

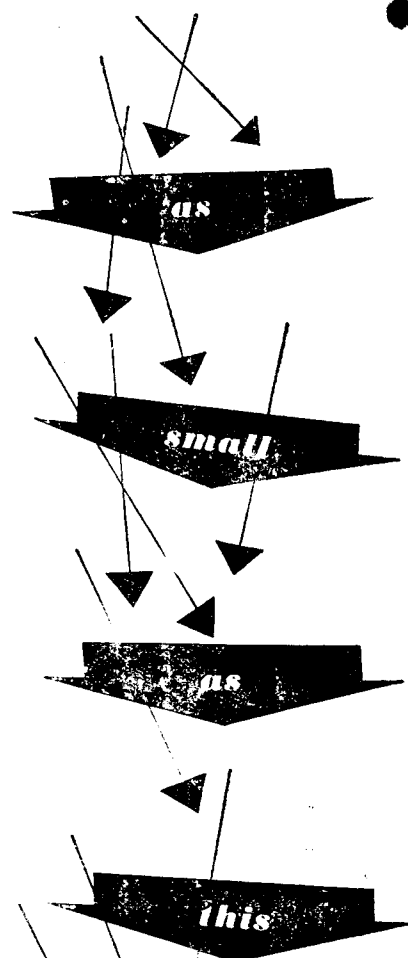
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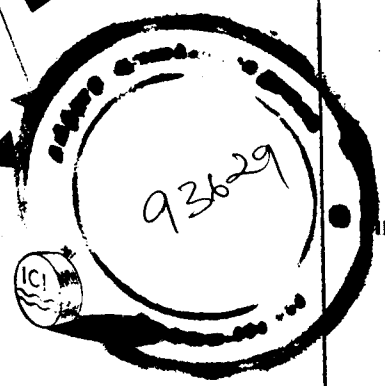
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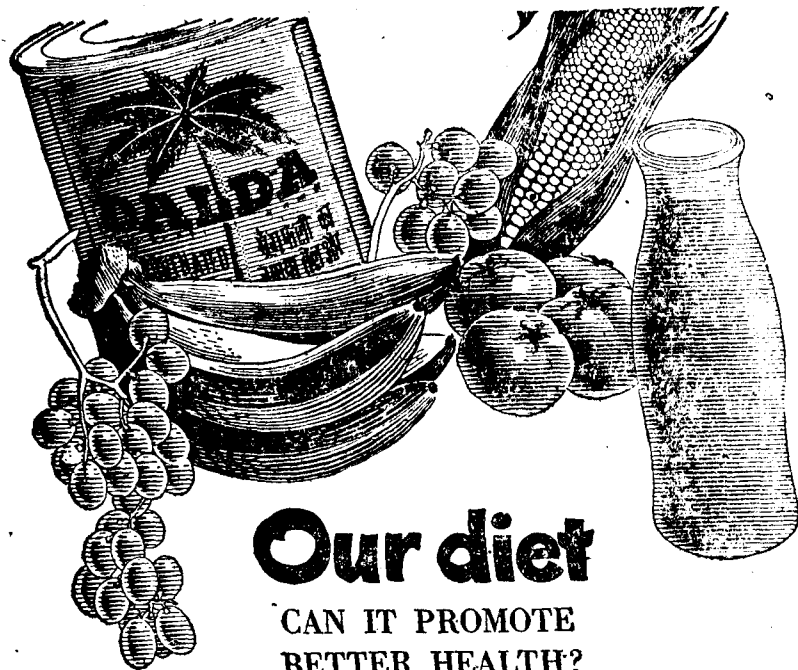
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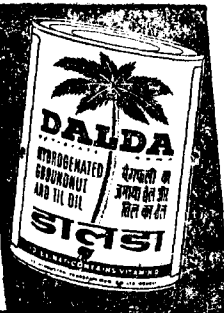
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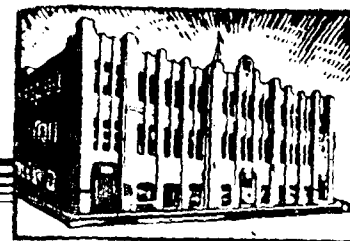
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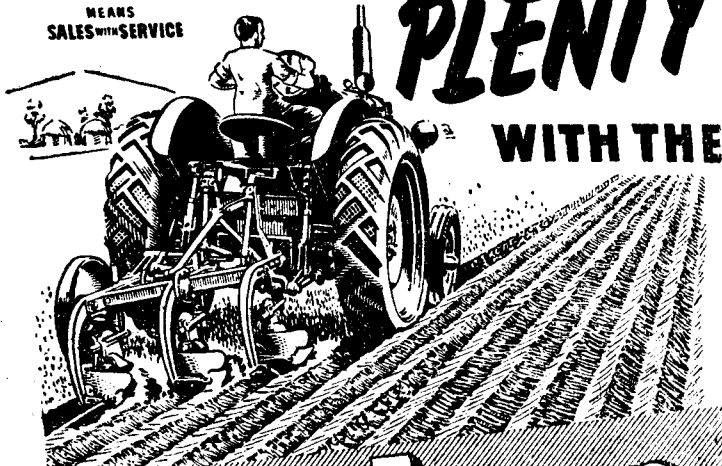
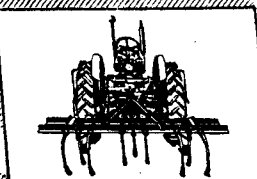
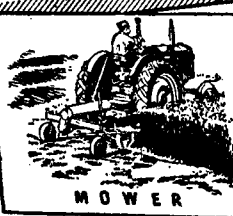
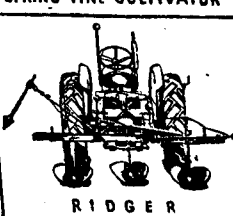
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VOL. V
No. 45

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

CHARGES AND COUNTER-CHARGES

AN analysis of the speeches of the ministers and their supporters on Sri Prakasam's motion in the Legislative Assembly affords significant testimony on the standards of Congress rule in Madras State. Much play was made on the argument, "Why did the mover not bring his motion, Sir, two years ago?" Even if the motion was not brought earlier for the only reason that the mover did not choose to bring it earlier, it does not in the least have a bearing on the guilt or otherwise of the ministers concerned in the matter of the charges against them. Another argument that was repeatedly brought forward related to Sri Prakasam's duty to the Congress Party. It was stated that he had violated the discipline of the party by bringing forward a motion forbidden by the party chiefs. Unfortunately for the ministers, Sri Prakasam's defiance of the party is not a relevant factor at all for the exoneration of the ministers. Nor is the legislature the proper forum for canvassing sentiment in favour of leaders of parties unable to maintain discipline in their own ranks. Some of the ministerialist legislators threatened dire repercussions in consequence of the communal resentments which according to them were provoked by the motion. They said that the non-brahmins were angered at the allegations brought against office-holding members of their community. It was also said that the Tamils would not brook interference with the affairs of Tamil Nadu by outsiders. And they shouted, "Hands off Tamil Nadu." If non-brahmins are angered in the manner indicated, there is only one

remedy. They should get legally banned the trial for any offence of any member of their community by others. Nor should the Tamils tolerate the handling of the finances of the whole State by an outsider like Sri Gopala Reddi. It might be that in the fullness of time, if this species of legislator should multiply, the administration of the State will be brought into harmony with its mentality. But as yet there is no protection in law for offenders on a communal or regional basis. Ministers of all communities and linguistic denominations are on a par in the matter of responsibility for abuses of position. Both Tamils and non-brahmins are insulted, and not correctly represented, when their professed champions make them out thus as addicted to perversities running counter to the ordinary decencies of cultured existence and the very spirit of the Constitution and civilized law.

One other argument employed by the ministerialists must be characterised as fatal to their own credit. This consisted in turning round on Sri Prakasam and his own ministers during his year of office and scheduling a list of irregularities by way of counter-charges. Innocent persons rarely argue that others are guilty also. The counter-charges against Sri Prakasam might be relevant for a demand to form another committee to scrutinise his administrative record also. But they serve absolutely no purpose as a means of defence for the accused ministers. While Sri Prakasam and the present ministers have accused each other, the former has not only been ready but has even

been inviting an enquiry into his administration in the past, whereas the latter have been roused to fury by the motion for enquiry and have already shielded themselves through a command of the leader to the party-members to vote the motion down. It is simple commonsense that innocent persons unfairly accused, will insist on the completest investigation to clear their characters instead of resorting to the commandeering of votes to avoid it.

Considerable time was spent in the discussion over the charges against Sri Gopala Reddi and Sri Sitarama Reddi. They were accused of having used their power as ministers for the benefit of relatives of their own to whom large grants in lieu of State aid to industries had been given. Strange theories were propounded in the course of the ministerial defence to the charges. The line taken by the ministers was that the beneficiaries were not so close to them in relationship as Sri Prakasam said they were, and besides, there was an independent statutory body to dispose of State loans to industries in the first instance. As reported in a local newspaper, "Sri Gopala Reddi sent the House into roars of laughter by saying that his colleague Mr. Sitarama Reddi, Minister for Revenue, was telling him that he (Mr. Sitarama Reddi) could trace his relationship to Mahatma Gandhi." Then followed this masterpiece of casuistry:

"A Reddi in North Arcot married an Iyengar lady who traced her relationship to Mr. C. Rajagopalachari who had given his daughter in marriage to the son of Mahatma Gandhi. This Reddi was related to Mr. Sitharama Reddi and so Mr. Sitharama Reddi was related to Mahatma Gandhi."

Sri Gopala Reddi facetiously added that "in a similar fashion he could tell the House that every Reddi, whether in Trichinopoly or in any other district, was related to him." It was the substance of his argument that he as Finance Minister was only "distantly related" to the directors of the assisted company. In view of the

fact that among these supposed "distantly related" directors are to be found the Finance Minister's own brother and brother-in-law, the inference is obvious that he is the type of person with no compunction to mislead in order to gain a point. The words of such a type of person do not command credence. When he says that the industries board is an independent body and he had nothing to do with its recommendation, the mere disclaimer does not suffice. "Had he nothing to do with its recommendation in the same sense in which Sri Sitarama Reddi is related to Mahatma Gandhi?"—this is a question which few disinterested observers that had intelligently followed the proceedings, can help asking.

In the concluding part of his speech Sri Gopala Reddi waxed eloquent over the achievement of surpluses in his budgets in contrast to Sri Prakasam's deficit tendencies, and several uninstructed legislators greeted his offensive self-conceit with plaudits. The Finance Minister of Madras State, to the misfortune of those governed by him, does not seem to know the revolution in the principles of budget-making that has taken place during and since the war. It is no longer sound finance merely to produce a surplus. Says Beveridge:

"Adoption of a national policy of full employment means a revolution in national finance—a new type of budget.... What is the essence of this new budgetary policy? It is that the budget is made with reference to available man-power, not to money; that it becomes a "human budget". Man-power is a datum; it cannot be altered by State action; to take anything else as a datum and to try to fit use of man-power to it is to risk mass unemployment or mass fatigue. It follows that the Minister of National Finance has to take each year one cardinal decision; after estimating how much, assuming full employment and under the taxation which he proposes, private citizens may be expected to lay out that year on consumption and private investment, he must propose for that year public outlay sufficient, with this estimated private outlay, to employ the whole man-power of the country, that is to

say sufficient to make the assumption of full employment come true. This cardinal decision involves a break with the two main principles which have governed the State budgets of the past; first, that State expenditure should be kept down to the minimum necessary to meet inescapable needs; second that State income and expenditure should balance each year.... The State, if it aims at full employment, must be prepared at need to spend more than it takes away from the citizens by taxation, in order to use the labour and other productive resources which would otherwise be wasted in unemployment."

It is clear from these words of Beveridge that a Finance Minister like Sri Gopala Reddi who confuses a surplus with efficiency and spending with bungling, and adorns himself with bouquets for his feat of saving and throws brick-bats at a predecessor for having spent and not saved, does not know the A. B. C. of national finance.

Of all the charges against the ministers, the worst in our opinion is the one relating to the radium needles scandal. The other charges involved misuse of money and other things like

permits. This particular one was concerned with human lives though the charge, as worded, failed to bring out clearly this aspect of the matter. We are informed that defective radium eats into the tissues and causes painful complications of an incurable kind. Knowing this full well, a specialist in radiology permitted defective radium to go into use even after he was warned that the needles were defective; and the minister, his brother-in-law, issued a Press Note announcing that the defective needles were "giving good results"! It was only when Dr. Rajan became Minister for Health that the "good results" of Mr. Shetty were discovered non-existing and the needles were withdrawn. There is enough in this sequence to indicate callous disregard of human life and suffering, and a legislature that permits those responsible for it all to issue certificates in their own favour, and is content to let the matter rest at that, must be convicted of knowing very little of public welfare—and caring less.

Sotto Voce

WARDEN OF THE MARCHES



NEPAL has been a magic word for me from my earliest years. Growing up in a town which was the seat of a great Acharya-peetha I caught fleeting glimpses of the Nepalese royalty and nobility as they came to pay their respects to the guru on their way to Rameswaram. When the rest of Hindustan lay prostrate at the feet of the foreigner, when the Sanatana Dharma led a fugitive existence

in the land of its birth, Nepal for us was the citadel of independence and the custodians of Pasupatinath the rightful successors to the Hindu hegemony which had passed from the Seesodias. The fighting Gurkha was a symbol of strength in which we gloried vicariously.

The Maharaja Chandra Shamsher Jung Bahadur Rana, when he attend-

ed the coronation of Edward VII, chartered a vessel to carry Ganga water for his ablutions. This fact impressed us no less than the deferential welcome that he received in England. We remembered how outrageously insulted her proud pro-consul had felt when Sayaji Rao Gaekwar so far forgot the humility that was expected of a vassal as to turn his back on the Imperial Curzon at the latter's Durbar instead of moving backward like a monkey on its hind legs. The dispenser of the Gurkha destiny was an Ally to be made much of.

We knew vaguely that Nepal had a King as well as a Maharaja. But His Majesty was remote and mysterious like Mount Everest. And the notion of a hereditary Prime Minister did not irk us very much. We had been dazzled by the splendid achievement of the Peishwas while we had nothing but pity not untinged with contempt for Sahu who was memorable chiefly for his exploit of dying at Satara in the eventful year 1748. And was not the King of England himself very much like His Majesty of Nepal, one who reigned but did not rule?

But then Britain is a democracy, I shall be told. That may be good textbook politics, but it is the Cabinet that rules the roost and the Cabinet is one man's creation. The Prime Minister of England—let alone the Prime Minister of India—is as much the sole ruler in fact as ever were the hereditary Prime Ministers of Nepal. I do not forget that the former two have to win elections unlike the last. But whoever believes that a parliamentary majority constitutes democracy can believe anything.

Our Government seems to think that an irresponsible or irremovable executive is incompatible with democracy. But what do we find in America, the land of free and equal men? Is not the President a law unto himself so long as he lasts—even to the point of being able without let or hindrance to order atom bombs to be tossed about as if

they were tennis balls? Mr. Truman may be removed if Mr. Dewey can persuade a sufficient number of voters to do so. But before the elections come round civilisation may go up in smoke. And why should Mr. Nehru suppose that Nepal loves democracy? The crypto-Communists whose hit and run tactics have hit the headlines have clearly Mao for their beau ideal, not Motilal's son.

The marriage of convenience between the runaway King and the malcontents who, having found a safe asylum in Behar, are assiduously promoting 'revolution' against their formidable kinsman the Prime Minister, hardly lends itself to romantic treatment. Possibly I am doing an injustice to King Tribhuvan. He may have no higher ambitions than to be free for the rest of his life to go about shopping in Connaught Square and enjoying himself in the night clubs of the capital. His provident action in walking away with the Great Seal is no more likely to hold up business in Nepal than did James II's equally shrewd stroke. But the Crown jewels are a different matter. He evidently thought them more valuable than the two motherless grandsons, aged three and one, whom the Prime Minister found cowering in a vault.

If an ironic destiny has catapulted one of these deserted infants on to the throne of Nepal, I cannot see how we can interfere. And as for "reforms," the pemmicanized variety which the State Department has patented has not exactly been a shining success in the old Princely States. With what face then can we commend it to a country over which we have not even a tenuous suzerainty? And is that the way, in these highly troubled times, to protect our paramount interest in the safety and security of Nepal? The Rana regime may be mediaeval, but it has proved its worth again and again as Warden of the Marches. Scrapping it for the 'democracy' of fellow-travellers would be about as wise as scratching your head with a burning brand.

VIGHNESWARA.

CRICKET

THE English are good at coining phrases with a practical flavour. They sometimes appear illogical and slightly irrelevant but they express the genius of both the language and the people. Most of them have something to do with sport. One does not hit below the belt. One shoots straight. Certain information is straight from the horse's mouth. Something or other is not one's pigeon. It is better not to fish in troubled waters; and finally, as a crowning condemnation, something isn't cricket. This last phrase has a touch of philosophy and is one way of saying that one should play the game of life straight regardless of consequences (shades of Krishna and Arjuna) and take victory and defeat with about the same dose of cheerfulness. The late Earl Baldwin offered a prize at a gathering for any one who could name the author of the lines:

"So saying he opened the door of the wicket

And out of it went the poor little cricket."

The English mind hovers round cricket. So much so their Imperial pro-consuls developed the game wherever they went and inculcated the principle of the straight bat.

We were led into these mild speculations recently after listening to the radio, participating in discussion and reading in the newspapers about the Bombay Test. By all reasonable anticipation cricket should not develop in India. The climate of this country is uncomfortably hot for most of the year. Not a pleasant relaxation after beer and lunch on Saturday afternoon, with the sun spreading a pleasant warmth and the shadows lengthening, but sweat and toil punctuated with ice water and towels and dropped catches due to the sun in

the eye is the normal feature of tropical cricket. Temperamentally also we are not stodgy and phlegmatic. The Indian approach is pyrotechnic. We play an exceedingly fine game of hockey and an excellent game of polo. Cricket calls for the suppression of individual brilliance and the cultivation of a fine team spirit but collective mediocrity relieved by personal showmanship are the chief characteristics of our sportsmen. One would have thought that a game that can be played for an hour or so during the cool of the evening, with speed and spectacle, would eventually become the leading sport of the country. Instead, a slow game, that takes the players and the spectators away from their work for days together, in which the intervals for lunch, tea, drinking ice water, arranging the field, changing the field when one of the batsman is left-handed should together be a sufficient cure for insomnia, has taken pride of place as the leading sport of the land. And modern cricket has reached such a level of technical efficiency that one hears a series of dull knocks, reminding one of Macbeth ("Whence is that knock?") relieved by the occasional punishment of a loose ball. At no time and in no place are conditions normal. The pitch is either too soft or too hard. Either the sun converts into concrete or the drizzle makes it a field fit for transplantation. The screen is not in the right place. The ball does not turn. The wind interferes with the flight of the ball. The light is wrong. Altogether the indeterminates dominate.

There must be some compelling factor that draws this country to cricket in spite of so many adverse conditions. We see the defects more clearly. It

is by now generally agreed that in recent years the politics of cricket has been pretty fierce, leading to expulsions, explanations and press interviews. Definitely not cricket. Perhaps this is due to the fact that instead of being built up by a sound upper and middle class tradition, by a large number of persons who play the game enthusiastically but not well, the game has, too early in its life, developed a semi-professional character. Also, the unsound fielding of our great players is something to be ashamed of. Don Bradman says in his book "Farewell to Cricket," that after watching the fielding of the West Indians he thought that coloured people were good at fielding but was disappointed when he saw the performance of the Indian team. Perhaps this is part of the "psychology of prestige" that inferior work like running after a ball that somebody has hit, is undignified. But why drop catches? We are also unable to explain the terrific disparity in perfor-

mance. Granted that cricket is a game of chance, it is not easy to understand why a team should be all out for less than a hundred runs in an innings while the opposite team, under the same conditions, piles up a respectable score. In other words, the temperamental factor should be kept at a minimum.

If the game is to take an honoured place amongst the recreations of the people of the country, then it is worth while to institute a systematic training of the young in schools and colleges and not merely trust to the flair that a few individuals display. Apart from the correction of faults and the emphasising of the finer points of batsmanship or bowling, what may be called the 'genius' of the particular game requires to be developed, so that good batsmanship is not seen to be inconsistent with sound fielding or the fall of the first two batsmen does not set in a funeral procession.

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BELATED 'DOUBLE TAKE' ON CHINA

By **ANDREW ROTH**

LIKE every other major modern revolution, the Communist-led revolution which installed the Peking regime was the product—and continues to be the prisoner—of powerful forces within China. It is only by understanding the background of these internal pressures that one can comprehend and anticipate its actions.

If there had been any real Western understanding Britain might have been as enthusiastic as India about recognising the new regime and pushing for its entry into the United Nations. The United States might have long ago dropped the Kuomintang and been infinitely more hesitant about defending Formosa for the Kuomintang and crossing the 38th Parallel without preliminary talks with Peking. Even the most elementary knowledge about the Peking regime would have ruled out General MacArthur's dash for the Chinese border after the Chinese had entered Korea and made clear their limited objectives by first stopping the U. S.-U. N. forces and then withdrawing and releasing prisoners. Particularly since the Chinese made it clear through diplomatic channels that they would attack in force if General MacArthur resumed his drive for the Yalu.

The Formative Pressures

It was no accident that the Ambassador of nationalist India predicted accurately that the Peking regime would enter Korea if the 38th Parallel were crossed. The reactions of the Central People's Government stem largely from the fact that it is an outgrowth of the leftwing of the Chinese nationalist movement, of which the Kuomintang is the rightwing outgrowth. China is among the most nationalist—and even anti-foreign—countries in the world. Its name in Chinese ideographs—'Central Country'—underlines the old tradition that China is the center of the world. The decay of China and its partial subjection to the Western powers in the 19th and early 20th centuries built up a tremendous demand to remove

foreign influence and restore China to its old glory as a world leader.

The Chinese Communists have long known that they have received their widest support when they have harnessed this pressure by emphasizing nationalist and anti-imperialist aims over their social and political programme. They managed to survive, with considerable ingenuity and heroism, the civil war period of 1927-36. But they only gained their tremendous popularity during World War II when they offered themselves as the most effective fighters against Japanese domination. During the postwar showdown with the Kuomintang, they flayed the Kuomintang not only as corrupt and inept reactionaries incapable of running China but as the "running dogs" of the Americans. The Kuomintang, of course, countered that the Communists were "Russian agents." But while \$4,000,000,000 worth of American aid flowed to the Kuomintang—and made itself patent in arms, uniforms, transport and food—it was virtually impossible to find any visual evidence of Soviet aid.

It is noteworthy that the Chinese have sent as the head of their first mission to the UN the chief of the Russian division in the Peking Foreign Ministry. During the past year the Chinese Communists have been working tirelessly to convince the Chinese that the U. S. S. R. is Peking's "glorious ally" against the "American imperialists" attempting to overthrow the new China. To sophisticated Chinese the endless repetition of the "glorious ally" theme is as tiresome as Winston Churchill's endless interpellations in the House of Commons to glorify the U. S. are to some Labour backbenchers. Indeed there has been somewhat of a parallel between the Chinese attitude toward the Russian alliance and the British attitude toward the American alliance. Just as Americans are not very popular in Britain, the Russians as a people are not popular with the Chinese. But by Chinese leaders the

Sino-Soviet alliance was considered as much a military and economic necessity as the Marshall Plan and the North Atlantic Pact have been considered by British leaders. The special position of the Soviets in Manchuria has been accepted as a corollary of the Sino-Soviet alliance, much as American air bases in Britain are accepted as a corollary of the Anglo-American alliance.

Irony Of History

It is one of the ironies of modern history that the West's resistance to Communist China's admission to the United Nations helped bind the Sino-Soviet alliance. The Chinese Communists initially experienced some resistance to this Soviet alliance because the living tradition of anti-imperialism makes the sensitive Chinese infinitely more touchy about foreign influence than are self-confident Britons. But American resistance to Communist China's entry enabled the Soviets, by their lengthy boycott of the United Nations, to parade as the only "true defenders" of the isolated and touchy Peking regime.

There is still some doubt as to how far the Peking regime participated in the decision which sent the North Koreans across the 38th Parallel, because the Chinese did not even establish an embassy in North Korea until after the attack had been launched. But there is no doubt as to where their sympathies lie, because they see Korea in Chinese terms, with Syngman Rhee as another Chiang Kai-shek and General Kim Il-sung as another Mao Tsé-tung. And any doubts they may have had as to the risks in which the North Korean attack involved them, must have been over-whelmed by their indignation with the irrelevant American decision to prevent them from taking Formosa and finishing off the Kuomintang.

When the 38th Parallel was being discussed, only the Indian Government among the non-Communist States appeared to realize how sensitive the Peking regime is about Manchuria. In Manchuria lie most of China's aspirations to emerge as a modern and powerful industrial State. It has 65% of China's oil reserves,

90% of its steel production, 50% of its coal production and 75% of China's electric power. And the electric power is particularly vulnerable because the main, Japanese-built hydro-electric system is based on the Yalu River, which forms the Chinese-Korean border, with the bulk of its installation on the Korean side.

When the 38th Parallel was crossed under the command of an American General whose intense antagonism toward the Chinese Communists have never been concealed, the feeling in Peking approached what one might anticipate in the United States if an international army commanded by a Soviet General were approaching the border of Texas. Protestations of peaceful intention were rejected as camouflage. Accidental infringements of the border by American bombers were accepted as a promise of things to come.

Moscow's Warning

The Chinese apparently consulted with the Soviets as to whether the Sino-Soviet Treaty would come into effect if China became involved in war with the U. S. on its entry into Korea. According to reports reaching the British Cabinet, Moscow apparently warned against precipitating any general conflict at this time. This may help explain the peculiar sequence of events whereby the Chinese first drove back the U. S.-U. N. forces approaching the border and then withdrew, releasing prisoners after indoctrinating them on China's peaceful intentions. According to the well-informed London *Observer* they also let it be known through diplomatic channels that they would attack in force if General MacArthur resumed his drive for the frontier. It was only after General MacArthur ignored this ambidextrous offer of either an olive branch or a mailed fist and drove for the border that the Chinese attacked in considerable strength.

It is possible to argue that the Chinese are unnecessarily sensitive and truculent and are their own worst enemies, just as it is, possible to argue that the Americans are unnecessarily insensi-

tive and hysterical. But if the world is to live with the Chinese, or even to cope with them, it is necessary to realize in the deepest sense that the new China is a world power—not merely by courtesy—with an ultrasensitive regard for what it considers to be its rights.

American Foreign Policy

American foreign policy at the present time might well be compared to a child's tricycle with one of its rear wheels missing. The big wheel in front represents the centrist policies of the bulk of the Democratic Party, led by President Truman. The rear right wheel comprises the Republican Party, Southern Democrats, the overwhelming bulk of the national press and radio and the special postwar influence of militantly conservative and powerful Generals and Admirals: To all intents and purposes there is no left wheel to balance the vehicle: the small fringe of labour-supported Liberal Democrats was pared down to insignificant proportions during the recent elections; the Progressive Party has faded to virtual insignificance with the departure of Henry Wallace; the Communists, never a significant force, are now a hunted minority who have lost their one important weapon—control of certain strategic trade unions; the divided trade unions have never succeeded in making themselves a major political force. The result of this striking situation is that President Truman and Dean Acheson—who are nominally in the driving seat—have to lean far to the right to keep their balance and frequently find their course set by the speed of the right wheel.

Contradictions

This strange situation would be a subject for academic dissertations and hand-wringing by American liberals and leftists were it not for the decisive role of American policy in world affairs. If the American tricycle careers off into the bottomless morass of full-scale war with China it may well carry the bulk of the West with it.

The concept of a tricycle with a missing left wheel is particularly useful in explaining the contradictions of

American policy towards China. In the spring of 1949 State Department specialists on China were already talking about the importance of recognising the Chinese Communists early and offering them reconstruction loans in order—as the phrase went—to "make a Tito out of Mao." There has been virtually no gap between State Department and Foreign Office *thinking* on this subject. But the Foreign Office was able to begin to carry out this policy by offering the Peking regime recognition last winter. The State Department, always looking over its shoulder at the rightwing opposition, has never been able to do much more than suggest early recognition through carefully-placed 'leaks' to friendly newspapermen. To do any more, it was felt, would be to open the administration wide to Republican charges of "appeasing Communism." The pressure from the left, for immediate recognition of Peking, never counter-balanced this. In short, by braking down, the Republican 'little wheel' was able to force the Administration to swerve away from recognition.

By speeding up at just the wrong time, this right wheel has been able to divert American policy toward war with Communist China. The desire of Dean Acheson and President Truman to avoid a full-scale conflict with China has been patent. However, the execution of American (and United Nations) policy in the field in Korea has been in the hands of General MacArthur, himself at the hub of the rightwing pull on the Truman-Acheson Asian policies.

MacArthur's Role

Despite the torrent of words General MacArthur has poured out in his defence since the all-out Chinese attack, one suspects that his actions have been more in line with his own vision of his own self-appointed mission to save Asia from Communism than with U. N. objectives or Western policy. When General MacArthur launched his November 24th attack it was known that the Chinese were in North Korea in some force and that they would resist any U. N. advance that put General MacArthur on their

border. It was equally well-known that none of the political leaders of the Western powers wanted a head-on clash with the Chinese. Why then did General MacArthur make the fateful dash? In his stentorian prose of the time he said he was moving a pincer forward "to complete the compression and close the vice. If successful this should for all practical purposes end the war." Subsequently he has scaled down his objective saying: "This probing movement (of November 24th) was essential to discover the Chinese purpose and strength," and that unless it was done the Chinese might have been allowed to build up their strength for a Spring offensive.

It is difficult to escape the suspicion that General MacArthur's precipitate action was at least as much designed to block December peace talks between the West and the Communist Chinese delegation newly-arrived at Lake Success. General MacArthur and his coterie have never hidden their belief in an early show-

down with the Communists. And, after all, the conflict must come soon if the 70-year-old General is to play his self-appointed role.

The peculiar mechanics of U. S. policy offer a challenge to the other Atlantic powers who are dragged in the wake of America's powerful but defective political tricycle. The Foreign Office has brought discreet pressure to bear on Washington from time to time on such subjects as Formosa and avoiding war with China. But the British Ambassador frequently finds himself preaching to the converted at the State Department. Dean Acheson is compelled to point out that to keep his seat he must lean in the direction of his Republican opponents. To keep Dean Acheson and President Truman even on the course they would like to follow, it would be necessary for Britain and other Atlantic powers to counter-balance the Republican pressure and replace, in effect, the missing third wheel on the careening American political tricycle.—Copyright N. P. S.

TWO PARTY SYSTEM IN U. K. AND U. S.

By HARRY HEAP

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once said that Britain and America were two countries separated by the same language. One might go further and say that they are also separated by their adoption of the two-party system in their politics. In Britain there are the Labour Government and the Conservative Opposition. In the United States there is the Democratic Government with its Republican Opposition. On paper, the systems look alike. In practice, there are differences and one of these differences has been the cause of some misunderstanding this week. Mr. Attlee has been visiting President Truman. There is apparently a very strong feeling in America that Mr. Churchill, as Leader of the Opposition, should have accompanied Mr. Attlee, who seems to have been regarded by some people as the leader of the Labour Government. In fact, he is the British Prime Minister and he speaks for the whole of the British Parliament in Foreign Affairs. The Government of the day takes full responsibility for Britain's Foreign Policy and cannot constitutionally share that responsibility with the Opposition. The most that one can expect is that the Opposition will give expression to their support of the Government's policy. Mr. Churchill has said that he and his party are in full agreement with Mr. Attlee over the important issues which he is still, at the time of writing, discussing with Mr. Truman. As I wrote last week, there is complete unity in Britain between Government and Opposition as far as Foreign Policy is concerned. All are now awaiting Mr. Attlee's return. It is expected that he will first speak in the House and probably a debate will follow after two days have been allowed for the results of the visit to Washington to be digested. It is quite possible that the House will have to delay its Christmas adjournment which was due on December 15th.

Christmas Eve

Whilst there is a full realisation of

the seriousness of the international situation, it would be wrong to suggest that there is any feeling of tension in Britain. After all, over the past few years there have been many dangerous situations—crises, as they are called—which, if they had occurred twenty or thirty years ago would have sent us all into a panic. One becomes almost acclimatised to crises. That could be as dangerous as falling into a panic, but I do not think it has reached that stage yet. We just refused to be hustled into a dangerous mood and, fortunately, we always seem to have something which acts as an outlet to our emotions. We have had the Test Match this week, as exciting a three-days' sport, (one can hardly call it cricket) as one could wish. For once, the commentators on the spot have been able to say that the best side lost. Then, again, Christmas is coming. It is the nearest approach, in Britain, to your Dasara. The houses are decorated and families are "at home" to their friends. Shops are filled with suggestions for presents, one might be on a bus sitting next to a Christmas tree being taken home to be decorated with tinsel, stars and lights, according to tradition, and housewives are planning their puddings, mince tarts and, if they can afford them, their turkeys. School-children are practising carols and Christmas plays for their end-of-term party, to which the parents are invited. My son is concerned with something called, "Half-past thirteen o'clock." And, of course, there is a Father Christmas in every big store. We went along to make our call yesterday and were greeted by gaily-dressed attendants who, like Father Christmas himself, seemed to have endless patience with the crowds of children who were waiting to whisper in his ear what they wanted him to put in their stockings. After the whispering came the photograph. Every child who wished could have his picture taken sitting on Santa's knee. Every parcel in that large store was fastened by tape that said, "We



Photo taken at Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo lying in State.

believe in Father Christmas at—store." And why not?

Ice Blocks From The Sky

The icy and snow-bound roads in Britain have naturally increased the dangers of road travel, though it is said that drivers are so much more careful on these bad roads that the risk of accidents is actually less than when the roads are clear. The winter not only makes the roads more dangerous these days. There is a report almost every other day of ice falling from the skies, not in the shape of small harmless hailstones but in large pieces. One has killed a sheep, another damaged the roof of a house and yesterday one just missed a boy who was walking along the road. It has been found that the ice-blocks fall from aeroplanes. They are the waste-water which, as it comes from the plane, freezes and forms a block of ice on the outside of the plane. When the plane descends to warmer temperatures, the ice begins to melt and the block falls. I imagine that this is the result of the great height at which jet-propelled planes, in particular—fly. I have noticed that whereas at one time one could look up into the sky and see the plane that one could hear, nowadays one hears the whine of the jet but can see nothing. There is some satisfaction in seeing a plane, even if one cannot hear it, but there is none in hearing it but not seeing it.

North Versus South

I have been reading in Madras papers which reach me by sea-mail, and which are therefore a little behind the times, of the campaign to boycott North Indian tradesmen in

Madras. Why is it that any feeling there might be is between North and South and not between East and West? In England, one does not hear of West-country folk calling those who are of the East Coast for not being as homely as they themselves, yet in the North one will hear people say that Southerners are "all right," but "they aren't like us." And I suppose that Southerners have their own opinions of the Northerners. I read of differences between the Southern Democrats in America and those in the North. Whether there exists similar differences between East and West, I do not know, but I do not seem to hear of them. And so it is in India. I suppose it is the result of the climate and this offers a new question for the geography examination, "Explain the effect of climate on political parties." It would be interesting to read essays on this theme by some of the world's leading politicians.

There seems to be no end to the books written with an Indian background by British people. The Book Society's Choice of the Month is another one of this type, "The World is my Bridge" by Christine Weston. It is quite a good book but there is sometimes a little too much use of terms which only those who have been to India can understand. What does a "panwallah" mean to those who have not taken part in an Indian meal? The most interesting part of the book to me is the title, taken from an inscription at Fatehpur-Sikri, "Said Jesus—on whom be peace!—'The World is a bridge: Pass over it, and build no house.'" A thought worthy of consideration in this world of ambitions, I feel.

Sri H. D. Rajah, President of the All India Republican Party left Madras on 4th December by air for a tour of Far Eastern countries, including Ceylon, Malaya, Indonesia, New Zealand and Fiji.

During his tour, he will study the problems of Indians abroad and also the political situation in each country with special reference to the functioning of opposition parties in the various legislatures.

Sri Rajah has already contacted the Indian High Commissioners in these countries and in consultation with them he will study the agricultural and industrial productions there with a view to securing their co-operation in the solution of the present food crisis.

GEORGE ORWELL: A CRITIQUE

By J. A. RODRIGUES

THE literary critic, attempting an estimate of the work of the late George Orwell, will observe at the outset, that Orwell was first and foremost a supremely skilled pamphleteer. He wrote with an avowedly reformative and propagandist intention, mostly from personal experience, and used the novel-form only as a medium to expose shams and injustices wherever he came across them. Indeed, in more than one sense, he was not really a novelist at all, for he was never primarily interested in the creation of characters or in the aesthetic interpretation of existence. John Lehmann has correctly said of him that "all his novels are thinly disguised chapters of autobiography or dramatic tracts to drive home a comment on society" and Orwell himself, in an essay entitled "Why I write" confirms this when he states: "I write because there is some lie I want to expose, some fact to which I want to draw attention." No book, he claimed, is genuinely free from political bias and "every writer desires to push the world in a certain direction, to alter other people's ideas of the kind of society that they should strive after."

In the retrospect, it is not difficult to account for George Orwell's lifetime preoccupation with the wrongs and the wronged of the world, and his determination to destroy every illusion that tended to interfere with the ruthless honesty of his inquiries. A brief period of service, in early manhood, as a police officer in the British administration of Burma, increased his natural hatred of authority, which was derived from the horrors that were perpetrated in its name. A genuine liberal at heart, and possessed of an extremely sensitive temperament, he was painfully aware of the incongruity of his position as an official in an imperialist regime. He came to realize with a special intensity, the spiritual bankruptcy of imperialism in general, and grew to suspect all 'isms' that professed to know all the answers. Throughout his life, he waged a one-

man guerilla campaign against "the smelly little orthodoxies that contend for the souls of men." In a brilliant piece of descriptive writing entitled "Shooting An Elephant," he narrates how, in his Burma days, he found himself forced to kill a rogue elephant, not so much because it was necessary, but because he had to act up to his reputation as a white man in the presence of a group of Burmans which had formed near the beast. As he shot the animal, he reflected that "when the white man turns tyrant, it is his own freedom that he destroys."

This intellectual integrity forced him to break with his career as a colonial official at the earliest opportunity, and soon after his return to England, he sought, probably by way of atonement, to identify himself with the proletariat and their interests. Consequently, he repudiated his middle-class upbringing of which his Eton school tie was as fitting a symbol as any, and spent years of extreme poverty in London and Paris studying working-class conditions at first-hand. "The Road to Wigan Pier," which was the result of his investigations is a memorable piece of reportage, not only because of its careful documentation of the living conditions of the industrial classes in England, but also on account of "the alert, illusionless, soldierly tolerance" which informs the narrative, giving to it those stylistic virtues of directness and cohesion that were to prove characteristic of all that Orwell wrote in later years. "The whole book," in the opinion of John Lehmann, "makes a very fascinating document of the stages of disillusionment through which a middle-class young man can go about the world in which he was brought up." It is filled with tributes to the worker, which Orwell felt were long overdue. Consider these excerpts from a passage on the miner: "More than anyone else, perhaps, the miner can stand as the type of the manual worker, not only because his work is so exaggeratedly awful, but also because it is so vitally necessary and

yet so remote from our experience.... that we are capable of forgetting it as we forget the blood in our veins.... For it is only because miners sweat their guts out that superior persons can remain superior...."

But if Orwell's acute political sensibility had turned away from the thinly veiled imperialism of Tory principles with disgust, it did not wholeheartedly embrace the overtures of the leftist school of thought either. Orwell was too much a sceptical iconoclast for that. In "The Road to Wigan Pier," he argued eloquently for a Socialism that was more firmly based on a just and equitable foundation than was the case in Britain. And later, in "Homage to Catalonia," a product of the period he spent fighting on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War, he showed with his customary pointedness, that the Left was not immune to the infection of power-politics. The book contains a powerful advocacy of the cause of the Catalan Anarchists, (a minority group) against the then widely accepted Popular Front explanation of the civil war. This impassioned defence of the Catalan Separatists was but the beginning of Orwell's life-long and sustained criticism of leftist politics.

For he saw clearly that the corrupting effect of power could (and did) act as a strong catalytic agent in the transformation of the seeming idealism of much leftist thought into undiluted fascism. Thus the increasing denial of intellectual liberty in Moscow, coupled with the purging of all those who refused to toe the party-line, drew from Orwell a spirited protest in his book, "Animal Farm." This satire parodies the Communist system in the language of the farm-yard, with devastating effect.

And in his last and most significant book, "Nineteen-Eighty-Four," he forecasted, with terrifying logic, the future of the universe, if certain specific trends in the current political pattern are developed to their fullest capacity. In the typical superstate of 1984, A. D., Oceania, truth has ceased to have any meaning, and psychological monstrosities like "the newspeak art of doublethink" are practised by its citizens as part of the normal routine of living. Perennially in the background is 'Big Brother',

an-omnipotent head of state who controls every thought, word and deed of the inhabitants of Oceania, with the aid of a special police force. The enlightened student of the contemporary political scene will readily admit that the bogeys of 'Oceania', 'Big Brother' and 'Doublethink' are no mere figments of Orwell's bleak and wintry imagination. E. M. Forster has seen Oceania as an ominous shadow that lurks behind the United Nations, and has further warned that "behind Stalin lurks Big Brother which seems appropriate but Big Brother also lurks behind Churchill, Truman,... and any leader whom propaganda utilizes or invents." Orwell, Forster concludes, "spent his life in foreseeing transformations and stamping upon embryos." The remark is apposite in more than one way.

But although he held out no prospect of a promised land in the future, wherein all would be as one wished it, Orwell's was not a pessimistic or purely negative world-view. The many ups and downs of his varied career lent to his writings the balancing virtues of moderation and a gentle humour. He believed passionately in liberty and trusted the innate commonsense of the working man where he looked with scepticism on the tortuous argumentation of the cloistered intellectual. These characteristics are made manifest in his collections of critical essays. These are both incisive and delightful, and are invested throughout with Orwell's belief in "little immediate things." In one particularly charming piece, he chides labourite intellectuals for not appreciating the return of spring, and doubts their capacity to enjoy the millenium of the worker when it is eventually realized, if they cannot respond to the glories of nature adequately! The essay is characteristic of Orwell's lighter mood.

George Orwell's genius was, admittedly, not without its blemishes. A predisposition to suspect the majority viewpoint in human affairs often made him take the opposition view without any particular reason to do so, and it is presumably in this context that E. M. Forster has remarked that Orwell was undoubtedly "a bit of a nagger." But beneath the seemingly acid prose, the cautious reader cannot fail to detect the impress of a singularly courageous mind and an

unflinching resolution to work for the just cause, irrespective of the consequences. V. S. Pritchett, commenting on George Orwell's credo as a creative writer, has observed that "his targets were tyranny, indifference to intellectual liberty,... the vested interests in power, the moralities of the

suffer-it-to-be-so-now and of the greater good and the lesser evil." And it is Orwell's superb championing of truth and freedom against these totalitarian and retrogressive influences, that has earned for him a place among the few genuinely important writers of our times.

RED CHINA BANS STRIKES

By M. S. P.

A recent Peking despatch of the official New China News Agency states that the Chinese People's Government has outlawed strikes and lock-outs as methods of solving labour disputes. The ban forbids managements from closing plants and workers from refusing to work and attempting to use strikes and lock-outs as weapons in a dispute. According to the new regulation, individual disputes must in future be settled by consultation at various levels and, failing that through the law courts.

This step of the Peking Government, which only follows similar measures banning strikes taken by the Communist parties in other countries on their assumption of power, raises important questions about the rights of workers in Communist States and the role of trade unions. It almost casts a doubt on the contention of the Communists that only a Communist State can secure to the workers their rights. The statement of Stalin about the growth of trade unions in the U. S. S. R. throws much light on this matter. Emphasising the control of the Communist Party over trade unions in the U. S. S. R., Stalin is reported to have said that "the characteristic feature in the history of our trade unions is that they have emerged, developed and grown strong only after the Party, around the Party and in friendship with the Party." Obviously, therefore, in countries where trade unions are prior in time and organisation to the Communist Party, the first objective of the Party on coming to power should be to gain complete control over the trade unions. The first step in this direction is to ban strikes as a weapon for labour to get their demands recognised, and to make the

trade unions depend on law courts controlled by the Communists for the settlement of labour disputes. Thus, State power is to be used to bring trade unions under the control of the Communist Party.

The goal of trade unions in the U. S. S. R. originally, as elsewhere, was the betterment of the condition of its members. But the Communist Party found it necessary to subordinate the interests of the workers to the realisation of its political ambitions. Consequently, trade unions became instruments of State (i. e., Party) policy, instead of striving for the welfare of the workers. Trade unions as we know them in the West are non-existent in the Soviet Union, and the trade unions that exist in Russia at present are only instruments for enforcing the dictates of the Communist Party over the workers. At present, the State in Russia has "the right to impose its policies upon the working classes and the trade unions. They are not entitled to confront the State with their traditional claims and demands." Contrast this situation with the statement made in 1919 about the role of trade unions in Russia: "The trade unions ought in the end actually to concentrate in their hands the administration of the entire national economy." Thus the Russian workers, from being the serfs of the Czar and the nobles have become the serfs of the Communist Party. Instead of the dictatorship of the proletariat, the dictatorship of the Party over the proletariat has been established.

A similar state of affairs will probably come into existence in China also, though at first it will be proclaimed that a new era has dawned for the workers there.

SPIRITUALISM VS. MATERIALISM

It appears that more vapid nonsense is talked and written about the alleged superiority of India's "spiritual" values over Western materialism than on any other subject under the sun.

Strangely enough, it was the foreign Indophiles and Indologists who were the first to interpret the significance of India's traditions in these terms to us. It suited the purposes of imperialism to foster the idea that mundane and material matters—such as anti-imperialist politics and Socialistic economics—were unworthy of the spiritually lofty minds of India.

On the other hand, the Ancients in whose name this contempt for Materialism was and is sought to be propagated, seem to have had no anti-materialistic inhibitions whatever. The scriptures and classic literature of ancient India are full of highly practical dissertations on such shockingly non-spiritual and earthy matters as—Geography (descriptions of Rivers and Mountains in *Rig Veda*), Agriculture (Hints on the correct way of ploughing and sowing in *Rig Veda*), How to Make Wine or Soma (*Rig Veda*), Duties of A King (*Vajasanayi-Sanhita*), Town-planning and palace architecture (*Sutras*), When To Eat Meat And How To Cook It (*Dharma-shastras*), Dance and Drama (*Natya-shastra*), and even Sex-Behaviour (*Kama Sutra* and temple sculptures). In the age of the Epics "gambling was allowed in the hall of the King's palace and indulged in by Brahmins, Vaisyas and Sudras... gambling became a favourite entertainment of kings and princes and a royal sport. In the *Mahabharata* Yudhishtira the Pandava prince loses his whole kingdom and stakes even his wife to his cousin Duryodhana" (*Everyday Life In Ancient India*). Certainly this does not indicate any contempt for materialism and, indeed, all descriptions of *Ram Rajya*—with hunting, feasting, richly adorned and elaborately coiffured

ed women, and gorgeously furnished palaces ("nets of gold belaced the casements, gems bedecked the shining walls") approximate closer to the hedonist civilisation of the Greeks than to the puritannical pattern of life sought to be imposed on us by Shri Morarji Desai and other Congress leaders.

IMMORALITY—CAUSE AND EFFECT!

Take, for instance, the recent speech of Babu Purshottamdas Tandon, the Congress President, in which he deprecated "blind faith in traditions and scriptures" as disastrous. It was good to hear him say that superstitions and "conservatism of thought" should be given up. We pass on this excellent advice to all Congress leaders—including the Congress President himself! For, while in one breath Tandonji laid down an unimpeachable rational principle that "the object of education was to awaken the intelligence in man so that he could interpret cause and effect properly," in the next breath he himself abandoned the scientific path of cause-and-effect.

Declaring that he was grieved to see that "immorality was on the increase in society," he added that it could be checked by "educating people in the art of living." Thus he disregarded the basic reality that so-called "immorality" is the effect of certain social, economic and historical reasons which can be removed by the necessary social readjustments and not by education alone. Education, of course, is also important for cultural refinement of society. But to hope to remedy moral disintegration caused by economic injustice and social maladjustments by education is like hoping to repair a crumbling edifice by white-washing it.

