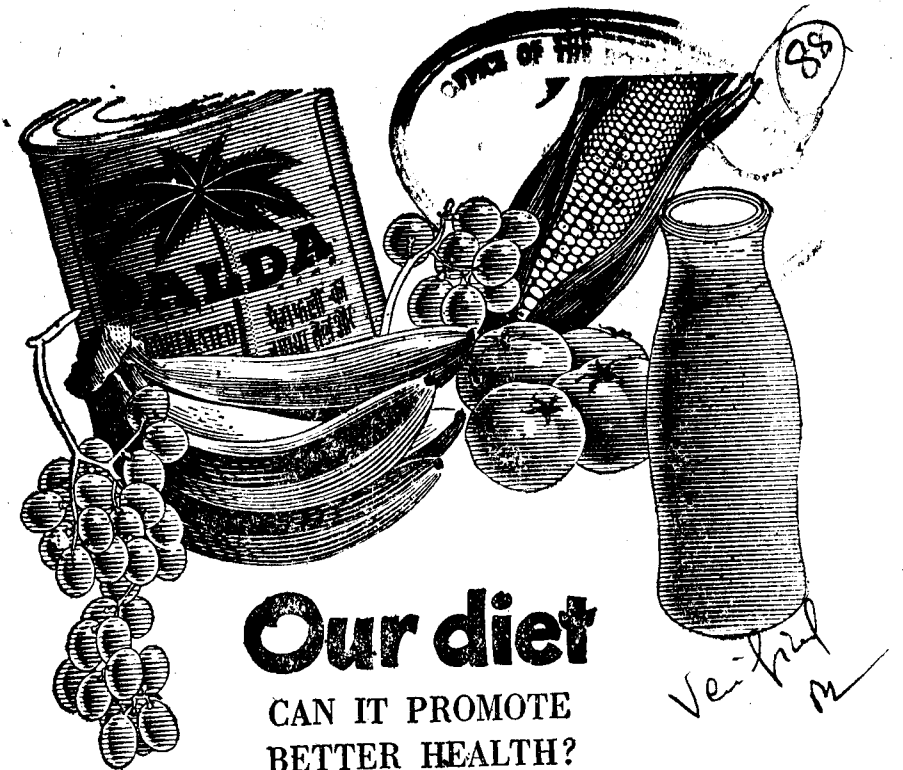




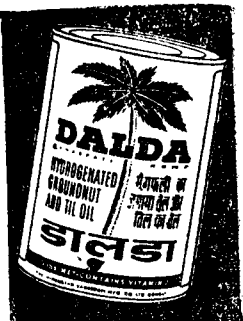
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SWATANTRA

VOL. V NO. 35.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1950.

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who visited the city last week
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R. Krishnan

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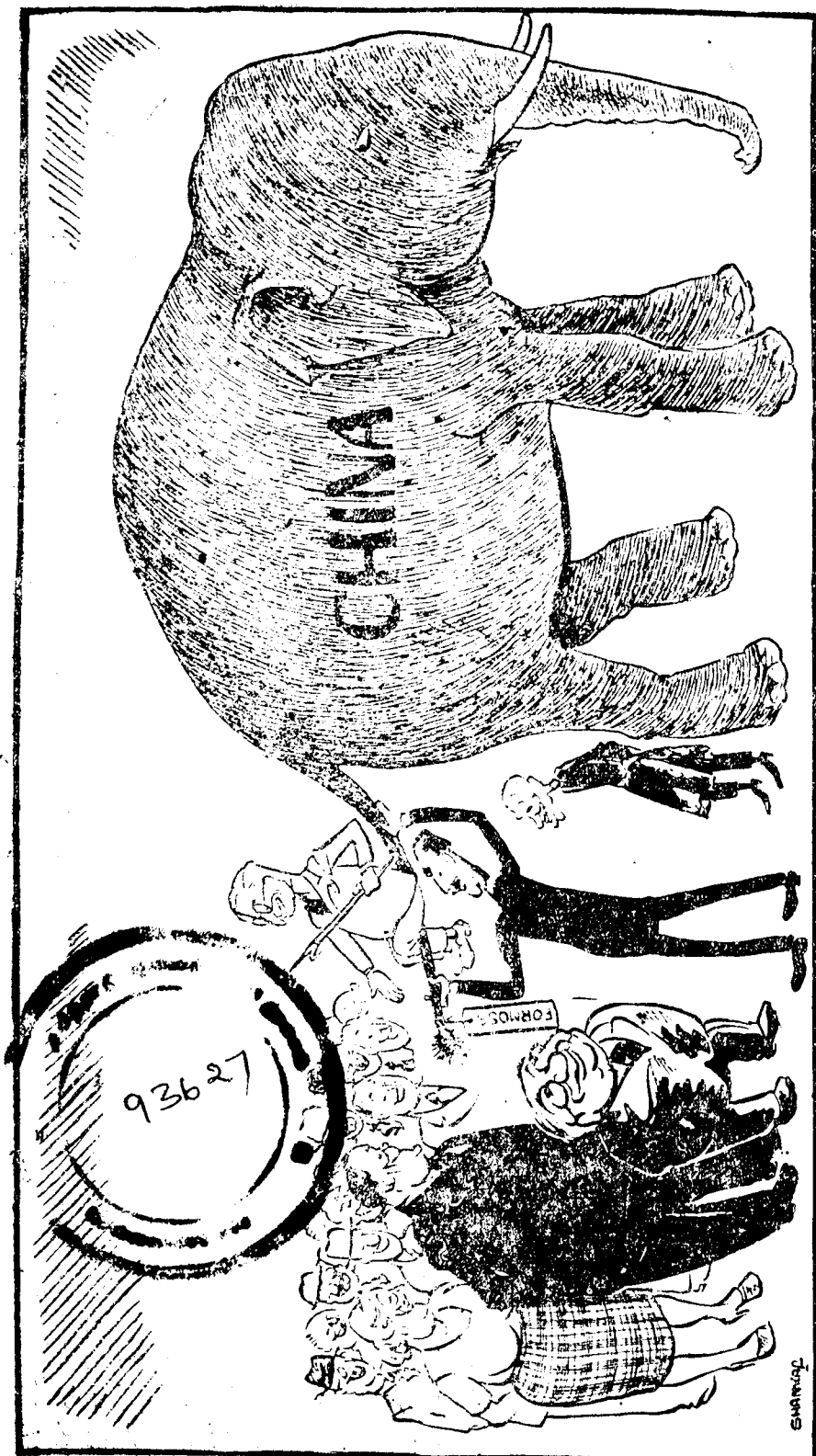
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It has been decided that China should be represented at the UN by the Nationalist Government.

SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 35

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE PAKISTAN RUPEE

IT is a great pity that the International Monetary Fund has postponed consideration of the proper rate for the currency of Pakistan. What is most disquieting is the reason given, namely that the Fund authorities have not had the time for going into the question thoroughly and arriving at a proper decision. In this connection it is worth emphasising that the foundation of the International Monetary Fund was inspired by the imperative need for bringing about order into the international exchange mechanism. The duty of the Fund is to have evolved a standard by reference to which the appropriateness or otherwise of the exchange values of particular currencies may be determined. It has to be admitted that the Fund has not discharged that duty. On the other hand the absence of correct direction on the part of the Fund has let loose forces resulting in uncertainty regarding the working of the international exchange mechanism. It is quite true that under the old gold standard when there was comparative freedom of international trade it was not at all difficult to determine the appropriate rate for the exchange value of the currency of any country. In the present era of controls, quotas, bilateral trade arrangements and closed economies the door is open for charlatany and in these conditions a very serious responsibility is thrown on the authorities of the International Monetary Fund to give a correct and proper lead. Figures relating to the export and import trade of different countries, the balance of payment

problems and internal price levels, and probable trends of price fluctuations of particular commodities should all be taken into account and appropriate exchange rates of particular currencies should be determined by the Fund. Why should a Fund be constituted and different countries become members of the Fund if the authorities of the Fund are not in a position with the help of the figures at their disposal relating to all aspects of the economic conditions of the various countries, to arrive at the true scientific rate and proclaim it?

It is well known that India and Pakistan, adopting different rates for their respective rupees, have allowed their international trade relations to be thrown into utter confusion. It should not be beyond the capacity of the International Monetary Fund to arrive at a standard for determining the proper rate of the respective rupees and bring pressure upon the two countries to follow their advice. If the Fund does not discharge its obvious duty the door is opened for recriminations on both sides to confuse the issues. It is quite true that as a sovereign country Pakistan is entitled to fix any external value it pleases for the rupee. At any rate it is not for India to lay down the law as regards the value that should be assigned to the Pakistan rupee. But the Fund should take into account various factors like the price levels in India, Pakistan and the rest of the world, and the balance of payments difficulties and lay down the proper rate. Even a cursory examination of the relevant factors will

indicate that from a scientific point of view Pakistan cannot sustain the present high rate for the Pakistan rupee. To depend on the abnormally high price secured for jute and cotton over a short period for holding the external value at a very high level is far from reasonable.

Patchwork Peace

IF Pandit Nehru wanted to create the impression that there was no rift in the Congress he should not have issued the statement he did on the eve of the Nasik session. It was that statement more than anything else which contributed to the uneasiness of the public about the internal condition of affairs in the Congress organisation. The spectacular nature of the Prime Minister's victory at Nasik was to a large extent due to the feeling that powerful interests within the Congress had set themselves up to obstruct the Prime Minister in the pursuit of policies dear to him, policies expounded by him in his statement, and represented as an integral part of administrative duties bound up with his leadership, not to be disturbed in any way. Having roused public concern over divisions in the Congress, Pandit Nehru seems now to feel that others should not be allowed to make light of Congress influence and solidarity. It is one form of attachment to an institution not to allow others to make the same strictures in criticism of it that one started by making on one's own initiative in the first instance. C. R. gave the whole illusion of Congress unity away when he expatiated on the indispensability of both the Prime Minister and the Deputy Prime Minister for national service through the Congress. Pandit Nehru's diplomatic exercises in guile are not very convincing, and far from covering up the rift in the Congress, they merely decorate the eleventh-hour wisdom of the leaders to avoid open clash and get on with each other as best as possible.

The patch-work peace of Nasik has not unfortunately disposed of the gravest of the issues raised by Pandit Nehru. Nothing is yet known as to how the electoral machinery of the Congress for the setting up of candidates in the forthcoming elections, will be formed. The present miserable set-up in the legislatures is due to the unpatriotic behaviour of those entrusted with the task of nominating candidates in the past. They sacrificed national interests to their own greed of power. If the same persons are to be allowed to re-enact their treachery once again, all the spiritedness of Pandit Nehru's protestation will be reduced to inglorious fuss. The spirit of rectitude for which he stands enjoins on him the duty of seeing to it that the issue of Congress tickets in elections to the legislature is taken out of untrustworthy hands and placed in worthier custody. No minister should have any voice in the choice of Congress candidates.

The Press And The Public

WE are indebted to *Manas* for an extract from *Frontier*, a new semi-monthly magazine issued from California, summarising the voluntary decline in the freedom of the press in the United States during the past three decades. The writer, Ward Moore, points out that, years ago, when the population of the United States was comparatively small, getting out a book or periodical was not particularly difficult or expensive, and anyone with an idea could buy a press and type-font and become his own compositor, editor, publisher and distributor. But now, he says, publishing has not only become specialised, but costly—"so costly that it began to depend on the subsidy of advertising and publishers abandoned the viewpoint of the artisan for the viewpoint of the businessman—the big businessman." One result of this was, that "freedom of the press

became freedom only to spend greater and greater sums of money to reach the same percentage of the literate public reached by a few hundred hand-printed broadsides at trifling cost" a few years ago. In India, as in America, the technological progress of the printing industry has not added to the accessibility of free expression. One or two great daily newspapers maintain very high standards and are so well established that it is not possible for any to suppress or control them. But the rest have to choose between subsidy and silence. A very large number of flourishing newspapers are adjuncts of prosperous commercial undertakings. Another monstrosity that has lately emerged on the Indian scene is the institution of chain newspapers. Through these the same articles by the same writers appear in different centres, and the illusion of separateness is belied by a monotonous identity of published material. Because of profits and property the proprietors of chain newspapers have worked themselves into a dominant position in the Indian press, and under their influence the profession of journalism is

tending to be a by-product of trade.

The Government are among the biggest advertisers, but Congress ministers have not shown the level-headedness of private advertisers in their dealings with the press. Their attitude to the weekly press has been particularly offensive and narrow-minded. This is very deplorable, having regard to the fact that the chances of independent judgment on outstanding public issues are far greater in the weekly press which is comparatively poor and less tied up with political intrigue and capitalist manoeuvres. Realising evidently the menace to the cause of press freedom involved in the invasion of weekly journalism by the big daily newspapers, the Southern India Journalists' Federation has pleaded that the dailies should be content with six issues a week so that the seventh day may be utilised by the weeklies for the development of a special type of journal of the pattern of the *Observer* and *Reynold's News* in England. Their plea is a very sound one, entitled to cordial support by all who value the development of the press of the country on healthy lines.

Sotto Voce

EGREGIOUS EQUATION



THE Congress President is an earnest man who has sworn to uphold the Constitution. And that Constitution assures absolute protection to minorities having "a distinct language, script or culture" of their own. But—such is the simplicity of the one-track mind—Mr. Tandon finds no difficulty in holding that the Nagari script and the "Indian culture" of his conception offer between

them a complete solution of all our ills. He tells non-Hindi populations that the adoption of Hindi as the national language need be no bar to the fullest development of the regional tongues. His fanatical devotion to Hindi numerals is not likely to reassure them.

Likewise neither Muslims nor Christians will feel happy over

his dogmatic declaration that religion has nothing to do with culture. Mr. Jinnah's mistake was not, as Mr. Tandon supposes, in believing that Hindu culture was different from Muslim culture. It lay rather in imagining that the two cultures could not live side by side in the same country on terms of perfect equality. The mistake was natural on his part since like most Indians of his time he knew the history of the rest of the world far better than he knew that of his own country. The modern nation-state is as intolerant of alien cultures as were the theocracies established in the past under the aegis of militant faiths.

The Armenian emigrant who did not know a syllable of English till his twentieth year may become the Mayor of New York before he is fifty. But long before that he has ceased to be an Armenian, culturally speaking; the American way of life grinds exceedingly quick and exceedingly small. The European Jew, on the contrary, was not completely assimilated even after two thousand years. For he thought of himself as different and treasured his racial memories, even if he had made his submission to the conquering faith. Which would seem to suggest that culture is a far tougher thing than religion.

But that again would be true only of a civilisation that was fundamentally irreligious. In Europe religion has since the Renaissance been progressively disassociated from culture. It has become a part—and a small unregarded part at that—of a way of life instead of itself determining that way. In no European country has a strong religious minority—I am not thinking of denominational differences here—survived as a separate entity, even though the faith of every national group is a tepid affair. For even the rudiments of an alien faith—its ritual, liturgy and solemn observances—would be a challenge to its environment and its prevailing mores. A handful of yogis in Hollywood don't change its essential character. But the big Japanese Colony in California would hardly be permitted the legal practice of *harakiri*

or the institution of the *geisha*.

India alone among the civilised nations has long trodden a different path. The existence of a Syrian Christian community in Malabar claiming to date from the time of the Doubting Apostle, of the Black Jews in Cochin and the Parsis in Bombay is ample proof of the essential tolerance of Hinduism. More, this tolerance has been extended to the different ways of life as well as the religions of these minorities. And it is all the more remarkable because the bulk of the followers of these other faiths were recruited from its own ranks, often by force or fraud or extraneous inducement. The doctrine of *Svadharmā*, while it conserved the purity of Hindu culture, made light of numerical strength.

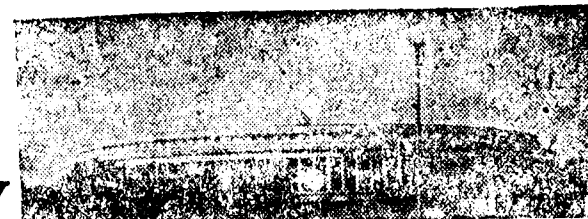
It is true that Hinduism in many of its cultural manifestations has both given and taken. Hindustani music, Indo-Saracenic sculpture and the emergence of Urdu were the by-products of this mutual influence, while Sufi mysticism was deeply coloured by the Vedānta. But the main stream of Indian tradition remained unaffected and another millennium of Muslim domination would not have submerged it in a composite culture such as our rootless intelligentsia dream of. That should be evident from the failure of Akbar's "Din Ilahi", as of most movements of dissent from Buddhism to the Brahma Samaj, to change the fundamental pattern of Indian life.

It was on the question of beef-eating, say the Indologists, that the Vedic Hindus broke with the Avestan branch of the Aryan family. It is as idle to argue whether religion derives from culture or culture from religion, as to imagine that the two could be separated. Europe, having maintained the divorce for five centuries, finds itself at the end of its tether. It has lost its religion and the fission of its culture has been more disastrous for its mental peace than atomic fission itself. The egregious equation of "one nation, one culture" has logically led to dreams of world domination by an omnipotent material faith. Culture is not for export nor is the soul for barter.

VIGNESWARA

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



RAJAJI let slip some words of wisdom when he paid a calculated tribute to Dr. Hugo Valvanne, Finnish Minister in India, who presided over a meeting to commemorate the birthday anniversary of Dr. Annie Besant. Dr. Valvanne, Rajaji pointed out, was a Sanskrit scholar of great eminence. He was one of the distinguished foreigners we had in this country after independence—as a result of the exchange of diplomatic representatives between India and the nations of the world. Dr. Valvanne and other diplomats were distinguished individuals who had been very carefully selected by their respective Governments, and not merely elected by ignorant voters.

Rajaji has a healthy distrust of elections. He is not afraid to be in the right with two or three. It is a case of "This above all, to thine own self be true." Whenever there was an election, moreover, Rajaji fared badly. Whether the election was for the post of Prime Minister of Madras or for President of the Republic of India, men who were far inferior to him in capacity and wit managed to defeat him. I am inclined to agree with Rajaji that in countries where the electorate is very ignorant, the outward trappings of democracy may merely serve to throw up men of ignorance and unscrupulousness into positions of power.

And yet we have in Delhi a Parliament that cannot boast of more than a dozen members who have the equipment required for a Parliamentarian. Nobody can say that the Central Parliament is not a nominated body. It is a body which is solely nominated by a single party. It is unequalled for sheer ignorance by any other legislature which was elected previously to Delhi, and probably also by any other legislature anywhere in the world. Our own Ambassadors abroad are not elected to their posts, but selected.

But nobody can say that if they were elected instead, they would have been worse. (I am not suggesting that a couple of our diplomats are not first-class. These are the exceptions, put there no doubt to prove the rule).

When Mahatab or Nehru suggests that a committee should be set up to choose candidates for the coming General Election, we are naturally glad. But when we find that the idea is to make Nehru chairman of it in place of Patel who is now chairman of the parliamentary sub-committee, we raise our eyebrows. This committee should have a non-party bias and should choose candidates from all parties. This is the only way of ensuring the continuance of Democracy. We have seen how at the last nomination of candidates for Parliament, the Congress party withdrew even the system of proportionate representation, and made it impossible even for one opponent of the Congress to come to Parliament at the Centre through the Provincial Assemblies.

Friends have asked this columnist why the name of Dr. Bhagawan Das has been suggested to head a committee to select candidates. I can only refer them to a cartoon by Ahmed which appeared in the *Hindustan Times*. It depicts a notice which reads: Wanted Young Men under Eighty: Children Under Sixty Need Not Apply. We have to accommodate the viewpoint of the Prime Minister as far as possible. Those who object to Dr. Bhagawan Das because of his old age do not know that his mind is as alert as ever. Original thinkers like him are rare in this country.

Only a few among Congressmen are suited either to sit in Parliaments or to select candidates to sit in Parliaments. This is a most deplorable fact, but it is a fact. If they want a one-party Kuomintang-

like dictatorship, they can choose the same kind of candidates as they did last time. But if they do not, they will have to voluntarily abdicate from positions of political power, and put in their place more competent and less power-mad individuals.

Some excellent service is being rendered by the Delhi School of Social Work in and around the Capital. I had the opportunity of visiting their camp at Chhattarpur, a couple of miles from Mehrauli. The students of this school have the real university look about them—unlike most students of Indian universities, who are merely grown-up school-children. The teachers in this School of Social Work have a more friendly attitude towards the students. And the students themselves seem to understand their responsibilities.

Social work is a much abused department of public life. It is a respectable misnomer for social climbing. Hobnobbing with the bigwigs and basking in their sunshine becomes possible only by pretended concern for social service. In the olden days we had the S.P.C.A. Rai Sahebs, Leprosy Fund Rai Bahadurs and the Boy Scout Dewan Bahadurs. This was possible because nobody ever had the ghost of a notion as to what social work is. Now that we have trained social workers like the students of the Tata School of Social Work in Bombay and the Delhi School of Social Work in the Capital, intelligent service of fellow-man really becomes possible.

I learned a great deal about the activities of the school from Mr. Mathur, Mr. Gore and Mrs. Allen, who are on the staff of the school. Miss Vadera and Miss Balwant as well as Mr. Sen and Mr. Jain, who are all students of the school, gave proof of their intelligent understanding of the economic, social and cultural problems of the villagers. At the time of our visit to the camp, the students were returning to Delhi. We therefore missed the opportunity of meeting other students. But we could see from a visit to the village that in the course of ten days, they had brought about something in the nature of a transformation in the life of the village. The School of

Social Work believes in building up a social leadership in the village itself, so that their own presence becomes unnecessary after a short period of time. This indeed is a lesson to our political masters who try to impose themselves more and more on a less and less consenting population.

The most popular subject of discussion in the Capital next to dinners and lunches—the *Indian News Chronicle* runs a nauseating and nostalgic column about them—is the push and pull which various Ministers and officials have in getting their own friends and relations placed in high Government posts. The election of Purshottamdas Tandon as President of the Congress strikes a jarring note in such a bureaucratic symphony. The story goes that Tandonji's son applied for a post advertised in the newspapers (by the Uttar Pradesh Service Commission?) He was fairly well-qualified for the post. But there was another candidate who had exceptionally good qualifications. As might be expected the selection authorities chose Tandonji's son for the appointment. The Rajarshi was thoroughly upset by this instance of favouritism. He pleaded with the appointing authorities to remove this injustice, which was sought to be perpetrated because he happened to be Speaker of the U. P. Assembly. I understand the Rajarshi succeeded in his advocacy.

A nephew of Tandonji told me that whenever he went to Lucknow and stayed with his uncle, he had no opportunity of riding in the car given to the Speaker. Tandonji would, of course, offer to hire a taxi for his guests. Even he would use the car solely for official purposes. No member of his own family was permitted to use the Speaker's motor car. I am afraid Tandonji is ill-fitted to be Congress President when all around him are practitioners of nepotism and favouritism.

One of Pandit Nehru's colleagues was asked why he appointed people from his own province in such large numbers. His reply was that he admitted that he appointed people from his own province, but that he did not confine his appointments to his relations only as a certain very high level Minister did. The inspired question—which was put to Panditji's

colleague—was not pursued. The original intention was to get the resignation of this Minister on grounds of nepotism. But when his reply was of an inconvenient nature, the matter was dropped.

Panditji, who said he did not wish to make a fuss before the election of the Congress President, is making a fuss now. The Cabinet is supposed to function on the principle of joint responsibility. But Ministers were heard to exclaim soon after the election of Tandon that Panditji must now resign. Is this the principle of joint responsibility? Why does not Panditji take courage in both his hands and bring about the changes in the Central Cabinet which would give meaning to his ideas of a Welfare State—which hitherto has remained a mockery? Panditji cannot convince us that he is something different from what we think he is unless he takes the elementary steps to make the Cabinet homogeneous. His ideas are vague, and he has not so far vigorously opposed any move which strengthened the hold of the

capitalist class on the millions of people in this land. He has yielded to them on the question of controls repeatedly; he has failed to check the black-market; he has expressed his unconcern for "a few deaths here and there" in the course of his attempts to make India self-sufficient; he has taken a most unsympathetic stand towards the workers in the Bombay strike; he has made repeated statements of Government policy on foreign capital, each time modifying the earlier policy in order to attract foreign capital; he has asked people to eat more fruit when they do not even have enough to buy their weekly rations.

It is not impossible for a man with such a record to place himself in the hands of those who are really competent to run the country. But he has to make it clear that he realises that empty talk does not produce results. Jawaharlal Nehru is a fine man, despite all his faults and weaknesses. But he must give up his dictatorial manner and become a true servant of the people.

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NON-SECULAR INFLUENCE IN THE CONGRESS

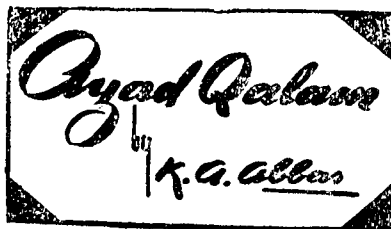
DELAYED wisdom has at last dawned upon the new Congress President, Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, that "the Indian leadership had got entangled into the trap laid by Lord Mountbatten and agreed to the partition of the country."

This is what the Leftists have always been saying but this is the first time a Congressman of standing has admitted it openly. And yet, why does Mr. Tandon refer only to Partition as a "trap laid down by Lord Mountbatten"—and not to the larger trap of the "Crown Link" with the imperialistic Commonwealth which the Congress leaders accepted in flagrant defiance of the Congress creed of *complete* independence and severance of the British connection? Viewed historically and objectively, it is clear that the acceptance of Partition was a part of the compromise with Britain through which Congress acquired power—and not a concession to Muslim communal sentiment, as the Congress President seemed to imply! Conversely, the acceptance of a "truncated, moth-eaten Pakistan" by Mr. Jinnah was the League leader's compromise with Britain.

Partition, and its consequent tragedies, need to be historically analysed, but it will not be possible to do so if the problem is viewed as purely a communal issue, unless it is viewed in the larger context of imperialist intrigue of which the Partition was only one glaring result. In brief, the Congress leaders accepted Partition of the country because they desired power through compromise and flinched from the revolutionary process of wresting freedom from imperialist hands. But Mr. Tandon is not likely to appreciate this point of view.

LUCK—NOW IN LUCKNOW?

Tracing India's political history at a mass meeting, Mr. Tandon also referred to the Congress-League Pact of 1916 which was signed during the Lucknow session of the Congress. "LUCK NOW

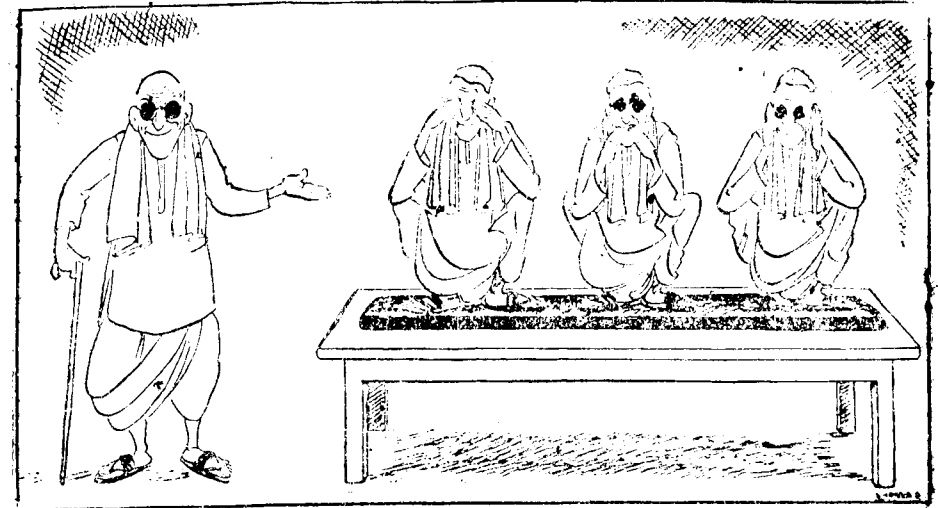


IN LUCKNOW!" was how that Pact was announced by a Congress leader. But the Congress President now feels that the "Lucknow Pact of 1916 providing separate electorate for Muslims was a blunder of the highest magnitude and since then the Hindu-Muslim relations changed their complexion step by step."

This, again, is only partial truth. There is no doubt that the principle of communal electorates which was ratified by Congress and League at Lucknow is a most undesirable one. But the Lucknow Pact was not the cause of spreading communalism; it was itself the result of the non-secular and, therefore, communal approach of most leaders of the Congress and the League, who were hopelessly mixed up in their political and religious ideas, and had come to accept the British-invented distinction between Hindus and Muslims as separate "peoples" and "communities." In 1916, the idea of secular politics was as unfamiliar to the Congress leaders as it was to the Leaguers. The Nationalist fervour of those days was not unrelated to the zeal for religious revivalism and religious reformation. Thirty-four years later, in 1950, the Congress is still not free from that non-secular influence and approach—as evidenced by the Cow Protection Conference, held along with the Congress session, in which the Congress President quoted the scriptures to prove the religious significance and sanctity of the cow. In 1916, as in 1950, the Congress claimed to represent the whole nation but did not hesitate to identify itself with non-secular interests and emotions of one particular community.

Viewed in the context of the then prevalent atmosphere and the low general level of political understanding, the Lucknow Pact actually represented an advance in the slow and laborious process of national awakening. The Pact did not directly lead to intensification of Muslim communalism

NASIK MASCOT



—Courtesy: Shankar's Weekly.

"I did not see a single sign or expression of political or other dissatisfaction during the five days I was among the crowds (at Nasik)."—RAJAJI.

but, rather, to a phenomenal demonstration of unity as evidenced throughout the Khilafat-Non-cooperation period. Actually, it was the political vacuum created by the sudden withdrawal of the Non-cooperation struggle that set the reaction in motion, and former Khilafatists and Congressmen drifted into separatist and mutually hostile religious movements—e.g. *Tabligh* and *Shuddhi*, *Tanzeem* and *Sangathan*!

THEN AND NOW

The Congress President's reference to the Lucknow Pact prompted me to look up the proceedings of that historic session of the Congress.

In 1916, the Congress was still far from being a revolutionary or anti-imperialist organization. The session was attended by the Governor, Sir James Meston, and Lady Meston. The President, Babu Ambika Charan Mazumdar, made a speech welcoming the Governor and "Sir James made a fitting reply."

The political demand of the Congress at this session did not go beyond the request that "having regard to the ancient civilization of India, the progress made in education and the public spirit shown, His Majesty the King-Emperor should be pleased to issue a Proclamation announcing that it is the aim and intention of British policy to confer self-Government on India at an early date" and "that as a

definite step in that direction the Congress-League Scheme should be granted."

So, in 1916, as again in 1947, if the Congress was appeasing Muslim separatism, it was only as a part of the compromise with imperialism!

In the context of today, the most significant resolution passed by the Congress at Lucknow in 1916 was the one which "viewed with alarm the extensive use made of the Defence of India Act and the Bengal Regulation III of 1818 and urged that in the application of the Defence of India Act, which was an emergency measure, the same principle should be followed as under the Defence of the Realm Act of the United Kingdom and the same procedure adapted in dealing with persons sought to be proceeded against under the Act, namely, that a statement in writing of the charge should be handed over to an arrested person, and an explanation obtained from him placed before a lawyer-Judge of the High Court, a non-official practising lawyer, and a Judge belonging to the Indian Civil Service, and no internment ordered before the same had been considered and the arrested persons afforded proper facilities for legal assistance."

Isn't it ironical that the Congress-in-power should fail to implement its own resolution passed as many as 34 years ago (and repeated many times

TRAVEL TALK-2

By C. S. NARASIMHAN, M.A.

since then) and that the Congress ministers should be relying on the same lawless laws which were once condemned by Congressmen as imperialist fetters upon people's liberties? **YOU ARE TELLING US, LADY!**

When will our Ministers and leaders learn not to dabble in matters and issue "authoritative" pronouncements on subjects about which they know nothing or next to nothing?

It was only the other day that the Congress President, Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, in the course of his presidential address, delivered judgment on the alleged low moral tone of the Indian films, without, presumably, having seen one!

And now the Minister for Health, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur (no member of whose family for many generations has ever had to work for his living) has come forward with some gratuitous advice to working journalists. Addressing the Allahabad Journalists Association, she expressed the usual empty platitudes which Congress leaders and Ministers have got used to uttering on all occasions. The journalists (most of whom are under-nourished because of their low wages) were asked to "play their role nobly" in banishing illiteracy. At present eighty per cent of the population was illiterate, she said. Newspapers and journals could educate the people to think rightly and if they could do that the people would act rightly.

She did not pause to explain how newspapers can educate the eighty per cent illiterate population, and what chances there were of the printed word of the papers succeeding in teaching people to think and act rightly when the more powerful spoken word of the leaders failed in that task!

Anyhow, she went on to tell the journalists that "newspapers should not depend for their existence on advertisements but on their popularity." This betrays ignorance of the basic facts about newspapers to an extent that is really comical.

Is the lady aware that no newspaper today sells at cost and that, without advertisements, the bigger the circulation (or popularity, as she puts it) the bigger the loss a paper must suffer? Does she realize that, sold at cost, a daily paper would sell for four to five annas per copy, illustrated weeklies would cost two to three

rupees, and literary magazines would cost the same? Only millionaire Press-lords (with an axe to grind thereby) could afford to lose money by doing without advertisements. Or one could do it by further starving the already semi-starving working journalists—for the proceeds realized from sale cannot be enough to pay even the present low wages to editors, sub-editors, reporters and contributors.

