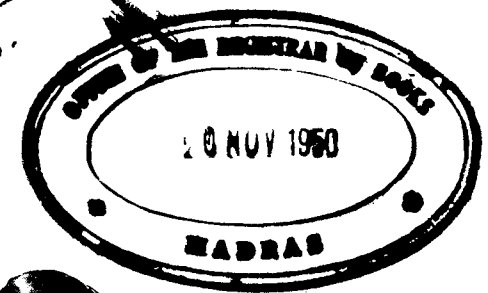


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SWATANTRA

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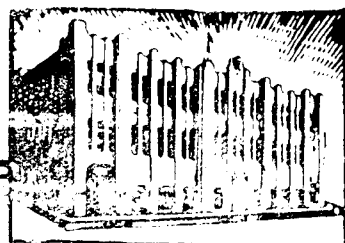
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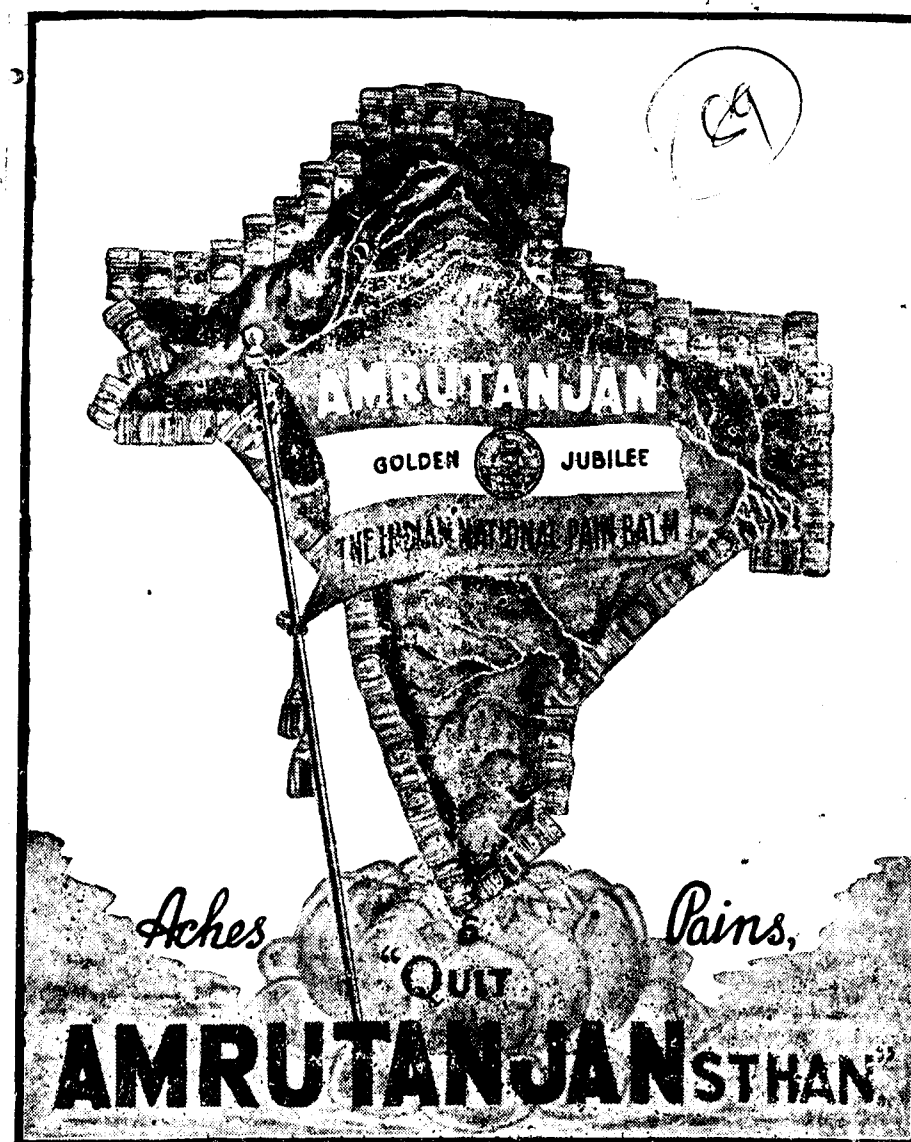
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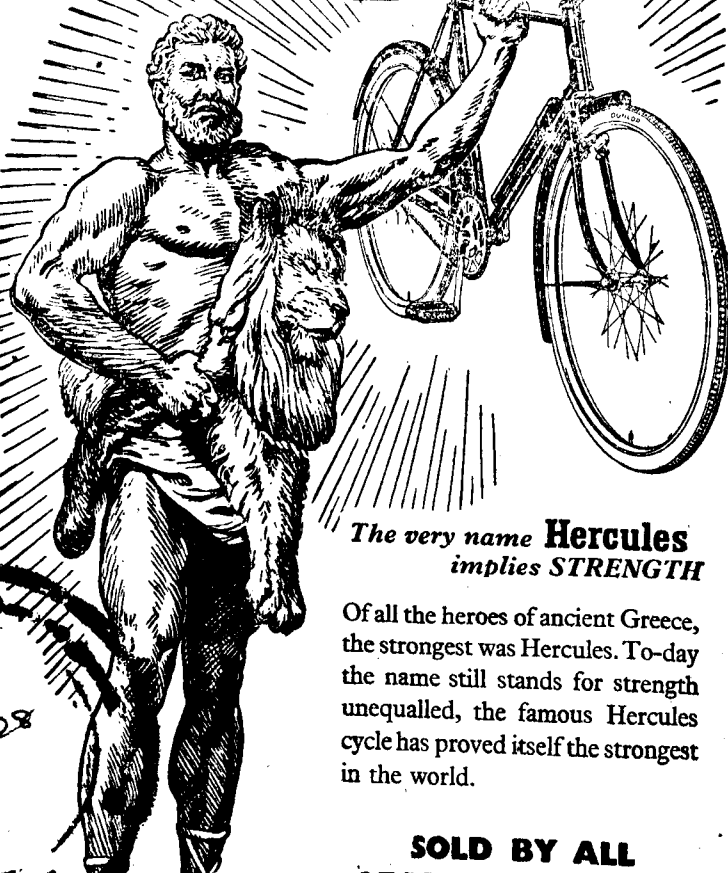


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SWATANTRA

VOL. V, NO. 41.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1950

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SWATANTRA

VOL. V
No. 41

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CONGRESS REBELS

MR. NEHRU had been proclaiming that the general elections must be held in April next year. But now it has been announced that they would be held only in December. The Prime Minister has not a word of explanation to offer for the abandonment of the earlier date. The reasons alleged for postponement of the elections are not very convincing. They should have entered into Mr. Nehru's calculations when he assumed the attitude of urgency. This is one more instance of the Prime Minister being baulked and rendered innocuous by powerful forces in his own Government which he is unable to control.

When Sardar Patel accepted a purse of 15 lakhs Mr. Nehru should have demanded his resignation from the Ministry. The contention that the money would be used for public purposes is ridiculous. For use for public purposes the State provides ministers with budgetary allotments from the Treasury. If, in addition, they should proceed with taxation on their own account, subject to no check of public auditing, it is tantamount to the upkeep of a parallel authority impairing the integral sovereignty of the State. If each minister were to go about permitting his followers to collect purses to be presented to him for employment on public purposes, the State might as well be wound up. For it would mean the death of the State as an authority invested with the monopoly of tax collection. Sardar Patel spoke lately of living on earth separated from the Mahatma only for the sake

of completing his work. But in this matter of accepting purses Gandhi had a code of his own which the Sardar has totally ignored. When friends of Sri Prakasam presented him with a purse of Rs. 50,000 on his release from jail, the Mahatma objected to his accepting it though Sri Prakasam held no official position at the time. For whatever purpose alleged, the collection of donations by ministers is a corrupt practice totally un-Gandhian in spirit, and Sardar Patel's deplorable example in quietly placing himself in control of a huge fund does no credit to the Government of which he is a minister. It makes nonsense of all provisions intended to prevent public servants with salaries, from supplementing their resources with abuse of the influence pertaining to their official positions.

In the wake of ministers acting as if they were a law unto themselves, it is not surprising that the spirit of protestantism should have broken out within the Congress. The Congress Democratic Front is the starting point of a revolt of which the main purpose is to throw out of power ministers and legislators that have abused their positions. Mr. Nehru is its natural leader, and should have been in its ranks by now but for his sentimental attachment to the Congress as an institution sanctified by association with Gandhi. This sort of sentimental attachment apparently permeates the rebels as well. For they have torn the name Congress from its context and tacked it on to their new organisation in the man-

ner of the Congress Socialists for a while. Just like the Congress Socialists, it will not be long before the Congress Democratic Front learns that an alliance between Congress and Democracy is as unnatural as the alliance between Congressmen and Socialists. The quality of an institution is determined not by the objectives proclaimed in its printed manifestoes, but by the manner in which such objectives are upheld in practice by its leaders. The protest of the Democratic Front against the Congress will not inspire faith in others unless it ceases to make use of the name of the Congress as a bridge to stand on along with those it seeks to supplant.

Likewise, within the present Congress ministries themselves there are some whose sympathies seem to be with the Democratic Front. Loyalty should go the way of sympathies. While Mr. Nehru goes on wobbling, it is reported that Mr. Kidwai has topped the list of donors to the new organisation. Much that is nebulous now will be clarified if the present patched-up truce between incompatibles in the Congress sedulously being promoted with C. R. formulae, begins to wear out, as it is bound to, before long. The Congress Democratic Front is significant as the advance signal of such an approaching clarification.

Sotto Voce

THE SCRUPULOUS SHAW



"GOOD Lord, No!" said the dying Shaw when Lady Astor tried to persuade him to take a little soup. The expletive might have been much more vigorous if any one less loved had dared to make the suggestion. One is inevitably led to contrast the excessive adaptability on the part of some who are born to a rule of abstinence from flesh foods and strong drinks, when they imagine that their health would be otherwise imperilled. I was startled to find Ovaltine figuring among recommended foods for the disciples of one of those new-fangled mahatmas who pullulate in our mental bog like mushrooms after the monsoon.

It might be said that Shaw knew as well as another that he could not hope to save his life by that late lapse and preferred to keep his reputation

for consistency untarnished. But a mere regard for the world's opinion falls like water off duck's back as you pass into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Not for nothing did Kulasekhara pray, "Lord, when phlegm blocks the throat and I battle for breath, how shall I remember Thee unless Thy grace befriends me?" No mere veneer of prejudice, no tricky fashion in thought will avail you in that awful hour; only what you have believed in with your whole soul and practised all your life and made part of your bone and muscle.

Shaw jested with others on his vegetarianism, teetotalism and non-smoking. But he was deadly serious with himself. He would not be untrue to his deepest instincts even if this involved him occasionally in charges of exhibitionism. Thus, when Frank

Harris twitted him on his incapacity to be a lady-killer and attributed to him the timid chastity of the frigid, he seemed to think it necessary to take the world into his confidence by giving a catalogue of his past 'loves'. How far these amours were real or pretended I shall leave it to the ghouls to discover. But might not the simple explanation be—however difficult to believe—that he was anxious not to be sainted on false pretences?

Shaw the crusader is a familiar enough spectacle. But, however much he pretended to admire the ruthless efficiency of the Communists, he wouldn't hurt a fly or—what is perhaps more difficult—constrain anyone, however humble or dependent on him, to alter his way of life out of deference to his own philosophy (or fads). I don't suppose he expected his domestics to abstain from meat or alcohol. But, then, I fancy—though I can't be positive—that his exquisite sense of courtesy would not have required him to provide meat and drink at his own table for anybody who chose to give him the pleasure of his company.

There is a story told of Sir Walter Scott who, when he was staying with Wordsworth as his guest, was often found quietly drinking a pot of beer at the nearest inn. The poet did not provide this beverage at breakfast, though the novelist was accustomed to it. This is generally set down to Wordsworth's parsimony. But I have always preferred to think that it was of a piece with his integrity. If a man chose to live with him for a time it must be presumed that he would adapt himself to his host's mode of living.

How different are our notions of hospitality! Our Prohibitionist Ministers not only attend receptions at the Russian Embassy where vodka flows like water and the inexperienced have to be carried like logs of wood from the pavement outside Travancore House. They think that the honour of India requires that they should offer cocktails to casual visitors. They are ready to grant policemen permits—no doubt in the interests of efficiency! But I have reliably heard that when a broken down old man, who has taken his nightly peg for sixty years without doing appreciable damage to himself or to anybody else, begged with tears in his eyes for the continuance of this indulgence they played cat and mouse with him for a while, and then it was thumbs down.

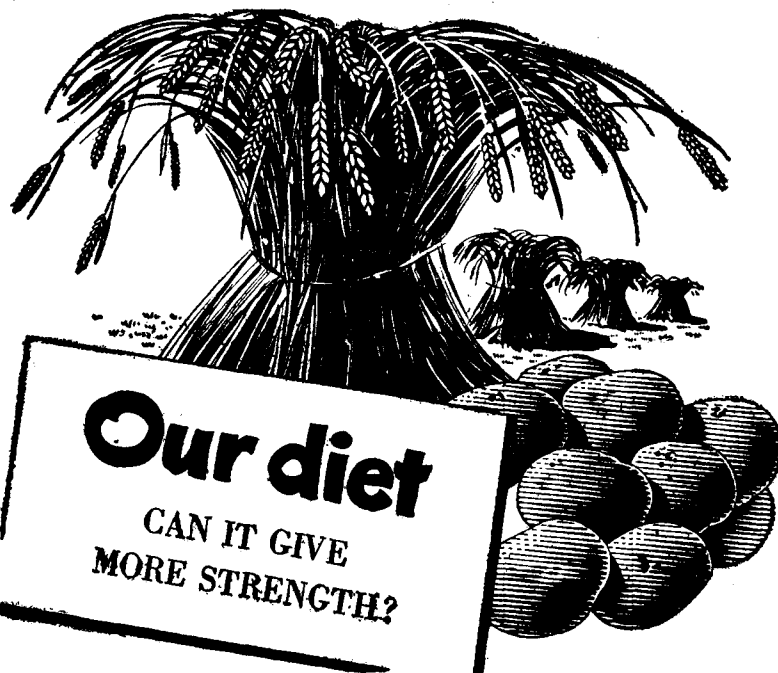
This strain of sadism which unfortunately came in with the messianic phase of the Congress was altogether unknown to Bernard Shaw. Men are often praised for having never been harder with others than with themselves. That is the spoor of the tiger that marks the dismal road from Sparta to Stalingrad. Shaw like Voltaire before him endlessly giped at our stupidities. But he never forgot that ultimately he was accountable for himself alone. He frightened his purse-proud generation with the bogeymen from Russia. But he preferred to live in Britain like a bourgeois; and he claimed that the Welfare State was Communism without tears. Stalin looked down from the wall and a figurine of Buddha from the mantelpiece on the dying Gnanu who had built his hopes on the Life Force. Born in the tradition, he might have discovered the Atman.

VIGNESWARA.

KALAKSHETRA ART FESTIVAL

Lovers of drama, dance, and music will be pleased to learn that Srimathi Rukmini Devi has arranged a festival of arts during the last ten days of December. The Festival will begin with a play giving incidents from the life of the great Mahabharata hero, Bhishma. Two dance dramas will follow, first the famous Kutrala Kuravanji and next Kumarasambhavam, which was performed in New Delhi in connection with the inauguration of the Republic. The series will close with a concert of classical Hindustani music, and a presentation of the best Kathakali by the most eminent of Kathakali artists.

His Excellency the Governor and Her Highness the Maharani Saheba of Bhavnagar will be patrons of the Festival and will be present to open the Festival on the 20th December. The proceeds will be utilized for the endowment of Kalakshetra.



OUR DIET can certainly give us more strength. Food factors like proteins, minerals and vitamins will ensure that. But these three factors also require the help of fats and carbohydrates which supply the body with "fuel" or energy. In other words, for full health and strength, we must eat a balanced diet in which all the five food factors are present in their correct proportions. Here are some of the foods that make up a balanced diet. You should eat daily one or more from each of the five groups: potatoes, wheat, rice, millet (carbohydrates); dal, milk, nuts, eggs, fish, meat (proteins); amlas, carrots, tomatoes, lemons, papayas (vitamins); brinjals, drumsticks, lettuce, spinach (minerals) and fat like Dalda which is pure and energy-giving.

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COCA-COLA

A man, the wise ones have said, is known by the company he keeps. The fashionable tailors and outfitters insist that "Clothes make the man."

On another plane, however, it may also be said that a man—or a people—reveals his characteristics by the drink he habitually drinks!

Since times immemorial, man has paid more attention to his liquid refreshment than to the food he ate. The ancient Greeks and Romans were great ones for disposing off goblets of wine. Our own ancestors, the Aryans, had no moralist compunctions about drinking *soma*, a spirituous liquor with "divine" qualities which are referred to in the Vedas. The Prophet of Islam weaned away the Arabs from drinking date-wine but had to promise them not only "streams of milk and honey" in paradise but also "*sharab-i-tahoora*" (the wine of righteousness)—which may be taken literally or allegorically! The Persians had such a weakness for "may" (wine) that their *Sufi* poets symbolized even the Divine Beloved as a *saqi*.

The French invariably take red wine and white wine with their meals and look at you with wonder if you ask for water. "Water?" they sometimes ask, "You mean water—the thing in which we bathe?" The Germans as a nation are addicted to beer—and Biergartens (Beer Gardens) are a characteristic German institution, even as the "pub" (with its casks of beer, ale and rum) is a typically British institution.

In Japan it is *sake* (rice wine) and in China it is tea.

In the agricultural Punjab they drink *lassi* or butter-milk by the gallon, in Delhi and U. P. the favourite drink used to be *falooda*; along the palm-fringed coasts it was *toddy*—till Prohibition came! Nothing divides the South Indians from North Indians as much as their preference for coffee and tea, respectively. But, as a whole the

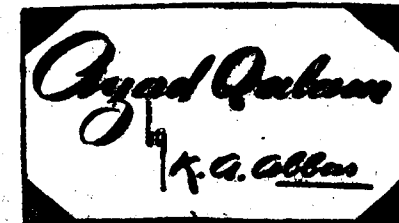
national drink of India is—*water*—and the wayside *piyao* (water-stall) for thirsty travellers is still as typical an Indian phenomenon as the roadside drug-store is American or the "inn" is British. Indeed, in this land of ancient and sacred rivers, there are many literally "dry" areas where even *aqua pura* is a luxury, difficult and expensive to acquire.

DRINK—TO ORDER!

While characteristic drinking habits are the result of geography—of climate and natural produce—, it is also true that whole peoples have been taught to drink certain beverages—even as the British taught Chinese to take to opium.

Tea which originated in China was forced by the seafaring British tea-traders not only on the people of Britain but, subsequently, wherever the British colonists went, the tea-trade followed the Union Jack. Strangely enough, tea from China, Ceylon and Assam became a weapon in the hands of the British capitalist-imperialists. In the American colonies, it was tea that precipitated the Revolution and the "Boston Tea Party"—when thousands of cases of tea were dumped in the sea—is still celebrated as the first signal of the colonials' defiance of Britain.

Many of us will remember how the "tea habit" was spread in India by an advertising and sales promotion campaign—how representatives of the great tea interests toured from town to town, how the portable tea-stall would be set up, how crowds would be collected by playing gramophone records, how tea would be prepared publicly and then cups of the steaming beverage as well as packets of tea leaves would be freely distributed. Thus India took to drinking tea—and millions of pounds of profit accrued to Liptons and Brookbonds and other tea-planters and manufacturers.



Tea is a British institution—but the two centuries of British domination are now passed. This is the American Century, and the world must learn to enjoy Hollywood movies, read King Features' Coloured Comics, and drink—COCA-COLA!

Coca-Cola, which originally offered the thirsty Americans during Prohibition a cheap substitute for liquor, is an American institution and an American habit like chewing-gum, pop-corn and orange-juice. But Coca-Cola is also a huge billion-dollar American business with world-wide ramifications—like Ford, Standard Oil or General Electric! Also it is a political and economic force in U. S. A. specially in the Southern States. "All through the South, socially and economically and even politically, Coca-Cola has an importance hard for Northerners to appreciate... this drink is one of the few things that the South developed of itself and that the North hasn't taken over. Almost everywhere below the Mason and Dixon's line the Coca-Cola dealer is the richest person in town." (John Gunther in *INSIDE U.S.A.*).

Now that Coca-Cola has duly arrived in India, with much fanfare and high-pressure publicity, it is interesting to learn a few basic facts about this drink which is a symbol of American Big Business and which represents, in its export, the widening circle of American influence all over the world.

Coca-Cola, like many other American enterprises, began in a humble way when in 1886 an Atlanta man conceived the idea of a "soft drink" that would cost a "nickel" (5 cents). He named it Coca-Cola. A few years later he sold out the "secret formula" to the more enterprising Asa G. Candler, who expanded the business to such phenomenal proportions, that he sold it in 1920 to Ernest Woodruff for 25 million dollars. When Woodruff died some years ago, he was worth 200 million dollars. In the State of Atlanta alone, at least a thousand millionaires owe their wealth to Coca-Cola. Coca-Cola bosses are said to exercise considerable political influence to secure lower taxes for their product.

Coca-Cola is one of the chief weapons of the "silent American invasion" of the world—the most important, perhaps, next to movies and

motor cars. It is sold in more than 70 different countries. In France (where Coca-Cola arrived exactly four days after the entry of U. S. troops in Paris) it has proved a menace to the indigenous wine industry and the French vine-growers have been loudly protesting against the Coca-Cola invasion. It is claimed that "Coca-Cola sells when it's 78 degrees below zero in Iceland, and when it's 120 degrees above in Madras."

India is the latest conquest of Coca-Cola but, already one can imagine the power and influence that it can exert. A Minister of the Central Government, Shri Harikrishna Mehtab, performed the opening ceremony of the Coca-Cola premises, and a few days later "charming young society ladies" were employed at a public function (though without success) to take publicity photographs of Prime Minister Nehru while drinking Coca-Cola. It was characteristic of Nehru that he smashed the bottle as soon as he found the ruse to exploit him for commercial publicity. But every one of importance is not a Nehru and one may expect the Coca-Cola empire, with its millions of dollars, to go on from conquest to conquest in India.

What is Coca-Cola that is being imported into India at the cost of millions of precious dollars? According to the all-knowing Gunther, "consists mostly of sugar and water; a small percentage covers all the flavouring, and, of course, the formula is closely guarded..." but, thanks to the glamour of its advertising, "Coca-Cola would be a prodigious success nowadays no matter what it contained."

Besides sugar and water, Indians should know, Coca-Cola certainly contains the flavouring of capitalist America's expansionism!

"ORPHAN ISLAND"

From Coca-Cola to Puerto Rico seems an irrelevantly long jump, but both are symptoms and symbols of the expansionism of U. S. capitalism.

The arrest of a Puerto Rican terrorist for alleged attempt to murder President Truman has focussed world attention on this "Orphan Island" in the Caribbean Sea which is one of the few direct dependencies of the United States.

Puerto Rico, for all practical purposes, is a colony of the U. S. A.

though the word "colony" sounds imperialistic and is, therefore, avoided by most Americans in this context. The island is ruled by a Governor directly appointed by the U. S. President in Washington.

Annexed by U. S. A. in 1898, during the Spanish American war, Puerto Rico has been the happy hunting ground of American capitalists and landowners, who have been systematically exploiting the island's land resources. The chief attraction for U. S. capital is Puerto Rico's sugar which is monopolised by four or five American companies. Most of the wealth created by the islanders' sweat and blood thus go to the coffers of Wall Street. In about fifteen years the American companies are known to have carried away about Rs. 25 crores from the island, the population of which is left to live in poverty and squalor which is described as more abject than "the most squalid parts of China."

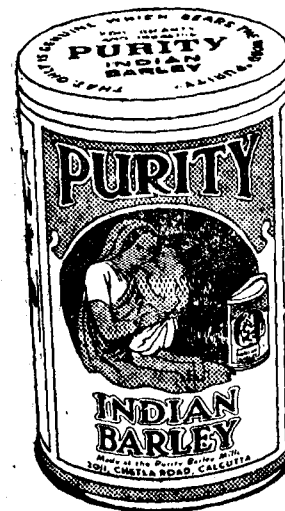
Says John Gunther: "I saw (in Puerto Rico) misery, disease, squalor, filth. It would be lamentable enough to see this anywhere.... But to see it

on American territory, among people the United States has governed since 1898, in a region for which its federal responsibility has been complete for forty-three years, is a paralysing jolt to anyone who believes in American standards of progress and civilization."

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

PARIS: The results of the American elections have caused great anxiety in France. It is true that they show a stiffening of American dislike of Communism, as the Conservative *Epoque* notes with some satisfaction. But can the Republicans be trusted, the *Monde* asks, not to seek an agreement with Moscow at the expense of Europe, as Mr. Stassen might be interpreted as desiring? On the left, anxiety is most acute. *Franc Tireur* writes: Liberty of opinion, Europe and social democracy have suffered a crushing defeat. Together with Robert Taft, champion of isolationism and anti-trade unionism, the real victors are MacCarthy, champion of intolerance at home, and MacArthur, Champion of intransigence abroad."

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COST-OF-LIVING IN BRITAIN

By HARRY HEAP

I have no doubt that the Indian Press will pay full tribute to George Bernard Shaw whose death was announced a few hours before I began to write this note. The B. B. C. devoted most of the morning news bulletin to an account of his life and a tribute by St. John Ervine is to be broadcast later in the day. My only link with G. B. S. is by a couple of postcards which I received from Ayot St. Lawrence. One has already been referred to in a local contemporary. It was in reply to a request that his play, "Androcles and the Lion," might be adapted for children and acted by members of a children's club in Madras. He replied that no adaptation was necessary as the play was originally written for children. A few years earlier I was producing a radio programme of the favourite music of famous people. Shaw replied to my request for his favourite tunes, that he did not agree with people having favourite tunes and those who had he likened to people who considered "The Londonderry Air" as good music. Lady Astor, who spent some time sitting with G. B. S. in his last hours, was also kind enough to reply to my request for her favourite tunes, which included hymn tunes, tunes of the 1914-18 war and, of course, "Carry me back to old Virginny." Winston Churchill preferred good marches and the melodies of Gilbert and Sullivan.

There has been much sympathetic reporting of India's notes to China over Tibet in the British Press. One finds it difficult to understand the aims of Communism. At the end of the war, Russian stock was very high in Great Britain, yet there seemed to be no desire on the part of Russia to make good use of the high regard which many people in Britain had for her on account of her great efforts during the war. In the case of China, it seemed that India was prepared to be on the most cordial relations and to recognise China's suzerainty over Tibet, which can have little economic value at the moment. In addition, India was helping China's cause in the Security Council. Yet, at a time of the year least helpful to

military movements China sends armed forces into Tibet and offers what appears to be a discourteous reply to India's legitimate enquiry about the proceedings. What good such an attitude can do either to China or to anyone else, it is hard to see. A victory by Chinese forces in Tibet can hardly be considered as compensation for the Communist defeat in Korea.

It will, however, be interesting to see if the new regime in Tibet will find any valuable minerals in the mountains there. I recall reading of the difficulties of the climbers who wished to make an assault on Everest. The Tibetan Government, among other things, would not allow such an expedition to include a geologist in case he found some deposits which would rouse the envy of some foreign power and so bring Tibet into world affairs. Perhaps future climbers will require their party card before being allowed to try to conquer Everest!

The University Press of Liverpool has published an analysis of the results of investigations made by some members of the University's Department of Social Science into Colour and Class in Six Liverpool schools. Liverpool being a large port, has naturally a cosmopolitan population. The investigations indicated that white and coloured children show no discrimination on colour grounds when choosing or rejecting other children as friends. Any discrimination that is shown is on the grounds of dress, those better-dressed sometimes discriminating against those less well-dressed. The investigation covered 1,048 children, including 187 coloured, 52 of whom were Chinese.

Cost-of-living is almost rivalling the weather as a subject for conversation in Britain. A recent bulletin of the Oxford University has reported on the post-war changes in living costs and it makes interesting reading. It is estimated that a married man with two children who earned £500 in 1938 would require £1,225 today, if he were to live up to his pre-war standard. That is an increase of

145%, I think. On the other hand, a family of four with an income of £200 pre-war now needs only £345 to keep to their standard, an increase of 72½%. A man earning £700 needs over £1,000 more today. From what one can see of wages, it is unlikely that many men earning £500 or £700 pre-war have had their pay increased by the amount required, but it is certainly likely that the £200 a year man is getting his £345. There was a discussion on the radio a week or two ago on this same topic and Graham Hutton, the economist, pointed out that it is not easy to decide what is the cost-of-living. He had worked out that people in Britain today are spending a smaller proportion of their income in rent, food and clothing than they were in 1938, the increase in cost-of-living being largely due to more money being spent on inessentials. Cost-of-living always depends on the standard-of-living.

The King's Speech at the re-opening of Parliament has been followed by Opposition amendments which criticise the housing record of the Government and the proposal to make permanent some of war-time controls. Housing is the subject likely to have the most popular appeal. The Conservative Party Conference pledged itself to a target of 3 lakhs of houses a year against the Government's 2 lakhs. Some commentators, including the "Times," thought that the body of the Conservative Conference had put the platform in something of an embarrassing position with this demand for 3 lakhs of houses, but Mr. Churchill seems to have given it his support and it is hoped that the Opposition will give details as to the ways and means of achieving this target. To many of us, it would seem to demand a reduction in building in hospitals, industry and schools, which are at least of as high priority as houses. Possibly the Conservatives would use some of the dollars which Britain has saved in the past six months. But there is re-argument to pay for, as Mr. Gaitskell has been reminded many times since his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, an appointment which has received almost universal approval. It is not often that a country has a former Professor of Economics as a Chancellor of the Exchequer. The name which comes to

mind as a previous example, is that of Dr. Salazar of Portugal who, if remember aright, was invited to take over the government of that country when it was in extreme financial difficulty and when someone had the idea that the man who ought to be able to straighten things out was the man in charge of Economics at the University. I do not suppose the Portuguese have regretted the choice. Nor do I think that the Labour Party will have much to regret in having appointed Mr. Gaitskell to the Chancellorship.

We had been anticipating sparks flying in the House of Commons over Housing, Cost-of-living and Controls, but even the Bevan-Churchill conflict failed us. The Government managed to obtain its usual small majorities on each of the three major divisions and its defeat on the issue of Private Members' time was significant only in that it served as a reminder that the House is jealous of its privileges. It is expected that there will be an interesting debate when the House discusses whether or not to allow the various amusements and exhibitions in the Festival of Britain to remain open on Sundays. There is to be a free vote, Members being under no party discipline on this issue.

The British attitude towards Sunday is hard to explain. We are not a nation of Church-goers, most places of worship complaining at the smallness of the congregations. But most of our shops, all, in fact, except the occasional "corner-shop", where one can buy a few groceries, cigarettes or sweets, are closed. Cinemas are dependent for their opening on local bye-laws, theatres cannot open at all—a sore point, this, to the theatrical profession—and in many towns it is difficult to get so much as a cup of tea from a cafe on Sundays. Bus and train services are run to a special Sunday schedule, much reduced in comparison with the normal weekday services, and professional football and cricket matches are banned. In one town I know, it is possible to go to the cinema, sail a boat, listen to an orchestra and go out for meals on Sunday, but the playing of bowls is banned! There is an organisation which watches against any contravention of the Sunday regulations and brings them to the notice of the authorities. It is the Lord's Day Observance Society and it has remarkable

ble powers, thanks to the reluctance which the British have to amending ancient laws which have made people "keep the Sabbath Day holy" whether they have wanted to or not. It is doubtful if the House of Commons will allow the Festival of Britain to be an exception. The Labour Party has within it a strong Free-Church element.

The Labour Party of South-east Bristol has once again shown that in a democracy such as Britain's, it is the voters in the constituency who are the ultimate authority on what shall be done. If a Member of Parliament finds that he disagrees with his party's policy, or if he is criticised by his party for not toeing the party line, he can, and often must, report back to the members of his constituency who elected him and seek their support for his action.

Before the last election in Britain, it was reported that Sir Stafford Cripps, in spite of having said that he was too busy to attend, had to be at the meeting of the Labour Party in South-east Bristol at which his nomination was approved. With Sir Stafford's resignation, the question of his successor at South-east Bristol arose. The party leaders saw in this vacancy an opportunity to bring Mr. Arthur Creech Jones, a successful former Secretary for the Colonies and a first-class administrator, back into Parliament. In order to give the local party some freedom of choice, however, Transport House did supply two more names, making it known that the party leaders were behind Mr. Creech Jones. South-east Bristol accordingly chose Mr. Anthony Wedgewood Benn, 25 years old member of the staff of the B.B.C., with few apparent qualifications and one which might have been felt to be a disqualifying factor, that he is the heir to Lord Stansgate, who is 73 years old. The choice shows that local parties will not be tied by the Party High Command as to who will represent them in Parliament.

There has not been a day recently when someone in authority has not spoken or written about the "World Peace Congress" that the British Peace Committee is organising at Sheffield. In Sheffield, it is apparently dangerous to breathe the word "peace" these days! The Congress is recognised for what it is and the Bri-

tish Pacifists have stated in advance that though they will send observers, as it is necessary for someone not in Communist pay to give an accurate report of the meetings, they will not be in any way committed by any resolutions which are passed at the Congress. The famous and mysterious organisation, M. I. 5., seems to be making the occasion one for sifting the "undesirables" through an even finer sieve. Mr. Attlee has made it clear that Britain is allowing the Congress to meet because of the British belief in the right of free speech. The question one asks is whether the Russians would allow equal facilities to any group of foreigners who wished to meet in their country.