SOULS AND STOMACHS!

In the same speech, Tandonji also declared that "amassing of wealth should not be the prime motive in life." Development of one's soul was

the most important thing. Personally, he said, he felt pity for those whose aim in life was to amass wealth. (Chambers of Commerce, please note!). Not content with repeating these pious platitudes, he even brought out that old, old chestnut: "How does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

It is to be noted that Tandonji expressed these sentiments not at a meeting of the Marwari Chamber of Commerce or a gathering of mill-owners, but while inaugurating the Social Education Week, presumably in the presence of a number of under-paid teachers.

It is amazing that the gross had taste of glibly preaching this gospel of spiritualism-on-empty-stomachs to the dispossessed poor does not become apparent to our leaders. There could be no worse example of adding insult to injury.

On the same day that Tandonji spoke, Swami Akhilananda, head of

the Ramakrishna Vedanta Society centre in Boston, returned from U. S. A. and gave a statement very much on the same lines. The Swami reported that Americans "were not happy entirely" because of their "concentration on the purely materialistic aspect of life," and balanced it by also declaring himself against Soviet Russia's "emphasis on Materialism." And so he had no hesitation in saying that "the traditional way of life in India was the best," reminding us that "While civilisations in Babylon, Rome, Greece and Egypt had been destroyed, culture and civilisation had endured through the centuries in India. The main reason for this was the fact that the people of India did not give undue importance to materialism."

I would like to meet some of these Indians who "do not give undue importance to materialism."

Are they to be found among the millionaires, billionaires, black-marke-



**NATIONAL
EMPLOYMENT SERVICE**
helps you to find
**RIGHT MEN
FOR RIGHT JOBS**

teers, profiteers, seths etc. from whom the Swami from America will shortly be collecting donations for his Mission and to whom Tandonji will be looking up for large amounts for the Congress Election Fund?

Are they to be found among the Princes and Princelings who live a "spiritual" life on caviare and champagne, in gilded palaces in their states or in luxury hotels abroad, and subsidize spiritual enterprises like Paul Brunton's "Search in Secret India"?

Are they to be found among the khaddar-clad politicians who are constantly striving for 'spiritual salvation' through Ministerial salaries, allowances (for M. P.'s and legislators), T. A. bills, well-paid Diplomatic assignments, foreign tours, import permits for friends and jobs for sons and relations?

Are they to be found among lawyers who earn Rs. 30,000 and more per month and patronize art and literature, or among doctors who charge a thousand rupees for a single operation, or among money-lenders who charge anything upto 50 per cent interest?

Or are these "great-souled" materialism-hating Indians only to be found among peasants eking a pittance out of the soil, workers, earning less than a living wage, and among the vast army of unemployed?

For those who uphold private property and capitalism, and who hobnob on friendly terms with princes, millionaires and the super-rich, to talk contemptuously of materialism and to preach the "spiritual" values of abnegation and renunciation, is not only a contradiction in terms but also a cruel hypocrisy which the awakened dispossessed shall no longer tolerate.

"REACHING FOR THE MOON"

The poetic phrase "Reaching for the Moon," as denoting an attempt to attain the unattainable and to accomplish the impossible, may now go out of usage, for soon "reaching the moon" will be as commonplace an event as flying from Bombay to London or New York.

Many years ago, Jules Verne, the French writer, hinted at the possibility in his scientific fantasy, "A Trip To The Moon." H. G. Wells' "Shape Of Things To Come" ended by showing

the hero and heroine in a rocket headed for the Moon. The Eagle-Lion Film, **DESTINATION MOON**, currently shown in Bombay, provides a scientifically-documented narration of the would-be first trip to the Moon in a self-propelled rocket, though the pure thrill of the picture is vitiated by the unnecessary chauvinist propaganda which treats the moon only as yet another anti-Soviet war-base for American expansionism.

According to latest scientific researches, "reaching for the moon" is a possibility within measurable time. "Within two or three generations" says Maurice Goldsmith, "the first man will land on the moon—and our children will be well established in a new astronomical era. The 'Moon Messenger,' an unmanned rocket, will have reached the moon long before that time—and perhaps within a very few years."

Goldsmith reveals that scientists have already contacted the moon by radar. A signal was sent through 240,000 miles of space and brought back an "echo" from the moon.

The questions we must answer before inter-planetary space travel becomes a physical reality are these: Can moon-visiting rockets be made? If so, can men travel in them? The fascinating story of our experiments designed to answer these fundamental questions is contained in a book recently published "The Conquest of Space" written by Willy Ley. In general, says Ley, "the Moon Messenger is close enough to present technological accomplishments so that its design and construction is possible without any major inventions. Its realization is essentially a question of hard work and money."

What of the manned moon-ship? "The performance expected of it," reports Ley, "is, naturally, that it can take-off from earth, go to the moon, land, take-off from the moon and return to earth; and that considering known chemical fuels and customary design and construction methods, is beyond our present ability.... But while the moon-ship which can make a round trip is unattainable without chemical fuels, a moon-ship which can land on the moon with a fuel supply insufficient for the return is a remote possibility." He suggests that three ships

which landed on the moon might have enough fuel left among them for one to make the return trip.

Yes, indeed, the moon is well nigh within our greedy grasp. But is humanity prepared for such a cataclysmic scientific progress? Or are we, psychologically, as unprepared to conquer the moon as we were to make rational constructive use of atomic energy which, so far, has only been used to kill and threaten vast masses of human beings? In other words, will the conquest of moon be a united achievement of humanity, or will it start only an indecent and vastly destructive inter-national scramble for stellar bases to launch destructive weapons against rival nations, as the film **DESTINATION MOON** so grimly portends?

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

"WASHINGTON: Three American Republican Senators have proposed that the U. S. should arm the Chinese Nationalists on the island to fight the Chinese Communists. Senator Alexander Smith said the U. S. should start "putting the screw on Communist China by declaring that U. S. military aid would be given to anti Communist groups wherever they operated in Asia." Senator Robert Taft stated that he was "opposed giving up Formosa in any peace settlement."

"WASHINGTON: The United States army forces are issuing cards to their military and civilian personnel telling them what to do in an atom bomb attack."

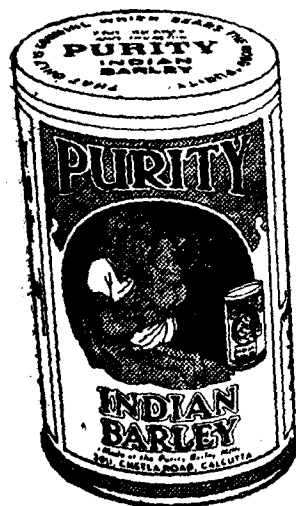
"SARIWON (North Korea): The South Korean civil police shot without trial 56 political prisoners alongside Sariwon railway station."

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

"PATNA: Postal employees here have devised a unique way of compelling the authorities to accept their demands. They have decided to attend their offices bare-footed and in tattered clothes till their demands are acceded to. They also decided not to shave during the same period."

"CALCUTTA: A new racket—racket in postage stamps—has come to light. The 'modus operandi' is to steal letters after they had been cleared from letter-boxes, remove the stamps by cutting the envelopes with razor blades and re-sell the stolen stamps. According to postal authorities, the culprits are all postal employees."

Barley water and Cunjee are easy to make this way



BARLEY WATER: Mix a paste of two level teaspoonfuls of Purity Barley with water and simmer for only five minutes with one pint of water. Add salt, sugar or lime to taste.

CUNJEE: Make this in the usual way,—but it only takes twenty minutes to prepare. Remember one spoonful of Purity Barley is worth eight spoonfuls of ordinary pearl barley.

ATLANTIC (EAST) LTD POST BOX NO 464, CALCUTTA

ART IN THE HIGHEST

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AMONG the numerous performances of music and dance that make the end fortnight of December annually in Madras a time of extraordinary cultural activity, one event stands out this year with a promise of special artistic richness and beauty mixed with patriotic ambition and legitimate pride. Fifteen years ago the classical dance of South India, the Bharata Natya, was a close preserve of a special class which did not rank high in public estimation. But a change set in when, as an item of entertainment during the annual International Convention of The Theosophical Society at Adyar, Sri-mati Rukmini Devi, wife of the Presi-

dent of the Society, Dr. G. S. Arundale, emerged as a consummate performer of the natya, and at once lifted it out of its restriction and depressed reputation. But it happened that the enthusiastically accepted artist was not just a virtuoso, but was filled with a desire to raise the sacred dance-art of her native land to the highest level of performance and appreciation, and to bring it within the reach of a number of young people who would cooperate with her in this patriotic cultural service in a spirit of artistic and religious devotion.

For this purpose Srimathi Rukmini organised a group of students of Indian dance and music that began

to make art-history under the title of the Kalakshetra, or Temple of Art, at Adyar. In all the phases of the age-long tradition of the Bharata Natya, from the alarippu to the tillana, the highest possible achievement in skill, beauty and idealism was aimed at, and experienced opinion has acknowledged that the aim of the Kalakshetra has been achieved to a remarkable degree. Not only are the performances of the Kalakshetra enjoyable entertainments, they are artistic occasions calculated to raise the quality of the taste of the spectators, and for the performers are wonderful exercises in all kinds of culture, physical in their movements, mental in the

memorisation involved, aesthetical in the beauty of rhythm and gesture, and devotional in the interpretation of stories from the sacred epics of India.

★

In Bharata natya, from the earliest times, there have been solo and group dances. In India an elaborate code of meanings in hand-signs (mudra) was developed, and this enabled the natya to create a large vocabulary of signs capable of expressing every shade of meaning and feeling. Such expression, under the influence of the traditional Indian bent to devotion, concerned itself with familiar religious themes, and in such demonstrations of the purely technical features of the dance in the alarippu and



Photo taken on the occasion of All India Khadi Implements Fourth Annual Conference held at Mathura from November 18 to 20. Picture shows Mr. Gopabhandu Choudry, President of the Conference (centre), Mrs. Ava Gandhi (third from left), Sri Kanu Gandhi (third from right), Sri Dharendra Majumdar (fourth from right) and Sri R. S. Dhotre (fourth from left) and Chairman and members of the Reception Committee.

the tillana preserved the spirit of dedication.

To this development of the natya the Kalakshetra has made two notable contributions. The well known Tamil classic, *Kuttrala Kuravanji*, was set to music at Rukmini Devi's instance by Vidwan K. Krishnama-chari, then director of the dance and music sections of Kalakshetra, while she herself composed the dance to it in the Bharata Natya manner of which she had become the leading exponent. The *Kuravanji* was a fortune-teller by the palm whose prophecies were the dramatic centre of the dance. The *Kuttrala Kuravanji* was so-called because it was located at the temple of *Kuttrala* now known as *Courtallam*. Srimathi Rukmini Devi has sustained the role of the temple worshipper who desired to be taken into the favour of Shiva, always with remarkable distinction, skill and aesthetical charm, in which she has been ably supported by the teachers and pupils of the Kalakshetra.

This notable revival of a form of classical art that had fallen into disuse, though it had been a favourite devotional entertainment two centuries ago, was followed by a second "ballet" of the same large proportions and aesthetical and technical quality, a Bharata Natya version of Kalidasa's famous fourth century Sanskrit poem, "*Kumarasambhavam*." To bring the essential story of the circumstances leading up to the marriage of Shiva and Parvati and the birth of a deity who would rid the world of a harassing demon, the purely descriptive stanzas of the poem were omitted, and the active stanzas set to appropriate music by the famous musician, Sri Tiger K. Varadachari.

In "*Kumarasambhavam*", as in the "*Kuravanji*", the dances in the Bharata Natya style were composed by Srimathi Rukmini Devi. By this collaboration of poetry, music and dance, all at the highest level and in the art-tradition and idealistic atmosphere of classical India, a work of immense skill and deep significance was produced. By a happy coincidence the first performance of the allegory of the struggle between good and evil took place on the eve of the celebration of the birth-centenary, (30th September 1947) of Dr. Annie Besant, who became the champion of truth in thought and righteousness in action.

The role of Parvati, in her aspiration to become the consort of Shiva, was created with great sincerity, spiritual beauty and supreme skill by Srimathi Rukmini Devi. The Kalakshetra dance-version of the immortal poem, with its universal and unchanging message of the power of devotion to attain union with divinity, while the allurements of personality fail to do so, became widely appreciated through its performance in various parts of India. The climax of recognition was reached when the Government of India chose "*Kumarasambhavam*" as a masterpiece of Indian art and an expression of India's age-long idealistic culture, for the edification and entertainment of the numerous guests from many parts of the world at the inauguration of the Republic. The performance was given on January 27, 1950, on the evening following the inauguration, and was enthusiastically received.

A detail, indicating the all-round patriotism and social consciousness of Srimathi Rukmini Devi, is that the material of the much admired costumes in these dances, and others performed by the Kalakshetra, was woven on its own handlooms that employ a number of textile workers, from indigenous patterns suggested and supervised by Srimathi Rukmini Devi herself.

While the Kalakshetra took its rise in the revival of the Bharata Natya, it has not confined its attention solely to the study and practice of Kathakali, the sister art of Kerala, with its affinities with Bharata Natya and its divergencies from it. It has also shown its quality in producing "legitimate" drama in English. "*Bhishma*" has been compiled from Dr. Annie Besant's book, "*The Story of the Great War*." The life of that ancient Indian immortal carries with it great meaning for the present day, and his last exhortation is applicable to the modern world that is so full of strife, injustice and unrighteousness.

The notable art event referred to above is programmed as follows in the Kalakshetra Theatre, with its extended stage and new open-air auditorium, on the dates given: the programme will be carried out by Srimathi Rukmini Devi and the Kalakshetra troupe of dancers and musicians. December 20, "*Bhishma*"; December 24, "*Kuttrala Kuravanji*"; December 26, "*Kumara-*

sambhavam"; December 31, Kathakali with Kalamandalam Krishna Nair, an old pupil of the Kathakali teacher in Kalakshetra: Sri T. K. Chandu Panikar, and to-day the most well known of Kathakali actors, and others. On December 29 lovers of Indian music will have an opportunity of hearing the best of North Indian music.

The festival will be under the patronage of His Excellency the

Maharaja of Bhavnagar and Her Highness the Maharani Saheba, in whose presence "*Bhishma*" will be performed. Her Highness the Maharani of Bhavnagar will preside over the North Indian music concert. "*Kuttrala Kuravanji*" will be presided over by Sri T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar, and "*Kumarasambhavam*" by Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.

The proceeds will go to the Endowment Fund of the Kalakshetra.

LIQUOR AND LANKA

By V. SUBRAMANIAN, M.A.

IN the official year 1949-50, the consumption of arrack in Ceylon was higher than in all the previous years, to wit, 13 lakhs of gallons. That is about the highest alcoholic consumption per head in S. E. Asia, I think. Ceylon arrack is considerably more concentrated and the lovers of it are always proud of saying that Ceylon stuff is unequalled in concentration. Besides this arrack, which is a Government monopoly, there are plenty of alcoholic drinks, patronized by the Ceylonese, toddy among the poor, and the western liquor among the richer.

Ceylon is also second in the list of countries in the world with the highest record of crime per unit of population. This was attributed by Venerable Lokanatha, the Italian monk, to too much flesh-eating. But it is more probably due to drinking. Anyway, even if all of it could not be directly attributed to drink, the background of drunkenness is there as an encouragement to careless behaviour and resultant crime.

In Ceylon, there was a movement against drink and the present Premier of Ceylon, Senanayake and his late brother were its chief sponsors. But there never was any strong demand for total prohibition. Moreover, not only the Government in power but even the leftist parties of Ceylon like the L. S. S. and the Communist Party are against introducing prohibition. This may appear strange to Indian readers, since workers are the most affected by the drink evil. But when some enthusiasts for prohibition on the Government side mooted the idea of prohibition in the Colombo Municipi-

pal Council, curiously enough, the leftist Mayor and councillors opposed it strongly, saying that drink was the only comfort for the poor worker.

But the present U.N.P. Government never was very enthusiastic about introducing prohibition. Whenever the idea was suggested by some enthusiasts, Premier Senanayake has always squashed it with two reasons. One is that it is needless interference with personal liberty and the other is that it is not likely to succeed.

The press of Ceylon does its best to paint the prohibition programme in the various states of India as having already failed. The recent Madras High Court judgment, with the strictures of the Judge on the failure of prohibition, was specially highlighted here and editorial comment was made on it to clinch the argument against prohibition. Unfortunately, the hare-brained policies of the prohibition area Governments in India have made what could have been a success if slowly and carefully introduced into a near-failure. So Ceylon would have none of it.

The only measure against drink, which the people can take, is by a process called local option. The people of an electoral area can decide whether all the drink shops in the area are to be closed, or new ones opened by holding a special poll. But the verdict must be unequivocal. The present Premier of Ceylon is credited with having successfully closed all the drink shops in his constituency by his temperance propaganda three decades ago. Anyway, he is no more even a temperance enthusiast now.

THE PRESS AND THE NATION

By T. K. THOMAS

THE average reader expects two things of a newspaper, or of a magazine. He expects it to give him the significant news; he expects it also to provide him with a passable point of view.

The two functions overlap. The presentation of news and its interpretation go together. It is not only difficult but also uninteresting to be supplied with a completely objective rendering of the news of the day. But the problem that confronts us today in the world of journalism is not that of detachment and of consequent dullness, but of prejudice, indifference and selfishness.

A newspaper has to reflect public opinion and also to create it. To represent the facts of today truly and to prepare for the facts of tomorrow with vision and character is both a signal service and a difficult task. And if this is systematically neglected, news will degenerate into advertisement, and comments will take the character of propaganda.

Our statements, however factual they appear to be, are inevitably coloured by our many presuppositions. Our social sympathies and private prejudices cannot be completely excluded from our speeches and our writings. But if our statements and our speeches are intended for other men with other presuppositions, then it is a matter of common courtesy and of primary honesty to strive honestly and consciously to keep the personal element very much in the background. That is merely the concept of secularism—which is only the principle of universal tolerance—working on a personal and professional plane.

In India today the function of the popular press is most signally important. It has to play a large part in educating the people and in developing an acute political consciousness in the country. India still has no sense of real unity, no healthy and comprehensive national consciousness. That has to come through a real and imaginative appreciation of the sense of a common culture, or the sense of the want of a common culture. Here too the contribution of the press can be vital and significant. The stability of

a nation is utterly dependent on the strength and the zeal of its purposive activity. It was Renan who said that what makes a nation is the sense of having done great things together in the past, and that of attempting great things together for the future. Our tradition, in spite of the high-flown and tiringly repetitive things spoken daily about it on public platforms, is still an undefined amorphism. And there is little sense in attempting great things in a great manner.

One has only to look at the educated youth of the country to realise the truth and the relevance of this criticism. There is little national consciousness, except perhaps a nebulous, almost impersonal tinge of diluted patriotism, and practically no historic optimism in their attitude. There is a good deal of idealism, but it is, as such idealism often tends to be, unrelated to the life of the country. And those who have it in any pronounced manner are seen to flirt in a shy and academic way with the brighter, more idealistic aspects of Communism. The others feel empty, cheated of what was most precious to them, their idealism. The tragedy of the situation is that they are disillusioned into selfishness, and come to think of even their education in an abjectly utilitarian way.

This is a gloomy picture, but it is a true picture. There is no shared incentive in the country, no inspiration of a common enthusiasm. One anticlimax after another has taken the edge off people's optimism, broken their spirits, and dulled them into tame resignation.

And it is at such times that an enlightened press can be of the greatest service. It can attempt diagnosis, criticism and construction with impartiality, relating one to the others, and redeeming each from its futile state of isolation. But if the press cannot command adequate disinterestedness, then it not only does not serve its purpose but destroys any prospects which the country may have and betrays the nation.

Illustrations are easily found today. Take the food situation. For all that one can gather from a certain section

of the press, there is no scarcity of food at all in the country. It may be difficult to achieve a unified outlook in ideological matters, but to allow such theoretical differences to sway all our judgements indiscriminately shows a lamentable lack of proportion and moral sense.

Here is an extract from a letter which I received the other day from an American friend working in South Indian villages, a man whose identification with India, both before and after independence, has never been doubted: "We went to the villages that evening. At M we found people eating a root dug from the bottoms of dried up irrigation lakes. They explained, 'The root is boiled three or four times, the water poured off. Then it won't poison us'. At C we found people eating parts of the cactus plant to be found in nearby hedges. At V we talked about the new drinking well they are helping us to dig. It is the first protected water supply they have had. Their pride kept them from admitting food difficulties. After pressure they acknowledged they were eating roots and cactus plants. Finally they even brought sawdust from one of the houses. People had gone to the nearby hills, cut a tree that is supposed to have inner wood that is good to eat, and were cooking it into a gruel. One said quietly, 'Two of our

children have died since we started eating this kind of food.' "

Starvation is a stark reality. The fact of country-wide famine has to be faced, and not fought shy of. It is sinful to hush these up. It is equally sinful to make capital out of it. To keep silent when blundering men plunge the country into ruin is cowardly. To justify a blunder in the face of facts is inhumanity, and sins against the decencies of life. To take advantage of a blunder is equally mean, and equally immoral.

Or take an event of international importance like the Korean war. One cannot help feeling happy that the specious, spineless justifications of American aggression in North Korea which appear regularly in certain sections of the press are actively promoting Indian sympathies for Korea.

A free press is certainly one of the primary requisites in a free country. Censorship, no doubt, is a blot on civilization. But it is equally necessary to guard jealously the morality of the profession. The public has a right to insist on the disinterested exercise of the freedom that the press should have. Discretion is necessary, but it has to be constantly distinguished from self-interest. Ideological adherences must give way in times of crisis to the common national interest. The ideals of secularism and service nowhere require greater emphasis than in the field of journalism in this country.

TRAFFIC IN MONKEYS

The traffic in monkeys for medical research has increased by leaps and bounds in recent years. A report in the DAILY TELEGRAPH of May 26th makes grim reading. It tells us that:

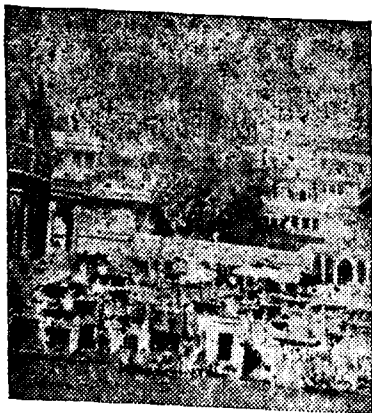
"At least 12 London Airport officials and loaders were under medical supervision last night following a postmortem at the London Zoo on 30 monkeys. The monkeys died at the airport in transit from India to New York. The Zoo report said the monkeys had died from dysentery, rare among monkeys.... The monkeys were part of a consignment of 300 which were being sent to hospitals and medical research institutes in America. They were for experiments concerning infantile paralysis. Between 200,000 to 300,000 monkeys are due to be flown to the United States from India in three years...."

The underlying tragedy is the fact that those monkeys which survived have still to undergo the dreadful experience of artificially induced infantile paralysis and will suffer an even worse form of death than that which, (mercifully perhaps), overtook the 30 which died from dysentery; and after them there will be more, and yet more, to the tune of at least 200,000 to 300,000 sacrificed in the same way, and yet time was when these little creatures, so like their human torturers, were held sacred in India.

BENARES THROUGH THE AGES

By V. G. NAIR

BENARES is the most ancient living city in the world. It is older than Babylon and Nineveh, ancient Rome and Athens. Built on the bank



Manikarnika Bathing Ghat immortalised by Sankaracharya as the most sacred in Banaras.

of the Ganges it has sixty-four ancient bathing ghats and hundreds of beautiful temples. Many of these ghats and temples have been renovated by the princes and people of India. It was a famous trade emporium in the olden days for its silk and ivory works, sculpture, jewellery and scented oils. Long before the birth of Buddha it was a noted educational centre for religious and cultural studies. It was due to its cultural pre-eminence that Lord Buddha after his enlightenment at Gaya, proceeded to Benares and gave his first sermon at Sarnath. Shri Sankaracharya travelled all the way from Malabar to preach his Advaita philosophy among the learned pandits of Benares and from there established his religious conquest of India. It is the birthplace of Saint Ramananda, Kabir and Tulsidas. Kumaraguruparar, the Sivaite poet-saint of Tamilnad, had lived at Benares for about thirty years preaching the gospel of mercy and love. It has had a glorious past although it suffered religious persecution during Muslim rule. Hallowed by the memory of Vedavyas and Buddha, its voice is that of the ancient seers and sages of India,—

the voice that spoke of universal peace and of God-realisation. Lord Mahadeva dances in this ancient city in His eternal dance of Yoganidra—the dance of serenity, sublime and blissful, which has been so beautifully described by the late revered Gurudeva Ananda Coomaraswami in his memorable work the *Dance of Shiva*. Kashi is the immortal city of Visvanath, the Lord of the world. It is the holiest of the holy for the Hindus and Saranath for the Buddhists of the world.

During the past centuries, much water has flown in the holy Ganges consuming the accumulated impurities of Benares. Mother Ganga still flows unabated in the same process with no end to her labour of love. During my recent visit of Benares and Saranath, I had a look into the social life of the former and what I saw was dreadful. Benares is divided into two; the old and the new cities. Life is much happier in the latter with its healthy residential quarters and pretty gardens, better sanitary and drainage systems; whereas the old city of legends is apparently crumbling to the ravages of time. I went through every lane and bylane in order to have a clearer view of the old city and found many buildings of brick and stone, evidently built some two to three hundreds years ago, lying in ruins. Many more are in decay. Most of these dilapidated buildings are human habitations. In any civilized country, such crumbling structures would not be allowed for residential purposes. They would have been demolished long ago and reclamation work carried out under City Improvement Acts. I climbed up the terrace of a century-old building about two hundred feet in height and had a clear view of the old city. Accumulated debris was seen scattered at different quarters presenting a ghastly appearance. Evidently the old city is sinking under the weight of infirmity and old age. The floods of 1948 which rose to the highest level ever recorded, had submerged one-fifth of the city. Most of the old buildings fell to the ground during these devastating floods. The sun never rises and sets

at certain quarters of the city. The buildings are so closely constructed that there is hardly any space for wind to blow in and out of the city. The innumerable lanes and bylanes running like arteries in the human system, are congested with pedestrians and local residents, and people in these lanes live in a contaminated atmosphere. They urinate on the pavements. The squalor and filth all round is appalling. The drainage system is so old and bad that the stench it spreads is nauseating. The narrow bylanes are the breeding ground of epidemics—cholera, dysentery, smallpox—and other contagious diseases which are regular seasonal scourges of the old city. Beri-beri is so widely prevalent that in one year alone it has taken a heavy toll of nearly 50,000 lives from the Bengali population. The ghats are infested with beggars, lepers and cripples, and ailing women with babies in their arms. The lane leading to the sacred Visvanath temple apparently emits poison as though from the throat of the Lord himself in order to purify us

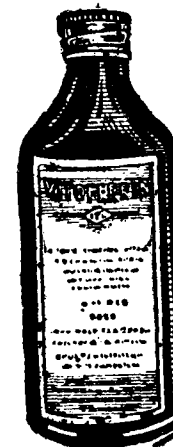
of our daily sins. It is a regular feat for the pilgrims to get into the temple without being trampled upon by sturdy cows running helter-skelter in search of the eatables—grass and flowers—thrown by pilgrims inside and outside the temple precincts. The cows are allowed free entry into the temple and encouraged to eat up the heaps of flowers and other rubbish thrown there by pilgrims. Evidently this saves the temple-trustees a lot of expense on paid labour for removing the rubbish from time to time. The marble flooring of the temple is dangerously slippery on account of the mud and dirt constantly carried there by pilgrims. Some better arrangements should be made by the management, if not by the Government, for cleaning up the temple premises of all discarded flowers and dirt; and also better facilities should be afforded to the pilgrims for their worship. God cannot be served by external ceremonies alone. He can be served only by serving the poor and the needy.

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THE FORD FOUNDATION

TO PROMOTE PEACE & HUMAN UNDERSTANDING

THE major portion of one of the largest fortunes in United States history has been dedicated to the cause of international peace and the improvement of human welfare. The fortune was amassed by automobile manufacturer Henry Ford and his son Edsel, during their lifetimes. Thus, the name of Ford joins those of Rockefeller and Carnegie on the list of America's great philanthropists.

As estimated \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 will be administered through the Ford Foundation, which was established in 1936 by Edsel Ford for "scientific, educational, and charitable purposes". Edsel Ford died in 1943 and Henry Ford in 1947. Both left the bulk of their fortunes to the Foundation. However, the broad lines along which the Foundation will work were not made known until recently, when Henry Ford II, the son of Edsel Ford, and now president of the Ford Motor Company, announced the results of a study made for the Foundation trustees by eight distinguished educators and scientists.

"Half of the people of the world are either starving or lack adequate food", the trustees reported. Illness and disease are widespread. Such conditions produce unrest and social instability. Men submit to dictators when hunger and frustration undermine their faith in themselves and in the existing order."

It is expected that part of the Foundation's funds will be spent in other countries. Paul G. Hoffman, retiring head of the Economic Co-operation Administration (ECA), has accepted the presidency of the Foundation. As ECA Administrator, Hoffman directed the spending of \$10,000,000,000 to speed the economic recovery of the free areas of Europe. He is at present head of the Studebaker Corporation, another major U. S. automobile company.

The special committee's report to the Ford Foundation trustees, which took more than two years to prepare, was based on interviews with more than a thousand persons prominent in the fields of the arts and sciences. The committee suggested that the Founda-

tion leave the fields of physical science, medicine, and public health to other organizations and concentrate on five principal objectives: (1) world peace; (2) greater allegiance to the basic principles of freedom and democracy; (3) advancing the economic well-being of people everywhere; (4) expanding and improving educational facilities; and (5) supporting scientific activities designed to increase knowledge of human conduct.

The trustees pointed out that the quality of persons engaged in government work leaves wide room for improvement. "Efforts to establish a high tradition of public service and select and train more and better leaders for public service must be undertaken promptly," they emphasized.

More and better schools and teachers were cited as one of the most pressing needs in the field of education.

"The high cost of college and of higher education in general makes real equality of opportunity impossible," the trustees said. "More and more of the financial burden is being thrust upon the student in the form of higher tuition fees...."

"Perhaps the greatest single shortcoming of our school system is its tendency to concern itself almost exclusively with the dissemination of information," the report continued. "School should be the most important influence outside of the home for the moulding of whole persons. Yet individual purpose, character, and values, the bases of which are laid in the home, are often inadequately developed by institutions which could, by precept and deeper teaching, assume a major share of supporting them more successfully."

In discussing opportunities for service in the investigation of human conduct, the trustees said that "some authorities regard emotional maladjustment as the most characteristic and widespread ill of our civilization."

"Many psychologists state that human beings possess a fundamental need to feel the significance of their daily work by close identification with

its end-result. As clerical and mechanical tasks have become more specialized, as machines have taken over more of the functions formerly performed by brain or hand, this occupational satisfaction and sense of identification with the end result of one's effort has decreased. While mass production techniques obviously cannot be abandoned, the problem is to develop new sources of satisfaction to replace those lost...."

"Concerned with individual dignity and well-being, the trustees are disturbed by the extent to which our society fails to achieve one basic democratic objective—the full development and use by each person of his inherent potentiality."

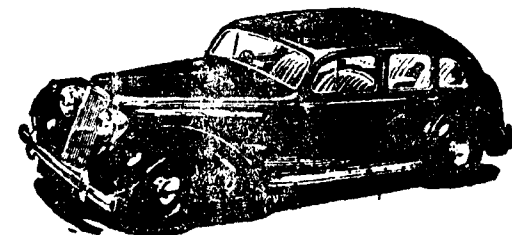
The trustees expressed the belief that man must always choose between two opposed courses: one—democratic, dedicated to the freedom and dignity of the individual; the other authoritarian, where freedom and justice do not exist, and where

human rights and truth are subordinated wholly to the state.

"But the making of the choice is not a single, simple act of selection," they added. "It is a way of total living, and to choose it means to choose it again and again, today and tomorrow, and continuously to reaffirm it in every act of life."

"If we are to train youth for effective citizenship, we must bring about a satisfactory relationship between general and special knowledge," the report said. "While specialization is to be encouraged as a proven technique, there is need also to understand how specialized knowledges fit together for the constructive interest of society as a whole. This means more than graduating adequate numbers of specialists and general students; it will require the development in both of an understanding of their relations one to the other, and of the relations of both to society. We are today, perhaps, turning out too many graduate specialists who lack a sense of our society as a whole."—USIS.

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By V. P. SATHE

IN the sudden and untimely demise of Rai Bahadur Chuni Lal, the Indian film world and Bombay society have lost one of the most colourful personalities. If ever the title of Rai Saheb or Rai Bahadur became anyone it was Chuni Lal; so much so that even when he renounced the title on 15th August 1947, his friends continued to address him as Rai Bahadur. In fact more than just a title, Rai Bahadur has been his nick name.

Rai Bahadur Chuni Lal was one of the discoveries of the Late Himansu Rai who had a talent for picking up the right man for the right job. Rai Bahadur had then just returned from the Middle East where he had served as an executive along with the British Army of Occupation. When Himansu Rai spotted him, he chose him to hold the responsible post of General Manager of Bombay Talkies—a post which he held for over ten years in a manner which made him an ideal executive. Rai Bahadur certainly knew how to keep the dignity and prestige of his office. True, sometimes his actions appeared to be too bureaucratic and rigid; and as such displeased some of those who came in contact with him. But, from the viewpoint of the company's interests, they were generally more than justified. Though quite jovial and social in his general life, he was thus held in great awe even by his colleagues.

As a man Rai Bahadur was fond of leading a typical club life. A member of the C. C. I. all his friends came from that strata of society; he enjoyed playing cards, going to races and sipping the choicest alcoholic drinks. Rai Bahadur was in his real element when Bombay Talkies and later Filmistan gave cocktail parties. Nobody could have accused him of being a

miser. He lived in a style keeping up with the dignity of his office. And, like his famous rose in buttonhole he loved to show off his pomp and dignity.

In the film world one has to be either a financier, distributor or producer to be a big gun; Rai Bahadur was none of these. Though he arranged for finance and secured the backing of the house of Kapurchands and others, he never dabbled in high finance. Similarly, on behalf of the producers he always kept himself abreast of all distribution activities. He was never a distributor himself though for the last few months there were rumours about his starting distribution. He did not produce a single picture; that job was left to Mukerjee, though the latter did nothing without the knowledge and consent of Rai Bahadur.

And yet he was one of the most important figures in the film industry. During his association with Bombay Talkies as well as Filmistan, he had proved to the film world that he was a most able administrator and efficient executive. With Rai Bahadur at the helm, the studio as well as the office was bound to be conducted in an organised and disciplined manner. Apart from being just in the film business Rai Bahadur loved films—especially Indian films.

The society to which he belonged has looked down upon Indian films, but not Rai Bahadur. He not only believed Indian films to be good, he went all out to defend them wherever the occasion demanded.

Indeed, whether one agreed with Rai Bahadur's argument or not one must admit that in him the film industry, as it exists in India today, found a great fighter and champion.

As president of I. M. P. P. A. and M. P. S. I., as a leader of many deputations and as the film industry's representative on the Censor Board, he fought with admirable vigour and sincerity to protect the producer's prevalent rights and to secure recognition, support and safeguards for the industry as a whole from the Government.

His role in the film industry can be compared with that of Chandavarkar in the textile industry. Now that he is dead, it is a moot question as to who will defend the film industry which is otherwise so vulnerable to attack from many quarters? Indeed, the importance of Rai Bahadur to the film industry will be realized more now after his death than it was when he was alive.

Picture Of The Week

The shadow of gloom caused by the death of Rai Bahadur Chunilal was cast over the preview of "SARGAM" held in Bombay on Thursday 7th December 1950 at 9-30 P.M. at Imperial (Bombay). Though many guests turned up for the show they keenly felt the absence of the genial host who always greeted them. Naturally, there was no question of jubilation.

In the absence of Rai Bahadur, S. Mukerjee, his colleague, made a short speech in a rather heavy, monotonous tone. He told the guests that it was to keep up the spirit with which Rai Bahadur had extended the invitation that this show was being held.

Even this picture, which is designed to provide delightful music and comedy could not clear the cloud of sorrow. Was it because the picture itself could not sweep the audience? Perhaps yes. Perhaps, the mood of the audience could not find the kind of fun served in the picture palatable.

Whatever the reason, the picture did not somehow enthuse the audience; it rather left them cold.

Apparently, Santoshi in trying to repeat the formula of *Shehnai* missed his target. It was obvious that he had tried hard to make the picture the biggest musical hit of all times.

The songs, for instance, are written in the best Santoshi style and presented with brilliant musical score by C. Ramachandra, in the fashion of Hollywood musicals. Not only that, following the Mukerjee school—in fact under his guidance—every song number has been cleverly dovetailed

in the main pattern of story; even the wordings of the songs have a purport. They are well sung and their tunes are clever variations of Xavier Cugat's Latin-American and Indian tunes. Yet the total effect is that the songs lack poetry as well as rhythm; not one song of SARGAM is a patch on *Ana Meri Jan* or *Mar Katari Mar Jana*. In trying to be too clever, both Santoshi and C. Ramachandra seem to have missed the real point about the popular screen music. Thus though the song ideas of especially the first four songs are excellent, in the jumble and hulla-ballow, even they lose their charm.

And, music, mind you, was expected to be the chief attraction. The story is, of course, developed on the lines of Mukerjee's boy-meets-girl formula; but it follows the pattern of *Shehnai* to such an extent that it almost appears to be a revised version of the same.

But while in *Shehnai* the story had a strong emotional and realistic base with the problem of marrying off five girls confronting the poor father, the story of SARGAM has no such basis. The moment the England-returned hero, son of a Marwari Seth, falls in love with the daughter of his poor creditor there seems to be no earthly reason why they should not marry; and all the obstacles created either by the hero's father or the villain (who throws the hero out of his way at least three times) and the African chief who compel the heroine to marry him on the threat of killing the entire Indian party stranded on African soil, appear to be forced and pointless with the result that the story never grips you. Besides, all the antics of the hero who follows the heroine almost all round the world appear to be so incredible and foolish that the audience does not enjoy them as it should otherwise have done.

Frankly there are too many characters and incidents in SARGAM with none of them developed properly. All characters appear hazy. The incidents seem to be just stage-managed without any semblance of plausibility. The screenplay of SARGAM reminds one of the adage *Too many cooks spoil the pudding*.

With the screenplay and music suffering from these major defects, SARGAM provides just a mild amusement. The production values are

rather poor; the recording and photography are adequate without being brilliant, the sets are nothing to boast of; and the dining room of the ship or the auditorium of the theatre are too prosaic and empty. Among the performers, Om Prakash easily carries away the acting honours; Raj Kapoor does some brilliant dancing and buffoonery but his performance lacks the slickness and polish of his own work in *Dastan*. Rehana seems to have lost her charm, while Ramsingh is just hackneyed. Other artistes just parade themselves on the screen.

The best touch in the picture is the Marwari dialect in which Om Prakash and Chandabai talk to each other and a parody on it in the satirical song *Sabse Bada Rupaiya*. That is the only thing outstanding in an otherwise average entertaining comedy.

Pancholi's Studio To Be Allotted

As everybody in the film industry knows, just before the partition of India, Dalsukh M. Pancholi owned a big studio in Lahore. And in the havoc wrought after partition, while the other studios were burnt this studio remained intact. So when peaceful conditions prevailed again, it was the only studio to start functioning.

Meanwhile, Pancholi had to leave Pakistan for good and though occasionally he and his partner Ferozuddin paid visits to Lahore, the management of the studio was left entirely in the hands of the local agents. Not only that, as the studio was running in loss, Ferozuddin is reported to have invested some more money to keep the studio running.

But, as months passed, the local agents became virtual owners of the studio. For, it is alleged that while they sent no returns to the legitimate owners, when Ferozuddin went to Lahore and tried to assert himself as the owner, he is reported to have been thrown out of the studio. Thus, with real owners out of the picture, the studio was run by the agents.

But as the studio was technically still his property, Pancholi could not lodge even a claim as an evacuee in India. Indeed, though he had lost studio, cinema and property worth about twentyfive lakhs, he did not get even a flat allotted to him in Bombay. And on the top of it all, now the studio has been declared as evacuee

property by the Government of Pakistan. According to press reports, the studio was sealed a fortnight ago. It is further learnt that the studio will be allotted to Mr. Nazir. Prior to this Pancholi's two cinemas have already been sealed and allotted.

Under the new set-up Pancholi will now be lodging his claim for the evacuee property left in Pakistan.

News Of The Week

—Art Centre's maiden picture *Bewafa* was launched at Tasveer Mahal Studio on Wednesday, 6th Dec. '50. Nargis, Raj Kapoor and Ashok Kumar are the stars. While M. L. Anand is directing and Anwar Hussain is the producer, Kamal Amrohi is writing the dialogues for the story written by Akhtar Hussain. Music is by A. R. Qureshi.

—In the Urdu short story competition held in India recently the well known writer Khwaja Ahmad Abbas was awarded the first prize for his short story, "Asmani Talwar."

—Majroop Sultanpuri, who wrote songs for *Andaz* and *Shehjeahan* is held under detention for writing poem allegedly inciting violence.

—Apropos Karan Dewan's contract for a Tamil picture it is learnt that Karan Dewan will now play the lead instead of Nasir Khan in A. V. M.'s Hindi version of *Life*.

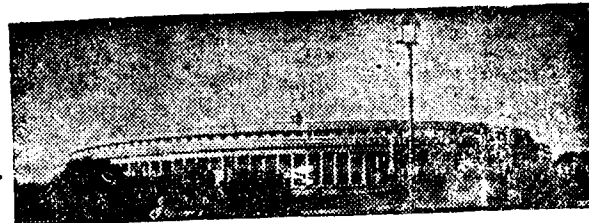
—Bombay Talkies' *Sangram* and S. M. Yussuf's *Bahurani* are the two new pictures to be awarded 'A' censor certificates.

—A Mushaira of Urdu poets was held on Monday, 4th December 1950, in Bombay in aid of the Kashmir Relief Fund. Shri Morarji Desai attended the Mushaira in which many film poets including Nakshab, Shakil Badayuni, Dewan Sharar, Qumar Jalalabadi and Jigar Muradabadi were the principal poets.

—In a speech delivered at a 'Sangam' held by Hindi Sahitya Samelan at Government House, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President, declared that though he realized the potentialities of the cinema he believed that the cinema could not achieve perfection in art.

—Mehtab will play her most ambitious role in *Jhansi ki Rani*, being produced and directed by her husband Sohrab Modi. He is also expected to play a character role. Their three year old son Mehli is also appearing for the first time.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister undoubtedly made a great speech in Parliament when he opened the debate on Foreign Affairs. There was a feeling in the House—and this was voiced by Acharya Kripalani—that India had voted "in a hurry" for war against North Korea. Jawaharlal Nehru sensed this feeling as soon as Sir B. N. Rau cast his vote at Lake Success. This was responsible for the Government's subsequent handling of the Korean issue. The U. S. entered into a war against North Korea without the sanction of the United Nations. A resolution was subsequently passed, ratifying the U. S. action. Sir B. N. Rau should have introduced a motion to censure the U. S. for acting as though the U. N. were its hireling. But he submitted to being pulled out of his bed at midnight to preside over a session of the Security Council—so that ratification of unilateral U. S. action might not be delayed by another twelve hours!

The Korean lady wrote to Nehru: "My country is sick and dying of cold, disease and starvation." The Americans unknowingly are bringing misery to Korea in order to save her for the Syngman Rhee type of democracy. "It is a strange thing," said Nehru, "that we seek to find remedies to help our friends in ways which kill or destroy them. It is a strange commentary on the way of violence which all of us, all countries including our own, are somehow forced to adopt in the present world, and that commentary will be complete when the third world war comes and we all sink into ruin and oblivion."

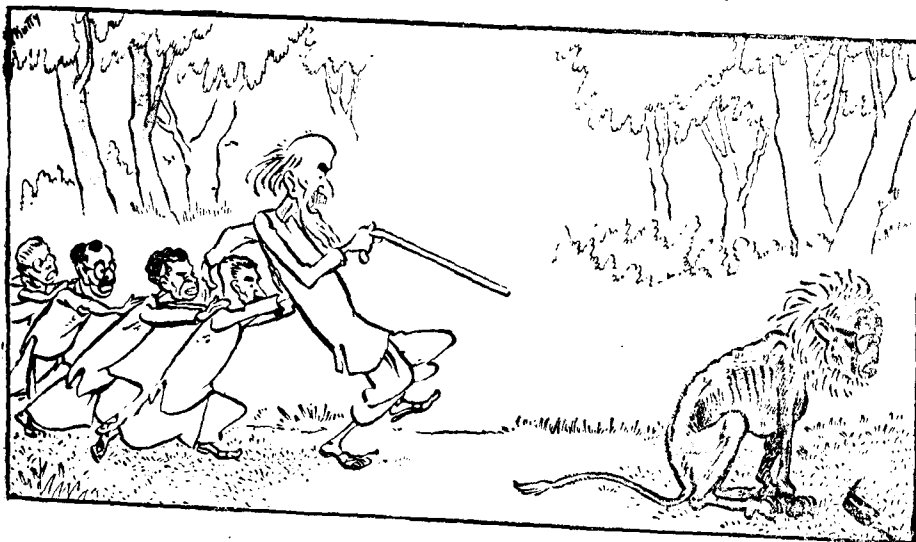
Mr. D. N. Pritt, who has been in Delhi for a fortnight, pointed out in an article in the *News Chronicle*, London, that it is American, British, Dutch and French troops that have been engaging themselves outside their own countries against the natio-

nals of other countries. This he contrasted with Soviet troops. The logic is unanswerable and terrible. With that beautiful British sense of fairplay and justice, the *News Chronicle* printed Pritt's article prominently on the leader-page. In the editorial, the paper gave reasons for its profound disagreement with almost every sentence of Mr. Pritt's article.

This Diarist is glad to see that the *News Chronicle* has made its appearance in the British Information Service Reading Room in Connaught Place, because it was in response to a note in this column that the paper finds a place on the reading stand. Mr. King, Chief of the B. I. S., had told me in June that it would not be possible to get the *Daily Worker*, but that the omission of the *News Chronicle* would be set right. This is the kind of enlightened response to suggestions and criticisms which gives meaning to the democratic spirit. All Mr. King's men give evidence of this spirit. We have at last got an opportunity of reading Mr. Norman Cliff's brilliant despatches in the original version instead of the garbled accounts circulated by the news agencies.

Mr. Chalapathi Rau has lashed out at the imposture of the AINEC in two editorial articles in the *National Herald*. The time is ripe to call a halt to this sham show of phantom editors. Mr. Deshbandhu Gupta's speech as President is full of misrepresentations which have been carefully catalogued in the *Herald* editorial entitled, "Editors?" A Government-sponsored body from the beginning, the AINEC has become a patronage-seeking organisation deeply interested in newsprint, advertisements and foreign travel. As proprietors and as men, they are entitled to be so interested. But these captains of industry cannot pretend to be representatives of

ANDHROCLIQUE'S LION



The Congress Working Committee has decided to take disciplinary action against Sri Prakasam. —Courtesy: 'Shankar's Weekly'.

the Indian Press. "When Mr. Gupta asked for closer liaison between the Government and the A. I. N. E. C. in foreign affairs," says Chalapathi Rau's editorial, "he was asking for an extension of the conspiracy of co-operation into a sphere of affairs where the Government have to be wary." "There is no parallel in the world to this kind of alms-begging and misappropriation of character."