The Rajkumari seems to be completely oblivious to the fact that newsprint (the basic raw material of newspapers) is today selling at ten times the pre-war price. Let her start a journal and go out to purchase paper for it in the market and then let us hear her saying that "the newsprint situation is improving," as she said at Allahabad.

To support her "No-advertisement" advice, the Rajkumari took refuge behind the hallowed name of Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhiji, she said, had often told her that newspapers had no right to exist on advertisements but only on their circulation.

True, of course. The Mahatma was a unique idealistic journalist whose vision of a free press was unfettered by considerations of advertising revenue.

But, if my memory does not fail me, the Mahatma also said and taught, a few other things.

He said, for instance, that in a poor country like India no Minister should draw a salary above Rs. 500 p. m. (And pray, what is the Health Minister's modest salary?).

The Mahatma also said that the rich should not be avaricious and there should be no blackmarketing and profiteering.

He said that the Army and Police were unnecessary and that non-violence should be the guiding principle of a Congress administration. He certainly did not sanction the beating and shooting down of workers.

In a Gandhian Utopia, certainly, there would be no need for newspapers to depend on advertisements, because the cost of paper would be low and the purchasing power of the people would be high.

But, meanwhile, will the Rajkumari please refrain from adding insult to the many injuries from which the Indian press is suffering?

WITHIN a few hours of our arrival in Rome the city began to cast its magic spell. An Indian with his cultural traditions extending far into the back of beyond, entering for the first time a city whose recorded history goes well over 2500 years has an esoteric perception and aesthetic appreciation of values which defy analysis. In the 20th century we have witnessed many miracles in the physical plane. But surely it would be presumptuous to assume that we are anywhere near the end of our discoveries. In the physical plane we are busy canvassing today the power and potentialities of atomic energy. At the same time, on the metaphysical plane, we have been conducting experiments of the power and potentialities of soul force. Beyond the realm of reason, there is a realm of faith waiting to be charted.

Countless millions of the followers of St. Peter have built up a reservoir

of faith which perchance is radioactive in the city of Rome. This faith has led in turn to a fatalism which it is easy to see in the people of Rome. They gambled for an empire and lost the hazard. But are the people depressed or downhearted? So far as I could see, they were carefree, easy going and pleasure loving. In England one hears of austerity rations as a prelude to economic recovery. The children of St. Peter, to all appearances, take no note of the morrow. Their faith sustains them and by all tokens, that faith is not misplaced. There is no sign of the fire-eating fascist in their midst. There are few traces of the gruelling war they had gone through. The tourist can command a plentiful supply of all that he wants, if he is prepared to spend money. For all the money he is called upon to spend, the cost of living in Rome is still the cheapest in all Europe.

I had good accommodation at the



Photo taken at the aerodrome before Sri C. S. Narasimhan along with his parents left Madras on their Continental Tour

Hotel Quirinale, a classy place, and the rent I was charged was much cheaper than what I had to pay in Geneva, Paris or London; and catering was first class. Coming from South India where we have a partiality for coffee and fancy ourselves connoisseurs of the beverage, I was surprised at the quality of the Coffee served to me at the Hotel. It was so fragrant and so rich—every cup fresh filtered, cream filled and flavour laden. I am a strict vegetarian with rice as the main diet. There was plenty of rice and vegetables, milk, fruits and curds available at the Hotel and with a little prompting as to the way we liked our dishes flavoured and prepared, we had all that we wanted. There was a warmth in the quality of service rendered also, which gave a new connotation to the term "paying guests." We spent three days in Rome and it was with regret we left the place.

These three days we put to the best use, by devoting one day to sight seeing in the city, next day visiting the suburbs and the third day driving as far as Naples and back. Between the Indian Embassy and Reuters' outfit we had a round of social parties which gave us the opportunity to touch city life at many points. Between them we did not lack amenities either to visit all places of interest and importance. After visiting familiar tourist haunts in the city and suburbs, we looked round the busy shopping centres of the city also to get an idea of what was on offer and in demand. There is no point in listing all that I saw but in retrospect it would be sufficient if I set down what made the greatest impression on me.

The first thing I must refer to was the soul lifting atmosphere that I felt as I entered St. Peter's Church. I have frequently experienced the same eerie and ethereal feeling in the popular temples of South India. And in the paintings of Michael Angelo, verily, there was the mark of divine grace. In India this divine gift has expressed itself best in carvings in wood and ivory, metal and stone. Here in Italy I found its best expression in painting—rich in colour, sublime in conception and magnificent in execution. In the Villa de Este we had a view, panoramic in its range and colourful in its effect. In the garden, with fountains in many forms and

shapes sporting and spouting water, a feeling of joy and content was induced most soothing to the senses.

On our way to Naples we had a good picture of the countryside and at Naples with its blend of many civilizations we discovered at the sea front the meaning of the old saying "See Naples and die." So picturesque and so majestic was the view! From Naples we motored to the ruins of Pompei, a distance of about 20 miles. In India, recent excavations at Mohenjodaro have brought to light a civilization so complete and comprehensive as to take one's breath away, considering the tens of centuries that have lapsed since. A similar feeling is induced when one sees in the ruins of Pompei an exposition of the art of life. We should have liked to have rounded off our visit with a near view of mount Vesuvius. Unfortunately the funicular railway leading up to the crater was out of commission and we had to content ourselves with a view of the Vesuvius from the city it had ruined. After a hard and tiring day, motoring a distance of 500 miles in sunny yet sultry weather, we returned late in the evening to Rome well content to call it a day and hit the pillows. Next day we caught the T. W. A. plane and moved up to Geneva.

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ASIA TURNS THE MILITARY SCALES

By **ANDREW ROTH**

AT the end of August American spokesmen began speaking with unaccustomed gentleness on issues irritating the Chinese Communists. Without delving in the Washington gossip columns it is clear that the U. S. High Command has finally looked straight into the miniature showcase of Korea. There, for those willing to face uncomfortable facts, it has been made crystal clear that the revolutionary political changes in Asia during the past five years have produced an equally drastic upset in the world's balance of military power.

General MacArthur reflected a considerable portion of Western military thinking when, in the first few days of the Korean campaign, he rushed in a few thousands of American troops. He hoped that the white faces and American uniforms of these halftrained G. I.'s plus American domination of the air and sea might be enough to stem, if not to turn, the tide. Now, almost three months after that date, when the infantry forces under his command are approaching 100,000—about half the forces of the North Koreans—General MacArthur is still demanding land reinforcements, despite virtually complete domination of the air and the sea. In other words the U. S. S. R.'s smallest satellite has absorbed—and continues to absorb—the bulk of the actual (not potential) combat power of the strongest power of the West as well as small contingents from other Western powers.

The Korean conflict has shown several facts which are all-important in any analysis of the present world balance of forces. The first is that the armed ground soldier is still the decisive force in modern warfare. Second, that the dynamic of revolutionary nationalism and the greater ability of Asian troops to withstand hardship and live off the country can do much to counterbalance the advanced technique of the West. Third, that the Soviets can reap tremendous military results by supplying their military knowledge and a moderate amount of arms to a country under

the control of an Asian Communist Party capable of organising its people and of propelling them through revolutionary nationalism.

Perhaps because these implications are so unpleasant for the Western world, we have been very reluctant to recognise them. But the fact remains that the world balance of forces, particularly as it is expressed in military power, has undergone a tremendous shift. American expansionists like Mr. Henry Luce not long ago described this as the "American Century," but it seems quite clear that developments in its latter half may well cause it to be called the "Asian Century." Or—if we are to adopt the terminology of some racist Americans—the "Century of the Gooks."

The shift in the balance of power is clarified if one compares military forces in Asia six years ago, before the entry of the Soviets at the close of World War II, and today. Although the Anglo-Americans were at that time facing an Asian enemy, they had great resources in Asian manpower at their disposal. Although torn by an emerging civil war, most of China's military manpower resources were available to the Allies. Britain had as its chief manpower pool almost 2 million men of the Indian Army. And in Malaya, Indo-China and Burma, the most virile revolutionary nationalists were battling the Japanese at the side of the Allies.

The situation today is startlingly different. While the Asian forces aligned with the Anglo-Americans are overwhelmingly neutral, the Asian forces allied with the Soviets are either already in battle or appear willing to join battle.

Britain's current problem of finding trained military manpower makes the new balance of military power particularly obvious. In World War II and previous conflicts India always provided the bulk of the Empire's troops. Today the Indian and Pakistan armies, despite many continued military, political and economic links with the Commonwealth, cannot be commanded by Britain without the full

endorsement of Indian and Pakistani leaders. This leaves Britain with only a few thousands of Gurkhas from Nepal, a handful of primitive Sakai ex-head-hunters from Borneo and a few battalions of Malay troops.

The American position is not very much better. Although a first-rate army could be constituted of Japanese troops, it would take several years to build it up from scratch and produce tremendous political complications. In the Korean conflict the U. S. has been able to secure the promise of a few thousand troops from Siam, Turkey and the Philippines, although these countries are unsafe themselves and are providing troops largely to stay in the good books of the United States. South Korean and Kuomintang Chinese troops have been numerous but of uncertain value even on their own terrain.

Holland and France suffer the same disabilities. In Holland's case the K. N. I. L., the Indonesian Army under Dutch control has just been completely disbanded and the new Indonesian Army will not take orders from Holland. France is still able to raise some 40,000 Vietnamese troops. But the French—despite their military commitments in Western Europe—have to use the predominantly German Foreign Legion and bleed themselves white to provide French combat officers and non-commissioned officers to maintain their beachheads in Indo-China.

The Neutral Allies

The factor which makes all Western strategists gnaw at their nails is that the movement towards political independence in Asia has produced a broad band of some five hundred million people who are linked with Britain and America politically and economically but who are not really under their control—certainly not under their military control. To all intents and purposes the vast bulk of Middle Eastern and South Asian States are in fact militarily neutral in the present conflict in Korea and would almost certainly be neutral if a third world war emerged out of, say, a clash between the U. S. and Communist China over Formosa.

It may be politically encouraging to note that some 53 nations have endorsed the U. N. action on Korea, but it is more indicative of the real situation to note that almost none of the

Asian nations have yet transmuted their political words into military deeds. It is worth looking at the position of India, Pakistan and Indonesia which together have a population greater than that of China and standing armies exceeding 600,000 men. Although both India and Pakistan have endorsed the U. N. position in Korea, neither has sent nor plans to send any military forces because of mutual suspicion and because they doubt the complete disinterestedness of the Western powers. Such a staunch anti-Communist and friend of the West like Pakistan's Prime Minister, Liaquat Ali Khan, might like to send a token force to Korea. But it would be political suicide for him and immensely unpopular in the very political Pakistan Army. Indonesia has not even endorsed the U. N. decision and, for a brief time, even refused to allow U. N. vessels bound for Korea to refuel in Indonesian ports.

As a result you have a very striking military picture. At present in Asia the West has to depend almost entirely upon its own resources. Its potential allies in South Asia and the Middle East, who constitute over a fourth of the world's population, seem determined to remain neutral. On the other hand the Soviets can count on the military support of its Asian allies who constitute another quarter of the world's population.

Even more striking—as the brilliant military expert Max Werner has pointed out—has been the comparative military potential of the Asian blocs. None of the West's "controlled allies" such as Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee or Bao Dai has been able to produce anything much better than a mercenary army of uncertain calibre. The "uncontrolled allies" such as India and Pakistan have been able to produce competent professional armies. But the Communists have been able to produce mass armies which combine skilled regular troops with guerilla forces. It is not without import that the Communist-controlled half of Asia has been able to keep about 5 million men under arms, while non-Communist South Asia, with the same population, has little more than a million.

Some who judge Moscow capable of Machievellian shrewdness suggest that the North Koreans may have

been given the green light because the Soviet Politburo thought it worth while to demonstrate that the Communist-controlled portion of the world is capable of bargaining with the West on terms of military equality—hydrogen bomb or no hydrogen bomb.

The Smallest Satellite

The fighting ability of the North Koreans—the Soviet Union's so-called "smallest satellite"—has thrown a sharp sidelight on this vast accretion of military strength to the Communist world in the five years since the war. We have seen how the North Koreans, with an initial population of ten millions, have been able to absorb most of the available trained fighting manpower of the U. S. with the additional contingents from Britain and a large portion of Anglo-American air and naval strength. But the population available to the Chinese Communists is fully 40 times as great as that which was available to the North Korean Communists and China's immediate fighting strength is at least 30 times as great! This figure is minimum because combat power comprises not merely trained manpower but, much more important, the ability of experienced commanders to direct their troops to their objectives under the special military, economic and political conditions of the Asian theatre of war. In this regard, the Chinese Communists, have a truly incomparable set of military-political leaders with 25 years of gruelling and steeling experience behind them. The American generals who advised Chiang Kai-shek in his long and unsuccessful battle have the highest respect for the generalship of the Chinese Communist leaders. Not all of the 4-5 million troops in the Chinese Communist Army are first-calibre. But its hard core of 1½ million toughened, indoctrinated combat troops are probably the best available in Asia. Trained Western observers who witnessed the battle for Tientsin and Shanghai know that Chinese Communists have applied the best lessons of Soviet, Japanese and Western military experience. But in many ways the most decisive factor of their strength has been their ability to harness the twin Asian desires for nationalism and social reform to move their armies forward.

The Communist could never have

made themselves the masters of China had they not been first the vanguard of the anti-Japanese movement and had they not later exploited the developing anti-American feeling. They could never have won had they not made themselves the protagonists of the centuries-old Chinese demand for agrarian reform. The strength which they have developed through their political work in the villages and cities more than counterbalances Western superiority in productive technique. Although 50 Americans driving 50 trucks can move a lot of military material the Communists can move the same amount by mobilising 5,000 peasants. The movement may be slower, but it is surer. Unlike the trucks, the peasants do not have to be imported, nor does their fuel.

I recall seeing a Chinese Communist mobile military hospital passing through Peking in February 1949. It was not a very elegant affair. There were no motor ambulances, no vast array of gleaming aluminium instrument. It consisted of half a hundred doctors and nurses and medical orderlies and their rather primitive equipment, mounted on small Manchurian ponies or hauled in wooden-wheeled carts. But from all observers it is clear that this medical hospital performed its function, that of tending the wounded on the battlefield. Similarly one can contrast the magnificently modern American equipment for feeding the troops with the primitive Chinese Communist pots, but in the battles for Tientsin and Shanghai the Communist troops were served two hot meals a day while in combat. The fact that the Chinese Communists have not only mastered the military arts but also have introduced the revolutionary innovation of feeding their soldiers and giving them medical care on the battlefield has given their troops an elan to which the West has paid all too little attention.

Chinese Satellites

The Chinese Communists' application of Russian revolutionary techniques to the Chinese scene has produced a great new military power in the East. Similarly the South Asian applications of Chinese political-military lessons are rapidly producing new revolutionary armies on China's fringes. In Burma in 1947 young nationalists told me that their own

guerilla warfare against the Japanese had been based on Chinese Communist experiences as portrayed in Edgar Snow's *Red Star over China*. In some cases the link between the Chinese Communists and their South Asian allies has been considerably more direct. At the present time, the only place we are sure that the Chinese Communists are giving any direct assistance in instructors or material is in Indo-China. But the revolutionary military groups which could expand through such help exist in Malaya, Burma and the Philippines not to speak of small Communist bands in Indonesia and Central India. Except for the Vietnamese, who now have 150,000 troops, all other countries indicated have less than 10,000 men fighting under Communist control.

There is no solid evidence as yet that the Chinese Communists have given or plan to give military aid to any South Asian except Ho Chi Minh's

Vietnam regime, which they recognise as a Government. But no one doubts that in the event of a general conflict any South Asian regime that comes in on the side of the West will find itself confronted with revolutionary bands armed and aided by the Chinese Communists.

It is in all probability a realisation of the dimensions of this Asian military revolution that produced the recent tendency of the U. S. to talk with comparative gentleness to the Chinese Communists on the subjects of Formosa and the bombing of Manchurian border towns. The West cannot face an extension of the war in Asia with equanimity because it needs a breathing space to build up its armies and gear up its industry. But ever more so it needs time to think out an answer to the great Asian military revolution, which has burst on an unprepared world. —Copyright N. P. S.

ROLE OF WOMEN IN FREE INDIA

By V. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

THERE has been a phenomenal advance by the "fair sex" (it will be a misnomer to call it the "weaker sex") towards achieving equality with men in many walks of life. The Indian woman, confined till the other day to the smoke-screened kitchen, has now come out into the open and is competing with man in various domains till now exclusively reserved for him. It is a long trek indeed from the role of a housemaid to that of a minister or ambassador. There have sprung up women's associations devoted to a multitude of pursuits; and with the All India Women's Conference having been accorded "B" consultative status as a non-governmental organisation by the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, India's women have begun to be closely identified even with the international aspects of life.

In recent years, there has been a remarkable increase in the number of girls getting educated, and not a few of them go in for university education. That is good, and we may as well feel satisfied that equality has

been more than achieved. The constitution has ruled that discrimination in the matter of civic social equality against any citizen on grounds of sex—besides religion, race, caste or place of birth—is prohibited. The position today is that there is no bar on women playing their due and active part in overall service to the community and to the nation at large.

Nevertheless, it will be found that what has been achieved is not in tune with the sum-total of the concessions granted. Though unlimited avenues of service have been thrown open to women, most of them are yet to avail themselves of these opportunities. Looking at the position as a whole, one is driven to the conclusion that Indian women have lagged behind, have often misused their newly won liberty and equality and cannot justifiably claim any more by way of enhanced rights unless they show more progress by and by.

Take house-keeping. Ask any youth who got married in recent years. He will assert that he finds the hotel meals despite its noted un-

palatableness, more relishing! Unfortunately, the ultra-modern girl does not believe that she is expected to prove her mettle in the art of house-keeping. She tends more and more to go out of it. Men have become better house-keepers than women.

India needs nurses, midwives and Red Cross workers in thousands and thousands, to help ensure greater health standards for our undernourished millions. Reports of one committee after another have furnished figures to show that the incidence of diseases in the country will be greatly reduced if only more health workers are available. There is no dearth of women in the country to fill up this gap, but the dearth is only in respect of those imbued with a desire to serve the community.

The teaching profession needs special mention. Roughly, more than half the female working population in England has been embraced by the profession of the teacher. Most teachers, even in high schools, in the United States of America are women. How far have Indian women come forward in this direction? This exacting job can be better performed by women—their personality, sweet and kind voice and better ability to deal with children—all these ensure their successful adaptability to the school environments. As far as can be seen, Indian women cannot complain of any restriction in the way of their entering the teaching profession and making for themselves successful careers in it. Yet the response is poor, except for those who have been forced into this line due to the absence of anybody to depend upon.

The educated Indian girl wasting her post-study days at home in worthless pursuits cannot escape the charge that she is doing a great disservice to the country. These girls can, at least till they get married, do service to the community in various ways. We have beggar homes, adult education centres, refugee rehabilitation and various other activities devoted to praiseworthy causes. It may not be possible for many to do active full-time field work, but it is certainly within their power to devote at least an hour or two a day to work in this direction. Girls are best suited to this type of work and

the mass inertia among them is very regrettable.

It is not that Indian ladies are asked to undertake jobs like engine-driving, etc., as is the case in countries behind the "iron curtain". It is doubtful if our women have got sufficient grit and stamina to do such jobs. What is needed is a little bit of active service in the not too troublesome services. It is not enough if a few girls get employed as clerks and stenographers, or as telephone operators and receptionists. It does not take them any farther; indeed the answer to a poser as to whether even in these lines our girls could do sustained service is by no means axiomatic.

It is now recognised that mass industrialisation is not going to be the panacea of our economic ills. We certainly stand to preserve our economic structure only by fostering cottage industries, side by side with large-scale industries. The part that women have played in our country in cottage industries is not a small one, but of late, women have gradually moved away from these industries. Even today, in Japan, women are stated to be playing a prominent part in cottage industries. Each home is a factory by itself.

The May issue of *Courier* magazine contains a thought-provoking article—written by a lady—which maintains that women in England have not done anything to justify the many rights and privileges they have been acquiring since 1918 when they first got the franchise. This should certainly serve as an indicator to show which way the wind blows. The All India Women's Conference would do well to make an intensified drive to expand its activities with a view to bringing within its fold as many women as possible and ensure that they do not lag behind in overall service to the community and to the nation.

Let not Indian women labour under a delusion that the future is safe for them and they can lead a care-free life in the wake of their new-found freedom. Unless they supplement, and not supplant, men's activities with service to the community in the ways suited to their temperament, one cannot but feel pessimistic about the future.

THE HORNED GIRAFFE

S. HANUMANTHA RAU

IT was not without some difficulty that I reached the end of my Senior Intermediate class in the college, and as the examination days approached and the professors became cruel and insistent, I found it rather too much for me, and out of sheer disgust, I resigned the job—I mean gave up my studies. For a man of my means, even this education was more than necessary. I had only my aged parents who were quite well-to-do and very soon I would be coming into possession of a snug little estate as my father was gradually growing too old to manage it satisfactorily.

I had only a year or so—even a shorter period perhaps, before I would have to shoulder the heavy responsibilities, and I wanted to enjoy this interim period as something of a holiday, instead of rotting in the college trying to pamper ever-dissatisfied professors.

I fell to thinking how to spend the time. I had a burning desire to get into some interesting business or profession. My definition of "interesting profession" was one that could give me opportunities of coming into contact with girls.

In succession, I considered and discarded becoming a jeweller, washerman, callboy, gardener, cook, and dressmaker. Though each promised to satisfy my craving to some extent, each required dreadful work which I was not prepared to do.

Revolving a hundred ideas in my mind, I sat gazing out of my window when I heard the hoot of a horn and a motor car dashed past, and that settled it. To sit in a luxurious car and take pretty girls out on evening rides, on shopping, to marriage parties, to ladies' clubs—oh, the job was pregnant with innumerable opportunities! I decided to become a chauffeur.

Next came the problem of how to secure the post. The book, "Scientific Job-Hunting" had not been published then. Of course earning was not my

aim and I could even offer my services free. But I believe no one would have taken me seriously, and indeed I would have even been driven away. So, I did have to ask some salary. I inserted an advertisement in the morning daily of the city. It ran:

"Open to engagement, a motor driver, young, experienced and good. Willing to accept small salary in respectable family."

There was only one item of falsehood in the announcement and that was about the experience. All the experience I had was of driving on two or three occasions a two-seater Morris owned by a college-mate of mine.

A dozen replies came, all asking how much pay I wanted. One was particularly interesting. A lady wrote, concluding: "No interviews granted, until all the above questions are first satisfactorily answered in writing." Looking up the list of car owners in the city I discovered that the lady was the daughter of a Rao Bahadur and that the family owned two cars—a two-seater Chevrolet and a Vauxhall Sedan.

I wrote back, giving all the particulars required of me, and then began my preparations for the interview. Putting on one of my best dresses, I went to the Chevrolet dealer and told him that I was in the market for a two-seater model. The salesman showed me one and began to extol the merits of the particular make of car and the special delights of a two-seater Chevrolet. I pretended to be very much interested, but when he offered to take me out on a demonstration drive, I judiciously declined and told him I didn't wish to give him all that trouble. After he repeated three times his assurance that the demonstration put me under no obligation at all to buy and that I might simply enjoy the drive, I consented to be taken out in it. By the time we left the city, he had shown me how to drive the car, and then I asked him

if there would be much danger if I tried my hand at the wheel. "Not at all," said the salesman. "I shall be watching and helping you."

And then, for the next ten miles or so, I drove the car myself and learnt enough how to drive a two seater Chevrolet.

The next day, I similarly learnt how to drive a Vauxhall Sedan.

Two days later came the letter from the lady asking me to go to her bungalow for a trial. After my shave and bath, I put on a neat but not rich suit of clothes and went to the bungalow. I sent word with the servant and soon found myself in the presence of a beautiful young girl of about 18 years in a richly and tastefully decorated room. She appeared slightly taken aback as soon as I entered and asked my name.

"So you are the man who advertised for the post?" she asked in the vernacular.

"Yes, madam," I replied, in the same language.

After she put a few questions to me, she said, "Come into the hall, that way, and meet my parents." And I came out of the room and entered the hall from outside, while she went in. The family appeared to consist of the father, mother and daughter, the last person being my prospective employer.

I answered the questions put to me by the father, whereupon he turned and told his daughter in English that I seemed all right but that he hated something in my looks and recommended that she might find out another driver for her car. The daughter remarked that I would make an ideal chauffeur, while the mother wondered if I was not too good to serve as an obedient driver. The father finally refused me the post and asked me to go away.

The daughter insisted and said in English, "But please, father, you know it is three weeks since I started hunting for a chauffeur and couldn't get one till now. Let me consult my friend Leela and at the same time test the fellow's skill at the wheel."

I stood still looking stupid, and made up my mind to pretend always to know no English.

At the girl's command, I drove her in her two-seater to her friend's bungalow, and as the car stopped in the portico, a tall slim girl came out

at the sound of my horn and greeted my lady.

"What a surprise, Indu, in less than half an hour after separating this morning!" she exclaimed in a sweet tone, and, as she held her friend's hand and led her in, added, in an undertone, "By the bye, who is that gentleman and why don't you bring him in?"

"Goodness, keep quiet. He is my prospective chauffeur."

"Really?" she exclaimed, eyeing me queerly. "I thought he was some friend of yours."

"That's exactly the point in my coming here now."

They sat down, while I stood by the side of the car.

"He is splendid. With a slightly better dress, you could even pass him off as a relative of yours, Indu," remarked Miss Leela, and asked, "Does he know driving well?"

"He appears to be pretty familiar but I am sure I can put him in the way soon, if there is anything he doesn't know. Knowledge you can give a fellow, but good looks and a presentable appearance it is very difficult to secure in servants. I simply hate the look of the driver of my father's car and the whole class of them chauffeurs."

"O. K., then fix him up."

"But father seems to be against him. Perhaps afraid of his good looks," said my lady, pinching her friend. "And you see, mother knows nothing and simply nods to everything that father says. How about your coming to my house and speaking on my side? You know I am one against two at home, and your coming will equalise the side."

"Right oh," replied Miss Leela.

"Get into that back seat," commanded my lady, and took the wheel herself, while her friend sat beside her.

Miss Leela's coming decided the case in my favour, and I was asked to come the next morning to join duty.

The next morning, I duly presented myself at the bungalow for duty.

At the door, I met the old man standing and reading a newspaper and saluted him with a smile.

"Go and settle your affair with Indu. Don't you come and trouble me any time. Do you understand?" thundered the man.

"Very well, sir, I understand," I answered and went round to the entrance to Miss Indu's room.

She looked up at me from her writing desk and said, with a sweet smile, "Oh you have come to join duty. Wait a minute till I finish this letter."

In less than ten minutes, she led me to the garage and gave me the keys and asked me to clean up the whole car.

"Madam, you have not fixed my pay" I said.

"Oh you will get more than you expect. Don't you worry about it", she said in the sweetest of tones I had so far heard, and then left me.

I was not very particular about what she would pay me, but I asked the question for two reasons. First, I wanted to pretend to be a real, earnest chauffeur. And secondly, I wanted to engage a cleaner under me, who should be a full-fledged chauffeur himself, and I wanted to fix him up on something less than what I should myself get. A help like that was an absolute necessity as I know very little—nothing, in fact—of the mechanism, and I personally hated this cleaning business, but that morning I couldn't help it. I just brightened all the shining parts that were visible from the outside and duly reported to my lady. She gave me a note and asked me to take the car and have the tank filled with petrol. I enquired for a chauffeur at the petrol bunk and fixed up one on Rs. 40 a month, and told him that he had to work as my assistant and that he had to do all the work of the chauffeur and cleaner and keep the car in excellent condition and leave the actual driving to me. He had to have no direct dealing with my lady but always should take his orders from me.

For a fortnight everything got on very well. I got to know the names and residences of all my lady's friends, drove them from one bungalow to another, to their clubs, and to the shops, and on a few evenings on pleasant long drives. My happiest moments were when the only other occupant of the car was my lady who would, of course, sit next to me. Once or twice my hand wavered at the wheel as I felt unduly conscious of the presence of the beautiful creature by my side, and the mild but exquisite scent used by her intoxicated me. But

I managed to have perfect control over myself and brushed aside all other sentiments. It was the habit of my lady to go a good distance from the town, stop the car by the roadside and go on a cross country walk. She would usually go very briskly on the walk, but while returning to the car walked very slowly, perhaps due to tiresomeness—while I stood near the car watching the approaching lovely figure, with her majestic swan-like sway.

Things appeared not destined to run smoothly for ever like this. One day, as I was standing in the garage and getting the car cleaned and the whole room tidied by my assistant, my lady turned up.

"Oh, who is he, and what is he doing with my car?" she asked in surprise.

"He is my assistant, madam. I am giving the car a thorough wash up."

"Yes, but who appointed him and when?"

"I appointed him, madam, from the next day of my joining duty," I replied, leading her out of hearing of my assistant.

She frowned and said, "I am afraid you have been wrong in taking so much liberty without even informing me. Dismiss him from to-morrow. Do you hear?"

"But I can't, madam. He is an absolute necessity for me. I should have told you, but I did not, because he is not going to cost you anything at all."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I am paying him out of my own wages."

"Ah, I see now. That is the game. And what is your pay?"

"I don't know, madam. You have to fix it yet."

She smiled and went away.

That evening, my lady went out with Miss Leela on a long drive. Whenever she went out in company, I was, of course, dumped in the hateful dicky, but that particular day I found myself amply compensated in overhearing some pleasant conversation, and thanked God for giving me sense not to have disclosed my knowledge of English to my lady.

"My chauffeur, by the bye, is growing more and more interesting now—a-days, Leela," said my lady.

"Take care, take care, Indu. He

was interesting to you even before you appointed him. I wouldn't be surprised if some fine morning you come and tell me that you have fallen in love, with your chauffeur."

"Don't be silly, Leelu. I can't do that. I mean, I like the way he carries himself, and the aristocratic look about him. Do you know, he has actually appointed an assistant under him."

"An assistant to a chauffeur: he perhaps knows nothing of his own job."

"No, no. You are mistaken. That is the most interesting thing. He knows everything from A to Z but the poor fellow does not want to soil his hands doing the dirty part of the work like washing and cleaning. See how spotlessly clean he keeps his dress. Though the fellow is born poor, he looks every inch a gentleman. What do you think?"

"You are right, Indu, you know how the rascal made me think he was some friend of yours, when you first brought him to my house."

"That's it. It is not mere birth that makes the man, Leelu, nor even riches. It is that indefinable something called 'personality' that matters. If only the fellow had some education, he would have been fit to be a prince. Poor fellow. I am going to get him a better dress to-morrow."

"Yes, give him a better dress to-morrow, and then start giving the fellow the kind of food you eat and the next day begin by kissing him welcome when he comes for work and kissing goodbye when he leaves you. That would be fine," said Miss Leela, laughing and patting on my lady's back.

Miss Indumathi too started laughing and said, even before the merriment had died out. "That is all nonsense, Leelu, but don't you think, with a better dress, he will be good enough for a kiss?"

"By all means, kiss him. Even as he is, he is good enough," replied Leelu.

My lady slowed down the car, and shouted, "Chauffeur."

"Good heavens!" cried Leelu, "Do not kiss him here and now in my presence."

"Oh keep quiet, Leelu," commanded Indumathi, and asked me in vernacular, "How far is that big tank and the pumping station from here?"

"Three miles more, madam," I replied promptly.

The next day, my lady ordered a fresh suit of clothes for me, but she did not kiss me as foretold by Miss Leelu.

From the moment I heard that Miss Indumathi felt attracted towards me, I began to have a strange interest in her. At times, I wondered if I could disclose my identity to her and encourage her friendship but gave up the idea. There were moments when she would give me little jobs in her room, such as rearranging the books on her shelf, tidying her papers, brushing her typewriter, etc. And when we were quite alone in her room, I would feel a mad longing to throw my arms around her and kiss her to my heart's content. But no, I didn't do it.

But things began to happen soon and threatened to break the uneventful monotony of my life. An amateur fancy dress ball was organised to be held in a big hall in the midst of a garden, by a charitable institution, and my lady decided to attend it and also if possible to dance there. Her parents were informed that she would only be a visitor with a couple of friends of hers, and not that she was actually taking part in it. I was the only confidante of the secret. She began to select all kinds of fantastic dresses for herself and a mask to conceal her identity. She thought of dressing like all the reputed historical figures like Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, etc. She also discussed, in turn, the spider, the beetle, the butterfly, and the blue bird. She finally selected a spotted cloth for her dress and a queer headgear, the whole outfit converting her into a Horned Giraffe. I went with her to the shop and was watching the instructions she was giving to the dressmaker.

After I was let off that day for lunch, I went straight to the same shop and ordered a set of clothing for me in the same spotted cloth selected by my lady and also chose a headgear, which had some horns made of spiral wire, which imitated the movements of a snake at every step of the wearer.

On the night of the ball, I drove my lady to the building in the garden in her two-seater and while she got into

the 'green room' I parked the car and left it to the care of my assistant, who had by previous arrangement gone there ready with my fancy dress. I put it on and entered the hall. I swung my eyes round and found the horned giraffe sipping some drink and conversing with an unsuccessfully made-up Annie Besant. The latter pointed me out to the horned giraffe and whispered something in her ear.

I went to the bar and ordered some drink and was wondering whether I should myself invite the giraffe to dance with me. Having danced with a butterfly at the first round, I was conversing with a Napoleon Bonaparte, never taking my eyes off the object of my attention. Presently, she came to me, and standing in the most coquetish manner, asked, "Will the giraffe do me the honour of dancing with me in the next round?" and extended her hand.

