against me." India has to be extremely vigilant if she is not to be dragged into the maelstrom by the sheer pressure of events. Her neutrality is not a thing to be belittled in a world which is divided into two camps. As the "cold war" intensifies, her present policy will be put to a severe test. India's primary interest is in the peaceful and free development of the Asian countries. Nothing would be a

greater tragedy for these semi-starved millions than a Big-Power conflict which will plunge them in deeper misery and further put off the day of their progress towards a better life. India knows that if an accord can be promoted between the Soviet and the U. S., the two can play a very great part in the rehabilitation and development of the backward countries of Asia. She must unceasingly devote herself to the furtherance of this great purpose, even at the risk of being misunderstood by both sides. It is obvious that India might gain immediately if she were to cast her lot with the United States against the Soviet Union. But she would then be precipitating the very conflict which she should use all the influence she wields to prevent. No one will envy the tremendous responsibility the Prime Minister bears in this critical hour.

Sotto Voce

Tadpoles In Ether

FOLLOWING an age-old custom a padre blessed the River Tweed waters at the start of the salmon fishing season. He performed the ceremony at midnight, standing in a flat-bottomed fishing coble. The fish, with their idle gaping curiosity at the lights and the strange goings-on, may have brought themselves within the range of the nets and given the season a flying start. But one hopes they were not theologians, as in that case they might have been tempted to question the providence of God. Our Madras fishermen, too, send up prayers to their gods before going out on a



stormy night. But gods in the plural are not recognised by theology.

From Britain, too, comes news of another interesting public rite. They had a pre-election service at St. Paul's, which all party leaders attended. Its object was to beseech that "by the guidance of the Holy Spirit our people in this time of decision might make a right choice." Archbishop Fisher in his sermon conceded that politicians at an election cannot be expected to fight with kid gloves on. But he pleaded they must never forget "that God was greater

than us all in truth, righteousness, purpose and love". He was Englishman enough, nevertheless, to remind the Almighty discreetly that "this great nation has, for all its imperfections been enabled by God...to establish its own fortunes and so to serve mankind."

It is right that we should ask Heaven to send us the fish for food. It is equally right to pray during a war that our forces should secure a thundering victory, though that might mean the enemy being blown to smithereens. But, if we are rivals at the hustings, we must, it seems, decorously supplicate together that the best side may win, though in our heart of hearts we know that Providence cannot possibly let us down. In a country like India where we do not all bend the knee before the same altar, the position is not so simple. Our secular democracy has cut the Gordian knot by refusing to recognise anything so old-fashioned as the Throne of Judgment.

Nations which are not such dyed in the wool philosophers as we are find it not so easy to side-step the Hound of Heaven. Here is Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, eighty years old and tough withal. But even he must talk about God though it be to deny Him. He spars at poor Prof. Joad for daring to suggest the existence of a Divine dispensation, when thousands of beetles could fall dead on Swiss mountain paths every spring, hundreds of thousands of the salmon in Canadian rivers leap to the shore to meet their doom, and birds in England freeze on the bough when the mercury falls. He has a mighty poor opinion of a Deity that could contrive such cruelty or look on unconcerned. But, as a great newspaper editor in his time, did it ever strike him as odd that God should be petitioned to lure the fish into the nets so that man may have kippers for his breakfast?

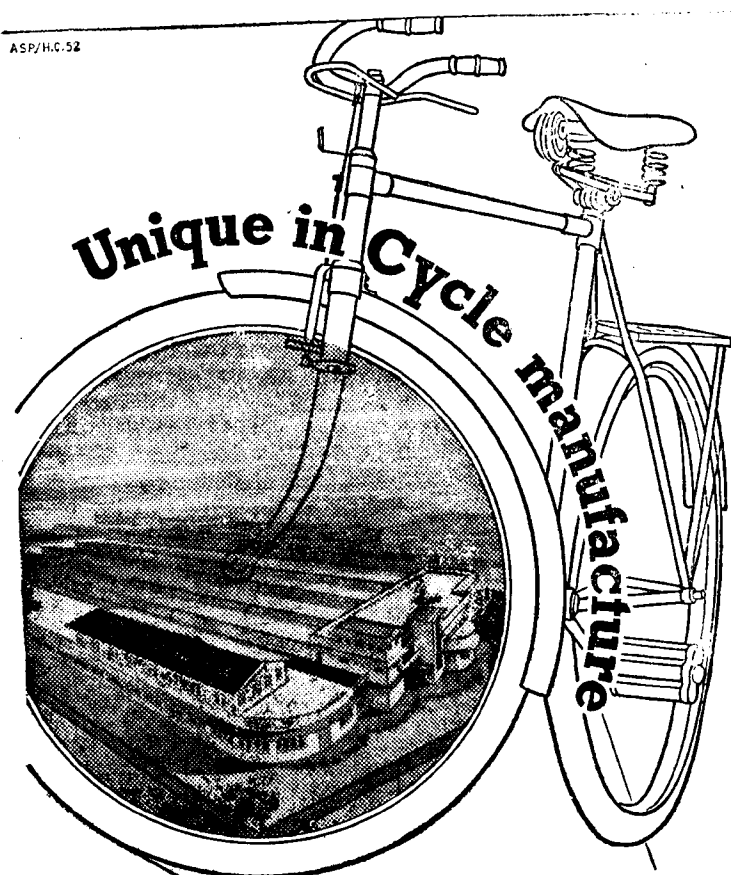
The trouble with the atheist is not

his presumption but his total lack of imagination. Mr. Fyfe asks why, if God distinguished man from the rest of creation by giving him intellect, intellect has been of so little service to man. As well might the fish ask why, if God gave it the power to breathe in water, that power is unavailing against the fatal temptation to rise to the bait. Intellect may be something unique to man. So is puss's accomplishment of racing up a tree, which however does not always save her from being clawed by the pie-dog.

We imagine in our conceit that we are the crown of evolution. But there may, for aught we know, be other orders of Beings who see us as tadpoles swimming in the ether. We have persuaded ourselves that by killing all that we can lay our hands on to fill our bellies we are only fulfilling God's purpose. Those Beings may with equally blithe self-righteousness angle for us with invisible lines, reclining on their beds of asphodel, as Lucian imagined. They may scatter plague, famine and sudden death with as casual a hand among us as we discharge sewage and industrial wastes into rivers poisoning them for the fish.

In the Life Eternal our human status will avail us no more than will mention in Debrett a man who has not a shirt to cover his nakedness. If Shakespeare does not abide our question much less does God. But that does not mean that you can negate Him with impunity any more than you can dash your head against a brick wall in the hope that by a private miracle the wall will be made as soft as your brain. The man who judges himself has no time to judge others, but he has all eternity before him to plumb the depths of the Divine Wisdom.

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INDIA WINS THE TEST

By V. P. RAMAN

AT thirteen minutes to five on February 21, 1950, Hazare's team won the Fifth Test against the Commonwealth, the rubber and its own prestige. Without further exploiting the weekly correspondent's facility of reporting topsy-turvy, I shall proceed logically and chronologically from the first over of the match to the last minute; trying to steer clear, as far as possible, of what has already achieved print in the daily press. For here are views and not news.

First Day's Play

An umpire of the Madras Cricket Association, a tremendously zealous, but sadly misinformed character, jumped into the press box at 10-25 a.m. and amidst our cheers shouted, "India has won the toss, *Won the toss*." Misguided soul! He thought the toss was as good as the match; to some extent, perhaps rightly, but not quite; his ears, twice as defective as Caesar's, should have responded to a wishful thought. When the disillucination came with victorious Hazare leading his men out, the vivacious umpire had spirited himself away. Phadkar began sensationally, by sending "Jock" back home in the opening over. A full blade is a prerequisite to effective handling of swerve bowling; Livingston presented but a miserly fraction of an edge, and Joshi had begun his Test career; the fanfare of trumpets hailing in a new 'keeper', and applauding out the sinister-dextrous skipper. Oldfield whose fame as a "lucky" batsman had preceded him, was true to his form and a shakier opener I have never seen; his dismissal was expected and unlamented. The entry of Worrell was a truly historic moment and each of the 35,000 present can record in his (or her) diary the brief report "17-2-50. *Saw Worrell play—a grand show*" and posterity will treasure the chronicle with reverential respect. A greater tribute than what a friend who had seen Bradman's last Test, paid, Worrell cannot hope for. He said: "You are perhaps unfortunate in not having seen the Don

in action; but take it from me, in this Frankie you see a Bradman, if not *the Bradman*". We still remember the cover drives of Weekes made powerfully and yet smoothly, like a well lubricated motor engine. But, all the while *we knew* *Everton was batting*; with Worrell it is different—the scoreboard is our only evidence, he had not strained an extra nerve, no surplus force was there, to remind us of him—we *don't feel* *Frankie's presence at all*. The grace, and ostentatious display of Weekes, Worrell has not; but what is more, he has dignity, and is unblusteringly efficient. If Weekes is a blizzard, Worrell is the pleasant New Year snowfall. When the Wonder Boy was in his nineties, a pavilion patriarch uttered doubtfully, "He is set for a century, I think." This judiciously made pronouncement was right, only, Worrell was set to remain for a hundred years, not runs. The exit of Holt marked a decline in the Commonwealth ranks and but for the momentary usefulness of Alley and Fitzmaurice, Barbados bore the brunt of the Commonwealth burden for the rest of the day. At noon, Umrigar had the chance of nipping Worrell's innings in its *incunabula*, but he put on the floor what he might "have held with his teeth", with some mental calculation and judgment involving time and distance. The dynamical problem must have proved too much for our collegian, who allowed the projectile to reach Mother Earth unhampered. Dame Scandal with her *malafide* accuracy, told me that evening how the misfielder's attention had been caught by some fair *senora* in the "G" stand—which concentration, had it been in the game, would have sufficed to make the catch! However, the young man liked to have it another way and the story goes that the ball was swerving viciously in the air and was beyond the scope of that lad from Bombay.

A few minutes after lunch, Worrell leaned back to Nayudu and, following an ideal back lift, his bat moved circularly in the direction of cover;

the little red globe flew with visible velocity over the green and reached a fat gentleman's toes in the stands. It was a picturesque sight; no fuss, no flash; leverage, pure and simple, with the frictionless co-operation of shoulder, elbow and wrist, had done the trick. Pedagogues may illustrate the Law of Conservation of Energy, by citing the instance of Frankie at the wicket. The hundred had gone up when Hazare found need for Mankad's services. This beady-eyed boy has now reached a vintage, that helps the long retired to smirk gratifically at their performances in League Cricket. Vinoo is no more the dependable bat and wicket-taking bowler he was, say two years ago. His batting is an *avial*—a deliciously esoteric preparation, which host Lakshmi Ratan should put on table to appease the *gourmet*—of boundaries, sixers, catches and lives. Hazare can be fined in the magistrate's court for gambling if he depended on Mulvan-trai for anything. Mankad's bowling likewise has lost its sting of old, and to slip in a premeditated simile is like a scorpion minus its tail, still frightening, but not painful. At the close of play on the opening day, the Commonwealth appeared to have turned the corner.

Second Day's Play:

The Press box was the scene of a commotion requiring "police action" on the morning of the second day. Having made their way, illegally of course, into the already overpopulated "box", holders of tickets (circular, ellipsoid, blue and green, but not the pink rectangular Press pass) refused to budge, demanding modified *Lebensraum*. One Robespierre of the future, defended his "citizen's right" with loud voiced vehemence, but the scribes and redcaps had their way temporarily, and a purge was effected, together with an exhortation to the "press people" to 'display their badges prominently'. But lo! the wrathful evicted returned ere long, victoriously, with an officer of the law who kept yapping about "bossing over others" with amazing irrelevance, and letting the crowd in by the dozen! So we spent the rest of the day in the midst of a motley but highly ignorant band of "season ticket holders". In-discipline had triumphed over autho-

rity and the law; the fourth estate had been vanquished.

It is absurd to say however that everyone was content with the facilities provided; Numerous incidents occurred everyday in the stands, many a skirmish due to lack of space, had to be suppressed by the large contingent of Madras and Malabar Police—but everything was forgotten when we were on the high road to victory. Interest in cricket is growing, and four-footers display technical erudition; but the M.C.C. remains as *jejune* as ever. A well constructed stadium is strongly indicated. Will the NSCI do it? The disturbance in the stands, with both parties reciprocally vituperative, had distracted our attention considerably and it was only when a cover-drive by Vinoo, rattled against the bamboo posts in front of us, that we realised the Commonwealth innings to have ended at 324. Let off at 0, Mankad was thrashing Fitzmaurice all over the place, but after he had made 15 runs, he found his bat too narrow to prevent an in-swinging from removing his legstump. 'What did the old codger Ranji mean when he said the bat was sufficiently broad to defend the wickets for hours on end', must have reflected baby Vinoo. Mushtaq at the other end was unbelievably unaggressive, content with strokes both forceless and ill-placed; but so unnatural a phenomenon could not go on for long, and his feet came terribly in the way of a leg break from Tribe. He had made 10 runs in a little over an hour—sixty miserable minutes, when he had tried to curb his instinctive impetuosity, in vain, with the purposeless determination of an apple in defying Newton's Law and remaining poised, in the heaven of *Trisanku*!

Another two hours saw Hazare and Phadkar "fighting with their backs to the wall" as the papers said. It is Hazare's horoscope that ever makes him fight gallantly and in vain. He would dutifully and beautifully get a 100, but his team would be going to the dogs; only since he assumed captaincy himself, have his innings been both long and useful. Phadkar, another one destined to face critical situations, was playing with the grit he exhibited in Australia, when he left Bombay as an opening bowler

and returned home a Test batsman, with a century against Lindwall and Co., to his credit. In him, India has a blooming cricketer (in the literary, not colloquial sense of the term). When 77, Hazare fozzled a contemplated coverdrive and the beholden bowler Worrell accepted the catch, murmuring thanks; sometimes the good Homer himself nods. As in the case of most of big partnerships (Hazare-Phadkar had added a hundred), Dattu left soon, to join his skipper in the cool recesses of the pavilion. With barely a half hour left for 'stumps,' Adhikari and Kishenchand were associated, and had to play out time, giving not a thought to the scoreboard.

Third Day's Play:

Saturday night, probably early Sunday morning, it rained and fears of an irriguous wicket to aid an already hostile Tribe, seized our hearts. Earlier than usual, skipper Vijay was on the grounds, and together with a hopeful Livingston came out to inspect the wicket, when I, hitching my wagon to the *Hindu*, saw it all from a proper and not perpendicular perspective, and peregrinations to the pavilion were easy! Like two little Jack Horners, the captains put their thumbs into the wicket, but without pulling out plums, Hazare ordered the heavy roller to be used, and rightly too. After a troublesome spell, when the moisture on the wicket helped Worrell to get some lift off the pitch, the batsmen came into their own and the wicket returned to its original anhydrous state. If Hazare and Phadkar reminded one of a successful Horatio and Herminius in this match, young Kishenchand completes the Dauntless Three in Spurius Lartius. Strong on the onside, G. K. hooks and pulls remarkably well; if he does not reach the ropes so often, it is an error of his Creator. Small shouldered and built like a rabbit, Kishenchand's maximum power does not do so impart speed to his strokes, unless they are timed to a split second. He had better do something about his physique before hoping for Test Hundreds; I would even suggest an Ayurvedic *Lehiyam* or a quack-doctor's bone-breaking course of exercises. While the Ex-Sindhi was plodding on like Gray's ploughman, the

other end saw a procession. Umrigar, who began by audaciously straight driving to the sight-screen, remained but for a brief interlude, and Joshi found Freeer too good for him. C. S. wagged his tail somewhat, but India's tail all but collapsed and when still short of the Commonwealth total by eleven runs, he lashed unsuccessfully at Tribe and India were all out for 313. The second knock of Livingston's men began no brighter than before and at close of play on Sunday they were two wickets down for 45 runs. That night we all secretly prayed for rain; and for once, even asking *Vighneswara* the Remover of Obstacles, to place an aqueous hurdle on the path of the visiting team! But *Varuna* the fair-minded, deaf to selfish prayers, refrained from directing the black clouds over Chepauk, and Monday morning saw Phoebus shine happily.