Lord Derby was provoked a hundred years ago by the attack of the *London Times* on Lord Palmerston who recognised Napoleon as Emperor of France. "As in these days the English Press aspires to share the influence of statesmen," said Lord Derby, "so also must it share the responsibilities of statesmen." Jawaharlal Nehru quoted Baldwin to say that the Press claimed the privileges of the harlot, power without responsibility. Mr. Aneurin Bevan, soon after the Labour Party came to power, declared that the British Press was the most prostituted Press in the world. Mr. Gupta spoke, of course, as a statesman who strayed into Managing Editorship—that being a part of his activities as a statesman. But to all these critics *The Times* gave a reply which they will do well to note down in their books. It said: "We cannot

admit that its purpose is to share the labours of statesmanship, or that it is bound by the same limitations, the same duties, the same liabilities as that of the Ministers of the Crown. The purpose and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite. The dignity and the freedom of the Press are trammelled from the moment it accepts an ancillary position. To perform its duties with entire independence and consequently with the utmost public advantage, the Press can enter into no close or binding alliances with the statesmen of the day, nor can it surrender its permanent interests to the convenience of the ephemeral power of any Government." I can excuse Deshbandhu Gupta for not being aware of this very real danger. His and the AINEC's whole object is to enter into various kinds of alliances—the more close and the more binding the better. Can Jawaharlal Nehru be excused for agreeing to subject the Press to slavery to the Government? Proprietors of newspapers are anxious to persuade the Government to forge such chains so that they may have the opportunity of hugging them. By hugging these chains, the more ambitious among them expect they would qualify for ministerial office either at

the Centre or in the Provinces.

The Prime Minister of India may have his own reasons for encouraging careerists to beg for crumbs from the Foreign Office: but Jawaharlal Nehru should rise above this petty Prime Ministership. Already, some External Affairs Ministry officials have established a most questionable kind of liaison with some individuals who are supposed to belong to the Press. How far this meets with the approval of the Ministry itself is not known. It is not likely that the Ministry does not know what is going on. The Indian Press will suffer greatly in prestige by such tactics on the part of certain officials. We will have to make things hot for these officials.

Prof. P. M. S. Blackett, the Nobel Laureate, told me that he considered the Atomic Bomb to be too hot a subject for him to say anything. He had lots of thoughts on the subject, but he would express them, may be, later on, if a third world war is averted—as it appears likely to be. We know the general trend of his ideas, because he has expressed them in his book on the *Political and Military Consequences of*

the Atomic Bomb, which created a sensation a couple of years ago. Prof. Blackett differs profoundly from the Anglo-American stand on Atomic control. But he is no Communist.

As Professor of Physics at Manchester University, Blackett is very enthusiastic about his University. He also takes keen interest in the research work being now done by students in the Delhi University. We appreciate this interest in post-graduate work. But even those who are responsible for the arrangements for the Convocation of the Delhi University seem to have special interest in the post-graduates. We cannot appreciate this. When the President of India delivered his Convocation address, he was speaking mostly to post-graduates. Those who had taken their Bachelor's Degree did not have the opportunity of experiencing the real thrill of the Convocation. Many of them will not take their Master's Degree: these graduates will therefore have the distinction of not being present at any Convocation in their life—unless, of course, they are among the visitors at some future Convocation.



The Nobel Laureate Prof. P. M. S. Blackett, chatting with the President of the 'Shaw Society' Mr. V. V. Prasad (left) and the Secretary of the Faculty of Sciences, Delhi University, Mr. R. K. Chhabra.

THE GILT-EDGED SOCIALIST

A RECENT COMPLICATION

YOU never know when you barge into this phenomenon. Quite often he shoots out of a stream-lined automobile at an evening party and before you know what you are doing sets up a mild screen of perfumed smoke, emitted by a swell-brand of cigarette and through it speaks to you about the riddle of social justice. The number of the rather comfortably placed that have started knitting their brows about the redistribution of the world's goods and kneel before the altar of Socialism should fill all of us with hope. Don't let us be too puzzled by the fact that yesterday he twitted you about the poor quality of your shark-skin suit and told you of where you get the authentic American bamboo-shark-skin which does not let you down after the first wash. It is never too soon achieved—this ideological transformation. Twenty-four hours is not too short a period in which to cultivate the habit of shedding tears for the common man.

The main thing about Socialism in our country is the astonishing number of the bright young men (and may I add, latterly bright young women too) of well-to-do families that have proclaimed their fealty to Socialism—as it were from the metal top of their low-wheel base high-speed cars. The parents greet this Socialism in their second generation with an indulgent smile; and tell you in ingratiating undertones that the boy or girl was always a rebel and in early adolescence insisted on servants and ayahs eating at their table and at college had a disconcerting habit of reading Fabian tracts. However, the well-to-do parent is (as he has always been) a shrewd person. He knows that this new pink mantle which the boy or girl has donned is the vogue; and further that it invests them with a new glamour. It does something far more important. It rescues them from being ticked off as an empty-headed, hedonistic or frivolous crowd of gay half-timers and as it were escalades them to the loftier levels of intellectuality.

The total damage done is probably an investment in Penguin and Pelican books dispensing the mysterious doc-

trine—feels the parent. And moreover, this does not matter. The parent knows the boy's inherited good sense would prevail against the most seductive of creeds and cults. From his point of view, he knows of a far more dependable quality in his offspring and that is his remarkable capacity for tiring of a thing and his mercurial changeability. He has known him tire of tangible toys in childhood and now therefore he could be safely expected to tire of intangible toys like Socialism in his youth. So no harm is done by giving his boy a long rope. Meantime a Jaya Prakash or an Ashok Mehta comes along and the town is agog with talk of a conference. The parent is secretly proud to have the youngster seen in the company of distinguished persons in Jawahar vests and stubby beards—after all in the overwhelming number of cases it is a wholesome change from adventures into twilight land. The neighbours talk of the great and soulful change that has come over the boy. He had all the makings of a fine young man—they whisper—but a parental five year plan to ruin the boy had been roller-coasting him to perdition. Now that first and headlong plunge had taken him straight into the seventh circle of Dantes Inferno and he had seen the nothingness of it all, Socialism and its "dynamism" have caught the boy on the rebound; he has often been seen to be reflective, keep earlier hours, display less vivacity in conversation, discard his swell wardrobe and put on jubbabs and vests when going out and spell-bind his delighted parents with a homely or plain-living and high thinking and make them feel guilty of the life of sinful splendour in which they live, while their "sisters and brothers" were smarting under the pangs of penury and starvation.

Now there are a great many levels at which Socialism has exercised its Circean charms and at every level the provocation for conversion to the soulful creed has varied with the circumstances surrounding the particular psycho-therapeutic case. Let me be snobbish and start from the top of

the social ladder. In the first place, we have the Royal Socialists. There are sub-castes at this level. In some cases, the States Ministry gets its teeth deep into a Highness's affairs or has roped his non-viable State, the size of a postage stamp into a congeries of States and put them under a Rajpramukh. The dislodged Highness turns to Socialism for solace. It is a break from an intolerable life of endless effort at being soft-spoken and staying polite when one feels homicidal. After all, India is an interesting country not only because it is silently adding to its vast population at the rate of five million a year but also because it is a land of leaders without followers, Rajahs without rajyams, of Sanyasins who leave so much private property that quite often there is litigation about it. The Royal Socialist is not therefore such a contradiction in terms as you may imagine.

Then we have the sons of high-placed Government officials and of prosperous businessmen—who manage to acquire the infection of Left-

ism when they are at a difficult stage—I mean difficult for the parent who realises, of course, that he can no more manage his boy or shape his outlook, but has to keep him well supplied with funds for the purpose of telling his friends where he disagrees with his parents and their greedy ways and how he proposes to put his foot down on an economic system based on capitalist rapacity. This type is decidedly the most interesting from the point of view of the Psycho—well, well, from every point of view.

Most of them are the products of British or American universities—and have the authentic accent of the Returned-from-Abroad. These are addicted to certain brands of cigarettes and pipe tobaccos which all the foreign exchange stringency in the world will not induce them to do without.

They really enjoy staying in bed till 8 A.M. and only those who managed not to get into it before the small hours know its comforts. Then

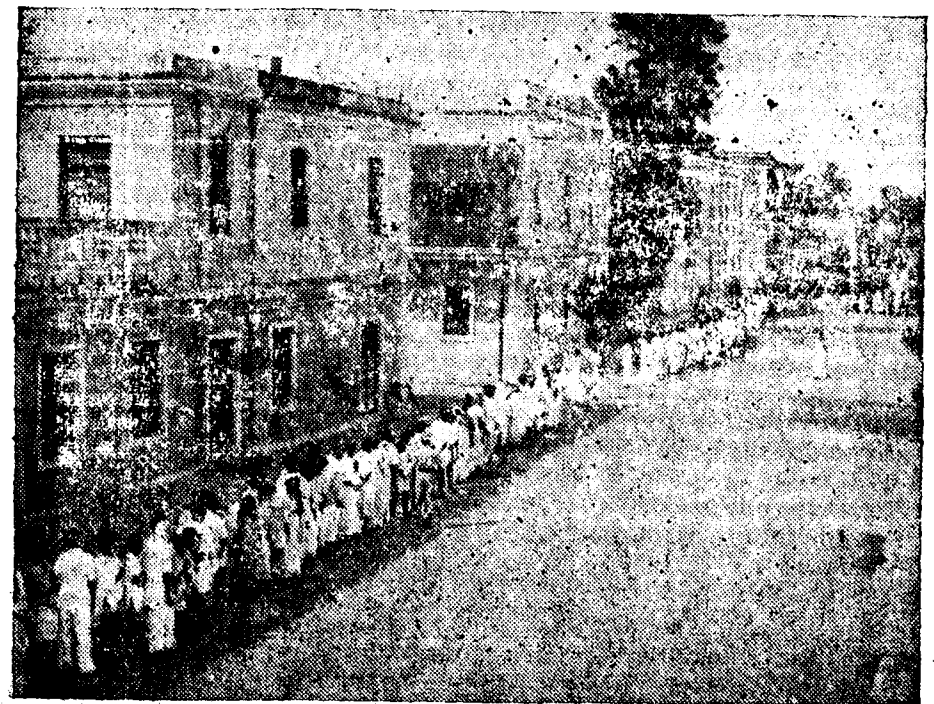


Photo taken at Pondicherry: Devotees waiting for darshan of Sri Aurobindo.

there is nothing like staying in pyjamas and slippers till about 9.30 A. M. and these have had an abiding appeal since Adam and Eve developed a wardrobe, following a bite of that fatal apple. But otherwise it is all a simple hermit-like existence of wanting little. This process of wanting little is found expensive by parents, who find their second generation charged with the Leftist doctrine to the exploding point, nevertheless kicking about inadequate pocket-money. Parents feel they must co-operate with Government in savings campaigns, avoidance of wasteful expenditure and in general, not exert inflationary pressure on an already inflation-bitten economy. But the Socialist son is anti-Government on principle and may therefore—far from being forgiven—be appreciated for engaging in a spending programme, if only for the sake of vindicating a principle and in these days people break down before principles so often that it is refreshing to have some people stand up for theirs. Then they will not accept certain jobs, even if the parents trouble to land them, if the assignments mean hewing of wood and drawing of water even remotely.

The parent's secret anxiety not to let the boy get bogged in a kind of political no-man's-land indefinitely (that is of course the parent's final opinion of the creed) ends up in his securing for his boy a white collar assignment that seats him behind largish, plate-glassed tables fitted with buzzers and chromium inkstands. Here, of course, he gets an opportunity of unfolding his executive abilities and of teaching the world how top-dogs should treat under-dogs. Quite often he does take to his work with great avidity and finds little time for solving the problems of a wicked, success-worshipping world that perpetuates the gulf between the Haves and the Have-nots. The parent

is delighted at the smug respectability in which the boy remains enveloped, because of his preoccupation. But it must be said to the young man's credit that he is still leftist in so far as the economics of his promised land is concerned and when you tumble on the topic at a dinner table, you will be treated to impassioned eloquence on the subject.

I will not embark on a description of the middle-class Socialist. In the first place, I have covenanted to deal with only the gilt-edged Socialist in this article; in the second place, there is really no middle-class in this country since the Second-World-War, for the inflation that came with it has engulfed the salaried middle-class man and he has been worse off than the daily wage-earning artisan or worker and has thus become the object and beneficiary under the scheme of social justice.

The foregoing observations are not intended to dissuade the young man of large means from helping a just cause materially or proclaiming his moral support thereto; nor need he be ashamed of being an ardent student of the great literature of Socialism. He has indeed missed a great deal, who has not read the inspired works of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, of G. D. H. Cole or read through the breath-taking pages of Shaw's "Intellectual Women's Guide to Socialism." Please therefore do not put down these observations to an ideological antagonism to Socialist economics or politics.

I have known too well the capacity of many of my Socialist friends to laugh at themselves—to trouble to tell the conventional lie that no single living person is referred to or was in my mind when I started to perpetrate this verbal atrocity—in an idle hour that often releases impish inclinations.—S. Narayanaswami.

Newspapers were giving sufficient publicity. But SWATANTRA went a step further and published a comment and made out as if Mr. K. Chandramouli alone of all the ministers had created an impression by his transparent honesty and others were guilty. Government had issued a whip to its members and they were perfectly entitled to do so under all canons of parliamentary procedure. But this paper had almost issued a whip in another way to sway the voting in the the House from outside.—Hon'ble K. Madhava Menon, Minister for Law, in the Madras Legislative Assembly, as reported in THE INDIAN EXPRESS.

REFLECTIONS on life at 76

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM,
In a talk with Joseph Garrity

MY rules for a happy life are simple —almost like a copy book.

1. Keep sober;
2. Work hard;
3. Do not do anything too long.

I have always been a wanderer and shall go on wandering until I am a fixture in a bath chair. A man who travels gains experience and becomes less insular.

WOMEN

ONE important change I have been pleased to see is that women have gained a freedom undreamed of at the beginning of the century.

In my youth a young girl of the professional classes, or upper classes as they are called would never have been allowed out alone.

When they went to dances they had chaperons. If there had been any night clubs they would not have been allowed to go to them.

How things have changed.

Women today are far more self-reliant. They undertake all sorts of jobs considered impossible in their grandmothers' day.

I have a great-niece who, because her father was a rich man, had never done a day's work in her life. She married a poor man, and her life has changed completely.

She does all the housework, cooking, cleaning, and is now looking after two babies. She does it all on her own, and she does it cheerfully.

Nowadays, when servants are scarce and expensive, this situation is commonplace.

WAY TO SUCCESS

I believe about 25,000,000 copies of my books have been published.

"Of Human Bondage," which I wrote 35 years ago, still sells about 12,000 copies a year. The total sales of "The Razor's Edge" are something like 2,500,000 copies.



Back from New York where his stories are the rage of Television is 76-year-old novelist Somerset Maugham. He is in London to discuss a new film of his works. After 50 years of writing he has put away his pen because "I have nothing more to say."

Now they are bringing out my stories in the pictures, on records, and in television.

How do I account for this phenomenal success so late in life?

My theory is that it is because I have lived on.

Men who liked my books when they were boys of an impressionable age are still reading them at 50. I kept on writing, and they kept on reading. For 50 years they have never been allowed to forget my name.

But if I had died in the first world

war, just after "Of Human Bondage," I should have been entirely forgotten.

GREAT MEN—AND RETIREMENT

THE period of my lifetime has been rich in famous figures, but I do not think any personality stands out so clearly or has made such a brilliant mark in history as Winston Churchill. He has dominated the scene for the last 30 or 40 years.

People use the term "genius" loosely. In my opinion the only genius this century has produced is Einstein.

My own dear friend H. G. Wells undoubtedly had a great influence on the generation that was beginning to grow up at the beginning of the century. He made them think for themselves.

He was a powerful advocate for the freedom of the sexes and, of course, he was a Socialist.

I was extremely attached to my old friend Wells, and his death was a great loss to me.

His influence, however, perished long before he died. He was one of those people who lived a little too long for his fame.

What he had to say he said in the first 30 years.

THEY DIDN'T WANT HIM

I have stopped writing at the proper time because I did not want to make a similar mistake.

Friends have urged me to continue writing, but I have made up my mind. I learned my lesson by watching other people.

Take the case of Pinero. At the beginning of the century he was quite the top dramatist, not only in Britain but all over the world. Managers clamoured for his plays.

Then I remember the day when Pinero said: "They don't want me any more." He kept on writing plays, but managers would not even look at them.

I thought I would get out while the going was good. The writer can live too long.

Shaw lived too long for his fame. What he wrote since "Saint Joan" added nothing to his reputation. And what he wrote in the last few

years was just damaging, and many people lost interest in him.

I don't want to write any more. I have said all I want to say. Now I merely dabble in essays for my personal enjoyment.

Even at my time of life there are plenty of other things to do. But when you are getting on for 80, as I am, you don't want to climb mountains or shoot down the Cresta Run.

I read a great deal, go to the theatre, listen to music, and enjoy the company of a great number of friends. Whenever I have an opportunity I play bridge. I am deeply attached to my garden and pay a lot of attention to it.

POVERTY—AND RICHES

I am very glad to be old because I know that we had a better life before 1914 than we have ever had since. When I look at my grandchildren I anxiously wonder what sort of a life lies before them.

There is the constant fear of war that we have been living through in all these later years, and also the rising cost of living.

Before 1914 you could be poor, but it did not really matter. You could get on with so little.

During my first ten years as a professional writer I earned an average of £100 a year. I had to be very economical, but I managed. One could not do that now.

Today we know that the minimum a workman can possibly live on is something between £5 and £6 a week.

Everything is so terribly expensive.

One of the pleasures I hoped to enjoy on arriving in London was to have some oysters. But I am hanged if I am going to pay 21s. a dozen in these grand London restaurants.

I have made a fortune, but I was poor much too long to waste my money now.

One change I am pleased to see is that the working class is enjoying a higher standard of living conditions.

Before the war I used to visit old friends in Battersea. They lived in horrible slums, with bugs under the wallpaper which crawled everywhere. There were no bathrooms; the peo-

ple were huddled up together in hopelessly overcrowded conditions.

After the war I went to see my friends again in a nice council flat with a bathroom. They had a gramophone, went to the pictures twice a week, and I expect they have a television set now.

They have a much better home, and they have deserved it. Gone is the fear of unemployment.

ABOUT OURSELVES

MY views on the British character today may not please everyone. I don't think the British are so honest as they used to be, nor nearly so civil or obliging.

That is undoubtedly due to the war, the hardships and all the strain to which they have been exposed. I believe it is only a temporary phase.

Another regrettable change I have noticed is that by force of circumstances British hospitality is not so warm. With prices so high men evidently cannot afford to share their cigarettes with friends as they once did. Entertaining at home, due to the expense and food rationing, has practically died out. Then there is the servant problem.

Yet I find the British are more sociable than they were, and not so hostile to strangers.

WELFARE STATE

I am all for the Welfare State. I do not believe that security necessarily robs a man of incentive. I wrote because it was in my nature to write. If the rewards had been far smaller than they turned out to be I should still have been a writer.

I think the Health Service is a grand scheme.

Some people say the raising of the standard of living is the reason for the high cost of living. But no one in his senses would grouse about the working class enjoying their new luxuries.

Of course these things have to be paid for. But, although I am no politician, I suspect—ignorantly or otherwise—that the Welfare State could be run more efficiently and more economically than it is.

Maybe these initial mistakes will be corrected as time goes on—by the Socialists or by some other Government.

It is no shame to make mistakes. Socialists or by some other Government never do anything of any great consequence.

SNOBBERY

SO many people who used to send their sons to public schools are now finding the expense too great. So they are sending their boys to secondary schools where they get a very good education and will mix with all sorts and conditions of other people.

It seems to me that this will make a great difference to the future of Britain. It will end snobbishness.

I hate snobbery as much as I hate boiled potatoes.

AFTER DEATH

WHERE religion is concerned I am an agnostic. I don't believe in an after-life. I just cannot see any likelihood of it. I made up my mind about this 50 years ago, and I have found no reason to change my views.

HIGHLIGHT

THE most exciting period of my life was in 1908 when, as a struggling author trying with difficulty to keep body and soul together, I suddenly found myself with four plays running in London at the same time.

REGRETS?

HAVE I any regrets? Yes, I deeply regret that I was not able to enjoy the pleasures of my youth because I had to work so hard to earn a living.—Copyright.

SIDELIGHTS :

Respected and senior working-journalist-editors, some of them with no rivals in this country, have been cheated of the honour of guiding the A.-I.N.E.C. because they do not manage.

—NATIONAL HERALD.

THERE is no more respected journalist in India than Sri M. Chalapathi Rau. He has both character and ability, a rare combination. A bachelor with no domestic encumbrances, his needs are few. His independence is therefore unaffected by the economic burdens of prolific parentage which tends to devitalise so many otherwise virile practitioners of journalism, most fecund of professions. Of vast erudition, encyclopaedic knowledge, prodigious memory; with a mind and outlook completely impervious to any inducement of profit or other material reward; and with a gift of phrasing in English unsurpassed by the greatest masters to the language born, Sri M. Chalapathi Rau, renowned editor of *National Herald*, beloved everywhere, holds now a position of towering importance. No less towering is another South Indian, Sri Raghunatha Aiyar of *The Hindu*. He has a rapier-like wit and devastating resources of irony and sarcasm. He is besides a profound Sanskrit scholar. But he is handicapped by inhibitions that disable him for travel abroad and so cut him off from direct contact with the rest of the world. The Bohemianism of the globe-trotter which in a way imparts a grace of its own to writers is by voluntary choice denied to him. Pothan Joseph, on the other hand, is at home in any clime or company. A born mixer. The speciality of his genius lies in flexibility enabling him to adopt or discard viewpoints in accordance with the needs of particular environments. As he sees himself, he is the advocate *par excellence* of the Fourth Estate, ready ever to be briefed by any party for a worthwhile fee. He has no patience with those who harp on the value of something unpurchasable in the professional make-up of journa-

lists. Yet, unadmitted by himself, he seems to have possessed all along a sturdy ego of invincible indifference to the desires of paymasters, for none of them has succeeded in holding him for long. He has had twenty-five jobs hitherto and is now running through the twenty-sixth. A record, this, which none has approached so far, and none can hope to beat in days to come—a record unattainable for any exemplar of the doctrine of safety first.

Sri Chalapathi Rau has launched a crusade, long overdue, against the A.-I.N.E.C. Working journalists all over the country will endorse his spirited warning that if the Government and the diplomatic corps “to whom many A.-I.N.E.C. eyes are turned now, should treat the A.-I.N.E.C. as solely representative of the profession, they would be acquiescing in a gigantic fraud.” He charges the A.-I.N.E.C. with having “entered into a conspiracy of co-operation with the Government.” He is unsparing in his condemnation of the claims of the A.-I.N.E.C. for a monopoly of foreign contacts, put forward by its president at the recent Delhi Conference in the form of a suggestion for a liaison machinery between the A.-I.N.E.C. and the Government. “The Government” says Chalapathi Rau “should not encourage this, attempt at further careerism.” His further comments on the subject are well worth quoting:

“Foreign organisations, foreign Governments, and foreign embassies must be knowing enough of the structure of the Indian press to understand what A.-I.N.E.C. monopoly of contacts means. It means joy rides for some editors who might be picked by those who are in a position to become presidents of the A.-I.N.E.C. The working journalists are not content to be the donkeys of the profession carrying dirty linen. They have a right to speak on behalf of the press, and they should refuse to recognise as representatives of the Indian press those that are not of them.”

Then again:

“It was an astounding demand to make that a committee of foreign affairs of the A.-I.N.E.C.’s standing committee be set up. And if such a committee is able also to create ‘healthy contacts between the press of India and world organisations and between Indian and foreign pressmen’, it would be yet another fraud added. There is no parallel in the world to this kind of alms-begging and misappropriation of character. We have heard of publishers’ organisations, editors’ organisations and working journalists’ organisations, but the impostures and impersonations of the A.-I.N.E.C. show ambitions worthy of Moghuls.... If all this is not organised politics of vested interests, we do not know what else it could be.”

Sri Chalapathi Rau deplures “the lack in this country of a substantial body of an independent press”, and says that “the opposition press has yet had little chance to develop.” Not the least of the dis-services of Congress rule has been its hostile attitude to independence in journalism. Intolerant and vindictive Publicity ministers of the Congress regime have been a menace to freedom of the press in India. Independent journals are subjected by them to no end of disabilities, while servility is made attractive and lucrative and is rewarded with honours, favours and distinctions. It is not generally realised by those who favour nationalisation of industries that in the hands of unprincipled ministers nationalisation will make an end of the free press in the country. Adverting to the “purple press” flourishing under the auspices of some industrialists, Sri Chalapathi Rau has listed among its achievements “the sanctimony which envelops public life, the all-round fall in character and the hush that hides serious lapses from public and private rectitude.” Yet it is the darling of the Congress ministers whose implacable hatred pursues with endless persecution independent journals outside the confines of their satellite empire.

Except for an hour I sat in the Assembly press gallery throughout the

debate on Sri Prakasam’s motion that has just ended in its defeat. The defeat was a foregone conclusion after Sri Kumaraswami Raja’s mandate to the Congress Party members to vote the motion down. These poor Congress legislators, with imprisoned consciences, were not free to vote as they liked. They could vote in only one particular way, and they did. There were however several voices from the Congress benches that were raised in support of the motion when it was put to vote. Sri Kumaraswami Raja’s advance injunction as to voting reduced the sector of free voters in the Assembly in a considerable degree. In this free sector, not committed in advance this side or that side, there was a substantial support to Sri Prakasam’s demand for a committee of enquiry in respect of four of the charges. Not knowing what was to come, Sri Gopala Reddi and another minister declared in the course of the debate that if the demand for enquiry came from the honourable Mahomed Ismail and not Sri Prakasam, Government would concede it at once. It was an absurd thing to say, as it was offensive to the dignity of membership of the House as such. But Mahomed Ismail *did* make a demand for enquiry into four of the charges saying that in his opinion a *prima facie* case for it had been made out in respect of them. The Leader of the House however did not fulfil his promise proving that it was mere histrionics played for effect and not intended to be taken seriously.

The level of the speeches was poor, lower than in our college debates. The demeanour of the ministers attacked was frequently frivolous and lacked dignity. Some talked among themselves. Some affected to discover jokes so exquisite that their bodies heaved with the fun of it and heads and shoulders were thrown back. It could be seen that the mirth was switched on and off at will, and sometimes it was followed by a look of shamefaced silliness. SWATANTRA was mentioned eight times in the debate. The ministers and legislators revealed themselves to be very thorough readers of its pages.—SAKA.

Letters To The Editor

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

A Deadly Weapon Against Teachers

Section 154 of the Madras Educational Rules and G. O. No. 416 are legacies that the bureaucratic British Government left with the Congress Government so far as the educational world is concerned.

154 M. E. R. is a section which empowers the educational authorities to cancel the certificates of teachers after proper enquiry into the charges levelled against them. Certificates are issued to persons who possess a certain level of knowledge or proficiency in teaching, and it is amazing that such knowledge or proficiency should ever be taken away from them by the cancellation of their certificates. Having this deadly weapon in their hands, the Government are sacking all the progressive teachers on the plea that their conduct was not satisfactory, or that they have allegedly indulged in subversive activities or that there was a great dereliction of duties on their part. Already hundreds of certificates in Malabar and 45 in Andhra have been cancelled without assigning any proper reasons and without even allowing a fair chance of trial whatsoever.

G. O. No. 416 advocates the formation of separate taluk unions under different managements. It deprives teachers of the right to form themselves into district or provincial associations for representing their grievances to the Government. Educational authorities and district boards have issued strict circulars to teachers not to enrol themselves as members of the Andhra Rashtra Elementary Teachers' Federation which has been functioning ever since 1947. Some of the office-bearers were removed from service. Some of them were forced to resign from responsible posts in the Federation on pain of punishment.

It is a matter for deep regret that the Congress Government should have continued to keep such retrograde measures on the statute book. It is a tragedy that the present administrators who once condemned the educational policy of the British Government should have now followed in their footsteps contrary to their promises. Instead of cancelling such G. Os. the present Government has tightened them. Article 19 of the Indian Constitution concedes the right of association and expression. The Andhra Rashtra Elementary School Teachers' Federation has decided to file suits in the High Court for the cancellation of section 154 M. E. R. and G. O. No. 416. Establishing the rights of the teachers

through a court of law means heavy expenditure. I appeal to teachers and educationists to collect and contribute donations to "SUFFERING TEACHERS' DEFENCE FUND" to be sent to S. Ramakrishnaiah, Secretary, Andhra Rashtra Elementary School Teachers' Federation, Singarayakonda P. O., Nellore district.

C. H. LAKSHMIAH,
President, Andhra Rashtra Elementary
School Teachers' Federation.

Activities Of Dravida Kazhagam

The Dravida Kazhagam of Tamilnad has started a satyagraha campaign in Madras and other South Indian towns, picketing North Indian shops and establishments. Their object is to get rid of all North Indians from the South, bag and baggage. They are doing great harm to their South Indian brothers scattered all over North India.

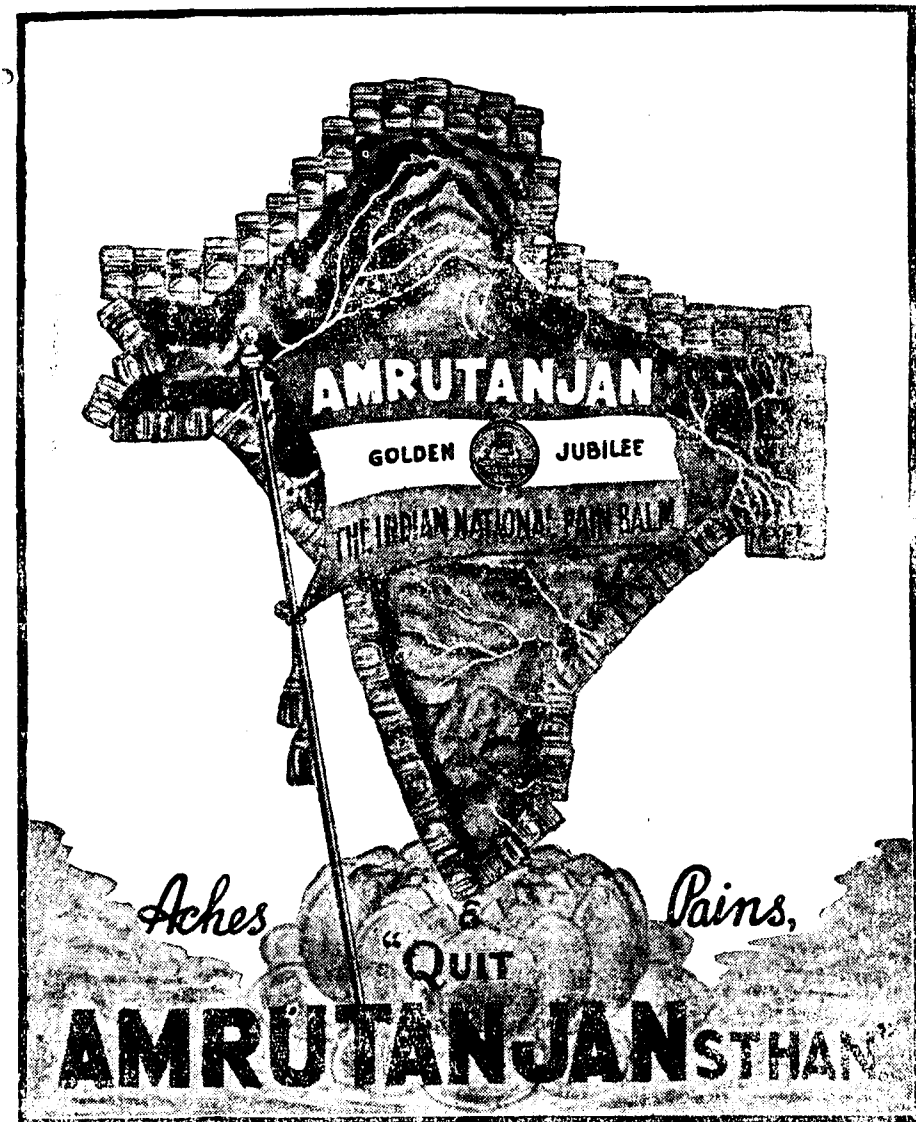
It is no exaggeration to say that South Indians are in key positions all over North India. From clerks to secretaries they are enjoying unfettered freedom in the Central Secretariat. Thousands are employed in North Indian firms in Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi and other cities in North India. Wherever you go, you will find thousands of South Indians employed in different walks of life.

The flow of money is more from North to South than from South to North. You will find in every village of Tamilnad parents and wives waiting for their sons' or husbands' M. Os. from the North in the first week of each month. The continuance of this Satyagraha will have an adverse effect on these unfortunate people.

Suppose the North Indians in retaliation start a similar campaign in the North, the result will be terrific. Hundreds and thousands of families will be ruined and the economic condition of the South will become worse. The Government will have to face another Rehabilitation Issue like the one they are facing now due to the partition of India.

Hence it is the duty of the Government to see that such anti-national movements are nipped in the bud. Every citizen of India irrespective of caste, creed or race has a right to live as a free citizen enjoying full citizen rights in any part of the Republic. Those who impede these rights are legally liable to be prosecuted.

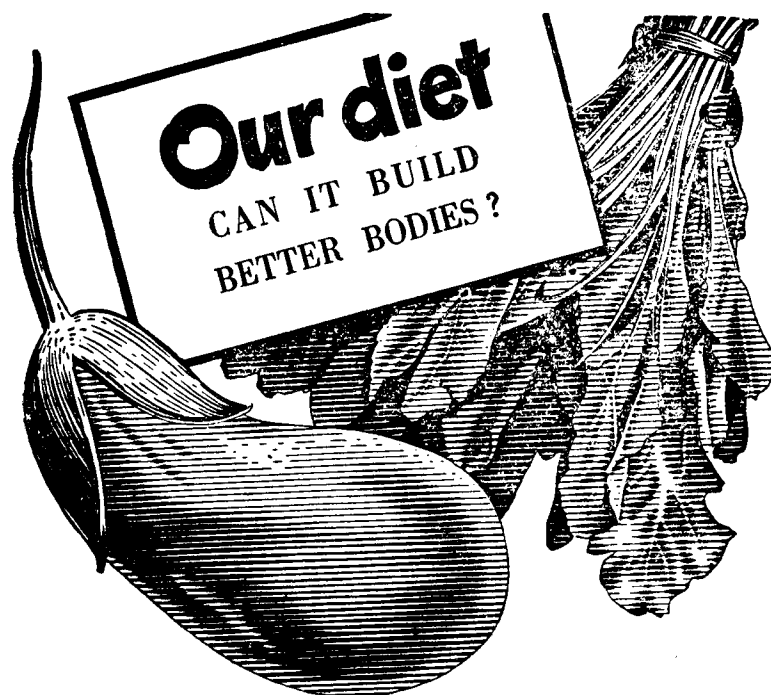
R. G. VISWANATH.
Vizianagaram.



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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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EXTRA PUBLIC CONVEYANCE ARRANGED.

SWATANTRA

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No. 46

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1950

ISSUED
WEEKLY

WHO SHOULD RULE?

THE passing away of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel makes a re-constitution of the Central Cabinet inevitable. The Sardar took too many portfolios into his hands. A combination of the Home, States and Publicity ministries is too exacting a burden for any single individual to shoulder, but the Sardar had a way of his own of by-passing files and getting work done by means of oral instruction to secretaries. The secretaries of Sardar Patel therefore came to acquire an importance that very nearly approached that of the ministers themselves. Unlike the Sardar, Sri Rajagopalachari is addicted to probing deep into files. It is not unlikely that his continual abstention from the holding of any portfolio may have something to do with the recent reported weakening of his eyesight. To the same cause may be attributed the non-materialisation of the expectations of many that C. R. would succeed the Sardar as Deputy Prime Minister. If so, the example set by him is commendable and is worthy of more comprehensive imitation. One very disquieting feature of the whole set-up of the Congress Party at the Centre is the conspicuous absence of any under-study younger in years capable of taking the place of the Prime Minister in an emergency. The Central Cabinet is too much packed with enfeebled men of over seventy. Age is of course no disqualification by itself, and may at times be an indication of ripe wisdom and mature experience invaluable to administrators. But when aged administrators develop physical infirmities like asthma, dyspepsia and blood-pressure,

it is a sign that national interests can no longer be safely entrusted to their keeping, since healthy and robust administration cannot be expected to come out of the efforts of sickly old ministers.

In view of the appalling deterioration that has taken place within the past three years, the Congress ministries stand in sore need of fresh blood. Having already made a break with party sentiment by including distinguished non-Congressmen in his Cabinet, the Prime Minister may angle further afield for the capture of talent, sadly lacking in the party ranks, and badly wanted for the good of the country. Let it be noted that in certain regions the connotation of the word Congressman has changed completely. In a State like Madras the ministers are Congressmen in name, but their souls have taken on an aggressively communal character scarcely distinguishable from the Justice Party. Exiled from the seats of power, the Congress spirit of old has fled and taken shelter in many rebels and renegades who lament the present working of the Congress organisation as a fall from its earlier glories. In popular estimation Congress activity is no longer identified with the Gandhian constructive programme. It conjures up visions of a new rich class immersed in pilgrimages to the Secretariat for permits and the like, and darkly tapering off into a black market. As virtue has departed from the Congress, no honour is due merely to a party label.

In the recent debate on Sri Prakasam's motion, the worst traits of human character as developed under

the Congress umbrella, were brought into distinct relief. Other parties in the legislature had their leaders too, and they all had something to say. Only to the Congress leader fell the distinction of having nothing to say. The leader's inconsequence emphasised the pattern of the mass mentality in the party. His function was to serve as a convenience while the exploiters of independence ran riot. The calibre of Congress legislators was revealed in the very occasions they chose for their approbation. One such occasion was when Sri Gopala Reddi was indulging in his fantastic feat of pusillanimous syllogism to prove a relationship between Sri Sitarama Reddi and Mahatma Gandhi. The mass degeneracy of these Congress legislators under a helpless leadership unable to inspire them to better purpose, is one of the depressing sights of free India, and it is the duty of the Prime Minister, as far as it lies in his power, to plan the rescue of the administration from the clutches of such miserable mentors.

Such prestige as belongs to the Congress still, comes from its association with a few honoured names of which Nehru is the most outstanding. The party as such has no popular backing. The people are unhappy, discontented and sullen. The Prime Minister should boldly weed out the misfits in his Cabinet, and pick for inclusion in it men of the greatest talent and capability wherever found, irrespective of party. A nation has a character, which is the sum of acquired tendencies built up by its leaders. And it is only those who have clarity of vision and energy of will, who see ideas clearly and apply them firmly, that are the makers of nations, fit to be classed as leaders from whom rulers are chosen.

Suspension Of Marshall Aid To Britain

AID to Britain under the Marshall Plan is to be suspended from Jan. 1, 1951, according to a statement

made by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons recently. This is apparently the outcome of Britain's victory in her battle for economic recovery, which has made her the first of the 18 European nations receiving U. S. aid to become self-supporting in regard to external payments one year and seven months earlier than expected. During the last 14 months since the devaluation of the pound-sterling, the dollar payments position of Britain and the sterling area has been steadily improving as the result of the combined effect of increased exports arising from devaluation and diminished imports agreed upon by sterling area countries. During this period as a whole, Britain had rarely to resort to Marshall Aid allocations to meet deficits in her balance of payments. Consequently, these allotments went to increase her dollar and gold reserves.

But Britain's economic recovery is by no means yet complete, as the Chancellor himself warned. The Governments of U. K. and U. S. A. have both realised that at least part of the improvement in the position of Britain and the sterling area is due to external factors which may well be temporary. Furthermore, new difficulties and burdens are certain to fall on Britain's economy as a result of the increased defence programme and the impact of higher raw material prices. As her rearmament programme gets under way, it may necessitate a larger amount of imports while at the same time reducing her capacity to export. Moreover, the huge increase in U. S. defence expenditure may result in a big rise in raw material prices, thereby increasing the cost of Britain's imports. Hence, Britain's payments position may considerably worsen in the coming months. That is why provision has been made for the suspension and not termination of ERP aid, and for its resumption, should changed circumstances compel Britain to fall back on American aid.

It may not be out of place to point out that though the dollar reserves of the sterling area have been increasing since devaluation and now stand at over 2,500 million dollars compared to 1,340 million on the eve of devaluation, they are still far from the safety minimum of 4,000 million dollars fixed by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. The suspension of ERP aid might make it well nigh impossible for Britain to realise this minimum since most of the increase in her reserves during the last one year was accounted for by Marshall Aid. We can even foresee a fall in the sterling area's gold reserves arising from a

deficit in Britain's balance of payments. But, though Britain's payments position may worsen, the sterling area as a whole may be able to maintain its reserves at the present level and even to increase it. This may happen because of the expected rise in raw material prices, which will increase the dollar receipts of sterling area countries like Malaya and Australia considerably. Also, the U.S. rearmament programme may mean more imports of rubber, tin, wool and other raw materials, and in this way also the sterling area's dollar receipts may increase, thereby offsetting any fall in Britain's dollar receipts.

Sotto Voce

INSPIRED TEACHER



DREAM December has taken a heavy toll of precious lives. The Adept of Pondicherry has been followed by the Atlas of India. But my wayward mind keeps harping with a keener sense of personal loss on the death of an old and obscure scholar who achieved no public dignities, was acclaimed by no delirious throngs but responded like the Aeolian lyre to the authentic thrill of poetry. Across a gulf of forty years, I, one of a handful whom the years have diminished, recall with gratitude the world of wonder and delight he discovered for me.

The lower school curriculum in Samskrit was nicely calculated to repel. It went on from *Ramodantam* to *Raghuvamsam*, the alpha and omega, as it seemed to us, of boredom. Kalidasa is essentially for mature minds, while the tabloid *Ramayana* is the last word in

banality. It was apparently favoured by the old school for the way it lent itself to grammatical drill. The new school, then coming into vogue, was no less keen on grammar, but pinned its faith on Bhandarkar. With the result that we escaped from the frying pan of *Ramodantam* only to fall into the fire of the *First Book*.

Sastriar, who was engaged to coach an older cousin at home but took me in hand *con amore*, was a surprise in many ways. He had no use for coats and shirts and was so particular about ceremonial purity that he would not allow us to come within touching distance. He carefully observed the interdict about *anadhyayana* days. On his way back from the river where he had been engaged since 4 o'clock in the morning in his ablutions he would spend with us half an hour or forty-five minutes at the most. But there was something so unhurried about him that, fidgety as we were

and generally late for school, thanks to his incorrigible unpunctuality, we shouldn't have willingly forgone a single session. Time stood still as he revealed to us the dream world of *pratibha*.

He had a royal disregard for the requirements of the curriculum. His unwillingness to seek service was in part due to a conviction that he couldn't fit into the conventional pattern. A wry destiny made him rather late in life accept a job in one of our higher institutions under insistent pressure from a well-meaning friend. He taught the Vedanta with distinction—a fact which surprised the Pharisees vastly. Living in the same town with the foremost scholar of his age, he had not felt the need to place himself under the guidance of the great man but had boldly found his way all by himself through the dark forest of metaphysical learning.

But it was the poets who held his heart captive and to their service he returned with joy when he gave up his salaried job rather than acquiesce in the infidel ukase that Vedanta should be taught to classes other than those who were traditionally eligible. He felt outraged by the compulsion and disgusted by the meekness of some colleagues who after a formal protest resigned themselves to the new order. The old man, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, used to recall this in later days. "You see they had taught Vedanta all their life, but it had not infected me quite!"

He had a far-ranging mind. With

no knowledge of English, he was yet impressed by the power of science. As a young man he had dallied with the notion that the Vedic mantras held the key to a fuller and richer material life not incompatible with dharma. But he himself was at all times supremely content to be indigent and independent. And his devoted and unremitting study of his own Sama Sakha brought him infinite largesse of spirit. The early years of the century were filled with the echoes of a great controversy in the Tamil districts over the proper mode of intoning the Sama chants; but Sastriar charted his own course unawed by big names, undeflected by the lure of easy satisfactions.

In the poets of the classical age as in the singers of the Saman it was the mysterious power of *Vak* that gripped him. Music, he held, came before meaning and subsumed it. And as he read or rather sang the great hymn to Vishnu or Aja's lament in the *Raghuvamsa*, the magnificent Gangavatarana scene or the dithyramb on the season of snows in the *Bhoja Champu*, you were transported to the world of pure imagination where materialities had ceased to exist. You saw the magnanimity of Dileepa, the humanity of Ramachandra, the serenity of the Dharma Vyadha, as painted frescoes on the crystal of the poet's luminous speech. To Sastriar a half-verse was a nodal point of beauty, a jasmine bud that blossomed at the touch of the *sahridaya*. And to one chrysalis mind he brought the first intimations of a world of immortal essences.

VIGHNESWARA.

If the world's troubles are due first and foremost to failure to apply systematically appropriate means to agreed ends, then what we need most is more and better experts, and the first task of education will be to produce them. On the other hand if our most intractable divisions are concerned with ends, if they arise from the difficulty which two men find in living together peaceably in a house, or two nations in a world, even when food and warmth and clothing and the other material necessities of life are amply provided, if the most serious menace is not scarcity but 'envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness'; then the mental commodity most in demand will be practical wisdom rather than specialized expertise. In that case the most urgent and practical service demanded of the universities will be that they should turn out an elite who will be men of judgment and 'skilled considerers of human things.'—SIR WALTER MOBERLY.

THE COLD WAR AND THE LABOUR PARTY

By K. ZILLIACUS

CAN the Labour Party end the cold war or will the cold war end the Labour Party? That is becoming a burning question in British politics.

The economic consequences of the arms race and the growing fear of war have profoundly disturbed public opinion. Under the impulse of events and the rising tide of anxiety and indignation, the Labour Party is heading rapidly for a crisis, as most of its leaders move to the Right and most of its rank and file turn Left.

It is beginning to dawn on the people of this country that their united national leadership, Conservative, Liberal and Labour, are asking them to sacrifice their standard of living in an insanely costly arms race in order to lose their lives in a war which, whoever wins, this country will lose.

In spite of heroic efforts to keep them fooled, a growing section of public opinion are beginning to see what fate is being prepared for them, and are finding the prospect intolerable.

The issue has come to a head over Korea and China. American bossiness and blindness, the bellicosity of the Neanderthals in Congress and the Press, and the performances of the megalomaniac politician—General MacArthur, have released a swelling flood of alarm and irritation. As an American friend of mine remarked: "MacArthur may not be any great shakes at freeing the Koreans from Uncle Joe, but he is certainly a wow at liberating the British from Uncle Sam."

Matters reached crisis point when President Truman, trying to appease the Neanderthal school of thought in Congress, who think MacArthur is wonderful, want to drop the atom bomb on China and to hell with civilisation and world peace, not to mention Europe, gave a press interview which suggested that the use of the atom bomb was purely a question of military tactics to be left to MacArthur's discretion, if any.

The report of that interview appear-

ed on the tapes in the House of Commons in the middle of the Foreign Affairs Debate. Ian Mikardo, Leftist foreign policy critic and newly elected Member of the National Executive, broke through the crowd of M. P.'s gazing at the dread news, cut the bit out of the tape, hurried with it into the Chamber and handed it to the end man on the Front Bench, John Strachey, the Secretary of State for War. Strachey took one look at it, turned white as a sheet, passed it to Hugh Dalton, who said "My God!" and handed it to Bevin, whose characteristic comment was: "Now they'll have to come to me!" (as a fellow member of the Cabinet remarked afterwards, Ernie felt his employer had made a mistake. Now was his chance); and so to Attlee, who kept a poker face but hurriedly left the Chamber, accompanied by most of the others, and summoned an emergency Cabinet meeting.

From this he was fetched over in hot haste to face a revolt in the Parliamentary Party: Mikardo and one or two others had started a round robin letter which was quickly signed by 150 M. P.'s, i.e., about half the Parliamentary Party, including four members of the National Executive, in which the Prime Minister was urged to fly immediately to Washington and tell President Truman that if he dropped the atom bomb British forces would be withdrawn from Korea. The letter further warned the Prime Minister that if the Government associated themselves with the dropping of the atomic bomb by the Americans, the signatories would resign from the Labour Party. If even one third of them had carried out that threat, not only would the Government have been out, the Labour Party would have split from top to bottom, with the Right wing Ministers in the minority section.

That was why Mr. Churchill told the Government in the debate that if it came to a division, the Conservatives would vote for the Government. These events have started a campaign

in the Tory Press for a new coalition, in view of the fact, as they point out, that the Labour Ministers cannot rely either on their Left wing colleagues in the Cabinet like Aneurin Bevan nor on half their backbenchers to stand by them if it really came to risking world war.