The Republican party's gains in the American election and the ever-present prospect of an election in Britain, raises the question as to the ability of the Republican and Conservative parties to form satisfactory Governments in their respective countries. By the time of the next Presidential election, it will be twenty years since the 'Republicans' governed America. Men who were fifty years of age then are seventy now and the younger men have not had the experience. It is not quite as difficult for the Conservative party in Britain, though it is over seventeen years since the younger men had a chance. The "Spectator", the British weekly with a right-wing bias, has raised this point recently and has asked that some of the younger Conservatives, amongst whom are men of first-class ability, should now be brought on to the Opposition Front Bench. Mr. Churchill, after all, sat on the Treasury Bench for the first time in 1905. In a modern Government there are over fifty Ministers and these cannot all be chosen from the "old gang". If there is to be an election, and one presumes that the Conservative party always hopes that it is just round the corner, and if the Conservative party expect to win, they must be making the necessary preparations now for the filling of their Front Bench.

Listening to the speeches of the Lord Mayor of London and the Prime Minister at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, I was impressed with the wit of the new Lord Mayor, one of the youngest ever to hold the office, and with the expressions of unity from the City of London and Mr. Attlee on

Britain's foreign policy. The audience applauded the Prime Minister when he announced that Mr. Ernest Bevin is showing signs that he has recovered his old energy and is feeling quite well again after a long period of painful and tiring illness.

Mr. Attlee spoke vigorously and he is clearly as alert and fit as he was in 1945. I imagine that he must be a man who seldom worries and who is always able to take things calmly. Emotionalism can be exciting, but it is very tiring.

SECRET LORE OF TIBET

By V. S. KRISHNASWAMI, M.A.

TIBET, the land of Lamas on the "roof of the world" has suddenly come into the limelight of world politics. Situated at an altitude that varies from 11,000 to 18,000 feet above sea-level, Tibet with its bewitching charm, solemn majesty and awe-inspiring wildness, has earned the reputation of being the land of magicians and wizards.

To spend a winter in a cave amidst the snows, clad in a thin garment or even naked, and escape freezing, is a somewhat difficult achievement. Yet the Tibetan monks go safely through this ordeal every year. Their endurance is ascribed to the power which they have acquired to generate TUME. The word Tume signifies heat, but is not used in Tibetan language to express heat or warmth in the ordinary sense. It is a technical term of mystic terminology and the effects of that mysterious heat are not confined to the anchorites who can produce it.

Tibetan adepts of the secret lore distinguish between various kinds of Tumes: Exoteric Tume which arises spontaneously in the course of peculiar raptures and gradually folds the mystic in the soft, warm mantle of the Gods; Esoteric Tume that keeps the hermits comfortable on the snowy hills; mystic Tume which can only claim a distant and quite figurative connection with the term 'warmth'.

In the secret teaching, Tume is also the subtle fire which warms the vital life fluid that runs all over the body through tiny channels called Tsas or nerves. Through Tume practices, one may fill one's body with this life force. But this is subtle invisible energy and not gross material substance. Though the wonderful effects

of the Tume that keeps alive the hermits on the snowy heights are known to every Tibetan, only a few, even in mystic circles, are thoroughly acquainted with the several kinds of Tume. The process by which this mysterious heat is generated is kept a secret by the Lamas who teach it, and they do not fail to declare that information gathered from books or hearsay is of no use if one has not been taught and trained by a master who is himself an adept.

Moreover, only those who are qualified to undertake the training may hope to enjoy its fruit. The important qualifications required are: to be already skilled in the various practices of breath control, to be capable of perfect concentration of mind, and to have received proper Angkur (empowerment) from a Lama possessed with the power of conferring it.

Once initiated, one must discard all woollen or fur garments and never approach the fire to warm himself. After a short period during which he exerts himself under the close supervision of his master, the novice must retire to a solitary and remote place high up on the hills, i. e. over 10,000 feet. According to some teachers, one must never practise the training exercises inside a house or near inhabited places. The novice must begin his training each day before dawn and finish the special exercise relating to Tume before sunrise, because as a rule he has to practise meditation at that time.

Tume students have to pass an examination at the conclusion of their course. Upon a frosty night in winter, those who think themselves capable of victoriously enduring the test are taken to the shore of a river or lake. A moonlight night with a hard wind blowing is chosen. Sheets are dipped

in ice water' and each student is to wrap himself in one of them and must dry it on his body. As soon as the sheet becomes dry, it is again dipped in water and placed on the student's body to be dried as before. The operation goes on in that way the whole night. According to the old rule, one must have dried at least three sheets to be a true Respa (entitled to wear the white cotton skirt, insignia of proficiency in Tume). It is said that some students dry as many as forty sheets in a single night. Though a Respa can wear but a single cotton garment in all seasons at all heights, adepts go beyond the Respas and reject even the cotton attire and live entirely naked in the recesses of the high mountain ranges. Besides drying wet clothes on the body, various other tests also exist to ascertain the degree of heat which the student is able to radiate. One of these tests is sitting in the snow. The quantity of snow melted under the man and the distance at which it melts around him are taken as measures of his ability.

Tibetan mystics are not talkative. Such as accept disciples teach them according to methods in which discourses have but little place. The disciples see their master only at intervals determined by the spiritual attainment and needs of the novice. A few months or a few years may elapse between their meetings. But in spite of their aloofness, master and pupil, especially advanced pupils, do not lack means of communication when they deem it necessary.

Telepathy is a branch of Tibetan secret lore and seems to play the part of wireless telegraphy of the modern world. While the apparatus for wireless transmission is at the disposal of the public, the subtler ways of sending messages 'on the wind' remain the privilege of a small minority in Tibet. Telepathy is not altogether a novelty to the occidental world. Psychic societies have more than once called attention to telepathic phenomena. These, however, seem to have occur-

red by chance. The author of the phenomenon was not aware of his part in it. Under peculiar circumstances he had sent forth the mysterious ways that had reached a human receiver at a greater or lesser distance, but he had not done this knowingly and on purpose.

Things are different in Tibet. They assert that telepathy is a science and can be learnt like any other science. Various methods are mentioned for the acquisition of telepathy; but the secret lore of Tibet is unanimous in ascribing the cause of the phenomenon to an intense concentration of thought. Mystic teachers declare that telepathy requires a perfect command over the mind in order to produce, at will, the powerful 'one-pointedness of thought' on which the phenomenon entirely depends. The role of conscious receiver always ready to vibrate at the subtle shock of the telepathic waves is considered as difficult as that of the sender. To begin with, the intended receiver must have been 'tuned' with him from whom he expects messages. Volitional perfect concentration on one single object, until every other object vanishes from the field of consciousness, is the basis of the Lamaist spiritual training, and this training includes psychic exercises that aim at developing the power of detecting the 'various currents of energy' that are coming across each other in every direction. Some affirm that telepathy as well as Tume and kindred accomplishments, are a natural by-product of the spiritual training and consequently need not be studied separately.

It is said that, when on account of the enlightenment acquired through various contemplative meditations, one has ceased to consider 'one's self and 'others' as entirely distinct entities, devoid of points of contact, then telepathy is easily practised. The discovery—during prolonged introspection—of the points of contact leads to a sphere in which delimited beings vanish and only continual exchanges are perceived.

Today, thanks to applied science, a dictator with a gift of the gab is able to pour his emotionally charged evangel into the ears of tens of millions. What Mark Antony could do to mob assembled round Caesar's corpse, his modern counter-part can do to entire nations. Never have so many been so much at the mercy of so few.—Aldous Huxley.

ADVERTISING—PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

By "TEASER"

A friend recently remarked that "the growth of advertising in general and the increasing interest of the public in advertisements as such, makes him afraid that the next generation would find it impossible to live without it in any sphere of human activity they may be engaged in."

Truly, a veracious statement emphasising the force of advertising method!

Advertising practice is as old as the origin of the human species itself. The town crier is the ancestor of the thought and mode of advertising. Market places provided the venue. Through ages it has undergone great transformations in presentation, method and media, and today the aids of modern science have been harnessed to it.

It has progressed along with the needs humanity has got accustomed to. Glaringly arresting, tantalizingly attractive and curiously impressive signs and displays net a man to take an interest in the product advertised. Art has played no small part in the modes of presentation. In fact the potentialities of the artist have been more used in commercial advertising much to the artist's material comfort. The proverbial poverty of the real artist has to a certain extent been relieved by the seekers after art-forms for advertisement purposes.

Psychology in its subtlest form has a lot to play in achieving the effect the advertiser desires to establish. Especially in modern advertising, psychology plays greater part than even art or science.

In the initial stages, advertising was based on the economic law of supply and demand, but now psychological approaches are made just to emphasise the vastness of demand, plurality of popularity, awareness of the public to the product.

The public are being trained psychologically to get used to a product, to make it a habit, in order to ensure for it a steady market.

Advertisers say that when business is good, it pays to advertise, and when business is bad, they have got to advertise.

The vastness, the scope and depth of penetration of advertising on the human mind is so great that few can resist it.

The clientele for the trader is secured in course of time, willy nilly, by the advertisers, by probing the mind of the public, promoting a desire, creating the knowledge necessary to realise a want, and ultimately goading him to action. Stirring up a desire and spurring to action is the principle of modern advertising.

Tooth Pastes, soaps, cosmetics, etc., are all advertised as assuring cleanliness, freshness, sweet smell and oftentimes, success in profession and even in love!

Very often articles looked upon by people as luxuries have become necessities by persistent advertising.

In order to discourage reckless advertising, the advertising trade have chalked out for themselves a set of rules for the conduct of advertising in general.

They have prohibited the use of false statements or misleading exaggerations, indirect misrepresentation of a product or service through distortion of details either editorially or pictorially, statements or suggestions offensive to public decency, statements which tend to undermine an industry by attributing to its products generally faults and weaknesses true of only a few, price claims that are misleading, pseudo scientific advertising including claims insufficiently supported by accepted authority, and testimonials which do not reflect the real choice of a competent witness.

If one interested in the advertising trade as such, were to keep these commandments in mind and turn over the pages of the journals of the day, it would be evident that there is no relation between practice and precept in a majority of cases. But human

mind is such that ethics does not appeal to it very quickly.

Thomas Jefferson is reported to have remarked "that advertisements contain the only truths to be relied upon in a newspaper."

But it is not given to all to be an advertiser. A master in the system of argument and suggestion, an advertising agent assesses the human mind. He knows the driving force of the human mind and knows which wires to pull, when, and how many times. He plays and plays on the human mind with such mental alacrity and artistic dexterity that he probably watches its effect, with a little of the usual sadism of the victor.

Journalism and newspapers could not have progressed in these modern days, if advertisements had not been there. It is possible to sell a paper for an anna or two and yet post a reader in Madras with what happened in Haiti, just 3 hours ago, only because of the sustenance the newspaper gets from the revenues on advertising.

Newspapers being a necessary adjunct to modern life, it almost stands to reason that advertisement is as much an adjunct to our life. We live by it and on it as much perhaps if not any less than food.

While fraudulent and misleading advertisements do come in often, and not all conform to codes stipulated for advertising, it would be well to analyse how exactly such things continue in spite of a sort of consumer consciousness that is coming up. In fact it could truly be said that victims of the advertising psychology, do not themselves know that by the same method, they can safeguard not only themselves but also those trustworthy makers of products who have to face competition amidst a fraudulent lot. Hence the growth of a consumer movement is essential to the growth of healthy advertising.

It is quite as difficult to fit one's practice to one's precepts as to fit one's precepts to one's practice. Most people act in one way and preach in another. When the fact is brought to their notice, they assert that it is their weakness, and that their desire is to act up to their principles. That is pretence. People act according to their inclinations and adopt principles; because these are generally at variance with their inclinations they are ill-at-ease and unstable. But when they force themselves to act up to their principles and suppress their inclinations, there is no hope for them—but in heaven.—W. Somerset Maugham.

A friend who recently returned from America says that many of the consumer co-operatives there are engaged in the work of analysing the claims of products advertised by careful research, scrutiny, tests and observations. They bring out bulletins giving without fear or favour their views on so many consumer goods that flood the market. This is firstly in order to find the real value for the money for the consumer, and secondly in order to promote sales of class products and ultimately scotch unhealthy advertising. In our country which is primarily a consumer market, in order to save exploitation of our national finance and health, such analysis should be promoted by the service-conscious public.

Such efforts from the consumer side coupled with Better Business Bureaus would tend to restrain misleading and untrue advertising and would inculcate a code for promotion of "better advertising."

Obscene advertising, and running-down-competitor advertising, are to be discouraged.

If one analyses the laws relating to advertisements in other countries it would be found that what is poison there is passed on as food in India.

A cheap journal may have a lot of circulation but in the anxiety to serve the readership the advertiser should not use such a journal as he will thereby injure the national cause.

A late development is the rage for advertising over the air. While fortunately the A. I. R. does not give any time for advertisements, a neighbouring broadcasting station under a foreign power is being utilised by our manufacturers and purveyors of entertainment for propaganda, unconsciously aiding that foreign power so inimical to our interests. To assess the damage, only a little of patriotic thinking is required.

HOW THE KREMLIN IS PUSHING HISTORY

By MAURICE HINDUS

Certain that the future lies not with the West but with the East, Russia strives to fire her satellites with a crusading spirit and a faith in her infallibility.

THE Korean war is the latest manifestation of the Kremlin's impatience with evolutionary processes of history. Since its rise to power it has rarely missed an opportunity "to give history a push," in its own chosen direction. Inside Russia it has done so in campaign after campaign, such as liquidation of kulaks, collectivization of the land, State control of trade unions, indeed of everything else in the country. Outside Russia it has done so whenever the chance of success was promising. The imposition of Communist dictatorships on neighbouring countries is the most striking example of the Kremlin's passion "to give history a push."

For this reason alone and regardless of the outcome of the Korean war, we must expect conflicts between the evolutionary-minded West and the revolutionary-minded Kremlin for a long time to come.

Nor is the Politburo legal-minded. I was in the Kremlin on Dec. 5, 1936, when the new constitution was adopted. All Russia hailed the event with loud joy. People felt that at last they were free to indulge in satisfactions that had been under ban, officially and unofficially. The late Alexander Afinogenov, a distinguished playwright, came up to my room in the hotel and inquired if he could borrow my London-made tuxedo. He wanted to take it to his tailor, he said, and order one for himself, modelled after mine, so it could be "real English" in style. With the new constitution in force, he explained proudly, he could wear a tuxedo without running the risk of being branded "an enemy of the Revolution."

Yet, hardly had the shouts of joy died down when the Big Purge began. Thousands of citizens, chiefly Communists accused of disloyalty and treachery, were unceremoniously seized, executed or exiled to faraway regions,

often without the right to send or receive letters.

The Kremlin has never scrupled to violate its own laws when these have been in conflict with a new policy or an immediate emergency. There is nothing in the constitution, for example, to warrant the recent decree which bans marriage of a Soviet citizen to a foreigner. But because the Kremlin is determined to quarantine the Russian population against any and all association with the outside world, the law, though unconstitutional, is rigorously enforced.

"Hate The U. S." Campaign

In the international field the Kremlin's disrespect for legal correctness is somewhat ironically attested by Andrei Gromyko's recent denunciation of the Security Council's action on Korea. Gromyko argued that the action was illegal because of Russia's absence from the meeting when the vote was taken. Yet, on Dec. 19, 1946, it was Gromyko himself who established precedent that absence from a meeting does not constitute a veto on the Council's action.

One reason the Kremlin is neither evolutionary nor legal-minded is because it is concerned with objectives, to the exclusions of the methods by which these may be attained. It wants a new society the world over, fashioned in the Soviet image, and will brook no interference. Inside Russia it has the power to enforce its will on the population. Outside Russia it is seeking to attain this power. But the resistance it has encountered from the West, particularly from the U. S. in Turkey, Iran, Greece, Germany, Italy, France, Yugoslavia, has blocked its plans and paralyzed its efforts to give history its customary push.

That is why it has launched a ferocious "hate the U. S." campaign, and the very frenzy of this campaign demonstrates another aspect of the

Kremlin mind which, in my judgment, is its greatest failing; an utter inability to understand nations whose history is different from Russia's, and particularly a nation like the U. S. whose civilisation refuses to accommodate itself to the pattern of Marxist prophecy and Kremlin expectations. According to both, the U. S. industrial worker should have been the most Communist-minded in the world. But he just is not. He is the most anti-Communist-minded. The U. S. middle class should have sunk into the ranks of propertyless and poverty-stricken proletarians. But it is still the most powerful group in U. S. society. "The capitalist contradictions" in the U. S. should have shattered its economy and prepared it for "the proletarian dictatorship". But "the imminent" economic crash for which Kremlin is daily scanning the U. S. skies fails to show itself on the U. S. horizon.

The most highly developed capitalist nation in the world, the U. S. should long ago have ceased to lead the world in technological inventiveness. The Russian phrase—*zagnivaniya kapitalisma*—the rotting away of capitalism, means the decay of creative energy and the collapse of the very incentive to new inventions. Yet, the U. S. is still the greatest engineering nation in the world. Unable and unwilling to understand the forces that mould U. S. civilization, the Kremlin decries it as the most corrupt and most sinister in the world.

Kremlin Destiny-Minded

The fact is that, despite its eloquence in praise of its own superiorities, the Kremlin suffers from a sense of inferiority and what is even more important, from a sense of insecurity. I do not mean that it fears a power inside Russia that might menace or dispute its authority. The Kremlin is too creative and too repressive for such a power to assert itself. The feverish effort to develop the immense natural wealth of the nation keeps the people employed and affords no little excitement to the young generations, which is the Kremlin's mightiest pillar of support. Its absolute control of the army bars any active disaffection in its ranks. Its absolute mastery of all instruments of vigilance and repression are too powerful and too efficient for any

successful rebellion to break out in any part of the country.

Yet, though secure in its power, the Kremlin is insecure in its mind. This may sound like a contradiction, but it is not. Let the facts speak for themselves. In 1947 the Kremlin abolished capital punishment. This year it has reinstated the death penalty. In the pre-war years tourists on a small scale were welcomed to Moscow. None is now permitted to enter the country. The Kremlin campaign against "cosmopolitanism" like the determined effort to jam at enormous expense the radio voices from non-Communist countries, is, in reality, an effort to choke off from the Russian lands all knowledge of western ideas and all stimulation of Western achievement.

These are only some of the features in Russian life that attest to the Kremlin's sense of insecurity which, among other things, is a result of two extraordinary situations; U. S. superiority in atomic weapons and the appeal and seductiveness of Western achievements and the Western standard of living. Were it not for U. S. superiority in atomic weapons, the Kremlin, with its many-millioned tough and well-trained foot soldiers and its powerful tanks, could roll over the continents of both Asia and Europe and were it not for the superiority of the Western civilization which millions of Russian soldiers had seen with their own eyes, there would have been no need to reinstate the death penalty as a means of terrifying grumblers into silence.

There is plenty of such grumbling in Russia. In August, 1945, I ran into a Russian writer, editor of a Communist daily, in an important city, who, in the privacy of my hotel room, wailed and raged against what he called "our Russian bestiality." I had never expected a man in his position to be so powerfully influenced by his experience in the Western world. If a Communist editor like him felt disillusioned and broken up over the contrasts between "revolutionary Russia," and "the decadent West," it is easy to imagine how the average peasant soldier felt. But I must repeat that the Kremlin has sufficient experience and sufficient power to squelch all grumblers and all non-conformists.

Above all else the Kremlin is both destiny-minded and Russian-minded. It cares not for the trials and catastrophes of today, because it has persuaded itself that the future belongs not to the West but to the East, not to our type of democracy, but to its own brand of dictatorship. Its language rings not only with hate and fight against all enemies but with hope and reward, for all its followers. The extravagant idolization of Stalin as "the father of the working peoples of the world," as the "great leader" of men in all history, is a dramatization not only of Stalin's but of the Kremlin's destiny-mindedness.

More and more the Kremlin is linking its destiny-mindedness with its Russianism. It has resurrected many of the political glories of Czarist Russia and is continually extolling everything historically Russian: Russian philosophy, Russian science, Russian military genius, Russian inventiveness, the Russian rifle, Russian motherhood, and of course, the Russian language. D. Zaslavsky, one of the ablest and most violent defenders of the Kremlin, speaks of English as the language of the past and of Russian as the language of today and tomorrow. "Nobody," he writes, "can call himself" a scholar if he doesn't know Russian... It is impossible to become a genuinely educated person without a knowledge of Russian." Such blatant chauvinism was unknown in Czarist times.

Youth Is Fresh And Strong

Because it is so destiny-minded and Russian-minded, the Kremlin is formidably anti-intellectual. The other day Dmitri Shostakovich, the well-known composer, who looks and acts more like a homesick college freshman than "a crusader of the Revolution", burst a flaming denunciation of Western writers, including Upton Sinclair, the well-known U. S. novelist. I doubt that Shostakovich himself wrote the piece. But it bears his signature, and he speaks of Upton Sinclair as a "rogue's gallery war-monger" and a man who has lost his "honour and conscience."

Yet, for over a generation, few foreign authors were so avidly read by the Russian youth as Upton Sinclair. Nowhere else in the world did he enjoy such enthusiastic acclaim. But he did not like the Communist

dictatorship in Czechoslovakia. Therefore, he is now a man "without honour and conscience." The remarkable reversal of the Kremlin towards one of its former literary heroes, attests as nothing else to its violent anti-intellectualism.

Being what it is, with no respect for the orderly process of history and no regard for legal commitments, suffering from a sense of inferiority and from a sense of insecurity, anti-intellectual and ultra-Russian; super-righteous and destiny-minded; hating everything it does not understand and does not care to understand and exulting in everything that comes out of its own highly cloistered and fortified walls, the Kremlin knows only too well that it is losing ground and very rapidly, in the Western world. But it still hopes for the collapse of the economy of Western nations and with it the collapse of their civilization.

Meanwhile, it is concentrating its attention on the backward areas and on the youth in its own land. However repugnant it may be to the Western mind, its appeal to the peasant in Asia is winning it more pronounced support than Western diplomacy has yet recognized. The promise of free land, a steady job, schools, and medical service, means more to the illiterate and browbeaten peasant of Asia than all ideologies, Eastern or Western, which he does not understand anyway.

Inside Russia, the Kremlin offers youth sports, theatricals, parades, excursions, all manner of adventure. The older generation may grumble and clamour for peace of mind and for "the fruits of the Revolution" in an improved standard of living. But the older generation is burned up anyway. Thirty-two years of incessant speed-up in factory and on the farm have exhausted it. But youth is fresh and strong and is ready for adventure, and the Kremlin strives to fire it with a crusading spirit and with faith in its omniscience and infallibility.

Losing its battle to sovietize the West, the Kremlin as never before is turning its attention to the East.

Let no one underestimate the significance of the North Korean army which the Kremlin trained to fight a modern war.—Copyright.

"WHO WOULD FARDELS BEAR?"

By S. KRISHNIAH

INSTALMENT II

THE STORY SO FAR:

While Gopu and Ramu, two peasants, are resting after their midday meal, Govindarajulu, the hireling of Chengiah Naidu, the landlord, comes and threatens to cut two days' wages if they do not finish ploughing the southern field that day. Gopu complains of starvation and non-availability of rice as an excuse for slow work but is sneered at. That evening when he goes home Gopu quarrels with his wife for not having procured the promised rice from the ration shop and in a fierce temper proceeds to the shop swearing to get some.

Now read on—

It was a long walk—more than a mile—to the next village where the ration shop was situated.

The sun had gone to hide behind the distant forest—there perhaps to recoup its energy for the following day. The tree-tops, for a moment, shimmered with a touch of gold. The western sky was splashed with crimson as if it would fain bruit forth unashamedly to the world the amount of blood that had dried up in human vessels due to months of starvation only to evaporate, rise up to the firmament and there coagulate into one enormous scarlet clot.

Gopu hurried through the dirty narrow streets and reached the outskirts of the village.

"Gopu!" he heard the familiar voice of Ramu hail him. "Gopu, wait!" Gopu halted and turned round to see Ramu hurrying towards him.

"What is it, Ramu?" he asked as the other came nearer.

"I'm coming with you. You're going to the meeting, aren't you?"

"What meeting?"

"You remember they tom-tommed last week? Some big fellow from Madras is speaking today."

"Oh yes, but I'm not coming. I'm going to the other village."

"To the other village? Why?"

Gopu avoided answering the question. "You go along to the meeting. I'm in a hurry."

"All right, but this is on your way." They started walking. "But you could drop in for a moment and listen to this fellow. He might tell us when we'll be able to get rice."

Gopu was not prepared to discuss this particular point as rice had become an obsession so far as he was concerned.

About a hundred yards away they could see a knot of people gathered round the raised dais under the awning of a sprawling banyan tree.

"Come on, Gopu, just for a few minutes."

"All right," agreed Gopu, "just to please you."

As they neared they could hear the loud voice of the speaker exhorting his listeners to something or other. Ramu and Gopu stood by the outer ring of listeners.

"Patience!" the speaker was shouting shaking an admonitory forefinger at the crowd. "Patience! That's what is necessary for you. The gods have seen fit to visit us with drought and you all must understand that the Government is powerless against the Almighty. But still we are trying to do our best. There is rice coming from Burma and Ceylon and next year we have been promised self-sufficiency. We all have our burdens to bear. You people unfortunately get the idea that only the peasants are suffering from lack of food but look at your own landlord," the white-capped Congressman from Madras said turning to the khaddar-clad 'gentleman' seated on a chair on the platform. "Do you think all has been well with him? Of course not. You know very well how much money he lost in the last crop. But these difficulties will pass away and...."

Gopu turned to Ramu: "I'm going."

Ramu nodded and indicated that he would stay on and his friend slunk away from the fringe of the crowd where they had been standing.

Gopu's weary legs refused to carry him to the next village at the pace which he had initially set them. Actually it took him more than half an hour to cover the distance.

At the ration shop he saw a bunch of people gathered at whom the vendor was wildly gesticulating.

Gopu elbowed his way to the front and reached the ration-shopkeeper.

"I want my rice!" Gopu demanded thrusting the card in his hand towards the shopkeeper.

"There is no rice—neither for you nor for anybody else. What do you think...."

"I said I want rice!" repeated Gopu and something in the tone of his voice arrested the attention of the shopkeeper.

"Look here," he said in a conciliating tone. "I haven't received any rice."

"But you said you'll get rice today."

"Yes, of course I said so yesterday. But what can I do? I only sell the rice I get and I didn't get any."

Gopu felt that unconsciously he had made himself the cynosure of all eyes and that the small crowd was fast swelling.

"But if you don't give me rice how can I go to work tomorrow?" he asked. "Already I'm starving."

"What can I do?"

"Yes, that's right," sounded a voice from behind Gopu, "What can he do?"

Gopu turned to look into the sarcastic eyes of Govindarajulu.

"If he can't give me rice I can't work tomorrow!"

"If you don't work tomorrow you don't get wages!"

Gopu clenched his fist and let Govindarajulu have it. Some atavistic instinct of liberty and self-assertion had broken through his heritage of uncomplaining servitude. His gnarled fist caught the landlord's henchman at the corner of his mouth and drew blood. Gopu raised his hand to hit again but somebody from behind caught hold of his arm and Govindarajulu fell upon him holding him in a tight embrace. Meanwhile two other men had come up from the crowd and they too pinioned Gopu. The onlookers realised what was going to happen and one by one the peasants gathered there sneaked off like frightened cattle. They knew that Govindarajulu and his men would tie up Gopu and give him such a thrashing that the victim would wish he were never born even before they were halfway through.

To Govindarajulu it was a heaven-sent opportunity. The whole evening he had been waiting for an incident like this. He had been sent by Chengiah Naidu to keep an eye on that village because the landlord had been afraid of some trouble cropping up due to the shortage of rice. A good public thrashing for Gopu would put not only that village but also the surrounding villages in good discipline for a long time to come. Another thought also crossed his mind. It would be easier to put across his scheme as regards Lachmi. It might even be possible to keep her with the knowledge of her husband. Gopu would be acquiescent when they were finished with him.

The four of them tied him up to the nearby stone lamp-post and Govindarajulu smacked his lips. He raised his cane and with a vicious swing aimed it at Gopu's face. The trussed-up victim rolled his head in an effort to avoid the blow and took it on the side of his head where his shock of thick unruly hair damped it to some extent.

"Hey, Govindarajulu!" hailed a voice from down the street. "What's going on here?"

Govindarajulu before he turned to look recognised the voice of the head constable. He was jauntily walking up towards the ration-shop swinging his lathi.

"What are you fellows up to?" the minion of law and order enquired.

Govindarajulu looked at the head constable without fear because he knew that this personage was also in the pay of his master.

"This bastard here is starting a riot."

"Oh, he's starting a riot, is he?" the head constable guffawed. "But why tie him up?"

"We thought we'd give him a pasting."

"Good idea. But this is hardly the place." The policeman had come near Govindarajulu and he lowered his voice. "Look here, I wouldn't advise you to give him a licking here. Nowadays it is best to avoid such things. We'll do it the right way. Take him to the police station and give him a hammering and incidentally chuck him in prison for six months. Don't you think that is the best?"

Govindarajulu did not at all think it was a good idea. But still he did not like to displease the policeman who had helped him out of many a tight corner. Further the six months' imprisonment held out for Gopu sounded good. Lachmi would certainly disavow a jailbird and he would be able to keep her for as long as he liked.

"Of course," Govindarajulu agreed to the suggestion with a bland smile. He turned to his assistants and asked them to untie Gopu while the head constable went near him and clicked a pair of handcuffs to his wrists.

"So you want to start a riot, eh?" asked the policeman pushing Gopu ahead, "come on with me and tomorrow we'll show you how to start a riot." He laughed again and took his prisoner to the police station which was not far away.

The police station was a small building with only one cell into which Gopu was thrust and locked up. Vestiges of the dead day did not penetrate thus far into the brick and mortar building and it was dark in the cell. Gopu still in a state of stupefaction caused by the whirl of events leaned against the wall.

"Hello!" came a voice from the other end of the narrow cell. "Who are you?"

Gopu stiffened, taken aback by the suddenness of the unexpected voice. In his great consternation Gopu had not noticed that he had a companion. He peered into the darkness.

"What did you do to come here?" enquired the voice.

Gopu blinked twice as if he would clear cobwebs from his cornea. Having somewhat become accustomed to the darkness he could faintly see the outline of a human figure getting up from a reclining posture at the corner farthest from him.

"Are you afraid of me?" the voice asked again as Gopu saw the figure moving towards him.

"No," Gopu managed to say.

"Then why don't you speak? Did you steal something?"

"Oh no, I didn't steal anything. They brought me here unjustly."

"That's what every criminal says, doesn't he? What have the police got against you anyway?"

"Nothing. You see, Govindarajulu told them I was going to start a riot."

"Oh, you are a political prisoner, are you?" laughed the other prisoner. "Who is Govindarajulu?"

That question confirmed Gopu's suspicion that this prisoner was not from these parts as otherwise he would have known the notorious hireling of Chengiah Naidu. Further his companion was light-complexioned and his Telugu had a nasal twang quite different from the intonation of the language as spoken by the villagers.

"Govindarajulu is our landlord's assistant," Gopu supplied the information.

"You mean he is your landlord's hireling and you happened to rub him on the wrong side. Isn't that so?"

"No. I went to the ration-shop and asked for rice. There has been no rice for more than a week and the shopkeeper told me that there was still no rice. I got angry."

"That's a serious crime," commented Gopu's comrade-in-distress, shaking his head from side to side gravely. "You see, you peasants ought to work in paddy-fields day after day, month after month, year after year; but you should not ask for rice! Rice belongs to the landlord! You must only work hard and if you starve you should not complain because after all you are a peasant and who the hell cares for you?"

The irony was lost on Gopu.

"But why shouldn't I ask for rice?" he asked uncomprehendingly.

His cell-mate came closer to him. "I can't stand for long. Sit down, will you? And I shall sit beside you and we shall have a long chat." They both sat down on the hard floor near each other. "What is your name?"

"Gopu."

"I can't tell you my name but you can call me Somayya if you want to... Well, Gopu, tell me your troubles. I think I can help you."

Gopu's eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and he examined his companion. It appeared to him as if this other prisoner was more in need of help than he himself. His face was full of black patches revealing many contusions. His lips were cut and bleeding occasionally a few drops of blood oozed out from one corner of his mouth which he hurriedly wiped away with his manacled hands. It was ridiculous for this man to be offering any help.

"You are surprised, aren't you, that I should offer to help you?" asked the prisoner, his gaunt frame edging closer to Gopu. "Well, I'll tell you something. I'm a Communist—the leader of the biggest underground party south of Hyderabad and north of Madras. And our aim is to help peasants like you and fight the rich landlords. Do you understand?"

Gopu understood but spoke nothing. Again the small lithe man beside him read the thoughts which crossed Gopu's simple mind.

"You are surprised that I'm a Communist? You think that we Communists commit arson, murder and also derail trains. Isn't that it? And I am not going to deny these accusations. We do commit them. But why? Because those are the only means we have to fight the capitalists. They have all power in their hands and they use it mercilessly to enslave the peasant and the working man. For instance, you; why had you to go starving when your landlord rolls in wealth and tons of rice can be purchased at two rupees a measure anywhere?... Who is your landlord, Gopu? Chengiah Naidu?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much. Chengiah Naidu owns all these villages, doesn't he? And he doesn't have to work. He lives on the sweat that you shed on his paddy fields. Have you seen lorries coming and going to his house in the night?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what those lorries carry? Rice! Yes, bags and bags of rice are sent by him to Madras to be sold on the black market and you say there is no rice in the ration-shop for you to eat. Chengiah Naidu has got a hoard of rice that will feed the whole village for months. And yet what does he care if you people go starving. If you don't work you don't get wages. He has you by the throat. Have you ever thought over all this, Gopu?"

No, Gopu had not thought over such things. Such things had never occurred to him—not to anyone in his village. And even if it had occurred to anybody

it was no use since nobody dared talk like that. And there he was in a police station sitting beside a Communist and listening to strange things.