Fourth Day's Play

The fourth day's play has always been worth the gate money and it was no exception this time. The game till lunch was in Jock's hands, but afterwards slipped conveniently into our own. Mankad came out of his usual lustreless shell to bowl with intelligence and his well-pitched up, well-spun ones had the batsmen constantly in hot water. Nayudu's length, if not impeccable, was at least sufficient to restrain the rate of scoring; only Jack Holt making his shots to leg with negligent freedom.

At 3 p.m. a draw seemed inevitable, but Phadkar coming on with the new ball, like Hanuman with the *Sanjivi*, bowled with heaven-sent inspiration. The Commonwealth tail that is profuse in batting talent, failed and the feet of Lambert and Fitzmaurice moved with but half Phadkar's velocity; resulting in two l.b.w.s., that even the ever-doubtful Mohoni had to give out.

Mushtaq must have realised that defence is not for him and from the way he started, it looked as if he wanted to terminate the match the same evening; so keen was he to score. Twenty-two runs came on the board in eleven minutes and 32 in twenty minutes. Vinoo, who was acting catalytically on Mushtaq had to leave, being bowled by Fitzmaurice

and Umrigar coming one down retarded the pace of scoring, by defending stoutly. An injury to Mushtaq's fingers further delayed the game and on Monday evening, we had 209 runs to make in five hours, but then we still had our Frontier-mail, Mushtaq Ali; rather, so we thought. *Fifth Day's Play:*

The injury sustained by Mushtaq the previous evening was not as apparent as severe, and news of a maimed Mushtaq created a flutter in the dovecotes; a few admirers, even returning to their office desks, sacrificing gate-money. That the radiograph should reveal a mild fracture is sufficient index to both the force of the ball and the flimsy unprotectiveness of these modern batting gloves. The gravity of the unhappy accident allowed room for conjecture; a pessimistical neighbour anticipated the retirement of Mushtaq from cricket and prayed to *Mahakali* for revenge on guiltless Desmond. Victorious Hazare came to the wicket and was, for the next hour, a second behind the bowlers' time. He mistimed frequently, awkwardly, and more than once, very nearly fatally. Tribe (may his tribe increase) allowed a catch off the first ball of the day to go unheld—a catch that might have turned the scales against us. Polly Umrigar, 11 years the younger, was seeing the ball better and he thrice pulled Tribe puissantly to the ropes. Even according to the statistician's lease of life for an Indian, I hope to see the day when tall, fair Umrigar takes out a team "down under" and like Hazare, returns conquerer.

After lunch, our captain was the master, and was at his brightest during the half hour before 3-25 p.m. when Freer befooled him into an l.b.w. Thereafter a few wickets fell rapidly, but victory remained a fore-

gone conclusion, and the welkin rang with the excited plaudits of the tumultuous multitude. C. S. Nayudu, so well-known for aggressiveness, entered, and we hailed him as a duplicate Mushtaq, for was he not trained by the same sixer-hitting C. K.? A slash to the cover-point boundary came like strychnine; but the atmosphere was vacuous when ominous Mohoni from square leg declared C. S. run out, and *in terrorem*. An anaemic Rusi, who did next to nothing in this match (Hiralal fielding almost always as substitute), survived not a ball; a convenient allment will no doubt serve as an excuse. With four runs to win, Kishenchand, ruffled by the rousing Colloseum, allowed his right foot to transgress the crease, and Dawkes did not delay with the ball.

Save, perhaps, Stalin when he mounts the rostrum steps of Lenin's Mausoleum in Moscow's Red Square on May Day, none else could have had a heartier welcome than Mushtaq did, when he emerged from the pavilion at thirty eight minutes past four. The entire assembly rose to a man, and cheered in India's stately opening bat. A boundary was expected, not unnaturally, but two singles alone were scored, and when Mushtaq faced Ray Smith, a couple of runs were still needed. Mushtaq stepped out, drove straight, and Oldfield had no chance to linger further on the field the ball having sped to the sight-screen. Thus came it to pass that India won a second unofficial series of Tests.

Livingston will go back to his league cricket, and Worrell to his sunlit home in the Carribean, but memories of this match will remain for ever, and some of us might tell our grandchildren "Many years ago, when Worrell was at his best, and Hazare was captain of India and a Test was played at Chepauk...."

"Do you believe in prayer?" asked Auntie of the little girl.

"Oh, yes, Auntie" said the little girl.

"And does God answer all your prayers?" asked Auntie, pleased.

"Well, yes," said the child truthfully. "He answers one way or another."

A proud young father telegraphed the news of his happiness to his brother in these words: "A handsome boy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew. We are doing our best to give him a proper welcome."

The brother, however, failed to see the point and wired back: "I have no nephew. The young man is an imposter."

SCIENCE AND THE HUMANITIES

By Prof. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

A writer in *The Spectator* wrote nearly two years ago: "Hunger in the national sphere, and fear in the international are the two compelling forces today behind all our educational activities." And the position remains unchanged still, for these intervening months of uneasy peace have neither countered hunger nor eliminated fear. Peace has come to us, and freedom has come to us, but there is no peace in our hearts, and fear like a spectre haunts us still. The bitter lessons of our internecine strife and the bitterer lessons of our fissured freedom and peace alike demand that we should be realists in politics, that science is indispensable to us, that both for present safety and future survival the scientist and the technician are necessary for us. On the other hand, from the holy of holies the warning whisper insistently comes forth that man shall not live by bread alone and that mere material values, divorced altogether from spiritual values, cannot make us prosperous in peace or invincible in war. What, then, must we do?

In the hazy early dawn of human history, the magician discharged—or was fondly supposed to discharge—the duties of both the priest and the technician. Presently religion claimed a sovereign world of its own, and the priest, specializing in the technique of the spirit, at any rate believing that he was doing so, scorned to traffic with the mere craftsman, and so the latter became master of his own sphere, the sphere of material forms and movements. But it was tacitly assumed that while one should no doubt make the best of both worlds, the spiritual world was, on a long-range view, the more dominant partner. Plato declared: "Science is pursued for the sake of knowledge of what eternally exists, and not what comes for a moment into existence and perishes.... The question is, whether the larger and more advanced part of the study

tends at all to facilitate our contemplation of the essential Form of Good."

There are not wanting scientists even at the present time who pursue their studies and researches without reference to their possible utility in peace or war. The student of mathematics or of pure physics, for example, can generally lay consoling anction to his soul in Prof. G. H. Hardy's words: "This subject has no practical use; that is to say, it cannot be used for promoting directly the destruction of human life or for accentuating the present inequalities in the distribution of wealth." An overwhelming majority of scientists, however, have been apt to stress the "fruits" of science. Science for utility, science for progress, science for civilization. Enthusiasts are still apt to borrow rhetoric from Macaulay and boost science and technology in the following words: "It has lengthened life; it has mitigated pain; it has extinguished diseases; it has increased the fertility of the soil; it has given new securities to the mariner; it has furnished new arms to the warrior; it has spanned great rivers and estuaries with bridges of form unknown to our fathers; it has guided the thunderbolt innocuously from heaven to earth; it has lighted up the night with the splendour of the day; it has extended the range of the human vision; it has multiplied the power of the human muscles; it has accelerated motion; it has annihilated distance; it has facilitated intercourse, correspondence, all friendly offices, all despatch of business; it has enabled man to descend to the depths of the sea, to soar into the air, to penetrate securely to the noxious recesses of the earth, to traverse the land in cars which whirl along without horses, and the ocean in ships which run ten knots an hour against the wind...."

The achievements of scientists since Macaulay's time but accentuate the metallic twang of this rhetoric, and

half in wonder, half in awe, we can perhaps reel off significant or ominous names such as rejuvenation, anaesthesia, preventive inoculation, artificial rain, radar, atomic bomb, doodlebug, Dnieper dam, arc light, aeroplane, telephone, television, radio, penicillin, cyclotron, vitamins, hormones, sulphanilamide, carotenoids and carcinogens. "Utility & Progress Limited" is quite obviously a going concern, and applied science is apparently the Big Boss of the whole glittering show.

It is thus natural, it is even inevitable, that we should be dazzled by the "march of science," that we should seize its seemingly dynamic career, and concoct in consequence an implicit derogation of the static, stick-in-the-mud, unfruitful humanities. And yet, bedazzled as our eyes are, we find on closer scrutiny that for all science's manifold adventures in discovery and invention, human happiness is as much in jeopardy today as ever before. If anything, the human predicament today is more precarious than at any other time. Twenty years ago, in his address to the British Association, the Bishop of Ripon said: "Dare I even suggest, at the risk of being lynched by some of my hearers, that the sum of human happiness outside scientific circles would not necessarily be reduced if for ten years every physical and chemical laboratory were closed and the patient and resourceful energy in them transferred to recovering the lost art of getting on together and finding the formula of making both ends meet in the scale of human life..." There are times when the tyranny of the machine makes us blanch and makes us look wistfully back to a vanished yesterday when life was large and free, when simple human relations were still possible, when human beings neither loved life nor hated it but were content to live bravely and well their allotted span and were fearless in the hour of death. But it is vain, short of a violent cataclysm, to hope to "put the clock back." We cannot close our laboratories, we *must not* close them. But neither are we satisfied with things as they are. Is there a way out?

A couple of generations ago, Benja-

min Disraeli remarked: "We are all studying science and none of us are studying ourselves.... When the tumult subsides, the Divine Truths are found as prevalent as ever, simply because they are divine." Since Disraeli's time, science has lost some of its cocksureness, and scientists today humbly confess their inability to explain the fundamentals of existence. Science, in other words, doesn't claim to be religion, poetry and philosophy as well. Science "marches on" still, but a nameless fear pursues it. Whither science? Whither mankind? Two world wars and the suffering and destruction they brought in their wake have disagreeably brought into prominence the sinister and terrible aspects of modern science and technology. Modern medicine and surgery, the feats of modern engineering and technology, the beneficial results of research in bacteriology and parasitology, the competent industrial societies, these can no doubt be cited on the credit side of science. But even these cannot help us wholly to reconcile ourselves to the Medusa aspect of the other side, the debit side. In his comprehensive and most illuminating book, *The Social Function of Science*, Prof. J. D. Bernal asks: "We have seen, in the course of history institutions grow up, stagnate and die away. How do we know that the same will not happen to science?" Will the coming generations hush up the scientists, destroy their inventions, and return to the ignorance and simplicity of an earlier age? Will science and technology achieve a world government, make hunger and war impossible, give ample leisure to one and all, and usher in a veritable Utopia? Will the future approximate to Butler's *Erewhon* or to Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*? Even granting that science, outgrowing its present destructive proclivities, may succeed in establishing "a distant Utopia in which there will be perfect adjustment of labour and the fruits of labour, a fair spreading of employment and of wages and of all the commodities that machines produce" Sir Alfred Ewing is not sure that humanity will by then have learned the very difficult art of utilizing the hard-won leisure wisely. "How

is man to spend the leisure he has won by handing over nearly all his burden to an untiring mechanical slave? Dare he hope for such spiritual betterment as will qualify him to use it well? God grant that he may strive for that and attain it. It is only by seeking he will find. I cannot think that man is destined to atrophy and cease through cultivating what, after all, is one of his most God-like faculties, the creative ingenuity of the engineer."

But this is, at best, no more than a pious hope. Much more than that is needed to save science and to save humanity. But science can save itself and save humanity only by humanizing itself more and more and achieving a lasting integration with the humanities. "The only way of humanizing scientific labour," says Sarton in his *History of Science and the New Humanism*, "is to inject into it a little of the historical spirit, the spirit of reverence for the past—the spirit of reverence for every witness of good-will through the ages..... There are no natural sciences as opposed to the humanities; every branch of science or learning is just as natural or as humane as you make it..... Without history, scientific knowledge may become culturally dangerous; combined with history, tempered with reverence, it will nourish the highest culture." Our first duty, then, is to close the growing gulf between science and the humanities in our curricula of studies. This cannot be achieved unless we effect a revolution in the whole field of studies. Prof. Bernal, writing in a recent issue of the *Universities Quarterly*, declares that "in science at least... our presentation of whole subjects, such as Physics, could be enormously simplified and shortened by thinking out, in the light of the most recent knowledge of relativity and the Quantum theory, how to present the older and apparently simpler parts of physics." In the humanities too a drastic simplification and modernization of the curricula are called for. "To the science courses so cut down," says Prof. Bernal, "we would want to add enough of the humanities... to understand the importance of science to human culture; to the arts courses, a corresponding

amount of basic science." The diverse faculties in a University could still continue their separate existence, but each faculty would have the plain duty of devising and administering a well-organised and composing scheme of learning.

Science, then, should no more wish to thrive on the progressive atomisation of knowledge but realise, once and for all, that the intellectual world is *one* world. But other dangers too are implicit in the present condition of affairs, and these too have to be firmly met and overcome. In his little book, *Science, Liberty and Peace*, Mr. Aldous Huxley names "centralized finance" as the very villain of the nightmare drama of our times. Mr. James Burnham, author of the now famous *Managerial Revolution*, thinks that increasingly, in the world of the future, the "managers"—that is to say, the "bureaucrats" who carry out the nonproductive functions of administration, diplomacy, policing and fighting—will invariably call the tune, and the scientists and technicians will have no option but to oblige. "If science loses its intellectual honesty and its political independence," said Prof. A. V. Hill fifteen years ago, "if—under Communism or Fascism—it becomes tied to emotion, to propaganda, to advertisement, to particular social or economic theories, it will cease altogether to have its general appeal, and its political immunity will be lost." More especially during and since the last world war, the untold virtues of totalitarian central planning of science are being hotly canvassed by interested parties. It is no doubt true that something ought to be done to canalise the flow of scientific research and also to rectify what Prof. Bernal calls the present "anarchy of scientific publication." It is also necessary to devise means to preserve a fair balance between, not only science and the humanities, but also between fundamental research and technical research. But research organized within a totalitarian steel-frame will be only pseudo-research and defeat its purpose. Prof. J. R. Parker, in his illuminating and closely reasoned book, *Science and the Planned State*, persuasively states the case against state planning of scienti-

fic research and asserts that without freedom of inquiry no great advances could be achieved by the investigators in the basic sciences. It is all right to talk of central planning. But genius bloweth where it listeth, and no Five Year Plan can produce five pairs of Nobel prizemen, a pair every January. Even Prof. Bernal, who would rather have some measure of planning in the organization of research, realizes the futility of producing research to order: "Research is always an exploration of the unknown, and its value is not to be measured by the amount of time spent on it but by the output of new ideas thought of and tested out. Regularity of hours or days, clocking in and clocking out, with an annual fortnight's holiday, is not conducive to original thought." The authentic researcher, even like the authentic poet, is *never* on holiday. He collects data, he accumulates specimens, he experiments, he observes. But he ever anxiously awaits the unpredictable moment when he will see a thousand discordant details as parts of a logical pattern, as illustrations of a new idea. Counting of stones can be centrally planned and carried out, but ideas

cannot be manufactured according to a time table. Prof. Parker repeats the recipe for success in research given by the great Pavlov to his pupils: "Get up in the morning with your problem before you. Breakfast with it. Go to the laboratory with it. Eat your lunch with it. Take it home with you in the evening. Eat your dinner with it. Keep it before you after dinner. Go to bed with it in your mind. Dream about it."