With this exciting background it is no wonder that Mr. Attlee did fly to Washington, nor that he carried with him a clear mandate from the Government and the Opposition alike to insist that the atom bomb should not be dropped without the consent of the United Nations and particularly of the nations participating in the Korean action.

In this he spoke also for the French Government. He was further to tell the President that the British and French Governments were opposed to war with China and wanted the U.S. to recognize the Government of that country, admit it to the Security Council and drop the policy of supporting Chiang Kai Shek in Formosa, which the U. S., as well as France and Britain, had recognized as belonging to China.

Mr. Tom Driberg, M. P., a Member of the National Executive who had signed the 'rebel' letter, used strong language about the subsequent Truman-Attlee agreement, virtually accusing the Prime Minister of having sold the pass in his anxiety to appease President Truman, who was busy appeasing MacArthur and the Congress Neanderthals, and concluding that if Mr. Attlee thought he could play a confidence trick on the Party and public opinion he would find he had made a disastrous mistake.

The Truman-Attlee agreement indeed merely said that the President would inform Mr. Attlee if and when he considered it necessary to use the atomic bomb and contained no undertaking whatever to secure the consent of the British Government, let alone of the United Nations, for taking such action.

Mr. Attlee's evasiveness and ambiguity when tackled by members of his Party in the House merely confirmed the impression that he had failed and was trying to cover up his failure and mislead opinion (just as Mr. Attlee gave misleading ambiguous and disingenuous replies in 1946, when I and other Labour M. P.'s pressed him to give a straight answer to the reports,

then current in the American Press, that he was secretly tying us up militarily to the United States). Mr. Attlee, it is true, 'came clean' to the foreign affairs group of the Labour Party which meets in private: He told them he had received a private assurance from President Truman that Britain would be consulted before the atom bomb was used, but that the President could not say this publicly for fear of getting into trouble with the Republican Party. This explanation has done little to allay anxiety on both sides of the House and in the country. It is widely felt that the issue is too grave to be dealt with by a hole and corner arrangement between two politicians and left to the mercy of American party politics.

On one point however the agreement was all too clear: It recorder Mr. Attlee's agreement to differ with the United States on foreign policy coupled with an undertaking to stick to the United States in defence. What this means in practice is that the U. S. A. have rejected British proposals to recognize China, accord her rightful place on the Security Council, drop Chiang Kai-Shek and restore Formosa to China. The British Government 'agrees to differ' on these points. If, however, the negotiations with China break down on these very issues, because the Chinese also differ from the Americans on them, but do so without agreeing, and the U. S. then plunges the world into war, Britain obediently goes to war too—although, as the Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler, M.P., said when winding up the two day foreign affairs debate for the Conservative Party, whereas the U. S. A. or the U. S. S. R. might survive a war fought with atomic bombs, it would mean for us in Britain the road to our dusty deaths.

In point of fact, this Far Eastern crisis is expected to blow over without a major war. The Chinese are regarded as shrewd and hard-headed bargainers; preferring to cash in on their present strong position rather than risk losing some or all of what they have gained and perhaps getting involved in a major war through intransigence.

The peace-making mission of India and twelve other Asiatic Nations is regarded with hope. Above all, the U. S. General Staff realises that the grand alliance simply has not the

military power and political cohesion necessary to embark on a major war in the Far East and at the same time hold the line in Europe. The U. S. Administration agrees with the British and French Governments that in this situation priority should be given to building up allied military power in Western Europe and the East should, if necessary, be left to go by default. But the process of steady degeneration in domestic and foreign affairs will now go on at an accelerated pace, owing to the increased fury of the arms race. In three years the annual British defence budget has climbed from £643,000,000 to £750,000,000; then to £800,000,000 after the February election; today we are already spending at the rate of £1,000,000,000 a year and the new budget will provide for £1,200,000,000 a year. Now Mr. Attlee has returned from the U. S. A. pledged to go still higher and to a U. S. Commander-in-Chief for British and West European Forces. Conscription has been doubled and now stands at two years. These crushing and monstrous budget burdens, together with the locking up of manpower in the Forces and war industries and the astronomical rise of the price of raw materials owing to American stock piling, has opened a bleak prospect to the people of this country.

Moreover, all these sacrifices and burdens have been heaped on us, not on any British view of our defence needs, but to conform to the U. S. defence system, which regards Britain and Western Europe as expendable and meanwhile useful as an American aeroplane base and source of manpower. Our youth is conscript cannon-fodder destined to be butchered to make a MacArthur holiday.

Meanwhile the soaring cost of living threatens to let loose an avalanche of wage demands in the New Year. They will be rejected by the employers on the ground that the danger of inflation and the national emergency forbid any raising of wages. The Government will back them and cut the social services too, because they have no alternative if they are to go on

spending more and more on armaments.

Even before the crisis broke the run of the bye-elections showed a considerably greater drop in the Labour than in the Conservative vote, owing to abstentions by Labour voters too disgusted with the way things are going to think it worth while turning out to vote for a Labour Government that they think has let them down.

There are strong divergences of view in the Cabinet between Aneurin Bevan on the one hand and on the other Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Morrison. Two junior members of the Government actually joined the Labour rebels and offered to resign their posts, but were told to stand by. Mr. Aneurin Bevan has sympathisers but no open supporters in the Cabinet. But he has a good deal of support in the rest of the government and the Parliamentary Party, and is regarded by the rebel backbenchers and by militants in the Constituency Labour Parties and Trades Union branches as the main hope of a change before it is too late.

The whole situation has now reached a stage where a flare-up in the Labour Party will be hard to avoid unless there is an election within the next few months. Meantime something like a 'politically effective demand' for an independent British foreign policy bent on making peace and refusing to be committed to war by the United States is arising.

The view that is slowly crystallising out is that Britain should have a show-down with the U. S. A. on the issue of peace. Either the U. S. A. agrees to our minimum demands in foreign policy or we disagree with them on defence, for it is foreign policy that decides what we have to defend and we refuse to be dragged into war for an American foreign policy that we regard as foolish and provocative.

The minimum demand is that we should have a free hand to put forward proposals for negotiating a general settlement based on a live-and-let-live agreement with the Communist two fifths of the world. These proposals would cover outstand-

ing issues in Europe, Asia and the United Nations and should also face frankly the fundamental need for an agreement on the respective attitudes of the two sides to Communism. Such agreement, it is suggested, may be reached on the basis of the Soviet Union dropping their claim to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries to direct Communist Parties, in exchange for the U. S. ceasing to act on the view that providence has conferred on them the sacred duty to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries in order to fight Communism or to contain it by military force.

The voices being raised for an active peace policy are also coming out strong for the view that military power is irrelevant, or worse still, negatively relevant to the spread of Communism. You cannot stop an idea by military power. In piling up armaments to defend freedom and democracy against Communism at the ends of the earth, we are rapidly creating economic conditions and a political climate at home which will aggravate the very dangers against

which we are supposed to be arming. Major Kenneth Younger, the British Minister of State, told the U. N. General Assembly in New York that if we went to war against Communism, we might find we had killed democracy and spread Communism at home. The intensification of the cold war is already producing those very dangers.

Last but not least the growing opposition to the drift to war is demanding that the electorate in the forthcoming election be given a chance to vote for or against a policy for making peace. Foreign affairs have been carefully kept out of the last two General Elections by the black market coalition on foreign policy and defence between the Tory and Labour leaders. There are many in the Labour Party who feel that to practise that swindle on the people a third time would mean the moral death and political break-up of the Labour Party, betrayed by its Right wing leaders with a cynicism that makes Ramsay MacDonald's little effort look innocent and quixotically honest.

ABOUT THE ATOM BOMB—IN TRUMAN'S OWN WORDS

“THE atomic bomb, apart from the inherent horror that goes with it and the destruction it might cause, has become a symbol, too, a symbol of incarnate evil. If force of circumstances compel us, compel the world, to use it, it means that the world has surrendered to evil completely.”

—Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru in Parliament.

“There are dark clouds on the horizon and it is the prayer of every peace-loving person that these clouds must be dissipated and that science and atomic power must triumph as a creative force and not as a destructive force.”

—Bombay's Chief Minister, B. G. Kher, at the reception to world atomic scientists in Bombay.

It was on August 6, 1945, that the first atom bomb was dropped on the city of Hiroshima in Japan.

Five years and four months later, again there is talk in America to drop another atom-bomb, this time on the North Koreans.

ENLISTING HITLER FOR DEMOCRACY

Even granting that the North Koreans and the Chinese volunteers helping them are guilty of aggression, like the Japanese militarists, the German Nazis, and the Italian Fascists, is it not too much of a historical coincidence that, *once again*, it is against an Asiatic people that the bomb (which our Prime Minister has rightly described as “evil incarnate”) is planned to be used? No less significant is the fact that the same people who want to drop the atom bomb on Koreans have simultaneously announced a “definite agreement” on military plans to integrate German fighting units—which, in plain language, means unregenerate and unrepentant Nazi troops—into the Atlantic Pact Army. The Japanese militarists, too, are being invited to join the “forces of democracy.” Corporal Hit-

ler, Field Marshal Goering, General Rommel, Admiral Tojo and Il Duce Mussolini—if only they were alive—would also have been invited to reinforce the armies of the North Atlantic Powers!

Ominous atomic clouds are gathering on the world's horizon. Billions of dollars are being appropriated by the U. S. Government for disbursement to the private monopoly-capitalist corporations engaged in the development and manufacture of newer and deadlier atom-bombs. Some people at least are making heavy profits out of the war hysteria that is sweeping over America. (A single atom bomb costs £500,000,000!)

President Truman has already declared—with horrible casualness—that the atom bomb is one of the weapons of the U. S. army (like the grenades, torpedoes, machine-guns and submarines?) and that General MacArthur would be free to use it against the North Koreans whenever he felt the need for it—*Without prior permission of, or even reference to, the U. N. O.* The implications of this statement should not be lost on the world.

Meanwhile, as the imminence of an atomic war becomes grimly more clear it would not be out of place to flashback to that day of diabolical decision—August 5, 1945—when the first atom bomb was dropped, and to recall whether it was “just another weapon” as Truman would have us believe or “evil incarnate” as Nehru describes it.

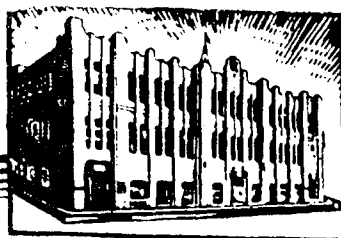
IN TRUMAN'S OWN WORDS

Here is the first official published description of the destructive power of that first atom bomb—in the words of the very President Truman who today dismisses it as “just another weapon.” This is how the U. S.

President made the literally world-shaking announcement at 10-45 A.M. on August 6, 1945:

“Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on Hiroshima, an important Japa-

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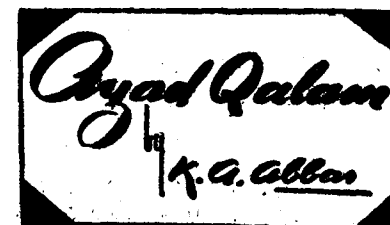
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nese Army base. That bomb had more power than 20,000 tons of TNT. It had more than two thousand times the blast power of the British 'Grand Slam' which is the largest bomb ever yet used in the history of warfare."

What happened at Hiroshima, as a result of this bomb?

It killed at least 2,00,000 out of the city's 313,000 population—mostly non-combatants and civilians, including a large number of women and children. The four and a half square miles of the heart of Hiroshima were so completely pulverized that General George C. Kenney, Commanding Allied air forces in the Far East, remarked that "the town seemed to have been ground into dust by a giant foot. In this area it was incredible that anyone could have escaped death."

And this is how a Japanese soldier, one of the few-surviving eye-witnesses, described the horror:

"I looked up," he said, "simultaneously a lightning-like flash covered the whole sky, blinding my eyes. Unconsciously I dived for cover and a torn quilt miraculously was blown over me, which I hugged to myself for dear life."

"Several minutes later I was outside. All around I found dead and wounded. Some were bloated and scorched—such an awesome sight. Their legs and bodies stripped of clothes and burned with a huge blister."

"All green vegetation from grasses to trees perished in that period. It was the most awesome sight I have ever witnessed."

No, it was just another weapon—a bigger bomb. It was a diabolical devilish weapon, the use of which against Japan had to be justified by the U. S. President in these words:

"We have used it against those who attacked us without warning at Pearl Harbour, against those who have starved and beaten and executed American prisoners of War, against those who have abandoned all pretense of obeying international laws of warfare. We have used it in order to shorten the agony of war, in order to save the lives of thousands and thousands of young Americans...."

"The atomic bomb is too dangerous to be loose in a lawless world."

That is why Great Britain and the United States, who have the secret of its production, do not intend to reveal the secret until means have been found to control the bomb so as to protect ourselves and the rest of the world from the danger of total destruction....

"We must constitute ourselves trustees of this new force—to prevent its misuse and to turn it into the channels of service to mankind...."

"It is an awful responsibility which has come to us."

It is an altogether different Truman who speaks today. For whatever else might be said against the North Koreans and the Chinese who are helping them, even their staunchest enemy cannot accuse them of having "starved and beaten and executed American prisoners of war," or having abandoned "international laws of warfare." Indeed, the boot is on the other leg, as American correspondents have repeatedly reported the bestial atrocities committed by the South Korean allies of U. S.! Nor can it be said that the North Koreans ever perpetrated a treacherous attack on U. S. territory like the Japanese raid on Pearl Harbour, even while negotiations were being carried on. Even if the North Koreans are guilty of having committed aggression, they committed it on Korean territory, definitely not on American or any non-Korean territory. If America goes meddling in someone else's internal affairs (however unfortunate those affairs might have been) she has none else to thank or blame for the consequences.

"DIRTY BUSINESS"

Humanity recoiled in disgust, as much as with terror, at the first atomic explosion, not so much because of the magnitude of its destructive power, truly frightening though it was, but because by its very nature there was something indecent, evil, anti-life and inhuman about the use of atomic energy for such large-scale, uncontrolled destruction. Unlike other weapons, the atom bomb destroyed not only human lives but Life itself.

President Truman, before sanctioning the re-use of the atomic bomb, would do well to recall how the world

in general, and even decent America, reacted to the first atom bomb.

The Omaha Morning *World-Herald* published an editorial entitled, "We Are Not Proud Of It," echoing the sentiments of millions who held that war is dirty business, that it is not easy to reconcile military necessity and decent instincts. From all over America came indignant letters to the editors protesting against the killing of noncombatant civilians in Japan, calling it inhuman, condemning the disregard for human values, and demanding the total ban on such weapons.

The newspaper P. M. wrote with prophetic insight when it analysed the future prospects of the atom bomb making it clear that it would always be a weapon of offence, never of defence, and that its inevitable implication would be to subjugate the whole world with the atomic threat:

"What we control today, all nations will possess tomorrow, and the killing power of the smallest of them will be multiplied 20,000 times. The atomic bomb is a weapon of surprise. It is not today, and cannot be tomorrow, a competitive weapon of pre-armed nations. Against it there is no defence, there can be none, *except to use it first*. So, if we expect the atomic bomb to remain a weapon of war in a world of future wars, the only safe and sensible course is to use to exterminate or subjugate everybody else on the world. That would be Hitler's choice, Japan's choice. It is not the American choice.... America must must join and lead in a world-wide renunciation of this weapon by a world-wide renunciation and prevention of war."

That was five years ago. In the meantime, what was "Hitler's choice" today has become "Truman's choice."

Will the world—and America, the America of millions of simple, peace-loving little men and women—allow Truman and MacArthur and the atom-millionaires to exercise this diabolical Hitler's choice?

ATOMIC SCIENCE COMES TO INDIA

Last Week India had an oppor-

tunity to get acquainted with atomic science without experiencing the fatal impact of the atom bomb.

The International Conference on Elementary Particles (respectable name for the atoms), convened by the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, brought to Bombay some of the greatest atomic scientists of the world. That India should have had the privilege of convening such a distinguished gathering of scientists was a manifestation of this country's growing interest in scientific development, a department which is very close to, and receives maximum encouragement from, our scientifically-minded Prime Minister. Again, it was in keeping with the Pacifist traditions of India that this conference was concerned with fundamental research on elementary particles dedicated to purposes of Peace, rather than of war.

At any rate, this Conference will serve to awaken and sharpen India's interest in the possibilities of using atomic energy for Peaceful development of industry—a subject which is assuming vital significance in view of the limited and fast-diminishing resources in oil, coal and other fuels necessary for the generation of power.

ATOM FOR PEACE

What can atomic energy do for mankind, besides destroying it?

According to "Science Service":—
Smashing the atoms in one pound of water would create enough energy to heat 100 million tons of water from freezing to boiling temperature.

A breath of air would operate a powerful airplane for a year continuously (making petroleum monopolies obsolete and unnecessary).

A handful of snow would heat a large apartment house for a year (thereby solving the acute coal and gas problem of heating homes in cold countries like Britain).

A tea cup of water would supply the power of a great generating station of 100,000 kilowatts capacity for a year.

This is what William F. Ogburn

American Sociologist, had to say on the subject:—

"This may be the most important invention of all time....if atomic energy is harnessed (for peace) it will usher in the Atomic Age and may produce sweeping changes comparable to those of the Industrial Revolution which was brought in by steam....It will make the Atomic Age an age of abundance. I am particularly excited about the possibilities for transportation.... If atomic energy could be put in a rocket—and that does not seem so very difficult—and if these rockets could be kept cool and slowed near their destination it is perfectly possible, I think, to travel 3,000 miles an hour. This would mean we could leave New York one day and arrive in China the day before."

Yes, it seems, atomic energy can mean the end of the world (through atomic warfare) or the beginning of a better, more prosperous world (through atomic industries). It can usher in an era of an Atomic imperialism—but also it can end imperialism by providing an unlimited source of power, instead of the eternal conflict over raw materials.

The world—and America—must choose between the welfare of humanity and dividends for the few rich men who profit from manufacture of atom-bombs.

STRAWS IN THE WIND?

BRUSSELS: The North Atlantic Defence Ministers approved the plan for integrating German fighting units into the Atlantic Pact Army, it was understood in usually well informed quarters.

WASHINGTON: President Truman told the American people by Radio that he was proclaiming a state of national Emergency. In a nationwide broadcast—reminiscent of the late President Roosevelt's fireside chats at times of national danger—Mr. Truman said the United States

was in great danger created by the rulers of the Soviet Union.

HINDUSTAN HAMARA

CUTTACK: As many as 22 dead bodies were removed from crowded compartments in trains arriving at Cuttack from Talcher during the 24 hours between Saturday and Sunday evening. Later in the night 16 more corpses were found on the Cuttack station platform or in trains. These were among the visitors to Rantalai (for the 'miracle cure' by Nepal Baba) who were attacked by cholera.

"Reports continue to be received of visitors to Rantalai still dying of cholera, intestinal disorders and exposure....Dead bodies of those who succumb to cholera are taken out at Cuttack. People are still found dying on railway platforms at Cuttack, Meramandeli and Telcher. A continuous stream of patients is flowing into the General Hospital here and as many as 283 have been admitted so far. During the last three days, 21 deaths occurred among those admitted to hospital...."

NEW DELHI: It has cost the Government of India Rs. 2,000 to reply to a question asked by Mr. Feroze Gandhi during the last budget session of parliament. The reply which was given in a statement laid on the table in parliament today says that on an average a reply to a question costs Rs. 60. Mr. Gandhi had asked (A) about the expenditure incurred by Government in answering question in Parliament in 1948 and 1949 (B) what additional staff, if any, has been appointed for the purpose in each ministry and (C) what is the approximate expenditure involved in answering this question. The reply which was held over, as information was being collected, says (A) expenditure during 1948 was about Rs. 1,92,900 and 1949 Rs. 2,43,400 (B) no additional staff is employed to do solely this work (C) Rs. 2,000. The Basis of calculation is explained as the "time spent by officials in various ministries in preparing the material for reply to question."

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MTX 2

IS ORATORY DEAD?

By D. ANJANEYULU

AFTER listening to pious platitudes on the platform, day in and day out, and being made to swallow "mental fare" for non-adults, one is apt to wonder if oratory is not dead in our land. This uncomfortable feeling is only strengthened by the maladroit performances of our manuscript orators (who might sometimes even pick up the wrong script and go ahead, with consequences that can better be imagined than described) and the pedestrian puerilities of extempore eloquence. Though it is a truism that speech-making cannot engage too much attention in a free country (we are reminded at every step that we have attained freedom after a hard and long-drawn-out struggle), only the most cynical would say that the spoken word has no charm of its own. It is some consolation that we have still in our midst a few of the older generation who bestow on their speeches the care they deserve and give their audiences the respect that is their due.

Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

Endowed with the equipment of a Roman Senator in habiliments that add to the majesty of his appearance, Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar has all the trappings of an orator. The fascinating jauntiness of his platform demeanour and the charming cocksureness of his tone, make his speeches look rather like 'performances.' This does not, of course, detract from the undoubted quality of his utterances which certainly bear the impress of his mature mind. An astute politician, he can pronounce with equal felicity on the currents, cross-currents and under-currents of Indian or international politics. A scholar in more languages than one and a literary critic of merit, he can dwell at length on the beauties of English poetry or the finer graces of the French novel. A connoisseur of art, music and painting in particular, he can explain the melodies of Mozart, the symphonies of Beethoven, and the surrealism of Picasso or Salvator Dali. When he enters the labyrinthine mysteries of Indian philosophy and Hindu metaphysics, he is enlighten-

ing, at times casting a spell that makes those who come to scoff remain to pray.

The polished periods and lordly latinities with which he regales his older admirers may, however, strike the present generation as somewhat out-moded, since simplicity and directness are fast coming into their own. There is something mid-Victorian in his diction, and his sentences are Macaulayan in their balance, and studied symmetry. His ponderous wit and polysyllabic humour belong to a fashion of speech that is fast going out of vogue.

Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya

The very length and frequency (not to mention familiarity that breeds what it does) of his speeches, have perhaps made some of us forget that the Historian of the Congress was, and still is, one of the best speakers of the Congress Party. Like a verbal avalanche his utterance overwhelms his audience with a terrifying speed; and a flood of statistics, events, anecdotes, arguments, attacks and illustrations, stunning in its abundance, strikes the listener dumbfounded. Gifted with a marvellous memory and a mental mechanism similar to a card-index system he is a walking encyclopaedia and a reference library in one. He is also a reputed linguist, with an enviable command over at least four languages—English, Telugu, Hindi and Urdu—though it may be added his English pronunciation is rather "un-English."

It is a pity that the learned doctor does not seem to realise that one can have too much of a good thing and the more often one begins to speak, the less frequently is he likely to be heard. Further, a man who speaks for two hours, if not more, at a stretch, is likely to exhaust his material. His words seem redundant on subsequent occasions. He that hears Dr. Pattabhi once will go away with a better impression than he who hears him often. Manner is as important as matter and it was said of Gokhale that he had the art of saying the hardest things in the gentlest language. Of Dr. Pattabhi, the

verse is, unfortunately, true. With malice prepense he bullies an audience and browbeats interruptors. Lacking in the finer touches of a polished speaker, he is often rugged and rigid, and degenerates into volubility without conviction, vehemence without substance, and cantankerousness without caution.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

Dr. Radhakrishnan's utterances are addresses." They are rectorial in their academic perfection, profundity of thought and permanent appeal. It cannot be the philosopher's fault if he talks above the heads of some of us. He electrifies his audiences with the magic of his eloquence and sweeps them off their feet by the mere velocity of his delivery, soaring into ethereal regions from which he does not come down, expecting his listeners to keep pace with him if they want to enjoy the glories of his wisdom where the East meets the West. Humbler folk may feel that he speaks at us and not to us, and that, being amidst us, he is not of us. But those who can pierce the subtle veil of his opulent expression will realise that he is nothing if not lucid.

His philosophical treatises are literary masterpieces. He is as familiar with men of letters like Chesterton and Belloc, Wells and Shaw, Aldous Huxley and Somerset Maugham and Chekhov and Dostoevsky, as with philosophers like Kant and Hegel, Bergson and Bradley, not to speak of Sankara and Ramanuja. This makes his speeches a delight even to those not well-acquainted with the recondite lore of philosophy. It is, however, complained that there is no place for humour in his oratory; this is as it should be, for a high-strung atmosphere and an elevated tone do not go well with familiar touches that can be expected only in a lower key. But, it cannot be denied that he has mordant wit of a subtle and learned sort.

Dr. C. R. Reddy

From Radhakrishnan to Reddy is almost a change from the pulpit to the fireside. Dr. Reddy speaks slowly, but with effortless ease, in a tone that is familiar and creates an atmosphere that is homely. He has neither the temperament nor the taste for large audiences, and is as far from the trumpeting of demagogues as from the set speeches of pedagogues. Noted

for elegance of expression and urbanity of manner, he is in his element in select audiences and delights his informed listeners with a wealth of epigram and aphorism, banter and *bonmot*, parody and persiflage. The gentle flow of his speech has the limpidity of a mountain brook and the felicity of his phrasing has vital freshness. Though he is a profound scholar and literary critic in Telugu, his speeches in his mother tongue (in spite of their undoubted merit) are in the classical, not to say bookish and artificial, style and lack in the naturalness so characteristic of his English diction. His English, which could hold its own in Cambridge, is certainly 'English-like.' A phrase-maker of exquisite skill, his 'Reddyisms' have become part of our political vocabulary. His political utterances are remarkable for their expertness at expounding new theories and striking novel notes, but they are not given the attention they deserve, as they are, in the public mind, inextricably linked with his practical politics, from which he wisely retired about a decade ago. Though he may be sometimes light-hearted, even on occasions of solemnity, he never lapses into dullness or inconsequence.

The Mudaliar Brothers

It is almost as difficult to differentiate between the speeches of Mr. A. R. Mudaliar and his twin brother Dr. A. L. Mudaliar as it used to be to distinguish their persons. With no disrespect to the doctor, it can safely be said that the lawyer is the better speaker of the two. Erudite and eloquent, he has justly earned national and international recognition as a convincing speaker of high ability. With a dignified diction characterised by a richness of imagery and abundance of allusion, and an unerring appeal to reason rather than to emotion, his orations are models of persuasive eloquence. His delivery is calm and balanced, but his tone often seems monotonous. He has few mannerisms and makes no gestures; his vocabulary is too formal and decorous.

He is a dialectician of parts, a tenacious advocate of his cause and would have been more than a match for Zafrullah (as was quite evident from his performance at the Paris session of the U. N. O. on Hyderabad). Always keeping an open mind, and applying the civil service mentality to

his work, he can argue with consummate skill any brief assigned to him, irrespective of his political leanings and past associations on which opinion may be divided.

Dr. A. L. Mudaliar has the same ornate style, steady flow of speech and unruffled delivery as his brother. On one point he definitely scores; for, being an educationist of wide reading, versatile interests and varied equipment, he can speak on more subjects with greater authority. His well-known fondness for the reflections of Marcus Aurelius, makes him moralise on the platform. His weakness for euphemism produces polite understatement and his tendency to circumlocution stretches his sentences to Faulknerian lengths (William Faulkner, the latest U. S. Nobel Prize-winner for literature is reputed to write sentences running to more than one page).

Tip To Talkers

But for a few exceptions like the

foregoing six which only go to prove the rule, our public 'speakers' in general seem to treat their audiences with scant courtesy by the cavalier manner of their amateur attempts; and the eagerness to be on their legs at the slightest provocation is in inverse proportion to their ability to do justice to the subjects they deal with. Whether one is a politician or a patriot or both (which is very seldom) it is high time that our public men realise that whether one speaks in the 'national' or 'international,' 'regional' or 'sub-regional' language, what is worth doing is worth doing well. Not only is it necessary to say something, but one must have something to say and also know how to say it. He would indeed be a savage who ignores the value of clear thinking, correct expression and cogent reasoning. For none can forget that with words we govern man.

DOLLS AND DOLLARS

By V. SUBRAMANIAN, M.A.

A few news items from U. S. A. about women in America provide an interesting relief from the heated political controversies of that country.

One recent news item says that a noted anthropologist Dr. E. J. Dingwall has nearly concluded writing a book on American women. One of his conclusions is that for some reason or other, American women like to identify themselves consciously or unconsciously with dolls. As early as 1823, Timothy Dwight, President of Yale University, thought that education in New England tended not to make the girl pupil into a woman but into a doll. "Exquisite Dolls" was how a French observer Georges Moreau, writing in 1906, described American women. In 1909 when Shirley Temple and Baby Sandy were box office favourites, many grown-up women began to wear little girl or baby doll clothes. It was also noticed that goods sold more easily if they had baby motifs attached to them. One psychologist put the mental age of an American woman as six. The reason for it all is suggested to be the encouragement American women receive from their menfolk to act in this way.

The attitude of some women themselves to these things was succinctly expressed by the film star Lucille Bell, speaking against the Bill for equal rights for men and women, now before the U. S. Congress. Said she: "The whole thing is ridiculous. Women have far too many rights as it is. They ought to put the Bill in the reverse and take away some of the rights which women already have. There are times when I like to be mastered, and which women does not? It makes us feel feminine."

The feeling that one is a baby or a helpless doll has its own advantages and disadvantages. All great prophets have advised men to become children in mind if they want to enter the kingdom of heaven. The helpless child depends entirely on the father or mother for anything. The devotee with faith, realising the insignificance of himself before the Almighty, reposes full faith in Him like a child in its mother. So also a woman who has full faith in her husband, her wonderman, behaves like a child towards him, looking up for help and guidance.

But there are children and children. There are little ones that look up to

the mother for help; there are others, forward and wayward, that would not allow the mother or father any rest or sleep till their whims are satisfied. And in America, as Gunther had written, what impresses some visitors (Duke of Windsor) is the way the parents obey their children. When children, capricious and pampered, force their parents to obey them in America, naturally the mothers, in their turn, behave like children forcing their husbands to obey them and pamper them. Like children, like mothers!

Well, one feels one can go a step ahead and say in the case of America: Like Wife, Like husband. American children make wayward children or dolls of their mothers. And American wives seem to make children of their husbands and what children at that! America does things always on a large scale, and the childishness of American diplomacy, which cannot understand why other people refuse to understand its viewpoint, is in American parlance everyday hitting a new high! That voluble commentator Raleigh straying into politics once wrote about the German mind which wants to hit other people and make them friends,

as stupidity greater than that of the wise men of Gotham. I wonder what he would have written now if alive.

But American women are not all children. There are strange cases when they go to the other extreme. Here is another news item from U.S.A. "James Byron Geisler of San Francisco told the court that his wife was so motherly that she insisted on going with him to work on the bus and leading him by the hand to his office door. The judge promptly granted him a divorce, since his wife was too motherly. May be there are a few who can play the real mother and some husbands who are adult enough not to take fright at it. It is such as them probably who have been keeping the American bull running amuck at the sight of the red rag."

Dr. Dingwall may add another chapter to his study of American women by writing on the political and military consequences of Miss or Mrs. America playing the baby all the time. Or he may not, to prevent his sharing the fate of Wallace or Wilkie. Children least like to be told they are children, less than even rogues like to be told they are rogues.



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REACTION TO COMMUNISM

By G. ISAAC & M. ABEL

COMMUNISM rose as a reaction of Western civilization against itself. It was a protest against an organisation of society which seemed to live on war, created vast inequalities of wealth and which ground a rapidly growing proletariat down to a miserable level of subsistence. Against this Communism sought to rally the workers of the world towards a revolutionary reconstruction that would create a rationally designed society, so constructed as to distribute goods and services to meet legitimate need wherever it existed and to safeguard the integrity of the individual. The ideal may have been Utopian but at least it was a generous and humane Utopia.

But when Communism established itself in Russia, it ceased to be a mere reaction of Western civilisation against itself. Russia throughout history has developed a political tradition completely distinct from the liberal philosophies that were being created in Europe. The Russian orthodox church had evolved on lines very different from those on which the Western church had grown. Old influences of the Tartar invasion still maintain themselves in Russian society. Both under the Czars and the Russian orthodox church, the Russian tradition was one of absolutism, and it was with this absolutism that Communism now fused to create a new philosophy which, while superficially humane and liberal, hid a hard core of ruthlessness.

This fusion took place at a period when Europe, recovering from the first World War was hardly in a position to react against it. On the other hand many European intellectuals were convinced that European civilisation was finished. And it was to Communism they fled to save Europe from the corruption of democracy in France and Germany, Coolidgeism in America, Baldwinism in England, the self-deception of the League of Nations, and the barbarism that was being concocted in the Munich beer gardens.

But Western democracy, as writers like Bertrand Russell pointed out, still possessed enormous intellectual and

moral reserves, and with the resurgence of self-confidence came a violent reaction towards Soviet Communism. This represents a remarkable shift in position. Western intellectuals who but a decade ago looked towards the Kremlin to salvage the basic human values from the wreckage of Western civilisation, now turn to denounce Communism, as the destroyer of precisely those values.

Fortunately this episode in the development of civilisation, is very well documented. The reaction is characterised by tremendous intellectual effort. This reaction is interesting, not because of the things which the Western intellectual found intolerable in Soviet Communism, but because of the faith of values which he went back to.

What the intellectual steeped in the traditions of Western civilisation found unbearable in Soviet Communism, was its ruthless regimentation of life, the insistence on the infallibility of the Communist Party line, its ruthless persecution of the slightest deviation and an insistence that the end justifies the means.

Arthur Koestler is an example of a Western intellectual driven by despair into the Communist Party. For a long time he was one of their most influential writers but after the debacle in Spain left the party. In a brilliant essay Koestler explains the circumstances under which he left the party. At a meeting organised by the Communist Party, he raised three fundamental issues:

One, that no movement, party or person can claim the privilege of infallibility. Two, that appeasing the enemy is as foolish as persecuting the friend who pursues your own aim by a different road. And three, a harmful truth is better than a useful lie.

But what do Koestler and others like to go back to? For Koestler there is always the liberal traditions and values of Western civilisation. It is impossible to doubt their reality, but it is significant that these traditions are too vague and diffused to form a faith. Thus Koestler has rejected Communism and gone back to Western liberalism but he is essential-

ly a man without a faith. He remains an ex-Communist. This explains the peculiar nature of Koestler's writings. He hates Communism, but it has for him a horrible fascination. He can write about nothing else, although writing about Communism is to him a soul-searing experience.

On the other hand there is the case of Ignazio Silone who, like Koestler, joined the Communist Party and played an even more important role in the development of Communism in Europe. Silone left the party for more or less the same reasons that Koestler abandoned it but, unlike Koestler, he went full circle back to the Christian ethic from which he started. In Christianity he finds a faith which is more satisfying than Communism. Unlike Koestler he writes with perfect composure and self-confidence. Significantly enough, he is one of the few writers who can view Soviet Communism with detachment.

An interesting reaction against

Communism is that of the Negroes in America. In this connection the writings of Richard Wright are of peculiar significance. Wright is a Negro, and like Koestler and Silone was for some time a member of the Communist Party. That Wright, a struggling Negro writer, should have moved into Communist Party is a sad indictment of the American way of life. That he should have left it is its vindication. Wright's writings at this period of his life show him on the horns of a terrible dilemma. He leaves the Communist Party because he is an American writer, with a sense of human values and individual dignity. But as Negro he cries tragically. 'I'll be for them even if they are not for me.'

As for as India is concerned there has been no reaction comparable to that which Communism has raised in Europe. In the meantime Soviet Communism has fused with an even older imperialistic tradition, the tradition of imperial China. India, it would seem, had better react quickly.

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WHY THE DEMOCRATIC FRONT?

By ACHARYA J. B. KRIPALANI

In this article Acharya J. B. Kripalani gives lucid reasons why he took the drastic step of forming the Democratic Front.

THE Indian National Congress, whatever its aims and objects in the beginning, came ultimately to represent the urge of the people of India for freedom from foreign yoke. Foreign rule adversely affected all sections of society from the prince to the beggar, if in nothing else in their psychological consciousness and pride as Indians. Foreign rule was also a hindrance in the way of the moral, material and cultural advancement of the country. The desire for freedom from foreign yoke or national independence was, therefore, an objective in which all Indian were concerned, irrespective of caste, creed or class or any other special interests. Such an organisation could have only one objective, that of independence. Gandhiji gave it a novel technique of fighting, that of non-violent non-cooperation. The ranks of the Congress were open to all Indians on payment of a nominal fee. The organisation claimed membership from all creeds and classes. Gandhiji, however, could think of real independence largely in terms of the welfare of the masses. He always held and said that where any special interest stood in the way of the interest of the masses, the former must yield place to the latter. This, coupled with the influence that Western Socialism exerted on Indian thought, made the Congress progressively to adopt socio-economic programmes, which it would work after the removal of foreign hindrance and thus establish an equalitarian society free from exploitation. Therefore, when foreign rule was eliminated on 15th August 1947 and Congress came into power it was expected that it would try to implement its many resolutions and election manifestoes and work for an equalitarian, classless and casteless society.

Three years have passed since we achieved freedom. Yet the common man is unable to see the direction

towards which our society is moving. Apart from this the masses find that even in the matter of their primary needs of food, clothing, housing, health and education, conditions instead of improving have deteriorated. Moreover the administrative machinery with the advent of independence, instead of becoming efficient and honest has become inefficient and corrupt. On this machinery has been placed the burden of a Welfare State which tries to regulate almost the whole life of the citizen. The results are none too happy and there is almost universal discontent and frustration.

Whatever may be the causes for the failure to make good the hopes formed by and held out to the people, the major blame for this sorry state of affairs must fall on the Government. More so, as our State today is not a liberal State which rules least, that is, which merely keeps law and order and sees to the performance of contracts freely made, but meddles in the economic, social and even educational life of the people. Nay, it interferes for good or evil in their entertainment and pleasure. For instance, when food is rationed the Government makes itself responsible for its quantity and quality. If there is black-market it is naturally felt that the police and the magistracy have failed to discharge their duties efficiently. If there is a permit-system in trade and if by the mis-handling of permits trade is dislocated, or there is confusion about what articles ought to be exported or imported for national good, the blame must again fall on the Government. If there are anti-social forces and they cannot be checked the main responsibility is that of the Government. Individuals however good and moral cannot cure these evils for they have not the necessary power and authority to tackle group evils. If public enthusiasm is to be created to

co-operate with the Government for the removal of social, political and economic evils the initiative must come from the Governments, as those in charge are tried and trusted leaders of the people who have rightly acquired influence and prestige through their past sufferings and service.

The failure of the Government to make good has adversely affected the position of the parent organisation, the Congress, in the country. The Congress itself has fallen from grace. There is among its ranks scramble for positions of power, patronage and profit. In this scramble Congress elections have become a farce. To make matters worse some of those in the Governments, recognising the nuisance value of the organisation and its need for the next elections, have tried to capture the machinery of the Congress. This has been done by methods repugnant to democracy. The last elections in the Congress from the lowest to the highest were thoroughly vitiated by corrupt practices indulged sometimes by people in high places. It is felt that if these methods are repeated in the coming elections, democracy will be at an end and Government will fall in the hands of cliques and coteries of ambitious and power-loving politicians. Any effort on the part of the people to overthrow such groups and coteries by the democratic vote would under such circumstances fail. Democracy failing, change can come only through violent upheaval. In that case it will not be the Congress but the Communist or the Communist forces that will succeed.

If then reform and change are to be achieved through democratic methods and if we are to keep alive the traditions of our independence movement unsullied, reform must come from within. This has become the more necessary as during the freedom fight all public life and activity was concentrated in the Congress. This was specially so after the advent of Gandhiji. The violent revolutionary was progressively eliminated from the political field. The Moderates, not being able to keep pace with the advancing tide of the freedom fight, dropped out. All fields of public activity were occupied by Congressmen. Not only they offered

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resistance to the foreign Government through Satyagraha, but they organised meetings and demonstrations. They worked for social, economic and industrial reform. They helped the people in flood, famine, earthquake and disease. The people, therefore, have naturally come to look upon Congressmen to lead them in public life. Recently, because Congress Governments are in power, Congressmen have not been able to organise the people for the redress of their wrongs. There is a dichotomy of loyalties. The requirements of the party come in conflict with larger and more vital requirements of the people. It has therefore become necessary to have a reformist movement, so far as it is possible, within the ranks of the Congress. With this object in view some Congressmen who feel the need for reform have formed the Democratic Front. As those who have formed the Front are Congressmen, their ultimate political, social and economic aims cannot be different from those of the Congress. But they have pledged themselves to see that the public and the authorities move towards the direction of the fulfilment of these aims. It is also felt that the lowering of public life is partly due to the fact of the neglect of the Constructive Programme, designed for all-round progress, both by the authorities and the Congress organisation. There is need to strengthen and work out this programme. The greatest need of the hour, however, is that there be purity in public life and in the administration. This the new Front will try to work for. With this are closely connected the evils of profiteering and blackmarket which have got to be checked. These have come to us with the paucity of goods and the consequent controls. If the controls are to be beneficial they must be strictly and honestly enforced. The rich and the poor according to their capacity, must bear equitable burden and undergo equal sacrifices for the good of the nation. The Front will utilize every opportunity to see that this is made possible. Above all the Front will work for the sanctity of the democratic vote whether in the Congress organisation or the coming elections. This is the life-breath of

a democracy. No official influence must interfere with the free choice of the voter. *The vote is a public trust and it must be exercised for the public good, as the voter conceives it. He may be converted but he must not be constrained through the offer of material advantage or fear of those in the Government or the Congress organisation.*

These are the main and immediate objectives that the Front has kept

before itself. In giving effect to them it will always seek the co-operation of existing Congress committees even where such committees are entirely in the hands of the dominant group. What the Front is concerned about is reform of public life and not mere success in elections. These immediate objectives the Front will seek in co-operation with all progressive groups and parties within the Congress and the country.—Copyright N. P. S.

INTERCHANGE OF COMMONWEALTH JOURNALISTS

INDIAN and Pakistani journalists visiting Britain may be the first to benefit by receiving facilities from the Empire Press Union who have just launched a scheme for the interchange of journalists between Commonwealth countries.

The scheme is the outcome of a resolution of the Union's Seventh Imperial Conference held in Canada last June. Its purpose is to encourage selected young journalists on staffs of newspapers who are members of the Union in Commonwealth countries to spend a year or so on the staffs of overseas newspapers to enlarge their knowledge of the Commonwealth and widen their professional experience. They will not be away for more than 18 months. Passage fares will be paid by themselves or employers.

Candidates, who must be recommended by the section of the Empire Press Union in various Commonwealth countries, must have at least three years' professional experience and be not more than 35 years' old. They must agree to accept the minimum pay rates and working conditions of the newspaper to which they go and obtain written undertakings of reinstatement from their original employers.

Facilities for Indian Journalists

Although no exchanges under this scheme have yet taken place, a num-

ber of Commonwealth journalists in London or those about to visit Britain shortly have applied to the Union for assistance in obtaining experience on British daily or provincial newspapers. Among them are two from India and one from Pakistan. Although their requests do not actually come within the provisions of the scheme the Union will grant them the same facilities in helping them to get attached to British newspapers for a period.

The objective of the scheme is multilateral interchange and there is no obligation to effect "pairing" exchanges. All newspapers who are members of the Empire Press Union are being invited to agree to temporary attachment to their staffs of one or more of journalists recommended by the Union's sections. Already many offers to do so have been received by the Union's London Headquarters. The scheme is not confined to exchanges between Britain and Commonwealth countries but also to arranging exchanges of staffs between the various countries of the Commonwealth.

Among the British newspapers who have expressed willingness to accept journalists are five London dailies—*The Times*, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Herald*, the *Daily Mirror* and the *News Chronicle*.

We see some people so surfeited with luxuries that they are sunk in the physical, mental and spiritual sloth of mere gluttony—they literally do not know what to do with their possessions; side by side with them are slums, poverty and under-nourishment, sometimes extending to whole peoples.—Dorothy L. Sayers.

CITIZENSHIP OF THE WORLD

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

WHAT is meant by 'loyalty'? When is it a virtue, and when a vice?

'Loyalty' may be defined as willingness to make personal sacrifices for the good of a group of which one is a member. Men can and do feel loyalty to many different kinds of groups, of which family, nation, race, class, party and creed, are the most important. The first three are biological, the last three mental. Buddha, Christ, and the Stoics taught that we ought to feel loyalty to all mankind, but so far their teaching has had little effect.

Is loyalty always a virtue? I should say emphatically No. It is common to think that all bad conduct springs from selfishness, and to infer that any conduct which has an unselfish motive must be good. But if by 'good' we mean 'likely to promote human welfare', then much unselfish conduct must count as 'bad.' Everything depends upon the cause to which sacrifice is made.

Broadly speaking, loyalty is undesirable when the group concerned has harmful purposes. A pirate may risk his life to save that of his captain, when it would be good thing if his captain were killed. Similarly, a soldier may die for his country in an unjust war. The world would now be better than it is if, in the two world wars, Germans had been destitute of loyalty—at least so most people who are not German think. What can be said generally is that no group is likely to achieve any collective purpose, whether good or bad, unless most of the members of the group are loyal to it. It may also be said that loyalty in a good cause is not likely to exist unless blind unquestioning loyalty has become a habit. On this ground many people value loyalty regardless of its object. But I think that such people have failed to realise how much of what is worst and most dangerous in the existing world situation is due to this very practice of unquestioning loyalty, particularly loyalty to the national State.

Today it has become of the utmost importance to generate, if possible, new loyalties which transcend the

boundaries of national states. But can loyalty be extended from the national state to a supra-national group of states? The problem is difficult both politically and psychologically. Let us consider first what are the most usual or most potent causes of loyalty itself.

It is clear that loyalty has an instinctive basis; it exists in savage tribes. It seems to be natural to human beings to view members of their own herd with feelings that are friendly in the absence of specific causes of hostility, and to view everyone else with feelings that are hostile in the absence of special reasons for friendliness. Among savages the herd is small, and every member of it is known to every other; the basis of friendliness in this case is familiarity. Although, in a large modern nation, this basis is not so directly present, it still supplies a background. Members of the same nation, on the average, have more in common than members of different nations—language, ways of behaving, habits in eating and drinking, and so on. But, above all, they have, the same enemies. Foreigners may always be a source of danger, and if this happens, compatriots are likely to find themselves on the same side. Connected with the sense of danger is love of home. A hen will risk death by crossing a road in front of a car, because she feels safer at home. Human beings also feel safer at home and emotionally they feel as if all compatriots had the same home. This makes all compatriots lovable in times of danger.

In addition to the instinctive grounds of loyalty, there are others that have a more or less rational basis. The chief of these are common interests and common beliefs. Among groups generated by the former are pirate crews, invading armies and companies for the development of backward areas; among the latter, political parties and religious sects. But loyalties of this sort are not very secure under stress, unless they have a backing in instinctive loyalties or a very obvious and compelling appeal to self-interest. It is this that causes the difficulty in generating a supra-

national loyalty. The instinctive part tends to remain purely national, and the remainder, so long as it depends upon reason and argument, is likely to break down just when it is most needed.

The problem of supra-national loyalty differs according to whether the new unit is world-wide or is only a group which has, or may have, external enemies. Western Union, or the countries in the Atlantic Pact, may acquire unity and inspire loyalty, from fear of Russia or of Communism. Fear of external enemies has always been the most powerful source of social cohesion. This can be invoked, given adequate propaganda, whenever there is an obvious external common danger. But it is not easy to picture in this way a loyalty to the whole human race or to a world state.

Communists have to a great extent succeeded in creating among their non-Russian adherents a loyalty which is supra-national. They have done this in four ways: by a dogmatic common creed, by inspiring hate and fear towards non-Communists, by completely rewriting history, and by a monopoly of all means of propaganda (including education and the press) wherever they have acquired power. These methods cannot produce a world-wide unity except by the complete victory of Communism. The methods are, in the main, such as non-Communists cannot adopt, without being untrue to their principles. We must, therefore, look for other ways of producing a supra-national loyalty.

I think it should not be very difficult, in the course of fifty years or so, to generate a very reliable loyalty to a group such as Western Union, or even to the whole of Western Europe and English speaking North America. There is a considerable degree of cultural unity, produced first by the Catholic Church in the Middle Ages, and strengthened in our own time by science and scientific technique. There is (rightly or wrongly) a common apprehension of danger from the East. These causes have already given rise to a vigorous movement towards political union, and they should, before long, produce a corresponding degree of economic co-operation.