I gripped her hand and replied, "With pleasure."

She suddenly trembled and stood rooted to the spot, steadily gazing at me in silence.

"What is wrong? Are you not feeling well?" I asked, leading her to a neighbouring seat.

She did not reply until we got seated, and then said, "No, no I am all right now. I was startled when you spoke. It was like a voice very familiar to me. Only that voice doesn't know English."

"Oh, evidently a voice that is hateful to you?"

"Oh, no, please. It is a voice whose sweetness charms me, and casts a spell on me. Thank God, I can hear it everyday."

The band struck the second number and then we started dancing. We were in one long conversation while dancing, and the lady appeared quite lost in it, while I occasionally glanced round to see how others were dancing. The whole thing was an imitation affair. None of us knew how to dance, but everybody tried to sway his or her body to the tune of the music.

After we stopped, we all clapped our hands and I suggested to the lady that we might get out into the garden and breathe fresh air. We took our seats on a bench facing the full moon, who was bathing the whole world in silent silvery sheen.

"I feel like sitting here for a while,

rather than getting once more into that stuffy atmosphere of the hall."

"Just as you please, my giraffe," I said. "I too have no mind to get in again."

We sat for nearly half an hour, talking of the weather, current-day politics, and religion and the idiotic old-fashioned customs. At length, she put her head on my shoulder and said, "Do you know, I wish I had been born in England, or better still, in the United States in America!"

"You like the white country better than this?"

"I like their customs and the freedom enjoyed by girls. Here we are hemmed in by all kinds of stupid customs and conventions."

"Certainly. All this takes away half the pleasure in life. For instance, there is a girl I love and have reason to believe she reciprocates the feeling. But I can't find a couple of minutes' talk with her for fear of her old-fashioned parents and relatives."

"I can tell you of a parallel instance, too, if you can keep a secret. I have a chauffeur, a beautiful and smart fellow, and I am head over ears in love with him. But my parents! Oh, they would be horrified to know the truth."

"That is interesting. Does your chauffeur know that you love him?"

"I think not. You see, his position as my servant puts the idea clean out of his calculations."

"But don't you think you should let him know how much you like him? It would make him happy."

"Of course, it will. I wonder if it is right and safe."

"Everything is right in matters of love," I assured her. "As for safety, if the fellow has any brains, he will keep his mouth shut, even if he doesn't return your love. But, generally, you can always depend on us boys."

"I have my doubts about it, but with respect to my chauffeur in particular, I suppose I can trust him. His very bearing engenders confidence and respect."

"He must be a fine fellow, from what you say. But isn't it queer that a lady of some social status like you should forget herself and conceive a liking for an employee under her?"

"You would think different if you once saw him. By some freak of nature, he was born poor and had to

accept a chauffeur's post for a living. He is a splendid fellow."

"You make me more and more interested in him. I should like to know how much of what you say is true. Can you tell me where I can see him?"

"Impossible. If you know him, you will know me, and I would never disclose my identity to anyone, least of all to one of the opposite sex."

"You have already trusted me with some intimate information about yourself. There can't be any harm in my knowing who you are," I said, and before she knew what was happening, I undid her head gear and looked at her beautiful face.

"How dare you..." she shouted, trying unsuccessfully to put on her head dress again and hide her face from my sight. "You are a villain, a brute and not a gentleman. I will report to the authorities. Who admitted a rogue like you to this ball room? You have no sense of etiquette."

"Pardon me, fair lady, but I mean neither offence nor treachery. You told me so much about yourself and I thought you wouldn't mind my seeing you. Besides, now that I know who you are, permit me to tell you that I am as mad about you as you are about that lucky chauffeur of yours. I have been watching every movement of yours these two months. Wherever you went, I have followed you no farther from you than your own shadow."

"Oh, I am terribly sorry I confided in you without knowing you or your nature. I shouldn't have come here at all." And she burst out weeping, covering her face with her hands.

"Pardon me, lady, and believe me. All that you have told me about your chauffeur will lie buried in my mind. Not simply this, but I would lay down my life if it be to save your chauffeur, since you love him so much."

"Your behaviour belies your words and I can never trust you. You men are all rogues. Remove your head-gear and let me know who is the fellow who knows my secret, so that I can wreak my vengeance on you if ever you let out a single word of what I said to you."

"You had better not try to know who I am. Not that I am afraid of your wrath because I will never merit it, but because I wish to save you from more worry. I am so much lower than

you in social scale that you would hate to know you were so free with me."

"Remove your mask, or I shall scream and hand you over to the police for attempting to dishonour me." She said these words and moved a few inches away from me, shooting fire in her eyes. I could hardly suppress my smile, which made her even more angry than before.

"Not so harsh, good lady," I remonstrated. "Why should you scream and shout when I have never done you harm and never will? I still advise you to save yourself from the regret of knowing who I am..."

Without another word, and even without putting on her headgear, which was hanging behind her neck, she ran towards the building. I dashed at her and held her hand and said, "Well, if you insist on knowing, here I am," and removed my mask.

I can hardly describe the bewilderment I saw on her face that moment.

"Oh, my chauffeur," she exclaimed as soon as she recovered her balance, "and you know English too! What a consummate dissembler you are!"

"You hate me for that, don't you?" I asked her, as I led her back to the seat, "At least, you are sure now that your secrets are safe with me."

"I am, but what fright you gave me all the while! I wonder how you got in here, where only gentlemen are allowed."

"Yes, either I must be a gentleman, or the authorities must be fools, my lady."

"I wish both were true. But why did you pretend all these days that you did not know English?"

"In order that I might be your chauffeur, madam."

"You are so funny and fine. What a pity I don't remember your name. Let us sit down again, and let me know all about yourself, you rogue," she said as she patted my cheeks.

When I told her everything, she immediately dismissed me from her service, and ordered that my assistant would be her chauffeur from the next day and promised to introduce me to her parents in a couple of days.

One thing led to another and my parents got to know Miss Indumati's and between the four heads they decided to celebrate my marriage with Indu during the coming summer months.

BRITAIN FACES THE NEW CRISIS RESOLUTELY

By MATTHEW HALTON

THE people of the British islands watch the distant thunderhead over Korea and wonder with a dull pain whether for the third time in the half-century they must go down to war.

As a correspondent here in London for many years I have seen the good British people in many moods. I have seen them in their grave hours and in their gay ones, in their fat years and in their lean ones, in victory and in mortal peril. Now again it is fascinating to watch them, under the impact of a new world crisis, only five years after the murderous ordeal of World War II.

Under the new threat they are fatalistic—but they are not defeatist. Talk to the average Briton and he will say: "What's the good? No matter what happened to Russia or the U. S., Britain could not survive an atomic war." But, being British, they do not even consider the possibility of not taking their full part in whatever comes. They are a proud and stubborn people.

"But it's b—hard luck," they say. "We were just beginning to breathe again. And now—more armaments." Britain already was spending nearly 8 per cent of her entire national income on defence. Now the figure must go to 10 per cent and perhaps higher still.

This summer should have been the brightest and most hopeful that Britain had seen for 10 years, because Britain had made one of the most remarkable economic recoveries in history. This no longer was denied even by the most determined and hostile critics. The whispers of death and decadence had been blown away. Even the Government's most vigorous opponents could say, as one British newspaper said recently, that Britain had had "an industrial renaissance hardly paralleled in modern times." Visiting U. S. journalists no longer were writing purblind stuff about British production being hamstrung by a malevolent bureaucracy, or about British workers being lazy and pampered people sapped by the welfare state.

Britain beyond doubt had come back.

Things Were Looking Up

During World War II, Great Britain devoted a higher proportion of her national wealth and industrial vigour to the cause of victory than any other country, and when the smoke began to clear in 1945 she was almost bankrupt. Her overseas investments were gone. Her industrial machine, which had been almost entirely geared to the war effort, was disastrously run down. Fifty million people on this small island had nothing much left with which to face the future but their own hands and skills. But they were the British people, with good hands and famous skills. Moreover, they are a patriotic and public-spirited people, and they still had the will to greatness. They accepted austerity and rigid controls. In peace as in war they used their limited resources for essentials: for new factories, power plants, coal mines and houses, rather than for new cinemas, country clubs and luxury flats. The island had to become self-supporting or go under—which meant that peace brought them little relief from hardships. But this year, at last, they began to reap the fruits of their hard work and sacrifice.

Britain is producing 40 per cent more goods than ever before in her history. That tells the story. And she is exporting some 60 per cent more goods than ever before. Twenty-two million men and women are engaged in full-time jobs, and there are less than 300,000 unemployed. And these people were working harder individually. A Government economic survey had estimated that the country's industrial production would rise by three and a half per cent in the first half of 50. In fact, it rose by nine per cent. And for the first time Britain was exporting more goods than she bought.

And so, as this summer began, the British were looking forward to better days. Now Britain will always face some kind of an economic crisis, because she is a

small, over-populated country dependent on world conditions. But at the moment things were looking up. The back of food rationing was broken. (Why, you could have a dish of bacon and eggs almost when you wanted, for the first time in 10 years!) More families than ever drew good wages, and there was more good health and full living than ever before. Taxation was no lower—of course! Forty per cent of the national income still went to the Government in taxation. But much of it came back to the people in the form of such things as social security, the food subsidies and the national health service.

The world seemed to be getting back to something like normal. As one restriction after another was removed—gasoline rationing, for example—people would say jokingly: "It looks as if the war's over at last." But then, on June 25, in a faraway peninsula, the Korean Communists invaded South Korea; and the danger of a third world war rose over mankind.

It was the stroke of the tocsin breaking in on the pleasant scene. It meant that the hard days were not over after all. Britain must rearm. The dawn of easier living was postponed even as it appeared over the horizon. Communist imperialism is on the rampage, and survival itself demands that democracy lower its high standard of living and build up its weapons. But it is harder for Britain than for the rest.

The U. S. has already launched a huge programme of rearmament. The U. S. defence budget has already been increased, at one stroke, by \$10,000,000,000 bringing it up to the immense sum of \$25,000,000,000 for this year. But the U. S. can take this in her stride. She is almost as strong economically as the rest of the world together. Her resources and her productive capacity are so vast that when the last war was over, she was actually richer, far richer, than when it began. But Britain cannot take rearmament in her stride. What will happen to her recovery if raw materials and manpower are diverted to the increased production of armies and armaments? Her whole economy is still delicately poised. If more raw materials are diverted to the arms industries, the export trade will suffer. If the export trade suffers,

still less raw materials will be available. And if manpower is diverted the effects will be the same.

But Britain is Britain, and the effort will be made. In the world front against Communism there are a number of nations who are no good to us; soft, selfish and unadmirable nations. But Britain is not one of those who will take easy shelter behind the steel shield of U. S. power.

Little need be said about British unity. Except for the handful of Communists, the British are willing to take the necessary pains and risks to stop aggression. Which does not mean they are in a bellicose mood. They are not. The British would give almost anything for a settlement with Russia; anything to prevent the Korean war from spreading; anything except appeasement. The lessons of appeasement are burned too deeply into the soul of Britain. And the great majority of the people are behind their Government, behind the U. S. and behind the United Nations in saying: "We shall never negotiate under menace." This is not bellicosity. No one in the world can want war less than the British. Another world war would quite certainly mean ruin for Britain whoever won. But the British have the political sense or intuition to know that further appeasement of Communism would be only the prelude to certain disaster.

In some countries of Western Europe there is a pathetic hankering for neutrality in the worldwide struggle between the Russian and U. S. powers. In some quarters in Germany, in France and in Italy, neutrality is openly advocated. In Britain, however, this feeling hardly exists. The British know there can be no neutrality. They know they would be attacked no matter how loudly they proclaimed their neutrality. More important, it would be simply inconceivable for these people to sit back in a struggle between what they conceived to be right and wrong. They are not that kind of people. And they will covet greatness.

There are, it is true, a few pacifists. There is, for example, the well-known Methodist preacher, Dr. Donald Soper, who said recently it would be better that the whole world should go Communist than there should be another world war. But few Britons agree with him.

The most fascinating thing to watch, in Britain this summer, is the attitude of the British to the fact that the U. S. has taken over the leading role in the defence of the free world.

Try to imagine what that means to a people who are so used to bearing the brunt themselves! For the first time in our fierce half-century it is not the British and the French who are taking the first shock of aggression. It is the United States of America.

In World War I, Britain and France fought for nearly three years, at the cost of many thousands of lives, before the U. S. was drawn to their aid. Then when they resisted the Nazi tyranny in 1939, the Americans still regarded the vast struggle between Hitler and freedom as none of their business; and when they did come to the rescue, it was only after they had been attacked by the Japanese. The Americans forget these facts—but the British don't. And this time—what a difference! The giant of the West has taken over the main burden of the defence of freedom and of democracy, and of all we have and are.

Strange Reading

In a London restaurant one day I was reading a newspaper with the headline "G. I.'s Go Into Battle Against Odds." The waiter who was serving me remarked: "That makes strange reading, doesn't it? It almost makes you rub your eyes." I asked him what he meant, and he replied: "Just to think that we aren't in it first, and alone!"

It does give the British, and all the Europeans, a warm sense of encouragement and confidence to see that

the strongest friend has this time taken over the line; and that whatever comes we are all in it together. There is admiration for the swift anger and the swift action of the U. S., but also this encouragement and relief. The British feel rather like a man who hands the main burden of affairs over to a grown son.

But if anyone thinks the British are hesitant to play their part, he completely mistakes the temper of this nation. The British still have the appetite for a great role in world affairs.

Yet, for all the determination, there is no doubt that the deepening world crisis has thrown a sombre shadow over Great Britain.

A Cabinet minister said to me the other day: "It all makes you wonder if the world is raving mad. Here in Britain we were just getting nicely under way, just beginning to see the results of hard work and planning. The new towns were just beginning to rise. Our cities were just beginning to look fresh and painted again. Many of the new factories and power plants were just coming into operation. The new schools and houses were being built. And now it is all jeopardized, partly at least, by the need to arm."

Yes, it is hard. It is like a nightmare to see the civil defence volunteers being enrolled again, and study the booklets on protection, if any, against atomic bombs.

But the volunteers are coming forward—that's the point. Whatever happens in the dangerous years ahead, it will find a Britain as united, as virile and as stubborn as ever before. —Copyright.

CONGRESS AND POWER POLITICS

By S. V.

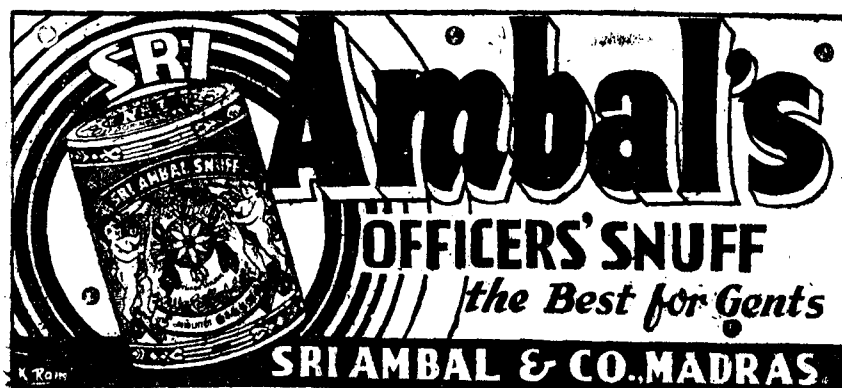
IT is unfortunate that Madras should be one of the States of the Union that are finding it hard to produce leaders of eminence to be at the helm of affairs during this formative period of our infant Republic, men of vision and dynamic personality who are able to inspire love and confidence within their own State spheres. This is largely the result of her own doing—the result of a suicidal policy that she has been following during the last 30 years, of imposing a perpetual ban on merit in all spheres of public activity where her Government has had any sort of control.

Party leaders may sometimes be merely party managers and may lack the qualities of high statesmanship required of Ministers of State. The English aristocrats who were governing their country during the long interval of nearly a century and a half between their bloodless Revolution of 1688 and the First Reform Bill of 1832, were not themselves great statesmen. But they had sufficient patriotism to place the interest of their country above that of their families and parties and they were discerning men who could discover merit in others—merit which they themselves lacked—and entrust such men with power. That was how they were able to raise their country to wonderful heights of greatness scarcely paralleled since the days of the Roman Empire. In the opening years of the Seven Years War 1756-63—"the war that settled the destinies of mankind for ages to come" in the words of the great historian J. R. Green—the situation was very dark for England, with news of catastrophic reverses for her arms coming in from every quarter, from India, from America, from Europe, etc. The Pelhams and Devonshires were not the men to tackle the situation. But there was at the time a brilliant man in the opposition who by his scathing, though constructive criticism, had all along been making himself a nuisance to every Government since the days of Walpole—namely, William Pitt the elder—and he knew

that he could save England and nobody else could. He was invited to join in a coalition Ministry with Devonshire as the nominal head and that was enough to metamorphose the situation. What the British nation owes to the elder Pitt is common history. Again one of the elements of Pitt's own greatness was his ability to discover and encourage merit in others. It was Pitt who acclaimed Robert Clive as "the heaven-born General" and who selected Wolfe for the Quebec expedition. English party leaders never cried down merit.

But what to say of our party leaders here, who go about proclaiming that in this age of the common man so much emphasis need not be laid on education and merit? It is no use blaming them, for they are themselves products of the age, of a generation which has been educated into the belief that the pace of progress of a nation is always determined by the most backward community in its midst.

We find in Madras State today, a tendency with both leaders and the people, to live in the past and harp on the past, with little desire to move on to the present, and build for the future. We find people bent on capitalising their past services to the country or their past wrongs and neglects. We have thus on the one hand the political sufferers wanting to cash their past sufferings by obtaining land and cash rewards and a privileged position to interfere in the civil administration of the State, and on the other hand we find large masses of people calling themselves "backward classes" wanting the State to pay them subsidies in compensation for their own past neglects—the present generation to tax itself for the failure of their forefathers to avail themselves of the opportunities for English education at a time when that education first became a passport to high Government jobs under British rule. Any industry or service where competition is kept out easily becomes a subsidised industry or ser-



vice, though the subsidy might be veiled and insidious.

It is usual to distinguish several kinds of backwardness as prevailing among the communities in this part of the country—social backwardness, educational backwardness, economic backwardness, etc. Of these economic backwardness is the thing that really matters. If this is tackled properly, the other sorts of backwardness belonging to any community, disappear automatically. The case of the Nadar community of South India is sufficiently illustrative. Only thirty years ago, the community was low down in the scale, socially, educationally, and economically. Socially its status was only a shade better than that of the scheduled classes. For instance, they had no right of temple entry. In the course of the last thirty years the community has made wonderful advance on the economic side, and as a result of it the other disabilities attaching to the community have disappeared. There is no fair-coloured orthodox Brahmin in the Tirunelveli district today who commands the same social respectability that Sri D. S. Adimoolam, the beedi prince of Mukkudal, commands. Educationally also they have advanced. But the more intelligent among their educated men prefer to go into business, and they have no attraction for Government jobs. But economic backwardness is not a malady affecting any particular community alone. It affects the whole country and all the communities belonging to it though some communities like the scheduled castes may be worse off than others. The new census of 1951 with its emphasis on the economic side of the life of the classes may be expected to be revealing. That will afford a better criterion for State encouragement of backward communities.

While this is the true nature of the "backwardness" of the communities in Madras State, how is it that the Congress Ministry of the State should still be pinning its faith on the generation-old communal G. O.'s to remove the so called "communal inequalities"? A little knowledge of the history of these communal G. O.'s will help us to understand this question. The policy owes its origin to the machinations of the foreign bureaucracy during the

period 1908-1918 when political agitation for self-government was at its height and that bureaucracy was hard put to it to devise ways and means of checkmating this rising tide of nationalism in the country. It had its own way of planning and executing its designs. Every time it introduced a design "to divide and rule" it used to expatiate on the evil consequences that were likely to follow, but all the same it introduced the measure by making it appear as though the demand for it came from the public, and not the people concerned, and the demand was irresistible. In that way the bureaucracy was able to gain support for its policy from a few leaders representing the economically well-to-do strata of the population. The appeal of this policy was to the lower instincts of human nature, but all the same it served its purpose in the hands of leaders who were just then learning their first lessons in "power politics," with the example of the Moslem League before them. Sheik Abdullah of Kashmir is fond of telling us again and again, that the partition of India was not really due to religion, but it was the result of "power politics" of a few individuals who happened to dominate the League organisation at the time and who posed to speak in the name of the Moslem masses. The way in which the communal policy thus originated by the foreign bureaucracy and afterwards perfected by the Justice party during the years 1920-45, came to be finally adopted by the Congress politicians of the State when that party came to power with the departure of the originator of this mischief in 1947, was again a matter of the same "power politics" at work; the result of a strange transformation that came over the Congress organisation of Madras State about this time. In its desire to expand its strength it sacrificed quality for quantity and the organisation allowed itself to be captured by the communalists in a manner now all too familiar to us. The Congress High Command should have interfered and prevented this stampede. But it did not do so. The result is that our State is now saddled with a communal Ministry. It would look as though the communal G. O.'s are now seized on by the rival political parties in the State as an instrument for wooing the electorate.

BEGINNINGS

By JAMES H. COUSINS

(The following is the first chapter of a double-autobiography by Dr. James H. Cousins and Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins. The 800-page volume, entitled "We Two Together"—a line from a poem by Walt Whitman—will be published by Ganesh & Co., Madras 17, in a few weeks).

I have to take grandparents for granted. They had retired on both sides before I arrived. A shadowy entity known as "grandfather Dillon" may have flourished a generation further back. But all I remember of him is, that out of a group of recent ancestors who were apparently so acceptably respectable that they left no reputation, grandfather Dillon emerges in solitary distinction as an "ould reprobate," and, with perfect fitness to time and place, his reprobacy was religio-political. Some kink of desire had injected a strain of Catholic green into the otherwise unadulterated Orange blood of a decent group of families. And on every twelfth of July, when poles and greenery appeared in the streets of his native Carrickfergus, on the northern shore of Belfast Lough and the brethren of the local Loyal Orange Lodge celebrated with fife and drum and stimulants the victory of a Dutch-English Protestant king over a Scottish-English Catholic ex-king on Irish soil, the "ould reprobate" would sit from sunrise to sunset at the end of the fishermen's pier with his fingers in his ears cursing King William and the Orangemen as heartily as the latter cursed the Pope.

I valued grandfather Dillon as a temperamental asset in later years when I saw (privately) that the black spot in the family memory threw light on a certain green trend in my own disposition. There were other trends. On the maternal side there were the Reids frae Scotland, who perhaps transmitted to my mother the capacity of knowing "how many beans make five," and to me the ability to write verse in the vernacular of Burns. Just what the Welsh trend (surnamed Davy, Davis or Davies) did to me I have not discovered.

The most clearly datable trend was that on the paternal side from the incursion into Ulster of Huguenot refugees from religious persecution in

France. Among these a Cousin and his family brought, as did his fellow refugees, a simple piety and textile skill that were the two pillars of Ulster prosperity until the war of 1914-1918 destroyed faith in God and the trade in Belfast linen.

How or why the Cousins clan, or one of their number, moved from County Antrim to County Down, history sayeth not. But France and England made an alliance in Ireland in a marriage of a Huguenot Cousins with an Elizabethan White; and the sense of dignity which I felt in my father may have been the refined effect of an ancient eminence symbolised by a name on an old map of the County Down—"the Whites' country"—which testified to some degree of "nobility" at a time when the acquisition of land in Ireland by Englishmen by any means other than legal purchase was regarded on the English side as a patriotic virtue.

Irish (first in future predilection), Scotch, Welsh, on the maternal side; French and English on the paternal side: all was ready for a nice temperamental mix-up when the planets had reached the combination that would unlock a door of destiny. This is where Queen Victoria came in, happily too late in her career to make me a good Victorian. That august institution had to visit Ireland, and to do so by way of Belfast Lough, which was bounded on the north by loyal Antrim and on the south by loyal Down. At the head of the lough stood Belfast, where the two counties were joined by a bridge across the River Lagan.

The fleet escorting the Queen lay half a dozen miles off Carrickfergus and its square-towered castle. Visitors were allowed to board certain of the warships. A group of Carrick lassies "pit aff" in a fishing-boat in their best Sunday rig-outs. I can deduce the facial radiance of one of them, Susan Davey by name, from the memory of a day

six years after the visit of Queen Victoria, when she took me by the hand to get "something for a complaint," and the doctor, noting as a pathological symptom her roseate complexion, asked her, "Do you drink, Ma'am?"—and she a virulent teetotaler! So also, as it transpired, was a not too young sailor on one of the steamers that carried coal to the fleet, who happened to be gazing over the taffrail into the future just as a fishing-boat under a brown lug-sail slid by with the most unusual cargo ever seen in such a craft. He caught the radiance full in the eye, and deeper.

It may be true, as Gibbon suggested in his Memoirs, that we "have lived in the persons of our forefathers," not to mention our foremothers. But I have a suspicion that when I arrived at No. 18, Cavour Street, Belfast, in

the very small hours of the morning of July 22, 1873, I did not come alone, but that my forebears, with what they had distilled from tradition and environment, came to live in me, and brought with them the temperamental burden of five nations. And as if this was not sufficient variety for one person for one life, "the shivering casting-net of the stars" (Yeats) saw to it that my horoscope should be supplied with sufficient unlucky squares and oppositions to give exercises in optimism to lucky trines and conjunctions, and topped the edifice of destiny with two crowns to my head that have been matters of comment by hair-cutters in three continents, they being signs that the head that wears them is, notwithstanding others things, a lucky one.

OUR CULTURE—GARDEN

By K. S. VENKATARAMANI

WHAT is culture?

In the rich and varied phenomena of life, do you think with me that culture resembles most a garden, well-fenced and well-cultivated and well-fed with a perennial flow of water, and well-planned with trees and plants selected with care, based on wise discrimination and knowledge of botanical life.

Is culture a fruit luscious to the taste or a flower with fragrance that fills the sky? Or is it simply very useful timber or fuel tree? Or is culture a mere leaf like the Tulsi with a divine quality and fragrance of its own?

If culture be a flower, is it the God-revealing lotus from the slushy mire or the beautiful rose amidst beaked thorns?

If a fruit, is it the choice graft mango luscious to the tongue or the *amla* or *vilva* fruit that sublimates the body, mind and soul? Or is it the cocoanut that sacrifices and surrenders every fibre of its being for the welfare of man and the service of God?

If culture be a mere timber tree, is it then the stately and refined teak that pleads for polished eternity? Or is it the mere commercial, quick-growing *casurina* catering as firewood

to the daily body-comforts of man?

If culture be a mere leaf, is it the useful and homely plantain leaf? Or is it the dainty, aristocratic, spiritual-fibred, celestial-shaped *aswadha* leaf with its long tapering tip-end that always seems to me to bridge the heaven and earth, helping the slow descent of divine power on earth bringing in pacific joy and tranquility?

If culture be a garden made up of these infinite varieties of gentle and evolved forms of plant life, pleading in silence and peace with eyes turned towards the sky, for the joy of God-realisation, through selfless service, *nishkamya karma*, based on *swadharma*, does this culture-garden of the Gods, require a fence at all for protection of its life from the predatory goats?

Is fence itself a part of the garden or a gay predatory annexed with laws and appetites of its own?

Is all Government, in the eye of God, but a fence bound to protect the garden of our culture? Or is it itself a predatory ally to the goats? What are the real functions of a fence and the lines of *dharma* in which its foundations should be laid and the fence itself reared to protect best the garden trees, with *dhriti* and *niyama*,

with vigilance, care, courage and self-denying discipline?

In what state is our ancient culture-garden just now after the hurricane storm and tempest of British Raj, uprooting many of our ancient trees in the garden? Did British Raj totally change the character of the fence and the garden and plant even on the fence only commercial trees like the tamarind and the *casurina* mill-dewing the fruit and flower trees in our garden?

But British Raj is over, thanks to the thunder-clap of the gods! Congress Raj has come in with a blare of trumpets on a fancied victory, without the discipline, strength and purity which a real victory in freedom-fight gives. What is our Congress Raj doing with the freedom-gift that the gods gave us in a mood of infinite mercy? Have they done anything to discover truly our real plan of life and to plant afresh in the garden the same trees that the hurricane had uprooted? In the joy of freedom are we really discovering India or only U. S. A. and U. K.? Are we rearing afresh our garden and our fence in the right lines laid down by our *dharma* or are we simply buying the seeds and nuts and plants advertised for sale by U. K. and U. S. A. for commercial joy and war-profits?

Do our leaders in power, present day rishis, Khaddar-clad and khaddar-capped but wedded to aeroplanes and motorcars, and the joy of headlines in flimsy newsprint from New York to New Delhi, realise the basic

virtues and values of our culture?

Feed not the senses with carnal pleasures but feed the inner man with tranquility, peace and *ananda* through selfless work not based on roaring salaries. Don't multiply our wants and pleasures but select, control and discipline all activity and self-expression in such a way as to make it a *yoga-sadhana* for self-realisation. This is the snow-fed perennial stream that waters and fertilises truly and well both plant and animal life in this world, especially the chaotic and *kama* ridden, exploiting and predatory human life! When will we listen again to this wise and rhythmic voice of God? Let the river seek the sea like the Kaveri, and not be content with a stagnant swamp in a lazy mood! This is the noblest urge in creation!

Sitting at the feet of His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal of Kanyakot Peetam, Sri Chandrasekharendra Saraswathi, under the bright and gleaming shade of an *aswadha* tree which has, like a *yogi*, the repose of tranquility amidst the flutter of its own numerous restless leaves, in the mellowed evening twilight on the banks of the Kaveri, gazing at the eddy-eyed, rolling river with gold-dust in its gleaming waters, these random thoughts in a reverie mood flood me. I hope to continue these random thoughts whenever the reverie mood comes again, putting more questions and answering some of them now and then.

BALANCE SHEET OF CONGRESS RULE

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

WHILE it is very doubtful if elections would come off in 1951, the country is becoming election-conscious. The Congress in spite of its outstanding position as a political party is not too happy about facing the elections. It is worried over the rivalries and disaffections in the party as well as the discontent amongst people with its Governments. The Congress is aiming at achieving better unity and discipline in the party, and its Governments are trying to retrieve their prestige by a fresh burst of speeches, statements and ordinances to meet the evils of

black market, hoarding and corruption.

In the recent election of the Congress President, more attention was paid to the strength and capacity of the contending candidates from an organisational point of view than from an ideological point of view. It is going to be the primary concern of the new President to close up the ranks of the Congress into a well-knit homogeneous body, and may be, the irreconcilables will be thrown out. Discontent and disaffection in the Congress may partly be due to disappointed personal ambitions of indi-

viduals for power. But it cannot be denied that a good many ardent Congressmen wedded to Congress ideals and principles are painfully disappointed with the shameful sacrifice of these ideals and principles in practical governance by the Congress ministries.

During the past three years the Congress ministries have failed to give any relief to the common man. Every day we hear of controls, laws, ordinances and other measures being taken to root out the black market, prevent hoarding, and check profiteering and punish corruption. We also hear of endless programmes to increase production, ensure equitable distribution and to improve the economy of the people. Plenty of new departments are being created to ensure efficient implementation of these programmes. But still, people do not get enough food to eat, enough cloth to clothe themselves in, and much less the means to get even the little that is available. It is a tragic irony that every measure our Governments take to improve the lot of the common man goes to worsen his lot and improve the lot of the rich and the influential. So long as permits are the stock in trade of the politicians, controls can never achieve their object. So long as programmes are conceived and implemented to serve the interests of party propaganda and give employment to and enrich the party adherents, they will not be of any benefit to the people. So long as sincere officials are thwarted in the discharge of their duty if the offending party happens to be the brother of a minister, nephew of an M. L. A., friend of an important party head or an influential capitalist contributing heavily to the party funds, the black market cannot be checked, hoarding cannot be prevented and the administration is bound to become inefficient and corrupt. The defect does not lie with the Government measures and programmes but with the Congress politicians both within and without the Governments who are reaping a harvest of gold by contravening the laws and rules and by influencing and interfering with the officials in the performance of their duty, by virtue of their positions of power and influence in the party. It is a shame that the Congress Ministries are being discredited by their own politicians and

the Congress is either helpless in the matter or feels too confident in the security it is enjoying for want of an effective opposition outside it. If party discipline were to mean anything every member of the party should feel the responsibility of achieving the objectives their Governments are striving for. A body of profiteers, opportunists and intriguers, however well disciplined and united it might be, can never gain the confidence and allegiance of the people. In his drive for integrating the party the Congress President cannot afford to overlook this aspect of it, if the Congress is to retain its reputation of being the premier organisation of the people for the people.

With their experience of the Congress in power, people are losing their faith in idealogies, slogans and promises. They mean nothing to them without decent conditions of life, prosperity and security. They are looking for a Government by men who mean and can fulfil their promises.

Of the innumerable parties outside the Congress, each is so jealous of its own ideology and leadership, that there is no likelihood of their coming together to form a single strong All India party. Unfortunately our politics are dominated more by partisanship than by rationalism. In the pursuit of party interests little heed is paid to public morals, individuals' merit or character and ethical values of life. With the background of our slavery for over two centuries, our long struggle for freedom and the confusion that came in the wake of independence, adventurous and opportunist elements are having a free field for the time being. Public opinion will ultimately assert itself in favour of character and integrity. It is an inescapable fact that a people get the Government they deserve. Our Union President reminded us of this, most opportunely the other day. If our independence were to survive the strains and stresses of the unsettled conditions prevailing in the world today and if we are to advance as a strong and progressive nation, it would be only by the character and integrity we can develop as a nation. It should be the endeavour of every patriotic citizen to work up public opinion in this direction before the next elections.