Somayya allowed some time to pass for the ideas to sink into Gopu and then began: "Let's take your case. For generations you, your father and your grandfather, and many before him have worked on this same land year after year, generation after generation. You have ploughed and sowed and harvested all by yourself—and to whom does the grain go? Who has taken the paddy all along? It has been Chengiah Naidu and before him his father and so on. Have you ever realised that the harvest belongs to you? Did it not ever occur to you that Chengiah Naidu did not make this earth and that God made it so that all human beings could enjoy its fruits? Then how does Chengiah Naidu take the harvest? It is because he has a slip of paper which makes him owner of the land; and a stupid Government upholds it. Believe me, Gopu, that Government, which allows that harvest to be taken away from you, is your enemy—and we Communists fight it. By every means in our power we will fight it. And we are called unlawful. But what is law? Law is something which is made by a Government to protect itself and keep it in power. We do not obey that law because we do not want that Government. We cannot bear to see landlords batten on the toil of peasants while the latter wither and die of starvation."

Suddenly Somayya realised that he had been carried away by his own words and that he was talking over the head of his listener. Gopu only understood the first half of what he heard and it stirred his heart. Yes, he ploughed the land, he sowed the paddy, he tended the crop and he harvested it and yet—he got nothing but miserable wages. Why couldn't he get some rice? The thought of rice made him feel hungry again. Did they give food to prisoners?

"Let me tell you now how I have been arrested," Somayya interrupted the trend of Gopu's painful thoughts on food. "Have you heard of the big raid on Konku village?"

"No."

"Well, we Communists have agents in most of the villages. In Konku village there is a landlord like Chengiah Naidu. There too was the same trouble—no food, no rice. And we found that the landlord had a very big hoard. My agents went to the village and talked to many of the peasants. They told them the same things which I have been telling you and we converted them to our point of view and then we organised a rising. I personally led the insurrection. The landlord was killed

and his house and godowns looted of all the rice. There were hundreds of bags of rice and it was distributed between the surrounding villages. Remember; those peasants were the rightful owners of the rice. Do you think that was wrong?" Somayya caught a gleam of admiration in Gopu's eyes. "Of course not. It is not wrong to return property to rightful owners. And that is exactly why I came to this village a few days ago. I wanted to organise these villages against Chengiah Naidu personally but unfortunately due to a friend's mistake I was caught. The police did not know who I was but suspected that I was an important leader of underground Communists. Look at this." Somayya showed Gopu his swollen knuckles and ankles. "They thrashed me to find out my identity. As if I would talk! For the last two days they have tried all sorts of torture to get me to give some information as to the hide-outs of our underground party-members. But they didn't know that Communists are no cowards!"

Gopu trembled perceptibly.

"Will they beat me also?"

"Of course. They'll beat you tomorrow but it won't be very bad. You are not a Communist. They will just give you a good thrashing and send you to prison for some time. You see, they must make an example of you. Once people know that, for asking the ration-shopkeeper for rice, you have been sent to prison, the rest will be cowed down. They won't dare make demands or try and exercise their rights. You understand me? That's how you peasants are kept uncomplaining like mute cattle."

"Yes, I understand," Gopu spoke with fervour as he fully grasped the implications of Somayya's talk and understood why he would be thrashed the following day.

"I am glad you do. I shall somehow try to..."

A sudden rattling of the cell-door interrupted Somayya. They could see a policeman standing outside the bars.

"Shshsh," he hissed and beckoned to Somayya.

Somayya got up and went to the bars as quickly as his tortured body would allow him.

"The head constable is coming," the policeman whispered, "don't talk any more."

"Will it be tonight?"

"Yes."

"Are you on duty?"

"No. The head constable and the other fellow." The police man quickly moved away from the bars and Somayya retreated to the far corner. (To be continued).

THE G. P. E. R. TRUST

By "MASEE"

"PLEASE, Lalaji, don't be so narrow-minded!" pleaded Pandit Ram Narain, almost in tears. Young Ganga Prasad, bright and gentle, was standing near, eyes downcast.

"But, Master Sahib, what is the good of a college course? My education, as you know, was, even for those days, very poor. Yet, I am not, thank God, as ignorant or crude as one might infer from your words!"

"No, no, no, Lalaji! I never said that! I only meant that, with the changing times, one has to equip oneself better and for the battle of life...."

"Look here, Masterji, you are a learned head-master, and I only a *baniya*. How dare I argue with you! But I strongly hold that the present day education makes one less and less fit for the battle of life—especially an agricultural or commercial life. Ganga is my only son. He has to be ready to look after the lands and moneys when I close my eyes. A college education would tempt him into other walks of life. I dread the idea...."

"No, Father, I promise to take up your work. I mean to assist you after four or five years in college."

"Five years in college? And what do you hope to learn there?"

"Geology, Father. I hear there is a professor in Delhi who...."

"Geology? Now, what is that?"

"Geology is the science of the earth's crust," began the headmaster, now in his element. "It teaches us of its structure and composition, its ancient history, its modern tendencies, its influence on the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms...."

"Oh, Kali Mata! What for does the boy want to bother himself with all this? Why squeeze your brains about things which happened lakhs of years ago? ('Not lakhs, but crores upon crores'—from the fact-hungry but unpractical teacher.).... Ah, crores upon crores! And what need to probe into the bowels of *Dharti Mata*?.... I tremble at the irreverence of it all. Don't you feel that way?.... And if it is there, it is there—and that's all there is to it.... What makes you pitch on this geology, Gangu?"

"It is difficult to explain, Father. Geology and astronomy have always attracted me. Of the two, I like geology more."

"Astronomy—and Geology! Phew! what useless subjects! Gazing at the stars, or burrowing into the earth! Astrology, at least, one can understand.... And what do you propose to do after leaving college? Set the Himalayas north to south, I suppose!"

"I hope not, Father; that would not be appreciated. But, joking apart, much good work is being done by amateur scientists in other countries. It would be a most pleasing, and vitalising, hobby for me. And may be, I shall discover new things about the earth's crust.... I may be able to anticipate earthquakes and warn people!...."

"Sh-h-h-h! Don't talk like that! Earthquake is a sign of God's anger. Don't poke your impertinent and half-learned nose into it.... All right, you may go to college, but select some subjects like agriculture or commerce—not that I think they are much use in life! Some of these agricultural officers, Masterji, talk as if paddy and rice are one and the same thing!"

"No, Father; I shall stay with you. I don't care for these other things."

"You are not annoyed with me, Gangu!" begged the fond father, triumphant, but troubled.

"Annoyed at you, Father? Not at all. I am sure you wish me well.... Anyway, I can study whatever I like in my spare time."

The headmaster went away in sorrow.

Lala Devi Prasad of Monghyr was an influential banker and a shrewd corn-broker. He belonged to the bulldog type of businessman, famous the world over. He travelled much; mostly third (second class is ruinous, and, besides, third class brings about more profitable human contacts), spoke little and listened much, and felt the commercial pulse of the world in an expert manner. He was in daily telegraphic and telephonic contact with Lyallpur in the North, Surat in the West and Coimbatore in the South,

not to mention the inevitable big cities. He had his agents and correspondents in Japan, the United States, East Africa and London. People spoke of his wealth with a tremor, expecting not to be believed.

Lala Devi Prasad had done many a successful stroke of business in his life, but none he deemed so valuable as harnessing Ganga to the counting house. He taught him when to bark, when to cringe, or lie low, what bones to run after doggedly, what bones to give the go-by, and a thousand and one tricks of the astute trader. He also had the shrewdness to let his son run after an occasional 'mirage'—like coal shares, and oil prospecting in Assam. Ganga Prasad was a good student. He had the reserved love and loyalty of a well-bred bull-pup, and he had an old-time pride for his father's methods. It was a great relief for Devi Prasad. He could go out more often, stay out longer, and establish more and better contacts. He could also start familiarising his fingers with the rosary.

In the second week of August, 1950, Lala Devi Prasad was in East Punjab, nosing for some information about a secret scheme for amalgamating the important flour mills in that part of the country. While at Delhi, he met Din Dayal, a friend of his boyhood days at Monghyr. He was a London D. Sc., and shone as the Physics Professor in—College at Delhi. The two renewed their friendship and 'reminisced' and 'anecdoted' with gusto. One day, Dr. Din Dayal suggested, "I don't know if it would interest you, Devi, but we are giving popular Hindustani lectures on scientific subjects in our college; and tomorrow afternoon, that is, the fifteenth, I am to speak on earthquakes. Would you like to attend? I shall get you a ticket."

The Lala replied, "Tomorrow? There would be a lot of meetings and celebrations which would be more in my line. You know what an ignorant boor I am! Ganga would drink in every word of yours. You know he has gone beyond Dibrugarh and Tinsukia and Lido looking for petroleum!.... All the same, I shall come."

The lecture was all that such a talk ought to be—full of information, but in pleasant doses. It was well spiced

with illustrations, projector-show and demonstrations; but the best of it was the seismographic exposition which was reserved for the end. The instrument was mounted on a solid structure away from the audience.

The time allotted for it came. The Professor addressed the gathering and said, "I have explained the structure and functions of the instrument to you. The point of light passing through this lens falls on a strip of photographic paper (fixed inside this box) which is kept steadily moving by clockwork. When there is no earth tremor, a dark straight line is left in the middle of the paper, thus—, or, rather, a line will show up when developed. When there is a sizeable tremor in any part of the world, the lens shakes (like this) and, instead of a point of light, an irregular wave of light falls on the paper and you get a wavy record as the one I passed round to you. Here, instead of a paper strip, I shall let the light fall on a screen, for convenience. I shall cause some imitation earth tremors; and please watch the image on the screen. Now, I will request you to keep absolutely calm and silent. There—, don't cough so violently, please!.... Now, then!"

All were quiet. Suddenly, the point of light became a blurred wave. Soon the wave became more and more violent. Strangely enough, the electric pendants in the ceiling swayed too, windows rattled and the furniture seemed to shake. All looked at the lecturer. He was pale and aghast. His appearance frightened many. Devi was reminded, in a queer, jerky sort of way, of fabled magicians who lost control over the spirits they had raised; and he shuddered. But he was courageous and alert. Briskly he walked up to the platform, assuringly laid his big hand on his friend's shoulder, and asked, "Dina, what's it?" That affectionate, powerful voice brought the Professor round. "Devi," he said, with a quiver, "it is a momentous coincidence. It was a real earthquake which shook the lens. It may come on again. We should all get out quickly." Then, addressing the audience, he spoke, with apparent calmness: "The next demonstration, gentlemen, will be in the garden. I request you to leave the hall in an orderly manner."

It was a day of shocks for the Lala.

The "Clarion" came out with a special edition; and it was full of agonising and contradictory reports of a devastating earthquake in Assam. Lalaji sent frantic telegrams home, and to his agents in Assam; but the telegraph officials warned him that the messages might not reach the destination as extensive breakdowns were being hourly reported.

Lalaji thought that trains were too slow and halted too much. He flew as far as he could, and later engaged a high-powered car. As far west as Duhri and Goalpara, he heard harrowing tales; and when he went farther east, he had a thousand difficulties to overcome. Railway lines were bent and twisted like vermicelli, and here and there they sagged over chasms. There were extensive 'crows foot' fissures right across the roads; and they were further blocked by fallen trees and crags. Runs of many anxious miles often went waste and had to be tried over again. Entire villages were flooded or reduced to ashes. Streams had changed their course, and valleys were filling up like the very deluge. Day and night, the distraught father travelled, by boat and foot and elephant back. Remotely, he blamed his foolish, irreverent son for having angered Bhu Devi. All the time, food he got very

little (not at all good, and not at all orthodox), and sleep, none at all. He tore cheque after fat cheque, and flew along with rescue parties and 'mercy missions.' But of his son and his party, there was no trace or news.

Two months passed. Lala Devi Prasad, an earthquake shock victim, was released from the Mental Hospital at Ranchi as fully cured. He returned to Monghyr. Like a dream, the events of August Fifteenth and the gruesome days following, came to him.

Man was trying to remedy the harm done by Nature. Devi Prasad thought deeply. Mood after mood swept over his sub-conscious mind. Seeking solace, he gave generously, extravagantly, to the various relief funds. But he found no peace. Deep down, he felt a painful gnawing—like a half-hearted devotee who had kept the best for himself. Then boldly he resolved. And the very thought was like a bath in Hardwar on a summer's day. He encashed most of his worldly goods, running into a good many lakhs, and handed it over to a Trust called The Ganga Prasad Earthquake Research Trust, consisting of the chief physicists of chosen Universities of India, Japan, Europe and America. Dr. Din Dayal was the Director of the Indian Section.

REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH IN BRITAIN

THE U. K. Board of Inland Revenue has recently completed a hundred years of tax collection and its annual report, just published, summarises some of the changes which have taken place since income-tax in 1848-49 raised £5,500,000. In the year ended March 31, 1949—the year of this latest report—income-tax and surtax produced £1,460 million.

Allowing for the fact that the purchasing power of the pound 100 years ago was very roughly three times what it is today, the amount of income-tax collected today is about 90 times what it was 100 years ago. This is partly because in the 19th century income-tax provided a smaller proportion of revenues.

In the 50 years from 1850 to 1900 the share of income-tax in the total revenue rose from one-sixth to one-

quarter, and it was not until the years just before the war, in the Budgets of Lloyd George, that income-tax provided as much as one-third of the revenues. In the 1948-49 Budget it produced 40 per cent of the revenue.

Upward Trend

The last 100 years have, of course, also shown a great increase in the amount of money collected in taxes and spent by the Government. Just before World War I the annual Budget had risen from around £30,000,000 in the 1850's to nearly £100,000,000. By the end of the war it had rocketed up to around £900,000,000, but between the wars it fell back to between £700,000,000 and £800,000,000, and not until the eve of World War II was there a new swing upwards in the size of Government expenditure.

By the end of the second war more

than £3,000 million a year was being collected in taxes in the U. K., and after a brief check the rise was resumed in the post-war period and in 1949-50 a total of £3,686 million was received from taxes. This represents about one-third of the national income. It is not all taken as direct taxes on income. Since the war, 55.7 per cent of the revenue has been raised from taxes on income, profits and death duties and the remaining 44.3 per cent by indirect taxation—customs and excise duties, purchase tax, stamp duties, etc.

This means that the Board of Inland Revenue, with a staff of 48,000, has been responsible for collecting nearly one-fifth of the national income and this has involved in 1948-49 investigating a total income exceeding £10,000 million and assessing some 20,000,000 individuals for tax. In the course of this work a mass of statistical information about the distribution of incomes is being collected.

Graded Taxation

Income-tax in Britain is graded so that those in the lower income groups do not pay tax at all and those in the higher income groups, with incomes of more than £2,000 a year, pay an increasingly steep "surtax" in addition to income-tax. On incomes above £20,000 a year 95 per cent is taken in tax. A single man with an annual earned income of £100,000 is liable to pay £93,688 in tax.

At the other end of the scale, in 1948-49 no fewer than 6,000,000 people out of 20,750,000 people with incomes above the exemption limit of £135 a year, did not have to pay tax at all because of a variety of allowances made for marriage, children, retirement, etc. Thus a married man with 2 children does not begin to pay tax until he is earning between £7 and £8 a week—about the average man's wage in manufacturing industry—and he begins by paying only 12½ per cent on income above this level, only reaching the full standard rate of 45 per cent on income above about £12 or £13 a week.

The burden of direct taxation on income is thus shifted away from the poor to the rich. So, while at one end of the scale 6,000,000 people do not pay income-tax at all, at the other end only 86 people in 1948-49 had incomes of more than £6,000 left after paying tax. Ten years earlier,

in 1938-39, there were 6,560 people with incomes of more than £6,000 after paying tax. (At the same time the value of the pound had fallen by about half).

The effect of this heavy taxation on large incomes has cut the number of persons with incomes of between £4,000 and £6,000 after tax by half in the last 10 years, but the numbers of those with incomes between £1,000 and £4,000 has doubled since just before the war. The great advance in these 10 years has been made by the lower and middle income groups. In 1948-49 there were 9,152,000 people with incomes of between £5 and £10 a week after tax, more than four times as many as just before the war.

Effect Of Redistribution

The redistribution of income has also been effected over a period of more than 50 years by death duties on inheritance. The consequences of this redistribution may soon have an important effect on taxation policy. For more than three-quarters of the taxable incomes (that is, above £135 a year) are shared out between nearly 20,000,000 people earning up to £20 a week. This leaves 785,000 people with incomes of more than £1,000 a year before tax who, in 1948-49, were left with £1,015 million after paying taxes.

In terms of modern Budgets running up to nearly £4,000 million, the increased taxation of the well-to-do and the rich consequently can be seen to have limited possibilities. 'New problems arise in deciding the best methods of collecting a large share of the national income for Government purposes when the main block of incomes is concentrated in the middle and lower groups. For example, is income-tax deducted from the weekly pay packet more discouraging to effort than high indirect taxes on such things as beer and tobacco?

For many years the proportion of the revenue taken by direct and indirect taxation in the U. K. has been remarkably constant. In 1928-29, 1938-39 and 1949-50, direct taxes on income, profits and inheritance have provided 55.7 per cent of the revenues. It is still uncertain whether the redistribution of income which has taken place in the last 25 years will affect this seemingly constant trend which was only temporarily upset by the increase of direct taxes during the war.—John Kingsley.

TRANSPORT POLICY ANOMALIES

At the annual general body meeting, of the Madras Motor Vehicles and Allied Merchants' Association held on 4th November, 1950, Sri T. S. Santhanam, Chairman of the Association, said:

WE are in the first year of our Republic, with a written Constitution. It is to the credit of our leaders that there is now mutual respect and love between United Kingdom and India. This is a positive contribution to both countries and their trade.

Pride of place in the Constitution goes to Part III, Fundamental Rights. Article 14 ensures equality before law and Article 19 (1) (g) establishes the rights "to practise any profession, or to carry on any occupation, trade or business."

"Mechanically propelled vehicles including the principles on which taxes on such vehicles are to be levied" is the narration of Item (35) of Concurrent List of Powers in the Seventh Schedule. Thanks to this new Item (35) of Concurrent List of Powers, the Government of India constituted the Motor Vehicle Taxation Committee. It is to be hoped that the Committee will report early to lessen the tax load on motor vehicles and lay down sound principles of motor vehicle taxation best suited to the country's need.

Second in importance is the full Bench Judgment of the U. P. High Court in the cases of Motilal and others against the Government of the State.

These cases arose out of a grievance of bus operators (in U. P.) who were issued only temporary permits under Section 62 of the Motor Vehicle Act instead of a three year permit, "in view of nationalisation of bus service."

The following are the salient points therein:—

"The Regional Transport Authority has throughout acted not as an independent statutory body performing its function in a judicial manner uninfluenced by extraneous consideration, but as an imbecile agent of the Government carrying out its wishes and behests. There can be little doubt

that it naturally misconceived its functions and failed to perform its duties in the manner required by law," the judges said.

Discussing equality under Article 19 (1) (g), the Judges held—

"If motor transport service is a business—and it cannot be denied that it is—its freedom is protected both by Article 19 (g) and Article 301.

"It may further be conceded that the creation of a monopoly in the State or in some other corporate body or individual would, unless justified by special circumstances, be invalid, as interfering with Articles 19 (g) and 14."

Dealing with the contention that Government buses do not need permits as are alleged to be the rights of Government under Section 42 (3) (a) of Motor Vehicle Act, the judges said:

"It is true that the vehicles of the State used for a purpose other than that of carrying passengers or goods on hire fall under a distinct category and can by law be treated separately, and if Section 42 (3) (a) had been confined to such vehicles of the State, there could have been no objection to its validity. But since the impugned clause is not restricted in its application to such vehicles of the State and is applicable to the vehicles which are used by the State for the purpose of carrying on motor transport business for profit in competition with private individuals, the clause must be held to be bad."

"At the time when section 42 (3) of the Motor Vehicles Act was passed it was perfectly valid because there were no Fundamental Rights and no Article 14 of the Constitution. We have now to apply the test whether that section is consistent with the Fundamental Rights guaranteed in the Constitution. The conclusion is that Section 42 (3) (a) is invalid inasmuch as it makes a distinction in the provision requiring permits between a Central Government or a Provincial Government vehicle and a transport vehicle owned by a private owner."

During this year we had to face two

important issues—(one) Devaluation and (two) Increase in import duty.

Devaluation has put up vehicle and parts prices by 44 per cent.

Regarding increase in import duty on motor vehicle parts, we may congratulate ourselves that through our joint and individual member representations, Diesel Vehicle and Parts duty was thrown back to 30 per cent with retrospective effect.

We have drawn the attention of the Government of India, in the Ministry of Finance, to the anomalies of classification of motor vehicle parts for import duty levy, under I.C.T. classification 75 (9), (10) and (11).

We have urged that until this issue of automobile manufacture is referred to the Tariff Board and decided, the previous tariff schedule should rule, cancelling the present increase.

Thirdly, for over 20 years, there was a differentiation in rates of duty between commercial vehicles and parts and others. This differentiation is wiped out by 75 (9), (10) and (11). We have urged the retention of this differentiation, as road transport is vital to the country, in view of the paucity of wagons and power of the railways.

The Government of India is said to have circulated a "Code of Principles of Transport" to State Governments. The Government of Madras intends restricting goods vehicles to a maximum radius of 75 miles. We have entered our strong protest against this restriction, as the railways are unable to carry all the traffic that is offered. It is to be regretted that old ideas of "lorries skimming the traffic, unfair competition" still persist. It is the duty of railways to carry the bulky goods, if necessary by rating them higher. As for competition, the rate per ton—mile charged by railways is less than the cost of operation of a lorry ton-mile!

It cannot be disputed that for India, with nearly 1.25 million sq. miles, 35,000 miles of railway is inadequate. Greater mileage of railways is precluded by finance and foreign exchange. The only alternative is road transport. The Motor Vehicles Act of 1939 has enough restrictive and regulatory provisions to prevent abuse. It is to be hoped that State Governments will not be rushed into any hasty legislation to enforce this Code, before giving every opportunity

to the interests affected to present their side of the case.

In the State of Madras, the Government have decontrolled for distribution certain types of chassis. They have retained price control on motor vehicles—the only instance in the Indian Union—under the Civil Motor Vehicles Control Order. There does not seem to be any justification for the control. It is being used in a manner considered vexatious to motor vehicle dealers. The sooner it is ended, the better. We appeal to the Government to annul this control.

The scheme of nationalisation of buses stands extended to the districts of Chingleput, North Arcot and Nellore from the City. Even in the present cases of operating certain routes radiating from the City, notifications as demanded under Section 42 (4) (a) and (b) are not issued. Neither are rules framed under the amended Section of the Motor Vehicles Act. Accepting a declared policy of nationalisation, the time and manner of ushering it in is bound to exercise the minds of those affected.

I cannot help saying that the absence of a definite and time-tabled policy denies planning by bus owners; an attempt is made to get the buses going while the permit lasts and the passenger is hit hard by lack of amenities and comforts. He pays more (by nearly 50 per cent) in buses than in railways. A 15" square seat—or in cities strap hanging!—is barely a sufficient recompense for the fare he pays. It is the passenger who helps the Government to gather not less than Rs. 12,000 per bus per year through various taxation measures. He is an unpaid yet effective tax gatherer for the Government—State and Union. Is he not right in demanding some return for his service in tax collection? It is to be hoped that Government will requite the passenger amply.

It has been urged that there should be a Regional Transport Officer for each district, so that he may study the traffic conditions and needs of his region. With the abolition of petrol rationing, the Regional Transport Office can take in more work. There are now no reliable statistics for opening out or closing down routes. May we hope, very soon, we shall have a Regional Transport Officer for each district.

TRAINING FOR CRAFTSMANSHIP

By S. A. QADIR, I. A. S.

WITH the advent of Independence, India is on the threshold of an industrial renaissance. If this renaissance is to result in progressive industrialisation, the crucial factors which govern industries should be provided for. The Three M's, men, money and materials are indispensable to industrial progress. It is the primary responsibility of the capitalists to find the money and materials, though this is partly shared by Government to the extent to which circumstances permit. But the most important factor in industrialisation is manpower. The success of any establishment depends on the personnel employed therein. Money and material may be made available, but these two factors may suffer reverses, if not used properly by the right type of personnel. We are, therefore, confronted with the problem of finding the right type of personnel for employers. This is one of the problems before the Employment Service in India.

Until the outbreak of the last war, the importance of manpower in this country was not fully realised. During the last war, the Government of India took the necessary powers to regulate and direct the available technical personnel in the national interest, but the available supply was found to be woefully short of requirements. The Government, therefore, introduced a scheme for training war technicians. This scheme remained in operation for about 5 years, and over 100,000 persons were trained. In 1943, when the war situation had already taken a favourable turn, the Government of India in the Department of Labour set up an Advisory Committee on Technical Training to review the working of the war-time scheme and to make recommendations to adapt it to the peace-time needs of the country. The Committee, which consisted of representatives of Government, employers, workers and all other interests, recommended the introduction of the scheme for the systematic training of craftsmen on a national basis. This recommendation was subsequently endorsed by the All India Council for

Technical Education and the Scientific Manpower Committee.

In 1945, when the war came to a close most of the war establishments had to be closed. It was at this time that the enormous number of men who got themselves enlisted for combatant service had to be gradually released from the Forces. The Government, therefore, were confronted with the problem of resettling the ex-service personnel and also finding suitable jobs for war workers. Some organisation had to shoulder this responsibility of resettlement and employment. While reviewing the position, Government felt that, in accordance with a Convention of the International Labour Organisation, a National Employment Service should be set up in India. A resettlement programme was, therefore, undertaken and as many as 71 Employment Exchanges were opened all over India, including Pakistan.

The ex-service men and women who were used to a kind of life and service in the Forces could not adapt themselves to the civilian environment. Therefore, some arrangements had to be made to initiate them into the civilian environment. This resulted in the Government of India opening training centres for ex-servicemen and women in several technical and vocational trades.

So far as the Madras State is concerned, we had 32 technical training centres and 15 vocational training centres where as many as 9745 ex-servicemen and 323 women received the benefit of training in engineering and vocational trades. Besides vocational and technical training, apprenticeship training was given to as many as 540 ex-service personnel in 40 centres. During the period of training under apprenticeship, every trainee was given the benefit of a stipend besides free board and lodging. The programme was continued till June, 1950, when the scheme came to an end.

The Committee appointed by the Government in 1944 found that even the larger and better organised workshops in India had no arrangements for systematic training and that the

technical training institutions set up by Provincial Governments fell short of requirements. The Committee, therefore, recommended that a Central Institute for the training of instructors should be set up. Unless vocational and technical institutions turning out skilled workers were manned by competent and trained instructors, the right type of men would not be made available to industry. Therefore, the Government of India set up in 1949 an Institute at Koni, near Bilaspur in Madhya Pradesh, for the training of instructors. This Institute is designed to serve the needs of the Central and State Government as well as of private employers. It provides training in both technical and vocational trades.

The training of women as a means of making them economically self-reliant has not been ignored by the Government. The Government of

India have, with the concurrence of the Madras Government, opened a separate training centre for the training of women at Madras. It is under the management of the Women Welfare Department which is responsible to the Government of India. The required staff, equipment, charges incurred for training and also hostel accommodation is provided by the Government. About 60 girls are undergoing training in tailoring, weaving of saree borders, etc., and the manufacture of glass beads.

It was Wendell Phillips a leading educationist who said that "the best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living." The struggle for existence seems to be the greatest problem of mankind. That problem can be faced squarely, only when human resources and faculties are brought within the orbit of training.

Under a regime of State Socialism there would be no power systems within a community capable of opposing any serious resistance to the politically and economically almighty executive. The political bosses and civil servants in control of the State would themselves be controlled by nothing stronger than a paper constitution.
—Aldous Huxley.

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THE WAKENED GIANT LASHES OUT

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON would have been less shocked by the Chinese Communists' encouragement of volunteers for Korea if it had remembered Napoleon's brilliant flash of intuition on China: "There lies a sleeping giant. Let him sleep; for when he wakes he will move the world."

There has been a certain limited recognition here that a new China awakened a year ago when the Communist regime was established. But there has been no real appreciation of the gigantic role China is destined to play in Asian affairs. Certainly there has been no real effort to study adequately the peculiar psychology of the new giant in order to anticipate his reactions.

Peking's decision to go to the assistance of its tottering North Korean allies has not only occasioned widespread surprise but brought crumbling the global house of cards erected by Western diplomacy in the last month. Until the third week in October a feeling of confidence pervaded the musty corridors of the Foreign Office. The Communist States, it was felt, had been taught a lesson. Not only had the expansion of Communist influence been repelled, but, for the first time, a Communist State organisation was in the process of being liquidated. Even more important in British eyes, for the first time in Anglo-American relations America had been the first to be involved and to bear the brunt in a joint conflict. With roused America half-mobilised and anxious to strengthen its North Atlantic coalition, it might be possible to arm Britain and the other West European countries without unduly straining their economies.

The Foreign Office and State Department felt, for the first time, that it would be possible to negotiate with the Soviets from what Dean Acheson described last January as a "position of strength." The Soviets' highly publicised manoeuvres to settle outstanding problems were received with the air of reserved superiority of a high-minded school-

master receiving the apologies of a recently-caned rebellious pupil.

It was planned that as soon as the American polls had removed U. S. foreign policy from the glare of pre-election politics, it would be possible to clear the decks for really substantial international talks. This was made clear through carefully-disguised "leaks" by the American Ambassador to London and by the guarded words of the British Foreign Secretary in the Commons. It was planned that the chastened Soviets would be compelled to demonstrate their intentions by agreeing to the nearly-complete Austrian treaty. With the U. S. elections over, it was expected that it would be possible to permit Communist China, believed subdued by the example of North Korea's fate, into the United Nations. So hopeful was the Foreign Office that in mid-October it sent Sir Esler Denning, its top Far Eastern expert, to Hongkong, in the hope of his being able to proceed to Peking to talk about an exchange of formal recognition before continuing the rest of his Far Eastern tour.

This whole series of plans—based on a clear-cut victory in Korea without Soviet or Chinese intervention—came crashing with the announcement of the ruling Chinese Communist Party that it would give all-out support to Chinese volunteers going to Korea to "undertake the sacred task of resisting America, aiding Korea, protecting their homes and defending their country."

"To save our neighbour," the declaration continued, "is to save ourselves. To defend our Fatherland we must support the people of Korea." Further: "The aggressive actions committed by the imperialists, led by the United States, are seriously threatening the security of China. They do not only aim at destroying the Korean Democratic People's Republic. They also want to annex Korea, to invade China, to rule over Asia and to conquer the world."

The shock which this Chinese inter-

vention has administered to Western hopes is best indicated by the indignant tone of General MacArthur's personal communique of November 6th. In this he accuses the Chinese Communists of "one of the most offensive acts of international lawlessness on record" by moving their "alien forces" into Korea and retaining a great reserve of troops behind "the privileged sanctuary of the Manchurian border."

General MacArthur's indignation was understandable because, at his own estimate, his forces had put 335,000 North Koreans out of action. But in order to do this, according to the *New York Times*' crack military analyst Hanson Baldwin, it had required more than 250,000 American soldiers, sailors and airmen, 100,000 South Korean troops and 20-25,000 British and other United Nations personnel. Instead of being able to withdraw the bulk of these troops before the cruel Korean winter sets in, General MacArthur is now confronted with the advance elements of the most powerful and experienced army in Asia, able to draw on a reservoir of upwards of three million men.

General MacArthur's indignation is presumably heightened by the fact that he used the immense weight of his prestige and fifty years' experience in the Orient to persuade Washington (and indirectly London) that it was no risk to cross the 38th parallel into North Korean territory since the Chinese were "bluffing." Chinese Foreign Minister Chou En-lai had warned, before the decision was made, that Communist China would not tolerate the American-led UN forces on its Manchurian border. Pandit Nehru—whose Government has the only effective non-Communist listening post in Peking—had warned first Britain's Foreign Secretary and then the UN General Assembly that the Chinese were in deadly earnest. But on October 7th the General Assembly voted to cross the 38th parallel and two days later it was an accomplished fact.

So intent was his command to prove General MacArthur infallible that all evidence that the Chinese might not be bluffing was played down, until the Chinese Communists themselves announced their entry. But there is considerable evidence that the Chinese leaders decided as early as

October 8th to strengthen their position by sending troops into Korea and Tibet. On October 10th China's Foreign Minister again warned that China would not stand idly by. On the same day North Korean Premier Kim Il-sung called for a fight to the finish. Two days later, significantly enough, there was published an exchange of laudatory telegrams between Kim Il-sung and Joseph Stalin. Prisoners captured this same day reported that they had been informed that help would soon be forthcoming, presumably from the Soviets. On October 19th a force of about 20,000 Chinese Communist troops began crossing the Yalu River from Manchuria, a fact discovered a few days later by interrogating a prisoner from this force. But on October 26th, General MacArthur's command was apparently so cocksure about China's fears—keeping non-Korean troops out of forty-mile buffer zone on the Chinese border.

Other Western observers similarly misread the signs although there was a clear hint in the qualitative change in the character of Chinese Communist propaganda, as soon as the UN forces crossed the parallel. The Communist "New China News Agency" began depicting the U. S. as an immediate threat: "The American imperialists are now following the beaten paths of the Japanese imperialists, wishfully thinking of annexing Korea and then from there invading our Manchuria, then North China, East China and finally the whole of Asia and adjacent seas. Despite all kinds of lies and fabrications, American imperialism cannot hide its dark ambitions and sinister plots of aggression." This October 29th dispatch quoting "World Culture," which is sponsored by the Chinese Foreign Office, was one of many portions of the propaganda build-up for aid to Korea. This same article concluded by calling upon the Chinese "to rise up in the struggle against American imperial aggression, to aid our heroic Korean brethren and to defend peace in the Far East."

To have dismissed such propaganda as "typical Communist vapourings" as did most Western observers, showed how little is appreciated of the special character of the Chinese Communist attitude toward the outside world. All of those who have had experience

with the new rulers of China have remarked the striking dichotomy between their unexpected flexibility on domestic affairs and their absolutely doctrinaire rigidity on foreign affairs. Those of us who were in Peking when the Communists entered, experienced the fact that while the Communists were willing to work with the reactionary Chinese, they were unwilling even to talk to progressive and sympathetic Western newspapermen.