If a group of Western Powers are genuinely anxious to create a supra-national sense of solidarity among

the nations composing the group, there are certain things that they must do. First, they must rewrite the text-books of history used in schools, which should become the same in all countries concerned. The new text-books should lay stress on whatever cultural unity exists, and should minimise cultural differences. They should carefully abstain from glorification of any one member nation at the expense of any other. They should make past wars between member nations appear as foolish civil wars. And they should suggest that the nations composing the group can do great things for mankind in the future, provided they remain friends and not enemies.

Next, they should have a common flag and a common supra-national anthem. The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack must no longer obtrude themselves on the consciousness of children, and it must not be for "God Save the King" that we all stand up. But these powerful methods of emotional stimulation must not be discarded, they must merely be transferred to new symbols. I am sure the reader will feel a vehement resistance to this suggestion. I feel it myself. But the strength of our unreflecting resistance is the best proof of the necessity of the change that I am advocating.

There is another measure which may be desirable with a view to stimulating a feeling of unity, but which has its dangers. The unity of a nation is symbolised by a King or a President and a supra-national union, if it is to make an equally strong appeal, must also be symbolised by a person. In modern times such a person cannot be a King or Emperor, but must be an elected President. There are, however, two dangers. One is that the President might become a Fuhrer, the other is that there might be jealousies and contests between the nations as to which of them the President should come from. To obviate the first of these dangers, I should give to the President only such functions as belong to our King. To obviate the second, I should decree that he must come from a country with a small population. Given these two conditions, I think the President should be chosen for life, prayed for in church, and saluted with a salute of more than twenty-one guns.

Loyalty to a group of Powers which is not world-wide can be much facilitated by methods which retard the advance to world unity. Fear of hostile groups is the main cause of such supra-national unity as now exists or is within the sphere of practical politics. To emphasise such fear in education and in political propaganda is one of the easiest ways of stimulating the sentiment of unity. Another is to preach the superiority of our own groups of nations, for instance, by calling it the Christian group, and dwelling on the merits of Christianity as compared to other religions. Such methods of producing unity in a group, though they may be necessary for practical reasons, are to be deprecated in the long run, except in so far as they are a liberation from the tyranny of a narrow nationalism. Combinations of groups of nations are, I think, very necessary for a number of urgent reasons, but only a world-wide unity affords any real solution of the appalling problems with which civilisations are faced. And for the present the prospect of world-wide unity is very dim.

To generate the kind of sentiment which (one hopes) will ultimately make world unity a real thing, first leaders and then populations must undergo a long process of re-education. We must learn to think and feel about mankind collectively. We must give our attention to the things that have been achieved by the human race: tools, fire, language, agriculture, art, science, industry, etc. We must emphasise both biological evolution and the diffusion of culture. The history that we teach to the young must show how, over and over again, civilisations have climbed to a certain height, and then decayed by ossification or been destroyed by war. In economics, instead of laying stress on competition, we must show how wealth has resulted from co-operation in larger and larger units. The aim should be to create a feeling for man as man and a realisation of the ways by which he may more and more develop the merits by which he is distinguished from the rest of the known universe. The result should be that, when any policy is proposed, our first spontaneous reaction is to consider how it will affect mankind, not how it will affect this or that group.

Although our main emphasis should be on the hope of positive achievement, there is still a place for the rational realisation of dangers. Do you wish the human race to be exterminated by atom bombs? Are you content that we should continue to suffer from plagues and pestilences which a concerned effort could wipe out? Are you willing to look on passively while the population increases to a point at which an adequate food supply becomes impossible? Of such world-wide human problems there are many. They cannot be tackled at present, because no one effectively cares for mankind as a whole. If Governments so desired, the young could be educated in a way which would make them as vividly aware of such problems as they now are of those affecting the safety of their own nation.

Before this can happen, however, we have a long way to go. It is nineteen hundred years since Christ said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbours as thyself." I wonder how many more years it will be before people begin to think that this was sound advice.—
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DECLINE OF THE MUSLIM LEAGUE IN PAKISTAN

From A Correspondent

KARACHI: It was a fateful day for Pakistan—the 8th day of October 1950. Against the background of the declining sun, some hundred and odd members of the All Pakistan Muslim League Council, amidst cheers, led the bald, bespectacled, well-built, 56-year-old Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan of Pakistan to the coveted chair of the League presidency.

The League itself, like the sun, was declining and showing signs of decay and death. The League Councillors had then hoped that the League sun could once again be brought to the meridian, once the popular Premier was ceremoniously installed in the gadi, quitted by runaway, League chief in India, Choudry Khaliquzzaman of bitter memory—at least as far as Indian Muslims are concerned. It was thought that once Liaquat occupied the highest office in the League, the organisation, by borrowing colour from the popularity of the Prime Minister, could be re-instated in its erstwhile position as the most popular party of Pakistan.

But, even as Liaquat was proposed to the office, opposition was mounting up in not an insignificant section of the Council itself against the idea of what *Dawn* so proudly declared later as the “unification of national command.” A man of conviction, courage and conscience, that League veteran from the Punjab, Mian Abdul Bari raised his voice but was most mercilessly hushed into silence by the all-powerful pro-Liaquat group in the Council and was even maltreated by the League National Guards who were posted at the gates for making arrangements. Of course, they might be considered as doing part of the job, assigned to them.

And Liaquat, in his presidential address, said: “Fikr Har Kas baqadr-e-himmat out” (“Every one’s power of thinking goes only so far as his ambitions”, meaning that since Bari himself wanted to become a dictator, he cannot but think in terms of dictatorship).

That was October 8 and since then

the sands have been running out rather at a break-neck speed. Those who hoped that Liaquat’s ascension to the highest unofficial office in Pakistan along with the official one, would not only rescue the League from the morass of inactivity, corruption and unpopularity in which it had of late sunk, but also make and metamorphise it, as if by a magician’s wand, into a truly democratic mass organisation, and a live organisation at that, throbbing and pulsating with life and activity—have been shaken not a little by the events that came fast on the heels of this decision. For though none dare question Liaquat’s sincerity to put the house of the League in order, yet it cannot be disputed that the League has been showing dangerous symptoms of crumbling down like a pack of cards.

Liaquat, who had never minced words in the past, has lately become more vociferous and pronounced in his views. He has made it his pastime to din into the ears of Pakistanis day in and day out that the salvation of the nation lay in strengthening the League. He has stated that the formation of other parties was against the security and best interests of Pakistan. “Unity, faith and discipline”—the motto bequeathed to the nation by the Quaid-i-Azam along with Pakistan—he argued, “is of as much importance to-day as it had been during the infancy of the State.” And therefore, he said, defection from the parent organisation amounted to disloyalty to the State. He seems to say: “Since the Muslim League is Pakistan and Pakistan is the Muslim League, any attempt to kill the League is, in effect, an attempt to kill Pakistan”!

And, as can be expected, this was too much even for the gullible Pakistani people, who adore and love him for his unique achievements in stabilising Pakistan, especially after the Quaid’s death. No wonder then that his attempt to confuse the State with the Government and to link the strength of the present party in

power with the security of the State, has been challenged. The Punjab, universally recognised as the ‘heart-province’ of Pakistan, took the lead in pricking this bubble of League infallibility.

The anti-Liaquat group in the Punjab has been conferring on the possibility of finding a new party in opposition to the League and the time-bomb set up by this group, burst even as Liaquat stepped on the land of the five rivers on his League propaganda tour. This came in the shape of resignations from tried, tested and two-decade old Leaguers, Mian Abdul Bari and Malik Ghulam Nabi—the ex-President and Joint Secretary of the League in the Province. In their statement they contended that with the resolution prohibiting ministers from holding offices in the League rescinded, the party had lost its dynamic character as a check on the Government and had become, for all intents and purposes, a Government department. They further charged that the “the efforts of those in power and their agents converged on converting the organisation into a ladder for personal aggrandisement.” This set the ball rolling and more resignations followed.

And what is more significant, Liaquat had to face hostile demonstrations at Lahore. The demonstrations, it may be noted, were against President Liaquat and not Premier Liaquat. He was heard for half an hour in pin-drop silence without even as much as a word from any corner while he spoke on Pakistan’s progress and the flood-situation, but once he brought in the League and attempted to give credit to the League for all these achievements, people were up and doing. They prevented him from speaking for about 30 minutes till they were cleared by the National Guards with the help of plain clothes constables. Poor Liaquat! All this he had to face for wearing the mantle of League leadership. But then, didn’t he himself say at the League Council that he cared two hoots for his present popularity if that were to prevent him from doing what was in the interests of the nation?

Once in Lahore, he held closed-door parleys with Khan Iftikhar Hussain of Mamdot, the former Premier and League Chief and the biggest land-

lord of the United Punjab but now a victim of time and tide. The Khan was wooed and was even promised fifty per cent of seats in the new legislature. “Test me as the President of the League,” the new League Chief is reported to have said. To which the Khan, rising above personal interests, retorted, that that would once again make the provincial ministry unstable, faction-ridden and shaky and thus would be an invitation to the Centre to impose Section 92-A and rule it through the Governor.

Having thus failed with the Khan, Liaquat left the Punjab for Peshawar where the other time-bomb burst, and this time, the architect of the present League tore his League mantle to shreds and instead came out in a new garb—and a fascinating garb at that—the garb of Jinnah Muslim League.

The formation of the Jinnah Muslim League is an event too significant to be dismissed as a mushroom growth or as motivated by lust for power, privilege and leadership. It constitutes in itself a rebellion against the acts of omission and commission of the official League and holds out great prospects of becoming a strong opposition.

Since then, more parties have cropped up in the Punjab, threatening to turn the provincial politics into a French scene. The two young politicians of the Punjab—Mian Iftikharuddin and Sirdar Shaukat Hayat Khan—who were shown the door by the League Council last year for their ‘impertinence’ in plucking up courage to criticise and condemn the Public Safety Act,—these two leaders from the Punjab have entered the provincial politics with a bang and announced the formation of a separate party. The Azad Pakistan Party, which they have announced, makes a departure from others in that it is the first party in Pakistan to be formed on a radical programme of political, social and economic reforms. The manifesto issued by the party offers to the people a fascinating post-dated cheque of election promises both on the national and the international front. While on the national plan, it calls for drastic agrarian reforms, including the abolition of big estates, nationalisation of services and industries, abolition of

the present Consembly and making Pakistan a sovereign independent republic, on the international plane it believes in the severance of all relations with the Commonwealth and following an independent foreign policy. In a word, the party claims to stand for "completing the task of political liberation and beginning the task of economic regeneration" which, according to them, are the basic tasks before the country for the strength and consolidation of Pakistan and for the maintenance of its unity and integrity.

The other parties already in the field—and significantly enough, all of them have their headquarters at Lahore—are the Awami League of Suhrawardy fame, the Islam League of the former Khaksar Chief, Allama Mashriqi, the Jama'at Islami of the bearded, revivalist Maulana Moududi and the "universal" Communist Party.

And, as if this virtual Babel is not enough, a section of the people are bent upon forming yet another party—to make confusion worse confounded. The "Garib Muslim League"—for that is the new party—when it comes

into being, will be an organisation founded on a class basis. According to its promoters, its door will be open only to the poor while it will work "for the rule of the poor by the poor and for the poor," and in case it steps into the shoes of the Government, it would pay ministers only Rs. 500 as salary.

These parties have not as yet presented a "common-front against a common enemy." It is of interest to note here that political parleys between the two Iftikhars, broke down not because they were averse to wedding themselves into a fellowship but because of developments on the Tibetan front and petty commercial jealousies between two rival newspapers which saw in their pact the gloomy prospect of their sales dwindling down. With his vision hitched to the rising 'red' star across the Himalayas, the Mian Sahib was reported to be changing his technique with every few miles that the Chinese horde covered on their march to Lhasa. More, the rapid red advance in the Lama's kingdom is reported to have filled him with hopes of stepping into the shoes of the present rulers "much earlier than expected!"

Exclusive Interview With Jawaharlal Nehru:

TOWARDS A SOLUTION OF THE KASHMIR PROBLEM

By RANJEE SHAHANI

Dr. Ranjee Shahani is a journalist of international reputation. In this article he has treated the Kashmir problem from various aspects and has suggested 'condominion' as a solution of the problem.

A day before I left England for India I had a quiet talk with Lady Mountbatten. Among other interesting things, she said: "In my opinion—and take it for what it is worth—Nehru is the greatest statesman of the twentieth century." Yet, oddly enough, when Nehru's name was suggested as mediator between Russia and the Western bloc no one jumped at the idea. Indeed, people in England began to say: "Physician, first heal thyself."

The reference here was, of course, to the Indo-Pakistan pother. A great friend of India, who also happens to be a powerful publicist, uttered something in my presence that is worth recounting. Listen:

"It is cold war. No doubt about that. Thank God, it has ceased to be hot in Kashmir."

"I think Nehru and his Government are consciously and unconsciously saying to themselves, in the Western vernacular, 'We are as good as anyone else,' feeling instinctively that the freedom and self-assertiveness of the Western world are wholly desirable and capable of being emulated in India, and, internally, they are half believing and wishing to iron out in the country differences of racial and religious outlook that have existed for centuries."

"They are going fast or desiring to go too fast, and they are readily assuming that the whole of the Western outlook is good. There is an element in their attitude of political snobbery."

"Nehru's great danger is the wish to dominate the whole of India, regardless of the legitimate distinctiveness of the Muslim world."

"Nehru is not showing sufficient respect for another religious outlook."

He is hiding India's backwardness (because of her mass poverty and her superstitions); he is also forgetting, perhaps temporarily, elements in Indian life which at their best should be an example to the West.

"Pakistan is showing no disposition to compromise, but that may be largely a determination to assert its abstract rights, while conscious of her relative material weakness."

"Broadly speaking, India's error now is that she is forgetting that all government that is permanent is carried on with the consent, tacit or explicit, of the governed."

"Both India, as represented by Nehru, and Pakistan, as represented by Liaquat Ali Khan, are showing the uneasy assertiveness of parvenu nations a little unsure of themselves."

"Kashmir might prove their graveyard."

These views, silly as they are in parts, are not exceptional; they have been expressed again and again, in one form or another, in Europe and America, and, what is worse, continue to be heard. The point is that India is blamed because her relations with Pakistan are strained. Why is this so? Because, being more experienced and more powerful, greater wisdom is expected from her.

Fine; but what about her point of view? The West does not seem to know it. It is high time it did.

The Indian point of view, especially about Kashmir, is best expressed by Nehru. I had the pleasure and privilege of meeting him recently. He spoke, as usual, frankly and freely.

"What about Kashmir?" I asked, after we had discussed many other topics, from literature to India's foreign policy. "Do you see any solution?"

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Nehru was silent for a while; then: "At the moment I see none," he said. "Is it true that India has forced her way into Kashmir?"

"Certainly not. We sent our forces there after the Government of the State had lawfully acceded to India, with the full approval of its most numerous and representative popular party. In fact, Pakistan is the aggressor; it sent its troops into what had become Indian territory; and it had no business to do that."

"An Englishman, General Sir Frank Messervy, has said: 'The first major act in the tragedy (of Kashmir) was an offensive by the armed forces of the Maharaja in September and October, 1947, both against the Poonchis who had shown some rebellious activities and against the Muslims in the predominantly Dogra areas in the southern portion of Jammu province. This offensive followed the terrible pattern of the earlier communal troubles in the Punjab and led to a stream of refugees into Sialkot district and a cry to Pakistan for help from them and the Poonchis.' Is this correct?"

"Hardly. Sir Frank Messervy, as you may know, was the Commander-in-Chief of the Pakistan Army, and he is twisting the evidence all in one way, arguing, so to speak, like a clever lawyer. Tell me, how did Pakistan react to the cry of which you make so much? It excited the Pathans to invade Kashmir. These men indulged in banditry; and when they were thrown out, Pakistan sent in its regular troops."

"So, according to you, Pakistan is the aggressor in Kashmir?"

"There can be no doubt about that. Even the Dixon report suggests as much. We are in Kashmir by legal right; Pakistan is there as an interloper. It is about time the world admitted as much."

"Pakistan says that India is in Kashmir against the will of the people, who are, in the bulk, Muslims."

"Stuff and nonsense! It is not a question of Hindus and Muslims in Kashmir, but of Muslims and Muslims. Let that be perfectly clear."

"Please make yourself more clear."

"Well, all those Muslims who want progress in achievement—and they are by no means of negligible quan-

tity or quality—wish to link their fortunes with those of India. Their voice must be heard."

"Then why not hold a plebiscite? Why delay it?"

"There is a lot of loose talk about plebiscites. The conditions for a plebiscite in Kashmir do not exist."

"Could you expatiate on that a little?"

"It would take some time to work out voting registers on which an independent authority, such as a Commission of the United Nations, could hold a reliable plebiscite. People talk endlessly, mindless of the actual administrative background."

"What are your personal feelings towards Kashmir?"

"That is not a fair question; but, in my opinion, it would be a calamity if Kashmir went to Pakistan."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because it would be utterly ruined. It would be ruled from Karachi, a distant place, and its interests would be neglected. By joining India, Kashmir has everything to gain, nothing to lose. We shall not interfere in its domestic affairs, but will give only such advice and help as are asked for from us." Then, after thinking a little, Nehru added: "We have promised to protect Kashmir; we cannot go back on that."

"What about the solution of Mr. Kak—that Kashmir should be declared an independent State?"

"Kashmir is not strong enough to sustain that position; it would be swallowed up by some predatory nation."

"Division—what do you think of that?"

"Division always creates more problems than it solves. Once again there would be a torrent of refugees, leading to nameless sorrow and suffering. Why have all that? As you know, I do not believe in the two-nation theory. India is, and must remain, a secular State, where all castes and creeds can live in peace. Religion is no test for citizenship. There are millions of Muslims in India, and does anyone discriminate against them?"

"Then there is no solution of the Kashmir problem?"

"I don't see any at present."

Soon after this talk, I called on Sheikh Abdulla, the Premier of Kashmir, who happened to be in Delhi at the time. "The Kashmir problem," he said, "is quite simple. I am surprised that it has not been understood in the West. The plain fact is that Pakistan invaded Kashmir without any excuse and thereby broke international law. Let that be admitted by all; and let the culprit be named. Then let the Pakistani soldiers retire from Kashmir. As it is, Pakistan asks for the impossible—asks the legal Government of Kashmir to resign. How can that be? It means legalising aggression."

"They say that your Government in Kashmir does not represent the will of the people."

"If that is the case, why are we not turned out? What prevents the people from revolting against us?"

"Fear of the Indian Army, perhaps."

"That is not true. Fear of the British Army did not prevent Indian patriots from rebelling against the British. The truth is that the Indian Army keeps away from the seat of Government, and does not make its presence felt in any way. If you doubt my word, come and see for yourself. Pakistan has been bamboozling the world. If it felt that it was wanted in Kashmir, why did it go in for invasion? Simply because it knew that the verdict of the people would go against it. The fact is, there are many in Kashmir who dislike the obscurantism and medievalism of Pakistan. They prefer to be with India because, they think, that way lies peace and prosperity."

"Then what is the solution of the Kashmir problem?"

"The will of the people; it will express itself soon enough."

"Pakistan will say that you have fabricated things."

"Pakistan can think what it likes. We are going ahead, going ahead to ascertain the popular verdict."

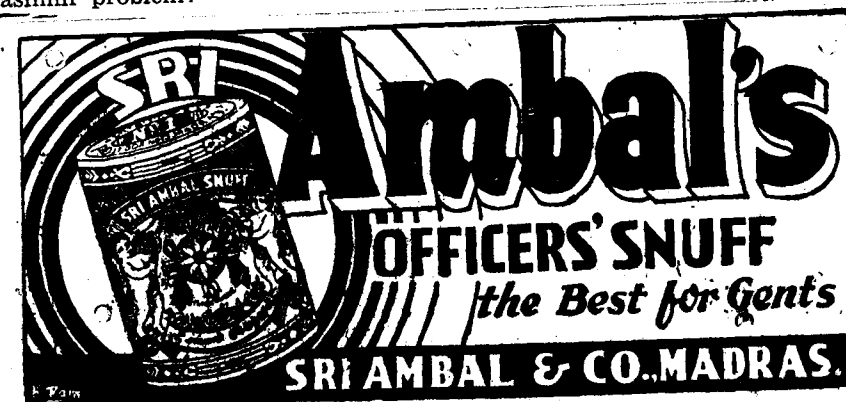
A few days ago I met a friend and colleague of Jinnah's. He said to me: "I parted company with Jinnah on the question of partition, for I do not believe in dividing a country on religious grounds. Religion is an absolutely personal matter, and the State should have nothing to do with it. India is trying to maintain that lofty stand. (Unfortunately, there are forces working against it). So all civilised peoples should see that Kashmir goes to India. Why? Because it would confirm India in her secularism."

This is a peculiar argument and not, it must be said, without some force.

But what is the solution of the Kashmir problem, a solution that would satisfy both India and Pakistan? I suggest that there should be a CONDOMINIUM.

I put the idea to Nehru. He said that he could not be sure that Pakistan, having given its word, would easily honour it. Perhaps; perhaps not; who can tell? But one thing is certain; trust begets trust.

If India and Pakistan could agree to rule Kashmir jointly—and this would save the face of both—they might agree on most other matters. And that is 'a consummation devoutly to be wished'. This is no time for petty bickerings. The shadows of war are creeping across Asia, and may darken both India and Pakistan. An entente in time between the two countries is an absolute necessity.—Copy-right N. P. S.



SARDAR VALLABHBHAI PATEL

By V. P. RAMAN

THE court was in session. Counsel was on his feet putting his case succinctly, unemotionally and with the methodology of one who knew what he was doing and did it without fuss. There was a brief interruption. An urgent communication was handed to him. He glanced at it for a moment, and resumed his address. He had not twitched a muscle, and there was no change in his manner to indicate that the message conveyed the news of his wife's sudden death. He continued and finished his case, gathered his papers calmly, and left the court. Counsel was Vallabhbhai Patel.

A man's fundamental nature is unalterable. The same purposefulness that characterised that advocate, unruffled by the unexpected, was to be seen afterwards in the Congressman who "could get things done," and in the Deputy Prime Minister in whose path everyone and everything that obstructed, met with the same fate as a reed before a bulldozer. Vallabhbhai Patel was the *Sardar*, the lieutenant of the Mahatma. He and Jawaharlal Nehru represented two extremes in human character. They were like the positive and negative terminals of a battery. They did not cancel each other, but assured the stability of the Party during its period of political struggle. In office, the story was quite different. Once in power, they became, not the opposite terminals of a battery, but the opposing poles of a magnet.

The Sardar had not the human emotions of Jawaharlal Nehru or the analytical skill of C. Rajagopalachari, and was therefore able to act and achieve where his colleagues would have hesitated and argued. If the people asked for bread when there was none, Pandit Nehru would be moved by the tragedy of the situation into torrents of words; Rajaji would give them stone and try to persuade them to believe that it was bread; the Sardar would heave a stone at their heads and let it go at that.

Vallabhbhai Patel had always been the tough one of the Congress party. He maintained that formidableness

till the end, and periodically rebellious lions in the party were sent into his room to emerge as lambs. He tamed them, not as Androcles did, by acts of kindness, but by threats uttered *in terrorem*. With the Sardar it was not a word and a blow, as with Bismark; it was one blow and another. He did not bandy words, or play the Pecksniff to achieve an object. He commanded and did not entreat. He was not a screw driver to cajole a nail gently into the wall; he was a sledgehammer that either did its work in a second, or broke the wall itself.

Sardar Patel was the flywheel of the Nehru Government, a "steadying influence" on an impetuous Prime Minister. Scarcely any progressive measure was possible unless the Sardar himself willed it. Influencing without acting, according to Raymond, is the secret of most management. Strategically placed stooges of the Sardar were there to do his behest, and most things that happened within the party in the last three years could be traced ultimately to him. He influenced without acting.

Agitation among the peasants was perhaps Sardar Patel's earliest political work. That he should have slowly veered round to the opposite camp and finally died in a Birla mansion tells its own tale. The Birlas might have been his good friends and no one suggests that he should have abandoned them, once installed in power; but he need not have forgotten that the peasants and poor men were his earlier comrades. This phase of his life does not however detract from the selfless work he had done in his earlier years. But it confirms the old adage that the love of money is the root of all evil. When he died the Sardar had still to tell the people what he proposed to do with the fifteen hundred thousand rupees presented to him. He passed away before the 'three days' elapsed. The good son Dayabhai will probably choose to shed some light on the question.

One can never get a proper idea of the Sardar from a portrait. His image must be carved in granite. He was not an iron man, but a stone man.

Iron melts, stone cracks up once and for all. The stone man has cracked. The respect he was given by many, sprang from fear, not love. And anything bred on dread rarely outlives the dreaded. The good works of the Sardar will live for ever, but only the most intimate of his friends will cherish his memory.

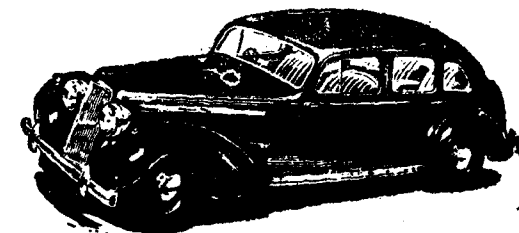
Vallabhbhai Patel was seventy five years old when Death laid its hands upon him. Though the spirit was fresh, the body showed signs of decay. Though the heart was metaphorically as stout and stony as it was forty years back, the anatomical heart was getting weaker with age. But one cannot do office work with one's spirit; the body must measure up to its work. That the Sardar carried on in spite of physical debility is no reason why others subject to similar disability should risk their lives by exposing themselves to the rigours of day-to-day administration. The death

of Vallabhbhai Patel should serve as a warning to other septuagenarian colleagues of his, still in saddle. Their lives are as valuable as their advice. There can be no advice without life. It is time they think of retirement, instead of office; of guidance instead of desk-work.

Pandit Nehru's problem will be to find a successor to the Sardar. Rajaji's fondness for power is not greater than his desire to do things by himself. If he is conscious of his advancing years he will choose to remain as he is—a Minister Without Portfolio—and not undertake the responsibility of an office that will speedily sap the remainder of his life. The Prime Minister should desist from thrusting suicidal strains on the over-seventies in his Cabinet.

Sardar Patel was undoubtedly one of our greatest political leaders. Mahatma Gandhi was also a great man.

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By V. P. SATHE

THE news of the sad demise of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel on Friday morning was received with as great shock by the film people as by the man-in-the-street. The studios, offices and cinema theatres were spontaneously closed as a mark of respect to the departed leader.

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel and film people had nothing in common; yet the film people revered him as a valiant fighter for freedom and a great leader in whose hands they felt that the destiny of India was safe. Hence whenever an occasion arose they demonstrated their loyalty and regard for the Sardar in no uncertain manner. Only recently when a purse was presented to Sardar on his 75th birthday, the film industry contributed very generously to manifest that it was in no way behind others in paying homage and tribute to the great Sardar.

Apart from being a great leader and patriot, there is another reason why the film people hold such high regard for Sardar. The reason is that while most of the orthodox Congress leaders have looked down upon Indian films and publicly condemned them on many occasions, Sardar Patel has always shown sympathy and consideration for the Indian film industry. When the late Rai Bahadur Chuni Lal, leading a deputation of the film industry, went to see Sardar Patel, unlike other leaders he patiently heard the case of the Indian film industry and promised to give sympathetic consideration to the industry's problems. It was as the Chief of the Information and Broadcasting Department that he appointed the Film Enquiry Committee of which N. Shanker, Sardar's private secre-

tary is an important member and secretary. It was as much due to him as due to Shri Diwakar that Central Censorship is being introduced.

Moreover, even as a Congress leader Sardar Patel had shown keen interest in Indian films. Twelve years ago, when the popular ministries first took office in the provinces, some of the Indian producers made pictures propagating prohibition. At that time the late Winayak produced a picture entitled *Brandy Bottle* and Sardar Patel was kind enough to appear and deliver a special short speech to be incorporated in the picture; in fact, the picture began with a meeting addressed by Sardar Patel. Later, Sardar Patel, who did not suffer from any prejudices, agreed even to inaugurate a motion picture like *Veer Kunal*. And it was under his directive that the documentary film on the life of Netaji Subhash Bose was made.

So in his death the film industry feels that not only India has lost a great leader but that the film industry has lost a great friend who could have helped it to steer clear through the present crisis.

Pictures Of The Week

Last week I had an opportunity to see two remarkable foreign films—*The Pearl* and *Destination Moon*.

The Pearl is a Mexican film based on a long short story by John Steinbeck, the famous American novelist. As a story of a poor fisherman who found a pearl which raised in him high hopes about the future of his ailing child but which brought him nothing but trouble, disaster and death—death of his 'pearl'—his beloved son. This story of human

greed, hate and love has all the thrills and drama to make it a great motion picture; the Mexican producer of this film has faithfully transcribed this story to the screen and made out of it a truly beautiful motion picture.

Indeed, the presentation is subtle, imaginative and forceful, the very opening shot takes your breath away. The registration of the hero's disappointment when he bangs his fist against the closed door of the doctor, who refused to treat his child because he had no money, so hard that blood trickles down is itself a grand directorial touch. The hero's diving in the sea to find the pearl; the hero's dagger fight on the bank of the sea; his final flight from greedy people who pursue him as if he was an animal of prey are the other highlights of this great film. Pandso Armandez and Maria the two famous Mexican stars—play the principal roles with rare conviction and sincerity.

It is a great pity that such a beautiful film should have been shown at a second-run theatre which generally shows serials and jungle thrillers and which is situated in a locality where respectable gentry seldom go. It is a picture which should have been screened at one of the luxurious and air-conditioned theatres which are showing mostly worthless Hollywood films. May one ask R. K. O. Radio which is controlling the distribution of this film why such a step-motherly attitude in exploiting such a beautiful film specially since it was, to use Hollywood jargon, pre-sold to thousands of the readers of Steinbeck's book of the same story?

The other picture *Destination Moon* is not as great but it was released at an excellent theatre. This picture too is produced by an independent producer and but for its beginning which is nothing but blatant propaganda for United States, the picture is remarkably good, noteworthy for its scientific approach and vivid but thrilling presentation of details. The thrilling flight of a rocket to the Moon and back is presented in a most plausible manner refreshing as it does all your knowledge of science and geography. Scientific observations about gravitation force, inhabitation, on the Moon, atmospheric pressure, etc., have been expertly

utilized to provide interesting dramatic details of the flight.

Hence without going into the realm of the imagination, the picture sticks to the established scientific facts and theories and yet it manages to be both engrossing and entertaining. Science has seldom been so interestingly presented on the screen. Then the idea of refuting the industrialists' arguments through presentation of a cartoon film is quite clever. The beauty of an otherwise excellent film is marred to some extent by subtle allusions against the Soviet Union whose agents are apparently held responsible for the 'sabotage' of the first rocket, and which is referred to as likely to be the only other nation trying to reach the Moon before U. S. Had this flight been treated only as a human endeavour to conquer nature, it would have been more noble. But apparently Americans are suffering too much from Soviet phobia.

Anyway *Destination Moon* is a good picture better than most of the scientific fantasies including *Things to Come*. The sequence in which the crew comes out of the rocket in space and one of them is shown floating in the space is the highlight of the picture.

Star Of The Week!

Baby Tabassum is a smart, fair looking girl of about twelve who shot into stardom four years ago when she made her debut in Famous Pictures' *Nargis*. During the last four years she has appeared in many pictures and won for herself the title of "Indian Shirley Temple". She has not always been properly cast and in several pictures—as in *Chhoti Bhabi* and *Sargam* her talents have been rather wasted. In some of the other pictures her acting has been marred by the too precocious a role that she has been called upon to portray.

Hence though she has appeared in a number of pictures, her talent has been properly exploited in only a handful of them—a fact which her learned parents will do well to remember. Incidentally she is the daughter of a Hindu-Muslim marriage. Her mother is Asghari Begum, a well known writer and her father is Mr. Dey, erstwhile editor of an Urdu magazine. As such one can well expect her to be properly educated and trained.

Working in so many pictures at such a young age, like Mickey Rooney she seems to have developed the spirit of a real trouser. Otherwise she would not have stood so bravely the accident she met with during the shooting of *Deedar*. Riding on a horse, for a scene, during the shooting the saddle broke off and she fell down. Though she was not very much injured the accidental fall did shake her nerves completely. Yet, like a true trouser she regained her sense and was willing to complete the scene next day.

If she retains this spirit, with her talents and looks, she is ensured of a bright future when she grows up into a comely lady. Meanwhile, her parents must be very discriminating in choosing the right kind of roles for her and be kind enough not to overwork her.

Holidaying In England!

Yashodhra Katju, the petite starlet who is working as a free-lancer in about half-a-dozen pictures at the same time is reported to be going to England in the first week of January. The ostensible reason for her visit is just rest; but during her stay she is expected to consult a plastic surgeon for her 'scar' and get treated for appendicitis. She is expected to stay in England for over a month.

David, the bald-headed popular character actor is also planning to go to England and Europe. Originally he wanted to go to attend the World Peace Conference for which he was specially invited; but as he could not get the passport in time he could not go in time for the conference. Now that he has secured the passport he intends to avail himself of this opportunity and visit Europe sometime in summer in connection with Olympics.

News Of The Week

—The President of the Hair-dress-

ers Association declared at a press conference held in Bombay that thanks to 'Dilip Kumar fashion', the youths were getting their hair cut at longer intervals than before and as a result their business was suffering a great deal. He strongly protested against Dilip Kumar.

—In place of the late Rai Bahadur Chuni Lal, Kishore Sahu has been nominated on the Bombay Board of Film Censors as a representative of the producers.

—Shyam, Munawar Sultana and Nawab form the cast of a social picture which is being produced by Dr. Safdar Al in association with S. Fatehlal.

—Bimal Roy, the New Theatres director, arrived in Bombay and there are reports to the effect that he may settle down in Bombay. The two other Bengalee directors who are migrating to Bombay are Hemen Gupta who directed "42" and Satyen Bose who directed *Parivartan*. Hemen Gupta is directing *Anandmath* for Filmistan; this picture will now be made definitely in Bombay. Satyen Bose who is contemplating the production of a Hindi version of *Parivartan* is expected to join M. & T.

—Talking of Filmistan, Najam Naqvi who has been holidaying so far has now reported on duty and he is likely to launch his picture soon.

—Vijayantimala, the heroine of *Life* has proved such a success as a dancer in her recent tour in the South that it is likely that she may give up her screen career for becoming a full-fledged stage dancer. Incidentally she is making her debut on the Hindustani screen in the Hindi version of *Life* which is now entitled *Bahar*. The All-India distribution rights of this picture have been acquired by Mr. Tarachand of the Screens, the distributors of Hindi *Chandralekha* and *Nishan*.

Judge Lindsay suggests that the law should differentiate between companionate marriage and family marriage. The essence of companionate marriage consists in the following undertakings: A companionate marriage is contracted for from three to five years. Both the man and the woman agree to have no offspring. The one-sided decision of either party is sufficient to dissolve the union, and the other partner has no right to raise any objection. There is no alimony. The real sense of companionate marriage, according to Judge Lindsay, lies in eliminating the element of compulsion from the union of two young people of opposite sexes, and making it possible for them to decide in entire freedom whether they will or will not live together permanently. If there are difficulties and incompatibilities, then the trial association may be dissolved without any complications.—SOFIE LAZARFELD.

BRITISH HOUSEWIVES' ORDEALS

By HARRY HEAP

LONDON: Mr. Attlee has returned from his visit to North America and we have had a debate in the House on his report. After the initial communique issued by Mr. Attlee and President Truman, there seems to be little to be learned, as yet.

In the meantime, British housewives, in this very cold winter with possible coal shortage, daily electricity cuts, and warnings of an increase in the price of blankets by two-thirds when the present stocks in the shops have been sold (though these stocks are large), are now faced with beginning the New Year with the smallest ration of meat yet allowed in Britain. Yet this meat-cut is not a matter of complaint against the Government. In a public enquiry on the cost-of-living, broadcast by the B. B. C., a large audience cheered a speaker who asserted that we would rather go without meat than be forced to pay ridiculously high prices for it. That is the mood of the country. The roast beef of old England is a thing of the past and we are rapidly becoming a nation of enforced vegetarianism! But not of Prohibition.

Last year there was petrol rationing in Britain and car drivers could use only a limited amount of petrol which was sold at about Re. 1 annas 5 a gallon. Today, there is no petrol rationing and much more petrol is being used, for not only are those people using more who had their vehicles on the road last year for essential purposes, but many more cars have been brought out of the garages for knocking about town and weekend pleasure rides. And petrol is now over Rs. 2 a gallon. The extra money is coming from somewhere but food is no cheaper, clothes are dearer owing to the increased price of wool, and house rents are static. There is, however, an indication that less money is being spent on beer and gambling.

Travelling from London through the centre of England the other day, I was again impressed with the amount of land under cultivation. It is important for a country as small as Britain to make the best use of the land available. A measure which had its second reading in Parliament this

week is intended to help towards this end. It goes by the name of the Livestock Rearing Bill and contains long-term proposals for increasing home meat supplies (Argentinian papers, please note!) from marginal land. There is already a Hill Farming Act which covers some of the land concerned in the more hilly regions of the country, but it is believed that there are between three and a half and four million acres of stock-rearing land in the uplands which could be improved to increase their productivity. The cost of this development is to be paid in equal shares by the Government and the farmer. The Government will provide ten million pounds for 50% grants for carrying out voluntary schemes for the improvement of livestock rearing land in open areas, five million pounds for a continuation of grants under the Hill Farming Act and will continue for another five years the subsidy for hill sheep and hill cattle.

When Sir Eric Young resigned from the National Coal Board this week, he and Mr. Noel Baker, Minister for Fuel and Power, had an exchange of letters in which each accused the other of giving the wrong interpretation of conversations held about Sir Eric's position on the Board. The letters settled nothing, but they raised the interesting point that the Minister had offered Sir Eric another post at £5,000 a year. The *Manchester Guardian* was not alone in asking how the Minister could conjure such posts out of the hat.

So the Empire Press Union has initiated a scheme for the interchange of young journalists within the Commonwealth. It is an excellent idea, but I do not envy those who have to decide who is to go from Madras to some other part of the Commonwealth. I can think of a score of men now, each of whom would be qualified for such an exchange and who would make full use of it. No doubt some hopes have already been raised by the first announcement of the scheme, but let those who are not chosen take their disappointment lightly and give full support to those who are the fortunate ones.

RAIL TRAFFIC-GROUPING

By H. RANGACHAR

THE unification of the country, which is a great achievement of our present Government, is reflected in its railways also. These have now become a unified system of some 33,000 route miles, worked by the Government of India—the largest nationalised system in the world outside Soviet Russia. The internal organisation of the railways has not however kept pace with this revolutionary change. The old railway systems continue practically as they were before and are worked by the successors to the previous Company or Indian States administrations, as a temporary measure for the transitional period.

A major problem awaiting solution is, therefore, the reorganisation of railways into administrative units, suited to the new set-up. This involves the grouping of existing railways into new systems.

After a full investigation and consideration of the subject, the Railway Board published last June their tentative plan for grouping and have called for suggestions from the public before finalising their proposals. The essence of this plan is to group the railways into six zonal administrations, operating some five to six thousand miles each.

The first question that arises is: "Why this grouping? Why not continue the existing old administrations which at least have the merit of age?" Well, mere age is at best a dubious ground for merit. This apart, there are several reasons why the existing arrangement cannot be continued. Firstly, due to recent events, the railways have at present a number of small unit administrations distributed all over the system. These are the integrated railways of the former Indian States and also the Eastern Punjab Railway and the Assam Railway, which are rumps left to India after the transfer to Pakistan, during partition, of the major portion of the North Western Railway and the Bengal Assam Railway. All these are too small to be worked as self-sufficient economic units. Regrouping is unavoidable on this account. Secondly,

whatever the suitability of the existing administrations under the old system of decentralised working as independent units by a number of different authorities, they are obviously a misfit in the totally altered present condition of a unified central management. Besides, failure to group now involves the foregoing of the many benefits of rationalisation now possible. Grouping is thus both necessary and desirable.

While conceding this, some feel that it would be expedient to postpone grouping for some years more. The railways are now in none too good a shape, they are heavily overworked and are still unable to meet the demands of traffic. Any attempt to implement now such a large scheme as regrouping will, they fear, lead to grave dislocation and even breakdown. There are no adequate grounds for this apprehension. The Government of India have given the definite assurance that their plan is so framed as to cause minimum dislocation and that its several stages will be so phased as to prevent even a temporary diminution in service and facilities. Again, the demands on the railways are growing and may reasonably be expected to grow all the more in the coming years, especially when the plans for the industrial, agricultural and other developments, already so long overdue, are launched as a result of the labours of the National Planning Commission now at work. The time when grouping can be comfortably put through cannot be anywhere in the near future. It will not thus be a case of putting it off till to-morrow but having to act on Oscar Wilde's parody "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do the day after tomorrow"! Moreover, an unsuitable organisation is a great drag and hinders efficient and smooth working. Incidentally, it is not without some significance to us that though the British railways had as a result of the war become, in the words of Dr. Hugh Dalton, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, "a poor bag of physical assets" and had had many more acute problems to face than our railways now have, the

Government in Britain did not hesitate to nationalise and group their four different railway systems of over 20,000 miles into a single administration in 1947. This has proved advantageous to them and there is no reason why our experience should be different. Further delay in grouping does not seem justified.

The next and the most important question is whether it is desirable to form such big administrative units as are now proposed. The view is often advanced that it is more advantageous to work railways in comparatively small units of the optimum size of 2000 to 2500 miles. According to the advocates of this view, such small systems can exercise better control over staff and operations, can maintain better contact with the local public and have more intimate knowledge of their requirements than big administrations, which are apt to become unwieldy, mechanical and lose their soul in the process.

This view ignores the multifarious advantages of working railways as large units. Railways are an industry engaged in the mass production of transport. Their operations are subject to the economic law of decreasing costs. They are very well suited for working as large scale units, in which there is ample scope for rationalisation and the adoption of other mass production techniques resulting in increased out-put and reduced costs, or in other words, greater efficiency and economy. Substantial savings in administrative and operational staff can be effected by working railways as large units, relatively fewer in number. The smaller the administrations, the greater the number of junctions with the consequent hold-up of engines, waggons and traffic. Each junction becomes, to use a word very much in currency now in reference to railways, a bottle-neck, and the fewer the bottle-necks, the smoother and faster the flow of traffic. Duplication of equipment and facilities and the waste it necessarily implies are unavoidable when there are many small systems but can be minimised with fewer big units. The engines, other rolling stock and workshops can all be used more intensively and to greater advantage.

As for control, contact with the public, etc., these do not depend so much on the size of the administra-

tion as on a suitable organisation. Adequate telecommunication and traffic train control facilities, a divisional type of organisation and adequate public relations machinery will enable railways, however large, to control operations and keep in close touch with their public. The balance of advantages therefore is overwhelmingly in favour of large units.

In other advanced countries, much larger administrations than those proposed here are working satisfactorily. The Canadian National Railway operate a system of over 23,700 miles, the Canadian Pacific Railway 17,000 miles, the present British Transport Commission over 20,000 miles and the Japanese State Railways nearly 11,000 miles. In the U. S. A. over 51% of the large railway mileage is worked by administrations operating 7000 to 13,000 miles. In India we have had previously the North Western Railway working slightly less than 7000 miles. The high-power Acworth Committee suggested, as far back as 1922, the consolidation of the then Government of India Railways into 3 systems, while the Inchcape Committee later suggested 5 systems. The 5000 to 6000 miles units now suggested cannot be considered unduly large.

It may well be asked, if the advantages are so much on the side of large systems, why not set up straight-away big systems of 10,000 miles and more? Unfortunately, in the present stage of development of our railways, it is not possible to run such large systems efficiently. The reasons are the inadequate telecommunication facilities particularly on the integrated States' sections, absence of traffic train control facilities on these sections, non-provision of up-to-date traffic train control system like the centralised traffic control (C. T. C.) of the U. S. A. even on important sections. Operations are not standardised and organisations suited for working big units have yet to be developed. These deficiencies limit the size of the new units to about that now proposed. The proposed arrangement should therefore be regarded as a first step towards a further regrouping into 2 or 3 units, some years later, when the defects mentioned are remedied and the railway plant and equipment have been modernised.

The central feature of the tentative plan, viz., the early grouping into

5000/6000 mile zonal systems, is thus very suitable. The other principles that should govern the formation of the zonal units are that each should serve a compact region, that as far as possible, contiguous regions having close economic and commercial relations or interdependent on one another should be under a single administration and that the requirements of frontiers and areas needing development should be kept in view. The zonal administrations proposed may now be examined very briefly in the light of these principles.

The six zonal administrations proposed are as follows. Starting from the south, as we South Indians should, we find that the S. I. Railway, most of the M. & S. M. Railway and the MSR are to be constituted into the large Southern Railway. This will serve a compact region and can be established with much less reshuffling than others. The Eastern Railway serves Hyderabad, Madhya Pradesh, and parts of Orissa and Bihar. The trunk lines branching off from Bombay consisting of the present G. I. P. Railway and the B. G. sections of the BB & CI Railway will constitute the Central Railway. Thus, the industrial areas of Bombay, Gujarat and the alternative routes leading to Bombay are all rightly brought under one administration. The next zonal unit is the Western Railway consisting of the M. G. sections of the BB & CI Railway, Saurashtra, Rajasthan and Kutch. This serves Kandla, the new port for India in lieu of Karachi. The next one, the Northern Railway comprising the East Punjab Railway, the western sections of the E. I. Railway, sections of O & T, BB & CI serves the Punjab, PEPSU and most of Uttara Pradesh, the smallest area among the proposed zones. These two administrations serve the frontier area with West Pakistan and the areas needing special development. The North Eastern system traversing

Bengal, Assam, parts of Bihar and Orissa is an important system serving Calcutta, the industrial area and the coal zones of this region. It also serves the frontier with East Pakistan. The proposed units seem to meet all the basic requirements and special needs of each area. By and large, the proposals seem satisfactory, subject to local adjustments which the public concerned may suggest in respect of each zone.

A suitable organisation is a condition precedent for the successful working of the zonal administrations. The main question for decision is whether the divisional or the departmental system is to be adopted. Briefly, in the departmental system, the railway is worked on the basis of different departments, by the heads of these departments assisted by district officers directly under them. In the divisional system, the work of the railway is carried on on a territorial basis by divisions which are miniature railway administrations in charge of a divisional superintendent controlling and coordinating the work of all departmental officers there. It has been the experience abroad that the divisional system is the best suited for the efficient working of large administrations. There is no reason why it should be different in our case. The Railway Board have not come to a definite decision on this question. Another equally important subject is the setting up of a suitable Central Authority for railways.

It is to be hoped that, in the interests of the efficient and economic operation of railways, the Government will reach quick decisions, complete expeditiously all the necessary preliminaries, provide the equipment and facilities needed on top priority and introduce the scheme of grouping very early on a carefully drawn programme with definite time targets for each stage.—A. I. R. Broadcast.

LOT OF THE MILLIONS

How fares it with the flock? With the flock, as is inevitable, it fares ill, and ever worse. They are not tended, they are only regularly shorn. They are sent for, to do statute-labour, to pay statute taxes; to fatten battle-fields with their bodies, in quarrels which are not theirs; their hand and toil is in every possession of man; but for themselves they have little or no possession. Untaught, uncomfited, unfed; to pine stagnantly in thick obscurity, in squalid destitution: this is the lot of the millions.—CARLYLE.

SIDELIGHTS : :

We are selfish men:
O raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.—WORDSWORTH.

In his early days Vallabhbhai Patel was given to fashionable clothes, club life, cards' play and money-making at the Bar. When Mahatma Gandhi appeared on the political scene, Patel's first reaction was one of cynical indifference. Later on, it yielded to appreciation which deepened into devotion. During the long period of struggle that preceded independence, Patel was the executive genius that imparted to the Gandhian movement its sturdiness and practicality. He gave to Gandhism as much of potency and power as he took away from it of idealism and objectives.