A. R. WALLACE—CO-DISCOVERER OF "DARWINISM"

By R. L. N. SASTRI

THE idea of the origin of species as a result of natural selection with a struggle for existence and the ultimate survival of the fittest, though it has met with considerable opposition when first it was propounded, has been almost universally acclaimed as one of the greatest triumphs of scientific thought of all times. Its influence on the progress of contemporary thought has been enormous and varied and has extended to almost every branch of knowledge. The celebrated British naturalist Charles Darwin is solely credited as responsible for originating the idea which has come to be known after him as Darwinism. However, when we peep into the history of its development, one thing stands out conspicuous by its usual omission and it is the name of the man who discovered independently of Darwin, exactly the same idea and at the same time as Darwin. He is the great scientist and philosopher, Alfred Russel Wallace, also an Englishman, some of whose views are sometimes credited to be more satisfactory than Darwin's and whose "insight into matters" Darwin himself acknowledged as "much clearer and deeper" than his own. And the story of this man has a wider interest for us because he is something more than a mere co-discoverer of Darwinism.

Born (1823) in a lower middle class family of 9 children and educated at a grammar school in the early days, Wallace had none of the benefits of higher education, having had to leave school at the age of 14. He then worked for sometime as surveyor along with one of his brothers. It was during this period that he began to make his first acquaintance with science and also made some observations on flowers and insects. Later he joined the Collegiate School at Leicester as drawing master and here had the opportunity of reading the works of Malthus on population which were to have great influence on his later theories. After two years he

left this place and joined his brother. Both of them subsequently started business as architects and builders. Now his interest in nature study began to grow by leaps and bounds until finally he decided to visit the tropics in order to extend the range of his observations and collections.

At last in 1848, accompanied by a friend, he sailed for South America where he spent four and half years studying the flora and fauna and the primitive people of the Amazon and Rio Negro. In this part of the world, nature appeared specially bountiful to a naturalist like Wallace, for he was afforded opportunities of studying at first hand the peculiar adaptations of plants and animals to their surroundings. Here he made a large number of collections of plants and animals many of which are, unfortunately, said to have been lost on his way back. About 8 years from 1854 he spent in the Malay Archipelago where also he studied the flora and fauna.

It was during his stay here that he summed up his conclusions embodying the theory of natural selection as survival of the fittest. One of the most striking coincidences occurred when he communicated his results to Charles Darwin who was himself at the same time preparing his *Origin of Species* as a result of his work. The most remarkable thing, however, is what followed from this coincidence. Darwin was embarrassed and overwhelmed by his own feelings which were, to say the least, the most laudable for their sincerity and truthfulness. Soon he sent the article of Wallace to the great geologist Sir Charles Lyell who was already well-informed about the ideas of Darwin, saying "I would far rather burn my whole book than that Wallace or any other man should think that I have behaved in a paltry spirit." The magnanimity shown by the great scientist in these words stands out as exemplary for all times. Later, however, both the paper of Wallace and extracts from Darwin's book were together read before the Linnean

Society in 1858. The relationship that existed between the two in subsequent years was of the most cordial nature and their mutual admiration and love grew with the advance of time. Their letters to each other are often quoted as illustrations of true scientific spirit. Each was anxious not to take the entire credit for himself and Darwin once wrote to Wallace, "You ought not to speak of the theory as mine; it is as much yours as mine."

Although Darwin and Wallace were in agreement with regard to the main principles of natural selection, there were several points in which they differed. The most important difference is with regard to the evolution of the human mind which Darwin believed, obeyed natural selection like any other organic structure. On the other hand, Wallace was of the opinion that natural selection was not adequate to account for its evolution and thought that some spiritual forces were at work. While Darwin had great faith in Lamarck's ideas on the inheritance of acquired characters, Wallace was greatly influenced by the later theories of Wiesmann who denied such a possibility.

The literary contributions of Wallace were as outstanding as his scientific theories. They include "The Geographical Distribution of Animals," "Tropical Nature," "Australia," "Island Life," "The Malay Archipelago," "My Life," etc. He lived at a momentous period in the history of science and had the unique opportunity during the ninety years of his life, of seeing the progress of science from the humblest beginnings. What wonderful ideas and reflections might have emerged from a mature and thinking mind like his are contained in his two famous books "The Wonderful Century" and "Man's Place in

the Universe." They were followed by his last and perhaps his greatest scientific work, "The World of Life" which "moved the whole thinking world." His change from a purely materialistic outlook to a spiritualistic bent of mind may be observed in this book. Here he points out the absolute necessity for an organising and directive Life-Principle and regards the development of man as the crowning product of the whole cosmic process of life-development. His spiritual ideas are revealed in his book "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism."

His genius was exhibited in many fields other than science as well. He was a confirmed Socialist and was President of the Society for Nationalisation of Land for nearly 30 years. He was always a champion of the cause of the toiling masses who were then suffering on account of the system of private ownership of land. His political writings include such monumental works as "Land Nationalisation—Its Necessity and Its Aims" and "The Revolt of Democracy."

Russel Wallace was thus not merely a weaver of scientific theories but a versatile thinker who evolved a philosophy of life of his own. His last book "Social Environment and Moral Progress" contains his views on the state of society and his proposed agencies for the amelioration of human suffering. He says "Woman's position in the not distant future will be far higher and more important.... Organised government must as its prime duty organise the labour of the whole community for the equal good of all." He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and a recipient of the Order of Merit. And although he died in 1913, he lives in the memory of thousands of thinking people as the **GRAND OLD MAN OF BRITISH SCIENCE.**

Because he believes that blindness need not bar anyone from such technical fields as radio and electronics, an American engineer is helping the blind to gain knowledge in these fields. He is Robert W. Gunderson, who bases his belief on his own experience. He has been blind since birth. Besides a regular job as a radio engineer, he teaches evening courses in the construction and operation of radio equipment at the New York Institute for the Blind.

HAVE WE REACHED A NEW LOW IN DIPLOMACY?

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

LAKE SUCCESS: There's a brand-new international language that reached a crescendo last month at Lake Success. It's Gutterdegook, and it's one reason why those sessions of the UN Security Council turned out to be such failures of cross-recrimination.

Those who expected a return to the norm in diplomatic intercourse on the expiration of the Soviet delegate's term as Council President must by now be thoroughly aware that Gutterdegook is no longer a symptom of weakness but the order of the day in international relations. The "dirty dialogues" continue in the Assembly where they started last year with the Russian satellite chorus aiming their abuse at Uncle Sam, John Bull and Tito:.... "wild fascists.... traitors.... deserters.... imperialists.... murderous gangsters...."

Gutterdegook clouds basic issues, provides propaganda and sometimes becomes downright abusive. It's reached such universal usage in international circles that you might call it the new language of diplomacy—or perhaps the language of the new diplomacy.

For sheer acrimony in top-level diplomacy, consider some of the remarks made by Russia's Yakov A. Malik who referred to statements of his colleagues as "hostile slanders," "dirty innuendoes" and "pharisaical, false statements." Other Gutterdegooks from the Soviet mouthpiece included "American gauleiters," "Marshallized flunkies," and charges that the U. S. fleet was engaged in "acts of piracy."

Such language for a diplomat! No wonder the press gallery dubbed Comrade Malik "The Vulgar Bootman." They also said he did it all "with Malik aforethought."

But the man who established himself as the master exponent of this lingo was Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky when he denounced Secretary of State Dean Acheson: "This declaration of Acheson is to such a degree monstrous and awkward

that we doubted its genuineness.... Verification proved that Mr. Acheson actually made this lying and crudely slanderous declaration.... it is not difficult to see that there is not one word of truth in it."

Vishinsky plainly called Acheson a liar—and in the worst possible diplomatic tradition. In fact, in no tradition at all.

According to the chief of protocol in the State Department, "a prime purpose of protocol is to create an atmosphere of friendliness in which the business of diplomacy may be transacted." But the use of Gutterdegook, it is obvious, is meant to create and sustain an atmosphere of unfriendliness.

An eminent political psychologist thinks that the corrosive language of Communists is intended to eat away the foundations of Western civilization, "to confuse and corrupt the ignorant masses on which Russia relies for her work of demolition." In this view, Gutterdegook is a calculated policy of hate.

Last month, Britain's Council delegate Sir Gladwyn Jebb, referring to a typical Malik speech, called it an example "of the queer upside-down language which always seems to be employed by USSR propaganda."

But no matter what language it comes out in, or whether the words are in the "simultaneous" or "consecutive" translations, it's all Gutterdegook. Now Americans have not only learned to take it but can dish it out when necessary.

U. S. delegate Warren Austin, denouncing "a new slander" from the Soviet representative, explained: Perhaps I might have accepted the statement as merely evidence of a type of peculiar character."

It remains to be seen whether Gutterdegook makes for the more desirable atmosphere of negotiations and can accomplish more in international affairs. If so, Governments may have to begin recruiting their diplomatic talent in the poolrooms, bistros and on the waterfront.



By V. P. SATHE

THE star-system is 'killing' both the stars and the producers. It is killing stars by compelling them to over-work eighteen hours a day for all the seven days of the week—even the manual labourer is 'called' upon to work eight hours a day with one day holiday in a week. Naturally, the stars, especially female stars who are frail and fragile, cannot stand this strain and they have a break-down sooner or later.

Eight months ago Suraiya had such a break-down with the result that the shooting of about a half-a-dozen pictures in which she was appearing at that moment had to be suspended for some months involving an additional expense of several lakhs of rupees. When Nigar was forced to give up work because of pregnancy the producers suffered the same fate.

And now, due to the illness of Nargis, the producers find themselves in the same quandary. Nargis is reputed to be the most co-operative and punctual of all stars. She has been very liberal in allocation of days. Though she looked cheerful and healthy, she has really not been keeping good health. Her friends have been advising her rest; but she always tried to postpone the issue hoping that one day she will finish all pictures and have a real holiday. But that was just wishful thinking. Anyway, last week she was exhausted while working on the sets of *Hulchul* and when she returned home she collapsed. Now she has been ordered complete rest by the doctors.

As a result the shooting schedule of many picture will be upset. The completion of *Pyar* and *Deedar* may be delayed; the shooting of *Aawara* will be prolonged; and the new pictures

for which she has been signed may not be started. Of course, no one can blame Nargis; the producers are to be blamed for depending solely on one star.

Similarly the news that Madhubala is leaving for England with Kamal Amrohi has come as a shock to other producers who have signed her as her absence will completely upset their production schedule.

So, today, our industry is at the mercy of a handful of stars; its entire schedule depends upon the availability or non-availability of stars. And if the standard of production is going down, it is because the shooting is planned not according to the requirements of the screenplay but according to the availability of stars. If Nargis or Suraiya gives three days the producer's only anxiety is to finish as much work of the stars as possible irrespective of the quality of the picture itself.

The moral of all this is that the producers must break the star system and stars like Nargis should not sign more than two contracts at a time. Otherwise the present star system will bring ruin to both the stars and the producers.

Incidentally, the latest report about the health of Nargis is that she is much improved. Her elder brother Akhtar Hussain told me that she is quite fit but he would not ask her to work until she has had full rest.

Star Of The Week!

Talking of stars it is with deep regret that I received the news of the death of Mazhar Khan, the renowned character actor. He was just forty-seven at the time of his death; and just when he was trying hard to stage

a come back—both as an artiste and director the cruel hand of death snatched him away.

Mazhar Khan joined films not just out of love for money but love for acting. He joined the film industry twenty-five years ago and the first picture that I saw of him was East India Film Co.'s *King for a day* in which Mazhar Khan played the lead opposite Sabita Devi. Since then I have seen him in many pictures playing different types of roles putting on different types of make-up.

While most of the highly paid stars object even to putting on a mustache Mazhar Khan loved to try different kinds of make-up. In one picture he appeared as a hunch-back; he didn't mind looking deformed and ugly for the sake of art.

Though he first made himself famous for serious and villainish roles, he was good at comedy. Who will ever forget his delineation of the whimsical Knight Sir Shankernath in Debaki Bose's *Sunhera Sansar* or a rich father in *Nai Duniya*. Later he migrated to Bombay and acted in pictures like *Prof. Waman M. Sc.*, *Meri Ankhen*, *Rikshawala*.

In 1939, when he saw Shantaram's *Admi* he was so impressed by the picture that he wrote a letter to Shantaram offering his services on any terms for any picture that Shantaram would direct. As a result he played the Hindu neighbour in *Padosi* and scored his greatest acting triumph.

Since then when he became a producer, he made it a ritual to show Shantaram his picture first and get his approval. As a producer and director he did not achieve much success; in fact, he had to liquidate his concern. His most notable contribution as a producer was his discovery of three stars—Veena, Munawar Sultana and Geeta Bali.

After becoming insolvent, he was crestfallen. But since last year he was trying to stage a come-back. He made *Dil Ki Duniya* for Noble Art Productions and was now busy making *Numaish* for M. & T. He had an excellent role in Filmiland's *Usha Kiran*. Alas, the great character actor died before playing his greatest role.

Picture Of The Week!

Kidar Sharma is a man of imagination and intellect but since he came

to Bombay he has been making pictures in a most erratic fashion. It was only in *Jogan* that the real genius of Kidar Sharma was manifested; its direction was remarkable for restraint, dignity and balance seldom seen in Kidar's other pictures.

But in his latest offering *Bawre Nain* he seems to have thrown all restraint to the winds and made a picture which is erratic in the extreme.

First of all, it is really difficult to understand why Kidar Sharma should have chosen such a stereotyped played-out story. The story which is as old as the hills, revolves round a young student stranded in the city who takes refuge in the house of a band conductor and shaken by the news of the disappearance of his father bids good bye to the city. On the way he falls ill and gets down with the band conductor's niece at her village and falls in love with her sister, Tara, who plies a tonga for a living.

Their idyllic romance punctuated with songs and some beautiful outdoor scenery is technically and pictorially the most pleasing part of the film. But the outdoor scenes have no dramatic significance; they are just added for the sake of pictorial beauty.

Then as is usual with most of our screen stories Chand, the hero, suddenly feels the urge of finding out the whereabouts of his father who by now has won back his estate and is installed with the family of a rich girl who has been the childhood mate of Chand. So Chand goes back to his father and does not return. Tara waits and waits for him; both her mother and sister die leaving her alone in the world. The only excuse for these deaths is that they give Tara an opportunity to go to the city.

In the city Tara meets Chand who brings her home. Even the father is agreeable but the scenarist wants to prolong the agony. And so we have the usual misunderstanding engineered by the rich girl's ugly and awful brother. The misunderstanding has its inevitable consequences. Poor Tara is driven out by her lover. She goes back to her uncle the bandmaster who has organised a women's band. This band is called upon to play at the wedding of Chand—an effective but rather forced situation.

After the wedding of Chand, Tara goes back to the village and frustrated she just counts her days. Meanwhile, Chand's wife and brother die again of small-pox after of course clearing the misunderstanding so that Chand can rush back to Tara for ever.

What is the point that Kidar Sharma wants to make out of this stale absurd and illogical story, it is difficult to understand. Indeed, to a mundane and materialistic critic like this scribe the whole picture appears pointless and a stigma on the good name of Kidar Sharma. In presentation too he has not succeeded in injecting any life or entertainment in the picture which for the most part is very dull and boring. From the point of view of the screenplay the direction is as sketchy and pointless as the story.

Of course, the picture has certain relieving features, viz., the performances by Geeta Bali who in spite of a little overacting entrances you with her lively and naive portrayal and Raj Kapoor whose restraint is really admirable, artistic compositions and outdoor scenes, and tuneful music. But all these features seem to have been wasted on a story which has neither any dramatic or psychological appeal.

Indian Distributor In Pakistan!

The visits of Pakistan film distributors to India, especially Bombay are a common feature for the last three years. But Lovji of Liberty Pictures is perhaps the one Indian distributor to visit Lahore for business.

Naturally, he was given a royal reception by the Pakistan film industry. But his main object was to see Fazli's *Dupatta* and after seeing it he has acquired the rights for Bombay, C. P., C. I. and Bengal. *Dupatta* will be the first picture from Pakistan starring Noor Jehan which will have a gala release in India.

News Of The Week

—Sajjan the star of Prithvi Thea-

tres who is now playing the lead in Bombay Talkies *Muqaddar* has been signed by M. & T. to play the lead in *Hamlog* directed by Zia Sarhadi.

—Maganbhai Desai, who is producing *Shree Ganesh Janma* is planning to make a social picture on his own. Ramanand Sagar is writing the screenplay. Pradip is writing the lyrics and Anant Thakur will be the director.

—The muhurat of G. P. productions' *Sazza* was performed on Monday 25th September. Based on a screenplay by Hasrat Lucknavi it is being directed by Fali Mistri and photographed by Jal Mistri. S. D. Burman is giving the music. Nimmi and Dev Anand are the stars.

—C. Ramachandra is giving music for V. Shantaram's next picture *Parchhain*.

—Nigar and Jeevan are added to the cast of *Shokhiya* produced and directed by Kidar Sharma. Suraiya and Prem Nath are already in the cast.

—Suraiya has been signed up by Kuldip Pictures to play the title role in their forthcoming costume picture *Alij Laila* directed by O. P. Dutta.

—The combination of Pradip and Naushad will be seen in action in two forthcoming pictures—Vijay Bhatt's *Baiju Banwara* and Filmkar's forthcoming picture to be directed by Ramesh Saigal.

—The Big Threes of Rattan again coming together in Sadiq Productions' *Saiyan* are Poet Madhok, Music Director Naushad and Director Sadiq.

—Anwar Husain, brother of Nargis has started an art centre and his first picture is *Bewafa* being directed by M. L. Anand. It stars Nargis and Raj Kapoor.

—Rajindra Sharma who directed *Lachi* and *Madari* two Punjabi Pictures has nearly completed a third Punjabi Film *Vesakhi* starring Pushppa Huns, Wasti, Manorama Majnu, Sunder and Pran."

American scientists are conducting archeological exploration at a village site in north-eastern Iraq, said by nuclear physicists to be the oldest known in the world. Researchers have estimated that the age of the Iraqi village of Jarmo is about 7,000 years. This was determined by delicate chemical analysis of the amount of radio-active Carbon 14 found in snail shells taken from the site.

SIDELIGHTS :

The common practice of cunning is the sign of a small genius. It almost always happens that those who use it to cover themselves in one place, lay themselves open in another.—ROCHE-FOUCAULD.

OUR Publicity Minister seems to labour under the idea that a sense of his veracity is to be impressed on newspapers with penal measures. Sometime back it was discovered at the Madras Secretariat that the clerks were not properly respectful to the higher-ups, especially the ministers. An order was issued calling upon the delinquents to behave, with stern hints of the disciplinary power that could be exercised if they failed to comply. In our school days teachers were mighty beings credited with knowledge, wisdom and power. The youngsters stood in awe of them and saluted them as they might a deity. Yet some of the teachers managed to break through the atmosphere of reverence that surrounded their kind, and stand out before the pupils as objects of derision and fun—character will tell. These never received the salutes, and were miserable in consequence. There was no end to the expedients to which they resorted to establish themselves in the esteem of the boys. But none of them worked. The more grim and desperate the attempt to rehabilitate debilitated dignity, the more hopelessly it sank to abysmal levels.

One thing not manufactured by resolve or power is the respect and good opinion of others. "Character," says a Western thinker, "is caught oftener than it is taught, and it is a good thing that this is the law of Influence, for otherwise moral beauty would be open only to the brainy." That our Publicity Minister is very brainy, none can doubt. He is so brainy that when leader after leader with whose support he rose to position is found sinking, he still can keep floating. The successful employment of cleverness in ways of advantage to oneself is not however the same thing as winning the trust of fellowmen, any more than correctness is integrity.

The too clever do not convince, they are only suspected. Our Congress Government would do well to transfer the Publicity portfolio to a less clever and more human minister. The present incumbent seems to think that the press can be managed as the party is managed. In party management the tactic of rewarding a supporter and burying an opponent might work, and show for the time being at any rate, impressive results. But a system of checks and balances cannot be applied to the press. The press is not the property of the Congress party and cannot be treated as such. Other points of view besides the Congress point of view have, within the law, the right to fullest ventilation in the press. It is an abuse of power for a minister to make use of public funds not belonging to the party to the detriment of Government's critics in the press. The Publicity Minister must be charged with having abused his power in this way in the matter of dispensing Government advertisements. It is much better that these advertisements are stopped altogether than that the funds allotted should be disposed of in an unprincipled manner by the minister to the disadvantage of papers not included in his list of favourites. Of course no journal worth the name depends on Government support for its existence, and the independent section of the press can certainly do without Government advertisements. But a minister capable of dealing with Government publicity not in a businesslike fashion but in the spirit of a political partisan intolerant of criticism, is not fit to be entrusted with the Publicity portfolio. Not much good can be expected in a public sense from such a minister, however dexterous he might fancy himself in covering up his defects and creating illusions of efficiency.

If democracy is not to be converted into a sham, ministers should be taught to discriminate between party and Government, between private property and public funds. They have no right to behave as if there were no difference between the two.

A party in power holds the State in trust for others also not belonging to the party, and ministers who act in violation of this principle are guilty of a fraud on democracy. No favour of any minister is involved when what are called "press privileges" are conferred on a newspaper. Any minister who speaks of withholding press privileges because an editor has not deemed it fit to find space for all the dull verbiage handed out as official press notes, is a danger to democracy and it would be unsafe for any Government with pretensions to democratic principles to allow him to hold office. Since newspapers take full responsibility under law for every line

they publish, it is absurd to penalise them for not publishing contradictions simply because they emanate from the office of the Publicity Minister. It is true that non-publication of official contradictions implies doubt of Government's veracity, but it is also true that the stock of Government as exemplars of the Gandhian injunction of truth is not very high nowadays. How can others be blamed when the Government lose credit for veracity? Or is it the contention of the Publicity Minister that Government veracity is established in full when newspapers impugning it are duly deprived of press privileges! —SAKA.

CHINA FOR CHINESE OR RUSSIA?

By WALTER BRIGGS

A year ago, a huge colour picture of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, resplendent in uniform and with moustache, graced the great arched Tien An Men—Sky Peace Gate—to Peking's famous old Forbidden City. Now two pictures have superseded Chiang's: Mao Tse-tung, the floppy-haired brains and boss of the Chinese Communists, is there—and General Chu Teh, the moon-faced Communist commander-in-chief.

Of Mao Tse-tung much is known in the West. Many times he has thundered his political opinions for the record.

Far less known is the Communist commander-in-chief. To begin with, Chu Teh—"red virtue," his name means—is a diffident man. And it has not been his place to enunciate policy. Finally, so much of his time has been spent at the little publicized soldiering of China's Communist army that there has been little opportunity for publicity.

Despite this, Chu Teh's name has become legendary in China. He has built up the Communist army from a few untrained men recruited in South China during the 1920's. With Mao, he led the Communists on the fabulous, 6,000-mile "long march" of the mid-30's—out of the south, through the west and into the north. Since World War II he has built the Communist army from a minority force,

compared with Chiang's Nationalist army, to a massive machine, second in size only to Russia's. This machine, rolling from the north, has relentlessly conquered practically all of China.

Often referred to as "the angry bear," Chu Teh has succeeded in outmanoeuvring all of Chiang's commanders since 1928. But the final struggle between them has yet to come, and it will be watched anxiously by both East and West.

If Chu Teh so decisively defeats the Nationalists that recovery is impossible, Russian pressure will be intensified in Southeast Asia. However, Moscow may encounter a dissident in Chu Teh, for while he is a member of the central executive committee of the Chinese Communist party, he is a staunch believer in China for the Chinese.

What else is known of this man?

One of the earliest—and still the best—accounts of Communist China is Edgar Snow's "Red Star Over China." Much of the little that is known about Chu originated from Snow's travel in the Communist area.

Stories have been issued by Stalinist international organs that Chu was born of a coolie family. On the contrary, the redoubtable Chu Teh was the scion of a wealthy Szechwanese landlord family. Like many of his class, he entered a military academy and became an officer. He distin-

guished himself in the revolution that, in 1912, ousted the corrupt old Manchu dynasty from power in China.

Thereafter, Chu Teh settled down, in a manner natural for men of his breed, to a life of dissipation. He built a palatial house in Kuming (which during World War II became the great Allied air base), took to opium and encumbered himself with numerous wives and concubines.

With plenty of leisure time, Chu Teh began to read. The books he delved into told him that the 1912 revolution had meant little to the welfare of the degraded Chinese peasantry. They opened his eyes to the illiteracy, malnutrition, squalor and cruelty which abounded around him.

In 1922, Chu, who is now about 63, threw off the old life. He painfully broke himself of opium addiction on a long Yangtze river voyage. Travelling to Shanghai, he fell into the company of the young Chinese revolutionaries who were beginning to grow active in that great metropolis. Then he went to Germany, where he was a founder of an expatriate Chinese Communist party. He studied radical texts in France and absorbed Marxism at Eastern Toilers University in Russia. Returning to Shanghai in 1925, he put himself under the direction of the Communist machine. Meanwhile, he joined the Kuomintang army, with which the Communists were then co-operating against recalcitrant warlords.

Chu Teh's great day of decision came on August 1, 1927. Then a general, he had been ordered to put down the August uprising at Nanchang, capital of Kiangsi. There the Communist troops unleashed their struggle against the Kuomintang that has steadily mounted until now—nearly 23 years later—total victory seems within grasp. Chu Teh himself joined the rebels with his troops and openly declared himself to be a Communist.

At that time, the Communists were heavily outnumbered by the Nationalists. Retreating, but fighting most of the way, Chu led his troops southward

into Fuken, then west to Kiangsi and Hunan.

In May 1928, came another decisive day in Chu's life. Mao Tse-tung had led a few ragged troops south into the Kiangsi-Hunan border region. Chu and his men joined forces with the Mao contingent—and thus began the famous combination.

Many times between then and the Japanese war the Communists gradually weaning peasants to their cause and growing in strength, withstood campaigns directed by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Meanwhile, in 1931, the First Soviet Congress unanimously elected Chu commander-in-chief.

During this period Chu Teh developed the hit-and-run guerrilla tactics for which the Communists have become famous. The testing that these tactics got against the Nationalists whetted them for battle against the Japanese. This mobile warfare was the measure of the success of the outnumbered Communists against Chiang's divisions.

Chu Teh is popular with his men. He exhibits a magnetism of leadership rarely found in professional soldiers. His ability to inspire troops has enabled them to squeeze out of tight corners many times.

Furthermore, Chu Teh lives with his men and shares their discomforts. Wearing no insignia and only the plain cotton-padded khaki uniform of his men, he eats the same food as they. If only one bowl of rice is available for a soldier, that is all Chu takes. He likes to wander from camp to camp talking directly with even the lowliest privates.

Despite his stature among the Communists Chu Teh is not, in one sense, the No. 2 man of the Communist hierarchy. If Mao Tse-tung should die, Chu Teh would not succeed him as Communist chieftain, in the opinion of many students of China. The role would go to such a man as Chou En-lai, the suave western-educated diplomat, or one or another of the theoreticians now labouring in Mao's shadow. Chu Teh, it is widely believed, would stick to his guns and soldiers.—Copyright. NNF.

There is a good case for leaving the Sunday field clear to a separate distinctive section of the Press which will develop along the lines familiar to readers of the Sunday press in the West.—The South Indian Journalist.



BOOKS & AUTHORS

THE APPEAL IN INDIAN MUSIC. By (Mrs.) Mani Sahukar. Published by Thacker & Co., Ltd., Bombay. Pp. 68. Rs. 1-8-0.

Not many words are necessary in justification of the publication of this book. Indian classical music is the brightest gem among the country's numerous fine arts. Its raga system is perhaps the highest peak to which a melodic system of music could reach and, as one writer puts it "reveals the genius of a meditative race which found in it a method for self expression." But classical music has always had its appeal only with the discerning few but even this number has of late started dwindling to an alarming extent. Recent trends in Indian music show a disinclination on the part of both musicians and audiences towards the heavy type of classical music and a perceptible swing to light music. Various influences like the gradual disappearance of the traditional method of teaching and the advent of films and the radio have played their part in this gradual deterioration in standards of music.

The book under review is a fervent plea from Mrs. Sahukar, a keen and passionate student of Indian classical music, urging the intelligentsia of the country to take an active interest in our magnificent system of art music. And with a view to impress upon the apathetic that they will find undreamt of delicacies in it, she has been at considerable pains to explain, in a lucid and forceful style, the various factors that contribute to the elusive charm of the classical mode of singing.

The book is not intended to be a treatise on music. After an introduction in which she ably vindicates the artistic superiority of classical music over the lighter variety, she discusses the merits of the classical style in four chapters "The Indian Musical Scale," "Raga as the basis of melody," "Tala—or the Indian time measure" and "The Indian Musical Instruments." Very useful information about the characteristics of various ragas (of Hindustani music) is furnished in these pages. The fact that "rasavadana" or the enjoyment of "rasa" is the vital thing in the singing of ragas, is well stressed in the chapter on ragas. The tala system of Indian music is lucidly explained for the layman in the fourth chapter. It is interesting to note from the chapter on musical instruments that the author does not share the views of those who condemn the harmonium outright and has rightly pointed out that "the very fact

that musicians like Abdul Karim and Fyaz Khan use the harmonium for their concerts shows that it must be lending itself well indeed to the needs of good Indian music." She has however taken care to mention that the instrument must be properly reconstructed to include all the sutris of our scale.

The book carries a foreword by Professor B. R. Deodhar and an appreciation by Professor D. G. Vyas and colour plates of Ragas Hindol, Vasant, and Kedara and Ragini Todi from the Purshottam Vishram Mavjee Art collection. The illustrations of eight musical instruments have also been included.

Sanskrit words like rasa, nada, swara, etc., sound better if spelt in the Sanskrit way instead of in the Hindi way like ras, nad and svar. A number of Sanskrit words have been wrongly spelt, e.g., Ghandhara for Gandhara, Madhia for Madhya, Sudha for Suddha and Mridhang for Mridang. Much emphasis should not be laid on the time at which ragas are to be sung or the emotion they depict as there can be no hard and fast rule in this respect.

The book is a useful and welcome addition to musical literature in India.

KRISHNA SANGEETA. By (Mrs.) Mani Sahukar. A Rampart Special. Published by Thacker & Co., Ltd., Bombay, Pp. 75 Rs. 3.

Although there is only one chapter in this book dealing with music, the author says that she is enamoured of the title "Krishna Sangeeta" she herself chose for the work for its musical sound. Few will grudge her the selection as Krishna and Music are inseparable and the eternal call of his magic flute will continue to ring in Hindu ears as long as their superb mythology exists.

Krishna, the divine boy, the mystic cowherd, enchanter of the Gopis, warrior, politician and strategist and finally the Gitacharya, has been, from time immemorial, firing the imagination of saints, philosophers, devotees, musicians, sculptors and artists of this land. Poets from Sri Suka of old to a Lila Suka or a Kula-sekhara of medieval times and a Bharati of the twentieth century have been inspired by this versatile personality to sing His praise in verse. Musical composers from Jayadeva down to Tirthanarayana and Tyagaraja were moved by the beauties of the Bhagavata Purana to immortalize in song the divine love story of this wonder-child. Sculpture, painting, dance, drama

and legend were all profoundly influenced by the 'Krishna Ideal' which is essentially one of Truth and Beauty. In short, there is no branch of Hindu activity or culture which has not received the impress of what might be termed as the "Krishna Cult."

"Krishna Sangeeta" is the felicitous expression of the subjective impressions of the author who is an ardent devotee of Krishna and the Bhagavata Purana. She admires the Gita but what thrills her and captivates her imagination is the personality of its author as depicted in Srīmad Bhagavata. And this little book under review, in which she invites her readers to share the many vintages found in the Purana, is her grateful offering to the memory of the Lord of the Gopis.

The book is divided into six chapters, commencing with a description of Hindu mythology and closing with an explanation of the secret behind the aesthetic appeal of the Krishna ideal. The author's treatment of the Krishna symbology is illuminating. Hindu symbology is not the outcome of idle imagination but is a natural philosophy and it is a privilege to enter into the spirit behind many of our religious symbols. The author rightly condemns the tendency of the so-called modernists who scoff at these symbols without having anything to suggest in their place either equalling or surpassing them in the beauty of the conception. The chapter entitled 'Faith and Bhakti'

contains a number of interesting anecdotes from the Mahabharata and Puranas on transcendental love. In this chapter, the author raises a doubt regarding the relationship of Radha with Krishna. It may interest her to know that the general belief is that Radha was a married woman and much older than the boy Krishna. One commentary on the Gita Govinda gives this interpretation to the phrase "Samsara vasana baddha srunkhalam Radham" occurring in the sloka 'Kamsarapi' quoted by the author at page 55 in a different connection.

The chapters "Krishna and Art" and "Krishna Songs and Dances" are well-written. Among musical composers who have composed on Krishna themes, the author has mentioned Jayadeva, Tirthanarayana and Kshetrajna but has omitted Tyagaraja and his famous opera 'Nowka Charitra.' The statement that "Indian Music is composed of about 800 ragas" is open to question. The quotation at page 63 from the Bhagavata is thrilling but has not the Lord Himself said "mad bhaktah yatra gayante, tatra tishthami, Narada!"