This vital contrast is a product of their conditioning during the past quarter century. In their struggle for power they have accumulated vast domestic experience which enables them to decide readily how far they can unbend in safety. On the other hand their foreign experience is extremely limited since most of the past quarter-century has been spent in the hinterland. A few of the Communist leaders have spent some time in Moscow but only Chou En-lai has any real knowledge of the Western world. The tendency, therefore, has been to view the Western world as a vast "imperialist conspiracy" and to believe the worst of it. The intense suspicion against the Americans, in particular, can only be understood if one puts oneself in the place of the Chinese Communists, who from 1946 on were battling against the \$4,000 million worth of U. S. military and economic assistance put at the disposal of their corrupt and reactionary opponents.

Western observers have also failed, for the most part, to understand how considerably the political position of the Chinese Communists is based upon their vanguarding militant Chinese nationalism. Their social and economic programme immediately benefits the poor peasant and the industrial worker and probably will, in the long run, benefit a much broader section of the population. But their widest immediate appeal comes from their advocacy of nationalist demands. The necessity for them to be super-nationalistic is accentuated by the fact that they have had to make certain concessions to the Russians in Manchuria. For the nationalist Chinese, Manchuria, Formosa and Tibet are all parts of China, and their defence or recapture against real or imagined threats is one of the most important factors for uniting the

politically-conscious element of China around the Government.

It is possible for a detached Western observer to say that the Chinese Communists' allegations about American plans to conquer China are either false or vastly exaggerated, to say the least. But in order to understand this intervention one must understand the Chinese Communist leaders both as Chinese and as Communists.

Like most Asian nationalists they see an "imperialist plot" behind every Western move. As Chinese they recall that the Japanese seizure of Formosa and Korea was a prelude to later incursions into China itself, including the seizure of Manchuria in 1931. The fact that the Americans, based on Japan, have led the forces which have taken almost the whole of Korea and have prevented the reunion of Formosa to the Communist-dominated mainland is a striking parallel in Chinese eyes. Furthermore, as Communists who tend to look at the world through Tass-tinted glasses, they are ready to believe the worst of any American action. Thus the frequency with which American pilots have lost their way and bombed Manchurian instead of North Korean targets cannot be considered accidental by the Chinese Communist leadership. To the Chinese Communists, any threat of bombardment to Manchuria—particularly such a bombardment as has pulverised North Korea's flourishing industries—must inevitably be considered as a threat to their whole dream of a modernised and industrialised China.

For the past year and a half, the Far Eastern specialists of the Foreign Office and the State Department have been discussing the possibilities of weaning the Chinese away from Moscow. It is a striking commentary on Western political intelligence that on the first two major issues concerning China—Formosa and the crossing of the 38th parallel—the Chinese Communists' reaction has been so largely unanticipated. In retrospect the Indian proposal to stop and talk before crossing the 38th parallel may not have been so impractical as it was then depicted. It would at least have given the West a deeper insight into the outlook of this newly-awakened giant that can so readily shake the world.—Copyright N. P. S.

YUGOSLAVIA TODAY

By W. GORDON GRAHAM

Mr. W. Gordon Graham, an outstanding journalist, is the representative of the Christian Science Monitor in India and has extensively travelled throughout the world. This article has been written by him from first hand information after his recent visit to Yugoslavia. It is an objective and extremely human account.

UNTIL only a few months ago, Yugoslavia was as difficult to visit as Soviet Russia. Visa applications were regularly refused. Those few foreign visitors who managed to enter the country were restricted in their movements and under constant police surveillance.

Today Yugoslavia's Iron Curtain is held courteously open to visitors, and this fact is in itself dramatic evidence of the independence which Marshal Tito and his people have won from Soviet domination in the past three years. Unfortunately, few foreigners have as yet taken advantage of the invitation, partly because it was not publicised sufficiently, but mostly because of the unfavourable exchange rate between dinars and every other currency which makes living prohibitively expensive. For a rupee one gets approximately 10 dinars. A kilo of sugar costs 500 dinars—50 rupees for a little over two pounds of sugar! The price of sugar is a fair sample of the general price level. This, of course, is the black market rate. Officially sugar is not available.

Yet if the foreign visitor to modern Yugoslavia finds life too expensive, he is but sharing the daily experience of Yugoslavia. The basic necessities in clothes and food are quite beyond the pocket of the average Yugoslav whose earnings have not kept pace with the fantastic inflation which his currency has passed through. Foreigners, in fact, are given a fifty per cent reduction on everything by means of coupons issued by Putnik, the Government travel agency, but prices are still much too high. In Ljubljana I saw shirts for sale for the equivalent of 200 rupees each and upwards. They were nice shirts, but at that price level even a reduction of 100 rupees does not tempt one to buy.

In the international money market, dinars are almost worthless. In Zurich, Switzerland, my wife and I bought 1000 dinars. They cost us only

the equivalent of seven rupees, although at the official rate of exchange we would have paid about a hundred rupees. For obvious reasons the Yugoslav Government allows each visitor to bring into the country only 500 dinars.

In fact the overriding impression left on one's mind by a visit to Yugoslavia today is the terrific economic struggle which the country is having. One quickly notices that there are few or no cars on the roads—our small English Ford attracted a crowd wherever we went. The economic difficulties are also written large in the pinched faces of the people and their poor clothes. Mechanics work with old tools and factories with primitive machinery.

These troubles are not by any means an indictment of the Tito regime. They date back, in the first place, to the unbalanced social order of the pre-war royalist Government. Then between 1941 and 1945 the Yugoslavs fought a cruel war and had a people's revolution at the same time. During these war years the country was pitilessly denuded by the Germans and after the liberation Tito's administrators often had little else than their bare hands with which to set up the new Government.

Latterly, since the break with Moscow, many trade agreements with Russia or Soviet-controlled countries have lapsed or been cancelled and the whole of Yugoslav economy which since 1945 had been orientated towards the east was for a time left hanging in the air. Now Tito has received three dollar loans totalling, it is believed, 50 million dollars and only now is revitalising dollar aid beginning to flow into the bloodstream of Yugoslavia's shattered economy.

Previous study of Yugoslav conditions had told us what to expect, so when we entered the country from Austria over the newly re-opened high mountain road called the Loibl Pass,

we carried with us everything we needed to live self-contained—food, petrol, tent and camp equipment. We also carried supplies of such simple items as saccharin and flints which we had bought for a few groschen in Klagenfurt, but which are unobtainable in Yugoslavia. To every Yugoslav friend we made we gave one of these simple presents and nothing could have been more appreciated.

The Loibl Pass, a road of spectacular gradients, is the traditional main route from Vienna, the capital of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, to Trieste, the Empire's main port. The Pass has been closed since the end of World War II and its reopening this summer is one more symptom of the improving relations between Tito and Western Europe. Generally speaking, the tension which used to reign on the Austrian and more especially on the Italian borders of Yugoslavia is now eased. Few know how close the Yugoslavs were to war with the British in 1945 over Trieste. And small wonder, for Trieste, now internationally controlled territory, is the finest port of the Adriatic and Yugoslavia's Dalmatian coast has nothing remotely comparing with it. The Italian frontier is still elaborately guarded and fortified, but Tito seems to have become long ago resigned to loss of Trieste—in face of force majeure. Paradoxically, since he has forsworn allegiance to Moscow, the western powers may now look with greater favour on his claims to this port.

Military tension, however, has now shifted to Yugoslavia's boundaries with Hungary and Bulgaria—especially the latter. Bulgaria is now threatening to foment insurrection in southern Yugoslavia in a way not dissimilar from that which Yugoslavia itself employed towards Greece, and as fast as the scars of the Greek affair are healing, aggression from Bulgaria looms larger. It is thus perhaps natural that while one meets the Yugoslav army everywhere in Yugoslavia, it is especially thick on the ground south of Belgrade, and well leavened with secret police. Yugoslavia's economic reorientation from east to west is significant enough, but its military reorientation from west to east is the clearest sign of all of Yugoslavia's changed role in the world.

The Yugoslavs are not afraid of war.

Tito's partisans proved themselves among the roughest fighters of the whole world during the war with Germany. Moreover, the great suffering which the nation went through during the German occupation united the Yugoslav people as only adversity can. The after-effects of this suffering are still felt by every Yugoslav citizen and it is partly this which enables them to look with comparative equanimity on the prospect of another war. Still perhaps at the stage when they have not much to lose, the Yugoslavs are less concerned about war than the British or Americans—who are not so close to its possibility—and have asked for no military guarantees from the west. At the same time, Yugoslav military equipment except manpower is probably as scarce and outdated as much of its industrial equipment, and being aware of this Yugoslavia may be banking on aid from the west in the event of attack by Bulgaria coming without the asking.

One of the things we were particularly anxious to learn during our visit to Yugoslavia was whether Tito's "deviationism" was in any way different from Communism as practised in Soviet Russia. The published correspondence on the Soviet-Yugoslavia dispute had made much of doctrinaire differences, but it seemed likely that these were only a Kremlin smoke-screen and that the real and the only important disagreement was that Tito would not come to heel. We therefore assumed that when we visited Yugoslavia we would be visiting a totalitarian Communist State, with only slight variations on the Soviet pattern.

What we found confirmed, on the whole, this expectation. The Yugoslav people, taken as a whole, are discontented. They are discontented principally with economic conditions, for their first concern, as with people the world over, is for a full stomach and clothes on the back. For their lack of daily necessities they blame, rightly or wrongly, their present Government. One woman who had spent six years in a German slave-labour camp rained blessings on us for the gift of a lemon for her ailing baby. She had not seen a lemon for years. This happened in Reka (formerly Fiume), only 100 miles from Italian territory where lemons are plentiful and cheap. The occasional glimpses which Yugoslavs get of the compara-

tive state of plenty in neighbouring countries make them very bitter.

Secondly, the average Yugoslav is discontented with his lack of freedom. For although the Iron Curtain barring off Yugoslavia from the West has now swung open, it is for one-way traffic only. No Yugoslav can leave the country—he is not given a passport unless to go abroad on State business. He cannot even travel within his own country without official cognisance. Putnik controlled every journey, long or short. Until a few days before we entered Yugoslavia it was even forbidden to move more than ten kilometres away from one's home. The first Yugoslavs we met were several hundred Slovenian villagers joyfully celebrating the lifting of the ban on local travel with a Sunday morning tramp to the top of the Loibl Pass. From there they could gaze down into Austria—the land of plenty.

The Yugoslavs are among the kindest and friendliest people in the world and we found this especially so in the countryside. The country is of course predominantly agrarian and it is in agricultural reform that the most solid progress has been made by the Communist regime. Collective farming is now general and as far as production is concerned seems to be working efficiently. The peasants however are not contented with the system and in some parts, especially Croatia, they have made attempts to return to private holdings.

Perhaps the most encouraging and positive sign in Yugoslavia today is the freedom with which Yugoslavs are permitted to criticise their Government. Waiters, dock labourers, garagemen and citizens in many walks of life told us just how bad they thought things were and in some cases how much they would like to go to America...if they could. This healthy democratic practice distinguishes Titoism more clearly than any other factor from Soviet Communism. It shows that Titoism, whatever it may or may not be in its doctrinaire

aspects, is nearer in spirit to the western concept of social democracy than other brands of Communism.

Tito is his country's hero. His picture is everywhere, made even more prominent than hitherto by the adjoining blank spaces where Stalin's portrait used to be. Tito is a paradox because he is an absolute dictator and yet appears to be genuinely and universally loved. It would be satisfying to be able to add that he rules as a man of the people—on the share and share alike basis once practised when he was a guerilla leader—but this is not so. Tito and his fellow-administrators tend to form a new privileged class. The occasional super American limousines which speed along Yugoslavia's deserted highways are too obvious to escape comment. We swam in the lake at the famous mountain resort of Bled just below Tito's residence. It would be difficult to call this mountain retreat of his the home of a proletarian. It seemed rather a combination of palace and fortress. Yet also at Bled and at famous Adriatic seaside resorts such as Abbazia and Dubrovnik we saw the people enjoying their two weeks' holidays at Government expense. Hotels, meals and fares were free. To be sure they had no money, but that did not matter because the shops had nothing to sell. At these places they certainly seemed much happier than in their home environments.

Yugoslavia, next to China, is perhaps the most strategic country in the world today, because it is in a position to prove whether or not there is a type of practical Communism which does not involve the loss of freedom and individuality which accompanies the Soviet brand. The country that dares to tread the path that Yugoslavia is treading will travel it alone, shunned and vilified by Moscow and suspected by Washington. Such a country needs great courage—and courage is perhaps the outstanding quality which the visitor of today observes in the modern Yugoslav.

Intellectual integrity made it quite impossible for me to accept the war myths of any of the belligerent nations. Indeed, those intellectuals who accepted them were abdicating their functions for the joy of believing themselves at one with the herd.... If the intellectual has any function in society, it is to preserve a cool and unbiassed judgment in the face of all solicitations to passion. I found, however, that most intellectuals have no belief in the utility of the intellect except in quiet times.—Bertrand Russell.

SUPERMAN AND GOD

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

COMMENT on Shaw has always been superfluous. Writers who have attempted a critique of Shaw can be said to have given neither an explanation nor a solution but merely an interpretation of this 20th century phenomenon which went by the name of G. B. S. No one has explained Shaw better than has done Shaw himself; no one has given an account less subjective or more clear-sighted. Even his occasional profanations when he has called himself in turn a fiction, a pose, a humbug and an "incorrigible mountebank" are but exaggerations of what is fundamentally a truth. And then of course there are his novels, plays and essays. In his *Self-sketches* he admits with a frankness which has in it as little of boast as of artlessness that any biography about him is bound to be dull and without thrills. "Things have not happened to me," he explains, "on the contrary, it is I who have happened to them," all the happenings taking the form of books and plays. Therein we have the briefest and completest biography any man has ever written about himself. He has even gone further and spared his obituary-writers the trouble of giving him an epitaph. The one he gives himself is impious but pithy:

NIC JACET

BERNARD SHAW

Who The Devil Was He?

Perhaps Shaw himself was not quite sanguine about his chances of standing the test of time, in spite of repeated comparisons with Shakespeare. Whatever doubts the next generation is going to express about his genius, of this generation it is true that quite a few of us ask ourselves *what kind of a devil was he?* Not what kind of dramatist, philosopher, political thinker. We know his views on women, empire, class, honour, sex, chastity, socialism and vegetarianism. We have in time got used to an Einstein, an Orwell, a Steinbeck. Shaw lived for ninety-four years and very few really got quite used to living in the same world as he and breathing the same air. At best they understood him. Accepting him was

a task to which few men were equal. He remained till the end a nourishing, rich, intriguing and wholly inedible dish. Chesterton calls him "brilliant and barren" like a meteor, "but no one," he says, "would accept him as a sun, for the test of a sun is that it can make something grow." Most of us suffer from a common ailment. We like to see our own selves reflected in the books we read, delude ourselves that the author's views are our own, only expressed better, so that even the most ordinary piece of realism is converted by us into a kind of revelation establishing a delicious communion with the thought processes of the author. The capacity to create this illusion in the reader has generally been considered one of the tests of greatness in a writer. What Shaw does is exactly the reverse. He states the truth stripping pitilessly from it all the glamour and glory and exposing it to the public gaze in all its nude simplicity as nothing more than a mere commonplace. The light of common day was the only light his eyes could see by. And for that the reader finds himself unable to forgive him. It is as if Shaw said in effect: "You are stupid. And I am not going to try to make you think you are clever. The wisest thing you can do is to listen to what I am going to say, and endeavour to understand as much of it as best you can." Joad calls the capacity to produce this complete disillusionment the "anti-Midas touch." Which perhaps explains why for a man of such decided opinions as he, Shaw made so remarkably few friends and hardly any enemies. "He has not an enemy in the world," Oscar Wilde said of him, "and none of his friends like him."

Consistency, said Cicero, is the virtue of small minds. Shaw has never in his life been anything but consistent. Nature had endowed him with the physical frame of the perfect lounge, the long man with the loose limbs not quite firmly held together and each imbued with a will and a mind of its own which it exercised with an independent abandon. His mind hardly ever lounged. Its normal stance was on tiptoe and

when it lounged, if it ever did, it could give you a perfectly reasonable and cogent explanation for it. This incompatibility between body and mind was the only maladjustment in the make-up of Bernard Shaw. His mind by itself had, as Joad describes, "no half-shadows, overtones or undertones" and no symbolism and it functioned as a homogenous unit resting on the pivotal point of his reason. And yet often Shaw has managed to give an impression of a many-faceted personality—of many facets on the same plane, if one can imagine such a thing.

There was an unemotional matter-of-factness even about his marriage though through his reason he was able to imagine the fundamental nature of marriage as it is with ninety-nine percent of humanity. "Real married life," he said shrewdly, "is the life of the youth and maiden who pluck a flower and bring down an avalanche on their shoulders." There is something antiseptic and cold-blooded about his account of his

own experience at plucking flowers. "During the fourteen years before my marriage at 43 there was always some lady in the case," and he adds with disarming candour that—ahem—"the ladies were unpaid." Voltaire said about the same thing in his *Confessions* but to him Sex was Beauty and Fulfilment with flesh endowed, whereas to Shaw it was a necessary periodical exercise for the carrying on of normal functions. One even wonders whether it was not merely a kind of ceremonial rite which he performed with the unfeelingness and precision of an automaton not for any physical satisfaction he might derive from it but merely to dissolve the stray coagulations of intellectual lethargy which beset the most brilliant of men at times. He was, he says, not attracted by virgins as such. He preferred "fully matured women who knew what they were doing." It is a little doubtful if Shaw, lost during the process in a trance of intellectual exaltation, was quite aware oftentimes of what he was doing.

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I am not informed of what his views were about Life after Death and Darwin's theories but if there are such things as spirits, the ghost of Shaw would have shaken with impotent indignation from a cloud top at the sight of the Christian burial his mortal body was afforded. For the Protestant faith into which he was born he had nothing but the most profound contempt. "Imagine" he says in unholy awe, "being taught to despise a workman, and to respect a gentleman.... Imagine being taught that there is one god, a Protestant and a perfect gentleman, keeping Heaven select for the gentry against an idolatrous imposter called the Pope! Imagine the pretensions of the English peerage on the incomes of the English middle class! I remember" he adds reminiscently, "Stopford Brooke one day telling me that he discerned in my books an intense and contemptuous hatred for society. No wonder!" Shaw's idea of Heaven was obviously just a working definition of the Earth as he thought it should be.

The crux of the matter, I feel, is that Shaw never felt the need for a religion. Science to him was only "organised commonsense"; so religion was, I suppose, only organised confession of faith and he saw no necessity, for his moral and spiritual well-being, either to "confess" or to have faith in anything or anybody outside of himself. His belief in himself was stupendous, incredible, colossal. There were times when Shaw saw in himself all the qualities usually assigned to a divine power and when he saw in gods the lack of those very attributes which men imagined in them, he openly and uninhibitedly scoffed at both the men and the gods. "I was a Boy Atheist," he says, "and proud of it." Shaw, we can only infer, must have been brought up in a singularly liberal household. It is not unusual to find happy little children conceiving of God as a man with their father's face and smile ornamented by a halo sitting on a throne in a vast incoherent place they imagine as Heaven. Shaw was no exception to this. But his belief in his father's perfection and omniscience was rudely shattered when he made the horrifying discovery at a tender age that his father, far from being a divine spirit, was addicted to spirits. "I have never believed in anything

since," he swears; "then the scoffer began." The mark this discovery left on him was however not one of disillusion or bitterness. Its effect was to spur his reason to find a rational explanation for what had been a blind, childish faith. He thus learnt at an early age the precocious secret which most die undiscovering, that a dead end need not necessarily be an end in itself, that the wall at the end can be demolished and that it led more often than not to an airy highway. The extraordinary commonsense which thus turned a catastrophe to his own advantage brought into being a rather cynical, unamusing and wry humour in him. He learnt to laugh at himself without feeling humiliated, and to laugh at others without feeling embarrassed. "If you cannot get rid of the family skeleton" he says, "you may as well make it dance." And till the day he died the poor little skeletons in the Shaw cupboards had not a moment's rest.

His accounts of the religious education administered to him as a child are full of a hearty and almost wicked enjoyment. "I was christened by my uncle," he remembers, "and as my godfather was intoxicated and did not turn up, the sexton was ordered to promise and vow in his place, precisely as my uncle might have ordered him to put more coals on the vestry fire;" adding with glee; "I was never confirmed, and I believe my parents never were either." One feels the only circumstance which might have made him feel perhaps even more merry is his being born out of wedlock.

To many of us religion might be said to be as much a matter of habit as of faith. People often claim themselves to be "religious" because they have certain religious habits. It starts in Christian and non-Christian countries alike with the habit of daily prayer. Either parental compulsion was lax or the Boy Shaw was too irrepressible to be moulded into a conventional pattern but we are told that he gave up this small pretence at an early age because he considered it an "irrational practice." There was in addition compulsory attendance at Sunday school, a form of discipline he submitted to because his father's "respectability" demanded it and which resulted in his being

"saturated" with the Bible—along with Shakespeare which came in the course of more enjoyable instruction self-administered—before he entered his teens. Later he attempted to read the Bible right through and actually came up to the Pauline Epistles before he gave it up in disgust at its "inveterate crookedness." He refused to accept the sanctity of the Trinity, of Immaculate Conception or of the Catholic worship of the Madonna. The Ten Commandments he finds "unsuited and inadequate to modern needs" and the Bible itself "hopelessly pre-evolutionary;" its descriptions of the origin of life and morals he calls "obviously fairy tales," its astronomy "terra-centric," its notions of the starry universe "childish," its history "epical and legendary"; in short, concludes Shaw devastatingly, "people whose education in these departments is derived from the Bible are so absurdly misinformed as to be unfit for public employment, parental responsibility or the franchise." Adam he despised because he was spineless and had to be tempted by a woman. Evidently Shaw refused to accept the succumbing to the temptation to acquire knowledge as Sin. All truths, he firmly believed, were divinely inspired and the Bible did not even come under this category being only the translation of parts of ancient Jewish literature authorised by King James I. In his more pugnacious moments he has given it as his opinion that Judas was the only one of the companions of Christ who had any commonsense and that if we were less blind we would see that "official Christianity" was dragging us to the devil. The "proper spirit" in which to read the Bible, he maintained, was the spirit of "intellectual integrity" which meant that the Bible had to be judged and read exactly as you read the Arabian Nights, the leading article in *The*

Times and the cartoons in *Punch*. A myth or a symbol which did not survive the destructive impact of his Reason, he refused to accept. This refusal to permit any suspension of disbelief with regard to religion led him to understand it as something other than what the conventionalists gave him to understand it was. He confesses he found the religion of his country in its musical genius and its "irreligion" in its churches and drawing rooms, thus giving to religion a new moral interpretation. Religion as an instinct or an acceptance Shaw found unacceptable. The mysticism he attempts in his plays amuses more than impresses. Even St. Joan's "voices" are nothing more than hallucinations. "Joan," her creator explains, "must be judged a sane woman in spite of her voices because they never gave her any advice that might not have come to her from her mother's wit exactly as gravitation came to Newton." His razing to the ground of well-established institutions and habits of thought is not merely the bravado of the egomaniacal intellectual but the calm, collected judgment of a man who refused to believe in anything not perceivable by the senses. "Never believe in a God" he exhorts us, "that you cannot improve upon."

Shaw firmly believed that a man, however able, clever or successful, if he went through life without ever once asking himself, *what the devil does it all mean*, is one of those "predestinately damned." If this is any criterion, damnation is far from what Shaw has a right to expect in the Hereafter. It would be vastly amusing to imagine this white man who never went in search of God banging on the doors of Heaven and telling St. Peter a thing or two about the distinctions he makes in the use of the celestial keys.

Love will be stronger and last longer if there are impediments to its gratification. If a lover is prevented from enjoying his love by absence, difficulty of access, or by the caprice or coldness of his beloved, he can find a little consolation in the thought that when his wishes are fulfilled his delight will be intense. But love being what it is, should there be no such hindrances, he will pay no attention to the considerations of prudence; and his punishment will be satiety. The love that lasts longest is the love that is never returned.—W. Somerset Maugham.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Decent journalists do not like the present state of affairs. Nor do the more responsible editors. But the number of editors and journalists who can maintain a high standard of "duty, balance, and reputation" in the face of pressure grows less day by day. It is difficult for any paper that presents its news soberly to maintain its circulation: perhaps it is true that every nation gets the press it deserves.

—DOROTHY L. SAYERS.

THE *South Indian Journalist* has rendered a signal service by publishing the case of *The Reporter*, a Salford weekly. It had angered the municipal administration with strong comment. The authorities retaliated with a proposal to cut off advertisements. Then there was a furor. Defenders of the weekly rose up in the city council and denounced the proposal in the severest terms. One of them characterised it as "mean, unsportsmanlike, and hitting below the belt." Another said that the public would rightly regard the proposal as an "attempt to intimidate and blackmail" the local paper because it had dared to criticise the administration's measures, and he warned the municipality that it was "doing a dangerous thing." The *Manchester Guardian* came out with a stern admonition censuring the proposal as "an attack on the freedom of the press" and a "miserable denial of the democratic spirit". It said:

The decision of the Salford City Council to boycott, so far as it can, the local weekly paper the *Reporter* is unfortunate and reprehensible. This form of attempted discrimination is not new, but it always recoils on its authors. Does the majority on the council conceive it its duty to try to coerce its critics by financially injuring them? That would be a sad confession for a city with such Radical traditions."

The annals of the British press are distinguished by examples similar to that of the *Manchester Guardian* in the Salford case. Press freedom is

maintained and administrators are kept on good behaviour when the great newspapers do not hesitate to take up the cause of the humblest of their craft when unfairly victimised. There is need of a similar spirit in our young republic where ministers unused to power show no disposition to cherish traditions of rectitude. In the wake of comments in this journal on the treatment of *The Mail* by the Publicity Minister, it is gratifying that lately there has been a relaxation in the official attitude to that paper, and the charge of boycott in the matter of advertisements has been sought to be disproved by a few dribblets being let in. This is all to the good. But cleverness is not integrity. The minister concerned should make a thorough overhaul of the whole policy of the department and abandon the miserable pursuit of using public money to boost flattery and punish criticism in the press.

The vitality of the press consists in variety. There would be freedom of expression for all points of view only when a large number of papers flourish. The more the better. If the British press is magnificent, it is due to the vast variety of journals whom the nation's economy is able to maintain in a solvent condition. In addition to the highest readership in the world proportionately to population, the British press has the advantage of a first-rate source of income through the advertisement campaigns of the country's highly developed industrial concerns. Even then there has been a trend towards amalgamation, and the dropping out of some journals of remarkable merit in the British press. The *Strand*, the *Horizon*, the *Leader*, and now *New Writing* make up a sad list of casualties that cannot but cause the gravest perturbation of spirit to lovers of quality in journalism all over the world.

In India the low level of income and literacy restricting readers, and the poor standard of industrialisation governing advertisement revenue, are handicaps limiting the scope for

growth of the press, and they inflict a high level of mortality on weeklies and periodicals. But these are the real feeders of the profession, the means by which merit and talent are unearthed and placed at public disposal. Journalism would become a blocked profession to many aspirants in the absence of a wide network of small and medium papers dispersed throughout the country. Unfortunately, every attempt is being made to make their survival difficult and drive them out of existence, not the least by unimaginative and unsympathetic Congress ministers who seem to have no conception of a fair and intelligent use of executive power to nurse a virile and robust press.

Commercial magnates given to speculation in the share market are notoriously tied to astrologers, and

with the advent of some of them into the newspaper world, the fortunes of editors have varied with the predictions of astrologers. The craze for astrology is not an entirely eastern trait, however. Hitler maintained one or two court astrologers throughout the period of the war to aid him in determining military policies. The Allied Governments made fun of Hitler to start with, but eventually appointed astrological consultants of their own to tell them what the stars were telling to Hitler's astrologers. *Manas* reports the advent of a psychic prodigy on the American scene. By name Fogel, he, it appears, has "offered a manual on mind reading to the United States Government, suggesting that it might be useful for ranking officers of the armed services to learn to read minds." And the Government did not scoff. They are considering the matter.—SAKA.

The most steadily charming of all human beings, male or female, is the one who is tolerant, unprovocative, good-humoured, kind. A man wants a show only intermittently, but he wants peace and comfort every day. And to get them, if he is sagacious, he is quite willing to sacrifice scenery.—H. L. Mencken.

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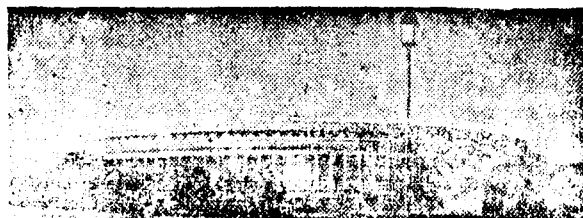


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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU was in a cheerful mood when he gave a talk to the students of Indraprastha College on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the institution. I haven't seen him in such high spirits for some years now. There was no fret on his brow. He narrated an old Chinese tale where a father was faced with the problem of deciding on careers for his sons. The best and the most competent of them were to become teachers, doctors and engineers. The least competent was asked by the father to become a Cabinet Minister! The Prime Minister, the only son of his father, hastened to add humorously: "Don't think on that account that I am not a competent man!"

Panditji confessed that his generation was not much good. "It is true," he said, "that the present-day India is not very edifying. Our generation has not been successful in making India a big country. Now, it is the responsibility of the younger generation, the millions of men and women of our country. It may not be given to them to become Ministers but I have no doubt that each of them can contribute to the greatness of our country in his or her sphere." But the Prime Minister does not revise his idea that only people over sixty could be given responsible positions.

Then Panditji spoke about Ramanujam, the great South Indian mathematician. Ramanujam was one of those many persons of genius, he said, who existed in the land. Ramanujam's genius was recognised by the merest chance; otherwise he would have rotted as a clerk in the Madras Port Trust. Panditji said that Ramanujam was the first Indian to be elected Fellow of the Royal Society, and that he died in England of tuberculosis. As a matter of fact, Ramanujam was the second Indian F. R. S.,

and he returned to Madras before he died at the age of 33.

Bertrand Russell was neither poor like Ramanujam, nor was he unable to pass examinations. He had the knack of coming at the top at every exam. He, however, was so unhappy as a youth that he constantly thought of suicide. But he had an overmastering passion for mathematics. His logical mind foresaw that if he killed himself, he would not be able to learn more mathematics. In his *Conquest of Happiness*, he tries to help others to prevent others becoming as unhappy as he himself was in his youth. The literary quality of this book is the most notable among all his works. Russell is the lucidest writer in English among all men of science today. His *Scientific Outlook*, *Sceptical Essays*, *In Praise of Idleness*, *ABC of Relativity* are all works which reveal the clearest mind in all England.

Young and brilliant men of science today are labouring under the difficulty of being unable to express themselves intelligibly to others. Even Einstein has repeatedly pleaded this difficulty, although, of course, he is not so unintelligible as he claims he is. Joad had said that he could explain anything to anybody. We all pretend to do this to some extent or other. But it is probably Russell alone who can do what Joad claims he can. Also Bernal, perhaps. Bernal is a physicist. As a young man he got into an argument with H. G. Wells over some problem in biology. And H. G. was naturally getting the worst of it. So Wells finally closed the argument with the statement: "The trouble with you biologists is that you do not know enough physics". (H. G. did not know that Bernal was a brilliant physicist).

Russell has figured in this Diary very often—next only to Bernard Shaw, Jawaharlal Nehru and Chakravarti Rajagopalachari. Russell once said that if he was an Indian, he would probably react to the Indian political situation as Mr. Rajagopalachari did. Logic appeals to the logical mind. One way of looking at recent Congress history is to examine how at every stage it failed to understand and appreciate the advice of Mr. Rajagopalachari. It followed the advice when it was too late—with disastrous consequences. Better never than late.

Bertrand Russell is one of the profoundest thinkers of all time. With the possible exception of Leonardo da Vinci, I doubt whether there is anyone who has distinguished himself in such a large number of branches of human knowledge. His *History of Western Philosophy* can never be equalled. One of the most beautiful pieces of poetry I have come across was Walt Whitman's, and is quoted by Bertrand Russell as indicative of the subject matter of the *Conquest of Happiness*:

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained.

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

Bernard Shaw said that few of those who deserved the Nobel Prize ever got it, and that few of those that got it deserved it. One of the exceptions, of course, was himself. Bertrand Russell is another exception. It is but

right that Russell should have got the Nobel Prize for Literature. He might equally have been given the Nobel Prize for Science or for Peace.

Hard-boiled critics like myself began to clap enthusiastically at a Press Show of Shrimati Rekha Malhotra's Bharata Natyam performance the other day. It is not often that such acclamation is given to any artiste by a group composed entirely of critics. They may join others in such enthusiasm, but by themselves critics hardly ever become demonstrative. One distinguished critic even expressed his appreciation by shouting, "Sadhu, sadhu"—in Shantiniketan fashion. The cultural re-conquest of the North by the South is slowly taking place.

Rekha is the second daughter of the Punjab (in point of time) to master the technique of Bharata Natyam as well as to dance with grace and ease. In point of excellence, she is on a par with the first—Tara Chaudhri. She is a suitable vessel for conveying the beauties and the elegance of Bharata Natyam. Besides, she possesses a remarkable knowledge of the Karnatic style of music. This is an essential requirement for any Bharata Natyam dancer, but in the North at any rate it is hard to come by. Rekha was a student of both theoretical and practical music and graduated with music from the University. Her footwork is faultless; her sense of time is unerring. Most Northern Indian dancers of Bharata Natyam suffer because of the lack of *tala-jnana* (knowledge of time-beats).

Rekha has had the good fortune of studying Bharata Natyam from one of the foremost exponents of the art in South India—Shri Govindaraja Pillai. Pillai himself provided the vocal accompaniment for Rekha's dance. He has a strong, deep Tamil voice, and an extremely musical way of rendering the words. Pillai is still in his thirties, but by dint of his ability—and in spite of lack of publicity—he is recognised in the South as one of the most outstanding gurus of Bharata Natyam.