The most glorious part of Vallabhbhai Patel's life was the period between his acceptance of Gandhi as leader and the fruition of the Gandhian struggle in the form of national independence. It was in this period that he deservedly won the title of Sardar. He was closest to the Mahatma in every one of his gigantic challenges to the might of the ruling power. In those days, he was strong, silent, brave, a man of the people unconcerned over self, spending every ounce of energy in ceaseless activity, for the nation's good.

Office, in the wake of freedom, created for the Sardar a torture of spirit that lasted till the end. Karaka in his book, *Betrayal of India*, tells a remarkable story. It would appear that the Mahatma, an hour before he died, sent for the Sardar and extracted from him a promise never to forsake Nehru, whatever their differences. Having made his submission to the Mahatma at the outset of his political career, the Sardar was not the sort to accept other leadership, and his relegation to the second best office of the Republic must have made his proud spirit chafe. There might have been a clash of Titans similar to that between Trotsky and Stalin, had not the influence of age, duty to the Mahatma, or genuine concern for the nation's welfare, made for compromise, peace and accommodation.

There is a lot of sentimental make-believe built into a facade for exhibition before crowds. But the leaders of India are made of stern stuff strangely combining the cynical with the philosophical. It is reported of the Sardar himself that on receipt of news of his wife's death, he quietly placed the telegram in his pocket and proceeded with his brief before the court whom he was then addressing. Others among the nation's leaders, such as C. R., have been known to take bereavements with iron self-control. There should be no duty cast on any to appear mournful and break down into sobs if a proper perspective of issues of life and death is to emerge in the panorama of Time's continuity. There should be a balanced comprehension of the mortality that hedges all careers.

Sardar Patel had nothing more to give or take, and passed away at the right moment, covered with honours and dignities. He did work for India which no other could have done. But he also committed a few blunders. In some important matters of vital bearing on national welfare, he failed to set the right example. After assumption of office, he fraternised overmuch with the rich, giving just cause for complaint that Congress rule was swiftly synchronising into Birla rule. His acceptance of large sums as birthday gifts unsettled the monetary conscience of minor ministers: and it is noteworthy that when charges of giving heavy loans to relatives out of public funds were made in Madras, the ministers concerned did not deny the charges, but asked "What if?" The human instruments utilised by the Sardar for his purposes in the States have generally not served to ennoble public life.

With the passing away of the Sardar the Prime Minister is deprived not only of a tower of strength but also a mighty centre of competitive power. The nation has fallen entirely into his hands to be made or marred by the quality of his leadership. He will be wise if he is not influenced by the "jealousy-complex" of his colleagues, in the choice of talent to aid him in the administration.—SAKA.

THE BITTER TONGUE OF GEN. WU

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: A fortnight ago a chunky little man with a face that tells you nothing leaned forward and addressed the United Nations Security Council.

It was the voice of Red China, speaking at the global headquarters for the first time. And it did not thunder out of the East. It just shrilled and rasped, with something of the effect of chalk scraped across a blackboard.

What Wu Hsiu-chuan said and the way he said it made his listeners wince:

"On the instructions of the Central People's Government of the People's Republic of China," he began, "I am here in the name of the 475,000,000 people to accuse the U. S. Government of the unlawful and criminal act of armed aggression against the territory of China...."

The United Nations, accustomed to the soft courtesy of Nationalist China, was appalled. Gen. Wu was present by invitation only. His Government had never been recognized by the world organisation. But Wu did not behave like a guest at all.

Across the table, Dr. Tingfu F. Tsiang, representing old China, covered his eyes and slumped deep in his seat as Wu arrogantly assumed prerogatives extended only to Security Council members.

He introduced a proposal (condemning the U. S.). He informed Secretary General Lie that a copy of the resolution would be available. He broke with precedent by harshly scolding the interpreter, who had mangled the last paragraph of the simultaneous English translation.

The tradition of Oriental deference splintered and vanished. In its place rose a new, tough China, aligned with the Eastern world, echoing Soviet charges in Soviet-resounding phrases. The Asiatic delegates were dismayed.

They saw World War III moving up on the horizon. But under their genuine political horror was a thin layer of equally genuine human

satisfaction. An Asiatic nation had defied the power of the U. S.

One vehemently anti-Communist diplomat observed with private glee: "The General certainly didn't act like a coolie."

Since then, Peking's emissary has dominated the scene at Lake Success and Flushing Meadow, his shadow looming larger as Gen. MacArthur's military campaign in Korea deteriorated. Wu Hsiu-chuan has been courted with a desperation that ignored rebuff.

India's Sir Benegal N. Rau made repeated advances before secret consultations could be arranged. Britain's Sir Gladwyn Jebb suggested a luncheon appointment with a casualness that approached ostentation. The Secretary General eagerly exhibited the New York skyline from the top of the United Nations' Manhattan home.

Wu was polite, close-mouthed, unbending. The bullet-shaped scar on the lower part of his left jaw was a reminder of his complex past. But in the lounge at Lake Success he remained aloof, expressionless as an ivory Buddha, hoarding his smiles for Russia's Andrei Y. Vishinsky and Yakob A. Malik. New York detectives bulked around him, one of them standing guard behind his chair, accompanying him even to the men's room. Photographers scrambled for pictures. Wu posed, then abruptly waved away the cameras.

Then came efforts to appeal to Peking through Wu's stomach. From his Waldorf-Astoria suite the General and three of his eight aides set forth to sample international cuisine. They dined with Lie at Forest Hills, with Sir Gladwyn at Riverdale.

Terse communiques were issued from this second front. Unofficially, there were brief comments on Wu's personality. He is intelligent, said one Asian spokesman, himself regarded as the possessor of a formidable I. Q. No one contradicted him.

But other descriptions were reluctant and frequently conflicting. Wu is amiable; he is rigid. He is attentive;

Who pioneered the modern Farm Tractor?

AS FAR BACK as 1907, a Farm Tractor with a copper-jacketed engine was built at the Ford Piquette Plant. In 1917, Tractors built by Ford were the pioneers of modern Tractor design. To-day, the Fordson Major Tractor, with its Hydraulic Power Lift and big range of Mounted Implements, offers the farmer a complete mechanised farming outfit. To-day, the latest Fordson Implements are revolutionising more and more farming operations. And, all along the line, Fordson cuts the cost of home grown food. The Major is the World's lowest priced Tractor in its power class, the World's greatest farm worker and one of the most economical Tractors to operate.

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he is indifferent. He is poised and gracious; he is nervous and uncouth. He speaks fluent Russian; he speaks inadequate Russian. He is the boss of his mission; he looks to his No. 2 man—Chiao Kuan-hua, secretary of the Chinese Communist Politburo—for guidance.

Wu himself appeared unperturbed. He wore a black tie, black shoes, the same black suit with broad-legged trousers that flapped as he walked. He expressed emotion only by jiggling one foot, by darting quick glances from the corners of his eyes, by resting folded arms on his thighs and swaying from side to side to some unheard rhythm.

Occasionally, he and his colleagues would be seen splurging in Manhattan drugstores. By last Thursday, soldier Wu had acquired a diplomat's neat, black brief case. At Lake Success, for the first time, he and his troupe took advantage of their privileges and ate in the Delegates' Restaurant.

In the Security Council, Wu lashed out at Tsiang with a contempt that made his English-speaking countrymen cringe. Tsiang, said Wu, had been disowned and denounced by the Chinese people, has "no right whatsoever" to represent China.

He drew a jittery round of laughter from spectators as he added:

"I have serious doubt whether this man who spoke before me is a Chinese himself. The 465,000,000 great people of China speak a language which, it appears, he does not know."

For weeks before, the booths of the Chinese interpreters had been vacant without any complaint from the Nationalist Chinese delegations, whose members all speak English to speed up sessions. On the following day, one of them demanded that Chinese translations be resumed immediately. The interpreters, had been busy practicing the Chinese for such combinations as "American imperialism" and "U. S. aggression," hastily obliged.

The paucity of facts surrounding Wu has heightened his mystery. King Pusheng, the distaff side of the Red Chinese contingent, told a correspondent with some amusement: "The newspapers seem to know more about Gen. Wu than we do."

Wu, who is in his early forties, directs the Russian and Far Eastern



Harold E. Stassen, President of the University of Pennsylvania and former Governor of the state of Minnesota, who is currently touring Asia, is now in India.

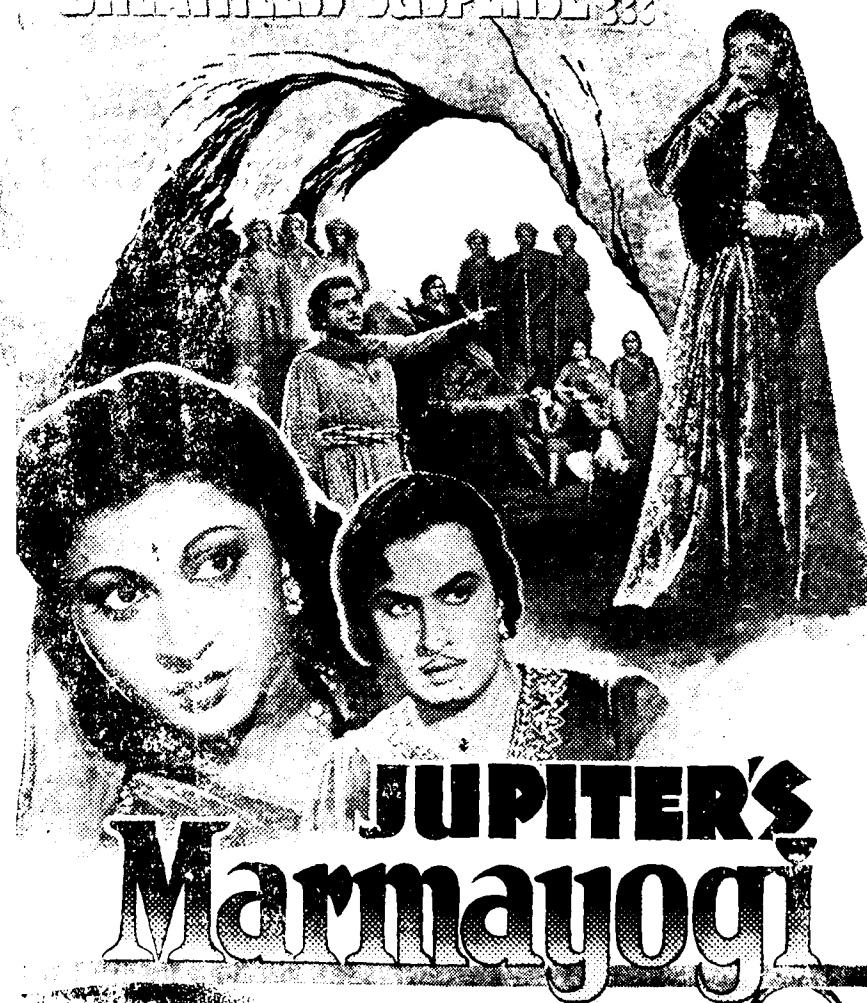
Division of Peking's Foreign Office. He was born in Wuchang, Hopeh Province, near the city of Hankow, and is reported to have attended the Wuhan High School.

There he is said to have been influenced by a Communist teacher, Tung Piwu, who sent him to Moscow to complete his education. In 1931, Wu returned to China, a master of guerrilla tactics, assigned to the Red army. During the wars with the Nationalists and the Japanese, he rose to deputy chief of staff in the Third Army Corps.

By V-J Day, Wu was chief of staff to Gen. Lin Piao, commander of the North-east military area, and held this post until two years ago. Mao Tse-tung, head of the Chinese Communist state, took Wu with him to Moscow early this year for the long visit that resulted in the Sino-Soviet treaty.

So far as is known, this is Wu's first trip to the U. S. When a correspondent from India recently inquired whether the General was enjoying himself, Wu said through his personal interpreter: "I like it." He added pleasantly, "But everything will depend on the outcome."

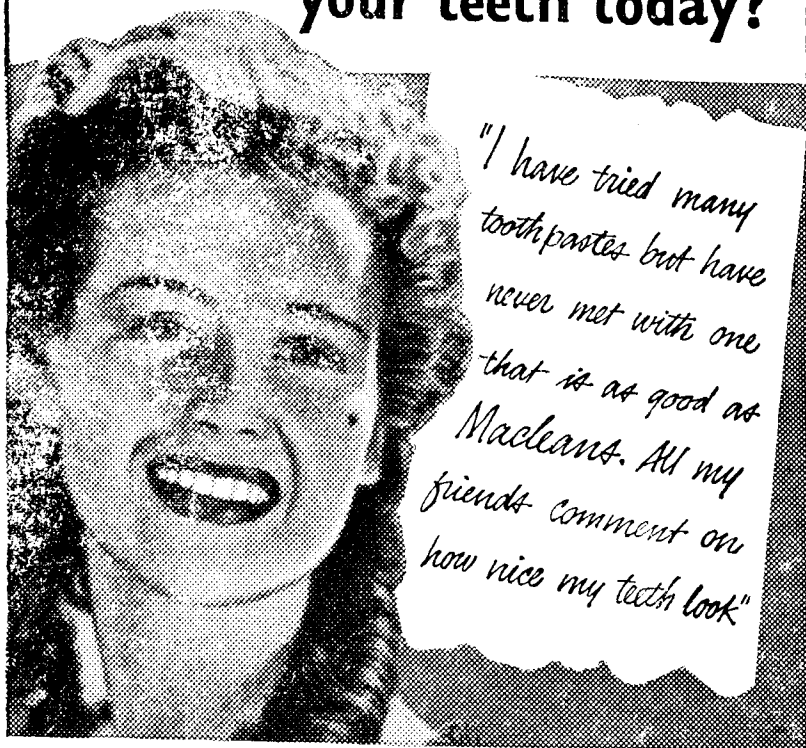
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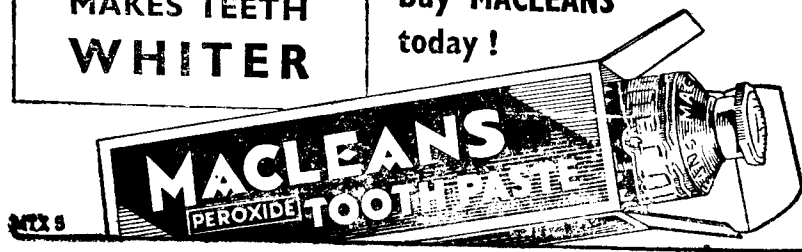
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SWATANTRA

VOL. V. NO. 47.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1950.

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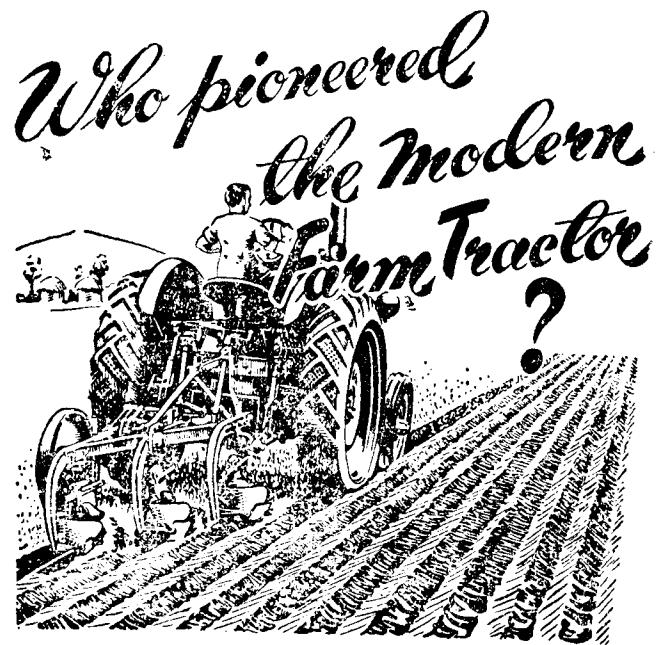
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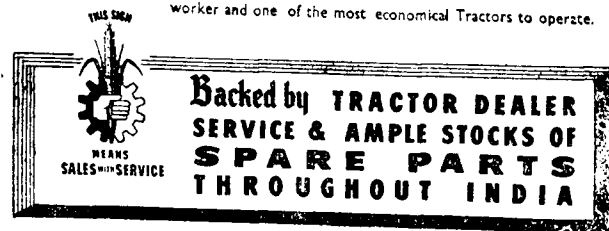
VOL. V
No. 47

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1950

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CABINET RESHUFFLE

OUR Delhi diarist, Sri V. V. Prasad holds that if Sardar Patel had been disburdened of his heavy portfolios earlier, he might have lasted longer. The Prime Minister might have profitted by experience and proved kinder to the two oldest of his surviving colleagues. It was not kindness, but cruelty to have saddled Sri Rajagopalachari, so advanced in age and in failing health and afflicted with eye trouble, with the tremendous burdens of the Home portfolio. Sri Gopalaswami Ayyangar is perhaps of all the ministers the one most entitled to rest and gentle treatment. But he is the heaviest-taxed of them all. The combination of the States ministry with Transport places an unbearable strain on this none too robust minister past seventy. It might well have been avoided. In the case of Sardar Patel who loved to concentrate in his own keeping the most powerful of the departments, the Prime Minister might not always have been free to act as he wished. But now he is complete master of the Cabinet. He has not however utilised his mastery to secure a national executive of maximum power with a fair chance of lasting for a reasonable length of time.

The Central Cabinet stands in need of reinforcement of energy and ability. The Congress ranks are unable to provide it. The building up of an independent community of human beings is quite different from revolt and resistance, and many Congress stalwarts who won universal praise formerly for their high ideals and brave struggle are nowadays making a poor show as administrators. We cannot live upon revolt. If this much is realised, the case for reserving to the Congress the lion's share of Cabinet posts will

also begin to vanish. The Congress is not in the position of a majority party returned to power in elections under the Constitution. The Congress Government is a survival from a constitution that has ceased to exist, and its own verdict in its own favour is the present basis of its authority. There is therefore nothing repugnant to constitutional propriety in widening the choice of ministers beyond the Congress organisation. It has been done already to some extent. More should be done for the sake of ampler talent in the Government.

Among outstanding Indian administrators in the past, the most noteworthy are Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar and Sir Mirza Ismail. Sir C. P. was responsible for gigantic irrigation and hydro-electric projects in South India, which he carried through under all the handicaps of Dyarchy, and—what is not now remembered—in the teeth of the protests of the Congress leadership of the time. Though advanced in years, he is very well preserved, and has still the vigour of a young man. His attainments are impressive and multifarious. We can think of none that could be successful in so many capacities, Defence, Home, States, Economic planning and even External Affairs. Sir Mirza Ismail is a renowned beautifier of cities and would make an admirable Minister for Town and Country Planning. The momentum of Congress achievement having exhausted itself, the Prime Minister will be well advised to go in quest of talent outside the Congress, especially as there is not much more time to lose if the coming generation is to be fitted with a suitable leadership to fill up the succession.

Sotto Voce

THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS EVE



ON Christmas Eve appropriately comes the announcement that the tomb of St. Peter has been located. In revealing that human bones have been found in it, the Pope lets it be known that it is not possible to prove with certainty they are the Apostle's. But the likelihood of their being his is not to be excluded. And the will to believe what may sustain and console one's faith is so deep-rooted that many devout followers of the Church might have no difficulty in assuming that the bones are St. Peter's in the absence of other evidence.

It is not for us to say whether the Church itself might not ultimately come to share this belief. If it should, it would then become impossible for any man to remain a sceptic on this point and still continue in the Roman Communion. The dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary recently promulgated is a case in point. The belief that at the end of her mortal career the mother of Jesus was bodily transported to Heaven is of considerable antiquity. But it had no official sanction. Indeed many devout Christians repudiated it. Most Protestants still do, but no Catholic may hereafter as the penalty is damnation.

Now, non-Christians find it as hard to accept what the Christian affirms as 'the facts' of his faith as the Protestant the dogma of the Assumption. A pamphlet published in 1946, expounding the right of conversion, summed up these 'facts' as follows. "God is our Holy and Loving Father; men have sinned and cannot redeem themselves; God is incarnate solely in Jesus Christ;

in Christ's self-dedication in death and His rising again by the power of God is men's salvation; this salvation is open to all men by faith." The Christian claims that he must be allowed unimpeded to preach to non-Christians this gospel which is founded on a historical person about whom history is by no means clear and which has yet no hesitation in laying claim to the exclusive possession of Truth.

Hinduism, far from holding there is a duty to convert, thinks proselytism is a sin against the light. It cannot agree that the right to convert is a natural right. And talking of duties, the duty cast upon Christians to testify is nothing so absolute as political evangelists would have us believe. The alleged exhortation of the risen Christ in this behalf to which references are found in the first three Gospels—the fourth is in this, as in many other essentials, significantly silent—seems, rather, to prescribe tests of faith from which most Christians may well shrink.

According to St. Mathew, Christ simply told his Apostles, "Go ye forth and teach all nations, baptizing them..." St. Mark makes him more explicit and intolerant. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," is the injunction. And it is reinforced with a curse, not on the faint-hearted apostle who might be remiss in evangelical work, but on the pagan who hears him and does not believe. "He that believeth not shall be damned." But the unbeliever may buck up when in the very next verse he reads that the saved shall be known by certain signs: they shall 'cast out devils,' 'speak with new

tongues' and do many other miracles. How many 'rice-Christians' are able to do these things?

The authors of the pamphlet above referred to understandably lay the stress on duty lightly. The right of conversion, they say, "though it is normally also a duty, may not thereby be necessarily a duty under all circumstances." It seems that "because a man possesses a right it does not follow that he has always a duty of asserting it." But they forget that they began by claiming the right on the ground that it is as necessary for the believer to testify as for a man to breathe. If in regard to so "fundamental a conviction" he may be silent when he so chooses, the State will be doing him no injustice by refusing to

treat it as a fundamental right.

The Indian Constitution however has conceded the right. So unpredictable are the ways of our secularism. When at an emotional crisis the Muslims in a locality proposed to stop cow-killing as a gesture did not a very high Congressman tell them that he insisted on their exercising their sacred right? But no religion, however tolerant, can afford to look on unconcerned when it is denounced by propagandists of other faiths as false and its adherents are seduced by all sorts of questionable means behind a facade of sophistries. Proselytism in the content of a non-proselytising faith is anti-social. It must be banned in the interests of individual integrity and social peace.

VIGNESWARA.

DECLINE OF ART—DANCING

By KRISHNA

ONE of the unmistakable signs of old age is a love of the past, a discontent with the present, and an anxiety to expound these feelings to the nearest man available. When we are young we feel sorry for the old. As we go past the meridian, however, we also start to think of the interesting past and discover the callowness of the younger generation.

*"We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
No doubt our wiser sons will think us so"*

This is a consummation devoutly to be "unwished" for, since the world, for reasons of its own, considers the combination of old age and foolishness worse than the foolishness of happy manhood. It is therefore with considerable trepidation that one essays upon a criticism of any kind of status quo. One asks one's self whether it is mere Anno Domini or experience that influences a point of view, and similarly whether the urge for expression, even in the form of the itch called "Cacoethes Scribendi" should not be curbed early before one starts scratching all the time, albeit with a pen.

These precautionary ramblings were induced by certain recent

experiences in the realm of what passes by the name of art these days. In this southern city of ours people are fairly normal during most of the year, but round about the third week of December there are strange stirrings, for the Muses rub their eyes and yawn and wake up. No area between Tondiarpet and Adyar is safe for any one who likes a quiet time. From the time that the sun rises when the pugilistic discussions on the astro-technique of Carnatic music commence in the Music Academy till the time that the moon sets when the night performances reluctantly conclude, the city turns itself into a noisy emporium of song and dance. In fact one can choose from the pleasure of witnessing the fireworks in the Park Fair, this being the lowest form of sight-sound aesthetics, through a long range of plebeian intermediates, right up to the delicate appreciation of the too too utterly technical jingle and patter of the dancing feet of the swaying dancers, as taught by Lord Siva to his aide-de-camp Nandi, by the latter to the Apsarasas of Heaven, by these to the Gopis of Sourashtra, by them again to a few (till lately) starving professionals of Tanjore and finally by these last to the daughters

FORMOSA AND THE JAPANESE

By P. A. BUTLER

RECENTLY I happened to come across a book entitled *Japan and her Colonies*, published in 1922 in both England and the United States by an American gentleman named Poulteney Bigelow. Since Mr. Bigelow refers to himself in his preface as an old man, it may be that he did not live to review his extravagant panegyric of Japan in the light of Far Eastern history since 1931. The Japanese in Mr. Bigelow's eyes, could do no wrong; they were at once the most chivalrous, peace-loving and cultured race under creation and as colonial administrators the very paragons of humanity and efficiency. The author was typical of a class of publicists, not very numerous, perhaps, but wielding an altogether disproportionate influence, whose writings helped to build up abroad during the first quarter of this century a dangerously false conception of Japan, and laid down for the Japanese a rainbow-tinted psychological smoke-screen behind which they could go about their aggressive preparations, smirking at the plaudits of their unsuspecting future victims.

Writings of this kind are typical of the traditional inability of the occidental to achieve an objective and balanced judgment where things Japanese are concerned. The state of mind which they evoked a generation ago has its antithesis in the blind antipathy, the refusal to admit that any good thing can come out of Japan, which the war has aroused, especially in the United States. Both attitudes, being divorced from realities, are potentially dangerous. One fears that in course of time the wheel may turn full cycle and that the next generation, in rediscovering idealised Japan may forget the lessons which their fathers have learned at such high cost in blood and treasure. Already photographs in *Life* magazine of G. I.s fraternising in Tokyo with attractive Japanese girls arouse an uneasy suspicion that the process of re-indoctrination may have already begun.

But for me this book possessed an additional interest. Mr. Bigelow's tour of Formosa took place shortly after I first arrived in the island. With his high appraisal of the efficiency of the Japanese administration I should agree, while drawing very different inferences from it. I should not assume, for instance, that the Japanese colonial official of that day was a pure-souled, peace-loving individual, single-minded in his devotion to the welfare of the Formosan native. Some of the Japanese personalities whom he marshals in his pages were well known to me. I too was a guest at the banquets of the decorous, white-uniformed Baron Ben, first civilian-Governor-General, in his palace at Taihoku, and I have not forgotten either the before-dinner dissertations to which His Excellency treated his guests, or his French cuisine and wines. I remember too that most prominent of Japanese militarists, General Shiba, the Commander-in-Chief in Formosa and a former military attache in London, who had a sneaking fondness for being addressed as Sir Gore Shibe, K. C. B. Many a time have Dr. Shimamura, Civil Administrator and golf enthusiast, and his charming *samurai* wife had tea with us on the lawns at Tamsui. And kind little Hosui of the Foreign Department, beaming behind his thick-lensed spectacles, was the faithful friend of all the foreign residents in the island. It is not my intention to analyse this strange schizophrenic quality in the Japanese which contributed so much to global catastrophe, but I think I can safely say that it did not becloud the judgment of those who spoke their language and spent years as onlookers at their national and social development.

In retrospect nothing brings home more vividly the vast changes which have followed the downfall of Japan in the Far East than a recollection of the impression of permanence and

and grand-daughters of practically everyone who can afford to own a car.

This is truly frightening. Not only does one witness this spurious revival, and synthetic renaissance, but any kind of mimicry and dumb show is elevated to the status of art. Sometimes the artist wriggles as if an unpleasant insect is slowly crawling up her spine. Sometimes she hops, skips and jumps as if a thorn has pricked her feet. Sometimes she throws up her hands above her head and contorts painfully as if trying to get out of a jacket that is too tight. Sometimes the artist does a turn with a basket of flowers. This is called the flower dance. If, instead of flowers, she carries a lamp the same thing is called the lamp dance. If one artist carries a pitcher and the other a plough they are sons and daughters of the soil making a little love in between the labours of an arduous day. If they are fisherfolk they carry respectively a string of fish and a net. Certain modern versions go to the length of handbags and tennis rackets. Most often they are Radha and Krishna, when of course, any kind of dance can be executed. Yet a third variation invades the animal kingdom. The artist becomes a peacock by tying peacock feathers to his back or a lion by merely untying his abundant hair. He then goes through the motions of the respective animals. A great deal of the drum is used as background. The audience is "charmed, enraptured, feasted, fed" on such kindergarden antics, and the 'Q' for some of these performances extends from the Gokhale Hall to the moon.

The classical revival has invaded home life, and Bharata Natya has descended to the same level of infantile attainment and exhibitionism as "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" used to in an earlier generation. Children, with no memory other than that of the feeding bottle, expound the 'Mudras' of the pangs of separation, and the longing of love. The emphasis has also shifted from the art to the artist and any departure from the "tala" seems permissible if the artist is easy on the eye. In fact it would not be an exaggeration to say that dancing performances excite and not expound, exaggerate

and not explain, reveal and not suggest, exhaust and not satisfy. Further, dancing is fundamentally a professional art. One can sing by one's self, paint in solitude, recite poetry by the seashore, but it would require a considerable degree of aberration to dance by one's self. An art that cannot thus be kept up through life except for the purpose of exhibition cannot form part of the education of the community in the sense that music and drawing are; and yet, so thwarted is public taste that dancing is taught at the expense of music.

The essence of all forms of classical Indian dancing is the use of symbols to suggest an idea or a situation and to scorn the use of adventitious property as an aid to explain the idea. One does not need peacock feathers for the peacock dance or flowers for the flower dance. If one wants to see a peacock dancing, one should go to the zoo. If one wants flowers, one should go to the flower bazaar. But if one wants to enjoy the spectacle of the suggestion of flowers or of the peacock by a human being, then comes the art that is capable of inducing these suggestions in one's mind by the mere manipulation of the hands and feet. This requires skill, training, discipline, tradition and imagination. It is difficult to learn, difficult to show and not very easy to appreciate without "know-how" of the first principles of the art. Not only the artist but the audience also can be raw and amateurish. Art needs education to attain as well as appreciate. There is nothing "natural" about art to enable a person who has no equipment other than a pair of eyes or a pair of ears to understand, and what is more, pass judgement, automatically. This, then, is the basic demand of all sound art, that the more trained and educated the audience the more exacting their standards. The audiences of the previous generation were small, but well informed and difficult to please. The artists were therefore afraid and anxious. Unless we again build up a nucleus of sound and severe criticism, based upon study rather than mother-wit, there is the serious danger that the art of dancing will further deteriorate into a species of mild sex appeal.—(To be continued).

immutability conveyed by the Formosan colonial regime in the nineteen-twenties. If anyone had suggested to me, or to any other foreigner in Formosa in that decade, that within our lifetime it would have dissolved like the fabric of a dream, we should have scouted the idea as fantastic.

There was as yet no Formosan nationalist movement worthy of the name, though a few years later this ceased to be the case, and although many of the islanders retained ties of blood relationship with the mainland province of Fukien, and especially with the city of Amoy, there was little outward sign that they cherished any political affinity with their ancestral homeland, or any desire to exchange Japanese for Chinese rule. It is probable, indeed, that only a small minority looked upon China as their mother country. A majority of the population had been in the island for generations, during which they had acquired a pronounced insularity of outlook. Of Republican China, its ideals and political struggles, they knew and cared nothing. And the imperial Manchu regime, extension of whose authority to Formosa their ancestors had stubbornly resisted, spelt for them only oppression and mis-government. I never met a pro-Japanese Formosan and doubt if any existed, but the smouldering fires of racial animosity were kept prudently banked beneath an obsequious and conciliatory exterior.

The Formosans at this time numbered about three and a half million. With the Japanese it was an article of political faith to regard them as generically distinct from the mainland Chinese. Many adults had a smattering of Japanese and all the children attending the Government schools, in which it was taught as the national language, spoke it fluently.

Yet the Japanese assertion of racial superiority differed very materially in its manifestations from the traditional demeanour of the white resident in the East towards native populations. The Japanese looked upon themselves as a people superior not only to other Asiatics but also to

Europeans, yet they recognised their common membership in a great Asiatic family group. Thus they lived in much closer contact with Formosans and Koreans than the British ever have with Indians, Malays, or Burmese, or indeed with the Japanese themselves in Japan. Far from regarding civilian Japanese, or even the police, with awe, the Formosan peasant regarded a well-filled rice bowl (and the Japanese had filled the Formosan rice bowl to over-flowing) as more than adequate compensation for a certain harshness and arrogance in demeanour.

All but a tiny minority of the islanders were peasants or coolies. Outside a small coterie of millionaire landowning and industrial families who acquired and retained their fortunes by subservience to Japanese interests, no upper class existed and only a very attenuated middle class. Just as it is in the interests of the slave-owner to keep his slaves healthy and contented, so it was politic for the overlords to extend to the labouring masses the material benefits of Japanese rule, such as medical care, sanitation, public order and good communications. Cholera and plague were stamped out, smallpox eliminated by compulsory vaccination and, in an island where lawlessness had once been a byword throughout the Far East, crime had dwindled to smaller proportions than in metropolitan Japan. No traveller coming from the Chinese mainland could fail to remark the comparative prosperity of the Formosan peasantry. Taxation, it is true, was relatively heavy, but the bulk of the tax yield went into insular administration and public works, which, if designed primarily in Japanese interests, increased the welfare of the native in ways not always perceptible to him.

I had frequent leisure for expeditions into the superbly beautiful mountainous interior. At one time or another I visited the territories of all the aboriginal tribes, Tayals, Tsuwos, Puyumas, Paiwans and Amis, with the exceptions of the still unsubjugated Bununs on the slopes of Mount Morri-

sen, and the tiny Yami tribe on their remote island of Botel Tobago. All these tribes, except the Amis, who were cultivators and fishermen on the eastern coastal strip, were *seiban*, or "raw" tribes, and had a very recent head-hunting past; in fact their hereditary enemies, the Formosan Chinese, at whose hands they had suffered centuries of brutal oppression, still took their lives into their hands when they entered tribal territory.

Since I travelled with a Japanese police escort and stayed at night in their posts, I had constant opportunity of observing the methods of tribal administration. The tribal police, all retired non-commissioned officers of the Japanese Army, were in my opinion a very fine body of men. They were genuinely attached to the savages under their charges, and the latter seemed to reciprocate with confidence and goodwill. If this should excite surprise in view of the sinister reputation of the Japanese police elsewhere, it may be added that, although subjugation was carried out ruthlessly and with heavy cost in Japanese as well as tribal lives, these primitive peoples were the type of "younger brethren" to win the approbation of their overlords. They were childlike people; and the Japanese as a race are devoted to children. They were warriors born and completely fearless, and the Japanese, courageous themselves, respect courage in an adversary. Above all, they were guiltless of subversive political ideology, and could not by any stretch of the imagination, even one so elastic as the Japanese, be suspected of harbouring "dangerous thoughts."

The Japanese colonial official, though often not reluctant to line his own pocket when he could do so with impunity, was less rapacious than the Chinese. Official corruption manifested itself principally in large Government undertakings such as the opium monopoly, which ripened into a hoary scandal and destroyed the reputation of at least one Governor-General.

Upto 1920 the post of Governor-

General had been restricted to generals and admirals upon the active list. With the coming of the "liberal" 1920s, however, the regulations were amended to admit the appointment of civilians, two or three of whom actually filled the post. It is interesting to notice that corruption in the highest official circles was much more conspicuous during the so-called "liberal decade" in Japan when civilians were admitted to the post of Governor-General, than in the preceding militarist era which had endured since the annexation of Formosa in 1895.

With the onset of "national emergency" after the Manchurian Incident, Formosa became an offensive-defensive outpost of high strategic importance and the system of military Governors-General was resumed. While it would be extravagant to suggest that the soldiers and sailors who governed Formosa were guilty of pampering the natives, they were efficient and, according to their own lights, just administrators, and the island never suffered under militarist oppression to the same degree as Korea suffered under Count Terauchi and General Hasegawa, or Manchukuo throughout its miserable history.

As an illustration of the extension of the *pax japonica* to Formosa and of their unwarlike disposition, Japanese officials were wont to point with pride to the fact that the Formosan garrison consisted of no more than six battalions. They did not think it necessary to add that there was one police officer to every hundred and seventy-five Formosans. Small wonder, perhaps, that the criminal record of the islanders was so exemplary. The lessons of twenty-five years had taught them that crime rarely paid.

Formosa of the Japanese was indeed a bright jewel in the imperial diadem, a colonial masterpiece comparing favourably with those of European powers in the Far East, in which the ruling race had every reason to feel pride.

SINO-TIBETAN RELATIONS

BACKGROUND TO THE CHINESE INVASION

FOR over three centuries China has claimed varying degrees of authority over Tibet, ranging from full Chinese control of Tibet as a mere province of China, to an acknowledgement of full Tibetan autonomy subject only to Chinese suzerainty.

In a period immediately preceding the First World War, a two-year Chinese occupation of Tibet, from 1910-11, was followed by the expulsion of the Chinese troops from the country, and a conference was then called at Simla in October 1913 to settle the relations between India, China and Tibet. An agreement providing for the autonomy of Tibet subject to Chinese suzerainty and the creation of a buffer-province of Inner (or eastern) Tibet in which both countries had rights, was initialled by the plenipotentiaries in April, 1914. The Simla Agreement also provided for a permanent British-Indian Trade Mission in Tibet. The Chinese Government, however, dissatisfied with the proposed boundaries of Inner Tibet, refused to ratify the signature of its plenipotentiary.

From 1911 until the present date Tibet has had *de facto* independence under the traditional rule of the Dalai Lama, the incarnation of the patron deity of Tibet. In 1921, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Curzon, informed the Chinese Government that the British Government did not feel justified in withholding any longer their recognition of the status of Tibet as an autonomous State under the suzerainty of China and intended dealing on this basis with Tibet in the future. On August 5, 1948, the British Government re-stated their attitude in a memorandum to the Chinese Government which said that while the British Government had no territorial ambitions in Tibet, "they would welcome any amicable arrangements which the Chinese Government might be disposed to make with Tibet whereby the latter recognized Chinese suzerainty in return for an agreed frontier and an undertaking to respect Tibetan autonomy."

On August 15, 1947, the Government of India assumed all the existing treaty rights and obligations of the United Kingdom Government in regard to Tibet and the British-Indian Trade Mission to Lhasa became the Indian Mission. When informing the Tibetan Government of this change the United Kingdom Government expressed their intention of continuing to take a friendly interest in the maintenance of Tibetan autonomy.

In the autumn of 1949, the Chinese People's Government, having expelled the National Government from China, proclaimed its intention to "liberate" Tibet by force, and frequent repetitions of this declaration by the Chinese authorities in the following year strained Sino-Tibetan relations.

India And China Exchange Notes

On August 24, 1950, Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India, stated that while India had made no *démarche* to China on the subject of Tibet, the Indian Ambassador in Peking had informally pointed out to the Chinese Government the desirability of settling the Tibetan question peacefully. In response to this representation, the Chinese People's Government informed India that, while it regarded Tibet as an integral part of China, it had no intention of forcing the issue but was willing to negotiate with Tibetan spokesmen for a settlement. Talks between a Tibetan Mission and the Chinese Embassy in New Delhi started in September. As a result of these talks the mission expressed its willingness to go to Peking to continue the talks there.

Just as the mission was starting its journey to Peking, the Chinese Government announced that they had ordered their troops to advance into Tibet. Chinese troops were subsequently reported to have penetrated into Tibet well beyond the areas where the boundary was in dispute. On November 8, the Tibetan Government appealed to the United Nations, requesting their good offices in settling the dispute with China.

On October 26, the Government of India, in a formal Note to the Chi-

nese People's Government, characterised the decision to order the advance of Chinese troops into Tibet as "most surprising and regrettable." The Note further stated that "in the present context of world events the invasion by Chinese troops of Tibet cannot but be regarded as deplorable and in the considered judgment of the Government of India not in the interests of China or of peace. The Government of India can only express their deep regret that in spite of the friendly and disinterested advice repeatedly tendered by them, the Chinese Government should have decided to seek a solution of the problem of its relations with Tibet by force instead of by the slower and more enduring method of peaceful approach."

In a reply dated October 30, the Chinese Government declared that they would "like to make it clear that Tibet is an integral part of Chinese territory and the problem of Tibet is entirely a domestic problem of China. The Chinese People's Liberation Army must enter Tibet, liberate the Tibetan people and defend the frontiers of China. This is the resolved policy of the Central People's Government." The Note also asserted that "no foreign interference shall be tolerated in the problems of Tibet."

In a further Note to the Chinese Government, the Government of India made it clear that India has no political or territorial ambitions in Tibet, and does not seek any novel privileged position for itself or its nationals in that country.

After discussing the "legitimate Tibetan claims to autonomy within the framework of Chinese suzerainty," the Note stated: "There has been no allegation of any provocation or any resort to non-peaceful methods on the part of the Tibetans. Hence there is no justification whatever for such military operations against them. Such a step, involving an attempt to impose a decision by force, could not possibly be reconciled with a peaceful settlement. In view of these developments the Government of India is no longer in a position to advise the Tibetan delegation to proceed to Peking unless the Chinese Government thinks it fit to order its troops to halt their advance and thus give a chance for peaceful negotiations."

U. K. Supports India's Stand

The attitude of the British Government to the Chinese invasion of Tibet was expressed by Mr. Ernest Davies, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the House of Commons on November 6. Mr. Davies declared: "We deplore this resort to force by the Chinese Government against a people who have no other wish than to pursue their traditional way of life free from outside interference. His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom fully support the stand which has been taken by the Government of India."

Country, People and Government

Tibet has the distinction of being the highest country in the world. Lying immediately to the north of the Himalayan mountains, the Tibetan plateau covers almost one million square miles, with an average height above sea level of between 12,000 feet and 16,000 feet. Permanent settlements lie as a rule only in the river valleys which cut through the high plateau of steppe and desert, but of these, only one, the valley of the Tsangpo or Bramaputra is below 12,000 feet.

Tibet proper covers 479,000 square miles of the south western portion of the plateau, while Inner Tibet, which lies to the East and North, covers a further 400,000 square miles. Tibet is bounded to the south by the Himalayas, to the west by the Karakoram massifs, higher on the average even than the Himalayas, and to the north by the little-known Kunlun or Kuen-Lu mountains.

The Sino-Tibetan border to the east lies along the headwaters of the Salween, Mekong, Yangtse-Kiang and Hwang Ho rivers which run through immensely deep gorges, between mountains over 20,000 feet in height.

Communications between Tibet and the outside world consist of mule and yak tracks over passes at between 16,000 and 19,000 feet above the sea level. There are no roads suitable for motor vehicles in Tibet. The principal routes used by traders are: into India, from Gyantse to Kalimpong (Sikkim) and from Gartok to Almora, Simla and Leh (Kashmir); into China (Sikang Province), from Lhasa via Kongpo, Chiamdo and Ba-Tang (or Pa-an) to Ta-tsien-lu. Lesser

known routes lead to Jyekundo in Chinghai Province.

The commerce of Tibet is small, the main exports being wool, hides and borax. The mineral resources of the country are virtually unknown, except for alluvial gold which is found almost everywhere.

The population of Tibet is thought to be about three to three-and-a-half millions, mostly concentrated in the valleys of the Sutlej and Tsangpo which run roughly east-west immediately north of the Himalayas. These valleys are comparatively warm and fertile, growing barley and even apricots. Lhasa, the capital, and seat of the Dalai Lama, has a population of some 30,000 to 50,000; no other Tibetan town has over 5,000 inhabitants.

The Tibetans are Tartars, ethnographically quite distinct from the Chinese, and have been commended by travellers almost universally for their cheerfulness, hospitality and sturdy independence. There is virtually no middle class in Tibet, other than traders, the community being divided into a small nobility, peasants and herdsmen. Tibetan women enjoy almost complete social equality with men. Tibet may be said to be organised as a semi-feudal theocracy. The Tibetan people are intensely religious and a large proportion of the male population are monks living in lamaseries, and professing Tantrik Buddhism, which came from India in the seventh century A. D.

The Dalai Lama

The spiritual and temporal ruler is the Dalai Lama, believed by Tibetans (as well as by many Siberian and Chinese Buddhists) to be the incarnation of the Bodhisattva Avalokita* (or Chen-re-zi), the patron deity of Tibet. As such, the Dalai Lama is revered as God on earth. After the death of Dalai Lama, the Bodhisattva re-incarnates himself in a new-born child who may be of the humblest origin. The present Dalai Lama, Lingerh Lamutanchu, is now 16 years old.

Since the seventeenth century, the Panchen Lamas, Abbots of the Tashil-

* A Bodhisattva is one who has attained the right to Nirvana, but consents to be reborn for the spiritual benefit of his fellow-creatures.

lumpo Monastery near Shigatze, have enjoyed considerable spiritual authority in Tibet. Like the Dalai Lamas they are incarnate deities but their temporal rule is confined to the estates of their monastery.

The local administration of the country is in the hands of lay and ecclesiastical governors and there is an army of levies, some 10,000 strong, equipped with light arms and mountain guns.

China And Tibet

The Chinese claim to suzerainty over Tibet dates only from the eighteenth century, previous to which not only had Tibet been wholly independent but had even (in the 9th century) conquered China. In 1641, the fifth Dalai Lama succeeded in establishing temporal as well as religious authority over Tibet with the help of Oelot Mongols. But the continuing Tibetan-Mongol alliance gave cause for uneasiness in Peking, and in 1720 the Manchu Emperor of China, taking advantage of a dispute between rival candidates for the office of Dalai Lama, invaded Tibet, established Chinese suzerainty, and imposed his own nominee at Lhasa. Chinese garrisons were posted at Lhasa and other points, and two Ambans or Chinese Imperial Agents appointed.

After a period at the end of the eighteenth century when the Chinese Ambans wielded great influence in Tibet, the Manchu hold on the country gradually weakened. At the same time British and Russian interest in Tibet increased. Friction having developed between the British authorities in India and the Tibetans on the Sikkim-Tibetans border, in 1904 Colonel Younghusband led a British expedition to Lhasa, following which an Anglo-Tibetan Convention was signed. By this the Tibetans agreed to recognise the Sikkim frontier and to allow certain of their towns to be opened as trade marts for Indo-Tibetan commerce. In 1906 an agreement between China and Britain confirmed this Convention while Britain undertook not to annex Tibetan territory or to interfere in the internal administration of Tibet. In 1907 a similar pledge was exchanged between the British and Russian Governments.

In 1910, the Chinese Government determined to re-assert its influence

in Tibet, and a Chinese army under General Chao Erh-Feng, profiting by the weakness of the Tibetan forces, captured Lhasa. The Dalai Lama fled to India.

With the fall of the Manchu dynasty in 1911, however, Chinese power in Tibet collapsed, the Chinese army was expelled and the Dalai Lama returned to Lhasa.

The Simla Convention

In 1913, the Chinese Republican Government again attempted to re-gain control over all the territories, such as Tibet, to which the Manchu Emperors had laid claim. The Tibetans met the Chinese advance with armed opposition and the British Government proposed a tripartite Conference of Tibet, China and Britain at Simla which met in October, 1913.

After discussions lasting six months, a Convention was initiated by the three plenipotentiaries on April 27, 1914. The chief provisions were:

- (1) Tibet was to be divided into two zones.
- (2) "Outer Tibet," the western and southern portion of the country, was to be fully autonomous. China agreed to abstain from all interference in its administration but a Chinese Amban was to be re-established in Lhasa with a military escort of not more than 300 men.
- (3) The British Government retained the right to station Trade Agents and their escorts in certain Tibetan towns.
- (4) In Inner Tibet which comprised that portion of the country nearest to China, as far east as Ta-tsiensu, whilst the Lhasa Government retained existing rights particularly ecclesiastical ones, China might appoint officials, and garrison or colonise the territory.
- (5) Chinese suzerainty over the whole of Tibet was recognized, but China engaged not to convert Tibet into a Chinese province, or to send troops into Outer Tibet.

Two days later the Chinese Government repudiated the initialling of the Convention on the grounds that they

could not accept the border laid down between Inner Tibet and China, whereupon, in the absence of Chinese agreement, a Convention almost identical to that agreed at Simla was signed by the British and Tibetan representatives. It will be noted that at the time, with the exception of the boundary clause, the Chinese Government were prepared to accept the Simla Convention as drafted including the provision for Tibetan autonomy under Chinese suzerainty. Furthermore, as late as 1919 this attitude was reaffirmed in China's formal proposal to re-open negotiations for a settlement on the basis of the Simla Convention.