The book contains five art plates in colour from the Purshottam Vishram Mavjee Art collection. The printing and get up are excellent. Spelling mistakes like Kansa, Rukhmini, and Mridhang may be corrected in the next edition. They should read as Kamsa, Rukmini and Mridanga.

T. S. P.

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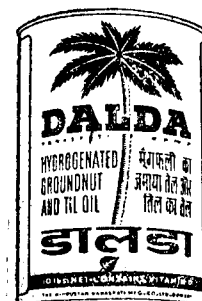
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SWATANTRA

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

A LEAD AND A CHALLENGE

PANDIT NEHRU'S exposition of India's foreign policy establishes him as the one statesman in the world capable of appealing to the conscience of the nations for the promotion of peace and settlement of international disputes. In the present atmosphere of power politics surrounding the working of the United Nations Organisation, Pandit Nehru's lead represents a lone voice pleading for sanity and wisdom in order that the intentions of its original founders may not be defeated by wrong moves. The United Nations was planned to serve as an all-world organisation of all nations to hold in check outbursts of aggression in any part of the globe. The League of Nations dwindled into an anaemic, ineffective body, and the doom of the League entered into the calculations of the founders of the UNO cautioning them against the disastrous results of group formations of nations. But just what was dreaded has fructified, to imperil the usefulness of the U.N.O. Formerly, the U.S.A. stood out of the League. But now the U.S.A. is unable to stand the companionship of some of the countries within the body politic of the U.N.O. It does not want Russia in the Security Council. It is averse to admitting New China to membership of the U.N.O. The net result of the American attitude has been to divide the world into two blocs, making an end of the U.N.O.'s original objective of one international organisation to unify all the countries on common ideas of peace and progress.

The U.S.A. is very powerful. American wealth has been pouring into

other continents to rehabilitate war-stricken humanity. The lure of American help has spread over all countries in trouble, constituting as they do at present, the major part of the world. In hopeful longing for American favour, the major part of the world has got tied to American wishes, with little inclination to independent judgment on issues that might rub American susceptibilities the wrong way. In India, too, there have not been wanting counsellors powerfully attracted to the economic advantages of wooing and placating America. There is a school of thought in the country which visualises danger in the future not from America but from Russia. It regards it as folly to waste the immense opportunities of American goodwill by a too squeamish regard for the niceties of diplomatic neutrality. The worldly-wise among Indian politicians urge the need for a definite choice of friend and foe between the two power-blocs at strife, so that with the exploited assistance of the friend, the dangers apprehended from the foe may in time be guarded against.

Pandit Nehru has sternly set his face against these counsels. He has re-asserted the doctrine of neutrality with vigour and passion. Whether, in the event of a third world war, non-involvement in it is possible, or will at all be permitted, is doubtful, in view of the infectiousness of war, once it starts. But for the time being, India's Prime Minister holds the field as a prince of peace-makers, by reinforcing the diminishing pacific impulses of the U.N.O. Without laps-

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ing into the purism of non-violence he has drawn a distinction between resisting aggression and playing the part of the world's policeman. This latter function, for long exercised by Britain, has now been assumed by U.S.A., with this difference, that in the days of British imperial ascendancy, the nightmare of Communism had not developed into its present proportions. America sees Red everywhere. Pandit Nehru is not less concerned for freedom and democracy, but he is able to disentangle what is due to Russia as an independent nation from what is oppressive, and countenance the one while resisting the other. His hatred of Communist totalitarianism is not less intense than that of President Truman, but it is not mixed with the authoritarianism that plays so large a part in American humanitarianism. While he has endorsed U. N. action dealing with North Korea as an aggressor, he is opposed to the adventure of crossing the 38th parallel, and regards it as an opportunity missed for using military victory as a means to the restoration of peace. He is balanced enough to trace most of the present international troubles to the exclusion of New China from the U. N. O. Modern traditions in international politics have cut across right and wrong as a result of America and Russia seeking to reduce the rest of the world to satellite status. Pandit Nehru has rendered a service to peace by rising superior to such traditions. A statesman of international standing, with judgment and conscience not mortgaged in advance to either the American or the Russian way, is in one respect a phenomenon nowadays, but he holds promise of great things to come for bridging the chasm of hostility dividing humanity into its power bloc mentality. Apart from all the organisational arrangements of the U.N.O., if its central aim of world peace is to advance, it is quite clear that a sane leadership should emerge

capable of sympathising with humanity as such, into whatever camp fate and history might have thrown sections of it. Governments must be discriminated from peoples, problems from labels, and 'isms' from the human factor. Because of Pandit Nehru's grasp of this secret of striving for peace, his efforts have evoked responsive support in both American and Russian quarters, a distinction that has fallen to none among the present set of top-ranking statesmen holding the position of world figures in international politics. Churchill and Truman have failed as apostles of peace because they could not conquer fear. Pandit Nehru has done it. It is the way of the Indian saints to face the wild beasts of the jungle, unarmed, without fear. In the jungle of wild beasts that constitutes the world, Pandit Nehru has introduced the Indian way of facing dangers without armaments. It is both a lead and a challenge.

Statues

STATUES have enjoyed a long history as a means of commemorating the honoured dead. But the institution has sunk into disrepute what with the indiscriminate manner in which the honour has been bestowed. On the streets of many a city the grocer grown insufferably rich jostles the great poet or conqueror. The temptation to pull down enthroned vulgarity is strong in many civic-minded citizens. But the melancholy fate of a martyr bids them beware how they proceed.

It would appear that a young Englishman, employed as a teacher in Buenos Aires, was recently found to have smashed a plaster bust of San Martin, the national hero of Argentina. This was, to say the least, injudicious; but, he had the perspicacity to realise that to incur the wrath

of Latin Americans, who transact politics with bomb and pistol, in such an intensely political matter as this was fraught with more danger than to enter a lion's den. Therefore, he fled the country with remarkable despatch. He left behind him a nation writhing with rage and convulsed with hatred. It peremptorily rejected his explanation which, to say the truth, was more than a little naive. The Briton declared that one rainy night, after he had consumed several drinks, he decided that it would be derogatory for the statue of the hero to get wet. Therefore, he removed it to his room with the explicit intention of restoring it when the elements could no more insult it. Unfortunately, or rather, inevitably considering his condition, the precious relic became broken.

The Government of the Argentine may well have taken the issue to the United Nations. But, with unexampled restraint, they have contented them-

selves with rededicating another bust with drums beating, banners flying, and politicians orating. Nothing more powerfully illustrates the obloquy to which well-intentioned people subject themselves when they set out to purify a city's streets than the fulmination of the Minister who, with his eyes blazing, his nostrils distended, and his arms sweeping the heavens, breathed vengeance against "the gratuitous and sordid insult by an ingrate who thought only of fleeing as cowards flee after their crime."

The lesson of this lamentable episode is that, while the feeling against most statues which disfigure all cities in the world is genuine and is to be honoured, care should be taken in the selection of objects to be disfigured. It is most obvious that national heroes should not at all be selected. This may be regrettable, but it is an imperfect world.

Sotto Voce

THE RULES OF THE GAME



STUDENTS of the Udupi Sanskrit College have struck work protesting against the ban on shirts in class. We are all born in our shirts these days—without which we should feel far more defenceless than Karna without his armour. A young engineer of my acquaintance refused to expose his torso to the vulgar gaze even in the solemn act of leading his bride round the sacred fire. The Sanskritists of Udupi perhaps felt piqued by an order which seemed to deliver them "naked to mine enemy." Elia's Blue Coat boys were not exactly proud of their "wat'-ohet weeds;" but you will remember

how they were appalled to find the runaway solemnly divested of the hated uniform before being scourged and expelled.

The 'boy' whose upanayanam is performed at the age of twenty-one naturally snorts at the idea of Palasandana and Koupina. The vaidiks don't mind, being more concerned to pocket the dakshina of a couple of rupees. And the master of the house himself is too busy paying court to the current "star," without whose liquid melody the initiation into the Gayatri does not seem complete.

The modern purohit, being a diplomat, has evolved a shorthand ritual. How then can college alumni, even if they devote themselves to a depressed language, be expected to acquiesce in archaic ways of dressing and living?

I don't know how it is in Udipi; but nearer home I have seen students of Sanskrit institutions spending as much on cosmetics and cigarettes as those given to the study of the *mlechcha bhasha*. Gone are the days when *matadhipathis* used to frown on cropped heads. And vaidiks' sons seem to feel that their abjuring of the ancestral profession is not complete without the solemn sacrifice of the tuft. Students in Sanskrit colleges, being human, follow the fashion. Pomade and face cream naturally go with a modern *coiffure* even if they ill assort with Brahmanvidya.

The practice of *Bhiksha* had fallen into desuetude even when we were at school. But poor boys, whether they applied themselves to Vedadhyayana or to secular learning, were gladly fed in rotation by the householders in the neighbourhood. Far from feeling the slightest humiliation, the guests looked upon themselves as adopted members of the family. On the other hand people were averse to accepting institutional charity, from the suspicion that the foundation might have been erected on ill-gotten wealth. Our advance from those primitive notions may be judged from the perfect equanimity with which State pathshalas are now allowed to enforce a common mess. No wonder that shirts and cigarettes should commend themselves to students of Scripture as signs of genteel living.

But, have the teachers no rights? May they not feel affronted by the fashionably tailored fine linen which their pupils flaunt against their own semi-nakedness? If they in their time had submitted to the slavery of the turban and the long coat they

might have ensconced themselves long since in the upper tiers of the Indian Educational Service. And they would not have had to put up with the casual impertinence of the ignorant puppy who has come back from Balliol with a pronounced taste for alcohol and for nothing else and is consequently deemed fit to sit in judgment on their work. They may well be excused for believing that when Sanskrit and Civilisation meet Sanskrit has the worst of the encounter.

When Mr. Tandon revealed at Nasik that he had not trod on neat's leather for forty years there was many a loud titter heard. His solitary defender in print was a Bengali lady who robustly maintained in a Calcutta paper that the Congress President's protest against certain current fashions as alien to Indian culture was sound. She too felt that such things as cigarettes and cosmetics were un-Indian and should be abjured in the interests of national self-respect. I myself have often been puzzled by a paradox. Young men who, even when they perform their parent's shraddha, can't be bothered to wear the rarely used dhoti in *panchakachcham* style, religiously don the black bow-tie before they show themselves in public.

Education is something more than book-learning. It is an initiation, as every culture, ancient and modern, testifies. The German student drinking his beer and singing his songs in Thuringia, the British collegian eating his dinners in hall, Eton's playing fields and the 'havans' and hymn-chanting of the Gurukul at Kangri—these are the several tribal ways by which the young of the species are inducted into the mysteries of the tribe. The rules are themselves part of the fascination of the game. Sanskrit culture, however, does not believe in impedimenta. Its neophyte, like the burgeoning *aswattha*, should glow with an inward grace which owes nothing to upholstery.

VIGNESWARA.

G. D. NAIDU—ARCHITECT OF INDUSTRY IN SOUTH INDIA

By L. N. GUBIL

THE life of Mr. G. D. Naidu of Coimbatore is, as it were, the history of industry in South India. Mr. Naidu, from his early days, has developed a genius for original thinking, practical application and discoveries and inventions. He does not earn for his own sake, but whatever he does, is placed at the disposal of the community.

Mr. Naidu started his real industrial career in 1920 with small beginnings, as is the case with all famous industrialists. The Road Transport Service started by him in that year consisted of a single bus with himself as driver, manager, proprietor and repairer. In the course of 25 years this service developed into a most efficient transport service with a fleet of about 300 buses, noted for its perfect time-table, reasonable fares, systematic working and utmost safety to the passengers. The accident ratio of this service has been the smallest on record and in fact compares favourably with the advanced countries in the West. Mr. Naidu's personal interest in the concern and his inventive genius in the technique of road motor transport were instrumental in enabling the maintenance costs being kept at the lowest level, efficiency being kept at peak level.

The Electric Motor Factory started by him was the pioneer in its line in India and in this factory it was possible to manufacture the entire electric motor except the ball bearing. The electric motors manufactured have been acknowledged on all hands to be not only more efficient but also cheaper than those manufactured in other industrial countries such as the United States of America and Great Britain.

In 1935 when Mr. Naidu was in a German village he designed an electric razor which became the best in the market. Blades were manufactured at Coimbatore with a small motor made in Germany, head made in Switzerland, case made in Belgium and cardboard and battery in England. The manufactured blades were

tested by eminent technicians in Germany, Switzerland and other countries and these were found to be without any technical fault. In the Leipzig Exhibition held in Germany in 1936 prizes were awarded to Mr. Naidu for the design of this blade. The work did not remain unrecognized in India, for very soon it gained a gold medal, a certificate and a shield in the exhibition held in Lucknow.

For the Engineering College at Coimbatore, Mr. Naidu gave accommodation, equipment and funds to the extent of two lakhs, thereby indicating his interest in technical education. He himself attends to the teaching work. He has also been a special member of the Technological Examination Board of the Madras Government.

Mr. Naidu has made many experiments in the vegetable kingdom also. An orange tree was injected by him with the result that the fruits of that tree became very bitter but the addition of a spoonful of sugar and some quantity of water to a spoonful of juice of this orange makes this mixture taste exactly like sweet orange crush. Similarly, as a result of injections made in a millet plant, it was observed that this plant which ordinarily grows from 7 to 8 feet, grew to 18½ feet with a number of branches and the yield was also much greater than before.

A further experiment conducted by Mr. Naidu on a cotton plant known as "Naden" and grown in the eastern part of Coimbatore district revealed that the yield could be made many times greater in quantity than before.

As an example of his large-heartedness it may be stated that sometime ago, he offered his entire fleet of buses as also the ancillary workshops to the Coimbatore District Board free of cost. It is industrial magnates of the type of Mr. Naidu that we are in urgent need of, in the renaissance of Independent India.

AMERICAN POLICING OF ASIAN FREEDOM

MR. OWEN LATTIMORE, the well-known American publicist who has made a special study of Far Eastern affairs, has suggested a meeting in India between President Truman and Pandit Nehru.

This move, said Mr. Lattimore, "would dramatise that we were giving Asia high priority in international affairs." He declared further that "the U. S. should give Asiatic peoples priority and leadership in determining basic decisions in Asia."

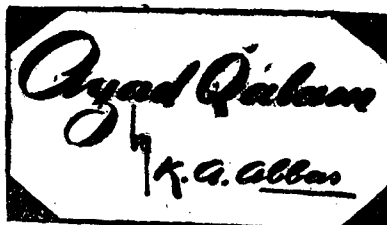
SOMEONE MUST MEET SOMEONE!

The suggestion to hold what are now known as "high-level" personal talk between eminent and powerful statesmen always appeals to popular imagination. The historic meetings in Mid-Atlantic, at Cairo, at Tehran and at Yalta between leaders of the Allied nations were well-publicised affairs which dramatised and symbolized the fighting unity of The Allies. Potsdam was a symbol of the universal hope that this unity would also endure in the time of Peace—and the no less universal fear that it might not!

And so someone or the other has always been suggesting some "high level" meeting or the other—Churchill Must Meet Roosevelt, Roosevelt Must Meet Stalin, Stalin Must Meet Truman, Truman Must Meet MacArthur, and now Truman Must Meet Nehru!

Such meetings provide good and exciting *tamashas* for journalists—but they can yield fruitful results only if there is a basis for the meeting in an affinity (if not complete identity) of purpose between parties, and a common approach to the problems to be discussed.

Does such an affinity of ideal and approach exist between Truman and Nehru? One is led to doubt it because they did meet once, when the Prime Minister visited the United States, but the meeting did not fructify into closer bonds of Indo-U. S. understanding.



The recent editorial in the *New York Times* (by no means a die-hard or uniformed journal) which stated that the news from India was "shocking" to the Americans, has shocked many friends of America in India. Headed "Plain Words to Indians," the article said that the attacks of India and Pakistan delegates on the United States at the international conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations in Lucknow were "hard to take" at a time when American blood was being spilled, and American money taken from all tax-payers to help Asia preserve her independence and raise her standard of living. The editorial pointedly criticised Pandit Nehru for his policy on Korea and said:

"Pandit Nehru purports to speak for Asia, but it is the voice of abnegation; his criticism now turns out to have been obstructive; his policy is appeasement. Worst of all, one fails to find a valid moral judgement in his attitude. One can feel certain that history will condemn the Nehru policy as well-intentioned, but timid, short-sighted and irresponsible.... Meanwhile he is doing wrong to the cause of freedom, of Asian nationalism, of justice and right. For the rest, one can say that the United States is not seeking sympathy, appreciation or gratitude, but it does seek at least a modicum of understanding."

Reading this, one is constrained to remind the *New York Times* that Pandit Nehru and the majority of Indian delegates who attended the Pacific Relation Conference represent the mildest and the friendliest critics of U. S. policies in India. In voicing the sentiments of the Indian People, they err on the side of moderation and under-emphasis. If Americans (as represented by *New York Times*) find even their mildly-expressed doubts and misgivings "hard to take," they will be

really shocked if they were to learn of the intensity of Indians' suspicions of American motives in Asia.

PLAIN WORDS TO AMERICANS:

At least one Indian editor now visiting United States, Challapathi Rao of *The National Herald*, has had the moral courage to tell his hosts that so long as America bars the entry of People's Republic of China into United Nations, Indians will have legitimate cause to suspect American motives to be tainted by Imperialism.

It is important that, following the example of the *New York Times*, we also address a few plain words to the American People.

The U. S. affront to the legitimate and admittedly popular new regime in China is only one of the causes of our suspicions regarding American motives.

In Indonesia before, and in Malaya and Viet Nam today, we find U. S. backing (with moral support, money and arms) colonial and imperialist domination of Asiatic countries by Western powers. No self-respecting Asiatic is ever going to be taken in by the specious pleas of British and French Governments regarding their *locus standi* in Malaya and Indo-China. We say "Asia for Asiatics" and we mean it, and if America was a sincere friend of Asia she would also insist on *immediate and unconditional* end of colonialism in these countries.

We also find (in Malaya, in Viet Nam, in China and now in Korea) that U. S. power consistently backs the most reactionary, corrupt, unpopular and tyrannical regimes which require imperialist props to bolster them up. To us Chiang, Bao Dai, Syngmann Rhee are all puppets of Western imperialism, who certainly do not represent the awakened masses of Asia.

And, finally and basically, we suspect the very presence and interference of American power in the countries of Asia. Today we might lack the power to throw Americans and Europeans from all their colonies, bases and footholds in Asia, but no one is going to succeed in convincing us that they are here for our benefit, to save our souls and feed our hungry stomachs. When we hear or read any American claims of pious, humanitarian motives in Asia, we are tempted to retort: "Tell it to the Marines." The

same Marines whose gun-boats used to terrorize the Chinese people by patrolling the Yangtze and which more recently have been spreading destruction and carnage in Korea!

"Priority" and "leadership" are nice-sounding words, Mr. Lattimore, and the vision of a Truman-Nehru, meeting is exciting. But we don't want "priority," we want to be left alone. And the very idea of a non-Asiatic Truman having a say in affairs Asiatic on par with our own Nehru is presumptuous. Why should Nehru discuss the future of Asia with Truman? If there is any one who can claim an equal say with Nehru in determining the future of Asia it is Mao Tse Tung, representing the 500 million Chinese. Where, and how, and why, does the President of U. S. A. intrude into the Asiatic picture?

This, dear well-meaning Mr. Lattimore and dear all-knowing editor of *New York Times*, is the plain, unvarnished statement of the "Asian sentiment" to which Pandit Nehru made a dignified but somewhat oblique reference in his Lucknow speech. This is what he meant when he said that, Communism or no Communism, no argument in any country of Asia was going to have any weight, if it went counter to the nationalist spirit of that country.

TOWARDS CLIMAX IN INDO-CHINA

Viewed in this context, the renewed fighting between the French imperialist troops and Viet Minh army in Indo-China, assumes a new significance. By now, it has become a patent fact that the situation in Indo-China is very much the same as in China three years ago. The mass of the population is in revolt against the colonial foreigners and their local puppets. Bao Dai understudies for Chiang and the French are in the shoes of the Americans.

While Bao Dai enjoys himself in the pleasure resorts on the French Riviera, the French, faced with the tide of the Viet Minh revolutionary army, are verily on the run. They have lost whatever little support they had so far. Even a correspondent of *The New York Times*, cabling from Saigon, has been forced to admit this.

"In Viet Nam," writes Tillman Durdin, "the anti-Communist struggle continues to be weakened by dissatisfaction among the Viet

Namese with the limitations on the Viet Nam independence imposed by the French....French control of foreign policy, of military forces and of key aspects of economic life, continues to be resented even by Viet Namese who have taken positions in the Bao Dai regime....The plain fact is that at present enthusiasm (to support the French in the fighting against the Communists) is almost entirely lacking inside and outside the Government....The French have been reluctant to expand the Viet Nam army. The cost and the lack of officers and non-coms are given as reasons. Another reason is doubtless a fear that the Viet Nam government, backed by an army, might throw its weight around to a degree unmanageable by the French."

In short, here is an imperialist power, almost completely alienated from every section of the local population, trying by force of arms to impose its will on a colonial people. The pattern of struggle is old and familiar—specially to us in India! But now that the French are in danger of being pushed into the sea, they are frantically appealing for American arms and even suggesting that General MacArthur take over virtually the command of the French forces in Indo-China. There is every indication that American help to the French will be forthcoming, soon and in large measure, to crush another Asiatic people struggling for their independence.

Despite that, the Viet Minh forces may win through like the Chinese Communists, or they may go under like the Malays and the North Koreans. But the people of Asia are not likely to forget the role played by the United States in Indo-China.

Tax people to death, then ask them whether they want medical help at the State's expense, and what can one expect them to say? But ask them whether they wish to earn enough to pay their own way in life, including their own doctor's fees, or whether they prefer to be supported by State charity—then what reply will you get?

Neither G. B. Shaw, nor Mr. Bevin, nor Sir Stafford Cripps applied for State-paid medical help during their recent illnesses. Why? Because no one applies for charity when one can afford not to. So here is wishing that Britons shall soon be able to shake off State-medical assistance by earning enough to pay their doctors themselves.—S. D. A. in New York HERALD TRIBUNE.

They shall not forget—and they shall not forgive!

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

SIMLA: The Governor of the Punjab, Shri Chandulal Trivedi, concluded a speech with the exhortation to Panjabies to indulge in "less talk and more action."

SIMLA: Two members of the Punjab Legislative Assembly came to blows in the lobby, after an exchange of hot words in the Assembly Chamber. A third legislator who tried to intervene received a cut on his face and had his spectacles broken.

CALCUTTA: A 65-year-old school teacher lost his life in trying to pacify two groups of people at Sodepur, about eight miles from Calcutta. It is stated that the parties, some refugees and a group of factory workers, came to blows when a refugee boy was assaulted. The teacher, who intervened, was attacked by the infuriated mob.

STRAWS IN THE WIND

WAKE ISLAND: President Truman and General MacArthur met in conference for less than two hours..... General MacArthur did most of the talking.

WASHINGTON: In the event of an atomic blast drink a glass of salt water, the United States Public Health Service have advised. It is almost as effective as plasma in shock treatment, they said. A group of prominent surgeons have recommended to the Health Service that the salt water treatment be used "in any large-scale disaster involving civilian population."

TEHRAN: Persia announced it was setting up a joint commission with Russia to settle eight border disputes that have been the source of friction between them for 30 years. Russia also agreed to return 11 tons of Persian gold blocked in the Soviet Union since the war, but gave no further details.

CURSE AND ITS SEQUEL

By S. PARTHASARATHY

"I was in the month of January, One thousand nine hundred and nineteen. The fields had been mostly harvested. The new grain had been cooked in new pots and eaten. The sadhu in his meagre ochre coloured dress noted with satisfaction the signs of a successful harvest. It was evening when he was seen approaching the road that led to the village of Mullaivanam. He was old and feeble but there was full light in his eyes. The cold air of January was not pleasing to him as he had little covering over his bones. Moreover, he was hungry—very hungry indeed. But he could endure it for a little while longer. Had he not braved the snow and the sleet of the Himalayas? The village could be covered in a few paces. How beautiful it looked with its red roofs and newly-whitewashed exteriors! A dense forest lay to the west of it and a large fresh water lake glistened like gold on its east. He noticed that the land sloped towards the south into a valley studded with ponds big and small but full to the brim with water. Hundreds of white cranes standing ankledeep in the shallows were fishing their evening meal. Innumerable birds and the crows were flying back to their places of rest among the trees for the night. The sadhu spied the stately gopura of the temple and remembered having heard from a sadhu hailing from the south about the greatness of the shrine. Was it not some Tamil saint who had sung his praises of the Siva Linga there? He looked at the gopura once again, his tired feeling was gone and he experienced happiness at the near prospect of seeing the Lord. "Let me first appease my hunger," he said to himself. He was already in the main street with the staff in one hand and the kammandala in the other. The sadhu hailed from the north. It was his first visit to South India. He had arrived in Madras a few days ago from Delhi by train. In Madras, he had put up in a choultry which afforded shelter and food for sadhus. From Madras, he had undertaken a pilgrimage on foot to all the holy shrines for which South India is famous. His journey would end in

Rameswaram, perhaps his mortal life also.

The South Indian sadhus whom he had met in the North had taught him how to ask for food in their part of the country. 'Annam Ayyah, Annam Ayyah,' he cried as he walked through the four village streets, but not pausing before any house to repeat the cry—for that was his dharma. The cry was heard by every villager but none turned up to offer him food and shelter. He sought the temple, but its massive doors were closed. The pangs of hunger had become accentuated by the cry for food and by the walking. He walked down the steps of the temple tank and having filled his inside with water, he sat down on the door steps and cursed. He cursed for the first and last time in his life. He cursed that however much rain may fall and however much men may labour, not enough rice to cover even a pinch of salt shall be had from the village lands. Having cursed thus, he left his mortal body on the stone steps and departed.

It was in the month of July in the year one thousand nine hundred and fifty. A middle aged man and a property broker were inspecting a large track of land in the same village. The land was desolate—not a single tree stood on it and not a single blade of grass sprouted from it. It was covered with sand, gravel and thorns. It had apparently been uncultivated for two or three decades. Had you seen it, you would have said 'only a fool would buy it.' Perhaps, the prospective buyer was a fool—for he wanted it to grow food crops. It was early in the evening and a hot westerly wind added to the discomfort caused by the fierce sun. The prospect was extremely unpleasing but the middle-aged man decided to buy it. He asked the broker, "Can you assure me that I will find abundant water underground if I dig for it?" "Certainly, Sir," answered the plausible broker and added, "see,". He pointed to two huge concrete water towers close by—"these were pumped with water from a well just underneath and they supplied enough water to thousands of mili-

tary personnel when the war camp was located there." The fool believed him and the deal was finished. The realisation that he had been had came quick on the heels to the new owner.

It was in the month of January, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen that a male child saw the light of day in a middle class household in the village of Tillaivanam. From its infant days, the child was attracted to images of God. As he grew up, he became more and more religious and when manhood was reached he became a sadhu. By a curious chance of Fate, this sadhu met the new owner of land in Mullaivanam soon after the purchase. He undertook to look after the land, which offer greatly relieved the owner's mind of worry. A well was dug on the land and it yielded clean and sweet water. The fruit

shrubs that were planted soon unfurled new tender leaves of translucent green. Blades of grass began to sprout on the land." Swami Anu-ananda ended the story with these concluding words of advice: "Never turn a deaf ear to the cry of a hungry guest. For what befell the people of Mullaivanam may happen to you in a different but still harmful measure."

Raman and myself who had been listening with rapt attention flung a number of questions at him. "Was the sadhu trying to undo the effect of the curse? Which sadhu? Are the villagers penitent? Has God relented?" To these questions, Swami Anu-ananda gave one answer, "Have faith. Time will prove." The answer left us perplexed but we were filled with happiness in our hearts after listening to the story.

SIR C. P.'S IMPRESSIONS OF BRITISH TOUR

By G. d'ARNAUD-TAYLOR

PAYING his first visit to Britain for over 10 years, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer has been struck by "the tremendous amount of goodwill towards India among all stratas of society in the country."

"I have travelled throughout the country," he told me in an interview, "and everywhere I have found evidence of the sincere desire that India should prosper. This, I may say, is much the same in India today. The goodwill towards England in my country is beyond the comprehension of those whose knowledge of India includes the non-cooperation or the 'Quit India' movements."

Sir C. P. added: "After the gesture of the granting of independence to India, the whole outlook there has changed. The feeling in India towards England now is one of extreme cordiality."

Actually the last "definitely business" visit that Sir C. P. paid to Britain was in 1933 when he attended the World Economic Conference as one of India's delegates. He was in the U. K. again for a short personal visit

just before the outbreak of war. On the present occasion he had been invited to attend the International P. E. N. Congress at Edinburgh—where he moved the resolution on the freedom of the writer—but when an invitation came from the British Council that he should spend some time lecturing in Britain he decided to accept.

Crowded Programme

He must, indeed, be tireless to fulfil the packed programme that has been arranged for him. He arrived in Britain about the middle of August for the P. E. N. Congress, which he attended till the end of the month. He then returned to London for a while and from there went to Holland where he addressed the P. E. N. Club in Amsterdam. Then he proceeded to Huizen (Holland) where he delivered a lecture to the Theosophical Centre. He went on to Paris to transact some private business before returning to London.

In London his programme has included an address to the East India Association on "India's Social Problems," an address to Chatham

House (the International Institute of Foreign Affairs), two broadcasts and also presiding at a dinner in honour of the South Indian poet Bharathi, which was attended by Indians from all parts of the world.

On October 8, Sir C. P. left London for Bristol from where he will visit Exeter, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Cambridge and Oxford before returning to London. In these cities he will address not only the Universities but also public meetings, all under the auspices of the British Council. In Oxford he is also speaking under the auspices of the University Majlis, and he has been especially requested by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan to speak on certain aspects of Indian philosophy.

Sir C. P. will leave London towards the end of October for Paris from where he will go on to Cannes to see "my old friend, the Aga Khan." He is due back in India early in November.

Educational Progress

"The greatest change I have noticed in India since she attained independence," Sir C. P. told me, "is the tremendous spurt in education. A terrific amount has been done both for children and adults, and there is now a keenness to learn that was not there before."

About the industrial progress of India Sir C. P. was not quite so enthusiastic. "There has not been the progress that had been expected or hoped for" he went on. "This is mainly because of the difficulty of dollars and the lack of trained personnel. But a certain leeway is being made up. The whole situation has been affected by the scarcity of food, and this has interfered with the Government's whole programme."

"Then again India has, of late, unfortunately been subjected to many major and minor catastrophes such as floods and earthquakes. Thus progress otherwise hoped for has been retarded by the desire to get food and clothing to the masses."

Asia's Needs

It is on this question of trained personnel that Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer thinks that the Commonwealth Consultative Committee on aid to

South and South-East Asia can help most. "It is not so much money that we need," he emphasised, "but trained personnel and machinery." He expressed the hope that something concrete will emerge from the London conference.

When I asked Sir C. P. whether he contemplated taking up any official position in the near future, the latter, who has probably served his country in more capacities than any other living man—including 11 years as Dewan of Travancore, six years with the Madras Government and two years with the Central Government—replied that he did not think so. He added that he was sure India would align herself more and more with the Western democracies and come right out in the open against Communism.

When he returns to India towards the end of the year, Sir C. P. will go back to his lovely home in Ootacamund and add the finishing touches to a job that has already taken him many months to prepare. "This," he explained to me, "is a history of our own times. It will deal with political and economic movements in my own country and," he added with a smile, "it thus cannot help being something of an autobiography." The work is due to be published in two volumes about the middle of 1951.

A General Body Meeting of the Members of the Madras Dress Makers Association was held on Wednesday the 11th instant at 5 p.m. at B. T. H. Factory when the following office bearers for the current year were elected.

Sri G. N. Murthy (B. T. H.)
President.

Sri C. Chinnaji Rao
Sri A. S. Anantharaman
Vice-Presidents.

Sri S. R. Khandke
Hon. Treasurer.

Sri K. Gunzon
Sri M. Dinkar Rao
Hon. Secretaries.

M. DINKAR RAO,
Hon. Secretary.

Dated 12th October 1950.

THE VALUE OF HUMAN INDIVIDUALITY

By **BERTRAND RUSSELL**

One of the world's best-known philosophers, Earl Russell—better known as Bertrand Russell—is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was awarded the Order of Merit, the highest and most coveted British honour for outstanding achievements, in 1949.

IN difficult times, such as those in which we are living, it is more necessary than in quieter epochs to ask ourselves what are the things that we think worth living for—and I fear we must add, worth dying for and worth killing for. The tension in the world at the present time is not merely a contest in power politics; it is a profound divergence in the whole way of feeling as to what is to be desired.

Two very different conceptions of human life are struggling for mastery of the world. In the West we see man's greatness in the individual life. A great society, for us, is one which is composed of individuals who, as far as is humanly possible, are happy and free and creative. We do not think that individuals should be all alike. We conceive society as like an orchestra, in which the different performers have different parts to play and different instruments upon which to perform, and in which co-operation results from a conscious common purpose.

We believe that each individual should have his proper pride. He should have his personal conscience and his personal aims, which he should be free to develop except where they can be shown to cause injury to others. We attach importance to the diminution of suffering and poverty, to the increase of knowledge and the production of beauty and art. The State, for us, is a convenience, not an object of worship.

Totalitarian Conception

The Russian Government has a different conception of the ends of life. The individual is thought of no importance: he is expendable. What is important is the State, which is regarded as something almost divine, and having a welfare of its own not consisting in the welfare of citizens. This view, which Marx took over from

Hegel, is fundamentally opposed to the Christian ethic, which in the West is accepted by free thinkers as much as by Christians.