Science, then, can save itself and save humanity only when it forges its links closer with the humanities and keeps a cool head in the face of the seductions and blandishments of centralised finance and totalitarian planning. Sir Fredrick Gowland Hopkins, the great biochemist, has courageously described science as "one of the Humanities; no less." And freedom is the very breadth of the humanities. When science and the humanities mutually enriching one another, serve man wisely and well, helping him to master Nature and also to master his own passions, science and humanity will indeed have a future, and man will truly become the master of his fate and the captain of his soul.

Love is the only bow on the life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the cradle of the babe and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the inspirer of the poet, the philosopher and patriot.

Liberty! Thou art the Goddess of my idolatry. In thy vast and unvalled temple, beneath a roofless dome thine worshippers stand erect.

Suppose, after all, that death does end all. Next to eternal life, next to being for ever with those we loved and those who have loved us, next to that is to be wrapped in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. Next to eternal life is eternal sleep. Upon the shadowy shores of death the sea of trouble casts no wave. The eyes curtailed by the everlasting dark shall never know again the burning touch of tears. The lips touched by eternal silence shall never speak again the broken words of grief. Hearts of dust do not break. The dead do not weep. Within the tomb no veiled and weeping sorrow sits and in the rayless gloom is crouched no shuddering fear. I would rather think of those I have loved and lost as having returned to the earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world; I would rather think of them as unconscious dust; I would rather dream of them as gurgling in the stream, floating in the clouds or bursting in light upon the shores of other worlds; I would rather think of them as the lost visions of a forgotten night than to have even the faintest fear that their naked souls are clutched by an orthodox God. But as for me I will leave the dead where Nature leaves them. I will give them breath of sighs and rain of tears.—Robert Green Ingersoll.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN CHINA

By ANDREW ROTH

A Chinese family's canny former cook came back to visit them. He had been too sharp a businessman to linger long as a cook and, after pulling off some financial coups for this family, he had gone into business for himself. In the last months of Kuomintang rule in Peiping he had made a small fortune speculating on the fast-depreciating currency and in other black-market operations. "Now", he told the family he was visiting, "times have changed!" He had taken all his money and bought up some old Japanese machinery and was going to become a small industrialist.

This was one canny Chinese's sensitive reaction to the first whisperings of China's industrial revolution which, though starting in low gear, may well supersede in importance the agrarian revolution which the Communists have brought to the rural areas of China.

For many months the Communists have been proclaiming their desire to increase industrial production. For this reason they have proclaimed their intention to protect private industry—except that owned by the Kuomintang bigwigs. They have told the factory workers that they would be paid on the basis of production and have proclaimed as "labour heroes" those who push production far ahead.

In the recent past the Communists have taken this a step further. They have put a Number One priority on China's industries and industrial cities, pushing the agrarian problem into second place. Their idea is to restore and develop production in the cities speedily and to transform parasitic cities into productive centres. According to them "in backward China, a semi-feudal and semi-colonial country, the cities not only consume the agricultural products of the villages but also suck the blood of the farmers and country people to exchange it for the industrial products of imperial nations. In this

way the villages and cities become enemies.

The Chinese Communists hope that by concentrating on industrial production in the cities they will convert them from centres of import of foreign industrial goods and export of cheap raw materials to real industrial bases. Then cities can supply villages with a sufficient amount of cheap industrial products in exchange for which the cities may get agricultural products from the villages. The cities and villages will be transformed from mutual enemies into mutual dependents.

Businessmen complain that the inexperienced Communists have moved very slowly and suspiciously, as if every businessman is either a foreign "imperialist" or a Chinese "running dog of the imperialists" and their only intention is to milk China of its wealth. At the outset the Communists stopped all trading until regulations could be formulated and then when the regulations came out they proved to be too onerous to make it possible to trade effectively. Thus, the ship on which I left Communist China for Hongkong sailed ninety-five percent empty because it was not worth the exporters' while to ship. The Communists have set up a government trading corporation and have reserved for it some of China's best exports, such as hog bristles, but they do not have the contacts abroad to work effectively. Some of the exchange regulations they have formulated are making it more difficult for China to get needed exports. "Under present conditions I couldn't afford to import gasoline for the Communists at less than U.S. \$2.00 a gallon," exclaimed one American businessman who was approached by the Communists on gasoline imports.

Many of the political workers assigned to handle such complicated affairs as industry and foreign trade, have been young Communists without any commercial or industrial experience and very suspicious of any

attempt to educate them about the facts of economic life. "It looks as if Tientsin's economic revival will have to wait until we have time to educate a city-full of inexperienced political workers," mourned one businessman.

But Communists think they can overcome their initial errors. "It will be very difficult," they admit, "but certainly not impossible." One of the methods by which they hope to accomplish this is to transfer their best people to the cities. A recent Communist document entitled "Present Conditions in North China and Duties for 1949" declares: "In accordance with directions from the Central Committee, the centre of party leadership must be moved gradually from the villages to the cities. From now on we must do our city work well, . . . all leading organisations and especially high-ranking party members and party members in the big cities must become completely familiar with all policies regarding city work which have been decided upon by the Central Committee . . . We must do our financial and economic work well, learn how to manage factories and carry on commerce and develop a New Democratic economy diligently and economically . . . Cities are much more complicated than villages, so we must learn well in order to be able to do the job well."

The "New Democratic" economy which the Communists are attempting to establish is a form of Communist-supervised capitalism. The Marxist theory is that economic society moves from feudalism through capitalism before it reaches socialism. China, according to the Communists, is in a semi-feudal stage and has to have a much stronger industrial base before a socialist form of society can be erected. In line with this, the Communists have limited their expropriations to Government firms or those owned by the so-called "bureaucratic capitalists". They have for some time proclaimed that other private business, whether Chinese or foreign would not be interfered with and that private industry would be encouraged. However, it is now clear that there are limits to the encouragement of private enterprise.

In a significant editorial in the "People's Daily", China's Communists

were told: "It is wrong, of course, if we pay attention only to private enterprises and neglect government enterprises, or if we support all kinds of private capitalism which is harmful to the plans of the state or the people's livelihood." Among the "harmful" types of private capitalist activity are speculation or the use of important materials for unnecessary luxuries. "It is also wrong," this editorial further warned, "to impose too great or improper limitations on private enterprises, thus preventing them from developing, or perhaps putting them out of business. It has already been decided that at present we need the development of private capitalism. We should keep it within proper limits and lead it in the proper direction."

This idea of encouraging but guiding "constructive" private capitalism in harness with state-owned enterprises is continuing to run head-on into a number of difficulties. The Communist leaders do not seem to realize how extensively China's present industrial and trade structure depends on foreign sources of materials, manufacturing and banking. Furthermore, they are in a hurry to make China economically self-sufficient, apparently out of fear of an imminent World War III. As a result they have attempted to put China's foreign trade on a semi-barter basis—somewhat like the prewar attempt of Germany's Hjalmar Schacht. But highly-industrialized Germany had valuable industrial products to trade for the raw materials desired and a skilled set of economists and bankers to carry on the various sleight-of-hand tricks required. China has a limited number of raw materials to export—hog bristles, tung oil, tungsten, furs, and wools—most of which can be acquired in other parts of the world. Furthermore, the Communists have some excellent theoretical economists but few, if any, skilled bankers and international traders on the staff. While they do have a small number of industrial technicians there is no evidence as yet of large-scale industrial planners. As a result their initial attempts to channel foreign trade and expand industrial production in Tientsin have resulted in something close to stagnation in both fields—at least for the present.

And Shanghai, with half of China's industrial capacity and the largest chunk of its foreign trade, presents an even stiffer problem.

There are many diplomatic observers and foreign businessmen who feel that the Chinese Communists exaggerate the possibility of industrializing China with any rapidity without depending to a considerable extent on the non-Soviet world. These sceptics hold that China's economic development has been too dependent on the West to be speedily reorientated. Furthermore, they contend, the possibility of Soviet economic assistance in the shape of industrial machinery is sharply limited by prior commitments for the Soviet Union's own industrial expansion and that of Eastern Europe. Therefore, many Western businessmen and diplomats feel the Chinese Communists will have to turn a friendlier face to the

West in the not too distant future if they want to fulfil their dream of an industrialized and modern China.

At present it is far too early to judge what the Chinese Communists will be able to do with the economic resources and industrial plant they now hold. But, it is clear that they attach considerable weight to strengthening China's industrial power and, in the minds of most neutral observers, if not foreign businessmen, their theoretical approach is sound in outline. Thus far there have been a number of obstacles in skilled personnel and practical application. But the Chinese Communists are new to the cities and they have previously displayed a very considerable ability in comprehending and overcoming the enormous difficulties they have encountered in the field of agrarian and military problems.

IS MADRAS REALLY DEFICIT IN FOOD?

By SEARCHLIGHT

THINKING persons who have been following the progress of agriculture and the course of events in this province have come to be of opinion that, whatever may be the case with other provinces, Madras is not deficit in foodgrains, though the present official view would seem to be otherwise. Facts and figures prove that this is eminently true.

According to the Textile Commissioner who has worked out figures for ascertaining our cloth requirements, the present population of the province is 53 millions consisting of 37 million adults and 16 of children. On the basis of 12 ounces per adult and 6 ounces per child per day, our annual food requirements will be 54,24,197 tons. The average yield of the province for the quinquennium ending 1943-44 was 76,73,440 tons, *vide Quinquennial Statistical Abstract* of the province published in 1947. Deducting from the latter figure 2½ lakhs for seed purposes and wastage, there must be a net surplus of about 20 lakhs, which was being exported, during times of peace, to Ceylon,

Jaffna and neighbouring Native States and French and Portuguese territories. There has been, during the present quinquennium, the failure of monsoons and the disaster caused by floods in the Andhra districts but these do not warrant the presumption of any catastrophic fall in the normal average yield. In his "scheme of Food production" the Ex-premier of Madras stated that the actual production for 1948-49 was 64,66,000 tons which must still leave a surplus of about 10 lakhs. This figure and the figures of production reported for the previous two years, namely, 43,30,000 and 49,19,450 tons, were evidently based on the report of village officials who, since the introduction of control and rationing, are generally prone to under-estimate the yield with a view to enable their obliging landholder to keep more stock than what is allowed by Government, to cover his special requirements for marriage and other ceremonies and for unforeseen needs. The Government's under estimate is also probably due to non-inclusion of figures relat-

ing to Native States and to incomplete figures furnished for the Zamindari and whole Inam areas in which correct and regular accounts are not always maintained.

It is no doubt true we were having some import of rice from Burma and Siam during the pre-war period but it was not to meet any deficit here but because the large surpluses in those countries had to find a way out, a fact which will be evident from the figures of our own exports which continued even during that period. Burma and Siam rice, being coarser in quality and cheaper in price, was sought by the poorer classes of people here, while our rice, being superior, commanded better markets outside.

Even during the war period when there were no imports or control of the present kind, people were having their usual quota of food grains without any difficulty.

Only the people belonging to the lower middle class and the poorer classes whose wages have not increased in proportion to the general rise in cost of living and who have no other resources or credit to command, are now living on the scanty ration of 8 ounces while the upper middle classes and above have no such difficulty. They are also able to meet their requirements for marriage and other ceremonies, which are being conducted in a less spectacular manner for fear of rousing the suspicions of rationing authorities, the deficit being met either from the reserve stock kept back by them or through purchase from the black market which is able to supply any quantity, though at exorbitant prices. In this connection I would invite attention to the statement of Mr. R. K. Sidhwa, Member of the Constituent Assembly, made in September last year in which he showed by facts and figures that India, taken as a whole, was not deficit in food grains.

There is therefore a general impression that, so far as this province is concerned, the scare of deficit is one unnecessarily created by the authorities, following the hue and cry raised by other provinces which are probably in deficit, and that this scare has compelled the government to interfere with normal trade channels and take, up the difficult

task of procurement and distribution of food, which has resulted in nepotism, corruption, unnecessary harassment and other evils too numerous to mention. It is time that the Local Government re-examined their theory of deficit with reference to the real facts and reshape their policy suitably before matters become much worse.

The best course to be adopted to ease the present food situation is immediately to lift all controls after fixing, in consultation with the agricultural department, the ceiling prices of cereals etc. with reference purely to their normal pre-war cost of production plus a 5 per cent return on capital outlay and to see that prices so fixed are strictly adhered to on pain of imprisonment for default. It should be noted that the ceiling prices now fixed by Government for paddy and other cereals are unnecessarily high and have no relation to cost of production and they benefit only a few big landholders who alone have large surpluses to sell while they affect adversely the large body of consumers who run into millions. It is these high prices which are responsible for the unceasing agitation for increase of wages or salaries, resulting oftentimes in strikes and lock-outs and consequent dislocation of business and production. If the recent decontrol experiment had failed, it was purely due to failure on the part of the government to adopt simultaneously the necessary safeguards.

People want more food to reach the target of 20 ounces, which according to the Ex-premier, people were consuming before the war, and there is also need to meet the requirements of the rapidly increasing population which is further being augmented by the return of our emigrants from foreign countries. There is therefore no reason to be complacent in the matter of increasing our food production. Unfortunately there has been, in spite of the Grow More Food campaign, a gradual set-back during the last three or four years both in the area and the yield of food crops, as will be seen from the published *Land Revenue Administration Reports* of the Board of Revenue, due to causes other than natural.

When will this bungling end?

DEMOCRACY'S FRONTIER MOVES EAST

By MATTHEW HALTON

(In the teeming cities and villages of India and other countries of the Far East, millions of people are hungry. Unless their lot can soon be improved the new fresh wind of communism, blowing down from China, may fan their apathy into revolt, says Matthew Halton.)

THE Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact have saved Europe from chaos and communism before it was too late; but half Asia has been lost almost without a struggle, almost before the stupendous fact was even realised among us. Within one year the corrupt and inefficient facade of Chinese nationalism disintegrated like rotten wood, and 500,000,000 people were added to the Communist potential in the world-wide struggle for power.

And the shadow of communism now begins to lengthen over the other 500,000,000 people of Asia: the people of Burma, Indo-China, Malaya, India and Pakistan.

"Never!" said an Indian statesman I talked to in Delhi recently. "Have no fear of communism in India. Our people are sane; our people are deeply religious. Our army is strong. The Communist party is banned. We have behind us the support of Britain and the U. S. Communism cannot win here."

The Indians are fine people, yes. The Indians are deeply religious, yes. The Communists are banned, yes. And the Indian Army is strong, yes. But—in the teeming cities and in the 300,000 mud villages and on the vast brown plains, from the high ranges of the Himalayas to Cape Comorin and from Baluchistan to Assam, tens of millions of people are hungry. And hunger is stronger than bayonets, or proscriptions of subversive parties, or even, for most people, than religion.

"The Indian Army is strong." It should be, because no less than half the national revenue, in a country of 320,000,000 people, is spent on defence. But if communism succeeds in China, and if India's hordes—increasing at the rate of about 7,000,000 a year—

begin to despair, what price our religion, what price the power of our governments?

In South Asia, within the past year, we have seen an empire transformed, a Commonwealth changed into an equal community of white and Asiatic races. It was an inspiring thing to see, as I saw in my Far East journey, Britons and Indians, Britons and Pakistanis, Britons and Ceylonese, working together in real friendship for the improvement and development of the east. Nevertheless, it will take a truly gigantic effort by Britain and the U. S., in the next two or three years, to save South Asia from communism.

The problems of the new Indian Republic are colossal.

Let me describe them in microcosm. Let me tell you about one Indian village, one unit in the vast, fantastic, toiling agglomeration of the sub-continent.

It is the village of Pehlادpur, of 600 people, about 20 miles north of Delhi, little different from any of the other 300,000 villages which are the real India, the India of Gandhi, the India from which the Mahatma drew his love, understanding and strength.