Recent Sino-Tibetan Relations

The period from 1915 to 1949 was marked by a hardening of the Chinese attitude to Tibet. There were a number of armed clashes between Tibetan and Chinese forces in the area of Inner Tibet (in 1931-32), whilst the Government of China in 1928 organised the new provinces of Chinghai and Hsi-Kang (or Sikang) on the Tibetan borderland. On paper the boundary of Hsi-Kang was drawn only about 100 miles east of Lhasa, thus including all Inner Tibet. In 1934 on the death of the thirteenth Dalai Lama, and again in 1940 Chinese missions spent some time in Lhasa, but failed to persuade the Tibetan Government either to agree to Chinese suzerainty and participation in the internal administration of Tibet, or to declare that Tibet was one of the Five Races of China and a Republic.

During the Second World War, Sino-Tibetan relations improved and in August 1945, Generallissimo Chiang Kai-shek declared in a speech to the Kuomintang Central Executive Committee that if the Tibetans should declare a wish for self-government, China would accord Tibet "a very high degree of autonomy."

China And Panchen Lamas

In 1922, the Dalai Lama seized and imprisoned a number of leading monks from the Tashillumpo Monastery, seat of the Panchen Lama, for failure to pay taxes. Tension increased and in 1923 the Panchen Lama fled to Peking and sought Chinese help to return to Tibet. With him went most

of the influential monks of Tashillumpo, who have remained in exile ever since. In 1932, the Panchen Lama prepared to return to Tibet, on the invitation of the Dalai Lama, but did not do so. In 1936, the Chinese Government prepared to send a guard of 300 soldiers to escort the Panchen Lama to Lhasa from Jyekundo in Inner Tibet, but the Tibetan Government refused to admit them. The strained Sino-Tibetan relations which developed were solved by the death of the Panchen Lama at Jyekundo in December 1937.

In 1944 an eight-year-old boy was "found" in Chinghai Province and "enthroned" by the Tashillumpo monks. This enthronement and a subsequent ceremony in 1948 have never been acknowledged by the Tibetan authorities at Lhasa on the grounds that the selection and enthronement of the new Panchen Lama can only take place in Lhasa. Since 1948, this

"enthroned" candidate has remained at Kum-Bum monastery in Chianghai where a "Tibetan Provisional Government" has been set up.

In July, 1949, the Tibetan Government expelled the Chinese (Nationalist) mission, since when there have been no Chinese representatives at Lhasa.

On November 24, 1949, the Peking (Communist) Radio announced that "the Spiritual Head of Tibet, the Panchen Lama," had appealed to Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the Chinese People's Government, to "liberate" Tibet. In a favourable reply, Mao Tse-tung stated that "The People's Liberation Army can surely satisfy the yearnings of the Tibetan people." From that date onwards the Chinese People's Government has repeatedly stated that one of its immediate tasks was the "liberation" of Tibet from its present Government and the incorporation of the country into the Chinese administrative area.



Uday Shankar and Amala.

(See next page)

THE RETURN OF UDAY SHANKAR

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

SHANKAR came back to us again for a brief spell last week after almost a decade of continuous absence. The same Shankar and yet in some subtle, disconcerting way not the same.

I remember meeting him in a back-stage room about twelve years ago. The room was lit only by a soft coloured light, for the two powerful bulbs by which the dancers had made up and dressed had for some mysterious reason blown out and we were thus in partial darkness. I was in my early teens and at that awkward stage of growth when I felt at times a woman and at others a child. My clothes, however well and painstakingly stitched, always hung badly on me and I moved about as if my joints had not been stuck together properly. Altogether I was a poor specimen of that period in a woman's life which is usually referred to as "fresh and innocent girlhood." I rarely felt fresh and my innocence was merely ignorance coloured by the most fantastic imaginings. And here I was in a half-lit room stacked with stage clothes and smelling that warm, stale smell of paint and powder and human sweat, seated on the same sofa as Uday Shankar, the idol of thousands and the visible and expressive symbol of India's cultural renaissance. A mutual friend who had taken me to see the performance and whom I had begged at the end of it to take me to the green room "just to have one look," at the dancer, now sat on a chair opposite looking at me with amused eyes.

"Don't you want to ask him anything?"

I shook my head, tongue-tied. She spoke something to Shankar in Hindi and he turned to me with a charming smile.

"Did you like my dancing?" he asked.

I looked at his face flushed in the soft coloured light and at the loose

white clothes he was wearing and in a burst of worshipful admiration I found tongue.

"You look like a god" I said, "and you dance like a snake."

That is the most passionate speech I have ever made to a stranger. Uday Shankar smiled again and said something in Hindi, at which my friend laughed. On the way home I begged her to tell me what he had said.

"Oh, that" she told me laughing again at the recollection, "he said you were a dear, funny girl."

That was all. A dear, funny girl who imagined herself passionately in love with a man who had a face like a god and danced like a snake. It was the gentlest and most humiliating let-down I experienced during my adolescence. My soul crawled back into a receding childhood and wept hot, lonely tears for days.

I saw Shankar again last week. The setting was almost the same, only it wasn't back-stage. It was in the studio-cum-residence he has built for himself in the city. The room was bigger, much bigger, but it was also littered with clothes and draperies and make-up kits and lovely red and black lacquer furniture. From one end of the vast room came soft and exquisite music. Somewhere above we heard the jingle of bells. It was four in the afternoon of a bright, sunny day. Shankar was again in white clothes but he had glasses on his nose and there was a pretty, buxom young woman sitting by his side and looking at him with an undoubtedly composed air of absolute proprietorship. I had a notebook and pencil in my hand and my joints this time were, I am sure, in better cohesive order.

I don't think he thought me funny this time but my impression of him remains the same after a dozen years and more. A man with a face like a god and a body like a snake.

I do not know why I keep thinking

he has a face like a god because if you begin to analyse it, there is nothing breathtakingly wonderful about it. His eyes are too light-coloured for the acknowledged conception of Indian beauty as sloe-eyed and his chin verges on the weak. But he has a high and noble forehead and the general set of face and neck on broad and round shoulders gives an impression of regality. On the stage he looks like a Ravi Varma divinity come to life, with just that degree of effeminate roundness of feature and limb which is characteristic of that painter. I said it was the same Shankar, only not quite the same. He is older, of course, and married and a father but that is not all I meant. His dancing technique is as flawless as before and his gestures are still the very poetry of motion. His lithe body is yet as expressive of every emotion that ripples through it as ever it was, the vitality and strength are there and the coordination of mood and rhythm and sentiment is immaculate. But the spontaneity is a little laboured and the boundless, overflowing bursting gladness and abandon of the Shankar of the thirties is subdued and mellowed. Age, I suppose, will catch up with the best of us, though I almost fell out of my chair when he said he had been dancing for more than a quarter century and was over fifty.

Things seem to have gone wrong with him during the last decade. At the height of his fame and prestige and popularity he started his cultural centre at Almora and the public waited in breathless hope and expectation of periodic countrywide tours by him with newer and newer dancers blossoming under his tutelage. A year passed and then two and three and then rumours began seeping through of lack of discipline among the pupils collected there followed by a spate of romances and weddings, among them that of Uday Shankar himself. Some people said it was bad management of money; some others that it was the lack of it that was at the root of the matter and that public support and encouragement was meagre. I asked Shankar which of the rumours was true.

"We had no money" he said simply, "so we had to close it down."

Indians, I said, had a traditional reputation of being lovers of art. Didn't people help him?

"Would you believe it" he said with a grim look, "ninety-six per cent of the money needed for starting the Centre came from England and four per cent came from the alleged art-lovers of India."

"Were there many pupils at the Centre?" I asked him.

He talked about the Centre with a wistful, eager voice. It was not a mere dance school, he said, not a mere factory for the mass production of professional dancers.

"My aim" he said "was to see that the students who came to the Centre were imbued with a sense of beauty and culture. There was not only dancing. There was painting, drawing, all kinds of creative work. And there were students who did not learn anything at all but just stayed there because they liked the atmosphere. 'There was,' he said reminiscing, "an old English lady of seventy and she used to say she could live there for ever. There were doctors, surgeons, civilians, all sorts and conditions of men and women. It was not just a dance school. It was a real cultural centre. You could relax there and be happy and see and hear and feel only what was good and beautiful and true."

The establishment of the Centre was, I think, an affirmation of faith to Shankar and the failure of it as a workable proposition a great blow to his pride as an artist. He hopes to start it again some day with the aid of foreign capital. He has no illusions about the probability of much material contribution from the country itself.

"I thought my country would help me one day when it became free" he said with a trace of bitterness in his voice. The Indian Government sent cultural missions all over the world and what were they achieving? Nothing. "If the Government is really interested in propagating Indian art and culture" he affirmed, his voice vibrating with a ring of sincere passion, "let them send people like us. Why, we can achieve more in the course of one evening's entertainment

than they can in weeks of making speeches and addressing meetings."

Foreigners were eager to learn about things, he said, that was one difference between the Indian attitude to art and the attitude of people in the West.

"When the curtain goes up in Europe" he said, "there the people sit quiet, without talking, without even moving. There is absolute silence. You don't feel as if you are dancing to an audience. You feel you are dancing in space all to yourself. And you give of your best without self-consciousness."

English is not Shankar's strong point—though he succeeds in conveying what he means—but now words poured forth from him in a ceaseless and jumbled eloquence. What he could not say in English he said in Hindi, or he said it with his hands and with his eyes punctuated by anguished appeals to my perspicacity. "Do you understand what exactly I mean?"

"You know, in Europe when I was there before" he continued, "young boys and girls would note down on the programme sheets the score of the background music of my dances and after the performance they would come back stage and ask me questions. And such questions!" he added his voice full of delight at the very recollection. "I remember one boy came and asked me why I used a particular *raga* to denote morning and another to denote evening. He wanted to know the exact relationship between the music and the mood or the emotion in Indian dance. And great musicians like Tchaikowsky and Yehudi Menuhin would come after the performance and touch the instruments and pluck the strings and say: 'If in India you can produce sounds like these what must your art and culture be like?'"

"And do you know," said Shankar leaning forward with a shrewd look in his eyes, "they would admire our instruments and the sounds they produced but they would not think of using a single Indian instrument in their orchestras. And what do we

do?" he concluded disgustedly, "we are rejecting our own country's instruments and taking to theirs. Take the violin, for instance."

"What?" I said astonished. "Do you mean to say it is not suited to Indian music?"

"What is suited?" he asked "you can play western music on the sitar but that doesn't mean the sitar is suited to western music. The violin is a western instrument. Western music sounds right on it." He looked at me. "Imagine!" he said "you didn't even know that. And we talk of art and culture and we don't know what instruments we have."

He stopped and took me over to the vast and magnificent collection of musical instruments which comprise his orchestra.

"Do you know how many kinds of drums we have in our country?" he demanded with a look on his face which plainly said that he would be surprised if I knew.

I just looked at him. I didn't know.

"There are two hundred and eighty kinds of drums today in India" he said. "Tell the people that" he added. "Put that down in your notebook."

He rapidly reeled off a few of their names bending down and striking some of them and the room echoed to the sound of drums and gongs.

"I had fifty kinds in my orchestra" he said. "Now there are not so many."

It takes money to keep the drums in condition, to transport them from place to place and to get the right kind of players for them.

Money. Money. If he had more money, I felt, what could not Shankar do? But alas, money doesn't grow on trees. And the material success that great art brings anywhere in the world is almost mathematically in inverse proportion to its greatness and genuineness.

There has been a tiresome discussion going on for the past few years about the functions of art, with the classicists on the one hand fighting for everything that has the stamp of antiquity on it and the neo-artists

taking up the cudgels for forms of truth and beauty on which the gilt of modern influences had not yet worn off. It is a futile discussion really for change in the standards of Art is one of those inevitable phenomena against which it is foolish to fight. I do not think the laws of Art are fixed and immutable like those of God nor that everything which has a moth-eaten look about it is bound to be beautiful or genuine. Art is expression of life. "Under the stress of joy", says a Chinese text, "Man makes words. These words are not enough; he prolongs them. The prolonged words are not enough, he modulates them. The modulated words are not enough and without even perceiving it, his hands make gestures and his feet start to move." But because life is instinct with change, it is inevitable that our art should change with it. But Art is not mere expression of life. It is expression in forms of truth and beauty. It is a revelation of the exquisite commonplace. It is here that differences arise. How true or beautiful is the new kind of 'popular' dancing? That it is popular is indubitable for it does bring in plenty of money, which is almost the final criterion of popularity. But people will go to see a one-legged horse if one is exhibited and more people go to theatres as an antidote to boredom than we can guess.

What we need is compromise. The classic is something which we all think it proper to appreciate but which we do not understand. New art in dancing, of the successful kind which is dished up to us in cinemas, is a vulgarism which is most often a triangular contest between extravagant body swinging, spectacular costume and scenery, and artful revelation of form and figure, all held together by a musical theme of questionable taste played on instruments at least half of which are not Indian. Very few artists have tried to bring down Art to the masses. They have stood on their olympian heights and bewailed the lack of taste and ignorance of the masses, or worse, they have tried to give the masses what they seemed to want and lost their Art. Uday Shankar, however, has tried to effect a compromise. Retaining the frame and form of the classic

type he has made an effort to change its texture. All that is stereotyped and so boring he has thrown overboard. All that is unnecessary and distracts from the centre of interest, he has eschewed. And keeping within the classic pattern he has tried daring innovations and combinations of dance forms. It is impossible to do more. Of course his experiments are very much limited by the variety of his repertoire. He combines the Manipuri and Kathakali but because in both of these the emphasis is on hand and body movements, his footwork always assumes second place in his dance performances. He is unacquainted with Bharata Natya which is a pity. Amala knows a little of it, just enough to prove two points, namely, that either you must learn the dance form completely or leave it alone, and secondly, that the one thing which should not be done with it is to soften it. The beauty of Bharata Natya is in its strength, not in its grace, in its sculptured design and sweep and force. Manipuri is pretty but Bharata Natya and Kathakali have an epic grandeur about them.

Only with such compromise can the popular taste be diverted from the chronic convulsions, the neuropathic frenzies and exhilarations that go by the name of dancing today, and Art cease to be a many-sided sacrifice and again become a power and a vision.

What is there, after all, that one can learn from Shankar, a promising and brilliant young dancer is reported to have asked. I am no dancer but I can tell him what he can learn from this artist who was discovered by Pavlova and shaped by the best masters. He can learn poise and charm and the secret that ideals in Art as in everything else are deathless. To be a dancer is more than to move one's body with speed and grace and nimbleness. It is to absorb the beauty of the classic and filter it for mass understanding, to have an elastic mind which can understand and reject and create, which can combine what is correct with what is appealing. He can learn all this. And this too, that the test of greatness is humility and the genuine artist is he who never stops learning.

WHAT CHANGES IN RUSSIA AFTER STALIN?

By SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, who was stationed in Moscow during World War I, has very considerable knowledge, based on personal acquaintance, of many of the leading figures in the U. S. S. R. and Eastern Europe. Author of several books, his works include "Guns or Butter?" and "Comes the Reckoning."

ON December 21, 1950, Generalissimo Stalin celebrated his 71st birthday.

Of the 31 members and alternates of the Central Committee which launched the 1917 October Revolution he alone survives to exercise supreme power. His position seems unassailable. The dictatorship of the proletariat has become the dictatorship of one man, and today Stalin is the Tsar not only of Soviet Russia but of all Communists throughout the world. He has husbanded a strong constitution with a strict routine, and rumours of ill-health have never been confirmed. The few foreigners who have seen him during the last two years have noted no marked change, beyond that of increasing age, in his physical or mental vigour.

By all calculations, however, he is an old man who has lived through strenuous times, and in all the capitals of the world, including Moscow itself, one question is asked persistently: what changes will take place in the Soviet Union when he dies?

Official opinion in the Western world envisages no great alternation in the Soviet system, and for the west this is the safer and sounder view. There are, however, many factors to be considered: the quality of his successor or successors; the measure of discontent which may exist in the Soviet Union; the permanence of the whole or part of what he has created; and the characteristics of the Russian people.

Likely Successor

As regards the succession, one surmise can be made with full confidence. It will be a long time before any leader can achieve the authority and prestige which Stalin has created for himself during the 26 years of his reign. It took him 17 difficult years, plus the added glory of victorious war, to establish both the authority and the prestige.

Moreover, when Lenin died, it was clear to all observers that the struggle for the leadership would be between Stalin and Trotsky. As General Secretary of the Party, Stalin held the inner levers of the political machine and, aided by Trotsky's failure to attend Lenin's funeral, his triumph was assured.

Today no such struggle is apparent, nor can the chances of the possible candidates be assessed by any other means than by their proximity to Stalin on official occasions and by their order of precedence on official lists.

Stalin has never allowed tall poppies to grow round him, but in precedence Molotov comes first. He was Stalin's associate in the editorial room of *Pravda* before World War I and will be 61 in March. Already he looks an old man. He has never been a popular figure, nor, in the opinion of those who have had to deal with him, does he possess the qualities of leadership.

Formidable Figure

A more formidable figure is Malenkov, a younger man whom Stalin sent to Stalingrad at a critical moment of the war and who now holds the key post of Secretary of the Party. There is also Berya, who controls the vast network of security. But of the remaining few who help to guide the destinies of the Soviet Union, Mikoyan is the most able.

But there is no one who stands out as a potential successor. In my opinion, a military dictatorship is unlikely. During the war the Generals were exalted, but as soon as hostilities ceased they were made to resume their previous anonymity. They are, however, one of the privileged castes and, if their loyalty and submission to Stalin are unquestionable, they have neither the same regard nor respect for his civilian colleagues. To

this extent Stalin's demise would make the task of his successor more difficult.

That discontent exists in the Soviet Union is acknowledged by all the so-called experts who, however, differ widely in their appraisal of its extent and of its power to cause serious trouble to the regime.

General Bedell Smith, who was American Ambassador in Moscow from 1946 to 1949 and who takes a soldier's view, does not accept the picture which some writers have given of seething resentment against the dictatorship. In his opinion the vast majority of the people now living in the Soviet Union have no idea of personal liberty. Those Russians who understood the processes of democracy are now in exile, in prison or dead.

On the other hand, Sir Maurice Peterson, who was the British Ambassador during the same period, discerns in the Russian people "a certain yearning for better times, for more beauty, for less dragooning in their lives, for greater contact with the outside world."

New "Caste" System

There is also the evidence of ex-Communists—men like Ignazio Silone and others who were members of the Comintern and who are shocked by the cruelty of the regime and by what they consider the betrayal of the revolution. In broad outline the picture they draw is as follows:

Although social classes have been abolished, there is now a new system of "castes". The ruling castes, subdivided from Stalin down to the smallest functionary, have all the power and all the privileges. The lowest caste includes the workers and peasants who represent 80 per cent of the Russian people and who are exploited in a degree unknown in any Western democracy. Intrigues and personal rivalries abound in the ruling caste to an extent comparable with the corruption of an ancient Oriental court. Discontent is widespread and, although unable to express itself forcibly for the moment, will one day prevail over despotism.

This picture may be over-drawn, but it is present in the minds of the despots themselves who, after 33 years of absolute power, still live in a

rigidly guarded seclusion. There are, too, clear indications that Stalin has no desire for a war in which the Soviet Government might appear to the Russian people to be the aggressor.

Aim Of Propaganda

Stalin belongs to the pre-revolutionary era when it was an accepted principle of the revolutionaries that Tsarism could not be overthrown without a war. Today the principle works in reverse, and it is for this reason that Soviet propaganda seeks persistently to create in the minds of the Russian people the perpetual fear of an aggressive attack by the West.

It is a policy fraught with danger both for the world and for the Politburo, for when the hand of Stalin is no longer in control, the principle that the Soviet Union must never fight a war of aggression might no longer be observed.

It is difficult to foresee the form which increasing discontent might take. If in one sense the Stalin revolution has been reactionary, it has also been creative, and the economic changes which have taken place during the last 30 years have been far-reaching. It is possible to envisage violent revolt against authority, but a radical change in the economic and social system is unlikely, and still more improbable, except over a period of long years, is an approach to anything like Western democracy.

In the last resort the issue will be decided by the Russian people. In character they are extremists moving between periods of long passivity and short violent eruptions. Individually they incline to gentleness. Nor are they at heart a warlike people. Nevertheless, at different stages in their history they have rebelled against the central authority, and the rebellions have been characterised by savage cruelty.

The characteristics of a race do not alter easily, but there is one profound difference between the Russia of the Tsars and the Soviet Union of Stalin. The people have learned to read, and, although their literature is controlled, the Russian and, indeed, the foreign classics are free, and in the works of authors like Pushkin, Gogol, Dickens and Shakespeare there is material enough to kindle new fires of liberty.

Moreover, religion, to which Communist dogma is ruthlessly opposed, has neither withered away nor been wiped out by force.

During the war Stalin found it necessary, for patriotic reasons and for the security of the regime itself, to meet the upsurge of religious sentiment by relaxing the anti-God propaganda and the oppression of the Orthodox Church.

Though the Orthodox Church has no political power and, in fact, gives official support to the regime, the religious sentiment engendered by the war has not died, and today the churches of the large Soviet cities are filled not only by the aged, but by young Soviet citizens and officers born since the revolution. The curious fact remains that education, so far from killing religion, has revived it.

So alarmed have some of the militant Communists become that they are demanding stronger measures for the extirpation of religion, not by violence, but by a more vigorous propaganda.

In the final count it may well be that education and religion will be

the turning-point in a reaction not so much against Socialism as against the savage methods by which it is applied.

Suppressed Nationalism

The toll of savagery has been formidable, and there can be few Russian families which have not had some direct or indirect experience of its ruthlessness. For 25 years the whole vast structure of the various Soviet Republics, now 16 in number, has been held together by a strongly centralised regime of which Stalin is the predominant and all-powerful figure. In all these Republics, and also in the satellite Communist countries, there are elements of suppressed, but still latent nationalism. Moreover, with the exception of Lenin, the men who made the October Revolution were under 30. Today the average age of the Politburo is nearer 60.

The grip of old men on new countries is proverbially weak, and changes will be inevitable. These changes may be gradual or convulsive. They may be for better or for worse, but the passing of Stalin from the scene will mark the end of an epoch in the history of Russia.

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SAROJA

By S. HANUMANTHA RAU

"BALU, Balu," came the sweet voice of Saroja from the opposite house across the street, just as I was settling down in my easy chair after a tiresome day at school. The next moment the cherubic little angel rushed into my room, and jumped on my knee, and tore away the newspaper from my hand and cooed: "Come on, let us get married."

"Get married?" I queried bewildered. "I had never thought of that before."

"Nor had I, but they all want to marry us now, and they are all waiting. Everything is ready. Come on."

The natural beauty of the girl, enhanced by the silk *parakar* and blouse and the jewels she wore were equalled only by the sweet innocence of that seven-year-old face.

"But, darling, your mother won't let me marry you. I am too poor. I am...."

"But she has. She has consented. It will be splendid. I shall have to stand before you, apply *Kumkumam* in your forehead like this, and I shall have to sing too, and to garland you. Vanaja is making the garland. Hurry up, Balu. I shall go and wear my lace *parakar*."

And Saroja jumped down and ran away as quickly as she had come.

Little did the girl realise what a tender spot she had touched in my heart. She was an only child of rich parents, who were determined never to let their daughter know anything of want or misery. When, some months ago, my aunt suggested that we inseparable companions—Saroja and myself—might as well be married, Saroja's mother felt terribly offended at the audacity of the idea and had declared that she would not marry Saroja to anyone who had not at least hundred acres of land and a decent house of his own and who could not present Saroja with jewels of at

least five thousand rupees. "Of course, Balu is clever and intelligent," Saroja's mother told my aunt. "But see what he has. His poor widowed mother cannot afford even to give him high school education and has left him in your house. He has not got a decent dress to wear while going to school. How can I ever think of my Saroja living in a home like Balu's? Oh, God, forbid it!"

When Saroja heard of it, she went straight to her mother and said: "Look here, mother. If ever I am going to marry anybody, it will be Balu only and no one else. If he hasn't got money, I will give him. I have got three rupees in my box. If he has not got clothes, I will buy them for him. He will pass his Matriculation and will become the Chief Judge and then he will buy me a motor car. I am going to marry only Balu—and no one else, no one else."

Saroja was like that—self-willed and assertive—accustomed to have everything she wanted. And in her innocent mind she thought that even in the matter of the choice of a husband she could have her own way.

But today's "marriage" referred to by Saroja was a little more serious than I at first imagined. A number of ladies had been invited to Saroja's house opposite to mine in the noon for some religious function and at the instance of one of them, they all decided to celebrate a mock marriage between Saroja and myself, and what started perhaps as purely a passing joke grew a little more real.

Saroja's mother herself came out of her house and called me and said: "They all want to have some fun marrying you to Saroja. Come on and be a sport."

"Yes, mother. Why not?" I replied through my window and got up from my chair.

I knew I would never be married to Saroja in reality. "Let me at least go

through the farce of it," I said to myself, and combed my hair and wore a washed *dhoti* and presented myself as a mock bridegroom.

The swing board had been lavishly decorated with flowers, and Saroja had been decked with jewels from head to foot and looked quite an angel. The ladies sang and laughed and sang again and got Saroja to play the bride in the elaborate technique of *nalugu* or *uratani*. Half-a-dozen girls blocked the entrance to the worshipping room when the time came for me to lead Saroja there, and the sweet girl teased them all for full five minutes before she mentioned her "husband's" name, and when she did say it, oh, how grandly she did it! "Balaji Rao Bahadur, High Court Judge," she acclaimed, and a peal of laughter resounded throughout the building and the girls ran away from the threshold. We entered in and prostrated ourselves before God and got up. I could hardly keep back the tears of happiness as I looked at Saroja—the smiling, bewitching, maddening Saroja—and I lifted her up in my arms, held her close to my heart and rained kisses on her face and asked: "Will you promise never to forget me—wherever you may be, and whoever may be your husband?"

"You are my husband and how can a wife forget her husband? Don't you see, they have married us and I am your wife. Am I not, Balu?"

Meanwhile the girls were evidently puzzled why we "husband and wife" didn't come out of the room and they began to peep in to see us, Saroja perched on my folded arm and lost in her talk with me, and I too almost oblivious of the outer world.

One of the girls had the indecency to shout: "Oh, is this a worshipping room or a nuptial chamber?" and many began to laugh. Somehow it sounded a jarring, hateful note in my ear, while Saroja could not make out anything from the words. I left her and forced my way out and made straight for my room, not in a mood to look at anyone.

I hardly saw anything more of Saroja during that visit of hers to that town. Two or three times she came to my room, but she was a changed girl. The old sprightliness

had vanished, she did not roam about from corner to corner of my room and pull out my books, and jump and chat as of old. She would stand in a corner and be very formal in her conversations with me. One day when I pressed her to explain the change, she replied that her mother had chastised her very severely on that "marriage" day after all the ladies had gone away, and forbade her ever having much to do with me in future. The fact was corroborated too in a way, for almost every time she came to my room, within five minutes would come the angry shout of her mother, and Saroja would flee away.

The departure of Saroja and their mother to their own place drew near. The previous day, I tried to have a few words with the girl in vain. I could neither find the girl alone nor did I feel like talking to her in the presence of that superior person—her mother—after knowing the admonition given by her to Saroja. Even when I went to bed, my thoughts centred on Saroja. Whether she was laughing or crying or knitting her eyebrows, she was stunningly beautiful. Each mood appeared to display to advantage a new phase of her loveliness. And it might be many months before I could see her.

I was startled out of my reverie by just a suspicion of a tap on my window. I waited, intently watching and distinctly heard two gentle knocks, and went and opened the window to find Saroja whisper: "Open the door, Balu."

I leaped to the outer door, opened it and admitted her in and closed it again, while Saroja went into my room and took her seat on my bed.

When I sat beside her, I found her pensive, with her head bent down. In the dim light of the street lamp that filtered through my window pane, Saroja looked more bewitching than ever, and I put my arms about her and drew her near me and imprinted hungry kisses on her cheeks and found them wet with flowing tears.

"Darling, you are crying. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Balu. I am going away early tomorrow morning and you did not care even to show me your face once today," and she began to sob.

"My Saroja, my own Saroja," I murmured, as I smoothened her lovely dark curls at her temples and told her: "Do you really think I have not cared? Do you think I have forgotten you or have been happy today? Even while I was lying on this bed before you came, I was picturing in my mind your lovely face and wondering what you must have thought of me today, and when we are going to meet again. Believe me, Saroja, I can never, never forget you all my life."

"I know it, Balu. That is why I came now to say good-bye. Mother says that marriage was not real, and you and I cannot always live together."

"Yes, darling, that was all fun, all play. When you grow a little older, you will understand everything, and knowledge perhaps will bring you peace. Though we cannot always live together, we can still think of each other dream of each other, and possibly see each other now and then, can't we, Saroja? Cheer up, darling, and give me a kiss and run away before your mother notices your absence."

She kissed me on both my cheeks the first time she kissed me. I could not help taking her in my arms and straining her to my bosom and showering a hundred kisses on her face. At last, wiping her tears away, she stood ready to go. I led her to the door and said: "Remember me ever, darling."

"Ever and ever and ever, Balu" she said and skulked away.

Years passed before I heard of Saroja again, though I had been thinking of her often during this period. I was then in the first year class in the college and away from my native town. My mother sent me the invitation letter she had received for Saroja's marriage. Saroja's mother stuck to her idea and chose a village boy with hardly any education who answered her other requirements—he had lands and buildings and could give the girl the stipulated jewels. Of course neither myself nor my mother felt like attending the marriage after having been jeered at for our poverty. But the whole of the day of that marriage, though miles and miles away, I could hardly think of anything

else but Saroja—our playful childhood days, and our numberless avowals of love, and our mock marriage.

I would have been wonderfully happy if I could have married Saroja. I knew she would have been happy too—to find that all those sweet visions of the future we used to conjure up together were coming true and our childish play of "husband and wife" was blossoming into reality. I remembered how I would sometimes tease her by telling her I would not marry her, and the way she cried and begged and besought me and promised to do anything in the world if only I consented to marry her—the memory of it all brought tears to my eyes. Today, as a result of Saroja's mother's inexorable will, our dreams of childhood were kept back in dreamland alone. But would Saroja think of me at least once this day of her becoming someone else's wife? Would her mind go over the past the way mine did? Or would she be lost in the pomp and the splendour of the ceremonies, the noise and the crowd around her, the glamour of jewels and rich dresses, and the songs and scents, of dinners and processions? Would her mind be too much occupied to think of her Balu of olden days? Do girls forget their childhood days soon? My troubled mind could find no answer to these questions, and throughout that day and the night the picture of my sweet Saroja never faded from my vision.

Three years passed—dreadful years of my fighting my way through the college classes. Not that I found my studies unmanageable.... I never had trouble in that direction. I was always at the top of my class, the pride of my professors and principal. But it was the wretched poverty that I had to fight against. The only relief I would have would be during the summer vacation—just a couple of months which I invariably spent with my mother in our home town. To this period of happiness mother would be looking forward as eagerly as myself. During my college days, I never for a moment forgot that I was the one and only object my mother had in the world. Once or twice she had told me my father's words to her: "If my time should come to pass away, don't blame me that I leave you nothing; I am leav-

ing you a mine of gold in the shape of our little Balu." This thought saved me from the temptations of city life and kept me sacredly attached to my studies. I knew my father left us nothing when he died, except the insurance money, and even that was not much. But in mother's careful and thrifty hands it seemed to be inexhaustible. The pact between me and my mother was that until my college career was over and I would secure my degree, I should not worry over the family finance, and she should not bother herself about how I managed for my books and other necessities, as well as for my food.

Finally I sat for my degree examination and did very well in it and went home to my mother—the last vacation for me, because there was to be no more return to classes and professors and studies. There was nothing to worry about. I was sure of a creditable pass; possibly I could even get a first-class. But as the days of the announcement of the results approached, I somehow grew restless and uneasy and got mother to agree to my paying a visit to my aunt—her sister—with whom I had stayed all through my high school course, and whom I had not seen these four years of my college life. And it was during this visit that I had a chance of seeing Saroja again.

Three days after I reached my aunt's, I heard that Saroja and her mother would be arriving, and the morning of their coming, I took a long walk outside the town just to avoid meeting Saroja the moment she would come. At about five-thirty in the evening, as I was reclining on my chair, came the familiar old voice "Balu" and Saroja entered my room and came right up to my chair. Though not surprised, I still felt as if an angel had suddenly dropped into my presence. I got up and held her right hand, which was coming halfway to meet mine, and greeted: "Hello, Saroja. You are superb. You are grand. You are a queen now."

"How sweet of you to think so, Balu!" she sighed, and casting her look around the room, she commented moodily: "The same room, the same chair, and the same old Balu of mine."

"The same old hour too, Saroja," I reminded her, smiling, and led her to

a carpet spread on the floor, still holding her right hand in mine. She sat leaning her head against the wall and looking at me through the slit between her dreamy half-closed eyes, she took a deep breath and said: "You have changed a little, Balu. You are slightly different from the picture I have been carrying in my mind of my old sweet Balu."

"So you think of me now and then, Saroja?"

"Always, Balu," she whispered tenderly. "How can I help it?"

"What a darling you still are!" I said, as I gently squeezed the soft hand still locked in mine. "How have you been spending all these years, Saroja? Tell me all about it, and all about your marriage."

"There is not more to tell than you can guess, Balu. Mother did have her way and here I am, a rich wife, my mother's pride and an object of envy to many of my girl-friends."

"Glad to hear it, Saroja," I replied. "Did all the marriage festivities pass off nicely and grandly?"

"Oh, yes. The whole town had been decorated gaily. Fifteen days of feasts and functions, and hundreds of Brahmins fed and clothed and paid, and music and dancing and processions and all the rest of it. Some of the people said it was the grandest celebration they had seen for a long long time and for many miles round."

"You must have enjoyed the fun a lot."

"Oh, Balu. It was more tiresome than otherwise—irregular and heavy meals, sleepless nights, endless chatter all through the days and nights, and on top of all, the vigilant guarding of our valuables and our wardrobe."

"Of course in all this hustle, I can't expect you to think of me."

"Of course?" she involuntarily queried, with distended eyes steadily on me. Then she suddenly relaxed and said: "Oh, yes, of course—of course, how can you expect me to remember you?"

She abruptly stopped, released her hand from mine, levered herself straight against the wall, and then asked with a furious frown on her face "Hey, what makes you feel so

naughty towards me? Who taught you that 'of course' business? What do you mean by it?...

I stopped her.

"Pardon me, darling," I pleaded. "As usual I felt a bit mischievous, you know. I love to see those eye-brows of yours knit together, Saroja. Somehow those bushy curves dancing and coming together look fascinating to me like two cobras fighting. I am sure you thought of me the whole of that day, even as I had been thinking of you."

"I did, Balu," she answered, laying her right hand over mine, which was resting on the carpet close to her, and with her fingers caressing and playing with mine, she continued: "When I bent down my head at that supreme moment and felt those fingers fumble on the back of my neck, the pipers set up their loudest music, the Brahmins joined in a deafening chorus of Vedic *mantras* and everyone appeared to be endeavouring to add to the noise. I felt a bit giddy and, as it were, half-unconscious, and believed just for an instant that it was my own Balu sitting before me and it was these lovely fingers that were tying that sacred knot, but a moment later the illusion passed over me."

My vision dimmed with the uncontrollable drops that forced themselves up into my eyes. The only expression I gave to my feeling was by changing my sitting posture and affectionately squeezing her right hand in both my own.

"And how have you been spending all these years, Balu? You have not told me about yourself yet."

"Well, Saroja, the year after we separated I passed my Matriculation and then I came out with flying colours, and everyone started asking me which college I would join, and I could only answer 'None!'

"And then?"

"And then, my Head Master asked me whether I would manage for other things if he got me admission into a college as a free student. Eagerly I agreed, little knowing that it formed only a very small part of the problem to be solved. I was not afraid of my food—I could even beg from door to door. You know our religion prescribes it, specially for a student. Or

if I would be more lucky, I would fix up seven houses and would have my food in them for the seven days of the week. The mere matter of books and lodging remained, and I made bold to think that I would somehow get along. The first six months were the hardest for me in the college. When I made my name in that period and beat all the students in my class, from then on I found it rather smoother sailing. But sometimes within those six months I could take only one meal a day, slept in the nights in the verandahs of choultries, where I would be reading by the light of the street electric light, and so on."

Saroja's eyes filled with tears which streamed down her cheeks. She released her hands to take up the edge of her saree, but I flashed out my kerchief and wiped those eyes dry, and those lovely cheeks.

"It is all over now, my darling. It is past history, Saroja, and you shouldn't worry so much over it now."

"I know, Balu," she replied, with still an unrepressed quiver in her voice, "and during all this time, Balu, I was eating nice dishes to satiation and indigestion, sleeping on spring mattresses with downy cushions strewn around, and wearing gaudy clothes and glittering jewels and all...." She could not continue. Her words were stifled by sobs and the rivulets rushed down again.

"How heavenly happy I am, Saroja, to know that there is at least one soul in the world to love me so much!" I said, as I once again wiped those lotus eyes dry, and irresistibly bent my face close to hers wishing to smother the cruel twitchings of the rosy lips with a kiss.

"Rap!" came a violent stinging slap on my left cheek before I could accomplish my purpose, and Saroja sat up and shooting fire in her eyes commanded! "Don't forget, Balu, that I am someone else's wife now. Let not the romances of western life you read in your college blind you to a sense of proper values."

"I am sorry I forgot myself, Saroja. Do forgive me, dear. I won't offend you again."

"Continue your narration," she said quickly, with absolutely no emotion on her face.

"The second half of the first year brought me not much relief as far as my food problem was concerned, and though I had four days of the week fixed up, the houses were such as had no school or college-going students and I had invariably to attend my college late on such days, and so I was uncomfortable and for several days I took only a substantial meal at night. But the studies demanded all my attention. The next year, before the college session began, I combed the whole city and managed to get seven houses containing students. Each day I shifted all my belongings to that day's house, and along with the day's meals I requested and got the night's lodging and reading convenience too. The only grievance was that these houses were scattered far and wide which meant my shifting from one end of the city to another. But I didn't mind it, fought on and on, and I am so happy I am at the end of my course and waiting for my result."

"You have done splendidly, Balu. Now what are your plans for the future after taking the degree?"

"Don't know yet. I don't think mother can hold out longer and it should be my first duty immediately to keep her out of financial worry for our maintenance. At the same time I wish, if possible, to study for law. I like the independence of a lawyer's life, and I think I have enough taste and aptitude for the line to make good in it. But where is the money to come from for the law course?"

"That is the real problem, Balu, and...."

"Saroja," came the call of her mother who was coming to my house.

Saroja quickly wiped her eyes dry once again, adjusted her dress, while I instinctively moved a couple of inches away. A minute later Saroja's mother stood at the threshold of my room, with a broad smile on her face, and with her hands on the door frame.

"I knew where Saroja had flown. I suppose you two are clearing up several years' arrears of conversation."

"Saroja has only half told me about her marriage—"

"Did she—?"

"Oh, no, mother. Don't tell Balu. I want to keep it a secret yet."

"All right, dear. Have your own way. I am going. Don't be late for supper, Saroja and bring him along when you come. Supper at my house today, Balu, don't forget."

"With pleasure, mother," I replied, wondering what a change had come over her. Formerly, she would not have allowed me Saroja's company for more than five minutes. Now she had given permission UNASKED, till supper time and even longer perhaps!

"Isn't mother a darling, Balu?" asked Saroja taking my hand and fondling it in both hers.

"Quite. What is it she referred to, which you wanted to keep secret?"

"How can you ask when you know it is a secret?"

"But it concerns me."

"Who told you so?"

"Your mother."

"No, she didn't. But all the same I will show it to you."

"Out with it. Where is it? What is it?"

"In here, where you can't reach it. Within my blouse."

"If you don't give it to me quick, then I shall take it by force."

"And I shall give you another slap."

"All right. It is sweet to be slapped by you," I said, as I suddenly disengaged my hand.

"Oh," she murmured, "keep quiet. I will give it. Close your eyes and I will put it in your hand."

When I closed and opened my eyes, I found a lovely Parket Duofold fountain pen, with a gold band engraved "To Balu from Saroja."

"That is my marriage present to you, Balu. How do you like it?" asked Saroja, looking at me with her most bewitching smile.

"Grand. I have always wanted a good fountain pen but haven't dared to wish for one. Thank you very much. It is your own selection, I am sure."

"Yes, Balu."

"You are a darling," was all I could say, grasping her hand. (To be continued).

TURKEY'S NEW HELMSMAN CELAL BAYAR

By EDWARD J. BYNG

ON May 23 of this hectic year, 1950, on the floor of Turkey's single-chamber legislature in Ankara, amidst bursts of applause from all sides of the house, two men stood shaking hands, in a traditional gesture of gallantry which often follows major political contests in democratic countries. One, a broad-shouldered clean-shaven, balding man of average height, was Celal Bayar, Turkey's new chief executive and third President. The other, a short, slim, gray-haired, deaf old man of military bearing, was General Ismet Inonu, the country's outgoing President, obliged, under his country's constitution, to resign following his party's electoral defeat.

That handshake, however, neither concealed nor bridged the gulf that has separated these two men, their outlooks and policies for almost a generation. The gulf is deepened by their totally different social descent and training. Both are known and admired for their personal integrity. However, Inonu is a professional soldier, a graduate of Harbiye, Turkey's famed military college, whose generalship decisively helped his country to survive the military debacle and chaos of 1919. Like the late Ataturk, Ismet is a firm believer in state-controlled economy and in a more or less marked authoritarian technique of political government. In contrast, Bayar, son of a small landowner, with only primary and secondary school education, has been a businessman and banker all his life, and believes in free enterprise and unrestricted parliamentary and democratic methods of administration.

Personal animosity was added to the general antagonism between the two men in 1937, when the late Ataturk, in one of his moments of dictatorial whimsy, dismissed Ismet Inonu from the Premiership without previous notice, replacing him by Celal Bayar. Inonu who never forgave Ataturk, has believed ever since that Bayar had been instrumental in bringing about

his dramatic demotion from the second-highest office in the State.

Bayar has repeatedly disagreed with Inonu's general line of international policy. However, under the influence of recent developments in the "Cold War," notably the danger of an extension of the armed conflict raised by the situation in the Far East, Celal Bayar and his followers now can be counted on to follow the same line of co-operation with the West as did their predecessors. They realize that today less than ever can Turkey afford to revise her international alignment. For the same reasons, despite his former advocacy of lessening the economic burden that the prolonged maintenance of 1,000,000 men in arms represents for impoverished Turkey, the new President will undoubtedly have to abstain, for some time at least, from reducing the number of his country's military effectives.

On the other hand, in the fields of domestic politics and economy, nothing hampers the third President of the Turkish Republic in carrying out his election promises. For over 20 years Turkey's economy has been almost entirely State-dominated. Most branches of industry and agriculture are directed by State owned trusts. The major banks, too, are State-controlled. Bayar has been consistently advocating greater participation of private enterprise in the country's economy. It is certain that some of the State monopolies now will be replaced by private enterprises.

Civic liberty, however, undoubtedly is the domain where Bayar's election platform is most likely to become an immediate reality. The general restriction of freedom of thought and expression, including the more or less veiled press censorship, now is expected to disappear. A thorough house-cleaning in the country's judiciary is believed to follow immediately afterwards. Such a basic reform

of Turkey's judicial system, assuring the real, full independence of judges and magistrates from the influence of the executive has long been overdue.

So, despite unexpected reservations and delays in some fields, caused by the dynamite-laden international situation, Celal Bayar is likely to keep at least the most significant among his election promises—the full restoration of his fellow citizens' personal liberties.

But who is this man Celal Bayar, who has been able to wipe off his country's map a regime that had held modern Turkey in the steel vice of political domination for a full generation? Celal Bayar was born in 1884, in the almost unknown village of Umurbey, near Brusa, in the north-western Asia Minor. His parents could not afford to give him a college education, but, thanks to his intelligence and assiduity, he acquired a self-taught, yet extensive, educational

background. An enthusiastic believer in domestic liberties from his early youth, in his early twenties he joined the famed "Committee for Union and Progress" known as the "Young Turks" which, starting as a political secret society, rose against the regime of Abdul Hamid, Turkey's notorious "Red Sultan," in 1908, overthrowing the tyrant in the following year. During the war of 1914-18, young Bayar held the politically influential post of secretary of the "Young Turkish" party's local organization in Smyrna, Turkey's most important city and district after Istanbul.

Following the collapse of the Turkish Empire in 1918 Bayar fought by the side of Ataturk and Inonu from the early days of their resistance to the big powers right up to Turkey's revival. In 1919, when the Greeks invaded Asiatic Turkey, Bayar assumed command of a unit of resistance forces in the Smyrna sector. Later as



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a member of the revolutionary nationalist legislature in Ankara, he acquired prestige, then fame, as a leading expert in his country's economic and financial problems. Soon, Ataturk gave him the portfolio of national economy.

After a brief interval, during which Bayar held the post of acting minister of foreign affairs, he became minister in charge of national reconstruction. In this capacity, in 1923, he was instrumental in the performing of a political and diplomatic miracle—the carefully planned and organized, thoroughly peaceful, hitchless exchange of hundreds of thousands of Greeks of Asia Minor for the equally significant Turkish minority in Greece. This peaceful exchange of their respective ethnic minorities, probably the first amicably conceived and effected mass migration in history—has been the basic reason for the consistently friendly relations between Turkey and Greece that have so greatly helped to cement the political structure of the Near East.

In 1924, Ataturk's decision to eliminate foreign influence from Turkey's economic life led to the setting up of a State-controlled bank, the Is Bankasi. Bayar, by then generally recognized as the country's leading financial expert, was made head of the new organization, which he soon transformed into one of the mainstays of his country's economy. In 1932, upon Ataturk's personal insistence, Bayar again assumed the portfolio of national economy, which he held until Ataturk's dramatic dismissal of Inonu from the Premiership and his replacement by Bayar. After Ataturk's death in November, 1938, when Inonu became Turkey's second President, he and Bayar made an attempt to forget their personal antagonism. This "armistice", however, lasted no

longer than six weeks. Bayar resigned the Premiership and stepped back into the relative obscurity of simple membership in the country's legislature.

There he was biding his time, realizing that the country would eventually welcome someone prepared to lead it in opposing Inonu's and his "Peoples' Party's," semi-authoritarian methods of government, which were a direct heritage from Ataturk's days. Finally, in 1945, right after the end of the Second World War, Bayar with four other members of the legislature, seceded from the "Peoples' Party", and founded the "Democratic Party", pledged to methodical opposition to Inonu's Government. In the following year, 1946, the new born opposition group boycotted the general elections which took place at that time, accusing the Government of illegal election practices.

The final showdown came last May. It resulted in the complete overthrow of the 27-year-old—semi-dictatorial regime represented by the People's party. Of the 478 seats in Turkey's single-chamber legislature, 432 now are held by the Democratic Party, 54 by the Peoples's Party and just one by Marshal Fevzi Cakmak's ultra-conservative "Nationalist Party". Seasoned observers of Turkey's affairs expect the political and economic consequences of Bayar's triumph to be far-reaching, while its effects in other fields are likely to be less speedy and spectacular.

Turkey knows that the path that its new chief executive will have to tread is beset with difficulties. But it expects the new helmsman of the ship of State to keep in mind the old Turkish saying: Iri gemi doru gecer—"Though tossed about, the ship keeps a steady course."—Copyright. N. N. F.

The world is full of people trying to be "tough guys" because they think it is the smart thing to be, and they only succeed in being inhibited bores. It is not their fault. They were taught at school that to be manly was to be aggressive, and they have never learned since that the strong men of the world are always the gentlest.

—GODFREY WINN.

"DEMOKRASI" SCORES A HIT WITH THE TURKS

By O. M. MARASHIAN

"DEMOKRASI" is in vogue in Turkey today. It is explained, discussed, exhorted in the streets, trolleybuses, coffeehouses. This new addition from the Western world to the Turkish vocabulary has topped the list of current political clichés; but the true significance of the word will take some time before it is settled in the minds of the people used to totalitarian practices.