In the Soviet world human dignity counts for nothing. It is thought right and proper that men should be grovelling slaves, bowing down before the semi-divine beings who embody the greatness of the State. When a man betrays his dearest friend, and causes him, as the penalty for a moment's peevish indiscretion, to vanish into the mysterious horror of a Siberian labour camp; when a school child, as a result of indoctrination by the teacher, causes his parents to be condemned to death; when a man of exceptional courage, after struggling against evils, is tried and convicted and abjectly confesses that he has sinned in opposing the Moloch power of the authorities, neither the betrayal nor the confession brings any sense of shame to the perpetrator, for has he not been engaged in the service of his divinity?

It is this conception that those who believe in the value of individuality have to fight—a conception which, to my mind, and to that of most men who appreciate what the Western world stands for, would, if it prevailed, take everything out of life that gives it value, leaving nothing but a regimented collection of grovelling animals. I cannot imagine a greater or more profound cause for which to fight. But if we are to win a victory—not only on the battlefield, but in the hearts of men and in the institutions that they support—we must be clear in our own minds as to what it is that we value, and we must fortify our courage against the threat of adversity.

Western View

A great individual, however, is not one who lives to himself alone. While

Russia underestimates the individual, there are those in the West who unduly magnify the separateness of separate persons. No man's ego should be enclosed in granite walls: its boundaries should be translucent. The first step in wisdom, as well as in morality, is to open the windows of the ego as wide as possible. Most people find little difficulty in including their children within the compass of their desires. In slightly lesser degree they include their friends, and, in time of danger, their country. Very many men feel that what hurts their country hurts them.

In 1940 I knew Frenchmen living prosperously in America who suffered from the fall of France almost as they would have suffered from the loss of a leg. But it is not enough to enlarge our sympathies to embrace our own country. If the world is ever to have peace, it will be necessary to learn to embrace the whole human race in the same kind of sympathy which we now feel towards compatriots. And if we are to retain calm and sanity in difficult times, it is a great help if the furniture of our minds contains past and future ages.

Few things are more purifying to our conception of values than to contemplate the gradual rise of man from his obscure and difficult beginnings to his present eminence.

Human Development

Man, when he first emerged, was a rare and hunted species, not so fleet as the deer, not so nimble as the monkey, unable to defend himself against wild beasts, without the protection of warm fur against rain and cold, living precariously upon the food that he could gather, without weapons, without domestic animals, without agriculture. One only advantage he possessed: intelligence.

Gradually intelligence gave him security. He learned the use of fire, of bows and arrows, of language, of domestic animals, and, at last, of agriculture. He learned to cooperate in communities, to build great palaces and pyramids, to explore the world in all directions, and to cope with disease and poverty. He studied the stars, he invented geometry, and he learned to substitute machines for muscles in necessary labour. Some of the most important of these advances

are very recent, and are as yet confined to Western nations.

All these advances in technique, in knowledge, and in morality have owed their beginnings to men who had the courage to stand out against the herd. Imagine the furious ridicule that must have assailed the first man who objected to cannibalism. "Anyone can see why he objects", his neighbours must have said, "he is fat, and knows he's next on the list. Many a time, while he was still thin, I've seen him enjoying the produce of the pot like the best of us. And now, after all the community has done for him, nourishing him on juicy stews made out of his and other people's parents, he jibs at doing his bit, and contributing to the common stock like everybody else. And who is he to set himself up? For my part, what was good enough for our fathers is good enough for me."

This speech, or something like it, has been made about every reformer and innovator in turn. But although people recognize this fact in the past, they still find it difficult to recognize in their own day.

Need For Toleration

If a society is not to stagnate, it must contain individuals who think and act independently, and there must be sufficient toleration for such individuals to be effective. Galileo was silenced by the Inquisition, and Italian science collapsed, to revive only after two hundred years; the work of Galileo was carried on in France and Holland and England, where the tyranny of ignorance was less severe.

Tsarist Russia used to be, to liberal-minded people, the last word in despotism; nevertheless Tolstoy flourished and was able to propagate his doctrine. Nothing similar would be possible in Russia now. Not only would a modern Tolstoy be quickly liquidated, but there would be no way of getting his views known. Consider the spread of religions, and ask yourself whether such a thing could happen under a modern totalitarian government. It is obvious that it could not.

If our civilization is to be preserved, and if mankind is not to stagnate in a vast ant-heap of regulated inglorious toil, two things are necessary. Individuals must have the courage to

be different from their neighbours if new thought or some profound moral conviction makes conformity feel like apostasy to the inner light; and their neighbours, in turn, must learn to curb their instinctive hostility to everything different from themselves.

This is a matter in which education has a large part to play. The strength of the herd instinct in schoolboys is terrific, and almost everybody who has subsequently been in any way distinguished has suffered at school at the hands of his companions. This can be mitigated by teachers, but teachers do not always make any effort in this direction. I have known school teachers in America who hated clever children because they were unusual, and the teachers

regarded everything unusual as abnormal, and therefore to be condemned. Such teachers devote themselves to making their pupils stupid and brutal, and almost invariably succeed.

If the Western nations are to succeed in preserving what they profess to value in the way of freedom for individual development, teachers will have to be taught to see the application of the doctrines that they profess when finding fault with the Russians. Schools lend themselves all too easily to regimentation, and education, which should be a blessing, may be a curse. It can be the weapon of tyrants; it is also the best weapon in the defence of freedom.



GROUP OF ARTISTS FROM INDIA, 14 OTHER NATIONS NOW IN U. S. Krishnaji Shamrao Kulkarni of New Delhi (rear row, left) is among artists from 15 overseas countries spending three months in the United States studying techniques in architecture, art, literature, music, drama and choreography and exchanging ideas with American artists. The members of the group were nominated by the Ministers of Education and Cultural Attaches in their home countries and are visiting the United States under auspices of the Institute of International Education through grants of the Rockefeller Foundation.

WHAT ARE WE LIKE?

By N. RAGHUNTHAN

SEEING ourselves as others see us is not particularly difficult for a people who have always been cast by history for the role of victims of a thesis. From Alexander to Abul Fazl, from the Abbe Dubois to Beverley Nichols, we have had to run the gauntlet of numberless sharp-eyed observers. And many of them had their own slick theories as to why the Indian was so sorry a specimen of the *genus homo*. On the other hand there have been quite a few who fell head over ears in love with us for our spirituality, our ancient temples and modern helplessness. They would cosset us as the others would keep us permanently as wards in chancery. Being so long accustomed to look at our own images in these distorting mirrors we might perhaps be slightly incredulous if some whimsical fairy could enable us suddenly to see ourselves as we really are.

Still the attempt is worth making. You may have remarked that foreigners are apt to sum us up, after brief acquaintance, as a soft and pliant people. Possibly as the result of age-long political subordination we have developed an excessive complaisance of manner in personal contacts. We incline a little too readily to agree outwardly with our *vis-a-vis* in verbal argument. But this hardly ever means intellectual assent. Our aversion to the kind of wrangling that spoils temper masks a non-committal attitude bred of caution. With us "conversions" are not lightly come by. They take place, when they do, beneath the surface of consciousness, being as much a matter of feeling as of thought. Our opinions are not set, they are held in solution. We have basic convictions, but we have not accumulated a body of precedent for ready use. We prefer to refer every issue as it arises to the arbitrament of first principles. And this distrust of pragmatism explains why, with all our zest for the adventure of ideas, we have been suspicious of spectacular programmes of social change.

A much more inconvenient trait is our chronic inability to say 'No.' A famous publicist used to say that *dakshinyam* was the national bane. A whole series of blemishes—from the more unlovely manifestations of nepotism to the uncomplaining martyrdom that suffers the bore—may be ascribed to this sentimental streak. Time is too little regarded because we live so much in public. The joint family may be, as we are being constantly assured, in process of dissolution; but we are still far from looking upon privacy as a personal right. The Englishman has his club or his pub where he relaxes with his peers, but his home is his castle. The Indian *pial* is a twenty-four-hour institution. It is the skipper's bridge from which the paterfamilias directs the family ship; the forum in which he debates all the philosophies; the *agora* where he transacts public business; and the market-place towards which converge the argosies laden with gossip and spicy scandal.

It is this happy gregariousness that escapes the casual observer. Foreigners speak of us as a sad people, mistaking our gravity of deportment for melancholy and blaming it all on the Law of Karma. The vitality which goes with physical well-being is naturally at a low ebb among a people who have long lived on the margin of subsistence. And the masses have neither the time nor the means to pursue the ideal of the full life. But they are contented with a contentment which has nothing brutish or besotted about it. They have the time to stand and stare which is notoriously denied to the go-ahead nations. And the community life with its feasts, fasts and festivals, its shared memories and willing obligations, still retains a vigour which the West has ceased to know since the Middle Ages.

We tend to dwell too much in the past, says the impatient reformer. This could not well be otherwise with a people who represent a unique cultural phenomenon. The spectacle of a

fifth of the human race giving their allegiance to a book, the Ramayana, finds no parallel elsewhere. And there is this important difference between the position of the Ramayana in India and that of the other great scriptures of humanity, that it alone still speaks to unnumbered millions with a contemporary voice. The magnificence of Rama, the staunchness of Sita, the loyalty of Hanuman strike a responsive chord in the humblest breast and provide an inexhaustible reservoir of spiritual refreshment which is the common birthright of every Indian, irrespective of caste or creed.

The dictum that our mental horizon is bounded by family and community is at best a half-truth. However responsive we may be to their claims, these are no exclusive loyalties. And they are to be transcended in time as are all other partial preferences. Our assessment of fundamental human values has never been coloured by our preoccupations with race or religion. Many have been puzzled by the remarkable absence of rancour in the attitude of free India towards her erstwhile rulers. This, as much as our naive acceptance of the ideals of internationalism which *realpolitik* has propounded with many mental reservations, directly stems from what was long regarded as our major political defect—our inability to develop an aggressive faith in nationalism. The nation-state is an act of will of the collective ego; its war-cry, "Those who are not with me are against me." India whenever she was a free agent preferred to live and let live.

The view that communalism has played the same role in this country as nationalism in modern Europe is a travesty of history. The communalism that found its logical conclusion in the Partition was the hybrid progeny of European nationalism and Indian frustration. Hindu India had, for a millennium prior to the advent of Europe, spread her culture over a whole continent. But she had no use for proselytism, because she had no secular ends in view. The West's much advertised belief in the sacredness of the human personality has not

prevented the perfection of propaganda as an instrument for the subduing of men's minds. The doctrine of infallibility is more ruthlessly espoused by the totalitarian dictatorships than it ever was by the Church of Rome. In its pursuit of dialectical victories for political ends Europe has not scrupled to confront India with a Morton's fork argument. India was told that she was betraying humanity by hankering after the goal of Nirvana which must mean the extinction of personality. In the same breath she was branded as anti-social in her preoccupation with individual salvation. The truth, however, is that while India has always held that all reforms must begin from within, she has not overlooked the need for social organisation. But she has had no use for the kind of organisation that swallows men like a Moloch.

The cant phrase about India being unworldly is so far from being the truth that her ideal of the *purusharthas* has never been improved upon. The Greek principle of "all things in moderation" was weak and anaemic in comparison. It was not that India had a slender hold on life; it was rather that our forbears had a vivid sense of the equal reality of other worlds than ours—worlds not located in space and time but in the depths of man's own consciousness and congruent with the highest reaches of the spirit. So Manu could say: "Controlling the mind, keeping the senses in trim and harmoniously employing the bodily faculties, a man should achieve all desirable ends naturally and as naturally relinquish them:

*Vase kritvendriyagramam
Samyamyā cha manastathāa
Sarvaan Samsaadhayedarthāan
Akshinvaṇ yoga tasthanum*

The secret of this harmonious living, it must be confessed, largely eludes us today. Reverence for learning, especially among the unsophisticated masses, is still as high as ever; only in China does the scholar enjoy anything like the same traditional esteem. But, by and large, we are as much caught up in the present confusion of values as is the rest of the world. In the old functional society excel-

lence was not all of one kind. Manu said that while precedence among Brahmanas should go by knowledge, among Kshatriyas it should go by valour and among Vaisyas by wealth. The renouncer was regarded with supreme respect; but the object of renunciation was not so much the superiority that birth or talent gave as the insidious sense of pride that went with it. Today, the popular esteem for the man who gives up possessions is as high as ever; but the act of renunciation itself is too often bound up with a power-complex.

In the great days of Indian polity India did not make philosophers kings, but her kings assiduously cultivated the philosophic temper. They looked upon wilfulness as a deadly sin and they acknowledged the paramountcy of that *dharma* which was discovered by the seers and expounded by disinterested sages. While they recognised that different men had different obligations according to their opportunities and responsibilities, they insisted that king and

commoner alike should look upon life as a discipline.

This temper we have never wholly lost. The remarkable vitality of Hindu society is to be attributed to the fact that our mores is still dominated by the concept of duty. When critics, both friendly and other, deplore the load of inhibitions and prohibitions, with religious labels attached, under which the Indian is supposed to groan they fail to see that there must be something extraordinarily bracing in a discipline which is on the whole being still so faithfully followed though it offers so few tangible rewards. The notion of life as a perpetual struggle, of civilisation as the triumph of man over his physical environment, of freedom as a precarious right jealously to be defended against all comers, is essentially European. The Indian genius saw freedom as a state and harmony as the universal key to its uncovering here and now. The masses in their instinctive responses, as the classes in their deliberated philosophies, are still largely under the spell of the ancient wisdom.—(A. I. R. broadcast.)

THE ETERNAL COMEDIAN— CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: The re-release of Charlie Chaplin's *CITY LIGHTS*, is bringing to new generations of moviegoers their first experience with the great Chaplin comic genius. This picture is now enjoying spectacular success throughout America.

CITY LIGHTS came to the movie public of the world at a time when "talkies" were revolutionizing the industry. While the great comedians of the silent era were announcing their retirement and the larger studios were busy capitalising on the interest in "talkies," Chaplin announced his intention of producing a film, in which the art of pantomime would still be supreme. The result was *CITY LIGHTS*, a screen play described by some critics as a "searching story of love and friendship" and hail-

ed by millions as the funniest film ever made.

The picture has not been shown generally in 20 years. There have been no changes and no editing of the original film that Chaplin produced and directed. The original sound track, with the sound purposely at odds with lip movements, was Chaplin's comment on the then current and chaotic "talkies." This sound track has not been altered. When asked why he had made a sound picture when the new avenues of "talkies" had just been opened, Chaplin said, "I consider my silence more eloquent than my voice." It was not until ten years later, in the closing scenes of *THE GREAT DICTATOR* that Chaplin finally talked on the screen; and he felt the necessity of destroying the beloved character "The Tramp" in order to speak to movie audiences.

In *CITY LIGHTS* Chaplin did take advantage of the newly discovered sound to reveal a hidden talent. This was the first film for which he composed a complete musical score and his effective use of sound effects (the scene in which he swallows a whistle is still recalled with chuckles) was strong indication that Chaplin was vitally interested in sound. Incidentally, Chaplin is a self-taught musician, having mastered the piano, violin, organ, accordion and other instruments.

The New York reception accorded *CITY LIGHTS* in February, 1931, was sensational. Critics outdid themselves, hailing the latest Chaplin film as a masterpiece, full of "humour and fun that the screen has never witnessed before." The New York Times reported that "roars of laughter rocked the theatre," and that the film demonstrated "admirable artistry, a triumph, and most joyous evening." All critics agreed it was the greatest Chaplin ever, with the New York Daily News giving it four stars and commenting, "*CITY LIGHTS* is excruciatingly funny. It makes you chuckle hysterically. You have the greatest time imaginable and yet occasionally you find little hurty lumps in your throat. Chaplin is—well, he's thoroughly human. Chaplin is the one and only."

It must be remembered that at that time *CITY LIGHTS* was the first film in three years to be exhibited without any spoken dialogue. In the face of such novelty, this unanimous critical reception was remarkable. No less remarkable is the recent appraisal in *Life Magazine* which commented on the ending of *CITY LIGHTS*, "The blind girl who has regained her sight, thanks to the Tramp, sees him for the first time. She has imagined and anticipated him as princely. She recognizes who he must be by his shy, confident, winning joy as he comes silently toward her. The camera just exchanges a few quiet close-ups of the emotions which shift and intensify in each face. It is enough to shrivel the heart to see, and it is the greatest piece of acting and the highest moment in movies."

Obviously the public agreed with

the critics, for *CITY LIGHTS* achieved the greatest popularity of any Chaplin picture up to that time. Since *CITY LIGHTS*, Chaplin has made *MODERN TIMES* in 1936, *THE GREAT DICTATOR* in 1940, and *MONSIEUR VERDOUX* in 1947.

In the history of motion pictures, Chaplin occupies a unique role. His recent selection by the industry as the greatest actor in the past 50 years is part of the tribute that has been paid this master of comedy in *CITY LIGHTS* Chaplin reaches a high point of his pantomime art, and this film stands as one of the great achievements in the realm of motion pictures.

Recent magazine articles on the dearth of comedy in America have pointed out that the use of "gags" and the introduction of "talkies" helped kill off the great comics of past years. All have fallen by the wayside, except Charlie Chaplin, whose art was supreme enough to carry through; grand humour touched with tremendous passion for man's humanity to man in adverse circumstances; with the belief in goodness and containing the wonderful sense of identification of the solitary little man with other little men throughout the world.

James Agee in *Life Magazine* perhaps best hit upon Chaplin's genius when he said, "Of all comedians he worked most deeply and most shrewdly within a realization of what a human being is, and is up against. The Tramp is as centrally representative of humanity, as many-sided and as mysterious as Hamlet, and it seems unlikely that any dancer or actor can ever have excelled him in eloquence, variety or poignancy of motion... The finest pantomime, the deepest emotion, the richest and most poignant poetry are in Chaplin's work."

To which Chaplin has added, "All I ask is to make people laugh." Possibly the last word, as usual, came from George Bernard Shaw, who, after seeing *CITY LIGHTS* said, "Chaplin is the only genius developed in motion pictures."

INSIDE THE UNITED NATIONS WORKSHOP

By TRYGVIE LIE

Secretary General, United Nations.

AS the United Nations General Assembly recognized at its first session in London in 1946, "The degree in which the objects of the Charter can be realized will be largely determined by the manner in which the Secretariat performs its task."

Today the United Nations Secretariat totals nearly 4,000 persons, who are citizens of the 59 member nations. Three-quarters of the staff are employed by United Nations headquarters in New York City. The others serve the European office of the United Nations in Geneva, Switzerland, the 15 "branch offices" of the organization in capitals where United Nations Information Centres have been established, or they are attached to the various missions which the United Nations has in the field as, for example, in the Balkans, Indonesia, Korea, Palestine, and the former Italian colonies in Africa. There are also three regional economic commissions with offices in Geneva for Europe; Santiago, Chile, for Central and South America; and Bangkok in Thailand for Asia and the Far East.

The work already accomplished by the Secretariat in the five years of the existence of the United Nations, measured both by quantity and by quality, is evidence of the high overall caliber of the staff, but I am sure that those now working in the Secretariat would be the first to acknowledge that the process of careful and selective recruitment must continue over a long period to achieve the most internationally representative and most highly competent staff possible.

I am now introducing changes in staff administration designed to ensure greater elasticity in its services and also to make the Secretariat a career service that will attract the best possible type of young international civil servant.

There has been some misunder-

standing as to diplomatic rights enjoyed by the United Nations staff and delegations. Under the agreement between the United Nations and the United States of America regarding the headquarters of the United Nations, a limited number of persons are granted the same diplomatic privileges and immunities that have always been granted to diplomats accredited to the United States Government in Washington, D. C., the Capital of the United States, and that American diplomats have always been granted in other countries. These persons have the official status of ambassadors or ministers in their own countries for the main part. They are the national delegates to the United Nations and their top advisors, together with the Secretary General and the eight Assistant Secretaries General. The privileges and immunities granted to this small number of persons are exactly similar to those granted to American diplomats serving in foreign countries. Other Secretariat members do not have diplomatic immunity outside of performance of their official duties.

In its very early days, the United Nations was mainly served by a few score officials temporarily loaned by Governments. With the move from London, England, to New York City in the spring of 1946, it was necessary to proceed rapidly to recruit the staff required to enable the young organization to cope with the problems and responsibilities that the member Governments speedily began bringing to the United Nations for action.

The process of adjustment to a new environment has been greatly helped by the generous hospitality which whole communities as well as thousands of individual American families have accorded all United Nations' staff members. Hardly a weekend goes by without groups of the Secretariat

being invited to be the guests of official or private associations in different parts of the United States. This "getting together," resulting in a mutually beneficial exchange of ideas and experiences, is a reflection, on the individual level, of what the United Nations itself is doing on the governmental level.

Visitors to the United Nations temporary headquarters at Lake Success near New York City—and they average 1,000 a day—are obviously intrigued by the glimpses they get of the international staff at work. But even the most assiduous visitor is unlikely to grasp the varied and complex nature of the work the Secretariat performs.

If he attends a meeting of one of the United Nations organs—the Security Council, for example—he will see a horseshoe table at which the delegates will be sitting, together with the Secretary General and the Assistant Secretary General for Security Council Affairs. Delegation and Secretariat advisors sit immediately behind. At the Secretariat table in front will be verbatim reporters, information officers, documents staff. Behind their glass-fronted booths the simultaneous interpreters will be performing their now routine miracle of rendering a delegate's statement immediately into the official languages of the United Nations—English, French, Russian, Spanish, and Chinese. Alternatively, on the floor, the consecutive interpreters will demonstrate equally astonishing skill of giving a whole speech from memory in a flawless interpretation which captures not only the meaning but the spirit and tone of the original.

Many other unseen workers, however, are necessary to the smooth running of such a meeting. The report which a secretary quietly distributes to the delegates may have originated from a Secretariat officer on duty in some far-off trouble spot of the world. Experts with years of training in diplomacy or law may have spent many hours drafting a working paper to supplement the report. Typists, stencil cutters, mimeograph operators, collators, proof-readers, index clerks, have worked to produce the papers

now before the Council. Out of sight of the delegates and audience, technicians control the lighting required for the newsreel operators, the public-address system, and the sound recording. Fast-fingered stenotypists take down the speeches verbatim; press and radio officers prepare a running summary of the proceedings for immediate release to the eyes and ears of the world.

It has been computed that a one-hour speech in a United Nations meeting sets in train a series of operations which run to 388 man-hours of work. Naturally, it is during sessions of the General Assembly that the work load for the Secretariat reaches its peak. In 1949 the Assembly had to crowd 553 plenary and committee meetings into a 12-week session.

However, the machinery does not come to a halt in-between Assembly sessions. Days when there are no Council or Commission meetings at headquarters are very rare indeed.

In 1949, for example, no less than 2,166 meetings of various United Nations bodies were held at Lake Success. In the same period 1,512 meetings were held in the European Office in the Palais des Nations, Geneva. Even when no meetings are scheduled, the tempo of activity diminishes only slightly. A steady flow of reports, studies, communications with Governments and the specialized agencies which make up the "United Nations family," crosses the desks of the Secretary General and his aides. Each day an average total of 2,000 letters and cables pours into the Lake Success headquarters.

The United Nations is the focal point of a tremendous volume of information from all over the world covering every aspect of human endeavour. Facts and figures on world trade and commerce; labour conditions and employment; social conditions—housing health, child welfare; data on crops, soil conservation, flood control; measures for rehabilitating the physically handicapped; advances in the age-old struggle against hunger, disease, illiteracy, and crime; statistics on population trends, railroad and maritime traffic; peti-

tions from nonself-governing peoples....

Because the activities of the United Nations and its specialized agencies touch the world's peoples at almost every phase of their lives, there is almost no limit to the type of material which comes to the United Nations. At Lake Success, Geneva, and other centres, experts study, analyze, and summarize the information so that this knowledge can in turn be harnessed to the United Nations' task of "solving international problems of an economic, social, cultural, or humanitarian character."

The Secretariat is the core of a growing international civil service. In addition to the 4,000 working directly under the Secretary General in the United Nations, there are an additional 6,000 persons on the staffs of the 12 specialized agencies—agencies like the International Labor Organization, the Food and Agricultural Organization, and the World Health Organization. There are also several thousand more civil servants of the various member Governments who are assigned as delegates, advisors, experts, and technicians.

Thus the world is acquiring a sizable and increasing body of officials who have gained experience in the work of organizing the world for peace and who are learning to improve, by trial and error, the techniques of international administration and negotiation.

One outstanding individual example of such service by a Secretariat member is that of Dr. Ralph Bunche of the United States, who was assigned to assist Count Bernadotte, the United Nations mediator in Palestine. When Count Bernadotte of Sweden was tragically struck down, Ralph Bunche was designated by the Security Council to take over his duties and as acting mediator he played a vital role in the arduous negotiations which eventually led to the four armistice agreements between Israel and Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, and Jordan. His task accomplished, Dr. Ralph Bunche resumed his work in the Secretariat as Director of the Department of Trusteeship Affairs.

When I look back over the many problems I and my colleagues on the Secretariat have had to meet, I can sincerely say that I have been confirmed in my belief in two main truths; only the United Nations can win enduring peace for the world, and the United Nations way is the right way to tackle the dilemmas and difficulties that still have to be solved.

The United Nations way is a hard way, demanding patience, tolerance, and courage. It calls for no letting up in the process of negotiation, mediation, and conciliation. It is the method which has successfully brought peace to Palestine, Indonesia, and Kashmir, and which eased the tension that accumulated during the Berlin blockade. With good will and patience it will solve the current tension of the "cold war."

I have also been encouraged as head of the Secretariat by the way my multi-national staff has become welded into a cohesive coordinated team in which every member has strived and is striving to do his best for the world organization and the things it stands for.

We are looking forward now to the move to our permanent headquarters on the East River in downtown New York City, made possible for us by the generosity of the American philanthropist John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who gave more than \$8,000,000 to buy the land, and by the United States' interest-free loan of \$65,000,000 for the construction.

For a young organization the United Nations has already had a remarkable number of temporary homes. It is not, however, just the desire to settle down in its own newly constructed building that makes the staff look forward to the final move. The words of U. S. President Harry S. Truman at the cornerstone ceremony on October 24, 1949, crystallized something all of us feel.

"The laying of this cornerstone," declared Mr. Truman, "is an act of faith—our unshakeable faith that the United Nations will succeed in accomplishing the great tasks for which it was created."—*The Rotarian*.

INDUSTRIAL BANKING

By G. ISAAC

Lecturer in Economics, Madras Christian College

THE lack of a sufficient amount of saving, it is generally agreed, is the primary cause for the slow rate of industrialisation in this country. People just do not have the money left, after they have met their minimum consumption needs, to invest in industry.

While this is indisputable, there is another factor of almost equal importance, whose significance has not, at the present time, been sufficiently appreciated. The institutional channels of investment in India have in the last decades been grotesquely mal-adjusted and do not possess the strength to meet the strains of rapid industrialisation.

This is particularly so in Indian agriculture and the analysis of the importance of this factor in the malaise of our rural economy, highlights a phase which the Government has ignored in its 'Grow More Food' campaign.

The traditional avenue through which finance was injected into the rural economy was the moneylender. The barrage of investive that has been directed against him has unfortunately obscured the fact that the moneylender worked an exquisitely flexible and sensitive system of credit, pumping money into obscure labyrinths with an efficiency and smoothness that no commercial bank or co-operative society could ever hope to achieve.

But during the last half century, the Indian peasant has suddenly begun to get into debt with the most alarming rapidity and the Government decided to intervene. Unfortunately this intervention was based on a palpably imbecile diagnosis of the problem.

It was not that the Indian moneylender had suddenly become intolerably rapacious. The real reason was that there was a sharp deterioration in the economic position of the Indian peasant. The competition of cheap machine made goods from Europe had destroyed Indian cottage industry, depriving the peasant of a rich source of income and the country of some

of its finest artistic creations. At the same time the enormous growth of the parasitic interests on the land progressively emaciated the farmer and destroyed the initiative to produce.

While nothing was done to stop the weakening of the peasant's economic position, the moneylender was progressively burdened with an enormous weight of almost vicious legislation—and co-operative societies were created all over the country with the intention of finally replacing the moneylender.

The result of this peculiar policy was immediate. There was a sharp contraction in the supply of credit to Indian agriculture as the moneylenders curtailed their activities to meet a hostile situation.

The co-operative societies, feebly anaemic, never managed to provide more than 10 per cent of the credit requirements of the peasant, even in provinces where co-operation was most successful.

Nothing was done to bolster the economic position of the peasant, and rural indebtedness ascended to astronomical figures.

At the bottom of our agricultural problem lie the twin factors of lack of initiative and a distorted credit structure.

The same attitudes of thought can be traced in an investigation of Indian industry and the problems of its finance. The indigenous bankers of India are a race which would at their prime have stood comparison with the Lombard Street moneylender and the Amsterdam stock jobbers. Unfortunately they have had to pass through adverse times.

The British Government in India maintained an attitude of indifference reserving their sympathy for the presidency banks and the European exchange banks which mushroomed up to Indian foreign trade. An active policy of industrial discouragement left Indian indigenous banks with no industry to finance and they concen-

trated on financing trade through a variety of hundis.

The outlook for the indigenous banks became gloomier with the rise of a westernised system of commercial banking, which consciously imitated the joint stock banks in England.

English industry had grown up nurtured by the old private and country banks and in its evolution had evolved financial institutions peculiarly suited to the character of the country and the people. Great financing houses had grown up which concerned themselves essentially with the promotion of industry. An institutional channel had been created which could pour finance into the creation of industry. It was through these channels and the resources they supplied that England became the industrial leader of the world, and it was precisely these that we failed to copy.

What we aped furiously was the English commercial bank. These commercial banks were introduced into India, rigid prohibitions were maintained that they should not finance industry, and finally, the Reserve Bank of India was created to complete the imitation.

The creation of the Reserve Bank brought to the fore the rapidly increasing antagonism between the westernised section of the money market and the indigenous section—an extremely unpleasant state of affairs, as 90 per cent of the money market was being coerced to meet the standards of behaviour set by an exotic 10 per cent.

The commercial banks, in faithful imitation of their proto-types, were not going to finance industry, nor were they going to allow the indigenous banks to continue the business unmolested. Stamp taxes were levied on the various types of hundis by the Government of India, obviously with the knowledge of the Reserve Bank, till several types of hundi became extinct.

The commercial banks have shown the normal fastidiousness of their type in dealing with Indian industry. They have met some of the short term capital needs of Indian industry, and have achieved indirect contact through a few badly deve-

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loped stock exchanges. This latter method is not a very healthy one as it is subject to the most irrational fluctuations under the excitement of speculators.

Indian industry has not thus to moderate its growth to keep in step with the dribble of finance that it has been able to obtain from various dubious sources. A certain amount of capital has been made available through private subscription culminating in the vicious managing agent system. Certain industries actually accept deposits from the public for 1 to 10 years—a thoroughly undesirable financial expedient—and finally direct appeals to an unenthusiastic public.

The first expedient labours under two major defects. The funds under the head are only sporadically available, and in India there is no effective system of guiding investment into constructive channels.

The issuing of debentures is unpopular due to ignorance, high stamp duties and lack of confidence.

Finance is the lifeblood of economic activity and an attempt to plan production without creating the institutional means of feeding the economy with finance is bound to end in futility. A large-scale reorganisation of the credit structure of the Indian economy must precede any attempt at revitalising it.

In Indian agriculture the moneylender must be integrated into a system of rural co-operative credit and the Imperial Bank of India should be nationalised and its resources pumped through the contracting arteries of the rural economy. The rural problem is unfortunately not one of finance entirely nor are the present Government actions in this field based on a correct analysis. Bone meal, phosphates, American tractors and other manifestations of important agricultural technique are no doubt essential, but it is idle to preach it to cultivators so emaciated by the weight of parasites that they do not possess the incentive to apply it.

Let us remember that in the Europe of the 19th century the remarkable revolution in the technical and business sides of farming followed a revolution in the legal system of the land. In the absence of the last, the first two would not have been possible.

In the industrial sphere it is necessary that the commercial banks undertake the main responsibility for the new investment that is required to industrialise the country, the indigenous banks being left to finance Indian trade movements.

The idea is not particularly revolutionary. The enormous growth of German industry which enabled it to over-reach British manufactures in spite of an initial handicap was financed by the great German banks. It is precisely this system that should be introduced into India to provide an acceleration to the processes of industry. German industry flourished because the institutions of German finance were consciously created and designed to foster their growth. The main features of German industrial banking could effectively be implemented in our country.

The basic relation between industry and the commercial banks should turn on the current account relationship, but commercial banks should extend their activities to the actual promotion and creation of industry. The banks might either invite public subscription and join with them in the creations of new investment, or take over the entire initial responsibility for starting an industry and then as the industry is well-established, pass its ownership on to the public.

To this plan of feeding industry with finance by a rearrangement in the practices of commercial banks, two main criticisms have been put forward.

It has been pointed out that the very existence of a bank depends on the confidence people repose in it, and this confidence depends entirely on the bank's ability to produce cash on demand. It is argued that a bank which has invested all its money in industry will not be able to produce cash on demand because its money has been locked up in long term loans. Now this is true, but it is not a really serious argument against industrial banking. If a bank finds itself unable to produce cash immediately on demand, the Reserve Bank must take upon itself the responsibility to do so. This brings us to the very important role that the Reserve Bank will be required to play in a system of industrial banking. It must abandon the peculiarly slothful atti-

tude it has shown since its inception. Its representatives must be on the board of directors of every consequential bank and it must take the entire responsibility of meeting demands made on the various banks for cash.