Pehlادpur is a village of Jats and Garwahls, two great fighting races. The men are all either agriculturalists or soldiers. Ninety per cent of the men who stay at home are cultivators. Only 10 per cent are smiths, carpenters, tradesmen. The average annual income in that village is 60 rupees.

When I visited the village the whole population, men, women, and children, gathered in the *chowpal*, or gathering place, to talk to me. The *chowpal* is simply an open space on

the edge of the crowd of mud huts, and the people sit on the ground. In one corner, under a roof there is a loudspeaker. Pehlادpur is one of the few lucky villages that have a community radio set. They gather around this loudspeaker in the evening to hear talks on agriculture, public health and religion.

They are taught indirectly, by means of parables, and playlets. When I was there, for example, there was a short play which indirectly encouraged both birth control and the movement to go back to the land. A village father was exhorting his son to go out into the world and make his fortune as a businessman in the city. The son replied that India needed more food above all, and that he was going to stay and cultivate his farm and he described the new methods and fertilizers he was going to use to increase production. His father was satisfied only when he used quotations from the holy books to prove his point.

Later, when the young man was 23 or 24, his father began to urge him to get married. "The other young men marry at 18," he said. "You should be producing sons. It is your religious duty. People will think there is something wrong."

But the son was firm. "I am not going to marry and have children until I can support my family decently," he said. "Why have children who will starve?" And again he had quotations from the scriptures to prove his point, and again his father was convinced. Delhi radio would no more dare to advocate birth control openly than the C.B.C. would. Religious belief is too strong. They have to use the indirect approach.

Hunger, overpopulation and religious obscurantism—these are India's problems. Ask why so many Indians always look dispirited or unhappy, and this is the answer, they never get enough to eat. And the population of the sub-continent is growing at a tremendous rate. It has increased by 100,000,000 in the last 20 years! Yet the average expectation of life in India is only 27 years. At the end of this century, at the present rate, India and Pakistan will have some 800,000,000 people! Hinduism, that fascinating religion, the

source of India's woes as well as her spirituality, tolerates, under its all embracing wing such diverse beliefs as monotheism, polytheism, pantheism, and even atheism. Surely it has room for birth control! The educated Indians have begun to practise it. The rest will accept it ultimately, or starve. In its highest forms the Hindu religion reaches a degree of a sublimity almost unimaginable by most other religions. But in its more superstitious aspects it adds appallingly to the already appalling complications of the Indian economic problem.

There are in India about 130,000,000 cultivators, small landowners, as well as some 40,000,000 tenant farmers and about 50,000,000 agricultural labourers—"bowed by the weight of centuries, the emptiness of ages in their face"—and unless their lot can soon be improved the new fresh wind of communism, blowing down from China, may fan their apathy into revolt. The rumblings of discontent are indeed beginning to be heard. In the great cities conditions are even worse. In the mean streets of Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Allahabad, and elsewhere, millions of people live in conditions of abject squalor and do not know the meaning of a square meal.

Things are slowly getting better, of course, in some places. In Delhi, for instance, I visited the finest cotton mill I have ever seen. It produces as efficiently as any factory in Britain. It has a marvellous new system of air-cleansing to prevent lung afflictions. And beside the factory are modern flats for the workers and their families, each one with two rooms, a bathroom, and—miracle of miracles!—running water. And many other fine new factories and development schemes have been started, but not 10 per cent of what is needed to meet India's needs.

The crying need is capital. Under the Marshall plan the U. S. supplied Europe with \$17,000,000,000 worth of essentials, foods, raw materials, and capital goods. I would say that no less than \$50,000,000,000 is needed in South Asia for essential developments alone. Only the combined efforts of Europe and the U. S. can

dam from South Asia the tide now running down from China.

History has shown that China is not easily infatuated by new ideas. In Hong Kong, the British and Chinese businessmen and the rich refugees from Shanghai told me hopefully that it would be all right in the end, that the Chinese would never be expansionist, and the ancient nepotism of China would corrupt the Communists. And, true enough, it would be surprising if China were

easily to fit itself into the Communist mould.

Nevertheless, the revolution has given a new hope to the Chinese masses. It is the hope of bread and of better things, that the rest of Asia is looking for. If we do not give it to them, soon, the Communists will. The frontier of democracy may shift in 1950 to the jungles and paddy fields and slums of Burma, Indo-China and Malaya and to the harsh plains and hungry villages of India.

OUR OBSESSION

By G. S. BALAKRISHNAN

THERE are times when I am sorry that India is an ancient land with a glorious past. Go to any public meeting and you will hear the lecturer crying himself hoarse about our hoary past. From soap box orators to statesman, the theme of the day is "the glory that was Ind." Convocation addresses, political speeches and conference resolutions—all tend to glorify those golden days when India was "the queen of the seas" and our enterprising navigators carried our "culture" across the seas and founded flourishing colonies. If the topic is mathematics, you will invariably be told that the credit for inventing the zero belongs to our ancients. If it is a conference of philosophers, you will hear that the mystic symbol "Om" is a neat epitome of all that is worth knowing in the field of religion and metaphysics. University education will never be mentioned without reference to the renowned university of Nalanda of ancient times. If the talk turns to modern inventions, the airplane will unhesitatingly be attributed to our ancient geniuses who built the *Pushpaka Vimana*. If you happen to mention D.D.T. as the most powerful insecticide, this reveller in the past will immediately challenge your claim by referring to cowdung which forestalled D.D.T. by a good many centuries. Mention the improvement in surgical techniques, and our ancient-loving friend will at once say that the most delicate operations were skilfully carried out by the *charakas* of antiquity. Nothing is ever new to this school of Indians. They will trace

even the Atom Bomb to the *Upanishads*! This tendency of looking back has been on the increase since we became a free people.

Nor is our literature free from this obsession with the past. The inclination to seek refuge in the ancient classics to hide a poverty of new ideas is very much evident in the vernacular literature of our time. Extracts from Kamban's *Ramayana* with copious commentaries which reveal an anxiety to make the ancients look wise, make up a considerable portion of vernacular magazines. We go back to the *Tirukkural* to rediscover commonplace copybook sayings. We display indifference towards new ideas as we are confident that these are already there in the reservoirs of classical wisdom. Is it any wonder then, that our art and literature alike show a lack of originality and relation to contemporary life? Much of what parades as literature in the ephemeral pages of our magazines is unreal and entirely lacking in inspiration.

Will it not be more invigorating to seek inspiration in the life of our own day? We have an exaggerated veneration for the past which makes us stagnate and prevents us from making any advance. It is time our journalists and writers began to look about and feel and see the life around them and then dipped their pens in the ink of realism and began to write. The ancients were wise, no doubt, and we have much to learn from them. But too much of looking back may result only in our moving that way.

WINTER THOUGHTS

By VIVIAN COLE

Tobacco smoke and pretty girls
Filling all the cafe,
Dirty snow and bitter winds
On the street outside;
Bright lights and cream cakes
Torturing the senses,
Brilliant stars twinkling
Through glass doors:
Jerusalem in February
Draws her cloak around her,
Ragged and righteous
The holy city sits
On her hills of history
And shivers with malaise.

What have we made of her,
We men with our creeds?
Glaringly garish,
An abortive dream!
Here walked a saviour,
Here lived—and died—truth!
Centuries of wrangling
And familiar knowledge
Have dulled the human mind
To the pure essence,
The heart of good,
The life divine
That men can live,
The sacrifice of love
That has been made
To point out the way.

The radio blares its strident jazz,
Soldiers ogle their sweethearts,
A good time is had by all,
And the spirit is drowned
In a morass of pleasure
Superficial and worldly,
Gasping for breath
In an agony of yearning,

Stretching arms to the heavens
In vain endeavour
To ride on the surface
Of treacherous currents.

Is this our life?
Will no one heed
The inward voice
That sings in the silence
To each soul when alone,
Calling to calm
Contemplation of beauty,
Crying for clear
Insight and vision
Into the deep, deep lake,
The fathomless well
Of experience and meaning?

In office and workshop,
On the street and at home,
Anthropoid ferrets
Feverishly feral,
Arduously active,
Thoughtless of consequence,
Slay for small gain,
Murder the spirit
In ardent endeavour
To pacify Mammon,
The filler of bellies,
The friend of fear.

In vain do we long
For the millennium;
The wheel of time revolves—
We see but the blur
Of its ghostly passing—
Indifference triumphs,
Selfishness rules
Both men, and the nations
Whose labels they bear;
Till the child of our brains,
Atomic destruction,
Smites the earth with a curse
And causes to perish
The innocent
With the guilty.

THE PREAMBLE

By V. VENKATA RAO

THE preamble is a declaration of the purposes and the underlying spirit of the constitution. It is a commonsense statement of the objectives of the constitution. A preamble may also be used to limit the scope of certain expressions or to explain facts or to introduce certain definitions. If any doubt arises from the terms employed by the legislature, it has always been held a safe means of collecting the intention, to call in aid, the ground and the cause of making the statute. But it should also be said that it does not confer substantive powers upon the Parliament, the Executive or the Judiciary. Such powers must either be granted expressly in the body of the constitution or impliedly from those granted. Legally, the position stated above is correct. But as the preamble fixes and expresses the sentiments and aspirations cherished by multitudes of citizens and since the business of Government is the people's business, it helps to sustain the whole constitutional system.

So far as length is concerned, the preamble to the Japanese constitution of 1946 is the longest. It contains six sentences and 288 words. The shortest is that of the German constitution of 1919. It is one sentence of 46 words. The preamble to the British North America Act has 172 words in five sentences. The preamble to the Commonwealth of Australia Act has three sentences and 109 words. The preamble to the South African constitution is one very long sentence of 122 words. The constitution of the United States of America has a preamble of 52 words. The constitutions of the Leeward Islands, the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics, the Swiss Federation and the Free City of Danzig do not contain preambles. The preamble to the Indian constitution is a modest sentence of 76 words.

The preamble embodies the objects and aims contained in the Resolution

moved by Pandit Nehru in the Constituent Assembly on December 13, 1946. The Drafting Committee, however, made certain verbal changes. For instance, the Resolution on Objects and Aims declared that India would be a "Sovereign Independent Republic." The Drafting Committee adopted the phrase "Sovereign Democratic Republic" because independence is usually implied in the word 'Sovereign.' Further, it was felt that the substitution of the word 'Independent' by 'Democratic' in describing the nature of the state would be proper. That India was under British Rule and had become independent of that rule are historical facts and a statement of these facts may have an emotional appeal. But the preamble to the constitution is a permanent thing and therefore a word which has only a transitional value should not be there. The committee had also added a clause about fraternity although it was not mentioned in the Resolution on Objects and Aims. For, the Committee felt that the need for fraternal contacts and goodwill in India was never greater than now and that this particular social aim should be emphasised by its mention in the preamble. Excepting for these changes, the Drafting Committee embodied in the preamble the spirit as far as possible and the language of the objectives resolution.

The preamble asserts that the new state would be a republic. It simply means that the future constitution of India will not be monarchical. *This republic shall be a democratic one*, which means a state in which the individual is endowed with all the fundamental rights essential for the full development of his personality.

The preamble is also significant for certain omissions. It does not invoke the blessings of Almighty God as the Preamble of the Australian and Irish constitutions do. Nor does it mention the architect of Independence as

the Chinese and Irish constitutions do. Finally, it does not mention the secularity of the state, though so much fuss was made about it by the members of the Constituent Assembly; because the Committee seemed to have felt that the word has anti-religious associations, hardly compatible with the assurance of freedom of religion in the rest of the constitution.

The preamble also indicates the main purpose for which the constitution was made. It is to secure the unity of the nation. That is, the framers of the constitution felt that the existence of a number of small semi-sovereign states with a variety of constitutions is incompatible with the safety and wellbeing of the people of this great sub-continent. They were, therefore, bent on making a stronger union and setting up a national government endowed with plenitude of powers so that it may be able to withstand the conflicts among the states and provinces headed by ambitious politicians. Informed leaders among them knew that in the past, confederations of states had often been formed only to come to grief through the weakness of the central government. The history of Hellenic leagues, the fate of Ancient Greece and that of the American Confederation, the break-up of the solidarity among the Latin American people and the consequent wars among them supplied the framers of the constitution with solemn warnings. They feared that the great Imperial Powers of the West with their interests in this sub-continent would intrigue among the states if they did not present a solid front to foreign powers.

The ideals consecrated in the preamble are several. Foremost among them is justice, social, economic and political. The word 'Justice' is pregnant with meaning. It means that the constitution rejects the present structure of the society based on caste system. For it believes that the caste system is anti-social and anti-democratic. The fundamental principle of the modern democratic state is the recognition of the value of the individual and that full opportunities should be given to each to attain his maximum development in

that life. But Hindu philosophy, based on caste system held and still holds that a man's present life has been determined by his past life and therefore his place in the social organisation has been irrevocably fixed and cannot be altered. Thus the current notions of Hindu philosophy run counter to the root notions of modern democracy. It stereotypes and fixes unalterably the position of each individual in the society. A man born as a Brahmin, a man born as a pariah can never be other than a Brahmin or Pariah. People might have fallen low by force of circumstances but they were free to rise again. But the case of the depressed classes is the solitary case of people who have remained a fallen people because their rise is opposed to the religious notions of the caste Hindus. Justice to all sections in such a caste-ridden society is an impossibility unless the powers of the state are applied to bring it about. Similarly, there is no economic justice. Wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few while the majority are starving. Labour is being exploited for the benefit of a few. What the preamble seems to promise is social and economic equality in so far as these constitute social and economic justice.

Another ideal consecrated in the preamble is the equality of status and opportunity. Equality of opportunity presupposes equal facilities for education and for the development of talent that is latent in each individual. It is an admitted fact that there exists a fund of talent among the masses which has no chance to express itself and thereby increase human happiness and national good. Equality of opportunity implies one thing, viz., that every child in this country would get equal opportunity to develop those faculties which he or she possesses. This provision in the constitution seeks to obliterate the inequalities heaped upon the fair sex and the underprivileged by laws and customs and practices all these years.

Finally, the framers of the constitution must be congratulated on the inclusion of fraternity as one of the objects of attainment. Although the fortunes of fraternity ever since that fateful word was inscribed on the

banner of the French Revolution have followed a chequered course, the inclusion of this ideal in the preamble will have a reassuring effect particularly on the minorities. Implied in this provision is the idea that the democratic process need not necessarily mean rule by majority. It means rule based on compromise, the essence of all life.

It is thus evident that the preamble to the Indian Constitution is a fine promise, kindling hope in the breasts of the people of this country. It is an effective reply to the thesis that social and economic changes cannot be brought about unless individual liberty and democracy are first destroyed and an all powerful state

is established. It envisages far reaching social changes through the mechanism of a political democracy which secures individual liberty. Further, it tackles the central problem of our time, viz. whether the state is to own the people or the people are to own the state. Where the state belongs to the people, the state is a mere mechanism subordinate to the will of the people. It only takes away the liberty of the individual to the extent the people desire it. Where the state owns the people, the people cease to be human and are mere robots. Our preamble seems to say that the people will own the state and that the individual will not lose his personality.

THE CHOICE OF NATIONAL ANTHEM

By SHARNGADEVA

THE Constituent Assembly recently chose *Jana Gana Mana* as the national anthem for India. There had been a fairly sharp controversy as to the relative merits and suitability of this and of *Vande Mataram* to be the national song of free India. The Constituent Assembly made a compromise by giving *Jana Gana Mana* first place allowing however that *Vande Mataram* may also be sung if desired.