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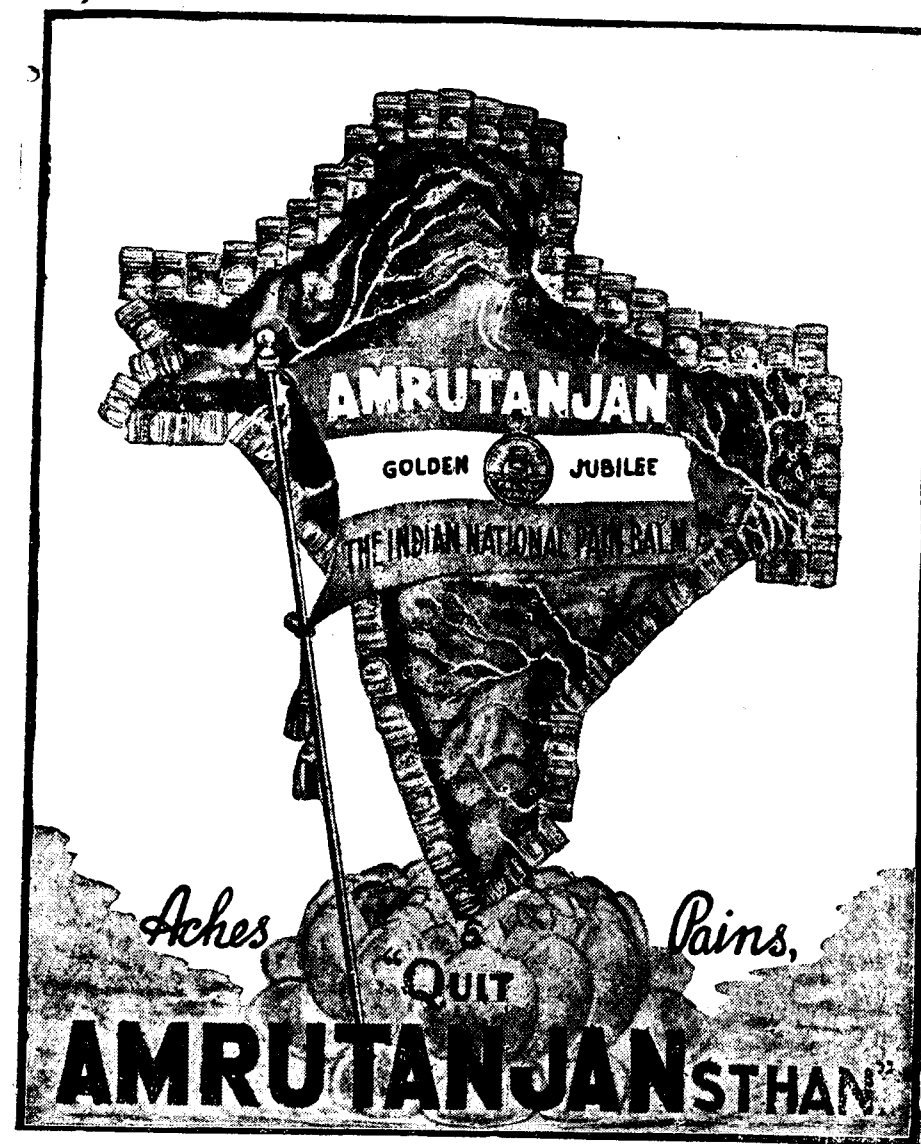
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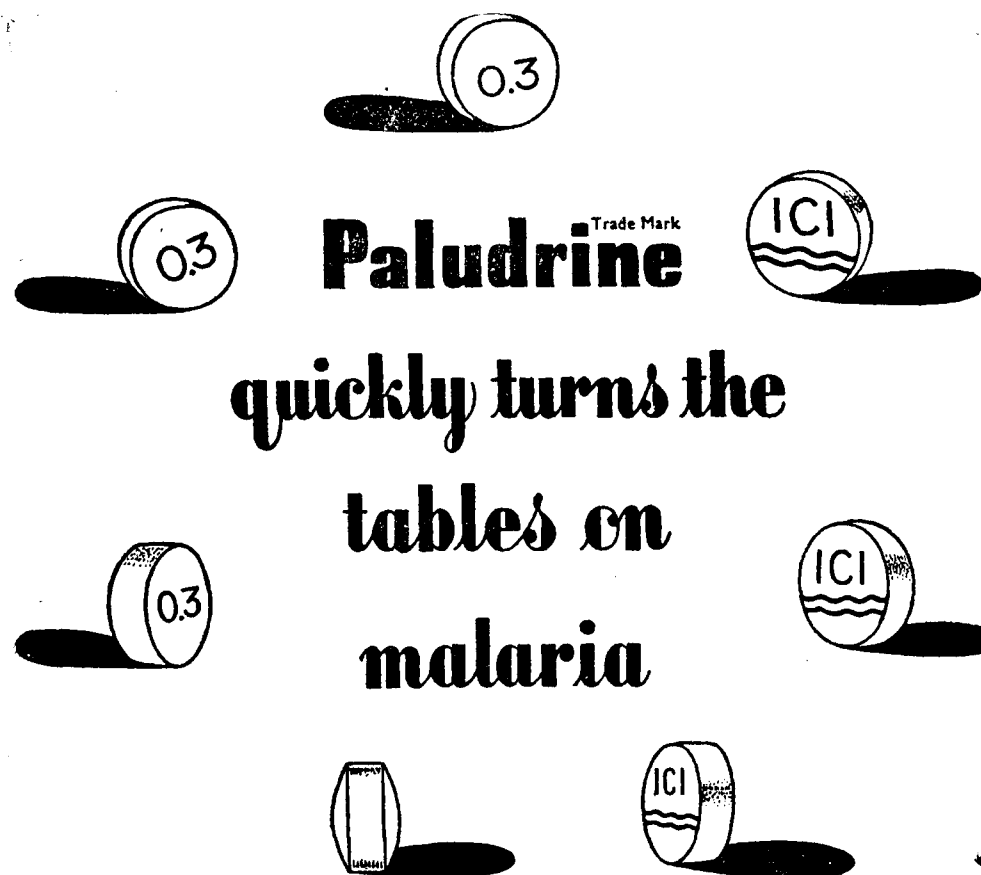
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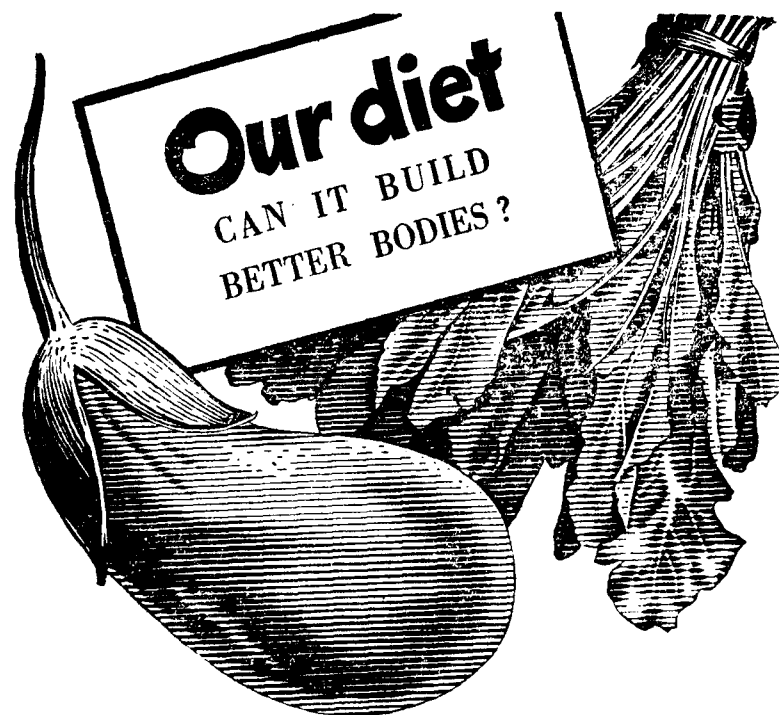
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OUR DIET can fail to give us maximum nourishment if we spoil good food through bad cooking, or if our knowledge of the various functions of foods is limited. For instance, many consider brinjals, spinach, drumsticks and lettuce dull eating and not particularly nourishing. In fact, these foods can be made very tasty and help enrich our diet with their mineral contents which aid in building the body and keeping it fit.

But minerals alone cannot ensure full health and strength for which we need a balanced diet consisting of *all* the five food factors and in their correct proportions. Besides minerals, the other factors are carbo-hydrates (millets, rice, sweet potatoes, wheat), proteins (dal, milk, nuts, eggs, fish, meat), vitamins (amla, carrots, tomatoes, lemons, papayas) and fat like *Dalda* which is pure and energy-giving.

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SWATANTRA

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

THE WELFARE STATE

SIR C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYAR, just returned from a valuable study of British institutions, has been familiarising Madras audiences with the pattern of the Welfare State as it is now being evolved in Britain. The focal point of interest of the entire State, as expounded by Sir C. P., is the next generation. The leaders of Britain have made up their minds that the future is to be made good by reserving the best of everything to the young. Austerity is for adults only. For children, nothing is too good. The privations of rationing do not touch them. Even the handicaps of poverty seem to have been overcome. No British child is allowed, on account of shortage of means, to be ill-clad, to go without proper food, or to be deprived of educational opportunities to the fullest limit of its capacity. The result is that the coming generation is being brought up in bouncing health and on buoyant hope, free from the misery and frustrations of class conflicts and depressing penurious environments. Some of the educational institutions for poor children are planned on palatial lines. When visitors wonder whether such introduction to luxury might not mean distress later on, they are told that the young should be acclimatised in good living so that they may contribute with vigour to the general uplift of the standard of life. In the care of the young, there is no discrimination between class and class, rich and poor. The search for talent is ceaseless in the midst of an unwearying effort to promote the general welfare.

The wherewithal for all this comes

from the rest of the community. There has been, according to Sir C. P., a wonderful adjustment to the requirements of the new planning on the part of all sections of the population. The rich have accepted the sacrifices enjoined on them not only without struggle but cheerfully. Their mansions are being gradually turned into schools and universities. People accustomed to rich wardrobes are content with extremely limited clothing. Women have begun to earn for the family upkeep and men to help with dish-washing. The surrender of time-old sectional rights and privileges for the sake of the nation as a whole, and of present comforts for the building of the future, would appear to be the pivot on which the whole of the Welfare State, as planned in Britain, revolves.

The Indian Constitution, as pointed out by Sir C. P., reflects the ambition of founding a Welfare State in its chapter on Directives of State Policy. Potentiality for realising the ambition is not lacking, but we suffer under wrong leadership. If the subordination of sectional to national interests is the secret of British power even in moments of adversity and seeming defeat, the exaltation of sectional interests into an all-supreme level is the bane of present Indian leadership. Most of our Congress ministers have made a mess of national affairs both by sacrificing the future for the present and the public interest for narrower ends. Their actions are set in a direction the very reverse of the British pattern for a Welfare State. The better elements in the Congress and enlightened non-

Congress stalwarts like Sir C. P. should combine in the interest of the Welfare State, to dislodge the reactionary from their present positions of vantage where they serve nobody but themselves and have been responsible for an enormous amount of mischief and ignominious administration.

Misuse Of Party Protection

SRI PRAKASAM'S charges against some of the Madras ministers have obtained wide currency. The impugned ministers have not certainly established themselves in public estimation on such a high pedestal of rectitude as to be able to afford to ignore the charges. Lately the ministers have taken to touring to an even greater extent than before, and when questions were raised in the Assembly as to the cost and purpose of these tours, the Finance Minister declared that it would not be in the public interest to collect the information. The immature evasion of the moment is rarely the end of trouble. Often the worst conjectures get started in the wake of official refusals to pertinent requests for information, and our ministers have been writing themselves down with their own behaviour even more than they are hurt by the charges of their critics and opponents. The wild wanderings of ministers on flimsy and fantastic pretexts, and outbursts of garrulity on subjects unconnected with their portfolios, have produced a far from favourable impression on the public mind about their competence and responsibility. The feeling of dissatisfaction with ministers is universal. It is accentuated every day by their patent neglect of duties for the

sake of party electioneering at public expense.

With the credit of ministers at such a low ebb, it is unfortunate that at this week's meeting of the Congress Legislature Party, the members should have been directed to vote down Sri Prakasam's motion for a committee of enquiry. Such a direction can only mean that the conscience of the Congress Party has by command been immobilised. No greater dis-service could have been rendered to the accused ministers. The vast public outside the legislature will conclude, from the leader's direction, that if a free vote had been permitted, the result would have been quite different—it was forbidden that the desired result might be produced. A self-confession of inability to face the charges squarely and openly under conditions of freedom of judgment for legislators is involved in the leader's ukase calling upon the party to make up its mind in advance.

A cloud of public suspicion will dog the ministers so long as party protection, operating in the form of discipline, intervenes between them and the clearing of their reputations. In the Belcher case in England the charges were trifling compared to those now levelled against the ministers, and the police had also reported that the charges were groundless. Yet Mr. Attlee permitted the fullest investigation into them, with every shred of official protection taken away from the accused. The spirit of Democracy is destroyed when the wielders of power take shelter under power when grave allegations impugning their character are levelled against them, instead of meeting the challenge like other citizens, unprotected by privilege.

The man who boasts that he habitually tells the truth is simply a man with no respect for it. It is not a thing to be thrown about loosely, like small changes; it is something to be cherished and hoarded, and disbursed only when absolutely necessary. The smallest atom of truth represents some man's bitter toil and agony; for every ponderable chunk of it there is a brave truthseeker's grave upon some lonely ash-heap and a soul roasting in Hell.—H. L. Mencken.

Sotto Voce

MAIDEN TRIBUTE



THERE will be much sympathy in India for the unfortunate Italian who leapt to death on receipt of the news that his wife had presented him with triplets, all daughters. As there were six daughters already, even the most confirmed feminist might have felt that here was too much of a good thing. Most men are instinctively misogynists; probably because girls (supposedly) take after their fathers, while boys take after their mothers. No man likes to look upon an endless succession of replicas of his own not very prepossessing mug. Vanity may be blind, but it makes you only too acutely sensitive to the shortcomings of your offspring.

I don't know whether the dowry is the headache in Italy which it still is with us. Probably not; nor is the dynastic importance of a son likely to figure in the calculations of most Italians, though a decayed nobleman here and there might shed a sentimental tear over the prospect of having to leave, to other than heirs male of his body, some mouldering droughty palace on the Grand Canal. The Sheikh is traditionally the beau ideal of the Italian bourgeoisie. But the short-lived glory of Il Duce has rubbed the gilt off the gingerbread. The hang-over from old modes of thought and feeling may however be as powerful in Italy as elsewhere in reinforcing the preference for male children.

In India girl babies are no more welcome than of old, but our reasons are different. Time was when the fear of an unmarried girl attaining puberty perpetually plagued the lives of our middle class mothers and they

in their turn harried the men-folk. I have known a man who adopted an ingenious way out of this worry. A few days before the commencement of the matrimonial season—in those days it had a beginning and an end—he set out from home with his daughter's horoscope and a change of clothes, assuring the wife that he wouldn't return without an eligible boy. Six months later he was duly back but with no prospective son-in-law in tow. A devout Vaishnavite, he had turned bridegroom-hunting into a pilgrimage, the temples on the way supplying refreshment for the body as well as the soul.

His wife, good woman, was not taken in by the simple ruse. But being a sensible creature she stopped cursing him for his vagabondage and in time came to look upon it as a blessing. It meant a saving in the family rice; and her plight wedded to a wastrel, so effectively engaged the public sympathy that fine grooms were found for all her daughters. The father generally contrived to be present at the auspicious function and conducted himself with the courteous aloofness of a guest. But mothers of today are even less eager than their spouses to engage on a quest which is fast becoming outmoded.

The obsolescence of marriage, however, has not seen the end of parental tribulations. In the old days, when the daughter joined her husband, the family heaved a sigh of relief. There were still periodical levies, to be sure, made for the greater glory of the son-in-law and acquiesced in, at all events with an appearance of cheerfulness, for the sake of the family *izzat*. But that was a mere fleabite compared with the endless exactions in

the name of education which the conscientious parent submits to now from a sense of moral obligation as compelling as that which made his father starve to give him an unrewarding four years at college.

An angry mob of clerks—that is what the middle class has crumbled into. But imagine woman—the creative matrix of the universe—being turned into a bureaucrat! And it is all done in accordance with the sacred principle of self-determination. "The girl is so keen on her Medical course that I have not the heart to say no. Poor thing, she is so young, it is too early to think of marriage. And you can't possibly keep grown-up girls at home twiddling their thumbs." But by the time a diploma is achieved, youth takes on a yellow parchment tint and Hymen keeps at a safe dis-

tance, however lustily you may whistle for him.

Behind parental affection there too often lurks a love of ease which is anything but altruistic. Too many men have got into the habit of looking upon the education of daughters as provision for a rainy day. Even if they had no conscious desire to sponge, it is crucifixion nevertheless for the children who—alas, too late—find that parchment is no substitute for life. But the tradition of modesty amounting to self-suppression is in the blood of our womenfolk; and our college-bred girls may suffer as silently and tragically as did those of an earlier generation to whom the fates were unkind. But nobody protests against this maiden tribute to modern folly.

VIGHNESWARA

Man's ideal of a woman is still the princess in the fairy-tale who could not sleep upon seven mattresses because a dried pea was beneath the undermost. He is always rather frightened of a woman who has no nerves.

An acquaintance with the rudiments of physiology will teach you more about feminine character than all the philosophy and wise-saws in the world.—Somerset Maugham.



YOUR POPULAR BEVERAGE

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HISTORY REACHES THE "LOST HORIZON"

WITH the "invasion" or "liberation" of Tibet by the Chinese Communist forces, and the start of the civil war in Nepal, two of the few surviving "Shangri-las" have lost their idyllic isolation.

The highest mountains in the world which ring these ultra-conservative Himalayan states utterly failed to stop the conquering march of dynamic ideologies. All of a sudden the new day has dawned over these isolated bits of "paradise" and the mighty Himalayas themselves seem to be convulsed by the impact of the new ideas.

The latest developments in Tibet and Nepal have once again revealed that a "paradise-on-earth", over which romanticists and escapists might have been gloating for many years, often proves to be some backward, poverty-stricken land ruled over by tyrants.

SO MANY PARADISES LOST!

Consider how ancient romantic ideas about "emerald islands" and "paradises-on-earth" have been punctured by the sharp stabs of Reality.

"The Glory That Was India", of course, was among the first romantic illusions to suffer 'disillusionment.'

The poets sang of Kashmir—"If there be paradise on the face of the earth, it is this, it is this, it is this!"—till Shaikh Abdullah's democratic movement roused the peasants and shepherds of Kashmir and spotlighted their poverty and exploitation. The Pakistani invasion completed the process of de-romanticising Kashmir, and bringing it face to face with grim Reality.

Hawaii and other "island paradises" of the Pacific are long since proved to be centres of exploitation by Sugar Barons and Wall Street tycoons and bases for the ever-expanding U. S. Air Force.

The picturesque islands and archipelagos of the South Seas—Bali and Java and Sumatra—with

their ancient temples and gorgeously-dressed dancers, were hot-beds of Dutch imperialist exploitation till the Indonesian nationalist movement took to arms and the tinkling of the dancer's toe-bells was lost in the revolutionary shouts of MERDEKA!

The quaint and gorgeous atmosphere of "Anna And The King Of Siam" is today in the throes of a democratic struggle; the green lush jungles of Malaya swarm with Red guerillas; and Ho Chi Minh's revolutionaries have robbed Indo-China of much of its far-famed glamour.

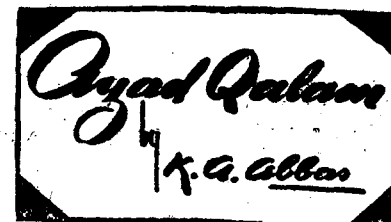
Baghdad is a dusty dirty town, over-run with old American cars, and not the fantastically gorgeous Baghdad of Hollywood's "Arabian Nights", inter-continental planes now break the silence of the Sphinx and fly over the Pyramids, and if the tribal tom-toms are heard in the African jungle, they are more likely to be announcing a political meeting to protest against white imperialism than to hold a hoodoo dance.

Strangely enough, the world is shaking off the romanticists' illusions about distant and little-known places at the same rate that the upsurge of the people's movements is shaking the citadels of imperialism. The myths about "island paradises" and "virgin landscapes uncontaminated by civilization" were stock-in-trade—and, indeed effective weapons—of Imperialist propaganda which sought to "glamourize" the conquered races and present them as "picturesque, quaint, child-like" peoples unfit for democracy!

"LOST HORIZON"

Tibet—the "Lost Horizon" of James Hilton's novel of that name—remained shrouded in mystery longer than any

other part of the world. The inaccessible mountain passes, as much as the secretive exclusiveness of its theocratic 'way of life' and government, prevented vital contact with the outside



world—much to the detriment of the people of Tibet who remained steeped in Mediaeval theocracy and monastic feudalism right up to the middle of the twentieth century!

Inevitably a halo of mystery and exotic charm came to be associated with Tibet, "the roof of the world", which was supposed to be the most peaceful area in the world, untouched by the tensions and conflicts of modern industrial life. That is why James Hilton chose Tibet to be the scene of his Pacifist but escapist fantasy.

"We're in a part of the world that no one knows very much about, except that it's difficult and dangerous even for a fully equipped expedition" says one of Hilton's characters on the way to the lamasery of "Shangri-la"—the beautiful creation of Hilton's imagination which, since then, has come to be a word of common usage, denoting a remote and beautiful and peaceful retreat.

Hilton placed his Shangrila in Tibet which he regarded as the most inaccessible part of the world, where the symbols of Peace and culture could be kept safe and preserved. And yet, within twenty years, how wrong has his fantasy proved. For didn't the High Lama say in "Lost Horizon":—

"You see there was no need to fear invasion by an army. That will never be possible, owing to the nature and distances of the country. The most ever to be expected was the arrival of a few half-lost wanderers who even if they were armed, would probably be so weakened as to constitute no danger".

This was written in 1933. By 1950 a whole army has marched into Tibet! The purpose of creating Shangri-la is described in "Lost Horizon"—it was to be a Sanctuary of Peace in the case of a World War involving all the nations of the world:

"There is a reason, and a very definite one indeed. It is the whole reason for this colony of chance-sought strangers living beyond their years. We do not follow an idle experiment, a mere whimsy. We have a dream and a vision. It is a vision that first appeared to old Perrault when he lay dying in this room in the year 1789. He looked back then on his long life, as I have already

told you and it seemed to him that all the loveliest things were transient and perishable and that war, lust and brutality might some day crush them until there were no more left in the world. He remembered sights he had seen with his own eyes, and with his mind he pictured others; he saw the nations strengthening not in wisdom, but in vulgar passions and the will to destroy; he saw their machine power multiplying until a single weaponed man might have matched a whole army of the Grand Monarque. And he perceived that when they had filled the land and sea with ruin they would take to the air... Can you say that his vision was untrue?"

"True indeed".

"...But that was not all. He foresaw a time when men, exultant in the technique of homicide, would rage so hotly over the world that every precious thing would be in danger, every book and picture and harmony, every treasure garnered through two millenniums—the small, the delicate the defenseless—all would be lost..."

"...But what are the opinions of reasonable men against iron and steel? Believe me, that vision of old Perrault will come true. And that, my son, is why I am here, and why you are here and why we may pray to outlive the doom that gathers around on—every side."

"To outlive it?"

"There is a chance. It will all come to pass before you are as old as I am".

"...We may expect no mercy, but we may faintly hope for neglect. Here we shall stay with our books and our music and our meditations, conserving the frail elegancies of a dying age, and seeking such wisdom as men will need when their passions are all spent. We have a heritage to cherish and bequeath. Let us take what pleasure we may until that time comes."

"That time" has come to Tibet in the form of the Chinese Red armies that, according to different versions, are coming to "invade" or "liberate." Whatever the immediate or past provocations for the armed action taken

by the Government of New China, whatever the exact position of Tibet with regard to China, whether it is to be Chinese suzerainty or Tibetan autonomy or both to be reconciled as seems more probable, it is definite that the centuries-old isolation of the Shangrilaland is at last at an end. From now on, "the roof of the world" will be a part of the world, not distant and unrelated like the sky. Ideas as well as planes are going to penetrate to the remotest lamasery in Tibet—even to Hilton's Shangri-la.

AWAKENING THE SLEEPER

Are the latest events then to be deplored as the unfortunate contamination and ultimate corruption of the last surviving "paradise on earth", the Shangri-la of Peace and Harmony that will no longer be free from the troubles and tensions of the contemporary world? To the romanticists, this must seem so. But, unfortunately behind the facade of Shangrila-like lamaseries, with their ancient ritual and philosophy of Moderation, there lay the unpleasant reality of a theocracy that was not only divorced from Reason and Science, but also subject to unscrupulous exploitation by tyrants and oppressors who took advantage of the "other-worldliness" of the Lamas.

Tibet was definitely not the happy community described in "Lost Horizon", living and sharing together on the basis of a primitive, spiritualised Communism. At least some of the lamaseries were nests of corruption; at least some of the Lamas were agents of exploiters, if not exploiters themselves. And there is no doubt that for several hundred years the British imperialist influence had been most effective in Tibet which was traditionally regarded as virtually the farthest outpost of the British empire in India.

Communism may or may not be the ideal political-economic system for the rest of the world, but no one can deny that the Communists have liberated the great country of China from the twin evils of imperialism and feudalism and today Red China is striding with seven league boots on the road to Progress. It is quite obvious, therefore, that the exercise of suzerainty over Tibet by the new Central

Government of China is ultimately going to bring new life and vitality to the slumbering land and people of Tibet, free them from the shackles of primitive superstitions and raise their cultural and economic standards. It is better to have two meals a day, to learn to read and write and have a vote, and to establish contact with the outside world, than to have the dubious distinction of inhabiting an inaccessible Shangri-la!

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

LONDON: The British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Ernest Bevin, favours a political deal with China on Korea to head off any American demands for permission to bomb Manchuria, informed circles say here.

WASHINGTON: Secretary of State Dean Acheson had a talk for an hour and a half with Pakistan Foreign Minister Zafrullah Khan. The American official pointed out United States' interest in seeing stability in that strategic area which lies only a few miles from Communist-invaded Tibet. American officials place reliance on Pakistan as a source of stability in that strategic area. Pakistan is regarded by these officials as being the nation which can be relied upon to resist most strongly any Communist penetration.—UPA.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

AHMEDABAD: Thirty persons in a village whose sentiment against locust killing made them raid a Government insecticide depot and attack a locust fighting squad have been jailed.... Government officials complain that destruction of locusts is meeting with considerable opposition on religious grounds in many districts.

MONGHYR: All the seven members of a family in Kalyanpur village put an end to themselves by taking poison. Reason: Breadwinners of the family could not make the two ends meet and prices of foodgrains had shot up too high for them to afford it.

QUILON (Travancore): Theresa, a village woman, threw her two children into a well and cut her own throat with a knife. The two children died but the woman's self-inflicted wound did not prove fatal. She is languishing behind prison bars.—Current.

VISIT TO INDIA HOUSE AND PARLIAMENT

By HARRY HEAP

I have had occasion to visit India House twice this week and I have been impressed again with the manner in which things are done there. I first called in to see the exhibition of India's Raw Materials. It is well-planned and some of the exhibits are as interesting as anything one could see in the South Kensington Science Exhibition, which is saying a great deal. The one which attracted me most was the display advertising India's tea industry. Not only was there a fine diorama showing a tea estate in Darjeeling, but there was also a large working model of a tea factory. One just pressed the button and the lights came on and the wheels went round. One section was rather surprising to one accustomed to Madras ways. It was of Indian whisky, brandy, rum and gin. The Indian staff acting as guides round the exhibition saw the humour of these exhibits when I told them where I had recently been living.

My second visit to India House was to attend the Press Conference arranged by the High Commissioner to meet Dr. Keskar, passing through England on his way back to India from America. This was more of an informal discussion between London's Press Representatives and Dr. Keskar than what one usually expects of a Press Conference, and both the High Commissioner and Dr. Keskar did all they could to make us comfortable. It was a valuable meeting in that it enabled us to hear an Indian expert on the many pressing international problems of the day.

Korea, Tibet and Nepal are still among the main topics being discussed in London. There are various ideas for a solution of the Korean affair being noised around, the most interesting at the moment being that there should be a boundary area which would remain neutral. There is nothing more than discussion on these lines but one can at least read in the fact of this discussion that there is a feeling that a solution is both needed and sought after.

I had the opportunity of visiting the new House of Commons the other day and, as everyone else who has seen it, I was impressed both with the freshness and the dignity of the Chamber. My host was quite correct in introducing the Chamber to me as "this small room," for it appears even smaller than it is in fact. There can be no doubt of the intimacy which both Members and Visitors feel in the House. Over lunch, I was told that there are changes in the atmosphere of the House since 1945. No longer are the staff of waiters and waitresses badly paid and dependent on tips, so that there is a noticeable absence of any signs of servility. In fact, I distinctly heard one waitress say, as she leaned over the shoulder of an august Member of Parliament, "And what will you have, dear"! One important feature of every room is an enlarged tape-machine suspended half way up one of the walls. On this tape, there is a running commentary of what is happening in the House, who is speaking, and any information which will help the Member to know when he ought to be in the Chamber. Even a casual visitor feels to be part of history as he reads on the tape, "2.34.... The Speaker is in the Chair".

There is increasing support for the view that the next elections will not be for another year, though there is a section of the Labour Party which is not too happy about it. After the Party Conferences and last week's debates, one feels that the Government has lost the initiative and if I were to prophesy the result of an election if held now, I think that there would be a small Conservative majority. It is, however, doubtful if either party would want to come into power with as small a majority as that held by the present Government.

Amongst those who have left Britain this week is Mr. Lewis Douglas, the American Ambassador, who has had to relinquish his post owing to ill-health, mainly the consequence of a fishing accident in which a fish-

hook caught in his eye. Mr. Douglas will be missed in Britain. He is well-known all over the country in a way that one very seldom expects of an Ambassador residing in London. Part of the affection in which he is held comes through his daughter, Miss Sharman Douglas, who has been known to be one of Princess Margaret's closest personal friends. The friendship of a Royal Princess with the daughter of the Ambassador of a great Republic strikes no one as strange.

In the course of a train journey, I found myself in the company of four high-ranking Church of England clergymen who were on their way to a meeting of the Church Assembly in London. Although religion and politics are traditionally taboo as subjects for polite conversation, we discussed both with some warmth. One clergyman, who had spent a considerable time in Japan, and I found ourselves in agreement on the need for some kind of land reform in countries with a large peasant-farmer population, a reform which has to be initiated by the Government in power or else it will be done by some other body which might not be as altruistic in the long run as it might appear at first. Another present asked what we considered to be the essential liberties, those liberties which must be defended at all costs. We agreed that it was necessary for a democratic Government that it should always be possible for the people to turn out the Government when it was no longer acting for the people. We agreed that people should always have the means at their disposal both for finding out what was going on in the

country and criticising Government actions; in other words, there should be freedom of expression both in the Press and in public speaking. And we agreed on a third point, that one difference between theoretical democracy and theoretical Communism was that democracy can be and ought to be based on spiritual values whilst Communism at the best can only be based on ethics. Man must always have the freedom to choose between good and evil on the spiritual plane and the State should never be allowed to interfere with man's right to make the choice and should always give man the liberty to find out, without influence from the State, what he thinks is the truth. All this seemed rather abstract when I had left the company of these men and had spent a few days wandering around London, meeting politicians and journalists, neither of whom are credited with overmuch spirituality, but it is interesting to find the *Manchester Guardian* in today's editorial, referring to exactly the same issues. It is introducing a series of four articles on the new Chinese Government and says, "Communism, whether Chinese or of any other form, is based ultimately on ethics, and to say that these are materialist is nonsense. They demand self-sacrifice, restraint, and the austere life. Nevertheless, there is an instinct for truth in condemning Communism because it offends against the spiritual dignity of man.... A political system must in the long run be judged by whether it is possible for men living under it to develop their spiritual faculties in a balanced way." The whole leader,—it is in the issue for November 17th.—is well worth reading.

PRESS & GOVT. ADVERTISING

A paper may be critical, even unfriendly to the Government. But, if it discharges its duty by the public and is a good advertising medium it has a right to a share of the Government advertising which is intended to capture the attention of readers in its area of circulation. We have heard it suggested, that particular papers have been cut out or have had their quota reduced because of the need for economy. But if a newspaper was till the other day found worth advertising in on its own merits, people will not find it easy to believe that it has suddenly lost its advertisement-pull. And if everybody concerned thinks that a particular paper is a good medium but the Minister sees fit to overrule this recommendation systematically, people will find it even more difficult to believe that he has special superior sources of information. They will set it down to pique or prejudice, and they will be right.—*The South Indian Journalist*.

THE LITTLE REVIEW

By J. A. RODRIGUES

THE 'Little Review' is in danger of dying away altogether, in our difficult times. Late last year, the republic of letters mourned the passing of that excellent little publication, 'Horizon,' so capably edited by Cyril Connolly. And this year, a whole series of reviews, devoted solely to the publication of the very best in contemporary creative writing, have been compelled, chiefly for financial reasons, to go out of print. Lehman's 'New Writing', MacCarthy's 'Life and Letters' (with which Squire's 'London Mercury' was incorporated), and Moore's 'Modern Reading' are all now defunct. In more ways than one, this state of affairs is fraught with unfavourable consequences for the vitality of contemporary English literature. The little review has always played a certain definite part in bringing much that is valuable in contemporary writing to the notice of the prevailing intelligentsia, and its well-nigh total disappearance must therefore be deeply regretted. Indeed, its role in the realm of English letters, from the 'decadent eighteen-nineties,' when Beardsley's 'Yellow Book' came into being, to the present time has been unique.