Further it is pointed out that industry goes through wide fluctuations of prosperity and depression. In depression many industries collapse, and if the banks are closely integrated to industry the banks too will collapse leading to complete industrial and financial collapse. This argument is backed up by pointing out the history of industrial banking in Germany when depression really did cause considerable maladjustment. But this again is hardly an argument against providing industry with a smooth flow of savings through a system of integrated banks. Rather it is an argument for the State taking the full responsibility of preventing those fluctuations that control the normal development of industry.

Against a background of economic stability maintained by the Indian State, and with the responsibility for liquidity borne by the Reserve Bank, the creation of an institutional system to provide a smooth flow of finance to industry, is the crucial factor in the development of the Indian economy.

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LEWIS: VETERAN AMERICAN LABOUR LEADER

By ROBERT NIELSEN

JOHN LLEWELLYN LEWIS is a spectacular exception to the rule that the people of the U. S. idolize success. For over 30 years this unlettered miner's son has battled, and usually beaten, the overlords of industry, congressmen, cabinet officers and presidents. Nor have these victories been gained for his coal miners alone. U. S. labour as a whole can count his gifts among its richest blessings.

Yet the great majority of Americans regard him with something of fear and loathing. Even the "mighty hosts of labour," as he is fond of calling them, have turned away. Only to 450,000 coal miners is his hero's lustre undimmed.

The only possible explanation lies in Lewis' personality. Over the years, he has leagued himself with many influential men, both labour leaders and politicians. Today, not one well known man is his ally. Lewis evidently finds it impossible merely to disagree with a man. He must denounce, revile and humiliate him as well. The long list of persons who have received the Lewis' "vilification treatment" includes these outstanding names: William Green, president of the American Federation of Labour, his longtime colleague and chief; President Roosevelt, whose New Deal labour legislation gave Lewis his chance to organize the great mass-production industries; Philip Murray, now president of the C. I. O. and the United Steel workers' Union, and for 30 years friend and lieutenant of Lewis in the U. M. W.; Harold Ickes, the forthright and pro-labour Secretary of the Interior under Roosevelt.

Disliked Loose Set-up

Each of these men has or had a considerable following among labour ranks. It must be presumed that Lewis' unbridled attacks, instead of destroying these loyalties, succeeded chiefly in alienating the respect of working men from himself. Especially was this true of his break with President Roosevelt in 1940, which destroyed any chance Lewis might

have possessed of becoming the political leader of U. S. labour.

Lewis' displays of pride and vindictiveness appear to have obscured his real virtues and achievements and caused the public to accept the ogre-like picture which the press almost unanimously draws at each new "crisis." The merit of his case—and it usually has merit—is lost in the storm of emotion which his personality arouses.

"That dictator is showing off again" people say. "What does he want now? When is somebody going to cut him down?"

The "dictator" charge is true, in a very special sense, as applied to Lewis' relationship with the Mineworkers' Union. There seems little doubt that Lewis is absolute boss of union policy, there is even less doubt that nearly all his miners want it that way. Local rebellions against his rule are reportedly dealt with in much the same way as big business used to deal with union-minded labour by goon squads, beatings and blacklistings. Local autonomy is a sham in the 32 districts of the U. M. W. District presidents, elected by the membership, hold office only during Lewis' pleasure. If they offend him, they are replaced by "provisional" appointees. These provisional presidents have a way of becoming permanent.

His early years gave Lewis a legacy of hatred for mine owners, and a firm conviction that democracy was a useless luxury in a coal-mine union. His father, Welsh-born Thomas Lewis, was a mine labourer and an ardent unionist in Lucas, Iowa, where John was born on Lincoln's birthday in 1880. It was an area of brutal exploitation of union men. Thomas Lewis helped lead a successful strike in 1882, for which he was blacklisted by the mine owners, and driven to years of wandering exile with his family.

Lewis followed his father into the mine union movement. He became quickly aware of the futility of the loose organizational set-up that cha-

racterized the U. M. W. It was really a federation of self-governing locals, with a national executive that was only nominal. The operators could isolate and defeat one group at a time. Lewis also saw able and gallant union chiefs thrown out of office one after another, as the frustrated miners turned on their own leaders.

When elected president of the U. M. W. in 1920 he proceeded with ruthless efficiency to stamp out all opposition within the union. He built a machine that would swing into action with military precision and discipline at a word of command from the top.

From 1920 to 1933 Lewis had to use this tight rein to stay in the saddle. This was a period of shut-downs and chaos in the coal industry, and while Lewis was able to negotiate fairly good wage contracts for his miners, he could not keep them employed steadily enough to make the wages count.

But the miners do not follow Lewis today out of mere compulsion. Their obedience is based on time-tested faith in his ability to obtain for them a greater share of the necessities and comforts of life. Consider the record since 1933.

A fivefold increase in the coal miner's average wage, from \$3 to \$14.75 a day; welfare and pension fund of approximately \$150,000,000 a year, paid by the companies; wages at the regular rates for the time required to travel from the company gates to the coal face and back again. This time formerly averaged 1½ hours daily, for which no payment was made; ten days' vacation annually with \$100 pay.

There have been other gains, and there have also been some setbacks, notably the fines totalling \$30,000 against Lewis and \$2,100,000 against the union treasury for failing to call off strikes in 1946 and 1948. But the above items make it clear why the miners go along with John L. Lewis, whether he is battling the operators, the Government or the courts.

The record indicates, too, that Lewis never calls a strike for a trivial reason. Even in this mechanized age, coal mining is hard, dirty, dangerous work. Lewis thinks the coal miner is entitled to the highest wages of any U.S. labourer (which he gets). His high

pay is, however, partly illusory. The coal industry constantly faces the problem of overproduction; so strike or no strike the miner never gets steady employment. In 1949 the average miner worked only 165 days, and his total pay for the year was less than \$2,300.

The welfare and pension fund, won by strike action in 1946, is needed more urgently in coal than in any other big industry. U. S. coal mining accidents kill more than 1,000 men a year and injure some 60,000. The necessity of old-age security presses closely, for the average miner is over 50 years old.

Champion Of All Labour

Had Lewis' work been confined to the industry, he still would have earned the gratitude of U. S. labour. He blazed the trail for company-financed pensions, an idea which bids fair to sweep the continent. His mine union, pace-setting in wages, has made gains at the bargaining table easier for countless other unions.

Probably the greatest achievement in the history of U. S. labour was his promotion of industrial unionization. Legislation passed in the early years of the Roosevelt regime gave labour the legal right to organize into unions of its own choice. Lewis correctly interpreted this as an opportunity to organise all U. S. workers, skilled or unskilled. The law was there, but there was still the potent, bitter opposition of the great corporations to be overcome.

The leadership of the A. F. L. of which the mine union was a member, quailed before the challenge. It cautiously continued its traditional policy of organizing skilled workers into craft-unions leaving untouched the great mass of assembly line-workers in manufacturing. Lewis argued and stormed for a bold policy, but William Green refused to budge. Late in 1935 Lewis took the fateful step. With a handful of like-minded union leaders, he set up the Committee for Industrial Organization, led it forth to battle with the cry, "Organize the unorganized!" When the Committee finally broke away from the A. F. L. in 1938, its name was changed to the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

The U. S. marvelled and trembled during the next two years as the in-

fant C. I. O. superbly generalised by Lewis and abetted by the revolutionary weapon of the sit-down strike, toppled the giants of U. S. industry one after another in rubber, glass, automobiles and steel.

By the end of 1937 more than 3,000,000 workers had been organized into C. I. O. unions. They felt they had gained something far more precious than recognition of their unions. Before, they had been mere cogs in mass production machinery. Now they had gained recognition as human beings. John L. Lewis—along with Franklin D. Roosevelt—was hailed as the liberator and champion of labour.

The C. I. O. marched forward to greater power and prestige. It now claims nearly half the 17,000,000 union members in the U. S. But Lewis, its creator, did not march with it. But for vanity and intolerance, he might have led the way to full realization of the grand objective, "Organizing the unorganized" and might have led the U. S. labour movement to unity and even greater strength. Instead, his career as a national figure became something of an anti-climax.

A Peerless Debater

The turning point came in 1940, when he denounced Roosevelt as a foe of labour and a warmonger, and staked his C. I. O. presidency on Wendell Willkie's election. Working people who regarded both Lewis and Roosevelt as heroes were shocked to tears. They sorrowfully rejected Lewis and remained faithful to Roosevelt.

Lewis' animosity towards the President had been building up to this gross blunder for four years. He was annoyed with Roosevelt in 1937 when the latter failed to take a public stand in support of the C. I. O. during the General Motors' strike. It would, of course, have been unthinkable for the President to bless openly the tactics of the sit-downers, who were clearly violating property laws. As Chief of State, the best he could do for the union was to remain officially neutral. But Lewis demanded "all or nothing" support.

According to Frances Perkins, then Secretary of Labour, he also demanded a direct political payoff for the \$500,000 the U. M. W. contributed to Roosevelt's 1936 election campaign. Lewis, she wrote, expected he would

be allowed to rewrite the labour laws of the administration, and was enraged when the President vetoed the idea.

Lewis talks about labour unity, but his moves in the past 10 years have been divisive. He led the mine union out of the C. I. O. back into the A. F. L. and then out again, to the position of isolation it now occupies. He accompanied the withdrawals with eloquent expressions of contempt for Murray and Green.

In 1947, attacking the A. F. L. for refusing to denounce the Taft-Hartley labour law, Lewis cried: "...this mighty host of 8,000,000 workers... (are) trying to advance across the plains of America, led and flanked and having their thinking done for them by intellectually fat and stately asses."

Lewis left school in the seventh grade to work in the mines, but he became later an ardent informal student of history and the classics under the encouragement of his wife, a former school teacher, Myrta Bell. He interlards his oratory with quotations from Shakespeare and the Scriptures. "They are smiting me hip and thigh and right merrily I return the blows," is one of his favourite expressions.

A peerless debater, Lewis is adept at turning tight situations to his own advantage. Many Congressional committees, out to humble him, have learned this to their embarrassment.

Lewis' wage boost demands in 1943 led to a series of strikes that outraged the nation. He was charged with imperilling war production and denounced as a traitor. The army newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, ended an editorial with these words: "Speaking for the U. S. soldier, 'John Lewis, damn your coalblack soul!'"

To Lewis' credit, it should be noted that his miners needed a wage boost: booming prices against frozen wages were making them poor. Also, war industry never was close to a shut-down from lack of coal; at no time during the dispute was the stockpile below 70,000,000 tons.

To his discredit, it can also be observed that he continually harassed President Roosevelt over many months when the President was already overtaxed by his conduct of the war effort.

During his all conquering march in the 1930's, Lewis was feared by many

as a dangerous radical. It was rumoured that he would form a leftist party and run for President. Actually, the only thing radical about Lewis is his disregard for law and authority whenever they happen to stand in his way. He was a fervent Red-baiter in the 1920's and one of his first steps as U.M.W. president was to clean the Communists out of the union. It is still Red-proof; Communists are denied membership. Except for the 1936 election, Lewis is said to have voted Republican all his life.

Still In Good Form

His economic philosophy is pure laissez faire free enterprise, as seen from the union standpoint. He used the union's power to squeeze out the best possible wages, then leaves to management the problem of making ends meet against increased costs.

"It is the constant pressure of trade unions that compels some employers to work out more economical and more efficient ways of doing things," he says. "Why should we be 'reasonable' and subsidize their inefficiency?"

John Owens, secretary-treasurer and No. 3 man in the U. M. W. was asked if this constant wage pressure on prices didn't make things tough for non-union people.

"A high-wage industry like coal mining is a stimulus to the whole economy," he replied. "If low wages and prices made a nation prosperous, India and China would be the most prosperous nations in the world."

"You can't name a class of white-collar worker in the U. S. that hasn't benefitted from union activity," he continued. "I don't know anybody who has been left out. Agriculture

has benefitted because the industrial worker is better able to buy the things the farmer produces."

The idea seems to be that one serves his fellowmen best by getting all he can for himself.

Lewis' salary is \$50,000 a year as president of the U. M. W. and as a trustee of the welfare fund he is entitled to another \$ 35,000 but he doesn't draw it.

One of John L. Lewis' little-known accomplishments was the breaking of Jim Crow in the coal mines. He insisted at a time when such a demand was a great handicap to organization in southern mines, that Negroes and whites be paid equally for equal work.

Lewis is robust at 70. His probable successor is Vice-President Thomas Kennedy, an able unionist and, like his boss, a former miner. But he lacks Lewis' formidable appearance and dramatic flair.

In the agreement signed in March, Lewis won a 70-cent daily wage boost for his men and a \$50,000,000 annual addition to the welfare fund. Having beaten the operators once more, he is resuming fire on his favourite target, the Taft-Hartley law, which severely limits the right to strike. He got around it for some months last year by calling "memorial stoppages" and three-day weeks instead of strikes. In a recent speech he called the law "a despotic, damnable, reprehensible, unwholesome, vicious slave statute." John L. Lewis is still in good form, still defiant of law and authority. That is why some still fear him. But it's hard to see him as a national menace any more.—Copy-right.

THE CAT AND THE SALAGRAM

By "VINOD"

(AN EXTRAVAGANZA)

IN a village in South India there once lived an old Brahman couple, the most humble and pious that ever were seen in that neighbourhood. They had no children and they led a lonely life in their small unpretentious cottage which stood a little apart from the village, cheered only by the company of a favourite tabby cat which had been left them as a legacy by her dead mother. They called her 'Siva' which means 'the blessed one,' for she had always enlivened the house with her quaint familiar ways and mad frolics. Even the pooja-room, the sanctum of God, was not forbidden ground to her.

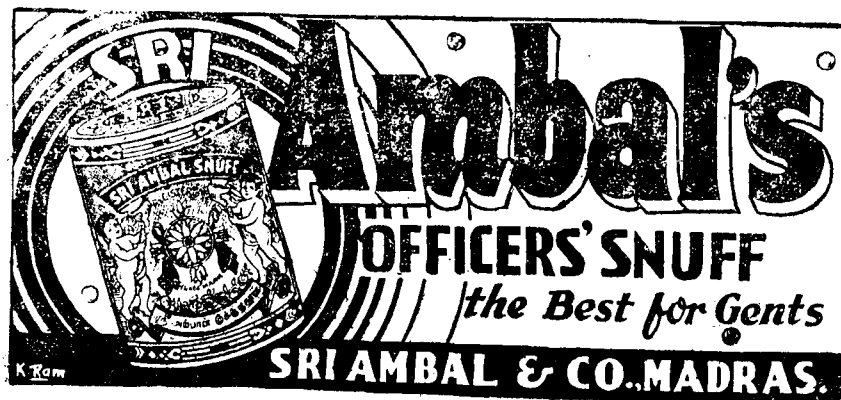
This was a small chamber in the inner part of the house, partitioned off with iron-railings, in which Sambu Iyer did his daily pooja, while Siva would sit on her haunches demurely watching him and be always conveniently at hand for the *naivedyam* of fruit and milk. The objects of worship consisted of a great variety of bronze images and 'salagrams' and 'banas' of various shapes and hues; for Iyer was a connoisseur in such matters and his piety was beyond question. He had expended the slender revenues of many years upon the purchase of these shells from Nepal where he had been on pilgrimage; and every year he was adding to the collection. But of all the stones there was one that he prized most, a small one, about a lark's egg in size, of sandstone colour with the mystic green point at each of the apexes of the pentagon that could be described within the circle. This was considered a mark of peculiar sanctity and Iyer had shelled out a whole two hundred rupees for it; and its advent, nevertheless, had been hailed with holy joy both by him and his wife, Kutti Ammal. It always assumed the central place in the scheme of worship. To it were addressed the chief prayers, on it were placed the choicest flowers and the *panchamritam* was

poured on it in the first instance. It was indeed the apple of Iyer's eye. And the cat (perhaps it was by that intuitive apprehension that so distinguishes the tribe) seemed to know its superior worth; when the bell was rung in three chimes she stood on her tail with ears cocked, for she knew that the *panchamritam* was to be offered to the favourite deity. But since Iyer was always careful she did not so far get a chance.

One fine morning Iyer was busy doing his pooja as usual and the cat which was in an interesting condition was sitting by his side, when there came a loud double knock on the street door followed by the most violent halloo. Iyer had just finished the *panchamritam abhishekam*, and as his wife was draining the hot *kanji* from the cooked rice and could not answer the knock, he went out calling to her to mind the cat. She had just set down the vessel when she heard a rattling noise in the pooja room and hurried in to see what was the matter; to her dismay she saw the cat squatting straight in the centre of the *peetham* on which the objects of worship were arranged and calmly gobbling up the *panchamritam*. She uttered a shriek whereupon Siva flew up with a bound to the corner-beam and Iyer returned in time to see her genteelly licking her lips. His face white with anger, he bent down and cast a hurried glance at the *peetham*, and then let off a shriek even more agonised than his wife's had been. Throwing up his hands in despair he cried, "It is gone, it is gone. The brute has swallowed the deity with the *panchamritam*."

This was indeed too much. Kutti Ammal ran hither and thither like one demented, alternately raving and praying, threatening and begging her darling Siva, her good Siva, her sweet Siva to give back the *swami*. Finding these appeals useless and utterly disregarded, she came and stood before the pillar on which Siva sat, and with her arms folded across her breast she made a solemn final appeal to Tabby's feelings. "By the

*The a is long as in 'ball'.



mother's love I have borne you, by the maunds of sugar and gallons of milk I have given you, by the delights you have enjoyed and the freedom that has been yours—I conjure you, I implore you, to give us back the *Salamgram*." But Siva enthroned in high estate and looking down upon them with narrowed eyes (which seemed to say with every wink that she knew better) was utterly insensible even to this passionate appeal. And Kutti Ammal burst into tears at this hard-hearted callousness of the brute.

But now, what was to be done? Great sin had undoubtedly accrued to them by every law (written and unwritten) of the science of pollution. That apart, how were they to get hold of the *swami*? The cat must be purged, of course, and Iyer set out in haste for the village physician.

Muttiah Pillai was the barber-astrologer-chirurgeon of the village of T—. He was an old man of 75 but he still pursued his triple trade with all the energy of two and twenty. He killed more than he saved, said the uncharitable people of T—. But he made a fair division, debiting the deaths to Fate and crediting the cures to his own skill. Now that he was a little unsteady of hand, he was helped by his grandson, a callow youth of fourteen. When Sambu Iyer told him his tale of woe, he held up his hands in pious horror and straightway accompanied the Brahman to his house, the grandson following with the capacious leather-pouch which served both as medicine chest and as a receptacle for the somewhat primitive surgical instrument. He came and sat in the verandah and said that he should 'view' the patient. This was easier said than done. But here his grandson proved of immense use. He bade the rest hide themselves and with exquisite adroitness enticed the cat from the old barn where she had retired after her adventure among the gods. As she was busying herself on a piece of tender cocconut, he noiselessly crept behind her and firmly gripping her by the sides brought her to his grandfather.

The old man with his shaking hands then began a thorough and systematic examination of her body, which was one long agony to poor Tabby. He poked between the ribs, squeezed the sides with his

knuckles, pressed the gullet between the thumb and the fore-finger and thus rummaged the whole length and breadth of the poor thing and finally pronounced his opinion. "The stone has stuck between the third and fourth ribs on the right side—a very tender and dangerous spot. If I physique her now she will either die or the two live kittens in her belly will be suffocated—which will be more sin than we could ever atone for even with our lives. I have consulted the stars and find that she should be purged in the third week after she kittens. And so, God be with you till then." So saying he rose up, when the unlucky wight, his grandson, prompted perhaps by innate devilry suddenly let go of the tugging animal and the cat glorying in her freedom cut a caper on the bald pate of the astonished physician and flew up to the ceiling. The boy was rewarded with a resounding rap on the head for his pains with the knob of his grandfather's walking stick.

When the physician had taken leave, husband and wife sat down to consider how the *swami* engulfed in the cavernous belly of Siva was to receive His pooja. For it is the inviolable rule that no man (or woman) may take his meal without first worshipping the god of his choice. And so a great care came upon them—what were they to do in this sore strait? They first inclined favourably towards the drastic measure of passive resistance for compelling the cat to relent. Says not the old saw, "A good soul can fast for forty-five days"? But on second thoughts it seemed to them premature if not irreverent to subject the verity of the ancient saying to a practical test. Then a brilliant idea flashed on Iyer's mind. Why should he not do the daily pooja to the cat that held the god in its maw? Why should he not treat it as the living tabernacle of God—as, indeed, it was in another sense, as he took pains to explain to his wondering wife; dwelling at some length on how the *Jivatma*, a microcosm of the *Paramatma*, elects to dwell for a time in this house of clay and is equally present in all living things from man to the minutest amoeba. He was warming up to the subject, when his wife—good soul, she did not much understand his philosophy but understood her husband very well and knew he

would never stop once he got fairly started on this subject—cut him short by agreeing without further discussion that the only way out of the difficulty was to worship the cat. This harmless sophistry settled the question.

This was the beginning of the harrowing nightmare that was the life of the honest couple for the next five weeks. First of all, it was imperatively necessary that the cat should be confined within a limited space for the period of worship; for to let her roam at will would be not only unseemly and irreverent to the entombed deity; it would render ceremonial worship virtually impossible. So the proud Brahman had to betake himself to Somasi the fisherman's hut and ask him for a month's loan of his wicker-work chicken-cote, which was given readily but with open-mouthed wonderment. He then made the necessary purifications, which would be quite a maze to the ignorant outsider; pollution like electricity has its conductors and non-conductors, its voltages and powers which the initiate alone know by long and earnest study. Once the basket was secured, the next business was to coax the cat into the bag (I should have said the basket). This was no easy matter and every morning husband and wife had to waste a whole couple of hours hunting for her—a whole family of children would not have given so much trouble.

But this was child's play compared with what followed. Puss felt naturally restive under such close confinement, at times coming perilously near to scattering the pooja vessels; so that Ammal had to squat behind the basket and hold it down firmly, taking care first to wrap up her hands in some thick stuff, for Siva's temper was none of the sweetest, and her claws were vindictively sharp. Then, as the various items of worship were proceeded with, Tabby showed her likes and dislikes rather too freely. Thus, when Iyer poured oil on her head she sat content licking the drops as they trickled down her nose, for she always liked her coat glossy. But she did not at all like the bath of water that came next in the programme. It disturbed her so rudely in her cosy enjoyment, especially coming as it did in a hair-like tickling stream, through the opening at the top of the basket, right

on to the crown of her head. Then again, when Iyer began his *archana* with various flowers of which there lay a little hillock by his side, the action of his hand was much cramped necessarily, and at every shower Puss would spring up and, catching the flowers as they fell, would unceremoniously eat those she liked the look of and tear the others to pulp with a contemptuous sneer—a sight which was scarcely edifying to the worshipper. But the greatest trouble came when incense had to be offered. As soon as Iyer threw incense on the embers in the censer the cat would begin to behave as if she were possessed. It was as if the smoke had mounted to her feline brain. Her whole body began to tremble and her hair stood on end. Her eyes opened and shut with violent winks and her teeth gnashed and bared in helpless rage, while she made a tremendous din running hither and thither in miserable frenzy. It generally required a whole *lota* of *panchamritam* to assuage her wrath. In this indeed she was a living god in that she swallowed the peace-offering before the worshipper's eyes and was straightway pacified.

All that I have so far related was but a tithe of the misfortunes that came thick upon Iyer. At pooja-time Tabby provoked him not a little with most objectionable and ungodlike habits. Generally after partaking of the sumptuous offerings she grew quiet and assumed the appropriate posture of Olympian indifference, reclining indolently and taking her after-dinner nap. But before *naivedyam* time, the faintest rustle in the eaves indicative of mice was enough to set her ears cocking and make her most undivinely vindictive and unappreciative of all *satvika* worship.

This leads me to relate what a nice dance she led Iyer and Ammal every day in their anxiety to keep her from all unclean food, to wit, mice and insects. For to allow her such sinful food would be unforgivable offence to the ensconced god. Here it was that the utmost human ingenuity found itself miserably unequal to the cat's proverbial slyness. Do what they might, imprison her in a single rat-proof room, tie a bell round her neck to warn her victims, surfeit her with all harmless dainties which money or love could procure, she still succeeded

in killing a mouse at least a day. For like the Red Indian she would not sheathe her tomahawk for the night without at least a single victim—it was not in her nature to do so. And all attempts to prevent this were useless, for if they were overcautious in this matter the next day's *pooja* would never be done.

All this naturally made a great stir in the neighbourhood. And the wags and the naughty boys of the village made themselves mighty pleasant over the matter. They would tease the poor cat to death almost, pelting her with stones and mud and pretending they were worshipping the deity within, thus throwing the old man into a constant fever of anxiety. They giped and made faces at him behind his back and dolorously condoled with him on his intractable goddess.

All this and much more he bore patiently; but coming out of his house one afternoon he saw a sight that froze the blood in his veins. Poor Siva was cowering under the eaves in an agony of fear and uttering the most piteous cries, while a rough-haired fierce-looking *korava* was trying to reach her with one bloody death-stroke from a murderous long-handled spear he held in his right hand. Perhaps egged on by the village wags, he had come there to make capital out of the old man's fears. When Sambu Iyer asked him why he was so cruel he waxed mighty wroth and swore and shouted, "Why should we poor people starve when you who never did a stroke of work feed fat on the pick of the land? I am as much at liberty to hunt cats or rats as you are to wheedle credulous fools out of their cash. Let us see who dares prevent me," and he stroked his chin fiercely and rolled his blood-red eyes and grew so provokingly quarrelsome that poor Iyer quaked. But Iyer's love and piety triumphed; he pleaded with the barbarian passionately, relating to him the whole story, at which the fellow laughed immoderately, and at last succeeded in getting him off the neighbourhood with a bribe of ten rupees, cash down.

At last, the great day arrived. Ammal was in a fever of preparation. The situation was doubly novel. This was the first time Ammal was to have the pleasure of seeing a living being come into this world (poor woman,

that terrible yet dear experience had never been hers). And this was the first time that a member of the feline tribe was to be helped to its lying-in by human attendants. Siva was not half grateful for these attentions. But, somehow, the event passed off peacefully and two lovely kittens made their appearance in this world of mice and men under unique auspices.

The next three weeks were one long delirium for Iyer and Ammal. Now that Siva had two lives depending on her (proud mother that she was!) she grew unconscionably jealous of Ammal and hopelessly intractable at *pooja* time; she fiercely resisted any attempt to deprive her even temporarily of the company of her young. So Iyer had perforce to effect a compromise and suffer them to remain with her at *pooja* time, and there she sat in queenly state like *Indrani* in the midst of her lesser peers.

At last (oh! the sweetness of the word) the day fixed by the physician for the emetic arrived, and with it the physician, followed by his satellite carrying a long-necked bottle of *margosa-oil*. The cat was grabbed after much preliminary hunt. Iyer on one side and the boy on the other held her tightly down (at which unaccustomed sight the kittens displayed a most uncontrollable excitement, while their mother squirmed and screamed) and Muthiah opened the bottle to pour down her mutinous throat a few drops of the delectable liquid; when it occurred to him that, his hand being unsteady, he might spill the oil, and he asked Ammal to fetch him a kerosene funnel if there was one in the house. She had been away for a minute or two and the old men had their work cut out for them, holding the struggling cat, when they were startled by a loud noise—something between a sob and a laugh—that rang out from within the house; and Ammal came running in, shouting, "It is found, it is found." This sudden interruption into his rut-like nodding existence was too much for the physician's weak nerves and in his excitement he shook out a few drops into Siva's mouth. He might as well have let loose all the powers of Hell. Siva uttered one loud heart-rending terrible cry, as if she were

her divine namesake herself roaring in cosmic fury; she jerked herself free from the none too tight hands that held her and with characteristic desire to revenge herself for the months of agony she had been vicariously made to suffer, she made a wild grab at the physician's eyes. Fortunately for him, her aim missed and she raced off with only a fragment of his snowy moustache in her paw, leaving him roaring with pain.

My sagacious readers will scarcely

require an explanation of what had happened. The kerosene funnel had been placed right under the corner-beam on which the cat had sought shelter. In her desperate haste she had dropped the little stone and it had fallen into the funnel without anybody noticing it.

You can well imagine how delighted the old couple were at the recovery of the long-sought *swami*. And they handsomely recompensed old Muttiah, believe me, for the loss of his moustache.

LONDON LETTER

From A Correspondent

THE first reports of the Conservative Party Conference, being held in Blackpool, suggest that the Party is aiming to attract more "working people," though who in England today is not working it would be hard to say. On hearing of this aim of the Conservatives I could not help wondering whether there is much difference between politics as they were fifty years ago and as they are today.

The other day I was reading some press cuttings of reports in a provincial paper of the affairs of a small town in 1894 and 1895. It was a town which had voted Radical in the previous election and meetings were being held in preparation for a forthcoming election. The local gentry, centred on the *HaM*, were Tory and held a garden party as a rally for the Cause. Although such rallies were usually addressed by local worthies or figures of national importance, on this occasion new ground was broken as a "working man from the South" was introduced as the chief speaker. In his address he confessed, however, that he had not been a working man for the past two years as he had been employed in furthering the Conservative cause and this had been a full-time job. It was amusing to note that after an attack on the Radicals for their Irish policy, and after saying that the Government must surely be composed of the most inefficient men ever to have been in a British Government, the speaker

went on to Empire problems, claiming that under the Conservatives the Empire grew, but the Radicals always gave parts of the Empire away when they were in power. One seems to have heard that before. Incidentally, the Conservatives gained a victory in this district in the following election and one of my wife's great-uncles returned home minus trousers after a particularly rowdy meeting which the local scribe reported under the headline, "Disgraceful happenings in the town."

Which leads naturally to "Party Manners," which has been the talk of the town, this time London town, in the past week. "Party Manners" is the title of a play which was produced in London some time ago and has been broadcast by the B. B. C. Television took it up and it was seen by "viewers," as they are called who look-in as well as listen-in, including Lord Simon of Wythenshawe, Chairman of the Governors of the B. B. C. The play was due for a repeat performance and the "Daily Herald" found reason to complain about it as it shows a Labour Government being prepared to sacrifice the country for political ends. "Party Manners" was supposed to be a farce. The repeat performance was cancelled.

Most of the press saw in the cancellation an alleged abuse of censorship, the performance of the play appearing to them to have been stopped on political grounds. For a few days writers upheld the liberty of the B. B. C., particularly on political mat-

ters, and a question was to be asked in Parliament. Lord Simon, however, has issued a statement taking full responsibility for the cancellation, which was not the result of any political pressure. He took a few days to come to this decision and he is under some criticism for this delay, but the general feeling is of relief and that the issue has been useful in indicating the strength of public opinion against political censorship of B. B. C. programmes. It should also help to clarify the relative powers of the Governors of the B. B. C. and the Director-General. Television is part of the B. B. C. and there are some who would separate them completely, asserting that Television is a competitor with Radio and Radio should have no more control over Television than the Cinema or the Theatre had over the B. B. C. in its early days. Although Television is relatively young,—it began in Britain over twenty years ago,—there seem to be H-aerials on the roofs and chimney stacks of houses in almost every street where Television programmes can be received. Television sets cost from about £35 upwards and are available on hire-purchase terms for a few shillings a week.

Television will probably be able to affect public opinion much more than radio, having the advantage of vision, and more than the cinema, having the advantage of immediacy. The Beveridge Report on the B. B. C. is, therefore, likely to be of great interest and the centre of no little controversy. It is expected in about three month's time.

The weather is always a topic of conversation in England and this week in London we have had what has come to be known as an "Indian Summer," lovely warm, sunny days with a cloudless sky, the clearness only interrupted for a few minutes yesterday as the giant Brabazon plane flew over the city. The summer generally has been a bad one. It was a pleasant

surprise to read this week that the harvest has, on the whole, come up to its target figures, though it is not as good as the record harvest which Britain enjoyed last year. The South of England seems to have suffered most from the weather but the harvest for the whole country is better than was expected. After a bad summer, we look forward to a mild winter.

It is possible, in London, to follow the news without ever buying a newspaper. The three London evening papers, "Evening News," "Evening Standard" and "The Star," produce issues from the middle of the morning until late in the evening and on the newspaper sellers' placards are written or chalked the main news items in the papers. One has to have patience not to buy a paper which is advertised as carrying news of Stalin's message to Korea, or "British Film Star's Romance" or "Television's Chief Sensation," but if one waits long enough, these items of news will be superseded by others and on the placards one will read that Stalin has sent a message of encouragement to North Korean troops, that Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are engaged to be married and that Norman Collins, head of the Television Department of the B. B. C., has resigned to take up another post. Patience and a walk around the streets of London with one's eyes on the placards and the news develops as the day goes on. It is possible that even more editions will be forthcoming when the Test Matches between the M. C. C. and Australia begin. There is not much optimism about the ultimate result but the health of Hutton, Compton and Bailey is the concern of many and we are glad that the team is in good spirits, having more confidence, apparently, than its supporters. I have heard Australians in London expressing the hope that the M. C. C. might win. As with the hopes for a milder winter, we shall have to wait and see.

The concrete relationship of one individual to another has lost its direct and human character and has assumed a spirit of manipulation and instrumentality. In all social and personal relations the laws of the market are the rule. It is obvious that the relationship between competitors has to be based on mutual human indifference. Otherwise any one of them would be paralysed in the fulfilment of his economic tasks—to fight each other and not to refrain from the actual economic destruction of each other if necessary.—ERICH FROMM.