There is no mention in ancient or medieval Indian literature of a song being the rallying point of a people residing in any particular territory. Even from the earliest times it is the flag which seems to have played an important role in Indian life. *Rig Veda* tells us of the Aryans as having a common flag for the whole community bearing on it the symbol of the sun. Our literature abounds in descriptions of flags of epic heroes, sages and great leaders of ancient India. Shivaji adopted the *bhagwa jhenda* with the swastik sign on it for his insignia. But search however we may we find no single song belonging to an ancient or medieval people similar to the national anthems of the present day which inspire millions in times of war and peace.

Music was no doubt employed in India as well as in ancient Greece to exhort soldiers on to battle. We have descriptions in the *Mahabharata*

of how songs of the valour of heroes were sung on the battlefield to rally the courage of the fighters. Xenophon, the Greek historian, mentions in his *Cyropaedia* of how a war song inspired the ten thousand Greek mercenaries who marched under the command of Cyrus, to attack with redoubled vigour and put to flight a Persian force, superior in arms and numbers. Folk songs came in useful for instilling courage into Mahratta and Rajput warriors who fought against the forces of Islam. But these songs were not songs which could be sung by all the people in peace as well as in war. They were not standardised patriotic hymns, only war songs.

National anthems as such did not exist before the eighteenth century but came into vogue in Europe only after the fashion had become popular in England. In its most developed form the national anthem is peculiarly an English species of composition. With the rise of nationalism in England, the musical form was given a national content and thus was created the first national anthem the world has known. The political principle or for that matter even the sentiment of nationality hardly existed during the Middle Ages. Nationalism is a product of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, for in the earlier periods such a popular feeling was neither

asserted by the people nor was it recognised by government. And England being the first country in which the spirit of nationalism was developed to the fullest extent, it was quite in the nature of things that the national anthem should have its roots there. Because of the monarchical form of government in England the new spirit of nationalism took the form of invoking a benediction on the king. It is said that the British national anthem received its final form about the year 1745. It soon became a model for many others to copy in latter years, both in regard to tune and content.

La Marseillaise the national anthem of France, was meant to be a marching song when it was composed by Rouget de Lisle. During the troublous days of the Revolution, a battalion from Marseilles sang the song as they marched into Paris. They made an attack on the Tuilleries with the song on their lips on August 10, 1792. From that day onwards that song came to be known as *La Marseillaise*. By the very fact of its popularity it was later on adopted as the national anthem of France. The French Revolution not only gave an anthem to France but spurred other nations of Europe to create anthems for themselves. The Germans and Danes adopted the tune of *God Save The King* for their anthems when resistance to the French revolutionaries and Napoleon was contemplated. The Austrians who were not by then subdued to Napoleon, also adopted *Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser* set to music by Haydn. The American people sang no song when they marched along on their War of Independence. At the fag end of the eighteenth century they adopted, following the European example, *Hail Columbia* for their national anthem.

The spread of education and the birth of political consciousness contributed in no small measure to the rise of the national spirit. The partition of Poland, the French Revolution, the subjugation of the peoples of Europe by Napoleon and lastly the Vienna Congress released the spirit of nationalism which has by now spread like wild fire almost throughout the globe. The musical composers of

Europe did not lag behind political leaders, orators and poets in fanning it into flame.

In India both the national sentiment and its expression in musical form are of a more recent origin. Before the advent of the British in India chorus singing was not popular amongst our people. Songs meant for public worship and for special occasions were not composed in India till the eighties of the last century. Hindus never had that democratisation of worship where every individual could lend his or her voice and swell the chorus as in church music. As for Muslims, music was anathema in the mosque. The Brahmos who organised their worship after the type of Christian Church service introduced chorus singing into prayers at their Samaj. And Rabindranath Tagore also composed songs for special occasions and brought chorus singing more into popular favour. Bankim Chandra who was among the first to see the vision of a free Mother India gave our countrymen, "*Bande Mataram*". It was first written as a poem and formed part of a popular novel. Tagore who was already an experienced composer by then, realised the potentialities of the poem and gave it a tune which is still popular in many parts of India. Our struggle for freedom brought in a spate of national airs from Tagore, Bharati and a host of other composers. Many of these have force, beauty and originality and will be treasured by our people for many centuries to come.

With the growth of an international spirit or one-world-ness among the workers of the world new songs which embody that spirit and that will of peoples to stand together in weal and woe, are being composed. The *Internationale* which served as the national anthem of Soviet Russia till the other day is an instance in point. There is every likelihood that in a desired future when a world state is established, national anthems of individual nations may dwindle in importance. The U.N.O. already has a flag and in course of time we may hope it will adopt an anthem expressing the aspirations of peace-loving peoples all the world over.

IS THIS THE END OF SCIENCE?

—ASKS JULIAN HUXLEY

TO most of us Lysenko is scarcely even a name; though his name as an agriculturist and botanical chemist has been known in Russia for some years.

Now, for better or worse, his name has become associated with an attitude to science—an attitude, indeed, to life itself—which splits Eastern and Western Europe wide asunder.

The argument involved looks like stale scientific controversy. Evolution—how does it work? Are new forms of life due to the influence of environment? Can the parent pass on to the offspring the knowledge and ability acquired in life? Or is the gradual changing of a species brought about by the quite different laws of chance variations?

These arguments have gone back and forth for a hundred years. But the full weight of scientific evidence and our knowledge of the mechanics of inheritance make it overwhelmingly probable that this second process, summed up in Darwin's phrase "the survival of the fittest," gives the closest picture of the truth.

Lysenko says "No." Lysenko says that "environment" can be passed on. Every man is entitled to his own opinion. But—and this is the crux of the matter—according to Lysenko, we are only entitled to our opinion if it agrees with his.

Julian Huxley, one of the greatest experts on the theory of evolution, has just completed a book ("Soviet Genetics and World Science." Chatto & Windus) dealing with the whole controversy. In this article, he summarises the situation.]

BACKGROUND TO THE ARGUMENT

Darwin's theory (Origin of the Species 1859) sought to prove that since the members of each generation vary, in ways often favourable or unfavourable, there are always in each new generation lucky individuals who, since they are better equipped to evade natural hazards, survive and breed in slightly greater numbers than the rest. Certain variations are thus "selected" by nature.

Darwin's reliance on chance ran counter to Lamarck, who had stated in 1809 that the effects on plant or animal organs of use or disuse were inherited, and that this explained the evolution of species. The "use" of an organ must obviously include, biologically, the effect of environment on it. So Lamarck's theory amounted to this: that characteristics acquired by plant or animal tissue—for example, the tanning of the skin by strong sunlight, are inherited. This seems plausible enough at first sight, but there is abundant evidence to disprove it.

The work of the Abbe Mendel on the laws of heredity shows clearly that no inheritance of acquired character is needed to account for the observed facts of heredity. Darwin had thought that the qualities of the parents blended in the child. Mendel showed that they were dealt among the children like cards from a pack. The crossing of yellow and green peas, for instance, does not produce an intermediate colour. What happens is that the crossing of "tall and green" and "yellow and dwarf" gives (1) pure strains of either parent, (2) "tall yellow," (3) "green dwarf"—and these in fixed and easily calculable proportions.

As soon as it was proved (by William Bateson, 1861-1926) that this Card-pack principle held good throughout nature, cytologists (experts on cell-structure) began to search in the sex-cell for the actual cards in the pack. These were soon found. In the nuclei of male and female sex-cells, threads of protoplasm were discovered on which, like knots on a string, were the "genes"—the heredity factors, the units of character packed ready to be passed on. Perhaps the greatest name in this scientific field is the American, T. H. Morgan (1866-1946) who, with his colleagues, recorded the inheritance patterns in many thousand ten-day generations of the vinegar fly, *Drosophila*.

By selecting promising mutations and breeding from them, the geneti-

cists have produced remarkable results, prodigiously rich strains of maize, for instance, or disease-free wheats. Lysenko and the obedient Russian scientists try to prove, or at any rate to state, that better results can be obtained by working on Lamarckian principles. All that the scientific geneticists can say is that the claims of the neo-Lamarckians are so far supported by hardly a shadow of proof; while Mendel's theory, modified and extended by later workers, now rests on many hundred thousand experiments all mathematically linked and forming, so far as they go, an unshakable whole.

This is what Huxley says on the subject:—

Many people must be wondering why there is all this fuss about Lysenko and Soviet genetics: is not it just another scientific squabble, of no general interest except to professional scientists?

The answer is No, and that for two quite different reasons. It interests everyone who believes that science is an indispensable tool for human progress, because the U.S.S.R. has officially rejected some of the essentials of scientific method itself, and has split world science into two hostile camps. And it interests everyone concerned with the enlightenment and material benefits that the science of genetics and the laws of inheritance can bring to the world, and in particular to the peoples of Russia, because the U.S.S.R. has officially banned most of modern genetic science and has officially approved a theory of heredity and evolution which any impartial scientist knows is incorrect and out of date, and therefore in the long run incapable of producing valuable results.

MENDELISM vs. MICHURINISM

The controversy is between the upholders of Mendelism and Michurinism. Mendelism maintains that heredity depends on a system of material particles, the genes; hereditary variation on the mutation of genes; and evolution on the automatic process of natural selection.

The followers of Michurin, on the other hand, assert that heredity is an aspect of metabolism, or the chemical processes underlying vital activity, that hereditary variation is

due to the effects of changed external conditions, and that evolution is due to the inheritance of such acquired characters over many generations. These represent two radically opposed views of this fundamental property of life.

However, the real issue at stake is political and ideological. At the end of July, 1948, the Lenin Academy of Agricultural Sciences staged a discussion on genetics in which members of the two camps took part. Lysenko was both President of the Academy and the leading proponent of Michurinism. Towards the very end of the session he disclosed that the Central Committee of the Communist Party approved of his Report—in other words, that they officially accepted Michurinism and condemned Mendelism. Thereupon the Academy passed a resolution to the same general effect.

A few weeks later the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences, the highest scientific authority in the land, but at the same time a governmental agency, voted an extraordinary series of resolutions and formal statements on the subject—extraordinary, at least, to people in non-totalitarian countries. These not merely laid down that certain laboratories working on Mendelian lines should be closed down as "unscientific" and "useless," and accused a number of Mendelians by name of holding "reactionary idealist theories"; not only laid down that the councils and boards of biological institutes and scientific journals should be purged of Mendelians and these replaced by Michurinists; but also laid down that Mendelism was "reactionary," "idealist," and "pseudo-scientific," that the struggle between it and Michurinism "has taken the form of the ideological class-struggle," and finally that "Michurin's materialist direction in biology is the only acceptable form of science."

MIXING SCIENCE WITH THEOLOGY

This, it will be seen, brings theology of Dark Age type into science. In the U.S.S.R. Michurinism is now official and orthodox dogma, and Mendelism is officially heretical.

All the prominent Mendelians in the U.S.S.R. have lost their positions,

and—if at all—are employed in fields other than genetics.

In the long discussion at the Academy of Agricultural Sciences, this extraordinary and grievous state of affairs was even more obvious.

The rise of science is, I suppose, the most distinctive feature dividing the modern world from all other periods, and ever since its first real beginnings in the seventeenth century science has had various distinctive characteristics. For one thing, it cannot be a respecter of authority: any dispute in science can be settled only by reference to the facts of nature, by means of observation or, if possible, experiment. Then it has always insisted on freedom of inquiry, however distasteful to authority or public opinion its conclusions may be—think of the opposition that the ideas of Galileo and Darwin and Freud had to overcome. And it has always been universal in character—an international activity depending on the joint efforts of many men in many countries.

But in the U.S.S.R. today, science is no longer universal but definitely nationalist; it is no longer free, but has had certain types of inquiry prohibited; and it has been forced to accept the ruling of non-scientific authority as to what is scientifically true and false, instead of being allowed to refer the question to the arbitrament of fact.

Soviet genetics has thus really ceased to be science in the sense in which the scientists of the past three centuries have practised it, and has become a branch of dogmatic theology—for the official ideology of Communist Russia serves very much the same purpose as theology did in the centuries after Christianity became the official religion of the late Roman Empire.

Modern genetics only started half a century ago. Since then, it has made really spectacular progress. Its basic achievement is the discovery that there exists an organ of heredity, just as there are organs of digestion and respiration, and that this consists of hundreds of material units, the genes, arranged in the visible but microscopic cell-structure called chromosomes. This knowledge makes the idea

of the inheritance of acquired characteristics so unlikely as to be virtually impossible.

WHAT IS A "TRUE" SCIENTIFIC THEORY?

The gene-theory of heredity, as we may call this extended Modern Mendelism, is a true scientific theory, in the sense of a framework of general concepts which is based on a mass of scientific facts and laws, and gives a satisfactory interpretation of them.

When we come to Michurinism, however, we have regretfully to note that it is not a scientific theory in this sense, but (as its own adherents usually call it) a doctrine in which conformity with an ideology is put before conformity with the facts of nature. This may sound impossible to Western ears: but it is true. For instance, one of Lysenko's chief arguments is that any other method of evolution is "unthinkable". Quite apart from the fact that a great many eminent scientists, including Darwin himself, have found evolution by natural selection perfectly "thinkable", there are the facts—but these he disregards.

Again, Glushchenko, Lysenko's chief helper, stated that "Dialectics show... that external influences become internal properties (i.e. become hereditary) after assimilation by the organism" a Western scientist would not bother about what dialectics or any other kind of philosophy might be supposed to show, he would test his ideas by experiment.

The discussion abounded in other remarks that revealed a doctrinal atmosphere reminiscent of some early Council of the Church rather than of a modern scientific meeting. For instance, Lysenko himself made the astonishing statement that "Mendelism definitely is pure undisguised metaphysics" (it must be very surprising for new geneticist friends to realise that they are metaphysicians without knowing it). And over and over again a doctrinal flavour is injected by calling the Mendelians names—either philosophical names such as idealists or scholastics, or political names such as bourgeois or reactionaries—names wholly inapplicable to those patient searchers after natural truth.

MORGAN THE "HIRELING"

Name-calling reached its high point when this same Glushchenko wrote "American monopolists have to justify before the masses their aspirations for world domination. That is why their Morganist-Weismannist hirelings resurrect the reactionary ideas of Malthus and raise a hullabaloo about the over-population that they themselves have invented."

Lysenko's chief scientific claims are, first, the inheritance of acquired characters in cereals, due to a few years' vernalisation treatment. Secondly, the claim to have secured a fusion of two "heredities" by grafting two varieties or species of plants together—"vegetative hybridisation." And thirdly the claim to have obtained valuable new strains as a result of "shattering the heredities" of widely different varieties by crossing.

This last point can be soon disposed of. Doubtless valuable results have been obtained; but equally doubtless these results are due to the operation of simple Mendelian principles, according to which a large range of new varieties is inevitable after a wide cross.

As regards vegetative hybridisation, nobody outside the U.S.S.R. has yet been able to obtain the same results. Furthermore, at least the main earlier experiments in the U.S.S.R. were not carried out with proper scientific precautions, nor were the results and methods published in adequate detail to enable others to evaluate them properly or repeat them exactly. In any case, if, as is quite possible, the Russians have obtained some new results, we can be sure that they can be interpreted on a modern Mendelian basis.

Finally, the inheritance of modification of the character of cereal strains by vernalisation treatment runs counter to all our previous knowledge. If Lysenko really did get any positive results they are much more likely to be due to Lysenko's having used impure strains, on which unconscious selection then operated.

The really alarming thing about the discussion was the way the Michurinists repudiated some of the essentials of science, and scientific

method. One of these essentials is freedom of research, opinion, and discussion. But there can be no freedom if the correctness or otherwise of scientific theories is decided by a political body. And this is what has happened in the U.S.S.R. The Academy of Science itself officially stated that Lysenko's Report, "which has been approved by the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party, lays down a party line in biology." The very idea of a "party line" in science is inconceivable to a Western scientist. More specifically, this is what Prezent has to say on the subject: "The Mendelians want a discussion. But we shall not discuss with the Morganists (applause); we shall continue to expose them as adherents of an essentially false scientific trend, a pernicious and ideologically alien trend, brought to our country from foreign shores."