The prime purpose of the little review has always been the promotion and patronage of original literary talent. In one of the last editorials he wrote for the brilliant little review, 'Criterion,' T. S. Eliot observed: 'It will not be the large organs of opinion or the old periodicals; it must be the small and obscure papers and reviews, those that are hardly read by anyone but their own contributors, that will keep critical thought alive and encourage authors of original talent.' Most little reviews have steadfastly adhered to this editorial precept of publishing the new and avant-garde, even though this practice has meant severe financial losses in many cases. Eugene Jolas who edited 'Transition' for a few years, was the first to accept James Joyce's experiment in creative technique, 'Finnegan's Wake', for publication, while Ford Madox Ford first brought D. H. Lawrence to the attention of English readers, by publishing his short stories in 'The

English Review'. In our own times, John Lehman skilfully fostered the literary reputations of many contemporary English writers in his publication 'New Writing', by his discriminating editing. Willy Goldman, G. F. Green and Walter Allen, are but a few of a group, who beginning to write in the nineteen-thirties, concentrated mostly on a factual reporting of English working-class existence and saw early publication in 'New Writing.'

It has been rightly remarked that the little review is the fittest organ for the publication of the new, the unusual and the unprecedented in creative art. The reason for this is clear. The little review has, generally speaking, no prefixed loyalties in the shape of causes which must be espoused or codes which must be followed. It has no axe to grind. Alan Pryce-Jones has said of it, that at its best, 'the little review assimilates, hectors and interprets a world in rapid evolution.' As such, it cannot be expected to pay much heed to the conventions of its time, and consequently, it has often been critical (albeit constructively,) of the literary traditions of its period. Also, it has been the nursery of futurist trends in the realm of art and letters—announcing and explaining the inception of new methods in creative work.

As one glances backwards, recalling 'little reviews' now long dead, beginning with Wyndham Lewis' 'Blast', (1913) moving on through Katherine Mansfield's 'Blue Review', Edith Sitwell's 'Wheels', Frank Rutter's 'Art and Letters' and Squire's 'The London Mercury', to the more recently defunct 'Criterion' and 'Horizon', edited by T. S. Eliot and Cyril Connolly respectively, one cannot fail to notice the single-mindedness of purpose displayed in the management of the typical little review, namely, the printing of the genuine work of art, regardless of the viewpoint that has inspired its conception or its non-traditional mode of execution. The short story that is much too subjective for acceptance by the fashionable monthly magazine, and the piece of

criticism that is a trifle too involved for the weekly periodical, must inevitably go without publication, when the limitations imposed by the stereotyped requirements of much modern journalism are considered. And it is exactly here, that the little review has come to the assistance of the uncompromising writer.

In doing so, it has enriched the creative vitality of the modern English language, as few other vehicles of literary expression have done, and has brought many novel techniques to the statement of experience as art. It has been correctly observed, in retrospect, that 'little reviews have been indispensable to most of the better writers of our time.' And yet, one notes too, that most of them have had to wage an unequal struggle

for existence. With printing costs rising steadily, and regular subscriptions for most little reviews showing a very low figure indeed, only philanthropy has saved many from vanishing with the first number, but philanthropy too has its limits. And so the roll of honour swells with new names while more fortunate journals print obituary notices of the gallant departed! Writing in the Indian context, one wonders whether this same fate befell Marcella Hardy's 'Rare and Recent Writings,' and Longman's 'Miscellany'? In any event, the gradual disappearance of the little review, must leave a lacuna in the world of English letters, which will be difficult to fill adequately, for its function therein has been both unique and exacting.

CIVIL LIBERTIES IN CONGRESS REGIME

The Cuddapah District People's Civil Liberties Union was inaugurated on November 19. Sri C. V. Rajagopalachari, Secretary, People's Civil Liberties Union, Madras, who presided on the occasion, said, in the course of his presidential address:

FRIENDS,

We are assembled here to constitute the Civil Liberties Union for the District. I thank the organisers for having given me the opportunity to express my opinions on the vital issue of Civil Liberties.

The main function of the People's Civil Liberties Union is to achieve equal rights for all citizens irrespective of their political opinions, religious beliefs or ethical notions. If we strictly adhere to these principles and steer clear of the corrupting influence of power politicians then it will be easy for us to secure the sympathy and co-operation of all right thinking men in the country. Of course, we have a right to criticise the party in power which suppresses the civil liberties of the people. We should not tolerate the suppression of civil rights by Congressmen on the ground that they had championed the cause of civil liberties in the past.

Nehru, our Prime Minister, took the initiative to organise the Civil Liber-

ties Union in India in 1936. He was the first President of the All India Civil Liberties Union. Then he denounced the British bureaucracy, which was suppressing the civil liberties of the people, in the following terms:

"People are kept in prison camps without charge or trial. Being interested in psychology I watched this process of moral and intellectual decay and realised, even more than I did previously, how autocratic power corrupts and degrades and vulgarises."

Congressmen, in those days, appreciated and echoed this sentiment. Of their own volition they incorporated the following passage in their 1936 election manifesto:

"The poverty-stricken masses are today in the grip of an even more abject poverty and destitution, and this growing disease urgently and insistently demands a radical remedy. Poverty and unemployment have long been the lot of our peasantry and industrial workers. The economic crisis has resulted in the intense repression of their civil liberties."

The Congress Party came to power in eight Provinces in 1937. They went out of office of their own accord in 1939. Again they came back to power in 1946. This time they suppressed

the civil liberties of the people more ruthlessly than the British bureaucracy. According to official figures, in Madras State alone, more than 2,000 persons were detained without trial during a short period of one year. About 500 persons are still in detention. Besides, there were innumerable quasi-political prosecutions involving nearly 10,000 people. We have no agencies to collect facts as to the delay in filing the charge-sheets. Prisoners were shot dead while in Government custody within the jail precincts. In Salem Jail alone 22 prisoners were shot dead. In this case the local Government had ordered an *in camera* enquiry. Writing on this incident *The Statesman* of Calcutta wrote on 19th February, 1950, as follows:

"Of these mutinies, the worst yet seems to have been at Salem Jail in Madras State on February 11, 1950. Casualties, according to the latest information, were 22 dead and 137 injured. These are shocking figures. All the dead and the 103 of the injured were Communists. It must have been an altogether horrible affair; and we have not noticed much kind-hearted comment upon it from quarters which, but a few years ago, were always solicitous about jail adminis-

tration. Tragic occurrences such as this, whether viewed from the aspect of efficiency or humanity, are clearly not creditable to India's fair name."

The People's Civil Liberties Union, Madras, passed a resolution on 25th June, 1950 demanding the publication of the report submitted by the committee which enquired into the causes of the shooting in the Salem Jail. Even to this day that report has not seen the light of day.

It would appear that Mr. Crombie, former District Magistrate of Krishna, had sent a report to the Madras Government complaining against the police action in Krishna district. It seems that he had resigned his office as he was not in agreement with the policy followed by the Government of Madras which virtually made his position inferior to that of the District Superintendent of Police. The People's Civil Liberties Union, Madras, had again passed a resolution on 6th August, 1950, requesting the Government to publish his report since, in the opinion of the Union, his resignation was caused by his defence of the civil liberties of the people.

A copy of the resolution was sent to the Chief Minister of Madras State, on 8th August, 1950, but there was no response.

VANISHING WEALTH

By M. KRISHNAN

AT the commencement of this century, only fifty years ago, India was still the Mecca of the big-game hunter and the lover of wild animals. Only Africa could rival her in richness and variety of fauna, but no fair comparison between the two countries was possible because of their totally different types of wild life and jungles. Judging from authentic contemporary accounts there has been more systematic slaughter of game in Africa (where the country is generally more open) than here within these fifty years, but there is no doubt that today we are the poorer in fauna. Effective campaigns against the massacre of game and the establishment of sanctuaries have done much for African animals, but little has been attempted or achieved here even towards the preservation of creatures on the verge of extinction. Within living memory the Lesser One-horned Rhinoceros and the Asiatic Two-horned Rhinoceros have gone for ever from India, and the Great One-horned Rhinoceros has been reduced to a rarity; the Cheetah (Hunting-Leopard) has become virtually extinct; the Indian Lion has been limited to a few specimens in the Gir Forest of Junagadh State; and the Wild Buffalo has almost left the Godavari river. That is a list of animals that have vanished, or are vanishing, from the face of India—most other wild creatures are far less common now than they were, and many (the Nilgiri Thar, the Black Buck and the Sloth Bear, for instance) have become increasingly scarce. Many birds have also grown uncommon, and the Great Indian Bustard has almost joined the Dodo. Surely a nation's wild life is part of the national wealth, and this alarming decrease in her animals must sadden the heart of every Indian who loves his country—and is aware of what is happening.

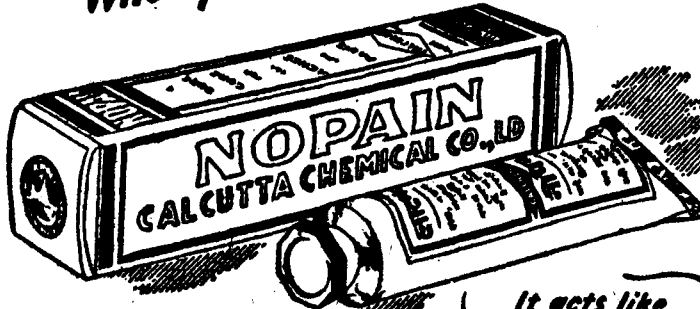
Indian big-game literature of the beginning of the century and of every succeeding decade will bear ample evidence of the manner in which our wild life has been dwindling. Various causes have been assigned for this. Systematic slaughter for food and sale of flesh and skins, indiscriminate

massacre (for sport!), poaching and killing by nomadic tribes and unlicensed (and licensed) gun-holders, unnecessarily lethal methods of crop protection, the upsetting of the balance of nature by the needless shooting down of carnivora, importation of contagious diseases to the forests by domestic stock, and more than these, uneducated public indifference, have all been contributory factors—but undoubtedly the main cause has been the apathy and inefficiency of the only agency that could have checked the decrease and conserved our wild wealth, the administration. Legislation to protect wild life, the result of persistent agitation by genuine lovers of India's fauna, has been of little consequence because its provisions have not been enforced effectively. Protection on paper cannot serve the animals in the jungles. The country's *ferae naturae* have been in the hands of the Forest Departments, and while the service has produced naturalists of the eminence of Dunbar Brander and Champion, and a few men who have done their limited best for the creatures in their charge, the fact remains that on the whole and in the long run the policy of entrusting wild life conservation to officials preoccupied with silviculture and the economic exploitation of the forests has failed dismally. There can be no arguments over this: the animals listed above as extinct or on the verge of extinction provide what the law terms 'conclusive proof'.

There need be no argument on a point that arises by corollary i. e. that where any protection obtains by sanction of public opinion or administrative agency, it has served the animals well. Sacred monkeys, peacocks, Nilgai and Monitor lizards live happily and numerous in areas where their killing is prohibited. Private agencies, like the Nilgiri Game Association, have done excellent work for conserving wild life in areas where they have had authority, but limited finances have always been a crippling factor with them.

Among individual efforts I must mention the work of that doyen among India's sportsmen, Lt.-Col.

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R. W. Burton, from whose writings I have drawn 'inspiration' freely for this note. His efforts for organising effective preservation for Indian wild life include a paper read before the International Technical Conference on the Protection of Nature (under the aegis of UNESCO), and two contributions to The Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society (Vols. 47, No. 4 & 48, No. 2) which deal at length and authoritatively with the conservation of Indian game animals.

Before going on to the means for now saving what is left of our wild life and revivifying it, two arguments frequently advanced as good causes for killing animals may be considered. Certain beasts, like antelope and deer, pig, and elephants are often killed because of the damage they do to crops. Their destruction may now be specially justified in view of the food shortage in the country, but actually these raiders are oftener shot down far from the crop than in its neighbourhood. The shooting of crop-raiders on or near the crop is a sufficient protective measure, and will serve to scare the beasts effectively. Their slaughter in remote locations in an anticipatory way seems, to me, to smack of the story of the Wolf and the Lamb.

The other argument concerns the indiscriminate shooting of carnivora. Wild Dogs and crocodiles are jungle pests whose destruction has been advocated by everyone who loves wild life, but too often the balance of nature is upset by the needless killing of tiger and panther. Where they are left unmolested, in jungle tracts, they are an anti-crop-destruction insurance for the agriculturists. I have known pig disappear from places where they were a menace to the groundnut crop on the advent of a tiger in the neighbouring jungles. Cattle-lifters must be discouraged, I

suppose, but the argument advanced at times that the shooting of the great felines removes a source of real danger to local humanity is tenuous, and what is more, untrue. In the Sandur State area, for instance, (a small area of over 150 square miles, geographically delimited by a double cordon of hills) panthers are common, and I have seen them there by the roadside in daylight; but a careful check I made did not reveal a single case of their mauling a man during the past twenty years. Possibly no such instance is known even in years preceding this twenty-year period, but a fair check was possible only over that period. Why should rewards be offered by the Government for the shooting of tiger and panther where they are no menace to resident humanity?

Sanctuaries and the education of public opinion provide the two surest ways of conserving our wild life. Sanctuaries have proved their worth in many countries, in Africa and North America, for example. The Kruger National Park in South Africa is the biggest sanctuary in the world, and extends over 8,000 square miles, with 1,200 miles of roadway and numerous camps. It is run on the principle that left to itself a natural balance between predators and prey will sustain wild life, and has been an invaluable help in preserving the animal wealth of Africa, and is a major source of national revenue according to its warden. I do not wish to write, at second hand, of the sanctuaries and national parks of other countries, except to point out that they are managed by a special staff invariably and not by Forest Departments, but I would like to mention a minor game-reserve that I visited last June, along with friends. The Bandipur game-reserve in Mysore, on the Mysore-Ooty road, is only

about 25 square miles in extent. It holds astonishing herds of bison, Chital (some of the stags with truly magnificent antlers), and Sambhar (in velvet when we saw them), besides elephants, Muntjac, and the lesser denizens of the forests. Tiger, panther, and pig are not protected in this preserve. Artificially impregnated salt-licks are provided, and there are water-holes and jungle pools. Thanks to the keen personal interest of H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore, the reserve provides a remarkable example of what can be done even in a small area. There is a special staff, who are not burdened with forestry work, in charge of the reserve, and no felling of timber or other forestry occupation is allowed within it. Mysore also provides what is, perhaps, the first and only sanctuary for birds in India, at Seringapatam.

Whether the Central or Provincial Governments, or both, should bear the cost of the organisation and maintenance of sanctuaries and national parks here is an administrative question purely, but something should be done towards such organisation, and be done soon. Only Governments can set up and run sanctuaries on any constructive scale. Special staff, meant solely for the work, is a vitally important factor. The choice of ground to suit the particular types of animals sought to be preserved (Black Buck would require flat open country, and bears rocky hills, for example), the adequate and constant supply of water, the provision of salt-licks, the exclusion of cattle and other domestic stock from the area, really effective arrangements to ensure lack of poaching, and roads and camps are factors that would need very careful thought and scrutiny before setting up any sanctuary. I need hardly add that a sound knowledge of the animals to be stocked in it, and their ways, is essential.

The education of public opinion to the urgent need for preserving our wild life, and the factors that are conducive to such preservation, is a most important step. Apathy is often the result of ignorance. This again is a thing that can be done on a large scale only by Governments, though newspapers can help quite a lot. Special staff for the purpose may

not be necessary since Governments can utilise their usual channels of publicity and education. It is widely recognised that the inclusion of the topic 'Wild life and its conservation', in the instruction given at primary and secondary schools will provide a valuable and constructive method of educating public opinion, besides enriching the school curriculum. At the session of The International Union for the Protection of Nature under the auspices of UNESCO at Lake Success on August 22-27, 1949, the following resolution was passed, on the above principle:

"That the International Union for the Protection of Nature recommend to UNESCO that it informs Governments of the vital need for the introduction of the teaching of the principles of nature protection and conservation in the curricula of primary and secondary schools, and of universities and technical colleges, either as special courses or as part of existing ones related to the subject matter."

On the above resolution, several representations were made to the Madras Government, by Lt.-Col. Burton and others, seeking the introduction of Wild Life Preservation instruction in the curricula for primary and secondary schools in the State. The response of the Government is interesting. I quote it below:

"The Director of Public Instruction does not consider it necessary to include topics on Wild Life Preservation in the school curricula as already provision exists for that purpose in the present syllabus."

"The Government agrees with him and direct that the suggestion be dropped."

It is pleasant to come across an instance of such close sympathy between a Government and its expert, but I am afraid there is some ambiguity somewhere. Nothing about wild life conservation is taught in our primary or secondary schools, and I am unable to trace any prescribed, specific topic on this in the school syllabus. Unless the 'provision' that 'exists for that purpose in the present syllabus' is dependent on a pun or a quibble, or is purely futurist, it is difficult to reconcile the G. O. with the actual instruction provided in schools in this State.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

By T. K. THOMAS

ACCORDING to Stevenson "the best artist is not the man who fixes his eye on posterity, but the one who loves the practice of his art." It is difficult to think of any writer in the whole range of English literature who loved the practice of literary art better than Stevenson himself.

Stevenson is certainly not the specialist's writer. The pedantic scholar will find little in him: he cannot write learned articles on Stevenson's philosophy or his conception of art. His philosophy is so clear, and his views on art so evident. There is a certain simplicity about his life and work, an absence of sophistication, which refuses to be caught in the meshes of unrelated scholarship, and always retains its freshness. And for the same reason it succeeds in holding children from play, and old men—old men who still retain a homesickness for childhood—from the chimney corner.

Systems and philosophies weary us after a time. We admire them, and forget them. But that which is human lives on in human affections. This is most clearly illustrated in our attitude to men of letters. The wisdom of a Bacon, the commonsense of an Addison, or the philosophy of a Coleridge are admirable, no doubt; but they are not warm and lovable. For that we must have the inspired idiocy of a Goldsmith, the puckish and pathetic humour of a Lamb, or the un-selfconscious zest for life of a Stevenson. The comedy in Meredith fills us with admiration, and the tragedy in Hardy moves us with a sense of its vastness and intensity. But in our reactions we experience no identification whatever: it is *we* who admire, and it is *we* who are moved. In the romantic novels of Stevenson, on the other hand, we forget ourselves. The suspension of our disbelief is perfect and most willing.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, on November 13th, 1850. His father Thomas Stevenson was a light-house engineer. R. L. S. was always proud of his parents, and declared in later life that he "was

bound in and in with his forbears." His mother was Margaret Isabella Balfour, and from her he inherited his delight in literature which was to make him famous, and a weak constitution which was to make him one of the greatest lovers of life. His old nurse, Alison Cunningham, introduced him to the romantic history of his native Scotland.

It was taken for granted that he would follow his family profession. But it was clear from the beginning that his preference was for literature. And from the beginning he showed a romantic turn. His health was very poor, and there were long spells when he had to be separated from other children and without company. Thus early in life he had to learn to entertain himself. A sensitive imagination introduced him to the fairy land of romantic visions and adventurous experiences. These became the stuff of his life, and the raw material of his books.

But Stevenson was no morbid dreamer. He was a lively boy and he loved outdoor life. He was a good student, though he could never reconcile himself to studying engineering. He changed over to law, and was called to the bar in 1875. Two years later he met his future wife, an American lady called Mrs. Osbourne. They were married in 1880.

All his life Stevenson was a great traveller. Partly it was necessitated by the state of his health, but it suited his romantic temperament. He had taken to writing seriously and in great enthusiasm, and he did a good deal of his writing on the continent. His father died in 1887, and he left for America in the same year. A few years later he settled down in a small island in the South Seas, a setting which his adventurous mind had always hankered after. He spent his time writing and rewriting his books, and working on his estate. He wrote at this time a great number of delightful letters to his friends in England. As days pass we note in these letters an increasing sense of unhappiness; not a rebellious un-

happiness, but a sadness which is not without faith. Stevenson had been working very hard: his health, always poor, was now showing a steady decline. The end came on the 3rd December 1894.

A summary like this does scant justice to the character of Stevenson's life. He wrote in one of his letters, "The whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem." Life in our day is lived so much on the plane of mere existence on the one hand, and of loud sensationalism on the other, that it is difficult for us to realise how anybody could have lived with such intense but quiet zest, and in such untiring faith. He knew that life was slipping underneath his feet, and he lived it while it lasted, intensely and fully. Not in the spirit of the Persian philosopher, but in a spirit of great optimism, believing in life and living it, believing in beauty and enjoying it every moment of his life.

Stevenson wrote poems, essays, short stories, novels, romances and books of travel. Today he is remembered mostly as the author of *Treasure Island*, *The Strange Case of Jekyll and Hyde*, *Kidnapped*, and perhaps a few essays. It is difficult sometimes to account for the preferences and partialities of the reading public, and he will be a rash critic who will dismiss his other works as worthless.

The most important thing that strikes the reader of Stevenson's works is the sense of harmony that they have. Here are no contradictions and no paradoxes. He writes about the life that he lives, and he lives that life because that is his nature. He practises what he preaches, and both the practice and the preaching are characterised by a certain inevitable simplicity. The style is perfectly the man: the manner and the matter go hand in hand, and there is no sense of any strain.

Stevenson's style indeed shows perfect artistic finish. It did not grow on him as leaves on trees: all his life he was patiently learning the art of writing. He said about his father that "it was strange and painful to hear him reject one word after another as inadequate, and at length desist from the search and leave his phrase unfinished rather than finish

it without propriety." The same applies to him, with the difference that he always finished it with propriety, and with grace. He had a great sense of the sounds and meanings of words, words by themselves and in their combinations. Listen to this description of the 'stirring hour' in the middle of night, when unknown to those who dwell in houses, a wakeful influence goes abroad: "It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep brake their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night." That is from his *Travels with a Donkey*, an account of his journey in the Cevennes in the south of France, with no companions but a donkey, "a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the colour of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined under-jaw." The whole of that delightful travel book is written in that vein, and it is typical of Stevenson's style. In *Prince Otto* we have the fine flower of this finished style.

Romance is the essence of Stevenson's style and theme. His works are literature of escape pure and simple. In *The New Arabian Nights*, and in tales like *Catriona*, we have straight-forward romance: "romance which vindicates the supernatural against science, and rescues it from the palsey tutelage of morality." Whether deliberately planned or not, this is the pervading atmosphere of all his work. We have it even in the essays. Again and again we come across villages where there are hardly any clocks, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and he is generally wrong; and people who live in the warm, phantasmagoric chambers of their brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls.

And here perhaps we have Stevenson's message for the literature of our own day. Literature now is so self-consciously and minutely realistic that very often it reads like "the meditations of an invalid." Stevenson's own criticism of this modern

tendency is found in his essay *The Lantern Bearers*. "The ground of a man's joy is often hard to hit. . . . The clergyman, in his spare hours, may be winning battles, the farmer sailing ships, the banker reaping triumph in the arts: all leading another life, plying another trade from that which they chose. . . . In such a case the poetry runs underground. The observer (poor soul, with his documents!) is all abroad. For to look at the man is but to court deception. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green dome of foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true realism were that of the poets, and catch up after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives." It is a simple but significant message. It says in effect: you must seek joy if you want to find joy.

And illuminating this romance and this optimism, and constantly relating it to life, we have his deep faith in the essential morality of all existence. It is not morality conceived in any narrow sense; it is a faith in human destiny, belief in the very law of life. We have it in all his writings, but the clearer expositions of it are in the shorter stories and the essays. *Markheim* is the most obvious instance. It is a beautiful allegory, and the harmony between style and subject matter is nowhere seen to better advantage. To eschew evil and to turn to good one must first of all recognise evil as evil. The mysterious visitant who helps Markheim to an understanding of himself tells him: "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last conse-

quence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself." Evil for him consisted "not in action but in character." This was a moral sense which saw deeply into the secrets of things, and which was established for all time on the foundation of faith and justice.

Critics who have written on Stevenson have all talked about the charm of his personality. They are all agreed that the best thing in his books is Stevenson himself. He is a personal and intimate writer; one who takes the readers into his confidence. He reveals himself, without restraint and without exuberance. Raleigh writes in his essay on Stevenson, "To talk much about oneself with detail, composure, and ease, with no shadow of hypocrisy and no whiff or taint of indecent familiarity, no puling and no posing,—the shores of the sea of literature are strewn with the wrecks of forlorn properties of those who have adventured on this dangerous attempt." This Stevenson achieved, not with ease, but with simplicity and sincerity, and this is what has won him the love of innumerable readers.

Whether literature should be an interpretation of life or an escape from it is an old and much discussed question. Perhaps it should be both. And perhaps it could interpret life with any perspective only by escaping from it: because only thus could it achieve the detachment without which no interpretation could do justice to the complexity and the wholeness of life. And thus if romance is only realism operating on a juster plane, then certainly Stevenson's work is significant; much more so than the work of many a modern realist.

Once Tennyson paid a courtesy visit to Thomas Carlyle at Chelsea and found the philosopher in a brown study. He sat there smoking, never exchanging a word and took his hat and his leave after two hours of patient waiting and silent watching. Deeply grateful, Carlyle sent a letter to his friend Tennyson saying how much he enjoyed the Poet's company on that very delightful and instructive afternoon.—"Yesve".

Serial Story

"WHO WOULD FARDELS BEAR?"

By S. KRISHNIAH

INSTALMENT III

THE STORY SO FAR:

While Gopu and Ramu, two peasants, are resting after their midday meal, Govindarajulu, the hireling of Chengiah Naidu, the landlord, comes and threatens to cut two days' wages if they do not finish ploughing the southern field that day. Gopu complains of starvation and non-availability of rice as an excuse for slow work but is sneered at. That evening when he goes home Gopu quarrels with his wife for not having procured the promised rice from the ration shop and in a fierce temper proceeds to the shop swearing to get some. At the shop he loses his temper when Govindarajulu interferences and hits him whereupon he and three others of the landlord's men tie up Gopu to give him a thrashing. A policeman coming that way intervenes and Gopu is taken to the police station where he is locked up with a Communist underground revolutionary who proceeds to convert Gopu to Communism.

Now read on—

GOPU could not invite sleep easily that night. Hunger gnawed at his vitals on one side; and on the other the new ideas that had been planted in his simple hitherto unquestioning brain began to take root. Above all he liked to believe what he had heard. Nobody else had told him such things. What a wonderful man this Somayya was! For the first time in his life Gopu felt that he had a friend outside his colleagues in his village. The thought exhilarated him.

If all Somayya said were true, peasants were important people. He, Gopu, had a place in the world.

Gopu must have dozed off sometime before midnight because he did not hear the three quick revolver shots and had only just awakened when he heard groans and shuffling footsteps as if many men were running about. Above all this din Gopu could hear somebody calling him.

"Gopu! Gopu! Get up. We are going to run away."

At first Gopu could not recollect where he was. He realised it was not his home since his wife was not beside him. In a daze he tried to get up and only then

did he discover that his hands were fettered. With a stab of pain he realised his predicament. He rolled over and got up.

"Come on, quick," urged Somayya.

The lock rattled and the door of the cell was thrown open. A beam of light from an electric flashlamp shot through the darkness and a strange man entered the cell and a few hurried words in English were exchanged between him and Somayya.

Gopu was not sure that he wanted to escape. His slow mind could not grasp the situation and make split-second decisions. Somayya automatically took charge, his keener intellect and stronger personality asserting themselves. He issued a few orders and pushed Gopu out and himself limped behind, assisted by the man with the flashlamp. Gopu stumbled over the body of the head constable but before he could stop to wonder he was again pushed forward by Somayya and they reached the car outside. Gopu was ushered into its backseat and was followed by Somayya and the other man. The driving seat was already occupied and two men carrying firearms clambered into the frontseat. The automobile purred and shot forward.

"I've got the key-bunch," the man with the flashlamp told them.

"That's good!" Somayya complimented him and extended his manacled hands.

After trying a few keys both Somayya and Gopu were freed.

"Good thing you fellows brought a car. They beat me up so much that my ankles and knees are still swollen. Where did you get the car?"

"We stole it from town. We knew we would have need of it. Everything went off smoothly."

"Did you kill both policemen?"

"Yes, we had to," said one of the young men in the front.

They went on a few more miles together.

"This is the edge of the forest," said the man who was at the driving wheel. "I think you will have to leave the car here. I shall take it a few more miles and abandon it."

"That's all right," their escaped leader said. "It's not far from here. I think I can walk the distance with a little help."

The five—all but the one who was driving—alighted from the car and entered the forest. Everyone except Gopu seemed to be quite familiar with the footpaths in the forest and they quickly walked the distance to the hide-out of the Communist underground workers, two of them assisting Somayya by turns all the way.

Gopu had not yet shaken off his mental cramps caused by the climactic happenings of the last few hours. He received thankfully the cup of hot black coffee that was given to him and drank it with obvious relish. The hot beverage revived his mind, made it tick over, and step by step he began to realise the implications of his escape. His name would be associated henceforth with the prison-break and the murder of the two policemen on duty. He would never be able to return to his village after all this. Who would believe his strange story? He morbidly imagined that if ever he was caught there was nothing but the rope for him. He shivered at the thought.

Through the corner of his eye Somayya caught a glimpse of the unhandsome face of the peasant in the ghostly light of an unborn day. He slowly limped towards Gopu sitting hunched on a log of wood leaving his other friends with whom he had been discussing something.

"Afraid?"

Gopu raised frank eyes to Somayya but remained silent.

"In another few days you won't be. You are among friends—real good friends. Hereafter you shall be one of us. And when you become one of us you must stop being afraid whatever might happen. You must try and realise that we are fighting for millions of poor peasants like you and if you die or I die during the course of that fight it is immaterial. Remember that others will take up our job and the cause will go on the better for our having died."

Thus began the indoctrination of Gopu whose fresh and unlettered mind took in everything as the earth would the first June shower. Sometimes it was Somayya—sometimes it was one of the others—who talked to Gopu quietly of the dawn of real freedom for which they were fighting. They told him about another class of people called industrial workers who worked with machines and who were also under rich men like Chengiah Naidu with the difference that they owned factories. He was told that real power in any nation lay in the hands of peasants and workers and that there would be no freedom from tyranny until these two categories of people organised themselves and captured the power which was legitimately theirs. All these doctrines were administered in small doses and with

commendable clarity; and as one who had suffered countless hardships under a recreant landlord, Gopu was able to appreciate the hope that was held out to the toiling millions. There was only one snag in all the arguments that Gopu heard but he was not aware of it. The snag was that the whole scheme of things as unfolded to him sounded too good to be true.

The night following their escape they had posted lookouts on all sides and gathered round Somayya to listen to something he had to say. Gopu did not understand either Somayya's monologue or the discussion that followed since it was all conducted in English except for a few casual sentences or phrases in Telugu.

Gopu folded his arms over his tucked-up knees and resting his head on them he began to doze off. It was only the sudden excitement in the gathering and the clear tones of Somayya speaking in Telugu that made Gopu look up.

He found that one of the look-outs had returned with a policeman. Peering closely at him Gopu recognised the man who had put an end to Somayya's talk in the cell.

"Well, any news?" Somayya asked him.

"No. I thought I'll just come along for a short while here and make sure that you're going away tonight."

"Oh yes. We'll all leave this district today."

"That's good," commented the policeman. "I was posted for patrol-duty this side and that's why I was able to step in here. Everything has gone according to expectations. The reserve police arrived this afternoon and a unit of the special armed police this evening. They are both engaged in combing the forests on the western and southern sides."

"I thought as much. They wouldn't expect us to be so foolish as to hide in this ten acres of wild growth! But anyway we're leaving tonight."

"The D. S. P. has also come," laughed the policeman, "and didn't he rave at the sub-inspector!... Hello!" he said turning to Gopu. "You too are here, is it?"

"Of course. I brought him along," Somayya replied.

"Nobody thought of that. Not even I. We all imagined that after the escape he found the door open and sneaked out." He turned to Gopu. "They brought your wife and your mother to the police station this morning to question them."

"What?" asked Gopu rising up. "What did they do to them?" He went near the constable.

"I don't know. They told me that Govindarajulu took your wife back after speaking to the sub-inspector."

"Govindarajulu? I don't understand. Why should he take any interest in her?"
"How can I say?"

"I'd have thought that....well, that doesn't matter. What did they do to my mother?"

"I don't know exactly...."

"Come on, tell...."

"No, Gopu, you mustn't get angry," came the even voice of Somayya. "Here people speak the truth. And however unpalatable, we don't hide things. If our friend here knew that your mother was beaten he would have told you so."

Gopu turned his back on the policeman and returned to his perch on the large stone.

"I think I better be going," the policeman told Somayya.

"I must thank you very much," said the leader rising up. "Your help has been invaluable, and remember that you will be always one of us although you happen to be a policeman just now." Somayya smiled. "You are our spy in the enemy camp in these parts.... Well, we'll come here in a few months again and then we can put into action all those plans which we have shelved just now."

The policeman warmly greeted the Communist leader and left them.

Soon preparations were afoot for the departure. The main part of their baggage consisted of rifles, revolvers and ammunition. Shortly after midnight they left their hideout and walked towards the edge of the small forest. Gopu noticed that they were going in a direction opposite to the one from which they had come. It was not a very long walk nor did they have to wait for a long time at the edge of the forest. In barely five minutes a lorry sped up the country road which skirted that part of the forest and stopped within a few yards of where they were waiting. Quickly they all clambered into the vehicle and Somayya was lifted into it and the next minute they were speeding along the road. After a few miles they joined the main road and the lorry picking up speed went hour after hour passing villages and towns. It stopped at three places, once outside a village and at other times apparently beside forests and each time a few of the gang got out. At last only Gopu, Somayya and another man were in the truck apart from the man at the wheel.

It was dawn when the lorry drove into the compound of a fairly large house in Guntur. Gopu had learnt within the one day he had spent with the Communists not to ask questions and not to be surprised at anything. The three of them got down and were received by a gentleman who ushered them into the house. Gopu was

not able to follow the long conversation because most of it was in English and he was happy when Somayya was put to bed and later attended by a doctor.