The average Turk has reacted to the word "demokrasi" and the political franchise it has brought him like a child reacts to a strange new toy. He wants to look at it from all angles, see how many things he can do with it without breaking it, see if it breaks at all.

Like in other Middle Eastern countries, where Western democratic practices are new, there is a tendency on the part of official and unofficial quarters to make the most out of the new freedom, and even abuse it at times. The end of every political argument these days seems to be "After all, we're living in a democracy, aren't we?"

The newspapers are making capital of the new-won freedom. Rival newspapers are particularly violent in Ankara, administrative centre of Turkey, where the ruling Democrat(ic) party has begun publishing a number of newspapers to counteract the People's Party newspaper, *Ulus*, which was considered the official mouthpiece of the Turkish Government in the days of the old regime.

Political revenge has been carried to extremes. Even after the landslide defeat of the People's Party by the Democrats, the latter have continued their campaign, accusing the People's Party of dictatorship, failure and corruption in the State monopoly system, and misery of the peasant, who did not benefit by the reforms.

Main targets of attack are former President Ismet Inonu of the People's

Party and Premier Adnan Menderes of the Democrat Party. Inonu, once considered the hero of the Turkish Revolution and Ataturk's right-hand man, is today a common politician, subject to the abuse which politicians in most countries have to bear. Democrats accuse Inonu of appropriating secret State funds for himself and his friends, adding fictitious travel expenses to his account, owning thirty limousines, as compared to the three sedans and one station-wagon of the new President, Democrat Celal Bayar.

The People's Party, on the other hand, call Premier Menderes an inexperienced upstart, whose only achievement so far is his ruthless purge of People's Party sympathizers from responsible positions.

Alarmed that the word "Demokrasi" was having great popularity with the man-in-the-street, People's Party politicians are now repeating that there is a big difference between democracy and the Democrat Party in power. They say true democracy in Turkey is in danger from the Democrats themselves who want to destroy their rivals in order to rule alone in the country.

When the Democrats came to power last May, former President Inonu's name was everywhere; it was given to wide avenues in every city, parks, hospitals, and even to towns and villages. His pictures were hung in all public and private offices.

A special cabinet meeting was held soon after the elections to order the taking down of Inonu's portraits from the walls of offices, restaurants, Government buildings. One restaurant owner in Ankara reluctantly put the new President's picture in the dining hall, but—unwilling to part with Inonu's portrait—hung it in the kitchen.

Eager Democrat mayors thought they would please the party bosses by

striking out as many as possible of Inonu's names from public places.

An incident about Inonu's picture in Malatya, the former President's hometown, took the proportions of a national crisis a few weeks ago. Inonu, who was a candidate for two seats in the National Assembly as deputy from Ankara and Malatya, was defeated in Ankara and won by a narrow margin in Malatya. The new Democrat governor of Malatya province visited the city of the same name a few weeks and seeing the portrait of Inonu still hanging in the city hall, demanded that it be taken down.

The mayor refused, arguing that for the people of Malatya, "Ismet Pasha," as they still call him, was a hero of the revolution and that the portrait was there by order of the city council. Despite several appeals and threats from the governor of the province, the Malatya mayor refused to take the picture down. Finally a police squad was ordered to surround the city hall and take the picture down by force, on orders from the Ministry of the Interior in Ankara. The mayor was ousted.

Persons not yet used to the democratic ways of government insist that Ismet Inonu could—and should—have used force to stay in power after his party's defeat. According to reliable reports, as soon as the Democrat victory was known, high-ranking army officers asked Inonu if he had any order to give to the army while he was still President. They hinted at a military coup, but Inonu is reported to have said: "The time is not now."

This "not now" has the Democrats worried. As a precaution they have replaced officers known for their sympathies to the ancient regime. They have also changed police chiefs, governors and mayors, but experienced specialists have kept their jobs not to disrupt the administrative machine, by a complete overhaul.

For some weeks after the elections, the People's Party was in total disorganization, but it is fast regrouping around Ismet Inonu. Rumours started by the rank and file of the party that the People's party was planning a coup d'etat, have been denied by the party bosses.

Turkey's minorities—Greeks, Jews, Armenians—are the most hopeful about the new Government. When after twenty-seven years of one-party rule, they were given the right to choose their candidates, they voted exclusively for the Democrats.

The reason is that although Turkey is officially a secular State and recognises the equality of races and religions, minority groups felt they were being discriminated. Distinction was made between a "real Turk" and a non-Moslem Turkish citizen. Non-Moslem Turks whose names are usually different, could not become civil servants, enter military school; they had difficulty entering universities or claiming justice in police or higher courts. According to the testimony of "real Turks," a member of a minority group had to be more careful about keeping laws.

Although many changed their names to appear more Turkish they felt the old hatred and distrust of military groups was still very much alive in the people. One reason for this was that instead of teaching tolerance, Turkish textbooks said minority groups did not come from Central Asia, and, therefore, were not real Turks; besides they were cunning and sly, and at times had been the mortal enemies of the Turks.

Economic discrimination against minorities reached its peak during World War II, when the Government imposed a "wealth tax" on non-Moslem merchants. These people were forced to pay hundred per cent and sometimes more of their profits, depending on estimates made by discriminating officials. If unable to pay, they were sent to labour camps in the interior of Turkey. Strong representation by the United States and Britain finally succeeded in stopping this practice.

According to Democrat party sources, the taxes thus collected did not go to the State, but, filled the pockets of high officials. The new Government has promised a better deal for the minorities, based on the equality of all Turkish citizens. Already minority groups are allowed to enter military schools. They hope other reforms will follow suit.

TURNING RED

By V. P. RAMAN

IT had been a rainy morning, and the road that led Angamuthu from Mount Road where he worked to his own little hut in Choolai, had patches of water still on it, though the time was now 5-30 in the evening. Angamuthu carefully skipped the puddles to avoid dirtying his dhoti that was once white but had assumed a brownish colour after serving him for a year. He could not afford to send it to a laundry, and his own efforts at washing only spread the dirt. Yet, one has an inexplicable attachment to one's possessions. He looked up at the sky and a vicious black cloud threatened to empty itself upon him; he hurried up.

"Keep to the edge of the road, you bastard" said a voice, and a Blue Cadillac missed him by a fraction of an inch. The valuable dhoti was bespattered with the dirt of the road. Angamuthu laughed and dipped his hands into a ditch and sprinkled the water all over his cloth, making it uniformly unclean. He thought: "That is alright now. I have no fear of slime, it is my companion. Only a tweed suit need shrink from the thought of mud. My wardrobe, which I carry on me, can stand this and more."

Angamuthu worked in a large company as an assistant in the carpenter's shop attached to it. He sawed logs of wood from eight in the morning till five in the evening, for thirty three rupees a month, for twelve months in the year. He had seen life at its worst for twenty years, which meant he was twenty eight years old—the struggle for existence starts early for people in his class.

The entrance to his abode was four feet high, and Angamuthu crawled in. He averted his gaze from the floor and looked at the ceiling. He did not want to see what he could imagine. Yes, he thought, his wife would be in a corner, coughing, spitting blood. She would ask him if he

had seen the doctor about her. It happened every day. He would have to lie saying the doctor was not at home. How could he tell her the doctor would charge five rupees for a visit, and then probably prescribe a treatment that would mean a hundred rupees more. He knew she was dying, no doctor could help her, anyway.

Angamuthu looked at Thaiyi. She was emaciated and her flesh hung loosely. He thought: 'Flesh always hangs loosely. With the rich, it is because they have too much adipose; with the poor, because their bones are too thin' and he smiled at his own wisdom. Thaiyi was definitely worse today, and he said to himself: 'She will last a fortnight.'

It was 6-30. Thaiyi had fallen asleep. Angamuthu sat by the door listening to the music in a park nearby; the Corporation Band was playing.

"Anga! Come along" shouted Mari standing outside the hut.

"Come? Where?" asked Angamuthu with surprise.

"Don't you know. There is a meeting of all the workers in our company today at the Maidan. I thought I would call you so that we might go together. Come."

"What is the meeting for?"

"To pass a resolution asking for more wages, of course. Hurry up. Com. Menon doesn't like latecomers"

Angamuthu looked at Thaiyi's sleeping face. He thought: 'I needn't tell her. She won't wake up for sometime more. She will probably die in her sleep' and came out. They walked together.

Angamuthu asked "Mari, who is this Com. Menon?"

"Don't you know him? He is the leader of our union. He is a Communist and knows everything. Just hear him speak."

"What is this union trying to do? Who is a Communist?"

"Anga, You are a fool who knows nothing. The management is able to swindle the working class because of idiots like you who take their miseries with a fatalistic philosophy. Hear Comrade Menon, he will dispel your ignorance."

The *Maidan* was full of people. Angamuthu never knew there were so many people working in his company. Mari must be mad, he thought, how can a management have the courage to dupe so many.

"Comrades" began the speaker "we are met together here to ask for more wages. (Applause) The owners of our company are typical of their class—the blood-sucking capitalists. Our sweat and tears mean gold and silver to them. But for us where will the company be? Can Mr. Manager tighten a nut? Can Mr. Director work a lathe? (Laughter). Without us, there can be no products to be sold, without us the Directors' bank-balances will not swell. And yet, what do we get? A pittance grudgingly doled out by a sour faced accountant! This year the profits, I am told, reached a record amount. We continue to get what we did last year. Comrades, is this not cheating the working class? Call it swindling if you will (Laughter). Now let me tell you what is happening in the Soviet Union—the land where the proletariat is in power—the land of workers and peasants. There, exploitation of man by man has been abolished. Everything belongs to the whole people. Let me read out to you a few of the basic rights of citizens: Citizens of the U. S. S. R. have a right to rest.... State protection of the interests of mother and child, pregnancy leave with pay, and the provision of a wide network of maternity homes...."

Angamuthu heard no more. He was overwhelmed by Com. Menon's eloquence. Angamuthu did not doubt, he believed. If only Thaiyi had been given that medical attention by the State in those maternity homes, her first child would not have died, and she would not have become tuberculous.

Com. Menon's peroration was loud and vehement. "Do you wish to allow

yourselves to be fooled for ever? Join the union, I say. Go on strike tomorrow. Cripple the factory, ruin the company. Then the management will come to its senses, and concede our demands for more wages. Workers of the world, unite". There were thunderous cheers.

"Why are you standing like a statue? Come on, the meeting is over" said Mari and dug into Angamuthu's ribs. With a start, Angamuthu returned to this earth and smiled. "Sorry. I was thinking".

"Don't think. What we need is action."

"I want to join the union, can I?"

"Of course you can. Come along with me. I will take you to the secretary".

"Why did you leave me and go away last night" asked Thaiyi.

"Oh, I had been to a meeting. I have joined the union".

"What union? We have no money to pay the Milk Union, if that is what you mean".

"Idiot, I was talking about the Workers' Union." Angamuthu liked to speak with those who knew less than he did; he felt so superior. Mari knew much more, and he did not like him.

"Why did you do that?"

"To join other workers in fighting the management."

"Anga, Anga, what have you done? You got this job a few months back after a lot of difficulty. And now you say you are fighting the management. Do you want to lose this job?"

"Idiot. But for us there can be no company. Can the manager do my work?"

Anga liked to make other people's words his own. He felt he had convinced his wife, but she said "Fool!"

It was an eventful day. All the workers had struck work, save a few described by Mari as "Trotskyite snakes". The police had been called in to prevent a disturbance of the peace. Com. Menon had tried to speak to the workers but he was arrested and taken away. There were rumours that more arrests would be

made. About four o'clock the manager came out.

Mari whispered in Angamuthu's ear "At last they have yielded—the scoundrels."

The manager spoke: "The board of Directors has resolved that your claim for increment in wages is not to be considered at all. Those of you who choose, may go to your places in the factory. The others are dismissed. Balances of pay may be taken from the accountant now."

No one had expected it. Half the workers rushed into the factory. The others hesitated. A few marched defiantly to the accountant's office.

Mari asked "Anga, What shall we do?"

"Go and get our pay and walk out."

"You are a brave man, comrade."

Angamuthu was pleased to hear himself called a brave man. He thought: 'Now it is all over. I shall get twenty rupees. I will call a doctor. Thaiyi will collapse soon. I will give her a good funeral, and then join the Party. When Thaiyi is gone, there will be no one left for me. I can work for the liberation of the proletariat, as Com. Menon advised us.'

"But what shall we do for a living, Anga?" asked Mari, who was the father of two children.

"Try casual work. They say the rates are higher for day labourers."

Angamuthu felt happy, giving advice. He was ultimately the victor, even Mari was funkling.

Angamuthu thought: 'I will soon be free, when Thaiyi is dead. I will be useful to the workers if I devote my life to their welfare. What a shape my life is taking! Society has shown me no pity. Why should I have any tender feelings for it.' Angamuthu was amazed at his thoughts. Never before had he seemed so pitiless and cruel. Yes, a change had come over him. The iron had entered into his soul. He knew he was leaping in the dark. But he liked it.

He reached home, and found Thaiyi at the door. She said, "Mari told me you got fired. But you are now going to earn three rupees a day, he said. Will you call a doctor now. Though you didn't tell me I knew you couldn't afford a doctor. Now as a day-labourer you will get much more. Go and fetch a doctor. I feel better, in fact. Go."

"Yes, I shall".

On his way to the doctor's house, Angamuthu thought: 'She feels better. That fool Mari has misrepresented everything. Suppose she recovers. I will have to find a job. There can be no adventures for a married man. She will probably bear me children, lots of them, if she gets well. My plans to join the Party will have to wait. Is man nothing else but that which he makes of himself?'

He answered the question aloud: "No. Man is nothing else. He is always in anguish, or disguising it or flying from it as I am."

Angamuthu did not know he had stumbled upon the keystone to existentialist philosophy.

It is true that our reputations are far more widespread than our books. We make contact with people, without even wanting to do so, by new means, with new angles of incidence. Of course, the book is still the heavy infantry which clears and occupies the terrain. But literature has its aeroplanes, its V1's and V2's which go a great distance, upsetting and harassing, without bringing about the actual decision. First, the newspaper. An author used to write for ten thousand readers. He is given the critic's column in a weekly and he has three hundred thousand even if his articles are worthless. Then the radio. IN CAMERA, one of my plays, banned in England by the theatre censors, was broadcast four times by the B. B. C. On a London stage it would not have found, even making the improbable assumption that it would be a success, more than twenty to thirty thousand spectators. The drama broadcast of the B. B. C. automatically provided me with a half-million.—JEAN-PAUL SARTRE.

SOLDIERS MUST BE FIGHTING MEN!

By MATTHEW HALTON

If the democracies are to "hold their own" against communism, their armies must have more fighters, fewer filing clerks, says Matthew Halton, Columbia Broadcasting Corporation's European Correspondent

DURING World War II Winston Churchill was often worried, as he describes in his memoirs, by the fact that the proportion of soldiers in uniform to actual fighting men in the British army was disturbingly high. In the Middle East, for example, an army of 1,000,000 men was required to keep 150,000 combat troops in action. In modern war the "tail" of a western army—that is, the supply and line-of-communications troops—has become many times bigger than the actual warhead. In the U. S. army the disproportion is even more striking. And this is now one of the most serious problems military experts have to face.

The harsh fact is that democracy has not enough military man power, as things are now, to fight a land war against the vast, tough masses of the Russo-Chinese Communist world.

The Korean war has underlined the lesson. It has shown that a North Korean division, with only 6,000 men, has had as much effective fire-power as a U. S. division of nearly 20,000 men.

Here is the problem in its simplest terms:

In the North Korean and Chinese armies, it takes only two men on the lines of supply and communications to keep one man actually shooting with a gun. In the Russian army, in the last war, the proportion was three to one. In the German army it was five to one. In the British and Canadian armies it was seven to one. And in the U. S. army it was nine to one.

It is said that our armies make up for this disproportion in numbers of actual combat troops by better weapons and superiority of fire-power. But the Russians and North Koreans seem to have weapons as good as those of the Americans. The atom bomb certainly has more fire-power than anything!—but it is not yet being used.

Talk to German war veterans about the fighting with the Russians between 1941 and 1945 and they invariably come back to the same point. "The Russians had the men and we didn't. There were always three Russians with a rifle or automatic weapon against one German. We killed and killed and killed—and still they came." The hard-pressed U. S. troops in Korea, in battles tougher than Guadalcanal and Okinawa, had the same bitter experience. The roads from Pusan to the battle fronts were packed with trucks, and the trucks contained pineapple juice and peanut butter as well as ammunition—but there were not enough tough, hard-fighting men with machine-guns at the crucial points.

The supply achievements of the U. S. in the Pacific campaigns of the last war were almost a miracle. There was pineapple juice and peanut butter as well as K-rations on the far-off beachheads soon after the assault troops had gone ashore. And that was all right, because the U. S. had manpower enough in that war both to beat the Japanese and provide the troops with luxuries. But if the U. S. and the British Commonwealth ever got into a war against the 800,000,000 people of Russia, the Russian satellites and China, manpower would be our most desperate problem. We, too, would have to be tough and hard.

Even the "C" or combat ration supplied to the U. S. troops in Korea is sheer luxury compared with what their enemies get. This "C" ration, packed in a cardboard box 12 inches by six, contains fruit cocktail, stewed beef, frank-furters, peaches in syrup, biscuits, jam, chocolate, coffee, sugar, candies, a can-opener, canned-meat, cigarettes and a packet of toilet paper. Their Korean opponents on the other hand live on a spartan diet while in the field. They carry their own rice

and for the rest they live on the country.

No one in his senses would refuse the fighting troops every possible comfort and luxury—if there is the manpower to provide them. But this thing is like an all-consuming Moloch. The more supply troops you have, the more supplies you need to feed them. In the last war there seemed to be no end to it. And at that it was always the fighting men who fared the worst. How often the fine new trench coats and other comforts and luxuries were all gone before they got all the way from the port, through the hundreds of thousands of rear echelon troops, to the platoons and the companies in the slit trenches at the front!

Occasionally I would mention these things to generals, but they would dismiss the subject impatiently. Everything was for the best in the best of all possible armies. And I most emphatically do not claim to know the answer myself. But it is becoming plain that some answer must be found. Our Western armies are too much tail and not enough warhead. It takes from seven to nine men unloading supplies, driving trucks, running canteens, laundries and mobile baths to keep one man looking over the sights of his gun.

A hundred times if once in the last war, one would look at the endless traffic jams on the roads leading to a front, or at all the elaborate organizations of welfare services, Naafi canteens, field bakeries and kitchens and corps laundries—not to mention the essentials of rations and ammunitions. There were 200,000,000 Russians and over 200,000,000 Anglo-Saxons and scores of millions of other peoples engaged against 65,000,000 Germans and 85,000,000 Japanese. But what if the numerical superiority is some day reversed? Obviously we must rely largely on better weapons. But they in themselves are not enough.

The "queen of the battle," even in the atomic age, is still the tough, well-trained, courageous and battle-hardened infantryman. And we haven't enough of them. The potential enemy not only outnumbered us by the head: he gets nearly three times as much fighting value or fire-power from an equal number of men. The Russian army has no legions of men in uniform working as stenographers and

filing clerks—but no one will say it is inefficient.

Spartan Troops Needed

We need more fighting troops. And the uncomfortable fact is coming home to us that, to get them, we must have more Spartan armies than we have had before.

Thus we have the significant paradox that the free Western world may be threatened by its own high standard of living.

The lesson of toughness was learned by the British Commandos and the U. S. Rangers. It was learned in Burma, and in other campaigns where there were no myriads of supply trucks coming up. It was learned in the desert, where both British and German troops lived for months at a time on nothing much but hard biscuits, bully beef and tea. There is all sorts of evidence to show that the free democratic peoples can be just as tough, man for man, as the Russian or the Mongolian or anyone else.

It is a hard, harsh age that we are approaching. As a famous British soldier said to me: "From now on our soldiers must be trained to toughness; they must be able to fight 'light'; they must be schooled to endure great hardships. The proportion of fighting troops to the total numbers in our armies is much too small. There is no easy solution to this problem. We need armour, artillery, rockets and other modern weapons more than ever. More than ever we need the new inventions that will give us better fire-power than anything the enemy has. But this means choking up the roads with still more transport, still more technicians and supply troops. The only answer that will save manpower is less comfort in the field—and less exemptions at home. In fact, it is time the free countries began training their youth from childhood to hard and rigorous lives."

The tendency in the training of the British and U. S. armies since the war has been the very reverse of toughness and rigour. To get men to join the army the authorities have made living conditions progressively better. I read that recruiting posters for the U. S. army of occupation in Japan carry these words: "This is the best-paid, best-fed and best-housed army in the world. Re-enlist and secure

your future." And we all like our soldiers to be well-paid, well-fed and well-housed. We like them to have social clubs, swimming pools, libraries and cinemas. But it would be better for them, when the battle starts, if they could walk 15 miles over mountains like the North Korean guerrillas carrying their food and their machine guns, and go straight into action against a surprised and bewildered enemy.

This question of guerrilla warfare, of training troops to strike and fight behind the enemy lines, is another lesson from Korea now being studied by the Anglo-U. S. military authorities. The Russians brought it to a high art against the Germans in the last war. Before the great offensive against the German armies in June, 1944, for example, Russian guerrillas carried out no less than 10,000 separate acts of sabotage behind the enemy lines. And in Korea it was guerrilla activity more than anything else that brought the tragic string of U. S. defeats in the first two months of the war. Our own general staffs should now be studying the developments in this branch of war. We can be sure the Russians are.

And here again the call is for highly trained, hard and devoted men—and lots of them; for infantry-

men who can take care of themselves, adequately equipped with supporting arms of the best quality. Administration, maintenance and welfare must be cut to the barest essentials; fighting power must be built up to a level never known before.

We are told that, as a result of new inventions, the fire-power of a U. S. infantry division is now 15 times as high as it was 10 years ago. But the Russians too have inventions, new infantry weapons and artillery. (Neither the British nor the U. S. army yet has a heavy tank as powerful and effective as the best Russian tank). Given the best weapons available, the ace of battle is still the determined and well-trained man, hard as nails and with the will to fight.

These are hard things to have to discuss only five years after the fearful war against Hitlerism. It is a nightmare to have to turn our science, our resources and our skills away from the production of gracious plenty into the factories and barrack-rooms of war preparation; and it is still worse to have to steel our boys to be killers. But as far as most of us can see, it is the one hope of peace. And if peace is to be denied to us, it is the only hope of victory.—*Copy-right.*

MORAL AND SOCIAL HYGIENE

The recent Conference of Social and Moral Hygiene discussed the various aspects of prostitution—its nature, its cause, cure, the duty of the State and community, rehabilitation of prostitutes, the legal aspect, health problems, and so on. It is noteworthy that the Conference took up for consideration only the problem of prostitution and totally ignored various other problems like black-marketing, tax-evasion, hoarding, etc. The question now arises whether this inclusion of only prostitution, while discussing moral and social hygiene, is appropriate. As Dr. Mackenzie in his thought-provoking book "Social Health and Morals" observes, "In modern usage the terms morality and morals connote the conduct of personal relations between the sexes. The man in the street displays an immediate interest whenever morality with this special meaning is mentioned. The wider aspects of morality are of less interest to him. Of all the aspects of morals, that pertaining to sex is fundamental not only to the life of the individual, but also to

that of society. It is not surprising that the word has come to denote sexual relationship." It is therefore quite fitting that the Conference confined its attention exclusively to the problem of prostitution.

Specialists have observed that one of the major causes of prostitution is the imposition of check on the freedom between men and women. Otto Rothfield in his illuminating book "Garden of Thorns" observes: "Prostitution varies inversely with sexual laxity. With added restriction the ratio of prostitution increases.... Where the relations between the sexes are so regulated that girls are allowed a good deal of liberty without irremediable loss or social disgrace or where marriage is not too strait and oppressive a bond, prostitution is reduced to a minimum and is purged of its most odious features. But with any added restriction upon freedom the ratio of prostitution increases while its horrors are aggravated.

K. S. VISWANATHAN, M.A.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The citizen of to-day, even in the most civilized states, is exploited and injured almost without measure by the government itself—in other words, by the very agency which professes to protect him. That agency becomes, indeed, one of the most dangerous and insatiable of the inimical forces present in his everyday environment. He finds it more difficult and costly to survive in the face of it than it is to survive in the face of any other enemy.—H. L. MENCKEN.

A prodigious amount of labour has gone into the making of an impression that free and fair elections have been scrupulously safeguarded. There has been legislation purporting to ensure free and fair elections.

Sri Jayaprakash Narayan, more than any another, has been appealing to all leaders to come together to see to it that free and fair elections are not imperilled. The root of the anxiety about freedom and fairness of elections lies in the wielding of the power of the State by one of the parties in the elections. There cannot be free and fair elections if the governing party uses its power as a Government to secure its victory at the polls. Can it be said that our Congress ministers are setting a right example in the matter of abstaining from employment of the power, influence and advantages of State machinery in the promotion of their election interests as members of a party?

Readers of SWATANTRA know that in England Mr. Attlee does not draw on his resources as head of the Government to fight his election battles as leader of the Labour Party. So scrupulous is his rectitude that he does not use a State car for party canvassing. Can it be said that a similar attitude of splendid self-restraint is observed by Congress ministers in India?

We find heads of Governments actively interesting themselves in the collection of party funds for election purposes. No less a Congressman

than Sardar Patel was guilty of this lapse. The evil effects of ministerial participation, direct or indirect, in the collection of party funds are patent. Nobody gives anything away for nothing. The contributors to a party fund rarely pay for the delight of it. Some pay out of fear lest refusal might anger the men in authority and turn them vindictive. They pay to escape the consequences of non-payment. Some others donate large sums to attract the attention of the mighty to win their favour. In the collection of party funds through exertion of ministerial influence, accounting is out of question since the whole process takes place in a secretive way. There is no knowing how much of what is collected at the source reaches the destination. Middlemen flourish and have a gala time. Their importance and opportunities fill the atmosphere with ever widening nepotisms.

Under the parliamentary system of government a minister has two roles. He executes the policies of a party that has triumphed at the polls, but he is also trustee holding the State on behalf even of the parties electorally beaten. Unless the two roles are scrupulously observed, there can be no free or fair elections. For the sake of free and fair elections it is imperative that ministers do not employ their position of vantage as administrators to consolidate their interests as party-men as against other parties seeking to displace them in the administration by winning the favour of the electorate.

Congress ministers have not shown themselves capable of balancing their opportunities as partymen against their duties as administrators in a manner establishing their trustworthiness as custodians of elections. We find them using their power for the benefit of their supporters in disregard of elementary human considerations of justice and fairness. They go about shamelessly at State expense on electioneering activities.

Trade and industry are made to pay a toll to Congress funds. The Government departments are being turned into propaganda agents of the Congress.

* * *
Free and fair elections are ruled out

by the character and conduct of the generality of the present set of Congress ministers. They have made out a very good case for being dispossessed of authority on the eve of the elections if a fair estimate of the will of the voters is to be reached.—SAKA.

SKETCHES OF COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTERS

By FRANCIS WATSON

AS host at the gathering of Commonwealth Prime Ministers at No. 10, Downing Street in January, the British Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee, is probably happier than in any of the other roles which his office calls on him to play.

For one thing the diversity of faces round his table is an evidence of the developing conception of the Commonwealth which he has always had much at heart and on which he helped to set the seal in April 1949, when at a similar conference the great decision was taken of welcoming India as a Republic into full and free association with the other member nations.

In the field of Commonwealth relations, in which even Mr. Attlee's political opponents recognise his services, some of the things for which he has been criticised prove to be qualities rather than defects. He is not, it is sometimes said, a spectacular or commanding figure. Neither is wanted at a meeting of Prime Ministers of equal nations to talk over matters of common concern. He has no great mastery of rhetoric, but if he had it would be quite out of place here. On the other hand, he is widely regarded as "a good committee man," at his best in informal contacts.

Wartime Dominions Secretary

Mr. Attlee held the post of Dominions Secretary in 1942-43 in the wartime coalition Government and, although he has never been Foreign Secretary, he has had plenty of telling experience in those troubled international affairs which will no doubt have first place in Commonwealth talks. He was at Potsdam with Mr. Churchill in the victory summer of

1945, and a few months later at Ottawa and Washington to discuss the control of atomic energy. Now he is fresh from further momentous conversations in the North American capitals.

Mr. Louis Stephen St. Laurent represents the Canadian hinge between the U. S. A. and the Commonwealth in world affairs.

Quiet, correct, and impeccably dressed, Mr. St. Laurent might be taken for a professional diplomat of the old school; but until his 59th year, when the late Mackenzie King persuaded him to serve in Canada's wartime Government, he was known as his country's most outstanding lawyer, a K. C. and President of the Canadian Bar Association. When Mackenzie King closed his great career in retirement in 1948, the natural choice for his successor was Mr. St. Laurent, then Foreign Secretary in the Liberal Government.

Diversity Of Background

Mr. St. Laurent, a French-speaking Catholic from the Province of Quebec, is as much at home in two languages as Mr. Nehru, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan and Dr. Dones (who will represent Dr. Malan of South Africa). This underlines the diversity of background and nationality which the Commonwealth idea brings together. Whatever the common denominator provided by this idea and its unwritten constitutional expression, it is neither race, nor religion nor culture.

Some of the Prime Ministers have been to Oxford or Cambridge and some have not—Mr. Sydney Holland of New Zealand started work at 15 and educated himself at night-school.

Five of them have been called to the Bar, but Law is not the only road to a great parliamentary career. Mr. Senanayake got there by way of agriculture and is proud that he can still handle a plough. Mr. St. Laurent in Quebec and Mr. Menzies in Victoria were both the sons of country storekeepers, which may be as good a beginning as any for a career of national housekeeping in a world where pioneering is never out of date.

Australian Premier

Mr. Robert Menzies, though he is meeting most of his Commonwealth colleagues for the first time as Prime Minister of Australia, is no stranger to London.

The people of Britain will long remember the support and inspiration of Mr. Menzies' visit in the dark months of 1940 when common cause demanded all the courage and faith that a free and world-wide association could bring. That was in his first term of office as successor to the late Joseph Lyons as leader of his country. He visited Britain again last summer after returning to office as head of a Liberal and Country Party coalition.

Beginning in Australian State politics, Mr. Menzies has since held in Federal Governments a remarkably wide variety of posts giving him an experience to match his energy.

His New Zealand colleague, Mr. Sydney Holland, is in person the least known of the Prime Ministers outside his own country, having spent the whole 14 years of his political life up to 1949 in the Opposition. He rose in that time to lead the National Party, which won the last elections.

Politician By Accident

It is strange to think that it was largely by accident that this self-taught engineer, ex-Artillery officer and company director found his way into politics. The accident happened to his father, who was kept out of the 1935 elections by injuries sustained in a fall. Sydney Holland took his place, won the seat and now leads his country.

The Asian Prime Ministers, though their peoples are new in nationhood,

are really old hands at such gatherings as this and their contributions to mutual understanding and co-operation have already been considerable.

All three were at Downing Street in April 1949, when delicate and complex issues of status were resolved in a spirit of goodwill and commonsense, and both Mr. Nehru and Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan have been in London also on their important visits to and from America. Their quality and steadiness is perhaps best shown by the fact that neither of them has been overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of an American reception, while their international mission has increased the general respect for the nations that they lead and the Commonwealth to which both have voluntarily adhered.

Nehru: A World Statesman

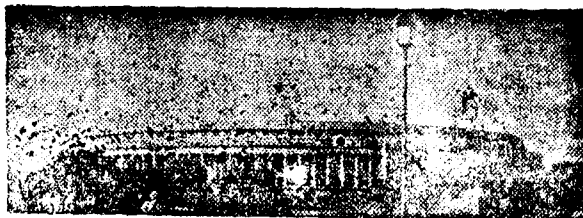
Mr. Nehru's emergence as a world statesman has been one of the significant factors of post-war history. That he should sometimes feel lonely in his heavy work without Mahatma Gandhi at his side is as natural as that Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan should miss the strength and statecraft of the late Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah—whose old suite at Claridge's, by the way, he usually occupies when he visits London.

Mr. Senanayake, a farmer by choice, has been the prime initiator of Ceylon's big programme of agricultural development and irrigation, and to him also must go due share of credit for the success of the Colombo Conference a year ago out of which has come the Colombo Plan.

Sir Godfrey Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, whose country has yet to attain the full status of the other Independent Commonwealth countries will complete the gathering.

Born in Bexley (Kent), he provides one of the rare examples of a practising physician and surgeon attaining high political distinction. At one time Superintendent at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, he emigrated to Southern Rhodesia in 1911 where, in spite of heavy duties as Prime Minister, he still practises as a consulting surgeon.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

SARDAR PATEL died at his post of duty. But those who have not insisted on his resignation at least a year ago were guilty of cruelty to him, and of cruelty to the people of India. Patel was a dying man, as the *Hindustan Times* announced a few hours before his death: he has been dying ever since the death of the Mahatma. He should have retired, or should have been persuaded to retire, at that time. Sir Stafford Cripps, whose work as Chancellor of the Exchequer proved him to be the best Chancellor that Britain ever had, gracefully stepped down as soon as his health was not good enough to enable him to serve his country adequately enough. He was not pre-occupied with himself so much that he wanted to serve the country to the last breath. In India, our leaders are too much pre-occupied with the self to realise that they are not so important as all that. What is important is not that I should do the work well, badly or indifferently, but that the work should be done in the best possible manner by the man who has health and the wisdom required for the purpose.

The Prime Minister, however, is looking for people who are past three score year and ten. Ministerial deaths will occur every now and then if he sticks to this method of selecting his colleagues in the Cabinet. There is genuine regret that a great fighter who wrested independence from unwilling British hands has passed away; but the regret would have been greater if the Sardar had not died in harness. His work as Home Minister was not such as to endear him to the ruled. His work as States Minister has been compared to that of Bis-

marck first by *The Times*, and then by many others.

The comparison need not be confined to the achievement of each in the unification of Germany a hundred years ago and of India now. Bismarck was the man of blood and iron, while the Sardar was the Iron Man. In 1862, Bismarck told the Landtag that "Germany had its eyes not on Prussia's Liberalism, but on its might. Prussia must reserve its strength for the favourable moment, which has already more than once been missed. The great question of the day will not be decided by speeches and resolutions of majorities—that was the blunder of 1848 and 1849—but by blood and iron." The Liberals had been just then returned with increased majority, and the King was making up his mind to accept Parliamentary democracy. But the Conservatives urged him to summon Bismarck, who was a well-known reactionary. He did: and Bismarck ruled Germany from 1862 to 1890 in the name of Emperor.

The Sardar had a Bismarckian theory about the representative capacities of the State Governments in Rajasthan, PEPSU, and elsewhere. They were all answerable to the States Ministry, he declared. And so they were. When Bismarck advised King William to ignore Parliament, the King thought that he might suffer the same fate as Charles I of England. But there was no Cromwell among the German Liberals. And even Nehru is not a Cromwell.

Bismarck was a bucolic gentleman, and the Sardar was not different. Bismarck read a lot of poetry and a good deal of history. The Sardar had no time for such meaningless activities. He was thus more Bismarckian than Bismarck. But what the Sardar

did not read of poetry, Secretary Shankar read. We were therefore treated to quotable quotes from high school poetry in the course of the Sardar's statements, messages and broadcasts. German Liberalism was crushed by Bismarck; Indian Socialism was driven out of the Congress by the Sardar. The Sardar, like Bismarck, was strongly attached to his family. The Sardar wanted his ashes to be laid beside his brother Vithalbhai's. As for Bismarck, he exhibited his love of the countryside when he suggested that he did not wish to be buried at all. He wanted to have his final rest "between those two pine trees, up in the free air of the forest, where the sunlight and the fresh breeze can get at me."

This Diarist wrote to Sardar Patel once in September 1946 suggesting that the Mahatma's prayer-speeches should be broadcast over All India Radio. The Sardar had just become Member for Information and Broadcasting. His reply was very prompt. He wrote from Birla House:

Dear Friend,—I have received your letter of the 3rd inst. Gandhiji's speeches, if broadcast, would have a great educative value to the people all over the country and whatever is possible will be done. But we are, as you know, living in a critical period of communal suspicion and bitterness and we have to be careful in all our actions, lest we do not offend the susceptibilities of those who are opposed to us. Yours sincerely, Vallabhbhai Patel.

When he wrote "Lest we do not offend," of course he meant "lest we offend." I wrote again to say that the objection could be met by divesting the address from the atmosphere of prayer. Gandhiji was on the air a few months later.

The Government has become awfully less responsive today. Nobody cares for anything. Everybody feels that it is nobody's baby. Even the Sardar fell into the hands of his Secretaries, who promptly proceeded to control and direct him. The Mahatma complained then that neither the Ministers nor their Private Secretaries had any time to spare for him. Things can't go on like this for long.

Take the bunkum about a free market for sugar, for instance. They have legalised the blackmarket in sugar, and have come forward with a Press Note adumbrating a "clarification." In Rajen Babu's memorable words, we have now neither a black market nor a white market, but a grey market. The market looks grey to those who are in authority, but this kind of legalised blackmarketing is, from the consumer's point of view, blacker than the blackest market. The controlled price of sugar makes allowance for a 12-1/2 per cent profit. If the factory-owner insists on a 100 per cent profit, the Government is not expected to oblige. But it has obliged. In view of such happy relations between those who are in authority and those who are in the sugar industry, it is fair to assume that nothing will come out of the enquiry into the sugar muddle. Since Mr. Munshi was opposed to the enquiry, and since the enquiry has been instituted, it is only proper that he should tender his resignation at an early date.

Hell, I am informed on good authority, hath no fury like a woman scorned. The greatest water-power on the face of the earth, moreover, is contained in a woman's tears. That being so, I wonder why the housewives of the Capital do not organise a Housewives' Association to given a bit of their mind to the men in power. I have a hunch that it will have a most salutary effect for the betterment of our living conditions. Housewives are a force to be reckoned with in any case. If they are organised into a body, they will be formidable.

By housewives, I do not mean the wives of Ministers and the wives of the highest officials. These wives, when they are connected with a non-official organisation, have the unpleasant task of defending the official policies laid down or carried out by their husbands. Mrs. Munshi is the best example of such a policy-defender. It would be best to confine the membership of such a Housewives' Organisation to the middle-class and to the working class, who really feel the pinch of every Governmental stupidity—like the open market in sugar.



By V. P. SATHE

THE move for the municipalisation of theatres in Bombay was defeated in the Corporation of Bombay. Apparently the Congress members did not take the resolution of the Socialist party seriously or even if they did they did not approve of the very idea of nationalization as defenders of free trade. In any case, the exhibitors of Bombay must have heaved a sigh of relief when they learnt that the Socialist resolution was turned down.

Talking of nationalization, it will be recalled that three years ago Shantaram made a suggestion for the nationalization of the Indian film industry. In a special article he said that the Indian producers can make really good pictures if they have not to worry about box-office. For in that case they will not have to compromise in any way by introducing cheap comedy, dances and songs. An artist according to Shantaram can create real art only if he is not bothered about the business side of it.

Though a very successful producer himself he was prepared to give up his profit and work for the Government. The other producers however were not much in favour of this suggestion.

Incidentally, the film industry is nationalized only in Socialist states.

Picture Of The Week

S. S. Vasan has scored a hat-trick by producing three hits in a row viz., *Chandralekha*, *Nishan* and *Mangala*. And yet *Mangala* does not exactly follow the pattern of its predecessors. Unlike them it has an emotional story of vengeance and love; it is said that

the story is based on a popular legend of the South about a peasant girl called Mangamma, who has become Mangala for the Hindi version.

The story revolves round a peasant girl and a notorious prince who wants to possess every woman he likes. Mangala refused to fall in his trap and insisted that she would allow only the man who married her to touch her. Enraged, the prince threatened that he would marry her and then keep her in solitary confinement denying her the marital bliss. Accepting the challenge in mock seriousness she said that she would bear him a child without his knowledge and that his son would, when grown up, take revenge by whipping the prince in public.

By forcibly marrying the girl and locking her up in a desolated palace the prince puts Mangala to real test. And how Mangala fulfilled her vow provides the real drama and thrills in the picture. With the help of her father she builds an underground tunnel from her palace to her father's house; then through the help of some professional dancers she learns dancing and presents herself as a foreign dancer who cannot even speak Hindustani before the Prince and seduces him through her sensuous dancing and bears him a son who grows up into an exact physical replica of his father. Taking advantage of the similarity of his face with that of his father, by a clever trick he becomes the prince himself capturing the real prince as a dacoit and just as he is about to whip him in the pre-

sence of the public his mother intervenes. Thus the tale comes to a happy end with husband and wife, father and son, united.

This is an altogether different type of story and it is interesting in its own way. But Vasan has not tried to just sell the story as such; he has embellished it with entertainment and showmanship which we have come to associate with Vasan and Gemini. There is a plethora of songs and dances; and there is a comic interlude provided by Agha Jan.

The songs though by no means outstanding, are better than *Chandralekha* and *Nishan* there are three or four gazals of the popular variety. The song which inspires Bhanumati to action is really inspiring; the duet between Agha Jan and Suryaprabha has all the ingredients of mass popularity. The dances of course form the chief attraction of the picture. By casting David and Agha Jan as *Madaris*, Vasan has chosen a proper background for entertainment; and these characters are properly dovetailed into the main story. The different facets of the *Madari* show provide the bulk of entertainment. Besides, there are glamorous Gemini girls to enhance the entertainment value of the picture. And yet the highlights of the picture are the two solo dances by Bhanumati set to the accompaniment of Rumba and Tango music; the dances are sensuous without being vulgar or cheap.

Indeed, Bhanumati can now claim to be the greatest 'Oomph girl' of the Indian screen. In glamour, dancing as well as acting she scores a personal triumph in *Mangala*. Ranjan is just his usual self; only when he plays the dual role of the father and the son in the end his versatile talent is revealed. Agha Jan is delightful in a comedy role.

While admitting that *Mangala* offers delightful entertainment one feels that Vasan has not stressed the drama as he should have. The scene in which Mangala challenges the prince is not properly built up; similarly the climax is rather tame. It

could have been easily heightened by putting a real whipping scene between father and son before the intervention of the mother. Then the leisurely tempo necessitated by the entertaining embellishments also mars the dramatic effect of the principal story.

In other words what could have been a great dramatic motion picture has ended up by being a grand show of variety entertainment.

Man Of The Week

During the twelve years of his career as a producer, Mr. Vasan had never failed to keep up his release date. Only *Mangala* could not be released in Bombay on the scheduled date i.e. 22nd December 50, not because the picture was not ready but because the Government of Bombay refused to grant him exemption certificate for length.

As such exemption is not necessary in other provinces, the picture was released in Delhi, Calcutta and other places. When I met Mr. Vasan after the press-show of *Mangala* he told me that this restriction on length existed only in Bombay and that his efforts to convince Shree Morarji Desai had proved futile.

Later when I asked him whether he would reduce the length to comply with the restrictions, it appeared that he was distinctly opposed to the very idea of restriction on length. He asked the journalists present whether they would agree to write an article of only a particular length and size? Of course not, he answered as a journalist himself. Similarly, why should freedom of expression be denied to a film producer?

Obviously he has a strong opinion on this subject and he would rather stop making pictures than submit to any such restrictions.

It is further learnt that he intends to make a test case on this issue as he thinks that this restriction curtails the fundamental rights guaranteed by the Constitution. The result of Vasan's constitutional fight for the freedom of the screen will be awaited with interest by the entire film industry.

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Incidentally, Vasan is the only producer who has refused to submit to this restriction.

Vasan as you know started his career as a journalist and he made quite a name for himself and his periodical *Ananda Vikatan*, a humorous Tamil weekly which has today a sale of over 70,000 copies. After his brilliant success in journalism he took to racing and bought a horse and christened it as 'Gemini.' He proved equally successful in this venture and out of the profits he made on racing it is said he built up Gemini Studios twelve years ago.

Soon his studio attained fame and popularity and as far as Tamil films are concerned the words Gemini and box office became synonymous. In 1944 Vasan made *Mangamma* which proved to be the biggest Tamil hit of all times; and in 1946 he undertook the production of *Chandralekha*, the costliest production in the annals of the Indian film industry. If ever a sure-fire hit was planned and produced it was *Chandralekha* which collected over a crore of rupees; *Chandralekha* introduced him to the All India Market and today there is no doubt that he is the biggest showman of the Indian film industry.

News Of The Week

—Shantaram, the ace director is acting again. Ultimately he has decided to play the male lead in his next picture *Paricchayin*. Jayashree is playing opposite him. It will be recalled that this pair appeared together in *Dr. Kotnis*. Others in the cast are Saroj (Shantaram's daughter), Lalita Pawar, Wasti and Meenaxi.

—As reported earlier Filmistan has decided to produce *Prince Salim* and *Anarkali* in colour. Hasrat Lucknavi is writing the screenplay and Nandlal Jeswantlal is directing it. Naseem is likely to play the role of Anarkali. Husanlal and Bhagatram will give the music.

—There has been a change in the cast and director of M. & T.'s *Numaish*. According to the latest reports from

Andheri it is learnt that while the direction has been entrusted to Kidar Sharma, Vijayalaxmi and Nasir Khan are playing the leading roles. *Numaish* was originally to be directed by late Mazhar Khan.

—R. C. Talwar is performing the muhurat of his latest production on Sunday 24th December at M. & T. Studios. Entitled *Saqi* it stars Madhubala, Premnath, Gope, Mohana, Bipin Gupta, Randhir, Iftekhar. While H. S. Rawal is directing it, the dialogues and songs are written by Kamal Amrohi and Rajender Krishna respectively. C. Ramachandra is the music director.

—Director Ramesh Saigal, cinematographer Kapadia and art director Malwankar have left for East Punjab on Friday 22nd night. The purpose of their visit is to find out suitable location and study the atmosphere of Punjab which forms the stirring background of Ramesh's new picture *Shikwa* which he is making for Filmkar Ltd.

—Madhubala, the most sought after star is playing the lead in *Khazana*.

—From Monday 18th the screening of Bombay Talkies *Mahal* has been suspended in Bombay. The reason is that the Censors have taken objection to certain shots in the picture which it is alleged were not passed by the Censors. Five days have passed since this action was taken but so far the screening of *Mahal* has not yet been resumed.

—JANKI DASS, Olympic cyclist and Indian film artiste was acquitted by Chief Presidency Magistrate Oscar Brown at the Esplanade Court, in the case wherein he was charged with assault by Mr. Onkarnath Multaniram, astrological correspondent of a film weekly.

According to the complainant in the case, he was assaulted and bitten by Janki Dass at the Mahalakshmi Station in November, last year. The Chief Presidency Magistrate held that the evidence in the case was conflicting and that the charges had not been proved. He, therefore, acquitted the accused.

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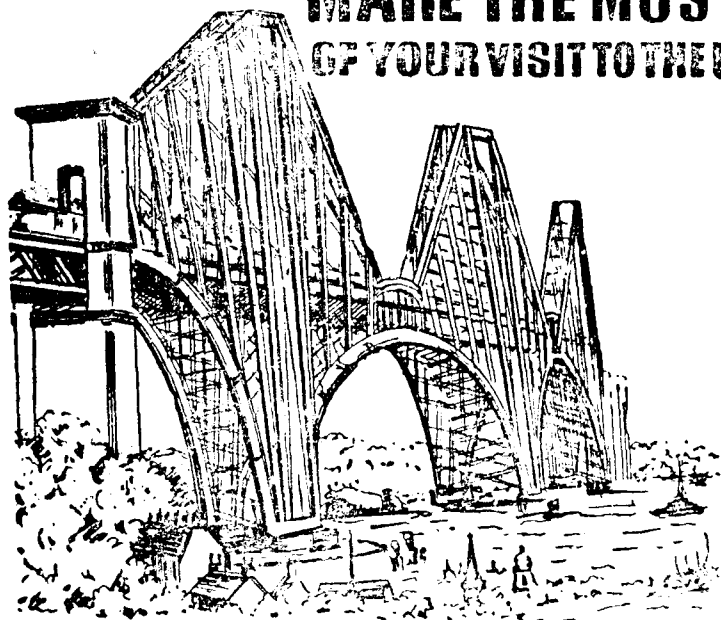


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