This also illustrates another regrettable feature of Soviet genetics—namely the way in which it labels its opponents alien, hostile or unpatriotic. Soviet science, in fact, is behaving just like Nazi science—it is becoming acutely nationalistic.

Finally, Soviet scientists no longer regard science as a unitary world activity. Prezent, for instance, actually said "is it not extraordinary that in our country, where dialectical materialism is the method and logical basis of science, with an undeniably revolutionary character, there appear from time to time dreams of the unity of science with contemporary foreign science?"

SCIENCE DISEASED

Another symptom of this same disease of science is revealed in the constant claims by the U.S.S.R. to priority in scientific discoveries or applications—radio, the steam engine, and a dozen others—many of them quite untenable.

There is a great deal to be said for a nation having some generally accepted ideology or body of beliefs and ideas, to use the modern jargon: but a common belief or a common view of human destiny will serve equally well. A vigorous society needs some central body of ideas which will inspire men and women and provide a driving force and a common basis for

action. But there is, it seems to me, little or nothing to be said for forcibly imposing such an ideology or body of ideas from above. That may be the inevitable result in a totalitarian State. If so, all the worse for totalitarianism—and, alas, for the rest of the world in which totalitarianism exists.

This forcible imposition of uniformity and orthodoxy is least pardonable in science, for the reason that it runs counter to the very essence of scientific method—the method of freedom of research and opinion and expression, and especially of testing

every idea against the facts of nature instead of relying on unaided reason and still less on authority which was at the root of the spectacular advances made by man through science in the last three centuries.

What will be the eventual result of this suppression of scientific freedom in the U.S.S.R., and this splitting of the world's scientific unity, no one can tell—except that it cannot very well be anything but bad. Meanwhile every attempt should be made to persuade the Soviet authorities to pursue a more liberal and progressive policy.

THE "NEW CZECH MAN"

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

THE Czech Government is reported to be taking steps to create the "New Czech Man," not content with merely making the life of the "old Czech man" comfortable. It appears that the present Government is not satisfied with emancipating the peasants from the shackles of landlordism and freeing the workers from the exploitation of capitalists. These persons represent the "old Czech man" whose material environment can be changed but not their mental outlook. But a totalitarian government cannot hope to be safe so long as the outlook of the people remains unchanged. Apparently the Czech Government is determined not to take any chances with the attitude of mind of the "old Czech man" and risk its future and continued existence. Hence its present attempts to create the "New Czech Man" who will be an obedient servant and devotee of the Communist Government.

Now, in what do these attempts consist and how does the Czech Government seek to achieve its aim? Briefly these consist in bringing about a complete change in the outlook of the people. They must be taught to consider those things important which they had till now thought trivial, and treat those things as trivial which they had till now held important. Their scale of values must be altered, and their

ideas and ideals must change. They must consider themselves foolish, unscientific barbarians to have believed in what they had till now believed, and they must think that the recent change has led them from darkness to light.

It must at once be pointed out that the accomplishment of all these changes in the outlook of the "old Czech man" will be wellnigh impossible. For most of the adults who have lived through other times and experienced other rulers, may not easily believe that they have been "emancipated" by the present Government. So they are given up as lost men who cannot be reclaimed. The Government's efforts are particularly directed towards the coming generation and in their case it is easier to effect the desired changes.

The first step in the scheme to mould the "New Czech Man" out of the coming generation is to prevent their knowing anything about what existed before the establishment of Communist rule. Otherwise, the scheme would be a complete failure since past history would contain evidence against what is preached by the new Government. Hence the supervision of the sale of books and the prohibition of some of them. No book which speaks against Marx, Communism, the Soviet Union or the present Czech Government may be circulated or sold. This effectively

prevents any refutation of what the rulers put out by way of propaganda. As a first step to control the reading of books, all bookshops have been called upon to submit a list of their books and the objectionable ones were taken away. This is merely a defensive measure against the spread of anti-Communist ideas. On the positive side, history is to be re-written. This is perhaps the most important step; for, people would want to know something about their past, and since they ought to know history as it was, they must be provided with something else. And for this purpose, able Communist tacticians are commissioned to re-write the history of Czechoslovakia to make it appear that Soviet Russia has all along been the champion of Czech liberty while the Western powers have always opposed her establishment as a separate state. It is not so bad if re-writing history were to stop with this. But this is done far more thoroughly. Great national leaders, like Benes and Masaryk, the founders of the Czech Republic, are villified and abused. They are depicted as

Western bourgeoisie, and Benes is accused of always siding with the capitalist nations against the Soviet Union. Distortion could go no further.

Mr. Nejedly and Mr. Kopecky, Ministers of Education and Information respectively, are the moving spirits in this drive to create the "New Czech Man". They consider not only History but Art and Literature also as being potent instruments in the Government's new effort. Consequently, these are not allowed free circulation or free expression, and are controlled by the State. The works of Western writers and artists are not to be read or enjoyed. Even great Czech writers who were till now the favourites of the people are not to be read. Every means of propaganda and publicity at the behest of a totalitarian government is employed by these Ministers in this attempt to create the "New Czech Man" and make the Czech Republic safe.

It almost seems as if there is no limit to how far absolute power can go.

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SOUTH INDIA AND KASHMIR

"FROM Kashmir to Cape Comorin" is a phrase which is often used to indicate the two north-south extremities of our country and to suggest its long distances and vast area.

But the distance of nearly 2,500 miles between the snow-covered heights of Kashmir and the blue waters of the Cape is more easily covered in a phrase than in actual practice, and it is not often that a Kashmiri travels so far down South or a Travancorean makes the long trek to Kashmir.

SOUTH GOES NORTH....

The tribal and Pakistani invasion and the consequent arrival of the Indian army in Kashmir, however, has bridged the continental distance far more effectively and dramatically than anything else could have. From the very first, thousands of South Indian troops... specially the sappers and miners who mostly come from Madras and Travancore—have played a notable role in the defence of Kashmir.

The amazing feat of blasting a jeep track to Gurez—the northern-most outpost of India—was the achievement of sappers from the deep South. At far-flung military outposts all over Kashmir, for the last two years the hills have been echoing the hitherto unfamiliar languages of Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada. Last year I saw Sheikh Abdullah leading the Eid prayers in Srinagar and present in the congregation were a large number of men in Khaki—South Indian Muslim soldiers from Tamilnad, Andhra and Malabar. I have heard soldiers singing a Malayalee folk-song while strolling through the gardens of Shalimar, and seen dark-hued Tamilian officers training the fair-complexioned Kashmiri boys of the National Militia. In the bazaar of Srinagar on any day you can hear a dozen different languages of India. General Thimmayya who, by now, is a familiar and popular figure all over Kashmir, comes from Coorg in the South.

The blood of many a brave Tamilian, Andhra, Malayalee and Coorgi has soaked into

the fertile soil of Kashmir and mixed with the blood of the Kashmiri patriots, cementing for ever the unity of the North and the South. Sixty miles away from Srinagar, near Uri, amidst picturesque scenery of breath-taking beauty, there is the grave of a Malayalee Christian officer who came all the way from Travancore to die in battle for the defence and freedom of Kashmir. On the grave someone has drawn the Vedic swastika and inscribed "Om" on it, while some Muslim has painted a verse from the Holy Quran. There could be no more poignant and touching symbol of the essential oneness and unity of India.

...AND NORTH GOES SOUTH!

This sentiment of national unity transcending the barriers that, for long, have stood between the North and the South received striking impetus by the recent southern tour of Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, the Kashmiri Leader, who was invited to inaugurate the Tamilnad Political Conference. He did not actually go down all the way "from Kashmir to Cape Comorin" but the journey of the spirit was more significant than the two-thousand mile flight from Jammu to Madras.

In a sense, it was a "return visit" that the Kashmiri leader was paying to the South to acknowledge the fraternal debt of love and gratitude that Kashmir owes to the brave soldiers from the South. During his flying tour he visited Madras, Mysore, Bangalore, Aurangabad and Hyderabad, addressed an aggregate of nearly a million people at the various meetings held in his honour, and returned after forging yet one more enduring link between the North and the South.

This was the first time that the Man from Kashmir has visited the South. Yet, I am told, there was no sense of strangeness, only a mutually cordial appreciation on both sides. It was

typical that when I asked Sheikh Abdullah in Bombay if he found the people and atmosphere in the South in any way "strange," he replied emphatically, "No. I felt perfectly at home amidst them."

THE FIGHTING MAULANA!

Accompanying Sheikh Abdullah on this trip was Maulana Mohamed Saeed, the unassuming but indefatigable General Secretary of the Kashmir National Conference, whose trim little French-cut beard camouflages a young and handsome face. Both literally and figuratively, the personality of Sheikh Abdullah is so towering, that the other Kashmir leaders have been somewhat eclipsed. The young Maulana, however, needs to be known. He is one of the four Kashmiri members of the Union Parliament and, next to Sheikh Saheb, perhaps the most important person in Kashmir. Devoting all his time and energy to the quiet and unspectacular task of organizing the National Conference in every part of the state, he has kept out of the Ministry, but no important decisions are taken by the Kashmir Cabinet without consultation with him.

He is a religious divine with a modern, socialistic outlook, a staunch Nationalist who has always opposed and fought the Pakistan ideology, meek and mild in appearance but with an amazing reserve of courage within. During the early days of the invasion, when he volunteered to act as a guide to the Indian army during the fighting in the area around Tithwal (his hometown where his house was looted and burnt and many members of his family imprisoned and tortured by the Pakistan raiders), the sherwani-clad Maulana was an object of scepticism and ridicule among the tough Army 'jawans.' There might even have been some who suspected that a bearded Maulana must be a Pakistani at heart. But the resourcefulness and pluck that he showed during actual combat conditions soon earned him their respect as well as affection. While accompanying an attacking column of the Indian Army, he received a bullet in his shoulder, and still proudly bears the scar as a badge of honour. Today he and his younger brother, Mohamed Nazir, a forester

who developed a guerilla technique of his own to fight the raiders, are known to and popular among, all ranks and officers of the Indian army in Kashmir.

The "fighting Maulana" is the symbol of the mild-natured Kashmiri roused to dynamic action for the defence of his homeland.

HOW TO DEAL WITH BLACKMARKETEERS?

At one of the meetings he addressed in Madras, I learn, Sheikh Abdullah was asked what was the best way of dealing with blackmarketeers. Referring to the action of his own government which ordered three of the leading blackmarketeers and hoarders to be flogged in public, much to the delight and satisfaction of the large crowd that watched the 'spectacle', Sheikh Saheb suggested that the really big offenders should be made an example of in a like manner. "Our people unanimously appreciated and backed this action of the government," he said. "If it is not being done in your province, perhaps public opinion is not as strongly in favour of thus punishing blackmarketeers here as in Kashmir."

This provoked such a tumultuous uproar from the audience, demanding like treatment for blackmarketeers in Madras, that some of the Ministers who were present (I am told) were acutely embarrassed.

TOWARDS A NEW KASHMIR!

Flogging the blackmarketeers is not the only progressive step taken by Sheikh Abdullah's regime in Kashmir. "Under Sheikh Abdullah Kashmir Goes Ahead," a pamphlet issued by the Kashmir Government, gives a graphic and illuminating account of what has been achieved in Kashmir during the last two years, in spite of the abnormal and strenuous circumstances. The first paragraph gives a dramatic description of the condition in the state when Sheikh Saheb assumed office:

"On the last day of October 1947, Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, who had led the people of Jammu and Kashmir to revolt against serfdom for nearly two decades, was charged to deal with the emergency which had suddenly arisen as a result of Pakistan invasion of the state. Four days earlier no Government



existed in the State. Well-equipped hordes from Pakistan had swept down on the frontier town of Muzaffarabad and were now knocking at the gates of Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. The capital itself has been abandoned (by the Maharaja presumably, as the pamphlet tactfully omits any mention!—K.A.A.) but the people under the National Conference rose to defend their hearths and homes.... The State treasury was without cash and a run had started on the banks."

That dismal background highlights all the more the amazing transformation since then brought about in the State. The most important measures affect the peasantry which has been brought very near the ideal of "land to the tiller" by a series of emergency ordinances (for once promulgated in the interests of the people!) which have (1) abolished absentee landlordism, (2) secured cultivators from eviction, (3) reversed the proportion of the produce of land as shared by landlord and tenant, so that the tenant gets $\frac{3}{4}$ and the landlord gets only $\frac{1}{4}$ out of which he must also pay the taxes, (4) introduced elections of village officials, (5) distributed 40,000 acres of unattached land amongst landless peasants, and (6) placed a moratorium on all agricultural debts, and started irrigation projects.

In these two years, despite war and blockade, economic privation and loss of trade, a chain of roads have been built, profiteering in food has been stopped, rationing has been introduced, commerce and industries have been helped to restart production and market their goods, a University has been established and 300 schools have been re-opened in the areas liberated from the raiders.

The universe is but a perennial see-saw. In it all things are ceaselessly rocking; the earth, the Caucasian peaks, the pyramids of Egypt—each with the general motion of its own—Fixity itself is nothing but a slower rocking. If my mind could find a foothold, I should no longer experiment. I would conclude. But it is bound to apprenticeship and forever stands on trial.

"The great and glorious masterpiece of man is to live to the point. All other things—to reign, to hoard, to build—are, at most, but inconsiderate props and appendages."—Montagne.

Thus Kashmir goes ahead—towards the socialistic ideal of "New Kashmir." If an imaginative and progressive leadership could achieve so much in so short a time in a poor, resourceless, blockaded, State, how much more could have been achieved in India as a whole? If only....

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

LONDON: U. S. Defence officials are reported to have disclosed the development of a 12,000-pound bomb which can be guided all the way to its target.... with a range of 500 miles.

WASHINGTON: Representative James E. Van Zandt said that the United States was going ahead with the development of radio-active poison gas and other atomic weapons in addition to the atomic bomb."

HONG KONG: Chances of China's embattled Nationalist regime staging a come-back appeared brighter.... a steady supply of ammunition was arriving in Formosa from Port Chicago, near San Francisco as well as from the ports in U.S.A.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

BOMBAY: A quarrel that arose between two foot-path dwellers over the question of sleeping at a particular spot resulted in the murder of one of them."

BOMBAY: Traffic accidents on the railways and in the streets claim more than 20 lives every week, including an average of 15 deaths on account of foot-board travelling.... Recently the suicide rate has gone up.

BOMBAY: Shree Ramdasji, the "wonder yogi" who remained buried alive for four days has announced that on March 5 he will perform "Adanter Samadhi"—i.e. remain in mid-air without any props for 12 hours.

MARXISM AND INDIAN SOCIALISTS

By "POLITICUS"

THE decision of the Indian Socialist Leader, Jai Prakash Narain to go on fast from February 5 was a most significant one, for it drives us to ask ourselves several pertinent questions as to the policy and programme of the Socialist Party of India. The fast was to have been undertaken in his capacity as the President of the All India Postmen's Union, but nevertheless the fact remains that he is still the torchbearer of the Socialist movement in our country.

Socialism is an extremism. Its ideals as well as methods are revolutionary. And so, acting as "a check on the politics of compromise" the Socialist Party, as long as it was within the Congress, was urging them to take revolutionary steps against the British. Jai Prakash then used to say that the methods to be employed must be "revolutionary" and not "reformist" in character. So the decision to undertake a fast in connection with trade union activities has confused many a socialist who is misguided into thinking that the Indian Socialists are no better than the Fabian Socialists of England. But a close study of the principles of the Socialist Party of India and of the writings of J. P. from time to time and the second revised edition of the policy statement of the Socialist Party of India will dispel all such suspicions and fears.