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By V. P. SATHE

MUCH is being said about a Rs. 50,000 donation by a star to East Bengal Refugee Relief Fund. While some are trying to belittle the star, others are trying to make a martyr out of her. Though perhaps no other star has paid such a big sum at one moment, the stars as a rule have been known for generosity. They have always liberally contributed to a deserving cause in one way or other. Perhaps some of them have contributed much more than Rs. 50,000 to charity, but they were neither criticised nor adored as the present star. And rightly so. For the beauty of charity lies not in publicizing it but rather hiding it. A person who wants to give money for a cause and not for self-publicity tries to remain anonymous. Any act of charity which is advertised loses all its charm and becomes a publicity stunt.

To come to the point, while stars have always been generous their donations were never publicized. Yet I can recall many instances of generosity. The most illustrious case is that of Prithviraj; every month he earmarks a certain sum from his income for charity, and he has been doing so for the last so many years. If an account was kept, the amount would reach six figures. And through his theatre he must have contributed several lakhs of rupees for charity. Only two weeks ago he gave a show in Delhi in aid of Assam Relief Fund.

Motilal is another star who must have contributed thousands to the relief funds and so has Snehaprabha Pradhan, both by way of donations and charity shows. Lata Mangeshkar, Talat Mehmood and others have been doing magnificent work for relief through charity shows. And,

the best example is that of M. S. Subbalakshmi who has sung in charity concerts and collected several lakhs of rupees. Durga Khote, Jairaj, Vanmala, Nargis, Dilip Kumar, Raj Kapoor, Shyam—one can quote names of many renowned stars who have contributed their mite for the right cause and are always ready to do their best. Is their contribution any less than that of Madhubala? Then why is it that while none of the journalists have cared to write articles either in their favour or against them, an issue should have been made out of Madhubala's charity?

This is a question which Madhubala must ask herself. I think, had this donation been given no undue publicity it would have remained a graceful act. The publicity had an adverse effect. Anyway, the old stars have a reputation for generosity and social consciousness. One hopes that the younger set will keep up that reputation.

Picture Of The Week

The film industry has made considerable progress during the last decade; but one is constrained to say that all the progress is technical in manner of photography, sound, settings and production. But as far as the contents of the film are concerned any discriminating picturegoer will admit that far from progressing, we are steadily going backward in case of themes and social outlook.

This process of retrogression is best illustrated by two artistically outstanding pictures, *Admi* which was produced a decade ago and *Mahal* which is produced today. In *Admi* Shantaram emphasized the basic principle that love is not everything in life; life is greater than love; from

this dynamic and realistic philosophy *Mahal* takes us back almost to the Victorian age and tells us that love is above everything. As the publicity blurt put it, "love transcends life."

And in putting across this mediaeval and reactionary theme Kamal Amrohi has utilized all the possible devices of film art and technique in such a manner that the poor picturegoer will be just swept away by the picture and by its reactionary philosophy.

The story revolves round a lawyer, who happily happens to be a rich man; and it shows how while for the illusory love of a ghost (at least that is what he thinks) he is prepared to die as well as kill, yet he shirks from facing the realities of life and fulfilling the obligations as a man to his wife.

But the pity is that such an anti-social man is glorified as an ideal—an ideal which unfortunately the frustrated youth of India will follow blindly. And to justify him, the poor suffering wife has been almost turned into a villain; she is shown committing suicide and alleging that her husband murdered her. This idea, obviously taken from "Leave Her to Heaven," damns the wife instead of damning the man who is responsible for the suffering of an innocent woman.

The story which begins beautifully and keeps up the suspense and tenseness upto this 'murder' becomes commonplace in climax with one of the most boring court scenes ever presented on the Indian screen. The shouting and theatrical utterances of Kanu Roy sound an utterly discordant note in an otherwise placid and dignified picture. The revelation that the ghost girl was just a real woman—a gardener's daughter—in the court is interesting; but the revelation of suicide through a letter found in the "Dead Letter Office" and the last minute saving of the hero from the gallows and the heroine's marriage to another man, just to create the tragedy, are all forced situations to justify the theory of re-incarnation.

Indeed, the message of *Mahal* to picturegoers seems to be "Don't worry if you lose your beloved in this life; if you do nothing else but worship your beloved you will be united with him or her in your second or third birth".

What a philosophy! And it has been presented in a most fantastic manner by Kamal Amrohi.

But though *Mahal* is a fantasy it must be admitted that the fantasy is fascinating, mainly due to eerie atmosphere beautifully created through magnificent sets and photography and sound effects. It is this presentation as well as the mystery about the identity of the heroine which is brilliantly kept up till the court scene that make *Mahal* an engrossing and artistic picture. Among the artistes, Ashok Kumar obviously gives the best performance, and for the first time in her career Vijay Laxmi, charmingly photographed, reveals some histrionic talent. Madhubala is very sweet to look at; and that is all she is expected to do in the picture. She has yet to prove her worth as an artiste. Kumar is wasted on an insignificant role. The rest do not count.

A word of praise is due to Khemchand Prakash and Nakshab. After a long time Nakshab has composed really good lyrics and Khemchand has proved that the blending of classical and light tunes produces beautiful results. His background music score is also brilliant and is keyed to the mood of the story.

A well-made picture, it is a thousand pities that it should have been made to glorify a most reactionary and fantastic ideology.

Star Of The Week

For the first time perhaps since she started working in films regularly Nargis is taking a long holiday which has also been forced by illness. Thank heavens the illness is not serious now and that for a change she can have a well earned rest for some weeks away from Bombay, film studios and film politics.

This is also the first time that any production has been held up on account of Nargis. For, among the stars, Nargis has earned—and deservedly earned—the reputation of being the most punctual and co-operative star. There have been days and many days in succession when she has worked continuously for eighteen to twenty hours a day to accommodate different producers. It is due to her that a new shift from 6 o'clock in the evening to 12 midnight has been started by many producers. In

fact, she finished most of her work in 'Adhi Raat' in these extra shifts. It is obvious that the break down in her health was due to strenuous work.

The popularity of Nargis in the film industry is due to her readiness to work not only hard but work freely without any inhibitions and co-operate with other artistes to the full. Ask any male star and he will bear me out that for any hero, Nargis is the star who co-operates most, giving proper response. True, some of the male stars misunderstand her because of the freedom with which she works. But that is hardly her fault.

And the greatest quality in her is that she is a sport. While some of the stars refuse to put their knee even in water, Nargis is prepared even to dive in 8 feet deep water—as she does in *Awaraz*. I distinctly remember that during the shooting of 'Adhi Raat' last January, the scene demanded that Nargis should be completely drenched in water as she was to be shown washed ashore on the beach. As the weather was very cold, director Ojha asked the studio to prepare hot water for the scene. Mind you, this scene was being shot just after midnight and midnight in January is very cold indeed even in Bombay. But as luck would have it the studio people forgot to bring the hot water and drenched her just in cold water with the result that Nargis almost started shivering. When Ojha saw it he lost his temper and wanted to stop the shooting.

But Nargis had a better sense of humour. She told Ojha that since she had already been drenched she would have some satisfaction if her work was finished. At least that would save her from being drenched once again. The shot was taken. Imagine any other star in the place of Nargis. It is this attitude of hers that has made her the most popular star.

Not that Nargis has no temper or prejudices. But seldom has she fallen an utter prey to them during her work. Just twenty-one, Nargis is always smiling and yet she is a girl of very serious disposition. With all her apparent gaiety she is not very happy. Perhaps in her career of the past seven years she has gone through

many a psychological and mental crises. And though she is always cheerful, sometimes her looks betray her as they did when I first met her on the sets of *Lahore*. I still remember how pale she was looking on that day; and her friends have always advised her to look after herself. Now after the present illness I hope she will take their advice to heart.

Incidentally, 'Baby' Nargis made her debut on the screen in 1944 in Mehboob's *Tagdeer* and became a star overnight. But after her initial triumph she could not maintain her position as a popular star. Her rise began really in 1946 with the success of *Nargis*; and it was in *Aag* that Raj Kapoor gave her a new look and glamour. Since then she has been riding on the crest of popular glory; and at the same time she has been making great progress as an artiste. Her performances in *Jogan* and *Adhi Raat* reveal her calibre as an emotional and dramatic actress. And if she maintains the present zeal and enthusiasm there is no doubt that she will soon attain the rank of India's best female artiste. Already, she is the most popular star.

News Of The Week

—M. & T. has announced *Chanakya* as its first international picture. Another mythological which director Vasant Joglekar is making for M. & T. is entitled *Nandkishore* and will feature Nalini Jaywant in the role of Radha. Incidentally the same role is being played by Nirmala in *Janmashtami*, Vijay Laxmi in *Murliwala* and Ratnamala in *Gokulcha Raja*.

—Kishore Sahu and Party have gone to Aurangabad for the outdoor shooting of *Kalighata*. It is learnt that *Barsaat* team of poets, Hasrat and Shallendra, and music directors Shankar and Jai Kishan have been engaged by Kishore Sahu to compose lyrics and music for *Kalighata*.

—Madhubala is reported to have been signed by Sadiq to play the lead in his next picture *Saiyan*.

—D. D. Kashyap has entitled his new picture *Aaram* which goes on sets on Thursday, 20th October. As reported earlier its cast will be headed by Madhubala, Dev Anand, Premnath, Hiralal, Durga Khote, Baby Tabassum and Manmohan Krishna.

SIDELIGHTS: :

For forms of government let fools
contest.
That which is best administered
is best. —POPE.

SRI PRAKASAM has revived his threat of bringing before the legislature his old motion demanding an investigation into his charges against some of the Madras ministers. The Andhra leader has been quiet lately. He was quietened by Sardar Patel's promise of coming down and setting things right in Madras State. When month after month passed without the Sardar turning up, some suspicion of being played with might have begun to trouble Sri Prakasam's equanimity. But being tenacious by nature, he is not a man given to abandoning lightly hopes that once find harbour in his breast. With a boundless optimism that never forsakes him in the most depressing situations, he combines a love of giving long ropes to hang themselves with to persons against whom he happens to be at loggerheads at the moment. No fear of being worsted in a combat ever daunts him. On occasions when another might feel trounced, Sri Prakasam has a way of buoying himself with the notion that he is merely allowing rope to an antagonist. He has the perennial psychological faculty of converting every defeat into a pledge of postponed victory. He also prides himself on being a constitutionalist disinclined for extreme measures before giving the fullest trial to conciliatory overtures. He is prone to set before himself time-limits to serve as points of exhaustion for patient trial of a faith, and when such a point is reached, he will in one moment change over from tolerance to battle, working himself into a terrific exasperated outburst to make up for all the stern self-suppression that went before.

On this occasion Sri Prakasam seems to have fixed the Nasik Congress as the limit of patience. And now that the Congress is finished without any sign of the Sardar getting ready to set right the multitude of

mischiefs masquerading as Government in our midst, Sri Prakasam has evidently decided that the time is ripe for another lion's roar of anger and protest. The announcement of the new list of the Congress President's Working Committee has proved to be the last straw. The list cannot fail to shatter the hopes of many that had banked for a cleaner regime with the advent of Sri Tandon. Why Pandit Nehru should have made so much fuss of holding aloof, finally to agree to a committee of such a miserable complexion as this, is not at all clear. The personnel of the Committee is proof of the rout of all that the Pandit professes to hold dear, in the effective administration of the Congress organisation.

It is plain that the real architect of the Committee is, Sardar Patel. The Sardar's recent fervid protestations of loyalty to the Prime Minister could only mean the triumph of his plans to establish himself as the supreme wirepuller of the Congress machinery. Acharya Kripalani knows Sardar Patel thoroughly well, and Acharya Kripalani's journal *Vigil* says that this is "not the first time that he (Sardar) has publicly sworn his loyalty to the Prime Minister. In fact, whenever he has expressed himself against the stand taken by the Prime Minister or the policies pursued by him or whenever he has acted in defiance of his known opinions and wishes and there has been public talk of rift he has hastened to assure the Prime Minister and the public of his undying loyalty to Nehru and his faith in his leadership." *Vigil* asks: "This time Sardar has affirmed his loyalty in stronger terms. Is it because the fact of disunity is more glaringly apparent and pronounced than on former occasions?"

Pandit Nehru lets himself go in righteous wrath over something wrong and enunciates unexceptionable principles, but as speech is not administration, things go on the same as before. Sardar doesn't mind who speaks what, provided the strings of power lie secure in his hands. In the

new Working Committee, the Sardar has able intriguers, strategically distributed, while the Pandit is a lone figure without any aids tied to him in self-interest. It is doubtful if Sri Rajagopalachari will bring much comfort. C. R.'s flair is for exhausting the pros and cons of complicated situations in thorough analysis, so that whatever happens later, he may not miss the relish of credit for having foreseen it before others. He is not made for lieutenantancy. He brings to the Working Committee the complexity of a triangular tussle for power. Sri S. K. Patil is another controversial figure of ominous potentiality in the Nehru-Patel rift. Patil is a go-getter in the collection of funds. Bombay papers given to outspokenness do not give him a savoury reputation. He seems to be the central figure in a drive to collect 20 lakhs for the Sardar, to serve as the nucleus for a crore fund to be spent in the forthcoming elections. A fund, like this, under high and mighty auspices, reduces to utter futility the

labour of legislators to prevent election corruption by law. The Vallabhbhai-Ranga-Patil axis, with Sri Kala Venkata Rao established as Secretary, holds forth no prospect of redemption of the abuses that have brought the Congress down to a degenerate condition in these three years of independence.

Nehru is harnessed to reactionary organisational forces bent on using him to their own ends. He can talk, but it is Patel that has his way. Patel's speciality has been the letting loose of favourites of his own on the provinces, of the type of Patil and Ranga, to forge on people the fetters of reaction with the rich as allies. He symbolises the conversion of politics into commerce in the Congress scheme of Government. There is no hope for the country unless Nehru breaks away from the prevailing thralldom and heads a new party of more genuine devotion to old Congress principles. —SAKA.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

HAMLET NEHRU justified his title by joining the Congress Working Committee. The fate of the Congress is now completely sealed. As a result of the conflict between Nehru and Patel, we had hoped that the progressive forces would polarise round Jawaharlal. Panditji was also toying with the same idea; but there was the fear that it might cost him the Prime Ministership. And Panditji is frankly convinced that there can be nothing more tragic for the country than being deprived of him at the helm of affairs, and especially of foreign affairs.

We are convinced, equally frankly, that the collapse of the Congress, which we are seeing in front of us, will continue and that we have to be silent spectators—without either hastening the process or prolonging it. Our position has been reduced to that of impartial and cynical observers. Prof. Ranga has made a suggestion urging the Congress to divide into two—one in the Government and the other in the Opposition. Both of them will have the same programme, to begin with. Prof. Ranga was asked which side he would take. He would go into Opposition voluntarily, he said. Let those who are in office form the official group. At the end of six months, two healthy parties would emerge, with differences in programmes, policies, approaches and outlook. There was even hope that they would not be on speaking terms with each other!

The confidence of all those who regarded Pandit Nehru as a man of decision has been shaken—and there were a large number of people who regarded him as a man of decision! I have always held the view that there was only one man in the Congress leadership who could be Prime Minister of India. That man is Chakravarti Rajagopalachari. But all these posi-

tions go by vote, and the voters are always in favour of the not-so-competent, if not of the thoroughly incompetent. A high degree of education is necessary to make Democracy workable. Even in England, the electorate was hardly able to distinguish between Labour and Tory, although they are as cheese and chalk. But Democracy is a workable proposition in England; so is it in Switzerland and Sweden and Norway and Denmark. Many in India have often exclaimed, "We wish the British had not gone!" This was not intended literally, but as an expression of disgust with the Administration.

Owen Lattimore when he was in Delhi some months ago, described the British Council as a subtle example of British Imperialism. I said that if this was British Imperialism, we would like to have more of it. But he maintained that these cultural activities tended to make the British more popular in Asia. This may be in tremendous contrast to the popularity of the Americans in Asia; but we would like the Americans to take their Correspondence Course from the British Council and become equally popular with us.

The Exhibition of British Books, which the Council organised at the Arts and Crafts Society Hall, was a feast for the eye. The quality of the least-priced among them is pretty high. You can't get rich quick in the book-publishing line; so we find that no businessman has taken interest in it in this country. In England, where they understand such things, people have gladly lost their fortunes (like Sri K. Ramakoteswara Rao of *Triveni* in India) in sponsoring brilliant writers, with the full knowledge that their works may not be very saleable. It is difficult for us to appreci-

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ciate Napoleon's description of the English as a nation of shopkeepers.

Ruskin was, of course, justified in criticising his own countrymen for their lack of love of science, of literature, and of art. And, moreover, he was finding fault with the country because its Government was not sufficiently appreciative of the services of distinguished men of science. It is quite true that the English speak of a biblio-maniac, but never mention a horse-maniac, although it is the latter class that ruins itself. It is quite true that there is hesitation in paying for the best book the price of a fair-sized turbot! (And, of course, turbot must have gone up considerably in price since Ruskin's time).

The Penguins, which have revolutionised book-publishing, brought the best books within the reach of everybody. (Mr. Krishna Menon, now Indian High Commissioner in London, was one of the original planners of the Penguin Books). Ruskin had a theory that if books were very highly priced, more people might be persuaded of their high value. But during the fifty years that have passed since Ruskin, the English have learned to appreciate the value of books, apart from the price that is printed on the jacket.

There was just one jarring note that we heard at the opening ceremony of the Book Exhibition. Mr. Munshi struck that note, when he read out a schoolboy essay on "Myself and English Literature." I wish he had confined himself to the place of the English language in Indian life. With most of what Mr. Munshi said on this subject, many of us present at the Exhibition readily agreed. Mr. Frank Roberts himself pointed out the incongruity of his (Mr. Robert's) intervention at the British Council's function. He was right. His active part at the opening ceremony leaves the average visitor with the impression that the British Council has some connections with the British Government. This is an erroneous impression, but there was no need to take pains to create it. Dr. Phillips, as Representative of the British Council, should have taken charge of the formalities himself.

While the British have been trying to spread their culture through books,

the Americans have introduced Coca-Cola in the Capital. I guess that in this country Coca-Cola will go the way of Chewing Gum. I drank a bottle of Coca-Cola on the occasion of the opening ceremony, but it tasted just like lemon-soda. The secret of Coca-Cola's success lies in their advertising campaign. You are hypnotised into becoming a Coca-Cola addict.

In some of the South American countries, Coca-Cola posters are destroyed by the citizens as soon as they are sighted. They have given the name of "dope" to Coca-Cola, according to a globe-trotter who is at the moment in India. They fear that the Americans want to dope them first, and then control them. This alarm is not unlike the agitation which Indians experienced when railways were first introduced. They thought that the British were trying to enslave the country by tying it up with metal-rails.

John Gunther says that in Utah, Coca-Cola is condemned because "the beverage is reputed to contain caffeine, a drug." I believe that if people enjoy Coca-Cola, there is no reason why they should not drink it. I would like them to do anything that adds to their happiness. I was greatly struck by the ingenuity of their advertisement campaign. Joad would straightaway decide against Coca-Cola, because it is an advertised product; but most of us have a rather quaint sense of humour which leads us to buy some stuff because the advertisement was drafted by a clever man.

Coca-Cola has straightaway provided employment for some of the prettiest girls in town, a few of whom have won beauty contests in Delhi and other cities. To this extent its role has been progressive. But when one of the directors, Sardar Mohan Singh, claims that the setting up of the Coca-Cola has added to the industrialisation of India, we appear on the scene with raised eyebrows. In the Philippines, the Americans tried to popularise Chewing Gum—with what success, we cannot tell. When the Soviet Embassy held a reception some months ago, the *New York Times* Correspondent scoffed at the invitees as belonging to the class which is given to chewing pan. A man of wit

and wisdom in the Capital retorted: "Probably they would like them to be chewing gum instead."

Dilip Kumar Roy is one of the New World Singers. His music-recitals in the Capital have proved extremely popular, for he combines within himself the qualities of a great composer and the qualities of a great virtuoso. Every exponent of Indian classical music is, of course, a bit of a composer. Dilip Kumar Roy has, in addition, a knack for explaining the finer points of Indian music—which, if left unexplained, pass beyond the comprehension of the average listener (like the present Diarist). At one place, the great musician explained the meaning of a Bengal song for the benefit of the non-Bengali listeners. Our enjoyment of the song greatly increased as a result of the explanation. Bertrand Russell once explained that he used to eat apricots and enjoy

them: but ever since he came to know that apricots were so-called because the fruit ripened precociously apricots appeared to be sweeter to him and he enjoyed them the more.

Dilip Kumar Roy has also brought with him the message of Sri Aurobindo. He corrected the impression that Aurobindo was opposed to the formation of Aurobindo Circles outside Pondicherry. Dilip Roy has a beautiful poetic style in speech, and he is extremely effective in the explanation of the ideas of Aurobindo. He is among the best-fitted to interpret the genius of Indian classical music to the West. He has translated a large number of songs like *Bharata Varsha* into English and German; and this has facilitated easier appreciation by the Western ear. Narayana Menon and Scott-Goddard also did very valuable work in this field of interpretation through broadcast talks over the B. B. C.

MOVING MUSIC AT MATUNGA

By Prof. T. V. RAMANUJAM, M. A.

BOMBAY: I wonder if there has been, ever, any South Indian musician who has been able to enthral tens of thousands of people in every part of India so completely as Shrimati M. S. Subbalakshmi has been able to do. From Kashmir to Kanyakumari and from Cutch to Calcutta the simple, unsophisticated folk as well as the trained and tutored experts in all styles of music throng in their thousands to listen to the soul-stirring melodies of M. S. S.

Both at Sunderibhai Hall on the 12th and at the South Indian School Hall on the 13th eager crowds of the rich and the poor, the old and the young, the Marwari, Gujarati, Tamil, Telugu, Parsi and even a fair sprinkling of Europeans and Americans—men and women of the most different temperament and upbringing—vied with one another in their attempts to secure seats of vantage from which they could catch every inflexion of that beautiful voice, every note struck by that super-artist.

It is a fallacy to imagine that the unfailing appeal of her music to a literally cosmopolitan audience is

wholly or even primarily due to her happy knack of singing North Indian tunes in the most *authentic* manner. The purely Carnatic *ragas* are rendered by her in such an exquisite manner that even those to whom these are utterly unfamiliar somehow manage to catch "the glory and the grandeur of South Indian music."

From what I saw at that triumphant concert held in aid of the Assam Relief Fund and at the subsequent performance at the South Indian School and from all that I heard from the Gujarati and Marwari millionaires who attended both, I am led to the conclusion that Shrimati M. S. Subbalakshmi has succeeded in erecting a bridge between the north and the south. She has made her "Meera Bhajans" and other North Indian tunes immensely popular in the south and her "*Sankarabharanam*" *raga alapana* and *Maye* in *Tarangini* the rage of the Gujaratis and Marwaris!

At this time when communal, linguistic and other kinds of acerbities are rampant, at a time when the fears of a "New Hindi imperialism" haunt the intelligent and patriotic

peoples of the South (and who can dismiss their fears as needless and empty scares?), here is the Nightingale from the South whom one of the millionaires of Bombay described to me, after the Matunga concert, as a "national asset."

At the concert in Sunderibhai Hall in aid of the Assam Relief Fund, Shrimati M. S. sang several "bhajans" and North Indian songs. And it was well-known that at the next concert before a predominantly South Indian audience she would largely devote herself to a rendering of Carnatic music of the undiluted classical *sampradaya*. And yet many of the local people made it a point to attend this concert as well.

The Matunga concert began at 8-15 P.M. and it lasted almost till midnight. October in Bombay is a particularly bad month and the eager audience was bathed in sweat. People had come from all the distant suburbs and on the following day they had their offices and businesses to attend. Yet, not a single man or woman moved till the end of the concert! The scion of a leading business house who had attended the previous performance at Sunderibhai Hall threaded his way out of the Matunga concert at about 11 P.M. and came out to the gangway. And just then Shrimati M. S. began her "Bhajure Bhayya"! Immediately he returned and sat by my side and at the end of that song he was so moved that he whispered to me: "How exalting are these hymns! Here is noble art harnessed to divine sentiment."

Beginning with *Thodi Varnam* and ending with *Vazhia Senthamizh*, the audience was treated to a beautiful variety of *kirtanams*, *ragas*, *bhajans*, and other modes of musical expression. Such was the consummate artistry with which the songs were selected and their order decided that the tempo was always high and not for a single moment would a member of the audience feel blase or cloyed.

The rendering of *Sankarabharanam Thodi* and *Poorvi Kalyani* was not only detailed and orthodox but also

delicate and original. To be original without being a deviationist is a task of which only master-artists are capable. In a word, in the technique of Shrimati M. S. we see the best features of all the outstanding vidwans of recent times without any of their oddities and aberrations. There were touches reminiscent of that genius of the stage, Kittappa. In other places one could discern the swara patterns of famous nadaswara vidwans. *Ninuvine* in *Navarasa Kannada raga* had the quintessence of the best that the best flutists of today are capable of.

While it is true that there is no *raga* or *kirtanam* which she touches but does not adorn, there are some which are specially her own. Just as Semmangudi has made *Sama* and *Arabhi* so universally popular, just as Maharajapuram excels in *Mohana* and *Durbar*, Shrimati M. S. is delightful when she renders *Yadhukula Kambhoji* and *Nadanamakriyai*. "*Yarenru Raghavanai*"—the *Ramanataka Kirtanai* in *Yadhukula Kambhoji*—followed by *Kandan Karunai* in *Bhimplas raga* were noteworthy for their strange combination of verve and gamakas.

With a voice which for its sweetness, strength, volume and malleability has no parallel, with a mastery of the technique of music (I refer to *laya gana* and other acquired traits) which is equal to the best among contemporary musicians, with a musical tradition, and style ("*bhani*") which are of the purest variety, it is no wonder that every concert of hers—in the heart of "music-land" like Kumbakonam and Tanjore or in Bombay, Lucknow and Delhi—is a shining success. But it is a wonder that superstition and false sense of values should still rule the roost in South India and that not all the most eminent mridangam and violin vidwans have yet come forward to "accompany" this highest kind of vocal music. All honour to Chowdiah for having risen above these meaningless taboos and petty anachronisms.

Unless we shed prejudice against English there is danger of the joints in our educational structure going loose with nothing firm to replace them. Let us retain English without making grimaces at it both as the medium of modern knowledge, and also for its literature which, incidentally, is the Bible of democratic liberties. Otherwise, we shall be within easy distance of the folly of pouring out the baby with the bath-water.—POTHAN JOSEPH.

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.

Attack On Academic Freedom In U. S. A.

I am in receipt of a letter from the Executive Director of the National Teachers' Division, United Public Workers of America, 206, West 15th. Street, New York 11, N. Y., which runs as follows:

"You are undoubtedly aware of the attack on academic freedom in the United States which has been growing in intensity during the period of anti-Communist hysteria accompanying the 'cold war.' Special loyalty oaths required of teachers, dismissal of professors for their political affiliations and activities, state legislation making membership in so-called 'subversive' organizations, grounds for teachers' dismissals, all these are manifestations of the campaign against academic freedom in America.

"Public school teachers at the elementary and secondary school level are in a particularly vulnerable position during a time such as the present. Because they are employed by agencies of the Government, public school teachers can be conveniently made the object of attack by unscrupulous politicians anxious to demonstrate their patriotism by persecuting teachers for alleged 'disloyalty'.

"In New York City such political adventurers have selected the Teachers Union of New York as a major victim for their unprincipled manoeuvres. The Board of Education has taken away from this union the right of representing teachers before the board and its agents and has begun formal proceedings to dismiss from the school system eight members of the union, including its president and secretary....

"In addition to this action taken against the Teachers Union as an organisation, the Board of Education has approved the suspension and 'trial' of 8 members of the union. One teacher is to be tried because of his alleged membership in the Communist party; the other 7 are to be tried because of their refusal to answer questions concerning their political beliefs and affiliations. The teachers based their refusal on their constitutional rights of freedom of political belief and association, as well as their contention that teachers should be judged only on the basis of professional fitness and standards. The 'trials' are simply preliminary to the already predetermined intent of the Board of Education to remove these militant leaders of teachers from the school system.

"The eight teachers have taught in the New York schools for a period of 10 to 28 years.... It should be emphasized that

none of these teachers is accused of having sought to indoctrinate his pupils with any system of political or other belief.... It is significant that the Board of Education has suspended these teachers, all of whom are Jewish, although it continues in service non-Jewish teachers who have been proven guilty of using the classroom to make anti-Semitic and anti-Negro statements.

"This letter is an appeal to you, to take action to help the New York teachers. Already, teachers' unions in a number of countries have protested against the outrageous steps taken by the Board of Education against the Teachers Union. We believe such protests by outstanding democratically-minded individuals can be very helpful, since Americans at the present time are quite sensitive to foreign criticism of undemocratic practices within their own country."

On receipt of this letter I wrote to Maximilian Moss, President, New York City Board of Education, 110 Livingston Street, Brooklyn. Among other things condemning the overthrow of artistic, cultural and academic freedom in the United States, I said:

"We have heard with dismay about the arrest, trial and imprisonment of several of your great thinkers and writers, men with whose names we have long been acquainted and upon whom we have looked with deep regard and affection. From a letter written by Howard Fast, your brilliant author, a few days before his incarceration, we have come to know of the incarceration of several brave men and women of your intelligence, their only crime being a love of freedom and respect for human rights. Earlier we were shocked to know the inhuman treatment meted out to great artists and scientists. Among the artists Paul Robeson is regarded by us here as a great fighter for human rights and a man of sterling thought and character."

Replying to a copy of this letter sent to the National Teachers Division, the Executive Director writes:

"...If you could suggest to other Indian intellectual and cultural workers the writing of similar letters to Mr. Moss it would be very useful. If such letters are sent they should go by air mail and also a copy be sent to me....

"The vicious Macarren legislation, recently passed by Congress, is intended to accomplish the disintegration of all progressive organisations, to place all persons who might be 'suspected' of an intent to commit sabotage or espionage,

May I crave the hospitality of your columns to publish the above correspondence because your magazine reaches people of a certain intellectual level who might be interested in knowing these truths.

October 11, 1950.

Kindly accept the heart-felt thanks of a reader for your illuminating editorial entitled "Government and the Press" ("SWATANTRA" dated 30th September). You have explained with admirable precision and clarity the distinct role of the press as contrasted with that of Government. Your sane, frank and dispassionate remarks "The Press lives by disclosures. Its duty is to disclose the facts it gathers and make them public property so that the public opinion thereby created may have its effect on Governments and impel them to act as desired" will find a ready echo in the hearts of millions. The question now arises what the basis of the liberty of the press is. It is my sincere conviction that journalists keen on enlightening others with what their own reason and conscience have dictated to them as truth, have every right to appeal to the reason of a whole nation; either on the subject of Governments in general or upon that of our own country. They have every right to analyse the principles of its constitution, expose its errors of omission and commission, give publicity to pernicious tendencies like corruption, favouritism, nepotism, greed for the loaves and fishes of office, self-aggrandisement and inefficiency. It is incumbent on them to exhort their fellow citizens to be alert and vigilant and sound a note of warning. If they discuss a topic which they have not pondered over; if contemplating the misery of others they wickedly condemn what their own understanding approves; if they hold out to individuals that they may disobey the law or resist the public will they forfeit their claim to be called true journalists.

Government in its own estimation has always been a system of perfection. But a bold and independent press living up to the great ideals of the profession, not yielding to the temptation of prizes and plaudits held out by self-seeking and dishonest ministers, and making the welfare of the country the supreme goal, has laid bare its errors. If Government finds itself annoyed by a free press, let it examine its own conduct; and it will find

K. S. VISWANATHAN, M.A.
Basavangudi.

At the time the Congress Socialist Party was formed Kripalani retorted at one of the meetings of the A. I. C. C. that a few people might form a Congress dancers' party and that the Congress cannot go on recognising such parties. I believe this name will be more appropriate to the group which according to press reports is going to be formed under his leadership. Public memory is short. Otherwise public opinion cannot tolerate a man who is forming a group within the Congress after being responsible for vindictive action against a bigger man like Netaji for doing the same thing.

B. S.

India took the lead in moving, though unsuccessfully, that Communist China should take the place of Nationalist China in the United Nations. She emphasised that her action was not motivated by any attitude, favourable or other, towards Communism, but merely took note of the undeniable fact, whether one likes it or not, that Communist China is firmly in the saddle, is stable and controls effectively the whole of continental China. Further the exclusion of Communist China would make the United Nations unrepresentative and stultify its claim to its name. In which case, it is surprising that India did not press for the representation of Franco's Spain in the United Nations, irrespective of any ideological attitude towards Fascism, on the equally good ground that Gen. Franco's Government, whether one likes it or not, has been longer and more firmly in the saddle than Communist China and effectively controls the whole of Spain. If the United Nations can contain both Democratic America and Communist Russia if only to deserve its name "United Nations," then there is no reason to exclude Fascist Spain. India's differential attitude towards Communist China and Fascist Spain calls for some elucidation, if not justification.

Bangalore.

P. KODANDA RAO.

"The Press Of Ceylon"

In the article "The Press of Ceylon" published in SWATANTRA (Sept. 16) it was stated that there was an English daily run from Jaffna. But there is only an English bi-weekly run from Jaffna and not a daily. I think the author would have mistaken the bi-weekly for a daily. The bi-weekly is known as "Hindu Organ."

புஷ்பனைத்தாள்.

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