It took one month for Somayya to recover the complete use of his feet and fingers but meanwhile he never idled. He wrote many things, interviewed many people, took long hours of rest, and amidst all this found time to spend a few hours chatting to Gopu. Somayya's personal magnetism was amazing and soon Gopu began to love and admire this revolutionary. Often Somayya caught Gopu looking at him with a genuine self-effacing adoration that is so rare among humans but so common among canines.

Having satisfied himself that he was completely fit physically, Somayya did not waste one day more in Guntur. Gopu and he left the place by a lorry under cover of night and joined the main party of the underground workers in one of the many hide-outs used by organisers of village insurrection.

The first lesson which Gopu received in the Communist creed of revolution was the use of firearms and although he did not quickly become a marksman yet he learnt the art of using his weapon effectively. In the absence of Somayya many preparations had been made and a few raids carried out. The next raid was

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conducted by Somayya himself and Gopu played an important part in it.

The underground workers also had their reverses. Some of them were killed during clashes with the police; some were caught and sent to prison; some disappeared altogether. But there were always fresh recruits either in peasants like Gopu or among college students who were fascinated by the ideology.

From place to place Somayya and Gopu moved—sometimes organising raids, sometimes leading raids themselves and sometimes to help a unit that had got into a tight corner.

A strange pair they were, Somayya and Gopu—one a high-brow intellectual, a Marxist theoretician, who knew the philosophy of dialectical materialism backwards and the other an illiterate peasant who did not know where Russia was in the map of the world. But although Gopu could not read nor write yet he could speak convincingly on matters that applied to peasant life.

Slowly the pair drifted on by many stages to a place not far away from Gopu's village.

Establishing contacts in the village was quite easy because not only had Gopu a few trustworthy friends but they could also count on the help of their friend the policeman.

Ramu became one of their trusted agents and did valuable propaganda work among the villages owned by Chengiah Naidu. But Gopu was still frightened to enter the village since he was known to everyone there and so might be easily recognised and betrayed.

But at last, after a lot of discussion with Somayya and the friendly policeman, Gopu made bold to go.

It was a dark night he had chosen and a slight drizzle helped Gopu as he trod the familiar path from the forest to his own village. As he neared his destination he was especially careful and without even breaking a dry twig he reached the hut which had once been his home.

Gopu softly scratched the bamboo-matting door.

"Mother!" His voice was soft and he called again. "Mother!" He knew his mother was a light sleeper.

"Who's that?" his mother shouted from inside.

"Shshsh!" he warned her, "it's me, Gopu."

"Who's that?" she asked again presumably not hearing the low reply. "What do you want?" Gopu could hear her getting up.

He waited for the footsteps to come near the door and spoke: "It's me, Gopu."

He could hear the peg fastening the door on the other side being removed and he hurriedly pushed it open, entered the hut and closed the door behind him.

"Gopu!" That was all the old woman was able to say.

Gopu dropped on the floor the bag he had been carrying and enfolded his mother in his arms and they stood for a minute silently—a host of unvoiced questions receiving mute answers.

"It is so nice to see you, Gopu," his mother laughed and at the same time flicking a tear. "I knew you would come one day to see your mother."

"I have come!" Gopu smiled at her. It was so nice to be with his mother and he felt juvenile again.

"Wait, I'll light the lamp."

"Oh no, mother, please don't."

"Why, my son, are you in danger?" All her happiness seemed to have fled her and her face was drawn in fear.

"I will be if I am caught."

The mother was silent peering at her son in the darkness.

"But don't worry, mother. Nothing will happen."

She continued to look at her son for a few more moments.

"Gopu have you heard about your wife?"

"A little."

"I suppose you know that she is not living here any more."

"Do you know with whom she is living?"

"Why should we talk about that, mother? There is something else I want to ask you. I have been wanting to ask you that all these months.... Tell me. What did they do to you at the police station on the day I escaped? Did they beat you?"

"Oh, they asked me about you."

Gopu came near her and clutched her arms. "Did they beat you?"

"....No."

"No?...." Gopu looked close at her face as if he was searching it. "No, mother, you are not telling me the truth."

"Of course I'm telling you the truth. It was nothing much."

"Nothing much? Then they did beat you, didn't they? The low-born bastards." His grip tightened on her arm. "Very much?"

"Oh no, not at all. It was nothing."

He let go of her. "You are not telling me the truth." He turned away from her and started to pace the little room. "I'll square up with them yet."

His mother allowed him a few moments and stepped in front of him. "Listen, son. I'm telling you the truth. I don't even remember how much they beat me. I

didn't care. I was so happy that you had escaped that I wouldn't have cared if they thrashed me for days together. What does it matter? I'd have gladly died. Are you listening, Gopu?.... I'm telling you truly. It didn't matter at all."

"But it matters to me. I have many scores to pay off in this village."

"Don't talk so, son. You frighten me. I don't want you to get caught again. The last time you were lucky to escape. Oh, and how happy I was! When they asked me where you were I was glad that I did not know the answer. Even if I had known, no amount of torture would have made me spill the information. But before they started to beat me or Lachmi, Govindarajulu arrived there. He spoke to the sub-inspector for a few minutes and took Lachmi out. I thought her fate was going to be worse than mine because the landlord's pimp is more brutal even than the policemen.... They were finished with me by evening—found out either that I knew nothing or that I wouldn't talk. Meanwhile many lorries full of armed policemen had arrived and I was sent away as they all seemed to be very busy. I came home. But Lachmi was not here. I asked everybody in the village but I could get no information. She came back the next morning and told me that she spent the night with her parents. But I knew that it was a lie since I had already found out that she had not been there at all. From then on she acted strangely. Every night she went out and when I found fault with her she jeered at me. Then Govindarajulu started coming to this house. She got from him both rice and money. I said I would not touch either of them and asked her to get out. She answered back that I could starve for all she cared and went away with Govindarajulu. She is now openly living with him."

Gopu listened to the narrative with a calm and composed face. His wife's treachery did not seem to have ruffled his temper. "Why should we bother about her, mother? She will bring about her

own misery." He went to the entrance and picked up the bag which he had left there when he entered and brought it to his mother. "Here, mother, I've brought some rice for you. Did you have to suffer much during all these months?"

"No. Many people have helped me. Some gave me a little grain once in a way and others gave me a few annas whenever they could afford."

Gopu took out a five-rupee note from his pocket and gave it to her. "This will keep you going for sometime, mother. I was constantly thinking of you all these months but had no means of reaching you with help. And I am glad that everybody has been kind to you."

"They helped me for your sake, son. You are the only one during the last thirty years who has had the courage to hit Govindarajulu in public and then escape from prison. Our young men here think of you as their hero."

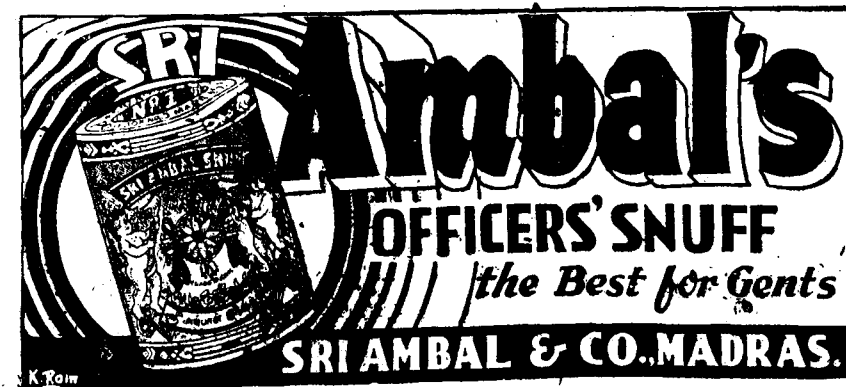
"I must be going, mother. But I shall come and see you often—say once a week. There are a few things which I want to do in this village and I am counting on your help."

"Of course, Gopu. You can depend on me."

With this assurance Gopu left the hut and the village.

Days passed quickly while many of the underground Communists came from different places to join Somayya and Gopu. Many consultations were held and Gopu felt proud as the organisers began consulting him on almost every point. Gopu's suggestions were clear and given with an intimate knowledge of topography and the people. All possible avenues were explored and the experts in insurrection laid plans with great care and forethought.

At last the date was fixed and Gopu was assigned the leading role. (To be continued).



LORD NUFFIELD

By W. G. MATTERS

True philanthropist, he has given away over \$100,000,000 since the late 1920's.

IN the courtyard of Guy's Hospital, London, stands a statue of Lord Nuffield, multi-millionaire motor car magnate and the hospital's president. It was erected a few months ago—near a statue of Thomas Guy, the 18th century philanthropist, who founded the hospital—in token recognition of Lord Nuffield's services to medicine. A gift to Guy's of \$300,000 for a new nursing home was one of the many benefactions the wealthy industrialist has made "to bring happiness to others through the advancement of health and social well-being."

Since the late 1920's William Richard Morris, first Viscount of Nuffield, has given away more than \$100,000,000. Some of his gifts, like the \$1,000,000 fund he established for the care of cripples, have been in cash. Others are in the form of trust funds with capital in the stock of his automobile enterprises. As charities, the trusts receive the full untaxed dividend on their shares which, in recent years, has been 44½ per cent.

Lord Nuffield started his business career at the age of 16 as a cycle builder and repairer. He was producing motorcycles in 1902 and built his first car eight years later. Soon after World War I he began selling Morris trucks as well as cars. He bought or started several new enterprises. Within a few years his sales reached a total of 65,000 models a year.

Morris set out to bring motoring to the millions—and motoring brought millions to Morris. To-day, the \$72,000,000 Nuffield Organization is producing 3,000 cars a week and, sharing the national prosperity, the group's earnings are higher than ever before. High profits mean higher wages for Nuffield's 15,000 employees. A few years ago he set aside \$7,000,000 worth of shares, the income from which is distributed among the workers.

At 72, a millionaire many times over, gray-haired Lord Nuffield still

puts in a full day's work at his office at Cowley, Oxford, where Morris cars are assembled. "Work is still the natural mission of every man," he says. "I am happiest when working hard." Although not tall, and somewhat shy, his bronzed face, shrewd but kindly eyes, firm mouth and purposeful chin, and his broad upright shoulders indicating great physical strength, combine to present an impressive personality.

The huge Oxford assembly plant, fed with engines and pre-grouped components from Morris factories in Coventry and elsewhere, is built around an old school building which served as the first Morris factory. In this school, the Hurst grammar school, Nuffield's father was educated. The headmaster's study is now Lord Nuffield's office. A sentimental link with his own early career is provided in the rows of gold and silver medals in a glass case on the office wall, cycling trophies he won racing his own machines more than 50 years ago.

Lord Nuffield was educated at the local school at Cowley, when Cowley was a village outside Oxford, not the thriving industrial suburb it is today. His more advanced learning came from his parents, both of whom were well educated. "I owe my success to them," he says. But he did not at any time receive technical training in engineering. He taught himself.

His family were small landowners in Oxfordshire for seven centuries—for as long as Oxford has been a university town. The old town, renowned for its architectural beauty, is now surrounded by industrial suburbs which have grown up largely through the energy and genius of Lord Nuffield. The Morris works employ a far larger number of Oxford's 100,000 inhabitants than are engaged in teaching or learning.

But if the coming of industry is counted as Oxford's loss, Lord Nuffield has made handsome amends. One of his earliest large donations

was \$9,000,000 to the university for medical and scientific training and research. Later he gave \$4,500,000 to found a college for social science research. At present housed in an old building, this college which bears his name was opened in 1937. Last year the foundation stone of a new building was laid. When it is completed, the Nuffield college building will fulfil one of the founder's incidental aims: "to improve the aspect of the approach to Oxford from the west."

His chief aim in making these gifts, he says, was to help bridge the gap between academic and practical knowledge and to help Britain maintain her place as the leading nation in knowledge.

In recent months, Lord Nuffield has made two further gifts to Oxford for a new orthopaedic centre and for research fellowships in science and medicine. His benefactions during the past two years to the other causes total more than \$4,000,000. The Royal College of Surgeons received \$1,000,000 for research and education in surgical sciences and to increase facilities and amenities for young surgeons. Other recent gifts include funds for building cottage homes and a workshop for disabled veterans, and a nurses' home, and for the establishment of an orthopaedic service and a health foundation in South Africa.

London hospitals are currently benefiting from a \$9,000,000 fund set up before the war to assist industrial development in Tyneside, South Wales and other distressed areas. Businessmen were given grants to start factories but were required to return the money to a hospital fund when their enterprises made good. To date, about half the total granted has been refunded.

British service personnel in many parts of the world are enjoying wel-

fare facilities provided by another trust which Lord Nuffield established in 1939. It supplies anything recreational from television sets to chessmen.

Greatest of all Lord Nuffield's benefactions was made in 1943 when he established the Nuffield Foundation with a capital fund of \$45,000,000. In carrying out the founder's intention to benefit scientific and medical research and teaching, and to advance social well-being, the foundation makes grants for specific purposes to universities, colleges, institutes and similar organizations.

This year, for the first time, the foundation is prepared to make grants outside the U. K. for the encouragement of research in the universities of the Commonwealth. First to benefit under this new policy is the New South Wales University of Technology. By a grant of \$75,000 the foundation has endowed there a Nuffield research professorship of mechanical engineering. Under a travelling scholarship scheme, recently started with the co-operation of farmers' organizations, practical farmers in Canada, Australia and New Zealand will be able to study agricultural methods and problems in Britain. There are several other projects which aim to bring about closer integration and intermingling of ideas within the British Commonwealth.

The great philanthropist who has made all these things possible is a man of simple personal tastes. With Lady Nuffield who shares her husband's dislike of personal publicity, he lives in an old country house near Oxford. He lives modestly, likes to wear casual clothes and prefers the privacy of his own home and large well-kept garden. "The only pleasure riches give me," he says, "is that they enable me to attempt to buy happiness for others."

Theoretically there are no bounds to the power of the state except the fear of revolution; the only limit to its action is its own capacity. Consequently the state will nationalise all industries which it can carry on better than individuals, leaving to these only the parts of commerce which individual greed is likely to perform in a more thorough and more economical way. The state must never forget how much truth lies in the axiom of Mandeville that private vices are public benefits.—W. Somerset Maugham.

END OF A TRIUMVIRATE

By GEORGE ISAAC

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, not given much to diplomacy, was kind enough to say that Sydney Webb looked like Napoleon the Third—that was the kindest remark his best friend ever made about his appearance. His wife said that his head “is not only remarkable, but attractive if looked at sideways and without his body” but, she admitted, she saw him only through the eyes of love.

Together with Shaw, Webb found the Fabian Society, and sat on its executive for half a century. He directed the Fabian progress which led with the “inevitability of gradualness” to Soviet Communism. Together with Henderson he forged the Labour party into a political instrument, and dictated its Socialist programme.

Nobody has contributed more to the attitudes that governed Great Britain than did Sydney and Beatrice Webb and Shaw. They provided a technique of peaceful change by which the application of intelligence can create a rationally organised society.

Shaw first met Sydney Webb at a lecture they attended together. After listening to Sydney's erudite comment on the subject under debate Shaw put down his first impressions: “He knew all about the subject of the debate, he knew more than the lecturer, knew more than anybody present, had read everything that had ever been written on the subject, and remembered all the facts that bore upon it.”

Sydney had initially been a member of a society which aimed at the attainment of a perfect character by one and all. This high purpose, being rather uncongenial to his temperament, and to the temperaments of nine other members, they raised a capital of 13 shillings, 11 pence and founded the Fabian Society. Shaw joined them and they started the Fabian assault on the capitalist structure of society. T. H. Green had complained that “Dennison of the London yard” had not much more share in the cultural heritage of Britain than “a slave in the democracy of Athens.”

Shaw opened the attack with a characteristic flourish: “The established Government has no more right to call itself the State than the smoke of London has to call itself the weather.”

It was a remarkably successful attack, and behind its immense corpus of writing Lenin translated into Russian, lay the indefatigable labour and meticulous research of Sydney Webb who brought out the facts for Shaw like some mechanical excavator. This campaign was to a large extent carried on by a peculiarly ill matched couple. Beatrice Potter was extraordinarily beautiful and extremely wealthy. Her marriage with Sydney was extraordinary. The cool and beautiful Beatrice “quite deliberately sampled the Fabians as possible husbands by inviting them down to Gloucestershire one after another” but when Sydney came round with a suggestion “that one and one if placed in a sufficiently integrated relation make eleven and not two” she seems to have been quite overwhelmed. So began a distinguished partnership. In 1909 Beatrice wormed herself on to the Royal Commission on the Poor Law and Sydney wrote for her her now famous minority report. The Webbs then started the first detailed campaign against destitution. They raised the flag of social security. The technique they employed is of considerable interest. They called it “permeating” their Peers. That the reforms the Webbs advocated were so long delayed reflected the thick-headedness of the British upper classes and not any lack of enthusiasm on the part of the Webbs. In a series of brilliant pamphlets they exposed the essential corruption prevalent in the society of their time, and then put forward detailed plans for reconstruction. These programmes were then forced on the attention of the people concerned and with every means of propaganda at their disposal, Shaw and the Webbs pressed for *ad hoc* legislation.

Perhaps their most signal success was in the case of the London County Council. In 1910 the Liberals swept

the polls in the elections to the London County Council, on the basis of a programme provided for them unasked by Sydney Webb. As a reward Webb took over Education in the Council and with typical Fabian cunning, proceeded to interpret the Constitution to give himself extraordinarily wide powers. He founded the London School of Economics and together with Haldane reorganised the University of London.

By 1914 the Webbs came to the conclusion that the technique of permeation and *ad hoc* legislation had been exhausted, and turned their attention to the Independent Labour Party which emerged from the war as His Majesty's Official Opposition. But age

began to slow them down and by the thirties they had settled into semi-retirement. In 1932 they visited Russia where they were given a royal reception. The Webbs were deeply impressed by what they saw in Russia. The Russian State was perhaps the nearest realisation to a Fabian ideal, the idea of rationally constructed society administered by an intellectual elite dedicated to the service of the people. In 1937 appeared their monumental work on Russian Communism. In 1943, Beatrice died. The King, conferred on Sydney who had already been raised to the peerage as Lord Passfield, the order of merit. Lord Passfield died in the following year. The passing of George Bernard Shaw marks the end of the Great Triumvirate of Shaw and the Webbs.

PAKISTAN AND OPPOSITION PARTIES

By ADITYA PRASAD SEN GUPTA, M. A.

THE first opposition party in Pakistan was formed by those Muslims who were neither members nor supporters of the Muslim League, namely Mr. G. M. Syed of Sind, Khan Brothers of North-West Frontier Province, Munshi Ahmed Din, Sheikh Zahiruddin, Mr. Hisamuddin, Mr. Khan Abdul Samad Khan of Baluchistan, etc. Before partition of India they were known as Nationalist Muslims.

In March 1948 the People's Party was formed under the leadership of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan was formerly a prominent Congress leader of North West Frontier Province. But he is still popularly known as “Frontier Gandhi.” It was stated on behalf of the sponsors of the People's Party that the purpose for which the Muslim League was originally established no longer held good and that the time had come to form a non-communal political organisation on a popular basis. The People's Party, it was said, aimed at transforming Pakistan into a Union of Free Socialist Republics based upon the principles of equality and social justice. But its policy was bitterly criticised by the Muslim League press which character-

ised the People's Party as a mere branch of the Indian National Congress. It is not understandable why those Muslim Leaguers who did not find it possible to lend their support to the policies pursued by the Government of Pakistan kept aloof from the People's Party. Immediately the Government of Pakistan took steps to halt the growth of the party by arresting all its top-ranking leaders. At present its influence is confined to certain areas of North-West Frontier Province.

There is another well-knit organisation outside the orbit of Muslim League influence, which is known as Jamaat-i-Islami. It is led by Maulana Maudoodi. At first this organisation aimed at bringing about co-ordination between democratic ideals and the Islamic doctrines. But now there appears to be no difference between Jamaat-i-Islami and the Muslim League from the ideological standpoint.

Primarily Pakistan is an agricultural country. Consequently the number of industrial workers seems inconsiderable in Pakistan in relation to that of the peasants. After partition the major part of non-Muslim workers migrated to the

Union of India. Though it is true that a large number of Muslim workers came to Pakistan from India, yet the Pakistani trade union movement is very weak because of the fact that most of the trade union workers were non-Muslim. The declaration by the Government of Pakistan that class struggle has no place in the Muslim State has won over a large number of Muslim workers from the trade unions.

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Premier of Pakistan, often refers to Islamic Socialism as the basic principle of Pakistan. But no change has yet been effected in the social basis on which the agricultural system of Pakistan rests. The economic condition of the Pakistani peasants who constitute 86 per cent of the entire population is deteriorating gradually due to extreme poverty, indebtedness and exploitation. It is no doubt true that some provincial Governments have tried to introduce agrarian reforms. But these reforms have failed to improve the lot of the peasants. Blackmarketing, nepotism, corruption, favouritism and the rise of the price level have intensified the seriousness of the economic problems. The result is that politically conscious workers are feeling the necessity of organising immediately a strong trade union movement. It may be recalled here that on the 14th January 1948 the Pakistan Trade Union Federation was established. About sixty unions are affiliated to this Federation which, it is said, represents eighty thousand workers. It drew up some basic demands for consideration by the Pakistani Government. But the Government did not think it advisable to attach any importance to these demands.

There is in Pakistan another trade union organisation which is known as the Pakistan Federation of Labour. But this organisation is weaker than the Pakistan Trade Union Federation. It is alleged that the Pakistan Federation of Labour is encouraged by the Government and employers. Here one is tempted to ask why the predominance of the Muslim League still remains unimpaired in spite of the steady growth of opposition to its policy and programme. A correct answer to this question will be available if we analyse the internal condition of Pakistan. In the political

field there is still no organisation which is stronger and more efficient than the Muslim League. Blind allegiance to the League by a large section of the Muslim population accounts for its hold in Pakistan to a great extent. But how long this hold will last cannot be visualised because the failure of the Government of Pakistan to improve the economic condition of the masses is causing mounting disaffection in their ranks. The signs of disintegration within the Muslim League are quite evident. Before achievement of independence different sections and classes of Muslims came under the League banner because of their belief that the Muslim League was striving to further Muslim interests. But how the Islamic concepts on the political, social and economic problems of life, to which the League repeatedly declared its adherence before partition, would be applied against the background of modern ideas, was not made clear. The result has been that, immediately after establishment of Pakistan, the orthodox and fanatical religious sections in the Muslim League demanded that the whole administration of Pakistan should be carried on according to the Islamic principles only. But whether this demand will be met at all seems doubtful though the objectives Resolution of the Pakistan Constituent Assembly states that Shariat Law will be the basis of the Constitution of Pakistan. Though the orthodox groups have not yet been able to make much way, yet it is doubtful whether the League leaders will be in a position to save their organisation from the disintegration which seems inevitable.

On 11th September the second death anniversary of Mr. Jinnah was observed in Pakistan. On that occasion Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Premier of Pakistan, denounced violently all the opposition parties. He observed that the opposition parties were out to break up the discipline, unity and faith of the Pakistanis. He attacked specially Mr. H. S. Suhrawardy, the President of Awami Muslim League and the former Muslim League Premier of Undivided Bengal. It may be recalled here that Mr. Suhrawardy and the Pir of Manki Sharif seceded from the Muslim League after the death of Mr. Jinnah and established a rival organisation known as Awami

Muslim League. But there appears to be no fundamental difference between the two organisations. The Awami Muslim League, it is said, is in favour of organising public opinion through constitutional agitation in order to influence the Government. At present its influence is confined to certain areas of East Bengal and North-West Frontier Province only. But this does not mean that the Muslim League hold over the Muslim population in

Pakistan is ensured. The unhealthy competition among the League leaders for personal gains has definitely lowered the reputation of the Muslim League, and has resulted in scandalous inter-party wrangling which is evident from the fact that disciplinary action was taken against the Pir of Manki Sharif, and that Shaukat Hyat Khan and Mian Iftikaruddin have been removed from the League Parliamentary Party.

SHAW TILTS AT THE UNIVERSE

By K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI

GEORGE Bernard Shaw was born in Ireland. That explains his sympathy for India and his raillery in regard to the British mentality. He called Ireland John Bull's Other Island. He would have called India John Bull's peninsula. Shaw had in abundance a unique Irish quality which he described in a quizzical and paradoxical way, namely, "An Irishman has two eyes." Of course every man has two eyes but what Shaw meant was that the Irishman sees both facts and ideas and is not fanciful enough to forget facts or factual enough to forget ideas. A third Irish peculiarity of Shaw is his fusion of truth and fun. He says: "My way of joking is to tell the truth; it is the funniest joke in the world." His jokes and paradoxes, his Irish bulls, and his satirical wit and humour have all got this rich Irish vein. There is a well-known story about an Irishman who was ship-wrecked on an island. He asked: "Is there a Government on this island?" The reply was "Yes." He then replied at once and unhesitatingly "I agin it." Thus sympathetic sentiment, a mystical vein, love of freedom, love of truth, natural pugacity, and a dislike of conventions are typical traits of the Irish mind and are found in abundance in Mr. Shaw. This explains Shaw's sympathy with the freedom movement in India and his reverential affection for Mahatma Gandhi.

There is another special quality in Shaw's humour. He is in a mood of deadly earnestness when he feels the callousness and cruelty and cynicism of the world and denounces it by

striking it not with the thunderbolts of abuse but with the lightnings of satire. His Fabianism is due to a combination of hatred of abuse and unwillingness to destroy the abuser by violence. He wants to remove tyranny by a gradual cure of the disease of tyranny without killing the tyrant. He desires Socialism to come without violence and by gradual stages and he believes in the inevitability of such gradualness. He is passionately desirous of raising the lot of the common man and is never tired of lashing at the unctuous self-complacent callous rich who corner all the good things of life and never feel the slightest compunction or contrition. We can thus realise much spiritual kinship between him and Mahatma Gandhi, though they were as the poles apart in many other respects. He even jocularly referred to himself as the minor Mahatma. He says "Poverty should be neither pitied as an inevitable misfortune, nor tolerated as a just retribution for misconduct, but resolutely stamped out and prevented from recurring as a disease fatal to society." He says further: "We want more money and better diet, a proper economy, a credible religion, and better treatment of criminals". He says in a knockdown manner: "Home is the girl's prison and the woman's work-house."

Though he has written some novels and was a journalist and wrote articles containing musical and dramatic criticism and though he was a vigorous platform speaker, yet his fame will rest on his plays, and on his prefaces to his plays. He popularised

Ibsen in England and declared him to be greater than Shakespeare. He made acceptable and fashionable the drama of ideas and the sociological drama. He said about his dramatic ideals: "I always have to preach my plays will have a purpose.... I write plays with the deliberate object of converting the nation to my opinion.... A good play is essentially identical with a church service as a contribution of artistic ritual, profession of faith, and sermon.... Fine Art is the subtlest, the most seductive, the most effective instrument of moral propaganda in the world."

He has been jocularly called "G. B. Shaw, preacher by nature and Archbishop of the Universe by self-appointment." To him the theatre is in his words "a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, and elucidator of social conduct, an armoury against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man". He thus concentrated his attention on exposing and curing the manifold ills of life through the medium of his plays. Though the dialogue is brilliant and the satire is mordant, we feel that it is Shaw speaking throughout his characters. It has been wittily said that in Shaw all the characters are brilliant and all the dialogues cancel one another. He wrote dramas with the object of putting down unctuous self-righteousness and destroying social abuses and uplifting the poor and the lowly and the disinherited. He has referred often to his feeling "a deeper strangeness which has made me feel all my life a sojourner on this planet rather than a native of it."

It is the note of art and satire rather than the note of humour that is the most outstanding feature of his plays. In his satire we find commingling with it the quizzical and the quaint and the elfish traits as well. He laughs as much at himself as at others. When asked to explain a passage in *Heartbreak House*, he said: "How should I know? I am only the author." On another occasion he said: "Why should I get another man to praise me when I can praise myself". When he was asked to write his

autobiography, he said: "For over half a century, 'I have done little else.'"

In fact Shaw's seeming topsyturvydom is for the purpose of putting an end to the topsy-turvy life in the modern world. When describing Shaw's comic genius, G. K. Chesterton says: "There is a great deal of Jonathan Swift in Bernard Shaw. Shaw is like Swift, for instance, in combining extravagant fancy with a curious sort of coldness. But he is most like Swift in that very quality which Thackeray said was impossible in an Irishman, benevolent bullying, a pity touched with contempt, and a habit of knocking men down for their own good." He says further: "Bernard Shaw is never frustrated. He never gives his opinions a holiday; he is never irresponsible even for an instant." Swift's mordant satire full of contempt for man the Yahoo is not the way of Shaw. He has intellectual brilliance full of blinding flashes. He has a keen rapier-like wit. But his passion is for reform, not for destruction. As G. K. C. says: "The brain of Bernard Shaw was like a wedge in the literal sense. Its sharpest end was always in front; and it split our society from end to end the moment it had entrance at all." He says equally well: "He has obliterated the mere cynic. He has been so much more cynical than any one else for the public good that no one has dared since to be really cynical for anything smaller."

Shaw led an active and full life and for seventy years he was at work driving sense into dull brains, conscience into unrighteous minds, sympathy into unfeeling hearts, and nobility into ignoble natures. He rejoiced in service and never cared for success and was so busy doing good by laughing at all that he had no time to attend to anything else. He said: "I dread success—I like a goal of continuous becoming, with a goal in front and not behind." He said further: "Work is the thing; happiness is a by-product." He lived a life full of work for others and died full of years and honours. He bestrode the narrow world like a Colossus.

DELHI TEST: A RETROSPECT

By "ENKAY"

ANOTHER test in Cricket, the first in the present itinerary and the second in the series between India and the Commonwealth has just ended in Delhi. The result, a draw, is a fair indication of the strength of the two opposing sides.

For the citizens of Delhi and the visitors to the capital it was a gala occasion. It is modestly estimated that more than 20,000 to 25,000 people on the average paid for their admissions every day of the five days and there were a few friends of gatekeepers and attendants who had a free look at the match, when possibly the officials' backs were turned. The arrangements made were fairly good and although quite a few people thought that the admission rates were on the high side, the stands were packed to capacity.

The President, Prime Minister, Deputy Prime Minister and other cabinet ministers witnessed the match as their time permitted. Secretaries to Government, their Joints, Deputies, Unders and Assistants, Chief Controllers, their Joints, Deputies and Assistants all managed to get away from their official duties and mustered in strength to see how India fared on the Cricket field against the Commonwealth. The Central Government had issued official orders that permission may be granted to take time off, to such members of the staff as desired to be present for the Test. Schools and colleges also declared holidays for their students. In short all Delhi and its wife and child were at the Ferozshah Kotla ground between the 4th and 8th November.

With the setting in of winter the men were in their variegated woollens and the women in saris and jumpers of various designs added colour and lustre. Many women who did not understand the rudiments of the game, were there either knitting their children's sweaters or their husband's pullovers or exchanging social greetings with their friends and they also got into the spirit of the game as and

when there was a cheer from the keener enthusiasts, either for a boundary or a good bit of fielding or a maiden over. Loud speakers were installed on the ground, no one knows why, but possibly as an advertising stunt, and beyond announcing that a particular doctor was urgently required at the hospital, these noisy inventions, managed to disturb the peace of the players more than once.

The Delhi pitch, unlike in other Test centres, appeared to improve with every day's game, so much so during the latter half, high scores were made in quick time and the rate of scoring for some time was far superior to any we have seen in previous tests. The game itself was one of fluctuating fortunes. For a change, Merchant won the toss for the Indians and elected to bat. Perhaps due to the over emphasis placed by some sports commentators on the bowling strength of the visiting Commonwealth team and the big reputation with which Ramadhin, the West Indies new find, has come, after his recent triumph on English wickets and the fact that Tribe was the bugbear of our batsmen during the previous Commonwealth visit, all combined to tie down our batsmen and they played laboured and unenterprising cricket, the first day and the whole side was soon out for 169 runs early on the second day. Phadkar and Umrigar were the only ones to show some fight. The Commonwealth batting in the first innings was also not of a high order, although Dooland compiled the first century in the present series of tests and Emmett and Tribe added useful scores. Worrell was smartly stumped by Joshi off Mankad, before he had settled down and the crowd was very sadly disappointed, as great things were expected from this wonder batsman. The tourists made in all 272 runs in their first innings which occupied them almost seven hours. The first two and a half days' cricket was rather dull.

India opened its second innings on

the third day noon with Merchant and Mustaqali and from the word go it was evident that exhilarating and enterprising Cricket was in store. These two opening batsmen started attacking the bowling from the commencement and whether it was Ramadhin's off spinners, or Tribe's left arm slows or Worrell's leg breaks or Dooland's googlies all came alike to them. Mustaq as usual was the more daring of the two and his care-free stroke play and flicks to the boundary reminded one of his best batting feats in the early thirties. Merchant, although more sedate, by crisp wristy cuts and leg glancing, added to the rate of scoring. The opening pair added 96 runs and almost wiped out the first innings' difference. When Mustaq was 61 he put his foot in front of a straight ball from Worrell. Umrigar filled the vacant crease and started confidently. At the end of the third day the Indians were 45 on with nine wickets in hand.

On Tuesday, the fourth day of the Test, Merchant in his anxiety to get quickly off the mark, hooked a short ball from Ramadhin and was brilliantly held by Emmett, with no addition to his score of 48. Hazare took his captain's place and it fell to him, as in many previous instances, to consolidate India's position. He and Umrigar brought the game round with perfect good play, after the pattern that Mustaq and Merchant had woven earlier. Umrigar seems to have acquired lot more confidence in his batting, after his sojourn in England, and played all bowlers with cool assurance and with lot more pep in his strokes. He was out after making 56 valuable runs, to a catch by Ikin

the brilliant slip fielder of the Commonwealth team. Phadkar who filled Umrigar's place, continued the gusto of run making, which the earlier batsmen had started and after indulging in a few lofty hits was out for 37 runs. Adhikari replaced Phadkar and in the meanwhile Hazare was getting along steadily towards the coveted three figures. At the end of the fourth day Hazare was not out 98 and Adhikari batting 21.