In fact, the socialists may be said to be the firebrands of Indian nationalism and they formed the left wing in the national movement. When the Congress High Command called on the nation to declare what Gandhiji described as "open rebellion" and in consequence found itself behind prison bars, at a time when the nation was not well-organised, astonishingly enough it was the young Socialist leaders who gave a dynamic leadership to the country and conducted the revolution in an admirable manner. It was that revolution followed by the epic struggle of the I.N.A. and the historic mutiny of

naval ratings that demonstrated to the world the capacity of Indians to organise themselves in a common cause. But the position of the country has since changed appreciably. The power has been transferred to our own nationals. Though we are not enjoying full political democracy, the democratic framework is complete. So the methods and technique must change. Revolution is no more justified and even if justified, the country is not yet ripe for it. That being so, talk of revolution at this stage is meaningless. The Socialist Party thus declared in its policy statement that "taking into consideration the entire situation in the country and the future possibilities, democratic means appear to be the only correct means to follow, the only means that can be effective". But this did not mean that they had not become non-violent non-cooperators, for the statement added: "It is possible that events beyond our control might conspire to transform radically the existing situation, making democratic means impossible to follow, rendering them ineffective. Even in that eventuality, though it appears to be highly unlikely, the present circumstances would so strengthen the forces of such a broadbased organisational instrument, that it would be easy for the movement to adjust to the new situation and adopt even insurrectionary means effectively." But insurrectionary means become inevitable when a small class of privileged and vested interests rules by force the entire people, who cannot be rid of the rulers except through a violent overthrow. This policy has been briefly explained by J. P. several times through press and from platform, that the Socialist Party would follow non-violent methods as far as possible, but if necessary they would not hesitate to employ violence.

Insurrection as the socialists view it is not the same as what the Indian Communists practise. It is not terroristic action, putschism or conspira-

torial violence. It is an "armed rising of the people rather than sporadic violence of a band of conspirators." Such sporadic violence which can at best be called terrorism will not only not take us very far, but there would also be loss of life and property of innocent people, generally of the lower middle classes. Instead of creating a climate for revolution such violence would make people fear revolution and the very cause of socialism suffers thereby. Friedrich Engels wrote: "The time of surprise attacks and revolutions, carried through by small conscious minorities at the head of unconscious masses, is past. When it is a question of a complete transformation of the social organisation, the masses must themselves also be in it, must themselves already have grasped what is at stake, what they are going in for." This has been adopted in the Socialist Policy statement in these words: "An insurrection succeeds only when it has the backing of the people and the active participation of at least the more awakened among them." So the only way that takes us nearer to class struggle is organisation of classes and not acid-bulbs and hit-and-run tactics. Lenin wrote a smashing criticism when a group of intellectuals known as the 'Economists' believed that the workers were already conscious of what they wanted and therefore the task of leadership was only to help in the realisation of those desires without attempting to add anything to them or to put them in a scientific shape. This view of the 'Economists' was called by Lenin 'tailism.'

So in strict conformity with the true concepts of Marxism-Leninism, the Socialist Party preferred to follow the democratic method which is the only effective means to follow at this juncture. But democratic means must be distinguished from Parliamentary or constitutional methods. The former is wider than the latter for all Constitutional methods are democratic means, but the *vice versa* does not hold good. *Satyagraha*, fasts, civil disobedience and the like, are some of the democratic methods but they are not constitutional. Constitutional means include agitation through processions and demonstrations, in the press, and on the platform and

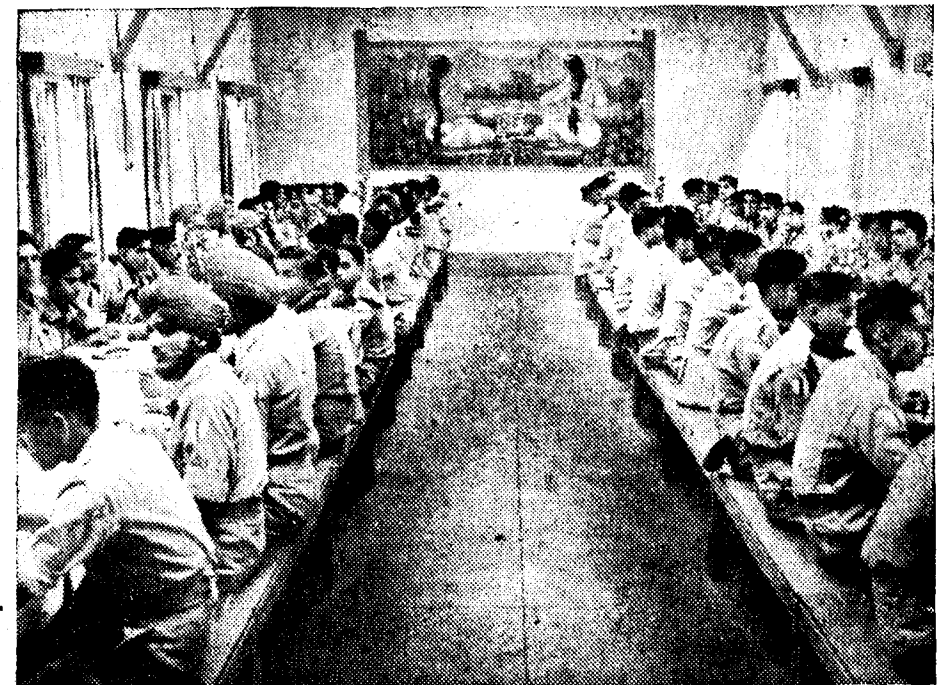
through deputations. Democratic methods, when effectively organised will have as much coercive force as, if not more, than a revolution. So the Socialist Party seems to be bent upon following the democratic methods generally. But realising only too well the ineffectiveness of democratic methods at times, the Party has declared: "Democratic means can be used for the capture of the State power only where full political democracy is functioning, and the working classes, the peasantry and the lower middle class have reached a high level of maturity and have created a powerful political party. Where these conditions do not exist, democratic methods must be ineffective and inadequate and sometimes dangerous." So when it is not a question of capturing state power and when democratic methods are likely to be effective as in the case of the postmen's pay, a democratic method like a fast is undoubtedly a most effective weapon. Striking is also at times a democratic method but J. P. to whom public interest is as dear and important as postmen's pay could not advise them to take such a step. Instead of causing the people to suffer, he was prepared to take upon himself the suffering. Such an act of martyrdom on the part of their leader would have helped to stir up trade union consciousness of the workers. Lenin too observed: "The history of all countries testifies to the fact that by its own efforts the working class can only evolve a trade unionist consciousness,—that is, the conviction that it is necessary to coalesce into unions in order to fight the employees, to demand of Government Laws in favour of labour," etc.

The postman's grievance is more than an industrial cause, it is a moral issue. To fight this moral issue, J. P. preferred to wield a moral weapon. Moral weapons are not ruled out by socialism. J. P. wrote in April 3, 1948: "Since the victory of Stalinist methods in Russia, it has been commonly believed that there is no room for moral values in Marxism. I should therefore like to state in the clearest possible terms that I for one have come to believe that for the achievement of socialism a strict regard for means is of the highest

importance." In 1936, he had said: "That there is a type of human behaviour which involves self-sacrifice, self-denial, service and suffering, the Marxist is not so blind as to deny What the Marxist does say is that when a man is behaving in a self-sacrificing manner, is a manner that would be termed spiritual, mystical, theosophical, he is doing so, like others, because of bio-social influences.... Merely because in current language, a certain type of behaviour has been named spiritual behaviour, it does not mean that it is independent of these influences—which in the scientific sense of the term are material.... To a Marxist, spiritual behaviour too, like all other behaviour, has a material (in the sense of *not* non-material) explanation—concretely, a bio-social explanation." And so it is no wonder that

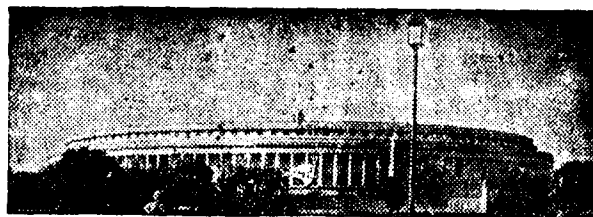
according to an impartial observer like Sherwood Eddy "the humanitarian and higher ethical ends were increasingly utilised as incentives" in Leninist Russia.

Such a policy of the Indian Socialists is strictly Marxian-Leninist for it is in agreement with Friedrich Engels who observed: "In order that the masses may understand what is to be done, persistent work is required, and it is just this work which we are now pursuing, and with a success, which drives the enemy to despair." So the Socialist Party of India believes that "it would be by constructive work, rather than by the tactics of a Parliamentary opposition; by positive service rather than by exploiting the mistakes and faults of others, that we can succeed in establishing a democratic socialist society."



Air Force trainees at lunch in the Airmen's mess of the I.A.F. station at Jalahalli. The mess and dining hall of this station have been awarded the Mukherjee Trophy for the best mess in the Indian Air Force.

NEW DELHI DIARY



THE Food Minister, Mr. Jairamdas Daulatram, took the Parliament by surprise this week when he revealed that there was "money famine" in Madras. Assuring an increase of one lakh tons in the allotment of foodgrains to Madras, he said in answer to a supplementary question that the problem in Madras, really speaking, was one of finding the means to purchase. He added: "There is plenty of stock. Arrangements have been made for accelerated transport of 1,00,000 tons of grains to Madras. Because of the failure of the monsoon, the agricul-

tural labour in Madras was not able to earn the normal wages. The difficulty in Madras is, therefore, not food famine but a question of payment".

This disclosure about "money famine", throws a new light on economic conditions in the country, particularly South India. Only last week the preliminary report of the Agricultural Labour Enquiry Committee stated that the average farmer's lot had not improved during the last few years. If anything, his condition was a little worse than what it was during the war years.

The report of the Committee was based on a sample survey conducted in a village near Vandalur. The results of the survey may not prove the standard of life of villagers in North India, but it certainly is an index of economic conditions in South India. Now the important declaration has been made by a Minister in the Parliament that Madras was suffering from "money famine".

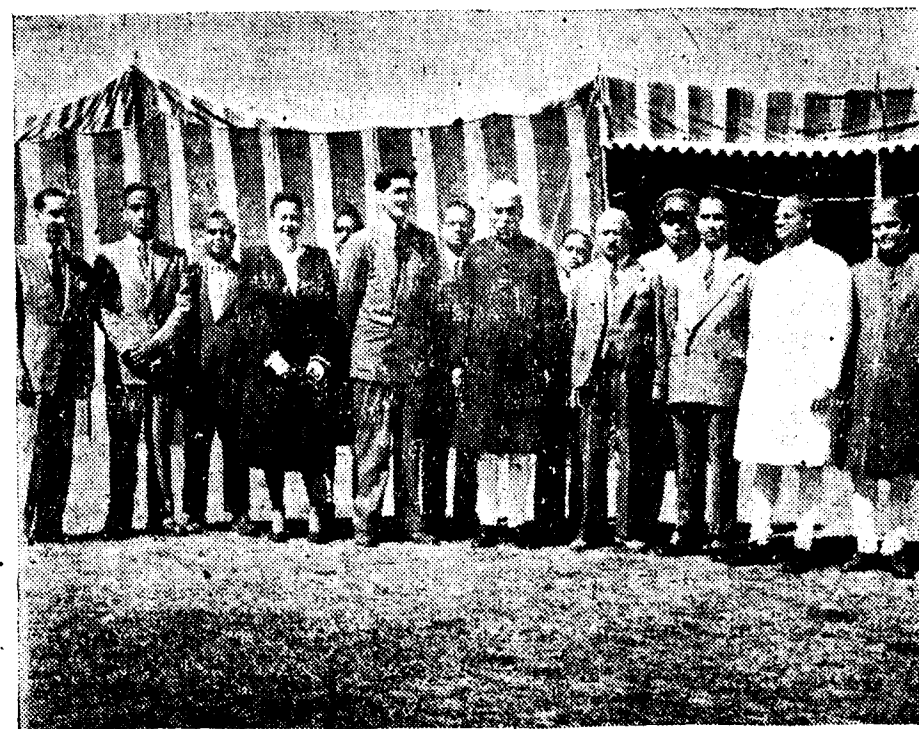
Whatever factors may be responsible for this situation, the Central Government should look into the matter immediately. There is no reason why the Central Government should not employ its several experts, who go by the name of "economic advisers" to make a thorough investigation of the problem and suggest immediate remedial measures. Failure to adopt a right policy at this stage may mean the extension of the area of economic distress, which would bring in its wake serious political consequences. The situation in Madras is also a grim

reminder of the unbalanced state of our economy and the big leeway India has to make up in that direction. It is no doubt true that under the British rule some Provinces benefited to a greater extent than others on considerations of politics or strategy. Some Provinces came in for special attention of the old regime and enjoyed comparative prosperity. There is absolutely no justification for the continuation of such a policy, and free India, now Republican, will have to extend uniform benefits and amenities. Some Provinces and States, especially those which were under the rule of Princes, require, careful attention. The approach, in any case, should be based on one major consideration, namely that of establishing a balanced economy.

The Government of India will, therefore, have to find out whether the "money famine" that is now facing Madras is a temporary phenomenon or an inheritance from the old



Mr. R. E. Diwakar, Minister for Information who inaugurated the 37th All-India Ayurvedic Exhibition at New Delhi on 19th February, photographed with some of the delegates.



President Dr. Rajendra Prasad photographed on the occasion of a lunch given in his honour by the Indian and Foreign Journalists' Association at New Delhi on 19-2-1960.

British Rule. A solution may be found by diverting the flow of capital for new industries, other conditions being fulfilled, to South India. There is already a tendency for new industrial undertakings to seek location in South India for various reasons and this tendency may be encouraged if that can help in the creation of a balanced economy, which would give the common man in Madras enough purchasing power to get his food and clothing. In this matter, the State Government of Madras has an equal share of responsibility. The various political parties in the State should sink their differences and work for an immediate and effective solution. It remains to be seen if the Members of Parliament from Madras are able to influence the Government of India to adopt a positive policy.

The Three-man Sub-committee Report of Congressmen exonerating the Madras Ministers caused a minor sensation in lobby circles. The Committee, which was appointed by the Congress Working Committee, and consisting of India's top leaders, has recommended that "the matter should be dropped and the complaints filed." It is pointed out by some Parliament members that by not suggesting a judicial enquiry and declaring that there was no case for further investigation" the whole matter has been treated as a departmental affair. According to the Report there was no material evidence available to support the several charges contained in the chargesheet and that, therefore, no separate enquiry was called for. To what extent the publication of the Report will contribute towards stabilisation of party politics in the Province, it is difficult to say. But there is a strong section in the capital which is of the opinion that the enquiry should have been conducted by an independent body or by a person of the rank of a judge. As it is, the Madras Ministry gets a clean bill with a platitudinous declaration that in future the "actions of the Ministers

should not leave room for any reasonable person to entertain any reasonable suspicion." The problem really is to draw the line to distinguish what is reasonable from what is not. It is felt by one or two members that Dr. Rajendra Prasad's name should not have been brought into this Report after his assumption of office as President of the Republic. Even though, Dr. Prasad's report is dated January 19th, it would perhaps have been better if the Report had been published before that date or, at any rate, before his assumption of office. The exoneration of the Madras Ministry has led political observers here to believe that a more or less similar policy would be followed in the case of Bihar where the same type of enquiry is proceeding into charges comparatively less severe.

Talks in lobby circles do not indicate the possibility of a special session of the Parliament being called for the consideration and passage of the Hindu Code Bill. As legislative work before the Parliament is very heavy, it is likely that there will be more than two sessions of the Parliament during the year. It may even meet four times considering the numerous bills that need to be adopted. The view is held by a section of the Parliament Members that the Hindu Code Bill can come up in the usual course in any of the sessions after the Budget and the discussion spread over a few weeks to enable fullest expression of opinion, both inside the House and the country. As many clauses of the Bill are debatable, there is a general demand for a full-dress debate, after the recommendations of the Committee, to be set up by the Government, are received. No decision has so far been taken regarding the constitution of the Committee. It is believed that before the end of the Budget session, the Committee will be announced, consisting of leading representatives of all sections of the country interested in the Bill.

"I have always observed a singular accord between supercelestial ideas and subterranean behaviour.—Montagne.

Letters To The Editor

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

Shootings In Jails

It is learnt from the 'Press' that a firing was opened on the convict prisoners of Salem Jail and as a result of it 22 persons are dead and more than 100 persons are seriously injured. From the statements of responsible persons and officers it is easily and clearly understood that the said firing on the prisoners is indiscriminately done without any just and proper cause. Assuming some violation of discipline on the part of the prisoners, it does not warrant nor justify such an indiscriminate firing resulting in 22 deaths.

We record our protest with great alarm and deep pain against the said firing and request the Government to hold a Public enquiry; to punish the guilty officers responsible for the firing; to award compensation to the families of the dead prisoners; and to give guarantees of fundamental civil liberties to the citizens of our Free Country.

T. K. R. SARMA.

Kurnool.

(2)

The news of the rioting in the Salem Jail resulting in the death of 21 communist prisoners has left many of us horror-stricken. Following closely on the heels of the news of the rioting in the Nasik Jail in Bombay, one begins to wonder where the country is heading.

Unlike the Bombay Home Minister, his counterpart in Madras has announced that an enquiry by a non-official tribunal would be held. One does not know whether the tribunal would hold a judicial and public enquiry and whether it would be empowered to proceed against all those who are responsible for the death of the 21 prisoners. But in these days one has to be thankful to the government for small mercies. The least that the government can do would be to appoint as members of the tribunal, those who would command the confidence of the public.

It seems regrettable that the whole incident, according to the government press note, should have originated from the refusal of the communist prisoners to wear jail clothes and badges. Not far back, many of the present Congress legislators and Ministers, while in jails had also refused to wear uniforms and badges. Why should Congress Ministers, who so often quote conditions under the British to justify their actions, not remember these incidents also?

Many young men in the country are

opposed to the Communist Party, not because of the principles of communism, but because of the methods adopted by it and also because the state it envisages does not believe in individuality and liberty. If under the present system of government also, these two fundamental rights should be ruled out in practice though not in theory, without the benefit of economic equality as under a communist state, Indian youth may not be able to help moving towards communism. Let the powers that be take heed.

C. RAGHAVAN.

(3)

After the shootings in the Salem jail, the public cannot help remembering other shootings in Madras State. There were shootings in August and October 1949 in Cuddalore. There were shootings in Madura and the Andhra districts and in Malabar. Some of the incidents connected with such shootings will convince any non-partisan in the case that the police authorities and the jail authorities have exceeded their limits without due regard to law and procedure of law. The new State has got a great moral responsibility towards the people thrown upon it and it should reorient its policy with regard to such irresponsible shooting.

I would therefore urge on the State to institute an enquiry into every case of shooting that has taken place since the Congress came to power. The enquiry, to ensure impartiality should be conducted by a Tribunal consisting of non-partisan members of the public.

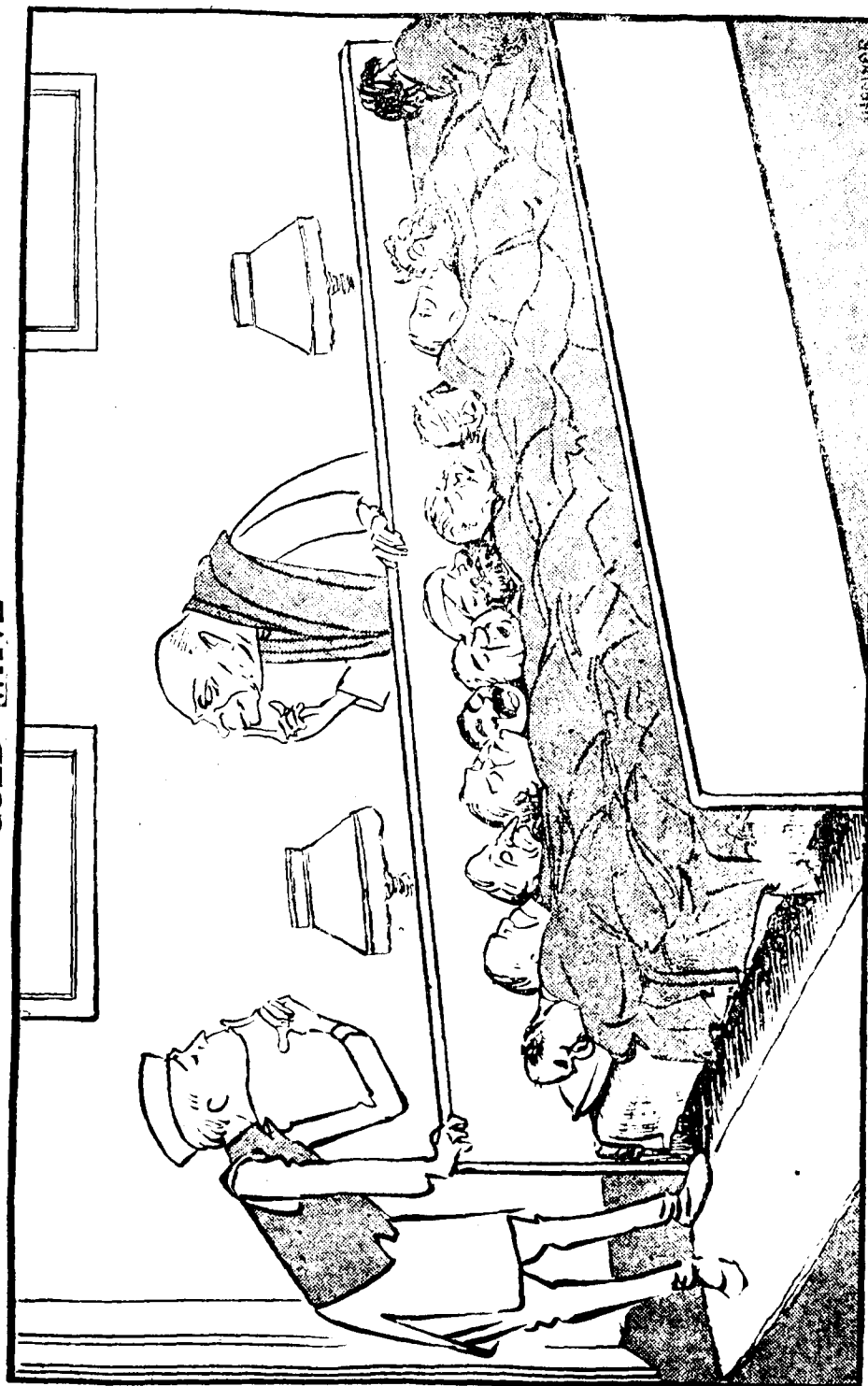
I will further draw the attention of the State, in this connection, to the hunger strike resorted to by two hundred political convicts in Cuddalore jail for institution of enquiry into every shooting, for restoration of full rations to detenus, etc.

S. KRISHNAMURTHI.

(4)

A public meeting was organised by the Kurnool District Youth Federation on 19-2-50 to condemn the police firings on communist prisoners in the Salem Central Jail on 11-2-50. Swamy Narayana Saraswathi presided. The speakers on the occasion said that the congress capitalist government unable to solve the problems of the people wants to curb the voice of the working class.

A resolution condemned the outrages and demanded a public enquiry, punishment of the guilty, compensation to



Rumours of a Cabinet Reshuffle were strong in New Delhi recently.

—Courtesy Shankar's Weekly.

the families of the martyrs, and lastly trial of the detenus in courts or in the alternative their release unconditionally.

S. GAFFOR.

Charges Against Madras Ministers

It is as much surprising as disappointing to be told that the long pending charges on the Madras ministers have been so lightly dropped by the Sub-Committee appointed to go into them by the Congress High Command. Indeed, their verdict has been awaited all these days with great suspense, commensurate with its import on the masses, and this decision has come as a thunderbolt, so to speak.

When even small and petty subordinates, like the police etc., in the different departments of the Madras Government have been, from time to time, booked on various charges and so seriously dealt with as by either reversion in, suspension, removal or dismissal from service, one wonders how it is that even graver charges, like corruption, glaring nepotism etc., against highly responsible ministers of Government could be viewed so leniently and the whole matter coolly dropped especially, when a prolonged and strenuous enquiry had been held and sufficient record and proof has been furnished in support of the charges by responsible people like Messrs. Prakasam, Karanth and Viswanadham.

This verdict, coming as it does from the top-leaders, even after India has become a Democratic Republic, instead of rooting out any mal-practices among Congress ministers, will, it is feared, serve as a bad precedent to afford them further fillip and incentive to intensify their wrongful activities, fully confident that whatever they do, they can go scot-free under the protecting wings of the top-leaders. At this rate, it will not be long ere the Congress, already falling off in popularity will lose its hold completely on the masses.

Tuni.

A. NARAYANA RAO,

Dance Is Not All Rhythm

In the January issue 1950 of your journal under the name 'Nabus' an appreciation of the dance of Srimathi Mrinalini Sarabai was published. The writer of the article is annoyed at some people wanting to see various types of dancing in their unmixed and pristine classical purity and would call such people 'Ostriches of artistic appreciation'. But to call for fusion of all systems is only to create confusion. Some thing more than rhythm is expected in dance. And if such a fusion which according to him is normal, is not made, it is 'unnatural' and is only a plaything in the hands of the practising many. But the

author is all the time fully conscious that a hotch potch may result, but he is optimistic enough to hope that it might not happen often.

He is very severe and critical about 'lilliputians', the "babies and Kumaries" coming to the stage and giving exhibition of the art. I fail to see how these Babies and Kumaries are incompetent, much less incapacitated or worse, unfit to convey their emotions by means of Mudras, poses, Abinayas etc. When these young people are taught by grown up tutors they catch the ideas and try to convey them. Some children are very clever, they do the abhinaya well and feelingly.

Some self-appointed critics go to see the dances it seems to me, not to appreciate the art or the skill of the artist or the high ideals that are expressed therein but to admire the form of the beauty of the person and are only eagerly pleased with the bodily outline, curves and shapes. Is the highly evolved and difficult art of Indian dancing, only recently revived, going to be allowed to lapse back into the darkness because of such critics?

T. V. GOPALASWAMI.

Poor Andhra Province!

Please permit me to state that the article in the issue of your esteemed Weekly dated the 21st January, by Sri B. Rajabhushanarao on "The debacle over the Andhra Province," a piece of extravagant rhetoric, with a "Core of truth," to borrow the Political Quarterly's comment on Lord Hewart's "New Despotism". I am afraid, however, that the writer is less than just to the practical wisdom and political sagacity of the Government of India in resolutely refusing to be hustled into the acceptance of the patently unsatisfactory and, may I add, palpably unworkable recommendations of the Government of Madras for the immediate constitution of the Andhra High Court and the Andhra Province, here and now. I wonder, whether the common man in Andhra Desa is after all enthusiastic and keen on having the separate province on the conditions and terms reported to have been agreed upon by the politicians who are supposed to represent him in the Partition Council and Madras Cabinet. It is a pity that Andhra leadership should have been so hopelessly divided, at this crucial juncture. It is equally unfortunate that the non-Andhra sections in the counsels of the Provincial Government and Partition Council should have attempted to exploit this confusion in the Andhra camp by imposing unreasonable, unjust and dishonourable conditions on which alone the Andhras are to get their separate province before the 26th January. In the face of these regrettable developments the Government of India adopted the

only safe and sensible course open to them, of maintaining the Status Quo.

S. VAIDYANATHAN.

Future Of Hyderabad

In view of the past reactionary rule of the Nizam of which rank communalism, misery, suffering, merciless exploitation and heavy loss of life of innocent people at the hands of State-pampered communal fanatics were the glaring features, and in view of the popular demand for the redistribution of provinces on a linguistic basis to which the Government of India have committed themselves, one would have expected that the Hyderabad State would be disintegrated and the three linguistic units merged with the respective adjoining linguistic provinces. Instead of pursuing such a policy which would have the backing of the people, the Government of India, for the sake of keeping the Nizam politically alive, are manoeuvring to keep the Hyderabad State as a political entity.

I have recently toured the entire State with Sri Jaya Prakash Narain, Socialist leader. From what I heard and saw I can definitely say that the people of all the three linguistic units, Telangana, Maratwada and Karnataka, are overwhelmingly in favour of the disintegration of the State and the deposition of

the Nizam. Another important factor that politicians who claim to be democrats would do well to take note of is that the people do not link up the two issues of the disintegration of the State and the deposition of the Nizam. They demand that the Nizam should be deposed irrespective of whether the State is going to be disintegrated or not. Rajaji's dictum that the presence of the Nizam who, according to him, is "shrewd, wise, cheerful and optimistic," does not interfere with the welfare of the people or good government does not hold water. All that Rajaji said about "synthesis of Hyderabad culture" is irrelevant, and makes no meaning to the general masses in whose memories the picture of the atrocities perpetrated by the Razakars with the cognisance and encouragement of the Nizam is ever fresh.

Anyway, the future setup of the State, of the Nizam and the integration of Hyderabad State with India are issues that should be left to the unfettered decision of the people of Hyderabad. It was repeatedly declared by both Pandit Nehru and Sardar Patel that it was the people who should ultimately decide all these issues. Rajaji's speeches in Hyderabad blatantly advocating the retention of the Nizam as the constitutional ruler of "undisintegrated Hyderabad State," are deplorable and unbecoming.

K. S. SUBRAHMANYAM.

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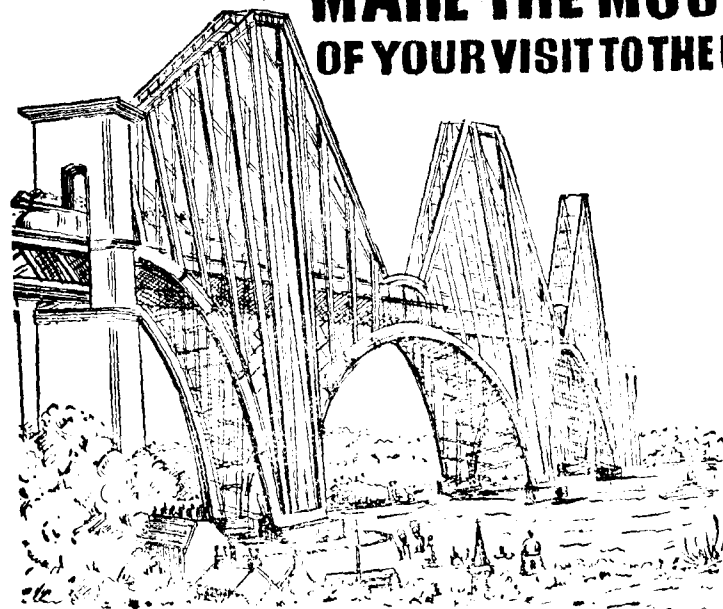
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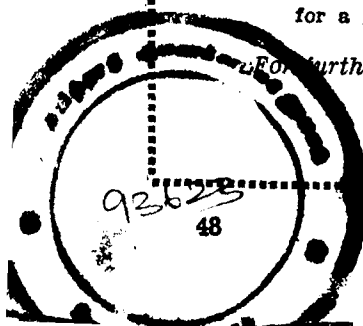
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