The fifth and last day opened with a sparkling feat of batsmanship. Hazare soon after opening reached his century. Thereafter a sudden acceleration in the pace of run making took place and the immense crowd present roared into ecstasies as their favourites piled up runs at a rapid pace. In half an hour 50 runs were added, in an hour 89 runs increased on the scoreboard and the partnership between Hazare and Adhikari yielded 116 runs. Adhikari's first 35 runs came at the rate of a run a minute, a fast rate for a test and in trying to score faster still he was out for 56 very good runs. C. S. Nayudu came and went back for a duck and with Mankad Not Out 8 and Hazare 144 Not Out the Indian second innings was declared at 429 for 6 wickets, leaving the visitors 3½ hours to get 327 runs for a win, an impossible task no doubt. All the Indian batsmen batted confidently in the second innings and this goes to prove the fact, if proof at all be required, that a good start infuses lot more confidence in the batting and a good average of 40 or 50 runs per batsman manages to build up a high total, rather than stray individual centuries and low scores for others.

Fishlock and Gimblett opened the Commonwealth second innings and the partnership made 100 runs at almost a run a minute. When he was 63 Gimblett misjudged one of Mankad's deliveries and was out, caught by the bowler. Fishlock continued his sound batting by scoring all round the wicket and was responsible for the only sixer of the match, an effortless stroke which easily cleared the ropes. Emmett took Gimblett's place at the wicket. Mustaq of all fielders dropped Emmett early in the innings off a skier and thereafter the batsman settled down to some skilful display. When the time for drawing of stumps arrived on the fifth and last day of the match, the Commonwealth, in their second innings had made 214 for the loss of one wicket, Fishlock scoring a well deserved 102 not out and Emmett remaining unbeaten with 43. Thus ended the first test, India and the Commonwealth sharing equally the honours.

Dooland, Hazare and Fishlock deserve congratulations, for scoring centuries for their respective sides. Ramadhin, Worrell and Tribe took the bowling honours for the Commonwealth and Mankad finished with an exceedingly good analysis for the Indian side. It is surprising that Phadkar did not secure a single wicket in this test although he bowled 32 overs, 8 of which were maidens and conceded 75 runs, in both the innings together. Worrell's placing of the Commonwealth team in the field left nothing to be desired and it looked as if there was a fielder wherever the ball was hit. The Indian team's fielding has also considerably improved and it is noteworthy that the powers that be in our Cricket world are paying more attention to this department of the game, when choice of players is made. Among the Indian players, Mankad, although a little on the heavy side, was quite

brisk in stopping and pick up, Adhikari at cover was as usual reliable. Mustaq saved some valuable runs in the outfield and the others generally did quite well in the field. Worrell, Emmett and Ikin were the pick of the Commonwealth fielders. It is a rare thing in a test that both wicket keepers get hurt as happened in the present match, as Joshi and Spooner both got hurt and were absent for long periods. India tried three substitute wicket keepers in C. S. Nayudu, Kishinchand and Umrigar and Grieves deputised for Spooner.

The umpires, Vijiasarathy and Mohoni did their allotted tasks very well. They were firm and unmistakable in their decisions and controlled the game creditably.

And so the first test has ended and we look forward to the second at Bombay, early in December, with all eagerness and may we hope the result there will be more conclusive.

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BEHIND THE PUERTO RICAN EXPLOSION

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Only a year ago Puerto Rico, easternmost part of the United States, was boasting of "Operation Bootstrap," a programme designed to bring to its 2,200,000 people a standard of living never before enjoyed on the island.

On Monday, certain Puerto Ricans staged an abortive revolt against American authority. On Wednesday, certain Puerto Ricans in Washington tried to kill President Truman while others, in New York, tossed homemade bombs into a crowd in the Puerto Rican labour office. On Thursday, a woman with the peculiarly un-Spanish name of Thelma Mielke presented at Lake Success, on behalf of the "Nationalist party of Puerto Rico," a plea for the United Nations to intervene on behalf of the island and against the United States.

The revolt was quelled quickly. Mr. Truman is unhurt. The bombs injured no one. The United Nations has no competence in the matter, even if it wished to take a hand—which it does not.

Two major facts make these the acts of madmen or of a group worked upon emotionally by enemies of the United States from without.

The first of these is that in all the world only sovereign states have a greater degree of autonomy than Puerto Rico at the present time. The people of the island elect their own Governor, members of their Senate and House of Representatives and their representative in Washington. They make their own laws. (The Congressional right to veto insular legislation has never been exercised). Their resident Commissioner in Washington has no vote in Congress, but, as sole Puerto Rican representative there, his word bears tremendous weight in decisions affecting the island.

More important, perhaps, is the right of the insular Government to make its own tax laws. This has permitted a tax structure which distributes the burden in such a way as to

expand public services and encourage the industrialization so necessary to support the extremely dense population. Furthermore, all customs duties collected on Puerto Rican products shipped to the mainland are returned to the insular treasury. In 1948 the duty on rum alone was almost \$7,000,000, or one-tenth of the total insular budget.

Finally, the island will soon have its own Constitution. Dr. Antonio Fernos Isern, resident Commissioner in Washington, fought hard for what he believes to be the last step necessary to perfect the political relationship between the insular and Federal Governments. On June 4, next year, the people will go to the polls to vote upon their own basic law.

The Congressional Act making this possible was signed by the President only four months ago. As a matter of fact, the target for the bullets of Puerto Rican assassins has been sympathetic to the nationalistic aspirations of the islanders from the time he took office. As early as October, 1945, he told Congress that it was time "to ascertain from the people of Puerto Rico their wishes as to the ultimate status which they prefer." He did not rule out absolute independence, if that was what the people desired.

"I have said to the Congress several times," he said on a visit to Puerto Rico in 1948, "that the Puerto Rican people should have the right to determine for themselves Puerto Rico's political relationship to the continental United States."

Nevertheless there seems to be a fierce nationalist streak among certain Puerto Ricans who would like to cut off all ties with the U.S.A. The psychology of this could be best explained by looking into the life of the President of the Island's Nationalist party, Dr. Pedro Albizu Campos.

Just 52 years ago, American troops landed at Ponce, Puerto Rico, to proclaim the freedom of the Caribbean island from Spanish rule.

Neither Gen. Nelson A. Miles nor any of his ranking officers spoke Spanish fluently, so they called upon a prosperous Basque merchant who had lived in the U. S. to read to the people the proclamation of freedom.

While his bright-eyed 7-year-old son looked proudly on, Don Alejandro Campos not only translated the proclamation but extended a flowery welcome to the American liberators.

Don Alejandro is dead—but the son who witnessed the ceremony still lives. He is Pedro Albizu Campos, president of the Puerto Rico Nationalist Party and sparkplug of the bloody revolution which rocked the U. S. territory for two full days, and shocked America yesterday when two Campos followers attempted to assassinate President Truman.

What happened to the bright-eyed youngster—a favorite of the occupying Americans—to turn him into a violent zealot, an enemy of the "Lily-Whites," and an implacable foe of everything American?

Nothing much during the early years of his life.

He finished school in Ponce and San Juan. He made friends among the children of Army officers. He knew nothing then of race prejudice, although his mother was of African, Indian and Spanish extraction.

Later, he was to say bitterly that "the Yanquis always overlooked the Indian and Spanish when they saw my mother."

So, he came to the U. S. and entered the University of Vermont. He transferred to Harvard and started a brilliant scholastic career. When World War I broke out, he entered a training unit at Harvard and was recommended for a commission in the U. S. Army.

Other classmates received commissions, but he was shunted from office to office. He begged for an opportunity to go to France when finally the U. S. entered the war.

Instead, he was shipped to Puerto Rico, assigned first to a training school and finally to the 375th Infantry, an all-Negro regiment of conscripts.

"I discovered," he said later, "that the U. S. had done the worst thing possible. They had divided the Puerto Rican troops into two regi-

ments of so-called coloured men and one of so-called whites, and mine was supposed to be a coloured regiment.

"It was a serious mistake. In Puerto Rico we don't have any serious racial issue."

After the armistice, Campos asked for his discharge, returned to Harvard and the Harvard Law School and was back in San Juan in 1921, denouncing "Yanqui imperialism" and demanding full Puerto Rican independence as a member of the Union Party.

A year later, he was denouncing his Union Party colleagues as "wishy-washy" because they refused to regard all Americans as "invaders," and pulled out with a few followers to form the Nationalist Party which proclaimed only one major goalful and immediate independence for Puerto Rico.

He toured 11 Latin American countries for funds for a "revolutionary movement to oust the invaders now," pausing long with a beauty who was to bear him three sons.

He returned in 1930 to become president of the Nationalist Party, then composed mainly of men too young to vote.

"A man who at 18 is not a revolutionist has no heart," an opponent jeered, "and a man who at 45 is not a conservative has no head."

And when the Nationalists polled only 5,207 votes out of 384,000 cast in the 1932 election, Puerto Rican leaders laughed.

The laughter ceased as the violence of Campos' followers increased. By 1936 even Harold J. Ickes was denouncing the fiery nationalist as "a dangerous man."

Campos and 7 of his lieutenants were convicted of conspiracy to overthrow the U. S. Government in 1936 after E. Francis Riggs, Puerto Rican chief of police, was assassinated by a young Nationalist.

Five years in the Federal penitentiary of Atlanta and 2½ years in Columbus Hospital here, where he was treated for tuberculosis, did not temper Campos' bitter hatred of the U. S. He returned to San Juan in 1947 to resume the activities which led to the present disorder.

A light-brown-skinned man with a

heavy moustache and thick jet black hair on a narrow head, Campos' thin 5-foot, 9-inch frame carries less than 140 pounds, but the heavy voice which speaks unceasingly still is vibrant and biting.

He decries violence on occasion, but is proud of his followers.

"If I told them to shoot every man on the police force," he once boasted, "they'd do it the next day."

He boasts of his anti-Americanism. He shrugs off charges that he is a Communist or sympathetic to their cause and claims to be a devout Catholic. He boasts that San Juan had a cathedral a century before the Indians bartered off Manhattan for \$24 worth of baubles.

Despite this, he is also a close friend of Rep. Marcantonio (ALP-Man) and the FBI insists he was once close to Earl Browder. He points out, though, that he turned down Marcantonio's offer to seek a Presidential pardon from Roosevelt when he was jailed in 1936.

He still speaks grandiloquently, refers to himself as "my person," and says that he is "the archetype of the Puerto Rican race."

"As I see it," he says, "Puerto Ricans really are a new race, predominantly white with some infusion of the African race."

He scoffs at more sober contentions that the condition of the Puerto Rican people might become desperate, if all American aid was cut off from the islands, or that he has never developed a programme or a constitution for his much-sought republic.

"I don't believe in preconceived constitutions," he says, "it should be practical and respondent to our racial and cultural needs."

Most of all, though, he continually denounces the "lily white" practices of white Americans as "stupid and dangerous."

Of himself he says, "Whatever I am, I am not stupid."

Dr. J. Holmes Smith is the chairman of the American League for Puerto Rico's Independence. Dr. Smith, a former Methodist missionary in India, was intimately acquainted with Albizu Campos during his exile in New York. He says:—

"I have known Gandhi and Nehru and regard Pedro Albizu Campos as their peer."

THE WELFARE STATE

By KAMALADEVI CHATTOPADHYAYA

THE term Welfare State has become a convenient political cliché in India just now especially with the Congress leadership. Its very vagueness has an allure for our ruling class as a camouflage to evade precise definition of the socio-political character of the State and cover up a multitude of sins of omissions and commissions. Obviously the term is borrowed from Mother England. It is perhaps not quite so well known in India that the term was first coined by the English Conservative Press as a derisive term in contempt of what was going on in Labour England. It was in fact meant to be a caricature in words showing workers spending half their time idling on holidays, the other half resting in free nursing homes; the heavy burden of social services driving the country to bankruptcy while the productivity was shooting down to zero; and at the same time the high cost of production due to higher wages destroying Britain's nerve centers, i. e. her export markets—the sum total of it all being to show up the economic disaster that had overtaken the country because of Labour's welfare policies. Nevertheless the Labour Government has produced results that even a Conservative Government, were it elected, cannot any more easily throw off. Nay, in fact some of these beneficial items have become a part of Britain's destiny. Admittedly it was no easy task that Labour had to shoulder in 1945. It has even been said that it was a piece of unforgivable recklessness for the Labour Government to have entered upon what seemed to a cautious, self-moving world but a gamble. Still the gamble, if gamble it was, was one to which the electorate that voted in Labour was committed. For if ever a political party had a mandate the British Labour Party in 1945 had it. Moreover, Britain was almost at the lowest ebb when it launched out upon this new venture. Her industries at home had been shattered, her assets abroad wiped off. The factories had fallen in efficiency reducing the ratio of power application to human effort; their preferential markets had disappeared while

they faced keen competition over the new. It must, however, be admitted that Britain's economy, her investments and trade abroad and her production at home, were built in the context of competitive selling ensured through low wages for labour. The grandiose British Empire never included its own working class in the benefits, although even today, there are important Englishmen who will whisper in private, if not aloud, that the Welfare State requires the Empire to support it. In fact this pattern of economy proved one of the great deterrents to the successful evolution of what is defined as a Welfare State. The adaptation to change in economic foreign relations was equally difficult, especially after the country had been the incessant target of a major war, resulting in wasted resources and a run down machine. All these factors are of course of a piece in the imperialist pattern. Thus when Labour did come to power after a long ardent struggle, it had to bear the burden of this legacy. The poser to the country was how to live by competing in the foreign markets for which they were less fit than before and at the same time fulfil Labour's pledges to bestow social benefits on its people.

It was undoubtedly a hard task to face and a harder decision for the new Government to take. It was all the harder, in that Labour had sought power in terms of higher wages, shorter hours, better working conditions and all such things which had formed the aims of the trade union movement over the centuries. Yet the situation demanded that if the people as a nation were to be saved and set on the secure road to prosperity, these motivations would have to be modified. The bitter truth was borne in upon the generations that had fought for this proud day, that their laughter would have to be mingled with sighs, their triumph with tears. But Labour as Government had one important national responsibility to see that it was not all sighs and tears but also had a generous content of laughter and fulfilment. That low wages was better than none, that existence was preferable to complete extinction,

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were not arguments likely to have any appeal to a community in a mood of victory and challenge. For with the phenomenal growth of mechanical science, man has become acutely conscious of the infinite possibilities of exploiting his knowledge of and command over his environment for more and better amenities for his kind. The emergence of this mood and the self-confidence it created had long marked the decay of the theological outlook with its emphasis on the Christian virtues of patience, humility and forbearance centred in the Kingdom of Heaven and the Life Everlasting to come. Therefore a redefinition and restating of what Labour had fought for and what was recognised as its due, had become more necessary than ever not only because that was the general conception but even more because it was deemed essential for the task of making the country sound and great. The crux of the problem was that if Labour wanted the many amenities that it had fought for, it would have to pay a stern price. This was not so much a matter of working harder as of consenting to work better, and even insistence on the continuous stepping up of production. Incidentally, they had also to prove that ineffective work is more the fault of bad management than of individual workers, and only workers endowed with greater responsibility could rectify this. It no doubt called for a higher sense of social consciousness as well as a deep faith in themselves and their philosophy to make the many sacrifices and impose restrictions upon themselves voluntarily for what was accepted to be the larger general good and not that of a small aristocracy, feudal or industrial.

There were other handicaps. Most of the industries first nationalised were either obsolete or so badly depleted or run down that deficits were certain. Nevertheless the index of production has risen from month to month, from year to year and compares favourably with the U. S. figures. But what has been more dramatic is the maintenance of the wage-freeze until recently in the face of rising production and increased profits, which is an evidence of Labour's concern for the larger national interest. Another proof of solidarity with Government was the acceptance of incentive wages, that is payments by results, a

procedure so completely contrary to every trade union instinct and resisted over the decades. Its recognition now was proof of the realisation that the general interest needed higher output and called for unusual capacities from men. As against this the British Government spends on food subsidies and health services 820 million pounds annually. There were no food subsidies before the war and the expenditure on health was 1/10 of the amount now being spent.

The bluff of grandiose objective of the Indian National Congress of economic democracy in terms of a higher standard, more social amenities, narrowing down of disparities in income and wealth, has already been called by no less a person than a Minister from West Bengal who questions the possibility of its taking shape in the present context and contends that this would only raise vague hopes in people's minds and become the subject of another round of controversy.

The first contention of those who challenge all talk of a Welfare State is that India just simply has not the resources for what they regard as a luxury. In fact all British Conservative and American propaganda against the British experiment was its "spend-thrift nature". The President of the International Bank, for instance, offered Britain the gratuitous advice just on the eve of devaluation that the extravagance of the Labour Government in refusing to cut its expenses had made devaluation inevitable. Cutting expenses is one thing but to do that by any substantial reduction in the social services and abandonment of the programme of nationalisation would have meant political betrayal.

Today all the emphasis in India is put on production, as though once there was acceleration and greater volume in production, the Welfare State would materialise. Production is not an isolated aspect of a community's life. It is closely inter-related to the entire setting of our national working. Thus any emphasis at increased production within the existing social framework, instead of the direct tangible advance it should guarantee to the masses in terms of their subsistence priorities which is the only criterion applicable to such a policy, renders all talk of a Welfare

State just casual with no seriousness in it. Where the main core and frame-work of our economy is to be kept intact with just a few ostentatious trimmings of State control, planning and the like, that do not alter its basic character, objectives like equitable distribution become pious sounding epithets. For they hold out little promise of being translated into reality. To a people after centuries of political slavery, social degradation and economic exploitation these are of crucial significance. We could not do better than to quote a statement by the British Labour Party on the eve of the elections: "Realising the failure of private enterprise to utilise the nation's industrial and labour forces to meet the needs of the post-war problems the solution of which would involve national planning with the application of extensive State control and direction for any far-reaching scheme of reconstruction, we recognise that as labour is so inseparably connected with the industrial and social life of the nation, it is essential that it exercises the maximum influence upon the direction the inevitable changes should take."

How much bigger are the problems we have to tackle in this post-free-doom period, how much more vital the changes that cry for direction and drive, how much more dynamic the spirit to move them has to be! Yet the sum-total of the Government's economic policy in its fundamentals is for the maintenance of the *status quo*.

The logical corollary to the Government's thesis that if production is to increase, then capitalists must be assured of their profits cuts at the very root of a Welfare State and is the very antithesis of the premises from which the Labour Government in England started from. In essence it is the acceptance of private profit as the major economic impulse instead of the faith and fervour of the workmen, the producer on whom has hinged the gigantic effort in Britain. For under the existing system where finance capital is the pivot, production is determined by profits to the functionless investor and not by the needs and welfare of the community at large. The uneven levels underlying the present social structure

prevent a natural, peaceful and satisfactory division of the wealth and services the world possesses.

A planned and controlled economy with the major industries socialised is an essential step towards a Welfare State, for then increased production has a significance to the producer which can only be in terms of a higher standard of life and wider and better social amenities. Then alone can accelerated production and voluntary imposition of austerities become meaningful. If the British Labour Government could get the phenomenal co-operation it did from the producers, how much more a leadership that had led the country to freedom. What could not a man of Pandit Nehru's stature ask of his people and get it? The appeal however becomes ephemeral unless accompanied by appropriate action to put a curb on the lawlessness of large vested interests instead of moral appeals to their conscience which is notoriously feeble if not well-nigh extinct. The boldness and that spirit of Do or Perish which marks the genuine architects of a Welfare State, is totally absent in either the Congress leadership or the present administrations. Where is the vision for operating intelligent controls, the strong hand to regulate costs of production and margins of profit, in short to breathe life into a dead lifeless social and economic mechanism that spins like a top in the winds of *laissez faire*?

There is no middle path today between a Socialist or Welfare State—and let there be no mistake and no camouflaging of ideas by mincing words. A Welfare State is possible only under Socialism—the rest is only a caricature and an ugly fraud. What is more, the Welfare State as an ideal and a fact has come to stay. Even the Conservatives of England and the Congressmen of India have to swear by it to survive politically even though the declaration be a lip one. There is no turning back to the ordeals of *laissez faire* with its drifts and depressions. The choice is whether it will be established and run by the will and sanction of the people as in a Socialist democracy or established by violence through a totalitarian regime of a party-dominated State.

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SIDELIGHTS :

Man, proud man! dressed in a little brief authority, plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep.—SHAKESPEARE.

SPEAKING about the competitive examinations conducted by the Federal Public Services Commission, Sir C. V. Raman remarked, "It looks as though a special technique has been evolved whereby the mediocres can be pushed up over the heads of really brilliant men." Such devastating comment from a citizen of the distinction of Sir C. V. Raman should have made some appeal to the conscience of the authorities responsible for the constitution of the Commission. But apparently it has not. The Government should have examined the work of the Commission to determine whether its members are fit to continue in their present responsible positions. They have not done so. Here are a few facts relating to the performance of the Commission which are so amazing that they call into question even the sanity of a Government permitting such a Commission to exist.

Some 3090 candidates were admitted by the U. P. S. C. for the 1949 I. A. S. examination. Actually 1956 candidates appeared. Of these, 513 secured 472 marks—45 per cent of the total—in the written examination and were called up for interview to undergo a Viva Voce test. The number of marks allotted for the Viva Voce test is 300. On the basis of the written examination, the candidates could be divided into four classes, outstanding, good, fair and mediocre. In the 1949 total of 513 candidates, there were 27 of the first class, 73 of the second, 161 of the third and 252 of the fourth. It may be said that the 100 candidates of the first two classes represent the cream of the whole body selected for interview. But out of them as many as 54 were rejected in the final selection list. 70 per cent of the vacancies have gone to mediocres and third-rate men. The highest marks in the Viva Voce seem to have been reserved for some of the worst candidates in the written examination and the lowest to some of the best.

The first candidate with 720 marks in the written examination, with distinction in five subjects and 127 marks out of 150 in general knowledge, was given only 5 per cent of the marks in the Viva Voce test and rejected in the final selection! Such a thing has not happened in the whole history of competitive examinations in India.

There were only 9 out of the whole lot of 1900 and odd candidates who secured triple distinction in three subjects in the written examination. Seven of these nine have been rejected!

Whereas in previous years the mean score in the Viva Voce test was over 50 per cent, in 1949 it was 19 per cent, and there can be no doubt that the Viva Voce was used in 1949 as an instrument for discrimination against merit in a manner never heard of before. The pity of it is that there are no verifiable primary records in the form of questions put to candidates and their answers and the verdict of the interview board is final and unchallengeable, with no appeal against it.

On the basis of the performance of the Commission in 1949, no right-minded person can help coming to the conclusion that there is something radically wrong and perverse about it, and the members ought to be relieved of their duties in the public interest. This Commission is a menace to everything decent and has no place in civilized administration.

Publicity Minister Bhaktavatsalam, when questioned in the Assembly, denied having stopped advertisements "during the past year" to any newspaper to which they used to be sent previously. The question was ineptly put. The Minister should have been asked if he stopped advertisements to any paper after he took charge of the Publicity portfolio. This journal has received such a distinction at Sri Bhaktavatsalam's hands. I make no complaint of it, since with ministers of the calibre we have, it is only to be expected that criticism will be met with retaliation. But it reduces to nonsense

the Minister's pretension of disposing of advertisements on the basis of circulation. Journals with one-tenth the circulation of SWATANTRA are on the Minister's favoured list. It is not contended that a large circulation alone entitles a paper to advertisements. Says Wickham Steed: "The quantitative concept of publicity-value leads advertisers to withhold advertisements from high class publications with limited circulations and thus to cripple or to strangle some of the best organs of the press." He gives the example of a periodical each copy of which was read by an average of ten persons, while some copies passed through as many as 300 hands. "Libraries and institutions which tried to keep a file of it invariably found it thumbed and read to tatters before the next issue could appear". On the other hand some of the tricks with which "popular" newspapers boosted up their circulations ended by depriving advertisers of the degree of publicity for which they paid—since many "registered" readers never looked at a copy of the paper they bought while others bought five to six copies in the hope of getting prizes for crossword puzzles or for the sake of competition coupons. Describing the ideal newspaper of his conception, Wickham Steed says that it would steadfastly refuse to publish net sales certificates, and it would scorn to canvass for subscribers by offering them free insurance or other benefits. "It would be militant, tied to no interest, careless of hostility, sure that none would be able to ignore it."

Thoughtful students of the British press are of the view that the advertising "profession" bears a heavy responsibility "for the undeniable lowering of the character and quality of the British press as a whole during the past ten or twenty years." And they ask, "How long will it be before they rise to the moral responsibilities of their profession?" Publicity Ministers of the stamp of Sri Bhaktavatsalam will do well to ponder over this question. They have no right to dispose of Government funds entrusted to them for advertisement purposes as though they belonged to their own private purse to be distributed to their friends and withheld from their critics.—SAKA.

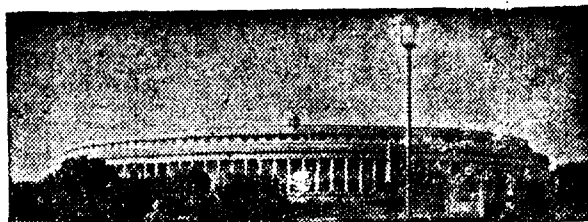


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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

MUNSHI must resign. Storms should not be belittled by declaring that they have taken place in a tea-cup. As far as Munshi is concerned, it is a good opportunity for him to run away from the Ministership, for which he has been finding himself unequal. Jairamdas Daulatram was slightly more successful than Munshi as Food Minister. Munshi tries to be too clever. And when a man tries to be too clever, he invariably bungles. It is only Rajagopalachari who can be too clever and still continue to be in some position or other. He is really a clever man.

In a court of law, it is enough if the lawyer satisfies the judge. And a judge does not have to bother much about plausibility. He is only concerned about legality.

Parliament, although composed of mere Congress Party nominees, is certainly a body which depends on commonsense more than on legalistics. The technique of the law court therefore cuts little ice in a legislature: but one wishes there were fewer lawyers in Parliament. I am entirely in agreement with Panditji's observations on the role of lawyers in society.

It is a pity we don't take a clear-cut stand on Nepal. We cannot afford to have an antedeluvian dictatorship in Nepal. It is not good for us. Intrigues of the worst kind are always possible when you have Governments which do not command the support of the large majority of the people. A popular Government with King Tribhuvan as Constitutional Head of the State should be our openly declared policy. And we should be prepared to go all out in aid of the popular movement. The Socialist Party has been more inspiring than the Government on Nepal. It is quite true that we have so far been giving recognition to the King of

Nepal who is now in Delhi. I have heard glowing accounts of his sociability and courteousness. I saw the gallant Princes and the charming Princesses of Nepal at the Prime Minister's reception to the members of Parliament on November 19. (The reception coincided with Shrimati Indira Gandhi's birthday: but to those who greeted her, she replied with a twinkle in her eye, "You are not supposed to know about it. It is a secret.")

Panditji gave a very Shavian reply to the message of good wishes sent by us of the Shaw Society on the occasion of his birthday. I requested him to accept my best wishes for many happy returns of the day, "although Bernard Shaw hated the idea of birthday greetings." Panditji's efficient Secretary, Mr. M. O. Matthai, who is a good Shavian—and who was present when Panditji met Bernard Shaw—conveyed to us the usual message that Shri Nehru "is grateful to you for your good wishes on the occasion of his birthday." "Your break with Shavian tradition," the letter added, "so soon after the formation of the Shaw Society, under your presidentship, is interesting!" The word "interesting" is interesting. It indicates that being a Shavian, Panditji knows that the only Shavian tradition is that there is no Shavian tradition. If we are to grow beards because Bernard Shaw had a beard (under the impression that that is the Shavian tradition) the Shaw Society would be useless. Shaw will, if we are not careful, suffer the fate of Buddha. Buddha was no believer in God, but we have made an avatar out of him. Shaw was a ruthless attacker of the Victorian conventions, which were hardening into traditions. We can be worshippers at the shrine of Shaw only figuratively. If we make him an actual idol, we will hardly do the right thing by the iconoclast.

Bertrand Russell has said that China would not have intervened in Korea if the U. S. had recognised the People's Government. Russell is no friend of the Communists, but he knows the Chinese very well. His *Problem of China* is the best book on China that I have read. Russell was brought up in the tradition that an idle man's brain is the devil's workshop: but his visit to China made him write *In Praise of Idleness*. The Chinese are in many ways the greatest country on this earth. Nobody knows as well as they do the beauties of leisure. A civilisation is best judged by the manner in which the people spend their leisure. There would have been neither Korea nor Tibet to trouble the world if the U. S. had made it possible for the People's Government to send its representative to Lake Success. Oscar for Jawaharlal Nehru for the best foreign policy of the year! The Chinese are a highly individualist people—even like the Indians. It is most unfortunate that the U. S. and her friends are making enemies with China instead of making friends with her.

The President's address was remarkable for the lack of showmanship. Rajen Babu's strength is his lack of showmanship. When he is walking, you are not aware that the President is walking; when he is speaking, you do not know that the President is speaking. You think you are speaking to a polite, even diffident, individual. He does not think too much of himself, as most men in power do.

Nobody believed the Prime Minister's statement that the next General Elections would be held early in 1951. The President's statement that they will be held at the end of 1951 appears more plausible, although there is no knowing that they will be held in winter either. I had about half a dozen interviews with Rajen Babu before he became President. Whenever I put him the question as to when the Constituent Assembly would finish its work, he hoped that it would be finished in the course of the next few months. He was anxious that it should be finished quickly. But it always got postponed. The last time I asked the question, he replied, with a sweet smile: "I really cannot tell.

It depends on the members of the Constituent Assembly. I however expect that it would be finished during this session. There are transitory provisions in the Draft Constitution, and if they are accepted, the Constitution comes into force in accordance with these provisions. Until the new Constitution is actually promulgated there will be a hiatus, and at that time there will be some kind of Care-taker Government. The transitory provisions are that the Assembly will become Parliament, and that the Provisional President will be elected.

Question: Was not the President of the Constituent Assembly to become the Provisional President of the Republic in accordance with the precedent in other countries?

Dr. Prasad: I do not know what the precedent is. One or two members of the Drafting Committee recommended it because it was thought that Lord Mountbatten would be going away; but Lord Mountbatten continued to be Governor-General. The proposal of the Drafting Committee is that the Constituent Assembly should elect the President.

Now only the phrase of "Care-taker Government" is being used by other leaders. Rajen Babu is one of the few people who are not intoxicated by power. Russell, I am sure, would like him for that.

Norman Marshall quoted from the Prologue of Henry V, before he introduced the scenes from Shakespeare, which had a very successful run at the Regal for a week. The Prologue was very appropriate:

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,

Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble
patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our
play.

But it was not necessary to cut Shakespeare into a thousand pieces in order that we may make "imaginary puissance". We are happy to see Shakespeare acted more or less in accordance with the ideas of the old Elizabethan Stage Society, which saved Shakespeare for the twentieth century. Sir Henry Irving so mangled Shakespeare that Stephen Leacock said that he was the "Saloonio"—who, according to Colonel Hogshead, was the chief character in the *Merchant of Venice*. When it was pointed to him that Saloonio did not figure in the Dramatic Personae, the Colonel is undaunted. "Why, of course, he didn't", he said. "You don't suppose you'd find Saloonio there! That's the whole art of it! That's Shakespeare! That's the whole gist of it! He's kept clean out of the Personae—gives him scope, gives him a free hand, makes him more of a type than ever. Oh, it's a subtle thing, sir, the dramatic art!"

There is no Saloonio in Norman Marshall's troupe. I did not, of course, like Mr. Marshall coming out every time and explaining what is going on, and what is about to go on. Probably a voice from within would be more effective. Since the same people figure as characters in all the Plays, disbelief becomes less and less willing to be suspended. There is a schoolboy air about presenting scenes from Shakespeare. We do not require to be convinced that the British are a cultured people. We take that for granted. (Maybe, the French do not: and scenes from Shakespeare may be quite in order in France). We would insist on a whole Play by Shakespeare; and we are not satisfied with the demonstration of acting talent and of Shakespeare's genius. They have never been in doubt in this country. Cuts in Shakespeare have no justification, and presenting scenes has even less justification. The Dramatic Opinions and Essays of Bernard Shaw have obviously been lost on the British Council. Or is it the influence of Marshall Plan (George, not Norman) on British Culture? The Americans like everything condensed because they have no time for anything. They have no time for Shakespeare;

so they would like to get a holt of it by sitting through a couple of scenes. I only hope that the condensing fever does not catch the Penguins and the Pelicans. I dread the prospect of Hardy, Galsworthy and Wodehouse being condensed for my benefit.

Poor Shakespeare cannot protest, but we, whose attitude to the Bard is on this side of idolatry, can. I do not like my Shakespeare cut into a thousand bits. The British Council seems to know that this is a possible line of criticism. I have heard many people ask, "Are not a few scenes from Shakespeare better than no Shakespeare at all?" My answer, speaking for myself, is in the negative. I know there are many who would be dying for even a small bit of Shakespeare in this country. But not all of them would be able to see the Shakespeare Company perform, because of the prohibitive rates of admission. I tried hard to go a second time, and was prepared to pay the cash. I could not buy a ticket because the House was full. My reaction was not so much of regret at my inability to see the excellent players as of satisfaction that I did not have to pay an almost prohibitive sum of money a second time. And I am a professional critic, who should be able to spend a little money on the theatre, because most of the other shows I see cost me nothing. I do not like the idea of the British Council trying to make me pay an awful lot of money to meet the rent of the Hall charged by the Theatre Manager. I would have preferred their staging their show at the Irwin Theatre or the Wavell Theatre. They could then have got the Hall almost without any charge.

The British Council should much rather put on their shows under the auspices of cultural organisations in this country than under the aegis of commercial magnates. They should be able also to play in different parts of the town without placing themselves at the mercy of commercial interests. To see Culture being controlled by Commerce is to experience an extremely sad plight.

As Goldsmith has said:
Honour sinks when commerce long
prevails,
Wealth accumulates, and men
decay.

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